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HALIFAX, N. S., OCTOBER 30, 1891.

{ VOL. 8
No. 44

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THE CRITIC,

Published every Friday, at 161 Hollis Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia

BY
CRITIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Edited by C. F. FRASER.

Subscription \$1.50 per annum in advance. Single copies 5 cents

and SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE.

Remittances should be made to A. M. FRASER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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.

Notwithstanding that we have been having disagreeable weather, we Nova Scotians ought to feel thankful for our privileges. In England and Spain they have been almost flooded out, and in Russia the people are starving.

Illness, requiring change of air, short memories, ignorance of what was going on, and many other excuses have been employed by persons connected in various ways with the boodle inquiries at Ottawa and Quebec, but un- Messrs. Robert McGroery and Owen E. Murphy fled the country the other day not one of them took refuge in running away. If they have really gone, it will probably be for good—the good of their country.

In our peace-blessed land the rumors of European wars scarce create a ripple of excitement, but if we could to-day visit Vienna we would find the people of the Austrian capital excited to fever heat. The action of Russia in sending her transports through the Dardanelles has revived the Austrian fears of a Russian occupation of the Balkan Peninsula. Austria has long had her eyes fixed upon Salonica as a Mediterranean port, and now that this place instead of Brindisi has become the terminus of the overland route to India, she more than ever covets the prize, and hence the Dardanelles incident is in the estimate of the Austrians fraught with threatening dangers.

Just think of it! An inventive American proposes to water the arid districts of Texas and other States at the rate of ten cents per acre, and this, he confidently asserts, he can do periodically by the exploding of dynamite and the shooting of rockets. American presumption and American credulity are no doubt large sized, but it appears beyond credibility that the authorities in several counties in Texas should have absolutely closed a contract with the inventor to supply rain at given seasons throughout the year, and should have made an advance payment upon the same. It is a well-known fact that in a rain storm after a severe clap of thunder the rain will, for a few seconds, fall more copiously than at other times, but the effect is only temporary. If a clap of thunder produces such small results what can be expected of a few pounds of dynamite exploded very close to the earth's surface. The truth is the invention wont work, and patented periodical rain-falls are not likely to be produced, in our time at least.

Last week the City Council decided that the Halifax Industrial School and St. Patrick's Boys' Home are suitable places for the incarceration of boys who habitually play truant from school. Full arrangements for their reception at these institutions are not as yet completed we believe, but a resolution to the effect that such arrangements be made was passed. We cannot but think that this is a mistaken move. Boys of any spirit are naturally inclined to play truant, a practice which we do not deny is bad for the boys and annoying to the teachers, but it should be borne in mind that by taking this action the Council places boys whose faults are venial, on a plane with those who may be deemed incorrigible. There are some cases of playing truant which ought to be severely dealt with, but we fear no good can be accomplished by such a measure as sending the boys to the Industrial Schools. The proper education and care of the young is a problem not yet solved by our educationists.

Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte, who, we are informed, has served a long apprenticeship on the press of this country, has written an article, entitled "The Journals and Journalists of Canada," which is to appear in the *New England Magazine* for December. It will undoubtedly be a good thing for Canadians to be well-informed on this topic, but Mr. Harte is undertaking a large task, and may possibly not be sufficiently qualified for it, even by his long apprenticeship. To distinguish among the numerous journals and the journalists who conduct them, and select some as representative, requires a nicety of discrimination possessed by but few writers. We hope, however, that Mr. Harte's article will deal out even-handed justice to all our journals, and will give Canadians a great deal of information on the subject. We are quite anxious to see the *New England Magazine* containing this article, which will not only interest a large circle of readers in this country, but will be instrumental in showing the people of the United States what progress has been made in Canadian journalism.

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour;" whenever people have their sympathies awakened for the distressed and suffering, and hand over their hard earned money liberally for the alleviation of the trouble, they are almost sure to be sorry for it when they find that their liberality fails to affect those for whom it was meant. A case in point is the Springhill relief fund, to which Halifax contributed upwards of \$12,000, but so difficult was it found to properly distribute, that the widows and orphans have not yet got the benefit of it. The money was withheld by the Mayor of Halifax on account of dissatisfaction with the management of Springhill of the money paid in by other places, and he placed it at interest here at 4 per cent. Last week a delegation from Springhill interviewed the Mayor with a view to having this money transferred to the relief fund, and it is understood that when the Springhill management of the fund have accomplished certain changes in the control of the fund to the satisfaction of those in charge of the Halifax contribution that the latter will be paid over. It is a great pity that such a difficulty should have occurred over this fund, for should ever such a misfortune as the great explosion occur again, people will be loath to assist.

We have received a reprint of an article from the *Brooklyn Eagle* of September 26th entitled "Impossibility of Canadian Annexation," containing the sentiments of Mr. Erastus Wiman on the subject as expressed to an *Eagle* reporter in an interview. It is by way of being an answer to the arguments of Mr. Francis Wayland Glen, of Brooklyn, who recently had an article advocating annexation in the *Eagle*. Mr. Wiman points out many reasons why Canadians will not be annexed, and why annexation would be no benefit to us. He says: "My position in this matter is simply this: That annexation is unnecessary, is undesirable and is impossible." Mr. Wiman concludes: "In the anxious desire for Reciprocity, however, it may not be wise in the impending negotiations at Washington to yield to the blandishments of the Tory party, and be seduced into a partial measure of reciprocal trade. If the fullest advantages of a continental union in trade are to be gained, it would be better to await the advent of the Liberal Party to power, which in Canada now seems extremely probable. The latter party is entirely friendly to the United States, and is ready to yield every point which this country can demand consistently with honor and a maintenance of British connection. Any attempt to force either party to concessions in the hope of annexation, will be simply postponing the enormous advantages which to both countries would flow from unrestricted reciprocity." This is partizan writing of the worst type. Mr. Wiman's only object in thus expressing himself must be to prevent, if possible, any satisfactory results from the reciprocity negotiations of the Conservative Government, and postpone whatever benefits might result until the Liberal party is in a position to control affairs.

Washington, *Public Opinion* says:—"Dr. West, a collector of curios at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, has shipped to the Columbian Exposition the first exhibit from a foreign country. The goods consist of useful and ornamental articles purchased from the Antigonish Mountain Indians." We know of no Mountain Indians in Nova Scotia, the only tribe now existing being the Micmac, but we are glad to see exhibits from this country being prepared for the World's Fair, even if they be a "little previous."

Dr. Andrew Wilson, in referring to the recent "boom" in Theosophy, the cult of which Madame Blavatsky was the priestess, and whose mantle has fallen upon Mrs. Besant, says that the prevailing attitude of Theosophy, as regards science, shuts it out of scientific consideration altogether. The marvels alleged to have occurred in the shape of letters and messages from the dead are difficult of credence, and unless we can have scientific investigation there is an end of the matter. Other things as wonderful have really been done, witness the telephone, phonograph, etc., but about these there is no mystery, and we know, more or less, according to our study of the subject, the way in which the results are accomplished. Dr. Wilson pertinently says:—"It is a clever idea, but an ancient one, to keep your oracle hidden from the vulgar gaze," and this is what the Theosophists are doing, with the result that no really earnest seekers after truth can have anything to do with it.

Scholars are wont to lament the gradual decadence of the Greek language, and the change of ideas regarding its value in institutions of learning. Andrew Lang, writing on "Greek Magazine Poetry" in the *Illustrated London News*, pays the following tributes to the capabilities of the angelic sex. "We who still remember a little Greek," he says, "feel now like the last of the Picts—in possession of a secret that will shortly be lost by succeeding generations. Sometimes one fancies that if ladies would take to Greek the tongue might have a better chance of surviving; for it is women who preserve old customs, old ideas, magic and rustic dance-measures, ballads and fairy tales. But so many young ladies put off learning Greek till they are thirty-seven (about the age when Cato acquired it) that perhaps they will never really master it; but merely bestow on it a desultory attention, as if it were like the art of burning decorative patterns on wood, or like Japanese work, or some domestic craft of that kind."

The Methodist Ecumenical Congress which met in Washington, D. C., on October 7th, has been the subject of much press comment, and has attracted a good deal of attention, not only in the religious world, but among all thinking people. This is the second Congress of the kind that Methodism has held since Wesley founded the church one hundred and fifty years ago. It is remarkable what a difference exists between the subjects discussed at the London Congress and those under consideration at Washington. At the first, Methodism formed the principal topic, and at the Congress this month we find social questions, education, temperance, the disputes between labor and capital, the relation of religion to scientific thought and similar themes occupying the attention of this distinguished body. The Congress numbers about five hundred delegates, two hundred coming from Great Britain and Ireland, France, Australia, Africa and the West Indies, and three hundred from the United States and Canada. For the benefit of those whose erudition has not conquered the word Ecumenical, we may say that it means belonging to the whole inhabited world. It is the opinion of the members of this Congress that Methodism will probably represent one fourth of the English-speaking people of the world before long.

We have on our table a pamphlet entitled "The Rapid Multiplication of the Unfit," by Victoria C. Woodhull Martin, who, it will be remembered, was an ardent reformer in the United States, and ran for the Presidency in 1875—that is she did so when she was Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, Martin being added by a later marriage in England. In his pamphlet Mrs. Martin depicts the state of affairs in the matter of the increase of the unfit as alarming, and shows plainly the cause of the undesirable additions to Society in general. We always had a lurking belief in the survival of the luckiest rather than the fittest, and we quite agree with Mrs. Martin that the chances are all in favor of the rich and unscrupulous. It is a lamentable feature of the lecture, however, that the authoress does not propose any radical remedy or prevention for this state of affairs. She says that if superior people are desired they must be bred; and if imbeciles, criminals, paupers, and otherwise unfit are undesirable citizens, they must not be bred. While we acknowledge this to be correct, we must perforce leave it at that point. Anything radical in the way of reform would be likely to raise a row in these modern times when the freedom of the individual is too sacred to be tampered with, and it would take many years to accomplish anything by teaching our girls and boys the sacredness of the life-giving principle. "The upper million and the lower ten" is a desirable consummation, but we do not hope to see that glorious era dawn. "The true interests of humanity" are most frequently lost sight of by individuals, and it is useless to hope that it will be otherwise.

In many respects the present condition of Russia is very similar to that of France before the outbreak of the Great Revolution there in 1791. The famine prevailing in Russia, so recent reports state, is terrible. "There are persons who have already gone for two and three weeks without bread, and have barely managed to keep themselves alive on grass and leaves of trees." Do not these words recall the descriptions given of the famine which prevailed in France before the revolutionary outbreak? Again, Nihilism flourishes in Russia, yet every attempt to secure greater freedom only ends

by sending a batch of exiles to Siberia. So it was in France at the time referred to, only lifelong imprisonment instead of exile awaited those who dared to criticise the doings of the Government. And might not the revocation of the Edict of Nantes be aptly compared to the Czar's expulsion decree levelled against the Jews? The lavish expenditure at the Russian Court, and the great intercourse and friendly feeling promoted with Republican France, have their counterpart in the gaieties of Versailles and the intercourse with the United States. "Like causes produce like effects" is a well-known axiom. There cannot be the least doubt that the inflammable materials for revolution are now already to hand. Many of the educated classes have long since risked all for responsible government, and many more are ready to risk all, but they have not hitherto been supported by the ignorant and poorer classes. Famine is now coming to their aid. The clamor of a starving populace no power on earth can silence, unless with the death-dealing bullets of the soldier. Should an outbreak actually take place, its success or non-success would mainly depend on how the army stood affected. That would be the crucial point. It was so during the French Revolution; it would probably be the same in Russia. When the French soldiers refused to fire on the people, preferring to fraternise with them, the power of the king was virtually at an end. We know of no person capable of taking the leadership of a revolutionary movement in Russia; it would be wonderful if we did, as all things must of necessity be done in secret in that land of spies, but doubtless with the hour would come the man. At the commencement of the French Revolution no one had heard of the young artillery officer Napoleon Bonaparte.

It is rather a difficult matter to decide what is good form in these days when every small-souled meddling society correspondent undertakes to become an oracle on the subject, and teach well-bred people how they ought to conduct themselves. These same peddlers of small talk and gossip, who oftentimes abuse the "freedom of the press" by airing their petty spites and jealousies in their weekly contributions, appear blissfully unconscionable of the fact that they are committing the most unpardonable breach of social etiquette possible by making uncalled-for comments upon the dress, manners, deportment and conversation of many estimable people, who are so much higher in the scale of being than themselves that they would scorn to lend their pens to such contemptible ends as do those who undertake to criticise them. The matter that fills many columns of the so-called society papers is nothing more nor less than insolence, and it is a pity some means cannot be taken to put a stopper on the vessels that contain so much obnoxious gas. Of late the intrusiveness of those Paul Prys has been remarked upon very generally by the society of Halifax. One lady complains that she cannot have a friend to dinner, or go for a walk or drive, or pay a visit, without having the fact trumpeted forth for the benefit of the *canaille*, as she wrathfully terms the readers of this class of "literature." It is "hard lines" for the best of our people, whose fathers and mothers, and grandparents, back to the first who set foot on Nova Scotian soil, were gentlefolks, and even for those whose claim to gentility rests on a more recent rise, but whose instincts are right, for their every movement to be written up in the crazy patchwork collections called society notes. A lady cannot now wear the same dress twice without having it noticed, and if for any reason she be obliged to wear a gown not as fresh as she would wish, she is likely to be informed by her friend, the society correspondent, that it was *passé*. How pleased the correspondent must feel when he or she (it is generally she) inflicts pain on the unfortunate subjects of comment! The beauty or plainness of ladies, their dress, their behaviour, marriage engagements, expected, actual or broken off, and many other personal matters, appear to be the happy hunting grounds of these crafty persons. Nothing is too personal for them to touch upon unless they fear endangering their lives by "giving themselves away" in alluding pointedly to anything they know people will associate them with. One of the great troubles connected with this modern method of accomplishing the discomfiture of so many people, is the anonymity of the blows struck. The writers are sheltered behind *noms de plume* and take precious good care to let no one know their true identity. If they were known vengeance would be speedily wreaked on their heads. There are a few cases where contributions of an innocent and unoffending character are furnished, but they have the damning fault of being taut, and do not suit the palates of the class of readers who desire society gossip. We therefore would not sweepingly condemn all who write thus, but it is the system we object to. We fancy if the sterner sex were as liberally, or illiberally, criticised as their fair sisters there would soon be an end to the matter. Why cannot we be told how often Mr. So and So has appeared in the same dress suit, and if his necktie was cambric or silk or satin? The preposterous absurdity of the thing would then appear, and the long-suffering ladies would be relieved of the fear of hearing their personal affairs discussed. References are frequently made to affairs that are purely one's own business, which every one in a small place can easily fit the names to, making it very uncomfortable for those who know that item is levelled at them. It is bad enough when the truth is told, but only too frequently a large proportion of error creeps in. We are forced to the conclusion that the women (or men) who thus parade other people's most private and sacred affairs before the eyes of an unsympathetic public are not respectable. This must be a correct conclusion, for we know that many people would not dream of admitting the anonymous society correspondents to their homes if they could prevent it. These latter are then being admitted under false pretences, and ought to feel such a deep sense of shame as would obviate any necessity of rouge, except that they probably have "power of face," otherwise "brass," enough for anything."

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CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

ROMANCE OF A LIGHT YOUNG MAN.

A dainty, dapper little dude, whose style was of the cutest,
 One found himself so smitten with a "lady parachutist,"
 That he followed her from fair to fair, and watched her with the truest
 Adoration as she swiftly clove the e-
 Ther
 Blue.

At last he plucked his courage up enough to make a try for her ;
 He told her that he loved her, and that he would gladly die for her,
 He said that if she'd wed him he would navigate the sky for her—
 "For I wish a higher life," he said, "since I
 Met
 You."

He plead the precious time and cash he'd squandered in his chase of her ;
 He vowed that as a substitute quite willingly (in case of her
 Not wishing to essay the trip) he'd parachute in place of her.
 "I dare you just to try it," said the coy
 Co
 Quette.

But there is danger that this rhyme may lengthen to a serial:
 So it's enough to state he undertook the slight aerial—
 Alas, for him ! He wotted not his lightness of material !
 For he floated, and he floated, and he's up
 There
 Yet.

It was the first time little Bessie had ever seen a snake, and as it writhed
 along she ran into the house breathless with her discovery. "Oh, mamma,
 come quick !" she cried. There's a tail out here wagging without any dog."

RATHER LIKED IT.—Cora—Jack found Jessie taking a nap in a ham-
 mock the other day and presumed to kiss her.

Dora—What was the result ?

Cora—She has taken a nap every afternoon since.

A KNIGHT-ERRANT RESIGNS.—Papa Primus—"You have abused my
 hospitality, sir, and I shall hold you to account for kissing my new type-
 writer against her will, last night."

Young Secundus—"So she is my accuser, is she ?"

Papa Primus—"Yes. What have you to say for yourself ?"

Young Secundus—"Only this. It was in the dark, and she mistook
 me for you at the time."

HEARD IN THE NIGHT.—"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water ; I'm
 so thirsty."

"No ; you are not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep."

(A pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink ? I'm so thirsty !"

"If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and spank you !"

(Another pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when
 you get up to spank me ?"

ALMOST A HINT.—Business Manager—"You are an applicant for the
 position of assistant cashier. Are you married ?"

Applicant—"No, I am a single man."

Business Manager—"That's awkward. You see the boss told me not
 to hire any unmarried man as cashier."

Applicant—"Then to get the place I've got to marry."

Business Manager—"That's about the size of it. You have got to marry
 some girl at once. Come around and take dinner with me and my daughter,
 I think this thing can be arranged."

HUMBLE WARD.—Young Lord Dudley, who was married the other day
 to Miss Guerne in London, bears a very peculiar name, which is traditional
 in his family. It is that of "Humble," and its use dates back to the time
 of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell, when the eighth Lord Dudley, having
 lavished almost his entire patrimony in profligacy and dissipation, gave his
 granddaughter and heiress in marriage to a young man named Humble Ward,
 a son of the court jeweller of King Charles I. Humble Ward at the death
 of the old lord succeeded to the title as ninth Lord Dudley, and since then
 his descendants, down to the twentieth and present peer of that ilk, have
 always borne the name of Humble Ward. The name of Humble is evidently
 a puritan one and smacks of the Cromwellian times. It is closely akin
 to that of Praise God Barebones and others of the same character.

A little Detroit girl was bidding her boy play-mate good-bye, and on
 this occasion her mother told her to kiss him. She offered him a roguish
 cheek, and, when the salute was gravely given, began to rub it vigorously
 with her handkerchief. "Why, Laura," said her mother, "you're not rub-
 bing it off ?" "No, mamma," said the little maiden, demurely : "I'm rubbing
 it it."

It is said that John Wesley was once walking with a brother who
 related to him his troubles, he did not know what he should do. They
 were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow over which a cow
 was looking. "Do you know," asked Wesley, "why the cow looks over
 the wall ?" "No," replied the one in trouble. "I will tell you," said Wes-
 ley ; "because she cannot look through it ; and that is what you must do
 with your troubles—look above them."

A HARD CORNER.

The age of 30 is a hard corner for a woman to turn, and 35 is still harder. She feels
 that she is fast leaving her youth behind her. But there is no reason why a woman should
 be faded and passe at 35, or even at 45. The chief cause of the early fading of American
 women is found in the fact that many of them suffer from some form of female weakness
 or disease which robs the face of its bloom, draws dark circles about the eyes, brings
 early wrinkles and sallowness, and stamps the face and figure with signs of ill-health. Dr.
 Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure all these troubles, will bring back the lost bloom,
 and remove the pains and ailments which make women grow old before their time. Guar-
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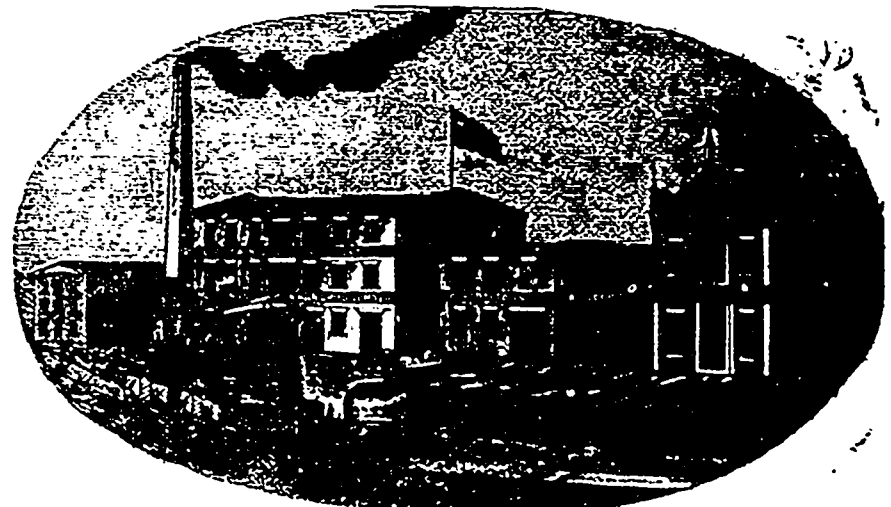
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Send for Estimates.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

It has been cold this week—snow fell on Wednesday.

Thursday, November 12th, has been proclaimed thanksgiving day.

The Point du Chene breakwater was badly damaged by the gale of Friday last.

Mr. Pacaud's evidence before the Quebec Royal Commission has taken up several days.

The patent of nobility for Baroness Macdonald has been issued and transferred to the peeress by the Secretary of State, Mr. Chapleau.

Four young men, Hamilton, Downey, Shaw and Davis (colored) charged with highway robbery, were on Tuesday committed for trial at the Supreme Court.

The first meeting of the N. S. Historical Society for this season will be held on November 10th, when Mr. Peter Lynch will read another instalment of his "Reminiscences."

Proceedings have been commenced against members of the firm of Larkin, Connolly & Co. and Hon. Thomas McGreevy for conspiring to defraud the Government.

On Friday night last a New Brunswick man, Daniel Mahar, was killed on the railway track, about a mile from Stewiacke. Some fears of foul play have been entertained.

The statement that part of the \$100,000 in the Baie des Chaleurs case was used to buy a diamond necklace for Madame Angers, wife of Governor Angers of Quebec, is denied.

The first session of the seventh annual Sunday School convention was held in the First Baptist Church, this city, on Tuesday evening. There was a large attendance of delegates.

J. Hunter Duvar, the well-known P. E. Island bard, is about to publish a book on the stone, bronze and iron relics of early man all over the world. The volume will appear in England.

Diphtheria has broken out in Africville, two cases having resulted fatally there last week, and others being known of. Precautions are being taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

Six John Thompson's daughter Frankie, twelve years of age, is very ill with hip disease, the result of a fall, and it is unlikely that she will recover. Sir John and Lady Thompson are in great distress.

R. H. McGreevy and O. E. Murphy were found guilty of conspiracy in the case of the \$400,000 note given to Murphy by one of his partners. The interesting pair left Quebec for parts unknown on Friday last.

Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Secretary of State, is said, by despatch to the *Chronicle*, to have sent Mr. Abbott an ultimatum informing him that unless he is given the portfolio of railways and canals he will withdraw from the Cabinet.

James Murray, ex-United States consul at St. John, N. B., committed suicide by shooting himself through the head on Thursday morning of last week. He had been suffering from La Grippe and it is supposed that that had something to do with his rash act.

The warships *Journaline* and *Bussard* went to sea on Monday, and returning at night made an attack on the city, which was successfully resisted by the land forces. It is said had this been actual warfare the ships would have been blown out of the water.

Mr. Harvey, head master of the Victoria School of Art and Design, has rewarded three of the pupils of his last season's evening class in object drawing with prizes. The fortunate lads are Willie Madder, G. J. Creed and John Bowes. This school is a splendid thing for our young men.

The committee of the privy council appointed to investigate the extra payment frauds in the interior department, Ottawa, report that sixty officials are employed and recommend that each be fined one month's salary, that suspended clerks be reinstated and precautions taken to prevent similar frauds in the future.

We have been told that sealskins were going to be very dear, but a despatch from Victoria now says that the sealing men are much disappointed over the market for sealskins. The fall sales at London, which determine the prices for the year, show the market to be overstocked, and prices are consequently lower than was expected.

Mr. Stairs, M. P. for Halifax, protested on Monday to the Postmaster-General against the withdrawal of the Allan and Dominion line steamships from this port for the winter. Mr. Haggart treated the matter very cavalierly, and said the Government had no power to compel the mail steamships to call at Halifax if their owners were unwilling.

The single tickets on the Dartmouth ferry are to be raised to four cents, but purchasers of twelve tickets may still get them for three cents each. The privilege of buying the "scrap tickets" required by drivers of teams at a reduced rate is to be withdrawn and the price of such tickets will be five cents. The commutation tickets will remain at the old rates.

We have received a copy of the October number of *The Argosy*, which is published by the Euhetorian Society of Mt. Allison University. It is printed in our city by Messrs. James Bowes & Sons in their usual neat and appropriate manner. We notice especially how effectively the electrotype cuts are printed. This firm, we understand, make a speciality of this class of work.

"M'sieu Smeets" is the title of the humorous contribution to the superb supplements to be given away with the Christmas number of the *Dominion Illustrated*, now in preparation. It relates the adventures of an Englishman who came to Canada for a hunting trip, and they are portrayed in the most laughable style. When we state that this contribution was written specially for the *Dominion Illustrated* by the author of the celebrated "Lac St. Pierre," we have said all that is necessary to commend it to the Canadian public.

Mr. Knight's paper, *Canada*, is rapidly winning its way into Canadian hearts and homes. The number for October contains, in addition to the continued articles, a beautiful poem called "Una in the Wilderness," by Thos. C. Robson; an imaginative and suggestive essay by Pastor Felix, "The Heart on the Slove;" a story by L. L., "On the Gatineau;" some fine verses by Erio on "Indian Summer at Montreal;" a rendering in verse of a Danish Legend by the Editor; and some choice selections, including a fascinating story from the *Independent*, "Shon McGann's Toboggan Ride." All who subscribe for 1892 now will receive the last three numbers of this year free. One dollar will pay for fifteen months. Published by Matthew R. Knight, Benton, New Brunswick.

The public school inspectors, Normal School, academic and high school teachers of Nova Scotia on Tuesday afternoon presented an address, accompanied by a gift consisting of a set of mantel ornaments and a handsome clock, to Dr. Allison, the retiring Superintendent of Education. The presentation took place in the executive chamber of the provincial building. Among those present were Hon. W. S. Fielding, Hon. J. W. Longley, Hon. C. E. Church, Dr. Weldon, M. P., William Conrad, chairman of the school commissioners, Supervisor McKay, Inspector Congdon and Principal Ahearn, representing the teachers of the County Academy. Dr. Allison made a suitable reply and expressed his gratitude that the fates were not taking him very far away from Nova Scotia.

Sweets to the sweet! Judging from the way the new candy establishment on Barrington Street has been, and is being patronized, we must have a large number of sweet folks in this city. We have been amused at the children's appreciation of "kandy kitchen kandy," but after testing this excellent article we do not wonder in the least that all prefer the pure material to the wonderful concoctions we are oftentimes offered under the name of "pure confectionery." The North End, never far behind the central business portion of the city, has now a "Candy Pantry" on Gottingen S., which furnishes a very tempting and superior selection of "homemade candy." It is wonderful the quantities of sweetmeats that are consumed every week, and the business of manufacturing the same flourishes accordingly.

Early on Tuesday morning Dempster's planing mill, on Victoria Lane, was destroyed by fire, together with two dwellings, one on either side of it, and other premises in the vicinity had a narrow escape, being only saved by the most strenuous exertions on the part of the firemen. It is becoming a very serious question whether the City Council is justified in permitting the establishment of wood mills within the city limits, or at least in localities where they are surrounded by other buildings. The great conflagration which on the night of the 1st of this month swept away a considerable portion of the business part of the city, and consumed over a quarter of a million of dollars worth of property was started in one of these mills, and Tuesday morning's fire was only prevented from assuming very serious proportions by the absence of wind and the copious floods of rain falling at the time. These buildings vastly enhance the danger to other buildings near them, so that insurance companies either charge much higher rates than they would if the mills were not there, or else refuse to take risks on any places in their vicinity.

The American edition of the *Illustrated London News* for Oct. 24th is full of good things. A new story by Robert Buchanan, entitled "Come Live With Me and Be My Love," is begun, and there are many fine illustrations. Subscription \$5 a year. New World Building, City Hall Park, New York.

For clear barbarity the following story from a United States paper takes the prize; and these are supposed to be civilized days! "Fred Kempson, a negro, was recently convicted of assault and battery with intent to kill, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in the penitentiary. Last week he escaped and went back to Lexington county. He prowled around the neighborhood where his victim, Rebecca Thomas, lived. While he was concealed in the woods the woman came along and was soon in Kempson's power. He gave her the choice of having her throat cut or her ears cut off. She choose the latter. He took a pocket knife and severed her ears. Kempson then made threats against those who were instrumental in convicting him and decamped."

The first number of the nineteenth volume of *St. Nicholas* contains the beginning of a serial for boys, by Brander Matthews. It is called "Tom Paulding," and deals with the search by a New York boy for buried treasure in the upper part of Manhattan Island. Local color is given in the first chapter by the bright flames of an election-night fire. This is Mr. Matthews' first venture in writing a long story for the young. Among the most amusing things in this bright number is "The Barber of Sari-Ann," by Jack Bennett. The author, having in the preceding number taught the readers how to make silhouettes, in this shows his credentials by producing exceedingly funny illustrations to an equally amusing poem, which reads like an Ingoldsby legend. Another clever bit of work is "Lancelot's Tower," by Marjorie Richardson, wherein fun and good counsel are equally blended. C. H. Palmer, an English writer, tells the history of "The Sea-Fight off the Azores" in more detail than is permissible in Tennyson's ballad "The

R revenge." Birch illustrates the article with spirit and accuracy. In another descriptive sketch, Lucie A. Ferguson relates the first trip "To the Summit of Pike's Peak by Rail," and C. T. Hill has made the journey vivid by skillful pen-and-ink drawings. A charming poem by Mildred Howells, suggests an equally delightful frontispiece by Birch; the "Tee-Wah Folk-Stories" are continued, and all the chinks and crevices are neatly filled with stories, bits of verse, pictures, and helpful notions of all kinds.

Part of the Queen's drive at Windsor is now under water, as a result of the downpour of rain.

An abandoned woman has been butchered in Berlin, Germany, after the manner of Jack the Ripper.

Alarming reports as to the Queen's health have been in circulation but there is no truth in them. Her Majesty is in good health.

Michael Davitt has declined to contest the seat for North Kilkenny. He believes he will be more useful outside of parliament till the general election occurs.

The London police raided a gambling house in Aldgate on Saturday evening, arresting thirty persons and seizing all the money they could in the establishment.

Lord Lansdowne entered the capital of Cashmere on Saturday, and was received with great enthusiasm. The Viceroy is giving personal attention to the reported Russian inroads on Pamir.

Matters are threatening in China. A Shanghai letter says a number of French officers and privates have been killed by the pirates of Hong Kong, and continuous warfare of this kind is going on.

It has transpired that Gen. Boulanger was terribly addicted to the morphia habit. The most dramatic incidents of his life were passed while under the influence of morphia injections. It is also ascertained that the General's mistress, Mme. Bonnemain, was as well a victim of the dangerous drug.

Frederick Smith, Conservative, son of the late Wm. Henry Smith, has been elected Member of Parliament for the Strand Division in succession to his father. Mr. Smith received 4,952 votes, and Dr. Gutteridge, Liberal, 1,946. In the last previous election W. H. Smith, Conservative, received 5,054, and Hilary Skinner, Home Ruler, 1,508.

A rain-making endeavor, not so harmless as the American plan, is in operation in Madras. They are trying to propitiate the goddess to whose malignity the drought is due by "hook swinging." Iron hooks are thrust through the muscles of a man's back, and he is hoisted and swung by a rope attached to a cross-yard over a pole until his agonies are great enough to satisfy the offended deity.

It will astonish fire department experts in America to know that the fire on Mark Brown's wharf, Tooley Street, London, which broke out at an early hour Monday morning, October 5, has not yet been extinguished. The fire, it was announced during the afternoon of October 5, had been subdued by the twenty engines which played upon it after the flames had gutted an immense four story warehouse filled with colonial products. The glare from this fire early in the morning was so great that it illuminated half of London. It is a fact, however, that the so-called Tooley Street fire is not extinguished now, making about the nineteenth day it has been under the supervision of the brigade. During that time 120 tons of debris have been removed from the interior warehouse, but a large mass of burning material still remains there. The loss is enormous.

It is impossible to go through life without taking cold, but that is no reason a cough or cold should be neglected. A perfect remedy will be found in the popular medicine, Oxford Cough Syrup.

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(LIMITED),
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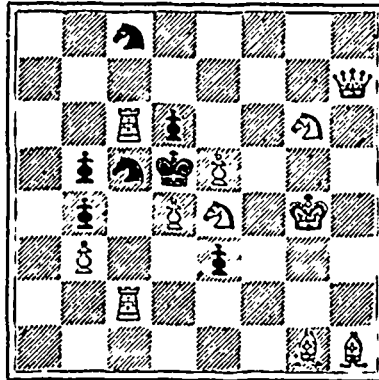
ROTARY SAW MILLS, suitable for all kinds of work in prices from \$140 to \$500.
THE STANDARD SHINGLE MACHINE, fast working, easily operated, and moderate price.
ENGINES & BOILERS, WATER WHEELS, SHAFTING, PULLIES, &C.
For prices address,
ROBERT SMALLWOOD,
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Insist on getting
"DYSPEPTICURE,"
This wondrous remedy differs wholly from all others, is used but once a day at bedtime; it aids Digestion, quickly cures Indigestion, and actually does cure the worst cases of Chronic Dyspepsia.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 89.

By C. S. Jacobs, Des Moines.
From *The Week*.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME No. 90.

A GERMAN BRILLIANT.

Between Max Kurschnor and Dr. Tarrasch, at the Nuremberg Chess Club, in January, 1890.

White.	Black.
Kurschnor.	Tarrasch.
1 P to K4	P to K3
2 P to Q4	P to Q4
3 P tks P	P tks P
Old School French.	
4 B to Q3	B to Q3
5 Kt to KB3	Kt to KB3
6 Castles	Castles
7 P to B3	B to KKt
8 B to K3	Q to Q2
9 QKt to Q2	Kt to B3
10 Q to B2	QR to K
11 Kt to R4	Kt to K2
12 B to KKt5	Kt to Kt3
13 B tks KKt	P tks B
14 Kt to B5	B to B5
15 QKt to Kt3	Kt to K2
16 Kt to B5	Q to B
17 Kt tks Kt ch	R tks Kt
18 B tks P ch. Not prudent, as it gives Black possession of the open Rook's file.	K to Kt2
19 B to Q3.	R to R
20 P to KKt3	R tks RP1
21 K tks R	Q to R ch
22 B to R7 We should prefer K to Kt, and if then Black plays 22 B to B6; 23 B to R7!	
23 Kt to K6 ch	R to K7
24 P tks B	R tks Kt
	P to KB4

25 KR to R	Q tks B eh
26 K to Kt2	Q to Kt3
27 K to B	B to B6
28 KR to Kt	Q tks R ch
29 K tks Q	R to KR3!
R ceigns.	—Gazette

CHILDREN LIKE IT.

LIKE WHAT?

ESTEY'S
EMULSION
OF
Cod Liver Oil

Old and young take it for
Coughs,
Colds, Consumption,
and all Lung diseases.

PALATABLE AS MILK. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST.

Bras d'Or Lime Co., Ltd.

HALIFAX, N. S., Oct. 30, 1891.

A Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the Bras d'Or Lime Co., Ltd., will be held at the office of the Company, No. 161 Hollis St., at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of

Friday, the 20th day of Nov., 1891,
for the purpose of authorizing by resolution the execution by the Company of a mortgage on the Real Estate, Buildings and Plant of the Company at Marble Mountain and Bedford Basin, to secure the issue of debenture Bonds to an amount not to exceed \$25,000, for the purposes of the Company.
A. MILNE FRASER, Sec'y.

FALL-1891.

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—ARE RECEIVING BATHY—
Blank Books, Memo. Books,
Exorcise Books, Note Papers,
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COVERED STRINGS made to order. Call or write.
56 SOUTH PARK ST.
HALIFAX, N. S.
Horse Cars Pass the Door.

I obtained a diploma at the HALIFAX BUSINESS COLLEGE during the winter of 1889, and feel amply repaid for the time and money spent there. I would recommend all who wish to acquire a knowledge of book-keeping to place themselves under Mr. Frazee's instruction. They will find him a very efficient and painstaking teacher, and the course of study such as will give them a thorough knowledge of the subject.

G. W. COLE,
Bookkeeper at A. Robt. & Sons, Amherst, N. S.

FOR PARTICULARS WRITE TO

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 Extensive improvements have just been completed in this house, which is conducted on first class principles, and will be found, outside of the Queen or Halifax Hotels, equal to any in the Province. Good Sample Rooms and Livery Stables in connection. Also, Billiard Rooms.

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That is six doors south of Duke St.

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

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Cragg Bros. & Co.

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Have a Magnificent Assortment at Low Prices.

Also—The usual large stock of

Household Hardware,

appropriate to the season, such as

COAL HODS & VASES, FIRE IRONS,

Fire Guards, Cinder Sifters, Blower Stands, &c.

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Boys' and Youths' Nap Witney Reefers, Boys' Man-O-War Sailor Suits, Flannel Bibs, Blue Sailor Collars, Cords and Whistles, New Ties and Scarfs.

LONDON MADE WHITE SHIRTS

Church's Gout and Rheumatic Remedy.
Rose Dentifrice to Preserve the Teeth.
Intant Headache Cure.
Tar and Wild Cherry for Coughs & Colds.
Iron and Quinine Wine Tonic.
Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla with Iodides.

This last preparation has held the continued approval of the best physicians, and it is expressly put up to meet the popular need for a Blood Purifier without being related to the many secret nostrums and quack medicines of the day, of unknown composition and generally of little medicinal value. It is an excellent Skin and Blood Remedy. The above preparations are prepared by and sold at the **LONDON DRUG STORE, 117 Hollis Street, J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist, Proprietor, Agent for Laurance's Axis-cut Pebble Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Microscopes, Mirrors, Magnifying Glasses. Night Dispenser on the Premises. Telephone Call 163.**

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THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

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3 and 17 June,	7 and 21 October,
1 and 15 July,	4 and 18 November,
5 and 19 August,	2 and 16 December.
2 and 16 September,	

3134 Prizes Worth \$52,740. Capital Prize worth \$15,000.

TICKET, - - - \$1.00
11 TICKETS FOR - - \$10.00

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List of Prizes.

1 Prize worth 15,000.....	\$15,000 00
1 " " 5,000.....	5,000 00
1 " " 2,500.....	2,500 00
1 " " 1,250.....	1,250 00
2 Prizes " 500.....	1,000 00
5 " " 250.....	1,250 00
25 " " 50.....	1,250 00
100 " " 25.....	2,500 00
200 " " 15.....	3,000 00
500 " " 10.....	5,000 00
100 " APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 " " 25.....	2,500 00
100 " " 15.....	1,500 00
100 " " 10.....	1,000 00
999 " " 5.....	4,995 00
699 " " 5.....	4,995 00

3184 Prizes worth.....\$52,740 00
 S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,
 81 St. James St., Montreal Canada.

A HAUNTING THOUGHT.

If the wind is the breath of the dying,
 As the ancient legends say,
 What rebel soul, defying,
 Sweeps down the storm to-day?
 What fruitless, mad regretting
 Uttered that lingering wail?
 What life of war and tempest
 Is spilled upon the gale?

If the wind is the breath of the dying,
 Across this sea of light,
 What saintly soul, replying,
 Goes out to God to-night?
 Whom does this moonlit zephyr
 Uplift on its white breast?
 What spirit, pure and patient,
 In rapture slinks to rest?

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in the Independent.

THE BLIND SUMMIT.

[A Viennese gentleman, who had climbed the Hoch König without a guide, was found dead, in a sitting posture, near the summit, upon which he had written, "It is cold, and clouds shut out the view."—Vide the Daily News of September 10, 1891.]

So mounts the child of ages of desire,
 Man, up the steep of Thought; and would behold
 Yet purer peaks, touched with unearthlier fire,
 In sudden vision virginally new;
 But on the lone last height he sighs: " 'Tis cold, I
 And clouds shut out the view."

Ah, doom of mortals! Vexed with phantoms old,
 Old phantoms that waylay us and pursue—
 Weary of dreams—we think to see unfold
 The eternal landscape of the Real and True;
 And on our Pigeon can but write: " 'Tis cold,"
 And clouds shut out the view."

—William Watson, in the Spectator.

THE TOYS.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise
 Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
 I struck him, and dismissed
 With hard words, and unknissed—
 His mother, who was patient, being dead.
 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,
 But found him slumbering deep,
 With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
 From his late sobbing wet.
 And I, with moan,
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own,
 For on a table drawn beside his head,
 He had put within his reach
 A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach
 And six or seven shells,
 A bottle with blue bells
 And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
 To comfort his sad heart.
 So when that night I prayed
 To God I wept, and said:
 "Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
 Not vexing Thee in death,
 And Thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,
 How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good,
 Then, fatherly not less
 Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
 'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"

—Coventry Patmore

LONDON LIFE UNDER THE PLANTAGENETS.

As an illustration of the times I give the story of William Blakeney. He was a shuttle-maker by trade, but a pilgrim by profession. He dressed for the part with long hair, long gown and bare feet. He loitered about in places where men resorted—taverns and such—and there entertained all comers with travellers' tales. He had been everywhere, this pious and adventurous pilgrim. He had seen Seville, city of sacred relics; Rome, the abode of His Holiness the Pope; he had even seen the Pope himself. He had been to the Holy Land, and stood within the very sepulchre of our Lord. And what with the strange creatures he had met with in those far-off lands, and the men and women among whom he had sojourned, and the things he could tell you, and the things which he postponed till the next time, the story would fill volumes. For six years he lived in great comfort, eating and drinking of the best, always at the expense of his hearers. The man must have been an unequalled story-teller. Six years of invention over fresh and new!

Then he was found out—he had never been a pilgrimage in his life. He had never been out of sight of the London walls. So he stood in pillory—this poor novelist, who would in these days have commanded so much respect and such solid rewards—he stood in pillory with a wholstone round his neck, as if he had been a common liar!

And then he had to go back to the dull monotony of shuttle-making, and that in silence, with nobody to believe him any more.

Well, he shortly afterwards died, I am convinced, of suppressed fiction. But perhaps his old friends rallied round him, and by the light of the fire he still beguiled the long evenings by telling for the hundredth time of the one-eyed man, and the men with tails, and the men who have but one leg, and use their one foot for an umbrella against the scorching sun—all of whom he had seen in the deserts on the way from Jerusalem to Damascus, where St. Paul was converted.

Would you know how a young married couple set up housekeeping? Here is the inventory of the household furniture of such a pair in the fourteenth century.

It is not the only document of the kind which exists, but it is interesting because it forms part of a story which remains unfinished. The inventory belongs to the year 1337. The proprietor's name was Hugh le Bevere; that of his wife, Alice. Hugh le Bevere was a craftsman of the better sort, but not a master. He was so well off that the furniture of his house, including clothes, was valued at £12 18s. 4d., which, being interpreted into modern money, means about £200. He had been married but a short time when the events occurred which caused this inventory to be drawn up.

The newly-married pair lived in a house consisting of two rooms, one above the other. The lower room, which was kitchen and keeping-room in one, was divided from the houses on either side by solid stone walls; it had a chimney and a fireplace; the walls were hung round with kitchen utensils, tools and weapons; a window opened to the street, the upper part of which was glazed, while the lower part could be closed by a stout shutter; the door opened into the street; there was another door at the back which opened upon a buttery, where there stood ranged in a row six casks of wine. One folding table and two chairs served for their wants, because they were not rich enough to entertain their friends. A ladder led to the upper room, which was an attic or garret built of wood and thatched with rush. Here was the bed with a mattress, three feather beds and two pillows. A great wooden coffer held their household gear; here were six blankets and one sergo, a coverlet with shields of sendale, (a kind of thin silk,) eight linen sheets, four table-cloths. The clothes, which were laid in chests or hung upon the wall, consisted of three surcoats of worsted and ray; one coat with a hood of perset (peach-colored cloth,) and another of worsted; two robes of perset; one of medley, furred; one of scarlet, furred; a great hood of sendale with edging; one camise (only one!); and half a dozen save-napes (aprons.) One perceives that the inventory omits many things. Where, for instance, were the hosen and the shoon? For kitchen utensils there were brass pots, a grate, andirons, basins, washing vessels, a tripod, an iron horse, an iron spit, a frying-pan, a funnel, two ankers (tubs,) &c. They had one candlestick "of latton;" two plates; an aumbrey (cabinet or small cupboard); curtains to hang before the doors to keep out the cold; cushions and a green carpet; and for the husband a haketon, or suit of leather armor, and an iron head-piece. Of knives, forks, wooden plates, cups, glasses, or drinking measures there is nothing said at all. But it is evident that the house was provided with everything necessary for solid comfort; plenty of kitchen vessels, for instance, and plenty of soft feather beds, blankets, pillows, curtains and sheets.

Every morning at six o'clock, after a hunch of bread, a substantial slice of cold meat, and a pull at the black-jack of small ale, Hugh le Bevere walked off to his day's work. Then Alice, left at home, washed and scoured, made and mended, cooked the dinner, talked to the neighbors, and when all was done, sat in the doorway enjoying the sunshine and spinning busily.

They had been married but a short time. There were no children. Then—one knows nothing; no one must judge harshly; there may have been jealousy; there may have been cause for jealousy; perhaps the woman had a tongue unendurable (fourteenth century tongues were cruelly sharp); perhaps the man had a temper uncontrolled (in that century there were many such); but no one knows, and, again, we must not judge—then, I say, the end came, suddenly and without warning.

When it was all over, some of the neighbors thought they had heard high words and a smothered shriek, but then we often think we have heard what probably happened.

In the morning Hugh le Bevere went not forth to his work as usual; Alice did not open the door; the shutters remained closed. The neighbors knocked; there was no answer. They sent for the alderman, who came with his sergeants, and broke open the door. Alas! alas! They found the body of Alice lying stark and dead upon the floor; beside her sat her husband with white face and haggard eyes, and the evidence of his crime, the knife itself, lying where he had thrown it.

They hauled him to the Lord Mayor's Court. They questioned him. He made no reply at first, looking as one distraught; when he spoke he refused to plead. For this in later times he would have been pressed to death. What was done to him was almost as bad; for they took him to Newgate and shut him up in a cell with penance, that is to say, on bread and water, until he died. This done they buried the unfortunate Alice, and made the inventory of all the chattels, which the City confiscated, and sold for £12 18s. 4d., out of which, no doubt, they paid for the funeral of the woman and the penance of the man.

The rest, one hopes, was laid out in masses, as far as it would go, for the souls of the hapless pair. Death has long since released Hugh le Bevere; he has entered his plea before another Court; but the City has never learned why he killed his wife, or if, indeed, he really did kill her.—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE UNANSWERABLE QUESTION.

It sometimes happens that a woman who is either independent or makes herself so by her skilled work, expresses a bold preference for her solitary state. Then the cynic shoots out his sheaf of arrows of bitter words, and hints that this is mere affectation, "and she would en' she could." If, on the other hand, the poor creature takes elaborate pains to qualify for the duties of wife and mother, and has neither beauty or money to bring to market, then, again, she is sharply reprimanded.

A leading London newspaper declares that "if girls attended to darning and cooking instead of painting and playing the piano," they would have a

better chance. This is absurd. Young men are much more inclined to fall in love with the pretty dancer in the front row of the chorus, whose sole occupation and accomplishment is to swing about her graceful figure and twirl her expensive "accordion-pleated" petticoats in a series of slow evolutions, than with the quiet maiden who can make old clothes look as new, like the thrifty heroine of an old Scotch legend.

Of course, the real truth lies in the increased struggle for existence under tolerably comfortable conditions. We blame the reckless working lad of twenty who marries, and who, at thirty, is too often the father of a family he can neither clothe nor feed adequately.

We deplore the hopeless improvidence that crowds the poorhouses and casual wards. Yet the young men a trifle higher in the social scale are blamed for not rushing into marriages that would be almost as fatal in their results. If all the struggling assistant doctors, curates without private means, briefless barristers and subalterns with a varying schedule of debts and no assets could be compelled to select brides from the pathetic extra million of women who are for ever cropping up in the statistics of political economists, a pretty state of destitution would ensue. Yet, to read the letters on the subject, it might almost be imagined that this was the logical remedy for the present condition of affairs.

Perhaps the best plan of all, and one the least likely to be adopted, would be to let the subject alone for a while. Miss Kate Greenfield's quaint love affair with the captivating Asia ought to have convinced those who made such ineffectual efforts in her behalf that interference in matters matrimonial is absolutely futile. It is not much use writing articles showing people how to do impossibilities in the way of furnishing their homes with art muelin and drain-pipes painted with poppies.

Unluckily, tones of subtle green and yellow will not satisfy the hungry man, and no amount of flower painting will prevent the accumulation of unpaid bills. The bad fact remains that no one should wed unless he has a sufficiency of pounds, shillings and pence.—*Nottingham Daily Express.*

THINGS WELL SAID AND WORTH REPEATING

"Never fix the price of anything so low that you can't afford to advertise it."

"Circulars hit only once, if at all, and are then consigned to the waste basket."

"Don't advertise spasmodically—keep at it. Your particular line of goods may not be wanted to-day; they will be sought to-morrow, or the day after."

"Don't run the same card from January to December. Change occasionally. Don't get into a rut. Have some vim."

"People won't and can't guess that you have a good thing."

"Success means thought. It costs no more to publish good matter than poor. Prepare your matter carefully; and make it attractive; don't crowd; let your catch lines be bold."

"There should be a point to every advertisement. State your point and stop right there. Don't keep on just to fill space."

"Judicious advertising

Creates many a new business.

Enlarges many an old business.

Revives many a dull business.

Rescues many a falling business.

Saves many a falling business.

Preserves many a large business."

"He who in the world would rise, must either fail or advertise."

"Your advertisement is your representative. It need not be large or imposing, but should be honest and respectful."

"Advertising is to business as a man well shod; without advertising, man will always plod."

"Advertising is an eloquent and effective 'salesman'—distinguished from the verbal salesman in this, that while the latter talks to one customer the advertising salesman is talking to tens, possibly hundreds of thousands."

"Courageous, intelligent, persistent advertising means the largest possible success in any particular line."

"Non-advertising means the limitation of personal influence."

The recent weather anomalies are considered only a part of a long series of unique and almost unparalleled atmospheric phenomena, dating back to the extraordinary "blizzard" storms of March, 1888, which ravaged large areas of the entire globe. Astronomers tell us that ever since then the sun has been affected by a marked decline of activity. Observations of his surface show very few of those enormous spots which astronomers regard as indications of the intensity of the solar fires and as influencing the climate of our planet. To the present minimum of "sunspottedness" is chargeable the prolonged deficiency of rainfall, and to the partial cooling of the sun are attributed the recent great anomalies of temperature. The solution of the problem lies between this conjecture and the theory that we are again passing through the radiant glare of Biela's comet. Twenty years have elapsed since 1871, when the earth cut off the tail of this erratic wanderer, since which there has been no trace of it, but the time has come for its third revolution, and eminent scientists have reached the conclusion that the earth is now travelling in the wake of the tailless luminary.—*The Chicago Graphic.*

Here surely is something like a miracle!

John A. Dawson, Esq., Ex-M. P., of Pictou, N. S., writes:—"I was troubled with Dyspepsia of the very worst kind for twenty years. K. D. C. cured me completely. It is worth its weight in gold. Will give information to anyone who will write me."

COMMERCIAL.

General trade is still in a somewhat backward condition, but, notwithstanding the talk about quiet business that is current on all sides, there must be a fair movement in progress which cannot but increase materially as soon as the farmers loosen their purse strings, which performance cannot be much longer delayed. They have got plenty of money but by all accounts are too busy at other work to think of spending it. Until they do, business cannot be expected to assume very extensive proportions. In two or three weeks they ought to be free to devote their attention to providing for their winter wants. This will improve remittances and in other ways oil up the wheels of trade so that they will move more freely. In the meantime there is nothing particular to note in any line. Dry goods are moving fairly on city account but are otherwise quiet. Iron is dull but as stocks generally are light holders are quite independent as regards values. More activity is, perhaps, shown in groceries than in any other line but the movement has not as yet assumed full proportions.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW OF HENRY CLEWS & CO., NEW YORK, Oct. 24, 1891.—"The dullness in Wall Street continues, and the prices of stocks still oscillate within a range too narrow to encourage large speculative transactions. The absence of any advance in the Bank of England rate of discount last week, and the continued imports of gold, together with a further liberal increase of the surplus reserve in the bank statement of the 17th inst., were expected to have a reviving effect upon the market during the past week, but only a slight improvement was inaugurated; but the market still shows by the meagre daily transactions an insensibility to favorable factors which can hardly be construed otherwise than as an ominous symptom.

The shrinkage of transactions on the Exchange to less than one-half their late volume plainly means that an important class of large holders have sold out and that they are not at present disposed to enter the market again at the current range of values. Hence such a condition of present holdings usually results in either a reaction of prices, or in a prolonged stagnancy, during which comparatively weak holders have to keep up a forlorn struggle against the 'bears.' Numerous holders are apt to be not only of the feeble class, but also include the least practiced and influential; and that is very much the case in the present situation of the market. The capitalist class who were caught in the crisis of last fall with heavy loads of second and third rate stocks have succeeded in transferring them to transient speculative buyers; and the former class of operators, always so essential to a successful 'bull' movement, are now out of the market, and their tactics are likely to favor the 'bear' side until prices are more tempting than at present. These men are as the wind to the sails, the steam to the locomotive, the money that 'makes the mare go,' and a market without them has usually a very unpromising prospect.

The present holders of stocks are, it is true, helped by the greater ease in money, by the general recovery of confidence, by the influx of foreign gold, and by all the good influences that attend such an extraordinary harvest as has befallen us; and this may enable them to hold on and perhaps to secure occasional slight advances; but without the co-operation of the great professional 'bulls' they can make little progress, and have the choice between a judicious yielding and a protracted dullness and stagnancy that can be ended only by compulsory realizing. There cannot be a good market without good buying, and there cannot be good buying without good buyers, neither of which of sufficient magnitude exist at present. There are plenty of influential operators who, although they believe in ultimately higher prices, yet think it better to allow the market to rest for a time; and they are likely to continue to postpone operations until they can get in on better terms than exist at present. In brief, the market is in the unsatisfactory condition of being strong enough to support prices, and yet not attractive enough to induce important strong buying. The issue of such a situation is usually a protracted and unbroken dullness which continues until holders are wearied out or driven from the market; and there is too much reason to fear that the present situation may run into just such a profitless condition. Under such circumstances, it seems the wisest policy for holders to let go a part of their stocks and stand prepared for getting into a fresh campaign, starting from a lower basis of prices and having the support of a class who alone can make a boom successful.

But while the personnel and the make up of the market are not conducive to progress but are calculated to invite periodical 'bear' attacks, the chief current factors affecting the intrinsic value of securities are distinctly favorable. The foreign demand for our wheat continues upon a very large scale, and the yield in the price of that cereal is calculated to stimulate its export. The return of gold from Europe shows no symptom of abatement; and at London the loss of gold has so far produced no effect upon the Bank of England rate, nor upon the rate in the open market, while in the stock market the preference for American securities is catching a steady stream of buying orders to be cabled to New York. This is certainly a better condition of foreign finances than has been anticipated. The uneasiness caused by the new Russian loan and by reports of fresh trouble in the Argentine Republic seem to have the effect of stimulating the London demand for our investments. So far as respects our local money market, the imports of gold and the moderation of the shipments of currency to the interior leave no doubt that, for the remainder of the year and probably until early next spring, there will be no difficulty in procuring money for Stock Exchange purposes. The prospective ease in the loan market is causing a marked improvement in the demand for railroad bonds, which is a factor of real importance to stocks. The late reports of damage to cotton are now followed by intelligence of killing frost in the cotton belt, the immediate effect of which is to cause an advance in price both here and in Liverpool. There can be little

doubt that considerable deductions will have to be made from the earlier estimates of this crop; but as the price will probably be correspondingly advanced the financial results of the yield are not likely to be materially affected. It is unfortunate that, with so many good elements in the situation, the undue forcing up of prices during the late boom should have put the Stock Market in a position which prevents an adequate response to these factors."

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

	Week		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date			
	Oct. 23.	Prev. week.	1891	1889	1888	1891	1890	1889	1888
United States	230	198	202	100	208	9678	8187	9132	8074
Canada	53	50	33	26	28	1481	1302	1293	1410

Dry Goods.—There is nothing special in this line except that business is naturally beginning to respond to the more seasonable weather. The movement on city account is quite up to the average, and merchants generally talk of a fair turnover. Reports from travellers on sorting-up trips talk of small orders only, but farmers should commence very shortly to satisfy their wants, and with the conditions prevailing, the movement on this account should be perfectly satisfactory. Prices are firm in all lines. Remittances are about the same, and the prevailing feeling is still very hopeful.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—The past week has been unusually quiet and dull in pig iron. In fact little or no business has been done unless it be a small sale here and there. Prices rule firm all round with no alteration to note of any kind. There is nothing particular doing in domestic bar iron aside from the ordinary, and values continue more or less nominal. Very little imported bar iron is now coming to Canada. In sheet iron advices from Great Britain state that black sheets are very firm at £7 lbs. for common grades, while supplies on hand are very small, and makers are determined to keep up the price. Local quotations are as they were, but the stock is limited, and prices naturally rule steady. Tin, terns and Canada plates are all firm, but very dull. Copper and lead are steady and unchanged with a fair business doing. Ingot tin continues to be scarce.

BREADSTUFFS.—There is no change in the local flour market, which moves along in a quiet, jobbing way, while prices are steady and show more firmness under the influence of stronger western markets. There is only a slow demand for oatmeal, but prices show no change. Beerbohm's cable reports more enquiry for wheat and corn strong. French country markets quiet. At Chicago wheat was weak and declined $\frac{1}{2}$ c. to 1 c. Corn was again firm and receipts light. Oats were firm and within a moderate range, there is still a good export demand. At New York wheat declined $\frac{1}{2}$ c. to $\frac{1}{4}$ c. At St. Louis, Toledo and Duluth, wheat was easy, though quotations are not changed.

PROVISIONS.—There is in the local market a continued jobbing movement in pork at steady prices. Lard and smoked meats are quiet. In Liverpool the conditions and prices of the provision markets are unchanged. In Chicago pork advanced a little under the influence of liberal purchases of December by one of the large packing concerns presumably to cover shorts. Lard and ribs showed some sympathy with pork. The hog movement was again over the expectation. The covering of December because of the recent action of the directors in making it possible to speculate in old pork after January 1st, still continues.

BUTTER.—Really good butter is in demand in this market, and small tubs of choice are worth 22c. at wholesale, while large tubs of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton bring 14c. to 18c. Very little Canadian is coming here. In Montreal butter has had an undeniably satisfactory season, and is still moving freely at good prices. The butter market there is steady, and although some claim that prices are easier, no transactions at a decline are noted. The most recent sale of September and October was at 23c. at the factory, which is not a decline, while holders want higher figures for finest townships. On the whole that market is an essentially steady one. In London butter has been in active request, and advanced rates have been obtainable in almost every department. French butters have gone up with a rush, and it is said will go higher, and Danish, owing to heavy calls on spot for Oloo purposes, has been in short supply, and is up at excessive figures, 125s. being paid this week and 132s. being asked for next week's arrivals, which buyers do not like the look of; they may get in somewhere near 130s. In Manchester 123s. has already been paid. A fair amount of business is passing in American dairy at 88s., and Canadian creamery sells well at 97s., which is the price for the Dominions offering at Liverpool.

CHEESE.—In this market cheese is unchanged, though the indications strongly favor advance later on. In the Upper Provinces cheese has been quiet and dull, but the money has been distributed in the country for all that, for factorymen have pretty well disposed of the bulk of their make at good figures. A correspondent writes:—"There is a little bit of cheese on the London market just now, a great deal of the Frome Fair pitch of 300 tons being offered here, and buyers being pretty numerous, though they are nice in their selections from such a quantity. This for English. The market for American and Canadian is rather inactive, and the presence of many heated parcels does not tend to increase business. For cool lots, prices continue steady, and the tone of the sales begins to assume the degree of firmness necessary before a substantial advance. Prices here and in Canada do not square at present, but they are getting on that way, and with 50s. freely paid for latest new arrivals, up to 52s. has been paid for reputed Septembers."

EGGS.—In Halifax eggs are remarkably scarce just now and bring high prices. The quality of those coming in is considerably improved over what it was two or three weeks ago. Good fresh stock commands readily at wholesale 16c. per dozen. A letter from London says:—"Trade in eggs has been brisk this week so far as large are concerned, but smalls have been in limited request, and have gone off heavy. The top rate for French is

10s., and the bottom level 72s. 2d. per 120. Canadians are going off well at Liverpool, and prices, with more limited supplies are firm at up to 8s. 8d. The reports as to Mr. Sander's deal is causing some excitement here, and though there are some who feel inclined to grumble at the threatened invasion, the majority hold out encouraging hopes. Our Press is a better friend to Canada in this respect than her own journals."

APPLES are a plentiful crop, and so far the returns from foreign markets, which usually take the bulk of our supply, have afforded no ground for discouragement. In fact account sales on shipments of fall varieties show better returns than for stock actually sold on the spot market. A letter-writer in London says:—"The Canadian apple trade opens here under bad conditions, as our markets are flooded just now with apples from our own orchards at ridiculously low prices, 2s. a bushel for splendid apples, and fruit of all kinds being remarkably prolific in show. Apple receivers here advise caution in consigning, as if too much is sent in disaster only can attend the venture. It is stated that much depends upon the supply, which if medium in the coming season will meet good results, provided of course, that the fruit reaches us in good condition and is free from spots and other blemishes. The first sale of Nova Scotians in London this season was put through on Monday, and though the consignment—a small one of 43 bbls.—was, as frequently the case with early shipments, somewhat soft and delicate, they were of very good quality and realised handsome prices, having reached to the rates ruling here and in Canada, where the cable tells us \$1.00 to \$1.25 is the rule. If so, these prices are very good indeed, and show a fair margin for the sender:—Six bbls. Colvert at 14s. 6d. per bbl, 7 Gravenstein at 16s. 6d.; 5 do. at 18s. 6d., and 8 at 18s; 7 do. at 20s; 17 Genot at 21s., and 6 No. 1 R. Pippins at 23s."

FRUIT—Buyers show a cautious spirit about dried fruit, which rules dull and easy in consequence. The cause of this is not far to seek. Fresh fruits of all sorts have been almost a drug throughout the fall and are still plentiful. Until they are absorbed, therefore, buyers will hardly feel disposed to load up with foreign dried stock. The country produce and growers generally have nothing to complain of. Jobbers, however, who at this season of the year usually stock up in anticipation of the holiday trading, seem afraid to do so this fall, and business is not brisk. It seems hard to account for this spirit in view of the light shipments of dried fruit to this side of the Atlantic. A letter from a leading firm in Spain states that up to the end of September the shipments of raisins to America altogether were 25 per cent. less than those to the same date last year. Yet no one seems anxious. Buyers are taking very sparingly, and sales of anything like round lots are unheard of. Values have an easy tendency, as low offers continue to be made from London which to a certain extent interferes with the market. Currants are also easier.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES.—The movement in sugar during the past week has been only fair. The raw sugar markets are quoted firm, but there is no advance in refined owing, no doubt, to the curtailed demand. Molasses is receiving some attention in a jobbing way, but no large transactions are reported.

TEA AND COFFEE.—The tea market is sick and generally demoralized, buyers being well stocked up and showing no disposition to do business. The offerings, however, are not large. Blacks are very dull, and the English market has continued its downward course, but as the season is drawing to a close, a steadier market is expected. The outside coffee markets have generally a better feeling, but as the local market has been but slightly affected by either the rise or fall, there is no change to note. Very little stock is offering here.

FISH.—There is absolutely nothing new to note regarding the position of the local fish market. Receipts are very small indeed, but as there is no demand, prices do not advance. It is said that considerable quantities are held in first hands in some of the shore districts in anticipation of a possible advance in prices in the near future. We hardly believe this statement, because few if any of our along-shore fishermen can afford to hold their fish on speculation for a rise, and though we would like to see fish advance, and hope that it may, we can see no indication or reason to believe that it will. In most waters the season for catching fish is now practically past, and it is very improbable that any important takes will be made in what is left of it. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, Oct. 28—"The feature in the market is the continued scarcity of herring, which can hardly be got in sufficient quantity to supply the immediate demand. Cod and shore herring also are not coming forward at all as freely as usual, the catch continuing small. We quote: herring, Labrador, \$5.50 to \$6; do., shore, \$4.75 to \$5; green cod \$5.50 to \$6; dry do. \$5.25. Oysters meet with a good demand, and the cooler weather makes holders more independent in their views. Malpeques are \$2.25 to \$3.50 per bbl. as to quality." Another authority, writing from Montreal on the same date, says:—"The fish market is not active, but prices rule firm under light supplies. Herring are strong and higher at \$5.75 to \$6 per bbl.; green cod is quite scarce and firm. No. 1 has advanced to \$5.50 to \$5.75; No. 2 in proportion; dry cod is steady, and the same can be said of salmon, red sea trout, etc." Gloucester, Mass., Oct. 28—"Codfish have been in very light receipt the past week, but other ground fish in improved supply. Quite a number of seiners have come home with very small takes of mackerel, and most of them will haul up. Trade is good and prices well maintained with an upward tendency. We quote last sales as follows: Mackerel in fishermen's order, \$25 per bbl. for extras, \$14 for large, \$11.50 for medium and \$9 for small; packed extras \$27; ones \$21; twos \$14; threes \$9. Outside fare sales of Bank cod \$4.25 and \$3.25. Fare sale of salt mixed fish \$3.25 for small cod, \$1.50 for haddock, \$1.30 for hake. Fresh do. \$1.60 for cusk, \$1 for hake and 75 cts. for pollock. Last fare sale of Bank halibut 12 and 8 cts. per lb. for white and gray. Flotched halibut 6 cts. per lb.; salt

herring \$3.25 per bbl.; herring bait \$3 per bbl.; Nova Scotia mackerel \$7.50 to \$8 for small, \$11 for mediums and \$11.50 to \$18 for large; P. E. I. do. \$12 to \$13 for mediums and \$14 to \$20 for large. Fresh mackerel 19 and 8 cts. each. Jobbing prices of packed mackerel, extra bloomers, \$30 to \$32; large 3's \$17.50 to \$18; medium 2's \$16; 3's \$7.75 to \$8. New Georges codfish at \$6.87 to \$7 per qtl. for large, and small at \$5 to \$5.25; Bank \$5.50 to \$6 for large and \$4.25 for small; Shore \$6.50 and \$4.62 for large and small; dry Bank \$6.50, medium \$4.75; Flemish Cap \$6 to \$6.25 for large and \$4.50 for small; cured cusk at \$4.25 per qtl.; hake \$2 to \$2.25; haddock \$3.75, heavy salted pollock \$2.37; English-cured do. \$3 per qtl.; Labrador herring \$6.50 per bbl.; Newfoundland do. \$6.50; Nova Scotia \$6.50; Eastport \$3.50; split Shore \$4; round do. \$4.50; round Eastport \$4, pickled codfish \$5.50; haddock \$4; halibut heads \$3.50, sounds \$12; tongues and sounds \$11; tongues \$10; alewives \$3.50; trout \$14, Halifax salmon \$23; Newfoundland do. \$16." Port of Spain, Trinidad, Oct. 7—"Our market continues in a very depressed condition, owing to the poor quality of late landings and to the fact that dried beef or Tassajo is procurable nearly as cheap as fish. Dealers hold very little good fish, but there is a quantity of old and inferior being forced for what it will fetch. A shipment of large French fish sent on from Barbados has been lotted at \$20 per cask of 650 lbs. The *Josephine* from Lockport arrived yesterday, and we have now her cargo on offer, but as quality is not attractive, our dealers are anything but anxious to purchase, and a smart decline is inevitable. Large mackerel and split herring are saleable to a small extent."

PUTNER'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil still retains and justifies the good opinion of the best medical practitioners. Its virtues are attested by thousands of its patrons everywhere.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.—WHOLESALE SELLING RATES.

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

GROCERIES.

SUGARS.	
Cut Leaf	5 1/2
Granulated.....	4 1/2 to 4 3/4
Circle A	4 3/4
White Extra C.....	4 3/4
Standard.....	3 1/2 to 3 3/4
Extra Yellow C.....	3 3/4
Yellow C.....	3 1/2
TEA.	
Congou, Common	17 to 19
Fair.....	20 to 23
Good.....	25 to 28
Choice.....	31 to 33
Extra Choice.....	35 to 36
Oolong, Choice.....	37 to 39
MOLASSES.	
Barbados	36
Demerara.....	35 to 38
Diamond N.....	48
Porto Rico.....	31 to 35
Cienfuegos.....	none
Trinidad.....	32 1/2 to 33
Antigua.....	31 to 34
Tobacco, Black.....	45 to 47
Bright	47 to 65
BISCUITS.	
Pilot Bread.....	8.00
Boston and Thin Family.....	6 1/2
Soda.....	6 1/2
do in 1 lb. boxes, 50 to case.....	7 1/2
Fancy.....	8 to 15

BREADSTUFFS

There is nothing new to be said in connection with this trade, except that there is a demand for flour at the reduced values. Cornmeal and oatmeal will remain firm, at least for some time, with probabilities that oatmeal will not go lower this crop year. Whilst we make no change in quotations, yet sales are made below our quoted prices, in some lines at least.

FLOUR.	
Manitoba Highest Grade Patents	5.75 to 6.00
High Grade Patents.....	5.25 to 5.50
Good 90 per cent. Patents.....	5.00 to 5.10
Straight Grade.....	4.00 to 5.00
Good Seconds	4.40 to 4.60
Graham Flour.....	4.90 to 5.15
Oatmeal.....	4.30 to 4.40
" Rolled.....	4.40 to 4.60
Kiln Dried Cornmeal.....	3.25 to 3.40
" In Bond	3.10
Rolled Wheat.....	5.55
Wheat Bran, per ton.....	18.50 to 19.50
Middlings	23.10 to 23.50
Shorts	21.50 to 22.50
Cracked Corn " including bag.....	35.00
Ground Oil Cake, per ton.....	31.00 to 35.00
Moulce	24.00
Split Peas.....	4.60 to 4.10
White Beans, per bushel.....	1.50 to 1.55
Pot Beans, per barrel.....	3.90 to 4.00
Canadian Oats, choice quality new.....	38 to 40
P. E. Island Oats.....	38 to 37
Hay, per ton.....	12.00 to 13.00

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

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid.....	11.50 to 15.00
" Am., Plate	15.00 to 15.50
" Ex. Plate, "	15.00 to 16.50
Pork, Mess, American	15.50 to 17.00
" American, clear	15.50 to 16.00
" P. E. I. Mess	15.00 to 15.50
" P. E. I. Thin Mess	14.00 to 14.50
" Prime Mess.....	11.50 to 12.00
Lard, Tubs and Pails, P. E. Island	12
" American.....	11 to 12
Hams, P. E. I., green.....	10 to 11
Prices are for wholesale lots only, and available to change daily.	

BUTTER AND CHEESE

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints.....	25
" in Small Tubs	22
" Good, in large tubs, new	17 to 18
" " " old.....	7 to 10
" Store Packed & oversalted.....	10
Canadian Township, new	19 to 20
" Western.....	17
" old	10
Cheese, Canadian.....	10
" Antigonish	10 1/2

SALT.

Factory Filled.....	\$1.50
Fine Liverpool, bag, from store.....	60
Liverpool, " hhd.....	1.25
" " Afloat	none
Cadiz	none
Turks Island	1.50
Lisbon	1.10
Coarse W. I.	none
Trapani	\$1.40
" Afloat.....	none

FISH.

MACKEREL—	
Extras.....	20.00
No. 1.....	18.10
" 2 large.....	18.10
" 2.....	12.00
" 3 large, Reamed	8.50
" 3, Reamed	6.75
" 3 large, Plain	6.75
" 3 Plain	6.25
Small.....	4.75
HERRING.	
No. 1 C. B. July.....	5.00
" 1 Fall Split	3.50
" 1 Fall Round.....	3.00
" 1 Labrador.....	4.50
" 1 Georges Bay.....	2.00
" 1 Bay of Islands.....	3.00
Alewives, No. 1.....	4.25
SALMON.	
No. 1, " brl.....	14.00
No. 2, " brl.....	12.00
" 3.....	10.00
Small.....	10.00
CODFISH.	
Hard C B.....	4.75
Western Shore.....	4.50
Bank	none
Bay	4.15
Newfoundland.....	none
Haddock.....	3.50
Bank & Western.....	3.25
Hake	2.75
Pollock.....	2.00
Hake Sounds, per lb.....	12 1/2
Cod Oatmeal	27

MRS. VICTORY'S THIMBLE.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Victory sat at the long, narrow table of the drawing-room in this seaside boarding-house, and busily gummed on the chintz pattern, that she had just cut out, to the long strip of olive satin that stood in such exquisite contrast to her fair hands. The windows were open, and, just outside, the golden beach, deserted at this early hour in the morning—a quarter to ten—glimmered in the already hot sun. It was considered by many to have been the hottest July, so far, that had been known at Salthaven for twenty years.

The other inmates of the boarding-house, or such of them as ordinarily passed a quiet hour here after breakfast, occupied their usual places.

The thin, melancholy, sad-eyed artist sat in the armchair in the corner listlessly turning over the pages of the portfolio, breaking into sarcastic little peals of laughter, below his breath, now and again, at its plates. The stout old lady, home from the Evangelical Missions at Oberabany, worked severely at her knitting opposite him. The toothless, garrulous old Canon, who paid so many wordy compliments to Mrs. Victory, fidgeted restlessly about from place to place, as he always did, rustling his "Times," and complaining of the vagaries of the sun.

The two lads from Sandhurst, who had only come yesterday, sat in the further window and talked quietly, but with profound knowingness, of the prospects of the next football season, earnestly hoping that the big, fair Hercules of a man seated at the long table just exactly opposite Mrs. Victory was listening to them. They had identified him that morning, with intense excitement, as last year's crack player for all Scotland. He had not, however, heard one word. He was half unconsciously, but with fascinated interest, watching every movement of Mrs. Victory from behind his newspaper.

He had got into the habit of sitting thus in this morning hour watching Mrs. Victory from behind his newspaper, but yet it was a strange thing that he was the only one in the room, perhaps in the house, who would have denied, even to himself, the rare sweetness and attractiveness of the beautiful young widow.

The first day at breakfast her beauty had startled him the moment she entered the room. Then, as she seated herself, she had looked over at him and smiled, and said a few quiet, self-possessed words as to the weather. He was only a great big, shy, young Highland laird from the wilds of Ross-shire, quite unaccustomed to such loveliness and to the ways of boarding-houses. He was thoroughly taken aback by being thus suddenly addressed, and had answered shortly, with a flush, and applied himself to his breakfast.

Mrs. Victory's tranquil expression had not altered in the slightest, but she had not spoken to him again, and, as the conversation entirely centred around her, he had become isolated. He had found his way into the drawing-room, feeling cynical, as shy people often will. The first morning he had really wished to read his newspaper, and the old Canon, who happened to be in a particularly lively mood, had driven him half distracted. He had made up his mind to leave the boarding house that night. The next morning, however, found him seated at the long table just exactly opposite to where Mrs. Victory sat at work. There, morning after morning, he continued to sit, furtively watching her.

His mother, Mrs. Macpherson, wrote again and again from her fortress in the Scottish wilds to say how surprised she was to hear that he had not yet arrived at Clifton. She understood he was only to stay a couple of days at Salthaven, and the Mactavishes at York were anxiously expecting to know when they might hope to see him on his homeward way. He put off replying to her letters, not knowing very well what to say, causing to her motherly heart as she sat looking out upon the patriarchal fir-trees a depth of anxiety of which he little dreamed.

Amongst his fellow-boarders he was not particularly popular. His shyness was not of the sort easily discerned, so that they thought of him only as a handsomely-built, silent, rather sullen Scotchman, with a fine, healthy, bronzed face and rather haughty, prominent blue eyes, which looked at anyone addressing him as if he thought they had taken a liberty in so doing. To the lads from Sandhurst he was, of course, a hero.

The influence that young Mrs. Victory had the power of wielding over others was really strange. She was lovely, which, of course, went far; but still she wanted the merry laugh and chatter which even the very prettiest women must ordinarily have at command to exercise a universal fascination. She was a quiet grave young woman, bearing still about her the sadness incident to the story of her early girlhood. She had been married against her will at seventeen to a man forty years her senior, through the machinations of a needy guardian. At eighteen she had been left, by an awful tragedy of which she herself was a witness, a widow. Since then she had been entirely alone in the world. She did not laugh much, because probably she had never seen very much in life to laugh at. She worked a great deal, in a manner so quiet and grave that it was difficult to keep oneself from marvelling what she thought about. And perhaps it was in this slight atmosphere of mystery which seemed to shroud Mrs. Victory's demeanor that lay her chief fascination.

The artist had from time to time been questioning her as to the lie of the folds in particular portions of modern ladies' dress—questions suggested to him by an Elizabethan picture he sat studying in the portfolio.

"But this, however, is probably incorrect," he ended with a languid sigh, turning the page.

The Canon began to scan the "Times" for something which might

interest Mrs. Victory too, in unconscious rivalry to the artist. From minute to minute the old lady from the Missions put in her say.

Mr. Diarmid Macpherson hated these people for the ease with which they devoted themselves to Mrs. Victory—although he did not own it to himself in so many words—and had rarely looked so sullen.

The Canon found something at last—a description of a magnificent tiara of diamonds made for a reigning sovereign. He read it aloud, emphasizing the exact proportions by tapping his double eyeglass on the newspaper.

Mrs. Victory appeared much interested; and the missionary—a woman still, in spite of her age and calling—was interested too.

"Four rubies at the clasp," she repeated; then remembering something she had noticed and meant to remark before: "They could not be more beautifully radiant rubies than those on that little gold thimble you use, my dear," she said to Mrs. Victory.

Mrs. Victory was just putting the stopper into the gum-bottle.

"They are very beautiful. I remember once when I was in Rome, and had the honor of an audience with the Pope, the thimble happened to be attached to a chatelaine I was wearing; and the Pope noticed the rubies and praised their brilliancy. Finally he blessed the thimble."

The missionary resumed her work at once, with a long face, at mention of the Pope. The Canon who was not so evangelical, saw in it only an opportunity to present a compliment.

"Nay, Mrs. Victory," he said with a courtly bow; "nay, madame, it was not the thimble, but the fair hand which it was wont to grace, I doubt not, that his holiness in reality blessed."

For a long moment not even the sighing of the sunny sea could be heard for the wild rustle of Mr. Macpherson's newspaper.

Mrs. Victory suddenly rose. She lifted her work, and examined the place where it had rested, and then shook it. She put it down again, and glanced under the table.

"I have lost my thimble," she said in her quiet way.

The Canon rose at once and looked too; after a minute, getting down on his knees with difficulty. The artist pushed back his armchair, and examined all about where he had been sitting, although Mrs. Victory assured him, and was instantly echoed by the Canon, that it could not possibly have rolled so far. The old lady felt cautiously with the poker under the fireplace; and the Sandhurst cadets busied themselves with shaking the muslin curtains of the windows.

Mr. Macpherson alone sat in silence behind his newspaper with a face becoming every instant more flushed and anxious. Mrs. Victory had not worn that thimble to-day, he was confident of it; but how on earth was he to tell her so?

It was a pity for some things that his shyness was of a sort so difficult to distinguish. He suddenly rose, replaced his chair with the greatest precision, and took up his newspaper in evident preparation to leave the room. He was no longer even flushed.

The missionary watched him with a set mouth and observant eyes. Yesterday she had put on her spectacles, and read aloud extracts from a pamphlet on the equality and brotherhood of all men, with such evident direction at the young Scotchman, that even Mrs. Victory had lost her self-possession and laughed. But Mr. Macpherson, in his innocence, had utterly failed to see the point.

Just now he paused.

"Mrs. Victory, you have not worn that thimble to-day," he said.

He was unaccustomed to subterfuge, and could think of none; but he spoke in so loud a tone that they were all startled.

She turned and met his eyes—clear, honest, beautiful eyes in spite of their haughtiness.

"I had it on the table beside me," she said quietly.

He was sure it had not been on the table.

"I did not see it there," he remarked in a manner which the Canon, who had risen, and stood drawn up to his full height looking at him considered aggressive.

"It could not have taken to itself wings and flown away," Mrs. Victory pursued with a smile.

"Else," interrupted the Canon, stepping quickly forward and tapping the air with his eyeglasses, "it would rapidly have seen its mistake, and have flown back again."

Mr. Macpherson threw a quick glance at him.

"Don't you think, Mrs. Victory," he persisted, "that you may be mistaken? Don't you think that if you had had it beside you you would have put it on?"

She paused and looked full at him once more. She did not smile again, but there came a faint deepening on her cheek, just where, on the rare occasions when she laughed, the dimples were wont to show so prettily.

"We don't require to use a thimble for the spreading of the gum on this sort of work," she answered at last, very softly and deliberately; "it is only for putting stitches through the work after the gum is on, you know."

The Canon, and the artist, and the missionary, and the Sandhurst cadets burst simultaneously into laughter. Finally Mr. Macpherson broke into a hearty peal himself.

"Oh yes, just so—just so, madam," he cried with dancing eyes, and making a bow as courtly as the Canon's could ever be, looking, with his great frame, and sunny hair, and honest, bronzed face, the picture of an ideal British gentleman. "I must plead the plea of being only an ignorant man. I trust it will not be long before you find it. Good-day."

He went straight out of the house, and away along the sunlit sands, the laughter still in his eyes. Oh, how beautiful she was! he murmured again and again to himself, under his heavy flaxen moustache. He owned it in open thought now, she was pretty—she was awfully pretty. He was quite

alone on this part of the beach, and said it a hundred times aloud, the same words, for none others suggested themselves to him. She was most awfully pretty. As he stood in his cool flannels looking into the waves and repeating it, the Canon at an upper window of the distant boarding-house had leaned his fingers on the sill, and strained his head to look curiously after him, and the Sandhurst cadets below had already recounted not a few of his triumphs to Mrs. Victory.

He went slowly on along the beach, and, still in deep thought, stuck his sunburnt hands into his wide, deep, jacket pockets.

Suddenly he started, and brought something out of one of them. He came to a dead stand, and stared at it as if stupefied.

It was Mrs. Victory's lost thimble.

CHAPTER II.

It was the glorious afternoon of the same day, and Mr. Macpherson was alone again upon the sands. But he was in another portion of them, and here, just now at all events, they were no longer deserted.

Of all the mysteries which had crossed the path of his life—but, to tell the truth, there had not been many—the presence of this little gold thimble of Mrs. Victory's in his pocket was the strangest. After the first shock of surprise he had stood and pondered it, and tried to unravel it, so long, that when he at last hastily wended his way back to the boarding-house, Mrs. Victory had gone out. "Where to?" he asked. The waiter was not sure. Mrs. Victory had missed a very valuable gold thimble that morning, blessed by the Pope. Just at first she had been inclined to think that it had lain on the table beside her whilst at work as usual to-day in the drawing-room, but others had said it was not there, and Mrs. Victory had decided it must have been stolen from her bag yesterday when she had sat working on the cliff overlooking a race that had taken place. The Canon had advised Mrs. Victory to consult the police, and he understood she proposed doing so. Mr. Macpherson for a minute thought of telling the man how matters stood, in case of enquiries, and then resolved to wait. The explanation was a little awkward. So he had started for a long walk. Well, of all the extraordinary mysteries, the presence of this thimble in his pocket was the oddest. The ludicrous side of the thing struck him, and he laughed till the tears ran down his bronzed cheeks. It was he who had persuaded Mrs. Victory that the thimble was not there, but yet it seemed to him now, somehow, that the thimble had been there, for a time at all events—until such time, in fact, no doubt, as it had found its way into his pocket. He had been sitting at the opposite side of the table from Mrs. Victory. It was perfectly impossible that it could have rolled through the maze of newspapers and books and knick-knacks that lay on that table, and have landed in his pocket; the only thing was, in the preoccupied state of mind in which he had been, could he have put it there himself? Mrs. Victory would certainly have detected him. He wondered next if the Canon, in a moment of playfulness, could have ventured on the trick, but decided gravely that the liberty would have been too atrocious a one to be possible.

Anyhow, here was the thimble. He took it, and looked at it with softening eyes. Yes, it was true; he had only known Mrs. Victory a fortnight, and he had only owned the truth to himself that day—still it was true that he loved her. He had never been the least in love with any woman before, either; he knew that that was true too. So it seemed to him, looking at it, that whatever the Pope had meant, the fair hand which it had graced, and which in this short fortnight had pointed out life to him in a light so different, was indeed blessed. He was not ashamed to press his lips to the thimble again and again.

He had come back from his walk, and seated himself on a bench on the sands, paying no heed at all to the ceaseless stream of gaily-dressed idlers passing before him. With dreamy eyes he looked at the waves. All the latent poetry in his Highland veins had sprung into life, and there was not one wave but seemed to speak to him of Mrs. Victory. Suddenly he started up, pitching his cigar wildly from him. Mrs. Victory, looking exquisitely beautiful in her summer afternoon costume, had come quite close without his noticing her. As he started up she paused and smiled.

"What a lovely afternoon, is it not?" she said; "and you and I are evidently bent on enjoying it in the same fashion."

He did not feel so shy now since he knew that he loved her; and words, too, now came easily.

"I wish that I could think so, Mrs. Victory," he answered gravely.

She did not understand, and felt surprised; but after a momentary pause turned away indifferently, and feasted her eyes silently on the sapphire sunny bay, with its little dancing pleasure-boats.

"There is at least no pleasanter fashion of passing it," she all at once said; "unless perhaps by going far on the sea itself. I have been envying the happy occupants of the boats all the way along the sands."

He bent forward eagerly.

"There will be none of them half so happy as I if you will allow me to row you out there now."

She turned her eyes fair on him for a long second. What could he mean? He had appeared to her to grudge the trouble even of bidding her good-morning; and the change was striking. For one wild moment she wondered if he could in any way be intending to parody the tiresome devotion and courtly speeches of the old Canon, but instantly dismissed the suspicion. She was glad, for she had felt, in spite of everything, that she liked this man.

"I shall be happy to allow you," she said.

(To be continued.)

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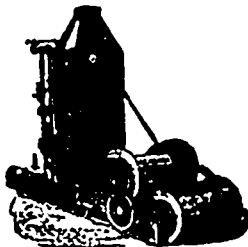
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MINING.**A DAY'S OBSERVATION AT THE WAVERLEY GOLD DISTRICT.**

Tuesday morning there was a repetition of the cloudy rainy weather that has of late been vouchsafed us and it was with considerable hesitation that we took the early morning train for Windsor Junction on the way to the Waverley gold district. The air however was warm and the three mile drive from the Junction over the muddy roads had its redeeming features in the glorious autumnal tints of the woods and the picturesque scenery as Waverley was approached.

The first signs of mining encountered were the works now going on under the direction of Mr. Levy, of Cleveland, Ohio, on the Wallis property. At present the operations are confined to pumping out the shaft on the Tudor lead, so there was nothing important to report and we passed on.

Then we came to the Hardman property where there was great activity displayed, a fine shaft house having been erected on the hill, a tramway being in course of construction to the new mill and the mill itself built in the most substantial manner with massive foundations for the engine and the batteries rapidly nearing completion.

Passing on by the English Syndicate property, which we inspected later on, we climbed American Hill and were amidst the extensive buildings of the Lake View Mining Company Ltd.

Mr. A. A. Hayward, M. E., was soon found making his rounds and superintending operations and on making known our errand, he at once acquiesced and personally conducted us to all parts of the mine underground as well as on the surface.

It is always a pleasure to meet Mr. Hayward, frank, free hearted, and hospitable as he is, but the pleasure and instruction of the visit were enhanced by the presence of Mr. L. Boyd, the talented and versatile mining engineer from Ireland, who has all the geniality for which his countrymen are famed, combined with rare descriptive powers and a profound knowledge of his profession.

Mr. Boyd has been making a critical examination of the Lake View Mine and other properties in the district and has found much to interest him. It is needless to add that with two such able men as Mr. Hayward and Mr. Boyd as guides and instructors we were posted on the geology of the district and initiated into all the mysteries of mining and milling ore. In fact it would far exceed the limits of our space to record a tithe of what we saw and learned, so we must be content with a brief description of the most important matters. It was determined not to go under ground until after luncheon, the remaining morning hours being devoted to an inspection of the surface works. Here we may state that the Lake View Company own some one hundred and forty mining areas and one hundred acres of freehold. All the leads being worked are to the north of the anticlinal and have a northerly dip, but the property extends away south of the anticlinal where a large number of gold bearing leads have been located and to some extent worked, but at present nothing is being done on the more southerly areas so that the company have still a great extent of ground to develop.

From the first the company determined to conduct mining operations in a miner-like manner, and in selecting Mr. Hayward as manager they put the right man in the right place as results abundantly prove. Now for private reasons which have nothing whatever to do with the mine and in which the public are in no way interested, they have ceased operating themselves, and have leased the mine to Mr. Hayward, who is running it on his own account. With these few prefatory remarks we will proceed to describe the surface buildings and machinery, not in the order in which we visited them nor with full details, but as concisely as possible.

The shaft house is located on the highest point of the hill and the hoisting is done with a compound engine of Mr. Hayward's design and build. Alongside of it is the pumping engine working a Cornish plunger pump with 6 inch discharge and 12 strokes per minute raising in that time 72 gallons. In an adjoining apartment is the air compressor working the air drills hundreds of feet below in the mine, while the boiler room is in the west end of the building, and is supplied with two boilers. The shaft house proper is in the rear of this machinery and the ore from the main shaft is hoisted to the surface in an iron skip and automatically dumped into a large ore bin from which it is fed to the cars.

The quartz goes east on the tramway to the ore house while the refuse rock goes west to a mighty dump which is indicative of the great amount of work already done.

Just west of the shaft house is a comfortable office and storeroom, and to the east a blacksmith shop with blast supplied by compressed air.

A tramway leads from the shaft house to the top story of the ore house which is some distance east and down the hill, and here the ore is dumped, first going over a screen that permits all the fine stuff to fall through, while the coarse stuff drops on the ore floor and is fed to a Gates rock breaker, being broken to the required size with an ease and celerity that is amazing.

The broken ore falls into a bin and by a chute is dropped on to the ore cars. A long tramway running the entire course of the lower story of the ore house leads to the top story of the mill which lies to the east and still lower down the hill, and the ore is there dumped into bins and automatically fed to the batteries by most ingenious self feeders.

The Gates rock-breaker is driven by power from the mill transmitted by wire rope.

The fine stuff that passes the screen at the ore house is all fed to one battery, and it is in order to get at this that the tramway is run through the lower story of that building.

The mill is complete in all its appointments and works like a charm.

There are 6 batteries of 5 stamps each, three from Fraser & Chalmers of Chicago, and three from Matheson & Co., New Glasgow, so placed that 15 stamps are on each side of the mill facing each other, giving great convenience in attending and economizing space. The engine room is a delight, roomy, clean as a pin, and containing a Corlies engine of 140 horse power, the triumph of mechanism. The steam to drive all the machinery is supplied by two large boilers, which are slung on iron supports, preventing all possibility of sinking or of disruption of the masonry work by contraction or expansion.

The tailings from the mill are conducted through wooden troughs to an adjoining building, where there are eight Frue Vanners for concentrating and saving all the gold and other metals that may have escaped the batteries. These were not being operated at the time of our visit, and we will pass them over without further description, although they accomplish their purpose in a most ingenious manner.

A well-equipped assay office and very comfortable house for the manager, besides storerooms, dynamite magazines, &c., &c., are the other most important buildings, from which it will be seen that the Lake View Mine is well equipped in all respects for surface requirements, and as we will show further on, the operations in the mine are conducted on an equally comprehensive scale.

We not only inspected the machinery and buildings, but passed to different portions of the property where tributaries were at work sinking on different leads, and saw pits which had been sunk in all directions by former owners of the areas, who won large profits in gold from their very crude operations.

All the alluvial is gold bearing, and we were pointed out a spot on the lake's bank where an enterprising panner had made his four dollars a day all last summer, and where he still continues his work aided by all his family, from the wee toddlers up—they washing for the precious metal in old tomato cans and implements of like description. As this gold bearing alluvial, or mixture of earth, broken quartz and slate, has an average depth of thirty-five feet, it can be easily estimated that there is money in quarrying and milling it, and this feature of the property will now receive the attention it deserves. In fact Capt. Macduff is experimenting with the alluvial on his areas with such encouraging results that he is about giving a thorough test of its value by milling a large quantity and carefully noting the cost and returns. We shall await results with much interest.

Time passed rapidly and unnoticed while we were making our rounds and listening to Mr. Boyd's explanation of the many interesting geological and mineralogical questions raised by our surroundings, and we have a treat in store for our readers, as he promises to furnish THE CRITIC with a paper on the district, treating it from a scientific standpoint.

By the time we had completed our surface inspection, luncheon was ready, and Mr. Hayward having made us his guest, we found before us a meal that proved the superior culinary resources of his establishment. This we ate with the keen relish of appetites whetted by exercise and pure, bracing air, and then prepared to descend into the mine.

(To be continued.)

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

District	MILL	Qtz. crushed.	Oz. gold.
*Sherbrooke.....	Miners.....	32	5
Oldham.....	Oldham.....	232	174½
Waverley.....	Windsor Junction G. M. Co. 48		10½
Caribou.....	Moose River G. M. Co.....142		26½
do.	Herbert Dixon.....	60	69
Uniacke.....	Withrow.....	60	46½
Lake Catcha.....	Oxford.....	191	70½
Whitoburn.....	Rossignol.....	60	65
Montague.....	Jos. Kaye.....	15	22
Caribou.....	Caffroy.....	120	13½
Molega.....	Boston G. M. Co.....	180	290
15 Mile Stream.....	New Egerton.....	330	184
Lake Catcha.....	Anderson.....	60	62½
Uniacke.....	Eastville.....	24	311

*Quartz, sand and dump.

UNIACKE DISTRICT.—The work being done on the different properties, as mentioned in recent issues, is meeting all expectations, and some excellent samples have been shown from each one. There is some gossip in circulation regarding the leasing of the "Montreal" and "St. Lawrence" claims by a new company. For the benefit of the camp it is hoped that "Dame Rumor" may materialize. The Phoenix is beginning to look like another property, owing to the many improvements made by the present management. When completed the mill will be second to none, and the property will be ready for the conducting of extensive mining operations at a good profit. At the West Lake claim the rainy weather has been a hinderance, owing to the large quantity of surface water finding its way into the shafts, and necessitating an extra "shift" to keep the water low enough to permit work on the drifts.

The mining developments at the Coxheath Copper Mine, Cape Breton, N. S., continue to put "into sight" additional values. The 320 feet cross-cut from shaft No. 2 encountered vein B, the mother vein of the group known as the A. B. C. D. and E. veins, at 89 feet from shaft centre; the wall is nearly perpendicular but dipping slightly near the shaft, the wall carries a strong gouge and some mineral; up to 100 feet, the vein is poor, but from 100 to 115 feet the ore body is solid and of high grade. At last advices dated Oct. 20th the foot wall had not been reached, the heading

still being in ore. The new residence for Mining Captain Granger and staff is nearly completed.

Mr. L. Boyd, Mining Engineer, has delivered his lecture illustrating "Mining of the past and present" to large and delighted audiences in different parts of the world, and now that he is in the Province an effort should be made to have him deliver it here. It is illustrated by diagrams and rare specimens of the rocks and minerals treated of, and would prove both instructive and interesting.

OLDHAM.—It is reported that Mr. Hardman milled at Oldham from 25 tons of quartz from the Dunbrack last 2,500 ozs. of gold. This report has not been confirmed by the official returns at the Mines Office so we give it for what it is worth.

MOLEGA ITEMS.—A handsome brick of gold, weighing 210 ounces, was the result of last month's crushing at the Boston Company's mine.

In reference to our item about the Fisko Block last week there were only thirty seven tons of ore crushed, which yielded sixty-two ounces gold, besides from five to eight ounces of picked specimens which were forwarded to Boston as samples. The lead upon which the men are now working looks as well as ever, and the outlook is bright for another prosperous mine.

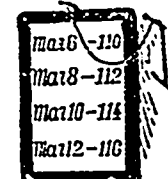
Mr. G. E. Forsyth is doing the mines now, and seems highly pleased with the prospects.

Mr. Archibald Dowell has gone to spend the winter with his brother Arthur, at Idaho Springs, Colorado.

Although there is no boom, the gold mines in Queens County never were in a more promising condition, as each month they produce large bricks that pay good dividends to the several companies now in operation. Mining is carried on as a science, and improved machinery such as air drills, etc., is now in operation in nearly all the mines. What is needed is more energetic prospecting.—Gold Hunter.

A GOLD BRICK.—Mr. Mark Anthony, manager of the Great Eastern Mining Co., of Killag Mine, Halifax County, was in town last evening with a brick of gold weighing 51 ozs., value \$1,020, the result of twenty days' work. The mine is now owned by an American company, one of whom, H. S. McKay, is a native of Shelburne. Mr. Geo. W. Stewart of this town was at one time largely interested in it. The present owners think they have a good thing and expect to take out 104 ozs. next month.—Truro News.

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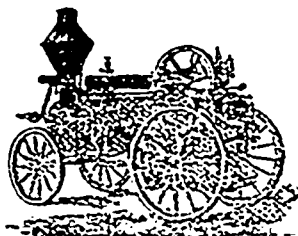
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Chemical Laboratory, Dalhousie College,
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chased promissively, at RETAIL GROC-
ERY STORES in this City, packages of

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GERMAN BAKING POWDER,

and have subjected same to Chemical Analy-
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GEORGE LAWSON, Ph. D., L. L. D.
Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry of
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MINING.

BRIGHT PICTOU COUNTY.

GREAT FUTURE IN STORE.

THE PROSPECTS FOR A POSSIBLE EXTENSION OF THE CHARCOAL IRON
INDUSTRY IN CANADA.

This is the heading of an article in a recent number of the *Canadian Mining Review*, and although the subject is here treated with special reference to the Province of Ontario, it is of interest to us as well to get an intelligent idea of the possibilities of this industry, the more as it has lately been conceded that the lower provinces possess even greater natural advantages for a large iron industry than are met with in Upper Canada—especially Pictou County, N. S., where ore, coal, fluxes and large hardwood forests are in close proximity with one another, and where the facilities for transportation by rail and water are exceptional.

The importation of pig iron for 1890 is here shown to be about 36,000 tons, including the charcoal iron imported from the United States, which is estimated to 10,000 tons.

"The importations of cast iron pipes, besides, amount to 4,000 tons yearly, and for car-wheels this country has to give occasional foreign orders. Altogether, it is safe to say that the country requires at least 10,000 tons a year of pig iron, of which about one-fourth is supplied by the home manufacturer."

The principal use for which charcoal iron has been imported is for car-wheel castings; but how far this class of iron also will meet the ordinary requirements of the foundries, the Ontario Mining Commission report may tell us, and is shown by quoting from it the opinion of the three leading founders of Ontario, among whom H. A. Massey, of the great agricultural implement concern, says: "I think that at Oshawa they use from 2,000 to 3,000 tons of charcoal iron for malleable castings. If Canadian charcoal iron could be produced for a little more than Scotch or Londonderry (the price of which he had given at \$18 to \$22.) no doubt we could use it for nearly every kind of iron we want to make. For machinery castings we want the best iron, and the expense is what has kept us from using charcoal iron. I would take charcoal iron at \$24 a ton rather than import (coke) iron at \$22. I would consider it to be \$4 a ton more valuable. The manufacturers of agricultural implements would use it; and if one used it and made better castings, competition would compel the others to do likewise." And all of them concur in the view that charcoal pig is a necessity, if high-class manufacture is required, as well for stoves as for malleable castings.

The demands of charcoal iron for car-wheel castings have not been overtaken by Canadian makers within several thousands of tons yearly, variously estimated at from 5,000 to 10,000 tons. The demand grows with the carrying trade and bids fair to assume such proportions that it should become a fixed industry, keeping in activity an additional 30 ton furnace. If to this demand is added the requirements of the stove and implement trade it will be easy to dispose of an additional output of 20 tons daily, thus accounting for the sale of 18,000 tons yearly. "Instead of importing pig," the author continues, "the better plan would be to erect a 50 ton charcoal furnace, taking from it about 20 tons a day of forge iron for the steel furnace." The establishment of a steel plant is recommended and a 15 ton Siemen furnace proposed, as well as the manufacture of crucible cast steel and cement steel, for all of which there would be an additional demand for charcoal iron.

While the manufacture of charcoal iron thus is recommended and agitated in upper Canada, it is of interest to note that the subject has been for some time under consideration among our own people to establish a charcoal iron industry in the lower provinces, and the prospects are that we soon will see a furnace of this kind established in Nova Scotia on the East River in Pictou Co.

For this purpose a meeting was called in the city a few days ago, and from the report written by E. A. Sjostedt, E. M., the following abstracts may be of general interest:

Mr. S., by the way, is a chemist and metallurgical engineer with large experience in the charcoal iron industry, is a graduate of the Stockholm school of mines and formerly chemist of the Bethlehem steel works in Pennsylvania, was for several years manager of blast furnaces in the south, and during the last five years superintendent of the Katahdin charcoal furnace in Maine—thus well qualified to speak with confidence on the subject in question.

He gives the grand total of manufactured cast and wrought iron consumed in the Dominion in 1889 to be about 250,000 tons, of which 117,212 tons of steel rails and about 50,000 tons of pig iron were imported. The estimated amount of charcoal iron imported is stated to be 15,000 tons, "the greater part of which was used in the manufacture of car-wheels, for which, as is known, only a specially strong and superior iron will be accepted; and owing to the extensive railroad systems now completed and under construction in this vast country (at present about 8,400 miles,) it is evident that the demand for this special grade of iron is on the increase, and no doubt will soon assume important proportions. Now the question naturally arises: Why cannot this deficiency be made up here and the iron manufactured at home? or, which is equivalent, is there here any place near lines of transportation where the three essential factors of an industry of this kind, rich and pure ores, suitable fluxes and plenty of hardwood are present in sufficiently large quantities to guarantee a successful and continuous business?" These questions are answered affirmatively and with enthusiasm; and the conditions shown to exist—by an exposé of the different kinds of ores (brown hematites and specular ores) and fluxes (lime

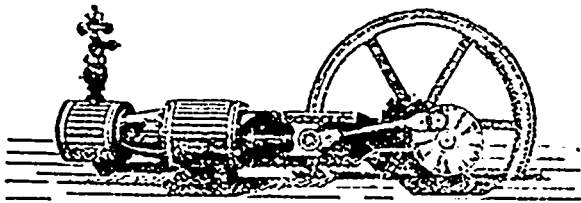
rock and manganese ores)—on the East River of Pictou, Pictou County, N.S., where the furnace is proposed to be erected. Summing up, Mr. S. says: "Thus we have here a variety of rich and pure ores in close proximity to a number of good limestone beds—both offering special advantages for cheap mining—and inside of 25 miles thousands of acres of old-growth hardwood for charcoal making. Add to this the vicinity of the active coal mines, the abundance of water supply from the brooks and the river, and the exceptional facilities for transportation (after the completion of the N. S. Midland Railway and the line now under construction by the New Glasgow Iron, Coal and Railway Co.) and we have every and all of the conditions required for an industry of this kind on a large and profitable scale."

Under these exceptional facilities a first-class charcoal iron can be delivered at Montreal, or any point east of that city, for \$25 a ton, or even a somewhat less price.

The New Glasgow Iron, Coal & Railway Co., in their report on the East River of Pictou ore beds, also express a very high opinion of these ore deposits, and their expert, G. F. Rendall, M. E., from New York, says that "I am fully persuaded that nowhere in the world are there better facilities for the production of iron than are here, and that nowhere on the American continent can iron be produced at so low a cost."

From the above reports, which fully concur with the opinion of other writers and experts, there seems to be no doubt of the great advantages Pictou County possesses; and it is to be hoped that capitalists will realize the fact that there is a good opportunity offered to combine patriotism with profit by taking an active part in the development thereof, and thus stimulate and encourage this important industry of our country. "A largely increasing consumption, a handsome bonus given on every ton of iron produced by a most liberal government, together with the above mentioned natural advantages, are certainly unusual financial inducements which should not be lost sight of."—*New Glasgow Enterprise*.

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DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

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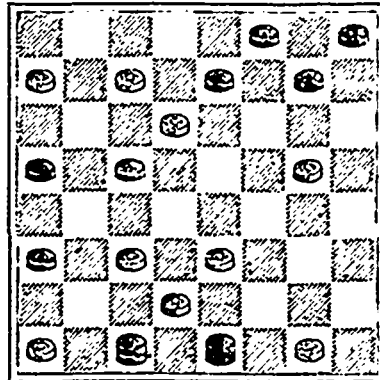
The "Herd Laddie" concluded a fortnight's engagement at the South Shields Club on Saturday last. During his stay, against all comers he contested a total of 200 games of which he won all but 16 which were drawn. From the Tyne he journeyed to Sunderland where the English Championship, Christie will have an opportunity of sustaining his recently acquired reputation. While in the neighborhood of Shields, Wyllie met on two occasions the celebrated North County expert, Richmond. Singular to relate the old veteran went under after a manner which would scarcely come with a relish. After two prolonged encounters the score stood—Wyllie one, Richmond three, eight being drawn. The result seems to revive the belief that in Richmond we have the finest player in England. Wyllie, it is to be noted, always plays to win, and the result of an encounter almost invariably indicates the strength of the opponent. The aged champion will, no doubt, be able to explain his signal defeat, but in the meantime Mr. Richmond is to be congratulated on his achievement.—*Liverpool G. B. Mercury*, Oct. 10th, 1891.

SOLUTION.

PROBLEM 245.—The position was:
Black men 12, 17, kings 7, 24;
white men 16, 19, 20, 30, king 4;
white to play and win.
30 26 20 11 26 23 11 15
24—15 15—8 21—25 30—26
16 11 4 11 23 19 15 18
7—16 17—21 25—30 w. wins.

PROBLEM 247.

By the late Mr. Mackie, of Worksop, England. From the *Liverpool Mercury*.
Black men 3, 4, 7, 8, 13, 11, 21,
King 30, 31.



White men 5, 6, 10, 16, 22, 23,
26, 29, 32.

White to play and win.

This problem was contributed many months ago, we believe, to the *Gentlemen's Journal*. It is a particularly neat problem by a gentleman who has no pretensions to great skill. Our amateur composers might well examine its construction. It may tend to sharpen their ideas and create a taste for emulation which we may perhaps stimulate presently.—*Ed. Mercury*.

GAME 124.—Old "Fourteenth."

A fifteen minute skirmish between Mr. Thomas Doran, of the Victoria Hotel, Windsor, and W. Forsyth, our checker editor—Mr. Doran playing black.

11—15 17—26 b- 2—6 30—26
23 19 30 23 15 8 11 7
8—11 10—17 22—15 3—10
22 17 21 14 24 19 15 6
4—8 6—9 15—24 26—23
17 13 13 6 28 19 19 15
15—18 1—17 6—10 24—18
24 20 23 14 8 4 15 11
11—15 17—21 10—17 18—15
28 24 25 22 4 8 11 8
9—14 21—25 17—22 15—10
26 23 22 18 8 11 6 2
8—11 25—30 7—16 12—16
31 26 27 23 20 11 8 3
14—17 30—26 22—26 10—6
23 14 32 28 23 18 2 9
15—18 26—22 26—30 5—14
26 22 19 15 18 15 drawn.

a I had noticed this move played for years, but had a dim recollection that it was a loser.

b As Mr. Doran had an easy win at this point we are still in doubt whether he wished to beat the champion.

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CITY CHIMES.

We have been having what the old ladies call a bad "spell" of weather, and it seems to be almost impossible for the air to be clear and dry or the sun to shine forth brightly on this rain-soaked district. Every day we are treated to copious showers of rain, and we are pining for some dry weather. Our hopes are high though for a west wind to blow ere long and clear the atmosphere of this depressing dampness, which, despite the strongest resistance, is bound to inflict that dread disease, "the blues," on even the most buoyant spirits. Very little is ever expected of November in the way of sunshine, but we have not yet had any Indian summer, so that our outlook for the month on which we are about to enter is not altogether without a bright line, although in truth at present "a formless gray confusion covers all."

The opening of the Y. M. L. A. bazaar has been postponed until Monday evening next, November 2nd. It will continue for a week and great results are looked for. If the success of former similar enterprises of this Association are to be a criterion, the expectations of the society and their friends will surely be fully realized. The bazaar is to be held in the drill shed, and will be formally opened by His Grace the Archbishop, who is patron of the Association.

It has been decided. The Professors of Dalhousie have pronounced the edict "no dancing" and the hopes of the gay terpsichorean devotees have been cruelly crushed. Seriously, though, we are sorry that the learned body feel that it is better to omit the dance in Dalhousie's annual celebration of George Munro day, but no doubt the Principal and those of his colleagues who agreed with him have carefully pondered this matter before they decided in opposition to the wishes of a large majority of the students, and it is to be hoped that the anticipated reception will come off as pleasantly and arrangements run as smoothly as on the former occasion when "the boys" entertained their numerous friends and well-wishers.

The Sunday School teachers and those interested in the work have been having a busy time this week in Halifax. The seventh Sunday School Convention of Nova Scotia opened in the First Baptist Church, Spring Garden Road, on Tuesday evening and continued meetings throughout Wednesday and Thursday. There were nearly two hundred delegates from different parts of the Province, and much practical discussion of this important work of the church took place. Many excellent addresses were delivered, and all attending these meetings must have been lulled and stimulated in the good work of winning the little ones, and developing the good that is in the young of our country.

We read in an exchange the other day directions for crocheting a waistcoat for wear in cold weather, and the article wound up by saying—"these vests are almost universally worn in England and Canada." We wonder if we are out of the fashion, for we have never possessed one of these warm and comfortable vests.

Dr. Partridge's lecture in St. George's Church on Sunday afternoon was listened to with much interest by a large audience. His subject was—"The Science of the Soul," and contained much deep and researching thought, which was ably expounded by the lecturer, who is always listened to with pleasure and attention. On this occasion the Reverend gentleman thoroughly discussed mind reading, spiritualism, and hypnotism, and brought out some very good ideas. As an answer to the query of many as to whether it is right that we should try to satisfy our craving for more knowledge, for deeper understanding of the talents and power with which man is endowed, Dr. Partridge reasons that "There may be room for difference of opinion on many details of systematic religion. There should be none as to whether man should cultivate all his gifts, and use to the full all his talents. Thought cannot be stifled. What is in itself permanent remains. The human mind will search, and probe, and reflect, and reason, and none can prevent it. It is the part of religion to guide and to watch, to stimulate and to balance, and in proportion to purity of motive and earnest seeking after God, to encourage and to bless." It certainly seems, as Dr. Partridge says, that we are but beginning to realize dimly our capabilities. This lecture was the fifth of the series which the pastor is delivering in St. George's church each Sunday at 4.15 o'clock, and all who have been privileged to attend these discourses are warm in their expressions of approval of the service which Rev. Canon Partridge is rendering by these thoughtful papers.

The grand military tournament and promenade concert which has been held in the royal exhibition building on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week has been a complete success, and the 63rd Rifles have every reason to feel proud of the favorable results which have rewarded their efforts. Large crowds attended both evenings, and the music furnished by the bands of the 63rd Rifles and the Leicestershire regiment was alone well worth the admission fee. Many spectators from the country were present. Most of the events were intensely interesting, and we find it difficult to particularize in our limited space. Perhaps though the tug of war between teams of the H. G. A. and the 63rd Rifles might be said to have proved the most exciting. Certainly both first and second teams of the H. G. A. are to be congratulated on their victory, the contest being a close one. The double trapeze performance by Serge-Major Kelly and Mr. McCulloch of the 63rd Rifles deserves special mention, and was much enjoyed by the appreciative audience. The gun drill by 18 men-of-war sailors from H. M. S. Bellerophon was the most amusing of all the events, and the agility of the tars in handling the piece of ordnance was wonderful to behold. They worked like "greased lightning," and made lots of fun with the wheel races, etc. The high jump was one of the most graceful feats performed, and

rounds of applause greeted Mr. H. L. Ruggles when he took first prize by jumping 5 feet 3½ inches. He was handicapped 3 inches, and had to beat Mr. O'Brien who jumped 4 feet 11½ inches. Mr. Ruggles is a particularly graceful jumper and seldom balks, as did some of the contestants. The music was good, for what else could be said where the Leicestershire band played, and we were by no means ashamed of the performance of the 63rd band. It was an oversight that no arrangements for the comfort of the ladies who patronized the assault were made. A very few chairs were available, and the regular plank seats by the railing were all occupied by men. The long waits between events were rather tiresome, and it appeared to onlookers that it would have been quite as easy to have things follow more quickly. The tournament must have been a success financially, for there was a full house, and the 63rd deserved it.

Sunday last was a memorable day for all who attended the harvest festival services at the Garrison Church. Rev. Dr. Gilpin preached at the parade service in the morning, and in the afternoon at the children's fruit and flower service, the little ones were appropriately addressed by Rev. F. B. N. Norman Lee, chaplain of Her Majesty's forces. In the evening standing room was at a premium and many were turned away, unable to gain admission. The other city churches suffered accordingly, but a full choral service, the music being by the full band of the Leicestershire Regiment, the organ and the choir, proves an irresistible attraction, and the quaint little church was filled to overflowing. The text of the sermon by Rev. W. B. King was well chosen, the love of the bountiful giver of all and thankfulness due being the theme of the discourse, which was attentively listened to by the large congregation. After the service was over the full band rendered, in its usual grand style, the beautiful selection "The Heavens are Telling," and thus closed the thanksgiving services of the day. The church was beautifully decorated, bunches of wheat tied with clusters of red berries, ornamented pillars, windows, etc. The pulpit and reading desks were profusely covered with flowers, fruit and autumn leaves, while a table behind the chancel rail was loaded with fruit of all kinds, apples, grapes, peaches, bananas, etc., etc., all forming a delightful profusion of the good things of our land. This English custom of setting apart a Sunday for devotional exercises of thanksgiving and praise is a very pretty one, and our English churches do well to perpetuate it.

The Grau Opera Company has been playing to large houses in the Academy of Music this week. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings the bright and attractive opera, "Said Pasha," was on, and was heartily enjoyed by appreciative audiences. This is a two act comic opera, and contains some very pretty music, and the parts are well taken by the members of this excellent company. The Pasha, a Turkish Diplomat, was impersonated by Francis Gaillard, who understood his part, and played it well. Adolph Mayer, "Hassen Bey," has a strong but hardly a pleasing baritone voice. Herman Waldo as "Terano," a Mexican nobleman, had a very pleasant role, and although only a fair actor, being a little constrained, possesses a good tenor voice, and will probably grow in the favor of his audiences. Stanley Felch and Kirtland Calhoun provoked much merriment and formed a good team of humorists. And now for the ladies; Miss Elith Mason, the young and pretty prima donna, fully came up to the anticipations of the audiences, and promises to prove a great favorite. She possesses a fine clear voice, well cultivated and very pleasing, and as "Sereas," the Pasha's daughter, had a very pretty part. Miss Julia Calhoun scored a great success as "Ali," the Queen of Alton, and was presented with a lovely basket of flowers after her duet with Terano. The other ladies did not have much scope for their talents, but did well what was required of them. The chorus of this company is very strong indeed, and the orchestra, assisted by some of our local talent, is exceptionally good. Miss Grace Gailey's dance in the second act of "Said Pasha" is very pretty and graceful. Just here we might speak of the rich and varied costumes worn, all of which are undoubtedly beautiful, but while in the large American cities this style of dress, or undress, would be taken quite as a matter of course, in conservative, critical little Halifax we have many whose ideas of good taste would undoubtedly be much offended by the appropriately called "abbreviated skirts" worn by the female portion of the company. All in all the Grau is by far the best opera troupe Halifax has been favored with for a long time, and we trust the theatre goers of our city know how to appreciate a good thing when they find it. Manager Clarke is to be congratulated on the success of his efforts to have the Academy occupied by a good company, and we hope the present engagement may prove advantageous to all concerned, and provide acceptable entertainment during this dull season.

That neither wind or weather daunts the football enthusiasts was proved last Saturday afternoon, when the Wanderers and Garrisons met on the Polo grounds and played the fourth game of the championship football series. The day was damp, cold and decidedly unpleasant, the wind being very penetrating and blowing straight from the north east, but the attendance was fair and the spectators appeared to forget discomfort in the excitement of the contest. The game was a good one, and both teams did some fine work, the Wanderers coming off victors, score 6 to 0. There are only two more matches in the series, and the game to-morrow, when Dalhousie and Garrison teams meet, is eagerly looked forward to. Each victory scores two points, and the competitors now stand—Wanderers 6, Dalhousie 2, Garrison 0. The red and blacks are evidently bound to win, and the members of the team feel very good just now. The College boys have two more chances however, and their hopes are high. The second fifteens of the Dalhousians and Wanderers are doing some very good work, and have had several interesting matches. Interest and enthusiasm runs high, and the game is rapidly growing in favor with our citizens.