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HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER 20, 1889.

{ VOL. 6
No. 48 }

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

EDITORIAL NOTES	1, 2
CONTRIBUTED.	
Poetry—Chango	J. F. Herbin. 6
Letter to Cousin Caryl	"Dinah Sturgis." 6, 7
Our India Letter	"Gold Lines." 7
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Chit-Chat and Chuckles	3
News of the Week	4, 5
City Chimes	5
The Jersey Stock Farm	5
Industrial Notes	8
Commercial	8, 9
Market Quotations	9
Serial—A Disgrace to Her Family	10, 11
Mining	12, 13
The Play at Outaway	14, 15
Our Cosy Corner	15
Chess	16
Draughts—Checkers	16

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.

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.

Some twenty years ago Herr Falb, an Austrian scientist, first suggested the possibility that the moon may act upon the great ocean of molten matter beneath the earth's crust exactly as it acts in producing the tides of the external ocean of water. He now considers that the reality of such action is proven, and that the earth's crust is severely strained, more or less warped and broken, at the times the theory would indicate. It is during the periods of greatest strain resulting from the moon's attraction that earthquakes appear to be most likely to occur, and the gases seem to be forced into coal mines to such an extent as greatly to increase the explosions.

The question of the supposed extraordinary increase of the French-Canadian population is dealt with as follows in a recent issue of the *St. John Evening Gazette*.—"The Quebec people talk lightly of the hundreds of thousands of French Canadians in the United States and claim at the same time a great increase in their own province, yet we know that, owing to the morality which prevails among their children, the Quebec French do not increase more rapidly than the British Canadians. It has been stated that 40,000 French from Quebec have emigrated to the United States this year, a larger number than the net increase of the French population of the Province for the year could possibly be. If these figures are correct and if the French of Quebec have filled up New England as rapidly as their orators claim we shall expect to see this shown in the census returns of 1891. The Quebec French in 1881 numbered 1,073,820. The extreme limit of natural increase, even among the French, is put down by the best authorities at 2½ per cent a year, but allowing an increase of 30 per cent. for ten years, the natural increase of the Quebec French who were enumerated in 1881 would amount to 322,146. This would not admit of many annual emigrations of 40,000 unless the population of Quebec Province itself was to remain stationary. We believe that if an accurate census of Quebec is taken in 1891, the preposterous claims of the French to an abnormally rapid increase of population will be exposed, and it will be seen that their numbers have been greatly exaggerated. With regard to the population of all Canada at the next census it will probably be found that we number about 5,500,000 representing an increase of about 1,200,000 in ten years. Considering the rapid growth of the Dominion since 1881 this estimate cannot be regarded as too high and it will be probably exceeded."

Some of the politicians of Quebec are glorifying themselves, it is said, in high notes of triumph over what seems to be a particularly shabby affair. A Miss Maybee from Ontario was, it appears, appointed a type-writer in the Quebec Post Office, and a number of chivalrous French Canadian gentlemen set to work to get the appointment cancelled and the lady returned to Ontario. In this endeavor the gallant Quebecers have succeeded, but it is the general verdict of the English press of Quebec, that if they are proud of their spirited conduct they will certainly find no one to envy them their gratification.

The *New York Herald* recently published a letter from a ship captain recounting the manœuvres by which he edged his vessel out of the range of a cyclone into which he found himself entering. When his ship first entered the outer storm circle she was about 400 miles northeast of St. Thomas, bound for Barbadoes. The storm centre was apparently southeast of his position and was moving slowly to the westward. By wearing ship to the north the master ran in a few hours into clear weather. Had he stood on to the southward when the cyclone was first discovered his vessel would have been seriously imperilled. The incident is no doubt worthy of the attention of shipmasters, but it is no new experience. The movements of the cyclone have been well-known these forty years, ever since Colonel Sir William Reid, then Governor of Bermuda, published his famous Law of Storms, a work with the principles of which every shipmaster ought to be conversant.

The testimony recently given before the United States Court at Salt Lake City, though it only reveals what was already known to many as to the infamous practices of the Mormons in the past, emphasises the warnings we have more than once given to the Dominion Government, that it is its duty to exercise an unsleeping vigilance over any settlement of those people which may be tolerated in our North-west Territories. It is remarked that though the church is now so far suppressed in the United States that murderous deeds could not again be ventured on, there is only too much reason to believe that other unlawful practices are still kept up. The Mormons are a people to be unceasingly watched. The word or oath of a Mormon is of no value when dealing with the interests of his church, and treason and assassination are parts of his creed. It has been well suggested that the Government may rightly refuse to grant to these people a large block, or blocks in close proximity to each other, of Government land, and so prevent their forming a solid community. This suggestion ought to be borne in mind and acted on, but it is further strongly asserted that the Mormon Colony in the North West is rapidly increasing, that polygamy openly exists, and that Parliament is to be asked next session to enact a law prohibiting polygamy. Bigamy being illegal this would seem superfluous; nevertheless legislation may be required to keep these people in order, let Parliament look to it.

In the preface to a recent translation of a number of French stories, Mr. Andrew Lang alludes to an American version in which "Romuald does not go to bed, but retires, and in which nothing begins, but everything commences." The reviewer (in Lippincott) acknowledges that he can only join the crusade against the word "commence" in a "half hearted way." As a rule, he says, "begin" is the better word, just as "tweedle-dee" is on the whole a homelier, simpler, and less affected locution than "tweedle-dum," with its suspiciously Latin termination. Nathless a man is not ostracized from respectable literary society because he chooses to make his hero commence rather than begin. And as to the Americanism "to retire,"—that might well sound *gauche* and mock-modest to unaccustomed ears. But, on the other hand, is not going to bed a humdrum and prosaic vocation? The Lippincott reviewer's illustrations do not seem to us very happy ones. No doubt the use of Latin words is no literary crime, and the most fastidious taste is fain to admit that the English tongue is enormously enriched by its large debt to that language, nevertheless there remains in the minds of cultivated persons the intuition that there inheres in the common use of words of Latin derivation a suspicion of pedantry which is absent even in words derived from the Greek. That "well of pure English," the Bible, deals in few but Saxon words; most of the greatest writers who charm by the simplicity of their style follow in the same line, and we need only cite Macaulay, whose style and taste were alike unexceptionable, in confirmation. His rule was to use a plain Saxon word wherever it could be used, and the most touching poetry bears it out. Latin was the language of lawyers, not of colloquialism, poetry or folk-lore, and we adhere to our preference for "beginning" rather than "commencing," and for "going to bed" rather than "retiring."

A commission has probably by this time left France to institute a thorough scientific investigation of the works of the Panama Canal, and of the cost of continuing them. The solution of the question will be eagerly awaited by the victims of M. de Lesseps's too sanguine hopes. It is scarcely probable that any encouragement will be derived from the investigation to further prosecute the ill-fated enterprise, and it is sad to think how much genius, energy and money have been fruitlessly expended on a magnificent scheme. It is impossible not to sympathize with M. de Lesseps; the mortification to such a temperament and genius must be too intense to be realized by any-but himself; while the loss to the thousands of Frenchmen who have invested their savings in the canal shares is equally painful to contemplate.

In reference to some remarks quoted in another note from the *St. John Evening Gazette* on the supposed increase of the French population, it is believed that at the last census a considerable proportion of the people of Quebec who had emigrated to the United States were included in it, an arrangement which, if it were so, had the effect of giving Quebec an undue representation in Parliament. Preparations are already, it is understood, being made at Ottawa for the census of 1891, and it is to be hoped that one vital feature of census taking will be borne in mind, *i. e.*, that, as in Great Britain, it be taken in one day, and include every person who has slept in each house on the previous night. In Canada the census papers are filled out so as to give the population on a certain day, but persons temporarily absent from their homes were included in the enumeration. This arrangement calls urgently for amendment.

Mr. Ambrose Lepine, who was the "Adjutant General" of the late lamented Mr. Riel's exemplary Government at Fort Garry in 1869-70, is at Ottawa—or on his way there—to seek an indemnity to cover the sequestration of his property at the time when he was sentenced to hang for the prominent part he took in that revolution. Nothing is more grand and dignified than the patriotic talk of gentlemen of the stamp of Messrs. Riel and Lepine. This is reported to be Mr. Lepine's delivery on the subject of the N. W. rebellions. "Louis Riel was a crank on religion and politics—a monomaniac—a fool—still his work has brought good fruit; he always succeeded in gaining his point (!) He secured for the Metis of Manitoba those rights which the Hudson Bay Company so long denied them, and in the second rebellion he secured the freedom of the North-West (!) Unfortunately it appears that a rebellion is needed whenever a portion of the country wants its rights." The sentiments of Mr. Lepine are altogether delightful, but it is reassuring to learn from him that he does not think an agitation he proposes to himself for the official retention of the French language need necessarily "come to a rebellion." Perhaps Mr. Lepine is right this time.

The frequency with which an event of an altogether unusual character is followed by a similar one is one of the most curious and baffling of considerations but that the tendency exists in a marked manner in the warp and woof of the fates it is impossible to deny. No sooner has Brazil, with a doubtful prospect of solid advantage, rid herself with scant courtesy of a monarch prominent among sovereigns for liberality and good works, than Venezuela sets herself, with even stranger caprice, to the childish work of destroying the statues of Don Guzman Blanco, the most illustrious member of a Venezuelan family of the highest distinction, who was "President of the Republic for thirteen years, controlling its destinies, preserving the peace, building railways and roads, founding agricultural colonies, and who having settled the affairs of the country on a fairly sound basis, retired from office in 1883, in order that the people might carry on their own affairs." The lively Venezuelans not only destroyed the statues of this public benefactor, but have actually gone the insulting length of beheading him in effigy. The example of Brazil seems to have reminded the volatile Venezuelans that they had lived in peace and quiet for twenty years, a period which, when they began to rebel, it seems to have been altogether too long to contemplate without provoking an ebullition. The present outbreak may not improbably be connected with the Anglo-phobia prevailing just now, which Don Guzman is very likely too sensible a man to share in.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, the Australian poet, who seems to have a grasp of a good deal besides poetry, has been doing good service both to Australia and Canada in pointing out, in a communication on the relations between the two countries, that Australia, having no soft wood, imports all her deal, and that her consumption in that line is gigantic since, outside the towns and cities, nearly all the buildings are of wood. Her consumption of canned salmon is also enormous. She has no salmon, and the Australians are inordinately fond of it. She also imports a vast quantity of dried fish at present from the United States. On the other hand Canada requires an enormous quantity of wooden bridges and quays exposed to the sea-worm and to rot. Australia produces a timber, the jarrah, on which the sea-worm, the limnaria and the teredo can make no impression, and many rich, dark hardwoods admirably suited to the great furniture industries of Canada. She also imports machinery and iron and wooden utensils from the States, which Canada produces equally well. Canada yearly requires more and more the unsurpassed woods of Australia, and opossum and native bear skins for cheap fur coats in the place of the exhausted buffalo. Kangaroo hide would be valuable to her boot factories. Australia is one of the world's greatest consumers of soft wood and canned fish, and Canada only supplies her with a fraction of what she uses, whereas if there were a direct line of steamers she would probably be able to supply the whole. Herein lies material for thought which should lead to action.

California, famous for its gigantic trees and for many other things on a mammoth scale, also boasts the largest orchard in the world. It belongs to General John Bidwell, one of the early pioneers, who crossed the plains in 1841, was an associate of Sutter and Fremont, and saw many adventures in those early days. General Bidwell's orchard covers 1500 acres of land, of which 200 are planted with peaches, 100 with plums and prunes, and 70 with apricots. There are 2,350 cherry trees, and the grape vines cover 200 acres and number 57,213. All the fruit is said to be of the finest descriptions. It gives employment to 500 persons. The soil is a rich sandy loam and the trees are grown without irrigation.

Europe and America united will rejoice that accounts have now assumed a form which seems to warrant a certain expectation of the safety of the gallant Stanley and the equally gallant Emin Pasha. Precisely how the latter escaped after having been made a prisoner is not made clear, but it seems certain they are both fairly on their way to the coast. Among the names on which African travel has shed surpassing lustre that of Stanley stands almost if not quite pre-eminent, and his account of his last expedition will be read with eager anticipation and read, when it appears, with breathless interest. It is evident that he has solved almost, if not entirely, the whole problem of the great Nile quest, begun 3,000 or more years ago. The finding of Livingstone was indeed a unique example of enterprise, and the relief and the rescue of Emin Pasha is to the full as meritorious. It is hoped that the great adventurer may reach the coast by January.

The Cronin murder and its developments have, as was to be expected, not only enlightened the American people as to the truculent character of the murderous associations they so long elected to wink at, but have, as is also natural, seriously affected the status of the Irish National League in the United States. The Rev'd. Patrick Cronin, its first Vice-President, takes a desponding view of its position, owing to the fact that the Clan-na-Gael has more or less obtained control of it. "The Cronin conspiracy," he says, "has disclosed a far reaching and manifold power, which in a land like this is simply appalling, and this horrible affair has divided the Irish people in this country into two hostile camps; namely, those who desire to bring the murderers to justice and vindicate the followers of Parnell from any such methods, and those who are using every means in their power to shield the murderers from the American law and terrorize into silence all who do not make common cause with them. Father Cronin says these methods have caused the withdrawal of American sympathy, and practically has killed the league in this country." Of course if the National League elects to be mixed up with associations like the Clan-na-Gael it must be prepared to suffer in reputation accordingly.

Some of the best and most philanthropic efforts of monarchs are doomed to reap anything but gratitude and appreciation. Louis 16th of France lost his head as a consequence of really benevolent intentions. The Princess Regent of Brazil, acting doubtless with the sanction of her father, Dom Pedro, but displaying peculiar promptness and energy on her own account, in the abolition of slavery has, instead of earning the thanks of the nation for the removal of a foul blot, generated a revolution which has had the effect of overturning the Empire and substituting a republican form of government. There is very little doubt that, as usual, selfish interests, interfered with, were the motives of the movement, which appears the more ungracious that, though nominally an empire, the imperial form of government in Brazil more nearly approached that of a republic than perhaps any other that has existed, even the titled aristocracy being one created for services to the State, and lacking the hereditary feature. However, as the founder of the Brazilian Empire, with a spirit of a colouist, sat loose to the throne of Portugal, it is probable that neither the present Emperor nor his courageous daughter set a very high value on the occupation of a throne. The revolutionists appear to have acted with moderation (indeed it would have been disgraceful had they not) and even creditably in apportioning a considerable sum of money to the late Emperor, but if the report was true that Dom Pedro was compelled to embark at an hour's notice, the unnecessary discourtesy somewhat detracts from the otherwise not altogether unreasonable course of procedure.

At a recent fashionable wedding in Washington the Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, who holds strictly to all the Pauline teachings, refused to allow any of the women to appear in the church with uncovered heads, so even the bride and her bridesmaids had to wear aigrettes large enough to cover the head. There is not a little absurdity in this kind of literalness. Every divine of this day ought to possess enough of the critical faculty to enable him to separate chaff from wheat. Every scriptural student knows that St. Paul's opinions on many points were deeply tinged with the current eastern ideas of the status of women, and that he added to his traditional impressions certain notions peculiar to himself, which have now long gone down the stream of time and are obsolete. The earnest truthfulness and noble candor of the apostle of the Gentiles of itself furnishes the critical student with the touchstone whereby to test the perennial soundness or unsoundness of any of his doctrines, for, in the midst of his most serious admonitions about women, he interpolates: "but I speak this by permission, not of commandment," and elsewhere he distinctly repudiates inspiration in particular cases, and intimates that he is speaking out of his own consciousness. These characteristics render the undoubted writings of St. Paul the most valuable of the New Testament, and the most reliable check, in some important points, on more artificially constructed narratives, and it is much to be regretted in the true interests of religion that so large a portion of the clergy of all denominations still cling to the superficiality of a "literal inspiration" interpretation.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE STORY TOLD ANEW.

In the dust and down the lane
Two walked, hand in hand, together;
Blew the wind and fell the rain;
Little heeded they the weather.
Cold fall winds might storm about;
Warm within mocked cold without.
Had the road been paved with gold
They had never seen a shimmer;
Had the stars left heaven's high fold
Night to them had grown no dimmer;
Earth, unto its widest hem,
Consisted of four feet to them.
What said he to make her start,
Flush and glow with sudden pleasure?
What could cause the woman's heart
Then to beat a faster measure?
Why did eyelids, prone to rise,
Hide the light of glowing eyes?
'Twas the story told anew,
Old, yet never antiquated;
Just the same words—just a few,
Just the case so often stated
Just the same in every wise
As once was told in paradise.

-Selected.

The wise man does not tell all he knows, and he does not listen while others tell all they know, either.

"Born from caprice and killed by a shrug of the shoulders," is M. de Blowitz's epitaph upon Boulangism.

A new explosive, said to possess greater lifting power than dynamite, is called extralite. The man who is accidentally raised by it will feel extralite for a while.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.—Author: "You return everything I offer. What can I send you that will be acceptable?" Editor: "A year's subscription."

"Won at last!" he exclaimed, triumphantly. "Yes, Charlie, said she shyly, "but only on the strict condition, you know, that I am to be the one." —Somerville Journal.

CHILL OCTOBER.—Fair Lady: "What beautiful chrysanthemums you've got, Sir Gorgius!" Sir Gorgius (who is no botanist): "A—yes. I flatter myself they're not bad—considering the time of year!" —Punch.

Borrowit (in Chinese laundry)—"Why do you say Fli-day, John, when you mean Friday?" Chinaman—"I slay Fli-day 'cause I mean Fli day; not like Melican man, who slay Fli-day and come to pay me week after next!"

Shakespearean authorities will rejoice to hear that still another way of spelling the master's name has been discovered, this time by the Japanese, who have just announced the publication in the Japanese language of "Julius Cæsar" by 'Sekisupuju.

Teacher—Parse the word "man" in that sentence, Tommy.

Tommy—Man is a common noun, masculine gender, and subject of—

Teacher—Subject of what, Tommy?

Tommy—Subject of woman, and the teacher smiled to herself and didn't correct him.

NOT A COMPLETE SEPARATION.—Mother—Johnny, I don't want you to play with that little Brownjones boy any longer; do you hear?

Johnny—Yes'm.

"Now, don't let me hear of your disobeying me."

"No'm, but I may fight him, mayn't I, if I want to?"

A very simple method of inducing sleep in cases of persistent insomnia, and one that has succeeded where many drugs have failed, is simply to administer a moderate amount of warm liquid food before the patient goes to bed. This diverts the blood from the brain to the abdominal organs, and takes away the cerebral excitement that precludes sleep.—Hospital.

"Come in here wid yez this minnit befor' yez spile yer fauntillery clothes," shouted the fond mother to her freckle faced boy. "Yis, dearest." "Ave yez been havin' a good toime widout yer mother?" "Yis, dearest." "Aid phwat av yez been doin'?" "Shtonin' Miss McGulley's pig, dearest, and callin' rats to the po-leece. But I wor always t'inkin' ov yez, and lovin' yez with all me heart."

SOME CONSOLATION.—Jacob Oopstejn, Jr.—"Fader, von of de vorkmen fell into von of de vats, and vati'dn't get nothing put his ponies."

Jacob Oopstein, Sr., (soap manufacturer)—"Vich von was it?"

Jacob Oopstein, Jr.—"Villiam Chonseon."

Jacob Oopstein, Sr.—"Vell, vell, dot was too bad. Still it might haf been vorse. Chonseon vas the fattest man in the works."

The Brahmins of India, says the *Missionary Herald*, are familiar with the Scriptures if for no other reason than that they may oppose their teachings. In the course of a conversation on Christianity, a missionary asked a well-known Brahmin in Calcutta whether he had ever read our Bible. The man looked at him, and calmly and slowly answered, "I have read the New Testament eighty-three times and the Old Testament twenty-seven."

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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 enclosed in their next paper. All remittances should be made payable to A. Milne Fraser.

Recently we sent our accounts to subscribers, many of whom are considerably in arrears, and who must understand that we have reached the end of our tether, and now demand immediate payment. Failure to respond will oblige us to take proceedings unpleasant alike to ourselves and to those in arrears.

The St. John *Evening Gazette* issued a sixteen page edition on the 23rd instant.

The Toronto diocese of the Anglican Church has made Bishop Courtney a D. C. L.

The *Fredericton Gleaner* is to be issued daily instead of tri weekly as heretofore.

Capt. A. D. Addison, R. A., well known in Halifax, has been promoted to his majority.

Work has been begun on the excavation for the new Roman Catholic Church in Dartmouth.

It is reported that some apple speculators in the Annapolis Valley will this year clear from \$10,000 to \$30,000.

It is said that it is intended to put an electric plant in the Dorchester penitentiary machine shops at an early date, and to light the buildings with electricity.

The members of the police force, who for some time have been collecting the names of children in the city under the compulsory education act, have nearly completed their work.

The Truro town council have adopted Mayor Muir's proposition laid before the government at Ottawa in re the railway esplanade siding and ordered that the lease be made out based on that proposition.

The engineers on the Dartmouth ferry steamers sent in their resignations last week, on account of new rules holding the employes responsible for all accidents caused by neglect of duty. The resignations go into effect on the last day of the month.

The Montreal *Herald* building was completely gutted by fire last Saturday night. The loss to the *Herald* company will be about \$30,000, partly covered by insurance. This is the third time within seven years that the *Herald* has been burned out.

In the vice-admiralty court at Quebec, Judge Irvine has given judgment holding that the steamship *Polynesian* was wholly to blame for the fatal collision with the *Cynthia* near Montreal in May last, and condemning the Allan company to pay damages and costs.

The repairs to the war ship *Amphion* will not cost as much as anticipated. Probably \$40,000 will cover the loss. Members of the Vice-regal party deny that the accident was caused by the captain running the ship close to shore in order that they might enjoy the scenery.

Miss Florence Nercalle, an Indian lady from Grand River reserve, near Brantford, has arrived at Ottawa to take a position in the department of Indian affairs. This is the first instance on record in which an Indian lady has secured an appointment in the departmental buildings.

An inquest was held on the body of Patrick Foley, who died on the 20th inst., under suspicious circumstances, at the Victoria General Hospital. The jury rendered a verdict to the effect that the deceased's death was caused by injuries received at the hands of persons at present unknown.

The grand jury have brought in a true bill against W. J. McDonald, charged with the murder of Mrs. Macrae of St. John. In addition to the evidence submitted to them, given at the preliminary examination, the jury had before them a celebrated Boston expert on hand-writing, who swore to the writing on the boxes as that of McDonald.

Says the *Moncton Times*.—Mr. G. W. Woodworth, the proprietor of the *Canning Gazette*, arrived home on Wednesday evening last after a trip of nine months, which extended to Bermuda, Jamaica and portions of the United States. It is a good thing to be a newspaper man—in Nova Scotia—and be able to take a trip like this every year.

Henry Dillon, of Halifax, who recently died at the Victoria general hospital, possessed some money on deposit in the Dominion savings bank. While in the hospital he was treated very kindly by his two male nurses, Albert Hamilton and William Sawyers, and in recognition of this kindness Mr. Dillon has left by his will some of his property to them. He has left his watch to Hamilton.

We are in receipt of advice of the forthcoming Christmas number of the *Montreal Star*. All that need be said about it is that if it does not fall short of the beautiful number published last Christmas, it will be all that could be desired. We observe that the publishers offer a reward of \$500 for the conviction of any dealer selling the colored supplements apart from the number. The demand is said to be enormous.

A gentleman at Boularderie recently found a number of French and other foreign gold and copper coins buried underneath an old stump. They were probably placed there years before by the French settlers. Another party had been searching for the treasure trove in the dead of night and were frightened away from their work by the Harlaw's syren, which they mistook for something supernatural, and "made tracks" for home in consequence, leaving most of the work done for the gentleman who came afterwards and found the treasure.

Mrs. Binney, widow of the late Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, and Miss Binney will leave on the *Sardinian* to-morrow for England.

The sensational paragraphs in the daily press of the city, that a lady and gentleman living in the south end of the city had quarrelled to such an extent that the husband had thrown his wife downstairs, and the wife had shot at her husband and tried to stab him, has caused a great deal of talk, and the names of many people have been connected with the scandal. This is a great injustice, and if there is anything in the story, the guilty parties should be the only ones to suffer.

Professor H. Y. Hind, of Windsor, has favored us with a copy of his "Sketch of the Old Parish Burying Ground" of that place, the proceeds of the sale to be devoted to the Restoration Fund. It is an exceedingly well got up brochure of 100 pages, and embodies much historical information connected with the old time settlers and their families in that cemetery, many of whom were prominent in the early and most interesting history of the Province. We hope Professor Hind will be rewarded for his labor of love by a large sale.

Seventy fishermen were lost from the Gloucester fleet last year, of whom thirty four belonged to the provinces.

A New York Coroner has held Hannah B. Southworth for the grand jury, charged with the murder of Stephen L. Pettus.

A firm in New York is sending an agent to Europe to try and secure Gen. Boulanger as a lecturer and bring him to America.

John L. Sullivan has received an offer from the San Jose Athletic Association of a purse of \$15,000 for a finish fight with Peter Jackson.

Jenneyb & Anderson's wholesale grocery house in Philadelphia was destroyed by fire on the 24th inst., causing a loss of \$250,000. One fireman was killed and several others wounded.

A fire started in Mower & Bros. building at Lynn, Mass., on Tuesday about noon, and rapidly spread until a square mile of the city was destroyed. The loss is estimated at ten millions of dollars.

It is reported that the next congress will be advised to modify the U. S. contract labor law so far as regards Canada. Even as regards Europe it has been found to operate unfairly and unwisely.

In a decision rendered against the Chicago gas trust yesterday, Judge Magruder, of the Supreme Court, declared that the creation of the Grant Company for the purpose of buying up other companies in the same business is not only opposed to public policy, but is a contravention of the spirit of the constitution. This reverses the decision of the lower court.

Fifteen masked and armed men boarded a Santa Fe passenger train last week. At Berwin, a small station of the Chickasaw nation, they cut the passenger cars from the engine, and ran the engine several miles, threw off the engineer and fireman and proceeded several miles further. They killed the locomotive, attacked the express car and overpowered the guard and messengers, securing between \$20,000 and \$30,000, and escaped.

Havana is going to spend \$2,000,000 on Waterworks.

Maletoa was reinstated as King of Samoa on the 9th inst.

Two British warships have been ordered to go to Rio Janiero.

Fearful storms are reported in the Black Sea. The Sea of Azof is ice blocked.

The Brazilian Government will meet early in December to choose a President.

The Hon. Geo. H. Pendleton, late U. S. Minister at Berlin, died at Brussels on Sunday.

It is estimated that by March Italy will have a stock of 40,000,000 smokeless cartridges.

An expedition with a supply of stores has started for Bagamoyo to meet Stanley and his party.

The rains in the Yangtse Kiang Valley, China, last month destroyed 15,000,000 acres of rice.

Capt. Weissman has been promoted to the rank of Major in recognition of his services in East Africa.

Advices from Chili state that in Lotta and Cornet over 600 children died of measles in July and August.

Public meetings in Santiago are to be held to protest against the introduction of any more immigrants.

A party of Arnauts has plundered the well-known Servian monastery of Dethian. The monks fled to Ipek.

The provisional government of Brazil has issued a decree establishing universal suffrage throughout the republic.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* states that a virtual rupture has occurred in the relations between Germany and the Vatican.

A man belonging to the Bombay Lancers ran amuck in the camp of the regiment and killed Commandant Heyland and two other officers.

Twelve hundred Clyde engineers went on strike last week. Eighteen firms under pressure of contracts have been obliged to concede the strikers' demands.

Mr. Parke, editor of the *North London Press*, who charged that the Earl of Euston was one of the principals in the Cavendish street scandal, was arranged to-day on the charge of criminal libel preferred against him by the Earl. No evidence was submitted and Parke was remanded until to-morrow. He was admitted to bail in £100.

Several members of the French Chamber of Deputies, led by M. Leon Say, have formed an agricultural party, irrespective of politics or the party of protection.

The "plan of campaign" has collapsed on the Olphert estate. Sixty of the tenants have paid in full the amounts due from them, besides costs of the litigation against them.

The death is announced of Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Bart, the eminent engineer, who built the railway from Balaclava to Sebastopol, and whose firm failed in 1868 for \$35,000,000.

It is reported in official circles that secret negotiations have been opened for the cession of a portion of Turkish Armenia to Russia, in return for the cancelling of the Turkish war indemnity.

Mr. Dibbs, formerly Prime Minister of New South Wales, declares that it will be impossible to form a colonial federation unless a commercial policy is adopted by the whole of Australia

A gale prevails along the southwest coast of England and much damage has been done. Telegraph wires have been blown down and many trees uprooted. A number of minor casualties are reported.

It is stated that the betrothal of the Czarewitch and Princess Maud, the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, will shortly be announced. It is understood the Czarewitch greatly admires Princess Maud.

The manager of the Royal Laboratory and the foreman of the cartridge factory at the Woolwich Arsenal have been suddenly dismissed. It is reported they revealed secrets connected with the manufacture of smokeless powder.

CITY CHIMES.

The E. A. McDowell company continues to draw excellent houses. "After Dark" was well put on in the early part of this week, Mr. Frank Norcross as Old Tom deserving special mention. The scene shifting was, however, not up to the standard, and the at times almost deafening noise made by the carpenters behind the scenes was inexcusable. The dancing of E. A. McDowell and Miss Hagger was very good, but the vulgarity displayed in some of the songs in the grand olio might well have been dispensed with. On this and to-morrow evenings "Rosedale" will be played for the benefit of the 63rd Rifles, and Monday evening will open with the "Two Orphans."

"Wedded belles" we think would be a more appropriate heading than "wedding belle" for the numerous accounts of the happy events that have taken place in our city during the past week. Mr. Dalziel, of Canterbury, Kent, England, has carried off one of the fairest daughters of the town in the person of Miss Claudine West. The wedding took place at St. Luke's Cathedral on Tuesday afternoon. November weather prevailed, thick Halifax fog with now and then a stray gleam of sunlight. The church as usual was crowded to the doors, the seats on either side of the centre aisle being reserved for the wedding guests who numbered some one hundred and fifty. Mr. Dalziel was supported by Lieut. Wallace of the West Riding Regiment, while Miss West had in attendance her sister Miss Jean West, Miss Mary Abbott, Miss Millie Cady and Miss Ins Mabel West. The bride's costume was exceedingly handsome, being composed of a rich crepe satin with a long train. The front of the dress was one mass of ostrich feathers and orange blossoms with a wreathed panel on one side. The bride also wore a lace veil surmounted by a coronet of orange blossoms fastened with a diamond spray. The bridesmaids looked charming in white directoire costumes trimmed with otter. They carried bouquets and baskets of chrysanthemums and wore white hats trimmed with ostrich feathers. Mr. West's house is in close proximity to the church and after the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. W. B. King, assisted by Rev. J. Scandrett Edwards, the wedding guests proceeded to the house to wish the bride and groom all happiness and to partake of the recherché repast prepared for their benefit. Mr. and Mrs. Dalziel have gone to the States and intend to visit Niagara on their way home. The presents were elegant and numerous, a handsome carving knife and fork being much admired as also some exquisite specimens of needlework.

The concert given in Argyle Hall last Thursday evening, in aid of the poor fishermen at Turns Bay, was a decided success, financially and otherwise. The sum netted amounted to \$125. Prof. Currie's song "Love me, my beloved" was heartily encored, as also Miss Gussie Taylor's song "Marguerite." It is impossible for us to do justice to all the performers in such a short space but Mrs. J. McD. Taylor, the Misses Burns, Miss Waddell, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Crawford, Mrs. Creighton, Miss Tidmarsh, Mr. Godfrey Smith and little Miss Kathleen Mathers all added to the enjoyment of the evening.

The concert at the C. of E. Institute was largely attended. Besides the lecture room the council room was opened and the halls and passage ways filled with an interested audience. Miss E. Black's song "He was a prince," was encored, and so were the songs of Miss Gussie Taylor and Mr. Ackworth. Miss Blanco Stubbing gave a pleasing recitation. The committees of the Institute are to be congratulated on their success.

A very warm welcome was given to Rev. Mr. Gordon on his return from his trip round the world. The lecture room was filled with friends, Rev. Dr. Pollok read a welcoming address, to which Mr. Gordon made a suitable reply, after which the company adjourned to the basement, where a bountiful supper had been supplied by the congregation.

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the longer I used it the better my health became.
After being laid aside for nearly a year, I last sum-
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did, having often to go with only one meal a day.
I attribute the saving of my life to PUTTNER'S
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[FOR THE CRITIC.]

CHANGE.

Slow, down the verdant dikes, the ravens fly,
A sombre troop upon the heels of dawn;
Whilo fog-thick breezes dim the morning sky,
With fitful radiance that will soon be gone.

Fluorescence gives scant blossom anywhere,
And like the region, feels the touch of sleep.
Neglected scones, and gardens still and bare,
Are given to change, and death begins to creep.

The winds in frequent conflict sweep the plains,
And breathe decay upon the dulling land;
And wafting fogs, like cold unfallen rains,
Come with the tides upon the birdless sand.

Like thin-draped poverty, with bending form
Scarce hid beneath her wretched, clinging dress,
Appear the willows, moaning in the storm,
Unpitted in their shivering nakedness.

The woods are stricken, and the parting song
Of flocks yet lingers on the misty dawn.
The lakes are waveless-black, the hills among,
And stiller since the night, the loon just gone.

The gloaming has no bat; the gloom is dead;
No dreaming bird trills short its midnight lay.
The heavens hang with frozen stars overhead,
Which chill until the coming of the day.

What need of shade along these way-sides now,
Of arching boughs, and eye-delighting green?
No longer, noon-day burns the laborer's brow;
The vacant fields are bare of fruit and sheen.

The harvest time was good, the land may rest,
When Winter wanders thro' the silent ways.
The warmth of life again will move her breast,
To nourish, and restore in other days.

The seasons live their time by low and gain;
The Spring like youth, and Summer like a queen.
Ripe Autumn, has a brief and changeful reign,
Ere Winter's snowy mantle sweeps the green.

There is another day and season yet;
And greater labor for the strength of hands—
Unfinished things before the workmen set—
Unbuilt cities, and unbroken lands.

These changes point to work that should be done,
And show the sower where he cast in vain.
Beginnings end, if well, or ill begun—
The reaper cuts the thistle and the grain.

Wolfville, N. S.

J. F. Herbin.

LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl,—Anent the merits of boarding and keeping house, I really think we find here the exception that proves the rule. For once the shield has but one side.

Boarding—eating at a table common to anybody with *sans froid* enough to ape the manners of a law-abiding citizen, piling perforce one's Lanes and Ponates into one, possibly by great good fortune two rooms,—truly, there is nothing in the phase of the question that is not negative. The advantages of living in one's own home are all positive. The family altar and hearthstone are names to conjure by. Family life is the prototype of national life, and expanded to include all its manifold possibilities of true worth to the individual and to society at large it is a thing unique. The publicity of life in a boarding house absolutely blots out the possibilities for deep, tender, sacred associations that are common to family life whether the roof tree is that of peasant or prince. Beside this moral—spiritual—call it as you like—aspect of the matter, that I have barely suggested, there is the material side. There are boarding houses and boarding houses, and so far as creature necessities and luxuries go one may find in public as in private quarters whatever his purse will afford. The unstableness of hotel life, where the death of the proprietor is liable to change the character of the house at a day's notice, where the carelessness of the engineer is liable to blow up, or burn down, the building with no notice at all, these and other considerations all militate against the selection and arrangement of one's household goods under any public roof with anything of the character and influence that they have behind one's own doors. Still, for all practical purposes, one may live as expensively as he will, the boarder no less than the householder. When we come to the matter of relative cost there can be no question as to which method of living costs more money. Housekeeping expenses for parallel accommodations are fully one third less than the cost of boarding. Granted, of course, that the wife and mother, supposing her to be the managing head of the household, gives of herself, mind and body and soul in exchange for the saving in money, yes, but also in exchange for the actual family life that is priceless. In exchange for one's gold-mine the host of the inn gives light, bread and meat, and takes his time to negotiate with the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker, but beyond that, nothing. Housekeeping brings responsibilities, but home-making generates an atmosphere that is fatal to the evil tendencies which, if they are not, like bell boys, charged for in one's bill, do most certainly lurk in the air of surface living that is the natural outcome of boarding-house and hotel existence.

Yes, I know, there must always be these make-shifts for homes to accommodate people who for one or another reason cannot have a home, but that anybody who can have a home should elect to go homeless is a deplorable factor in our civilization. There is not an apparent advantage in boarding over housekeeping that cannot be handomely counterbalanced in private living. Name one that cannot, for I know you are skeptical. It is because you are weary, and are letting the housekeeping overtop the home-making.

Do not do it, Caryl!

I know, my dear, all the "worriments" of servants, and how charming the idea of being care-free is, but believe me you would pay a terrible price for your relaxation of body in relinquishing your home life. Rest in your own home.

Oh, no, it is not impossible. Make simplicity the order of the day. Turn less to "what the neighbors say" than to the moral tone that surrounds your male family, and which must be sadly dissipated in the semi-public life of even the quietest boarding house. Install a housekeeper and take a wholesome reaction. Do something—not board. For the pernicious habit of bringing up children in a boarding house, even in a modern palace hotel, there is no condemnation too strong. This evil is not so pronounced with you as with us, but it grows apace on all sides, and must be frowned down, if we are believers in the development of the fittest, and not in the survival of the shallowest.

Our approaching Thanksgiving does not interest you greatly, I suppose. For every one here to whom the day has worthy associations there are very, very many for whom its significance is merely that of a groaning dinner table. But, after all, it is the family day of all the year, when Lydia and Robert and their children go home to mother's, and there would be as much happiness, and less body weariness, and certainly less next-day indigestion if it was not held to be as a law of the Medes and Persians that there must be just so many mince pies per capita made in this week and the next—yet who shall find fault with the spirit of the times—giving thanks for the prosperity that falls to one's share.

Perhaps you will not eat "turkey" with us on the 28th, as we all must to a man—or be thought unpatriotic, still you are bound to find this stuffing for turkey or chicken to your liking on some other day.

For a chicken to roast, weighing say 4 lbs., shell 24 big Italian chestnuts; blanch by pouring boiling water over them, letting them stand in it, and afterward remove the thin white skin upon the nuts. Drain off the water and pound ten of the nuts to a paste, add one common cracker rolled fine, one-quarter pound finely chopped raw meat, (veal is best,) one teaspoonful chopped parsley, the same of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, the same of thyme, two tablespoonfuls butter, and the twenty-four whole chestnuts. Mix well, and use in the neck and body of the fowl, as you would any stuffing. Try this and prove its toothsome-ness.

With roast fowl serve potato puff. To one pint hot, smoothly-mashed potato add one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful pepper, half that quantity of celery salt, one tablespoonful butter, and hot milk enough to moisten well. When partly cool add the yolks of two eggs beaten well, then cut in thoroughly the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Bake 10 minutes.

Sweldom in New York is amusing itself and giving newspaper correspondents something to write about by giving "dog christening" parties on the most sumptuous scale. Well, why not? These people may as well be doing one senseless thing as another, so far as they themselves are concerned, and their frivolity gives employment to florists and caterers and gift manufacturers, and so on. Nevertheless, one sighs less over the rarity of Christian charity when she reads of a dozen college-bred women—young women—electing to live in the city slums, not to distribute tracts or go about proselyting, but to let the light of their broad, active Christian womanhood shine into the lives of the wretched people about them. Precept is an excellent thing, and hand to hand, heart to heart practice is better yet. How much we have learned when we come to know that charity and almsgiving are not synonymous.

If you have not already read Everett Holo's "Ten Times One," get it and read it, and then you will know what a Wadsworth club is. Their motto is to Lend a Hand, or rather that is one of them, and the members of all the clubs are pledged to kindness and helpfulness. I have in mind one woman whose means are not over much, who invites every Thanksgiving day some one, two or three—as she can—people to dinner, not necessarily "poor" people, but sensitive, lonely souls who have no friends and no home but that cheerless spot—a boarding house.

Yes, it is a plan worth following.

Yours faithfully,

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

OUR INDIA LETTER.

Dear Critic,—“See Delhi and die,” sayeth a Hindoo adage. I have seen Delhi. We must all die sometime. With the exception of Lucknow, Delhi is perhaps the most interesting of all places in this wonderful country. Remains of its ancient splendor meet one at every turn, side by side with reminiscences of that darkest page in Indian History, the revolt of the Sepoys in 1857. It is difficult to describe how vividly this is recalled to one. Everywhere it has been the object of the Government to leave uneffaced the traces of that terrible siege, undertaken in the hottest months of a hot year, from May to September, and which terminated in one of the most gallant assaults recorded in Military History. A result attained at a terrible sacrifice of life on both sides, and an example forever of what heroism and determination can and will do against overwhelming odds. On every side one sees traces, still fresh, of this final effort of the Delhi Field Force and their Brigadier, who fell in the moment of victory, leading the assault on the Kashmir Gate, the assault that took Delhi and gave the finishing stroke to the Indian mutiny. Delhi the great, the stronghold of the mutineers, fell to the undaunted resolution of one man, whom History counts proudly among her heroes. He was indeed a man among men. His grave with its simple inscription is characteristic of himself—“In Memory of John Nicholson, aged 35 years, who commanded the Delhi Field Force, and fell mortally wounded while leading the assault on the Kashmir Gate, in the moment of

victory, Sept. 14th, 1857.” His name is a byword for determined will and absolutely undaunted courage among the natives to this day, and even the second and third generation since the mutiny, know and talk of “Jan Nicholson.”

The Kashmir Gate and Bastion, the Walls and the Mori Bastion, stand now exactly as they stood on that hot September morning thirty-two years ago, battered with shot and shell, crumbling away in places from the terrific fire of our batteries, the heaviest being at a range of 200 yards. Their sites are marked by miniature stone parapets. To give the scale, the long extent of the city walls blazing with fire, the guns in the Bastions pouring a deadly rain on the assaulting columns, the heroic Engineers, Salkeld and Home, rushing forward with their powder bags, Salkeld falling mortally wounded in the attempt; the explosion and the door blown in, the rush of our troops, 52nd and Rifle Brigade shoulder to shoulder with Sikh and Ghoorka, all mad for the blood of the murderers of Cawnpore and Lucknow; the Indian sun just risen beating down in his strength alike on victor and vanquished, a scene of carnage and blood—Delhi had fallen!

What an experience that siege must have been for us can imagine. The mere living in tents under that sun for three months must have been trying enough. Fighting and working under it during the day must have been terrible, for in those days, remember, there were no Delhi helmets, or even white uniforms. Our troops fought in their shakos and their high-stocked coats. It is almost impossible to realize in these days how they did it and lived. Passing through the Kashmir Gate the Fort is distant about half a mile, standing alone, overlooking the Jumna with its high red sandstone walls and tall minarets, standing conspicuous and picturesque.

Passing through the Lahore Gate, before which the mutineers were blown from guns, you enter a long covered arcade or bazaar; beyond this is a great square some 1000 yards each way, bounded on three sides by the walls of the fort, on the fourth looking over the river. Trees, gardens, and many stone bungalows occupy the space. One of the buildings is the Hall of Audience of the Delhi Kings, with a great marble dais called the Peacock Throne. It is now used as a soldiers' canteen. In the far corner are the palaces of beautiful white marble, with gilded ceilings and frescoed mosaic walls. These buildings, the Hall of Nobles, the Zenana, the Bath House, and the Motee Masjid or Pearl Mosque, form a group, perhaps the most beautiful architecturally in the whole of India. Instead of windows there are marble screens carved like the finest lacework. The Hall of Nobles is open on all sides; a great white marble terrace, covered by a massive marble roof, supported on many square pillars, all of beautiful cool white marble; the ceiling and the mosaic patterns on the walls being perfectly exquisite. The Bath House is like a description one reads of old Roman baths at Pompeii. It is like stepping into a picture of Alma Tadema's without his beautiful figures. There is one room for the King, one for his Queen, and another for the Royal children, each with a great square marble bath in the middle of the floor, with apertures for the fountains which used to play continually, hot and cold water from each side and corner of the room. Truly a Royal Bath House. Pass out again through the frowning Lahore Gate. It was here, as I have said, that they blew the mutineers from guns after the capture of Delhi, and it was here they were forced to use half charges, because they found the full charge of powder blew the condemned men into such indistinguishable fragments. Does that shock you, my Critic? Many shocking things worse than that happened in that dreadful time.

Close to the Fort is the Jumna Masjid, the great Mahomedan shrine, with its three white domes and two tall minarets. The great mosque is 250 yds. long, is elevated some 40 feet above the ground level, and is approached by three great flights of stone steps. The east side is covered in, and some few feet higher, and over it rise the three domes. The floor is marble, paved with slabs of equal size, each supposed to accommodate one worshipper, who prays there, facing Mecca. One slab in front they showed us was to be used only by the King; the head Moulvi or High Priest stands in a small pulpit, its three steps cut out of a single block of marble. He dictates the prayers, which are repeated by a second Moulvi standing in a small pulpit overlooking the great square, and are then repeated by the thousands of people kneeling there. At one corner is the shrine itself, where a white-bearded Moulvi showed us the relics of Mahomet. His Koran, written in Arabic, his shoe and the print of his foot in the rock when he stepped ashore at Medinah. These were shown and handled with the greatest reverence. Several Mussulmans came and kissed them reverently. Leaving the Jumna Masjid we drove through the Bazaar, where the jewellers shops are. Delhi jewellery has always been celebrated as the finest in India. Though much of it now is inferior many very beautiful things can be bought. “Delhi the Magnificent” was no empty name. Outside Delhi we saw Nicholson's monument on the Ridge, with the names of all officers who were killed during the siege, and an abstract showing the names of the Regiments engaged, and their casualties. Hindoo Rao's house, which is now used as a convalescent hospital, the Flagstaff Tower, whence the Brigadier directed the fire of his long range Batteries, and the Metcalf Estate, where one of the principal breaching Batteries was placed, all about this locality lie the remains of the old cantonments, ruined Bungalows and deserted compounds, which have never been tenanted since the mutiny, all toll of that time—a time to remember and shudder at as long as our Indian Empire lasts.

Before leaving Delhi I was persuaded to go to a Turkish Bath, for which they told me Delhi was famous. Do you remember Mark Twain's description of his Turkish Bath in Turkey? His experience was mine. It was very nasty. Just look up that description if you'd like to know how nasty, and add to it one half. I don't think I shall try it again. Being shampooed is one thing. Being shampooed by the hands, feet, body and knees of a man who is not particularly clean is another! Never again, thank you very much.

GOLD LINES.

THE JERSEY STOCK FARM.

On a recent Saturday a distinguished party of seventeen or eighteen gentlemen, including the Hon. Messrs. Fielding, Longley, Fraser, McGilvray and McNeil of the Local Government, Prof. Lawson, Joseph Seaton, Collector Harrington, Stipendiary Motton, C. Sydney Harrington, G. E. Forsyth, J. A. Chipman, Mr. Harris and others, at Mr. B. W. Chipman's invitation, paid a visit to his noted stock farm near Milford Station. It was a bright clear morning with just a tinge of frost in the air, and the party on alighting at the station thoroughly enjoyed the three quarters of a mile walk to the farm, formerly the old Yeoman property. After resting and refreshing themselves in the large and comfortable farm-house, where biscuits and delicious Jersey butter washed down with pure Jersey milk—nothing weaker—made a capital luncheon, the party under the guidance of Mr. Chipman proceeded to inspect the large herd of sixty-six high grade Jersey cattle. These were found comfortable housed in three or four large barns, where perfect cleanliness and order prevailed. Of all breeds of cattle commend us to the Jersey for beauty, docility and yield of rich butter-making milk. The deer like head, the beautiful, kindly eye, the compact form, the trim leg and small hoof, combined with the black points, muzzle, tongue, tip of tail and hoofs denoting purity of breed, make them the real aristocrats of cattle. In one barn was a long row of growing calves and heifers quietly munching their chopped feed, apparently oblivious of the admiring eyes of the visitors. We say *apparently* oblivious, as a prominent barrister, who was too closely examining the points of one of the "beauties," suddenly shot into the air and came in violent contact with the side of the barn. He beat a hasty retreat, it being the only time he was ever known to fail in opposing a motion. In another barn were twenty-six of the best milk cows, four at the end of the row being especially large milkers, not one of which a thousand dollars would have tempted their owner to part with. These cows had their names painted over the stalls, and a number of red tickets nailed to the wall denoted the first prizes received and proved the purity of their blood. In the last barn visited were a number of young cows, and one particularly fine animal persisted in eating its food kneeling on its fore legs, causing the Attorney General to remark that it was paying homage to Mr. Harrington, who at the time stood at its head. At the end of the barn was stalled the grizzled bull, the monarch of the herd, a magnificent animal, occasionally switching his tail tipped with flowing black hair, boding no good for the onlookers if he could only have got at them. The lying in hospital was then visited and consisted of a number of comfortable box stalls where every care is shown the mothers and the new arrivals. All the calves were such "things of beauty" that the party decided that to be called calf would be a compliment provided the word Jersey was prefixed. A convenient portable engine furnishes the power to drive the hay cutting machine and to run the large churn in the dairy, and so perfect is the system inaugurated by Mr. Chipman that a man and two boys have entire charge of the herd. For bedding Mr. Chipman obtains sawdust from the mill close by—a possible solution of the vexed sawdust question—and it makes an excellent manure for the soil, which is somewhat heavy. There is also a silo in one of the barns, and every convenience for storing and handling hay and other feed. What should prove one of the largest barns in the Province is well under way, Mr. Chipman having purchased an old drill shed from the Dominion Government, torn it down, and erected it on his own premises. His ambition is to see his herd number one hundred, when he can easily clear \$5,000 or \$6,000 per year, his profits at present amounting to one-half of that sum. It is needless to say that the guests were both delighted and amazed by this trip through the barns, and that all were loud in praise of Mr. Chipman's enterprise and pluck. A visit was then paid to the dairy, where everything was scrupulously clean, and where a churn of great capacity and driven by steam produces the famous gilt edged dairy butter so prized in Halifax. The butter is dumped direct from the churn on to a long inclined table provided with a roller held in position by iron brackets at the sides, allowing it to play up and down the board. The butter is thus made without being handled by the operative, and is placed in neat round boxes with metal bound edges ready for market. In addition to butter making Mr. Chipman pays attention to pork and chickens, the former fattening on the butter milk and the latter turning in no inconsiderable sum from the egg product.

Having seen all that was to be seen the guests returned to the house, and with appetites whetted by the keen, pure country air, thoroughly enjoyed a really excellent dinner. Toasts were then the order of the day and with such excellent after dinner speakers as the Premier, the Attorney General, Stipendiary Motton, Mr. Joseph Seaton, Mr. Harrington and numerous others, it goes without saying that a delightful time was spent. Prof. Lawson delivered a capital speech on the practical side of the question, and Mr. Chipman in response to the toast—Our host—gave a history of his stock farm since its inception, coupled with practical advice, that should reach the ears of every agriculturist in the Province. Commencing with only a few Jerseys of the best stock that he could purchase his herd has steadily increased until it now numbers sixty-six. He has proved in spite of the croakers that there is money in the Jersey breed, and that they are eminently adapted to this country. Any farmer and sons with such a herd as his could easily clear \$1,500 or \$1,600 per year, provided they were near a shipping point. If not they could turn their attention to cheese making or go into the raising of thoroughbred horses, the demand for which was unlimited. The Premier, Mr. Motton and Mr. Harrington made speeches brimming with humor, and Mr. Seaton fairly outdid himself making several speeches, and closing the evening with the effort of his life, which was greeted with uproarious applause. So with mirth and laughter coupled with much that was really instructive, the hours rolled quietly by, and all too soon came the announcement that it was train time. It was a jolly party that boarded the evening express, and all will long remember the pleasant day at Mr. B. W. Chipman's Jersey Stock Farm.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

There is quite a boom in the bridge-building line in the vicinity of Moncton this fall. Contractor John M. Brown is making good progress with his bridge over Robinson's creek on the Church street extension. It is to be trestle work, to be planked 100 feet, with a total length of 180 feet from dyke to dyke. The superstructure will be built principally of princess pine procured from the lands of A. Milton, Coverdale. Mr. Murray is working at his contract building the roadway from Church street northward, and it is likely that both he and Mr. Brown will have their work completed in a month. The contract price of the bridge was \$185 and the roadway \$400.

Mr. John M. Brown left for Buctouche recently to procure lumber for a new bridge crossing the Buctouche river on the McLaughlin road, some 22 miles from Moncton. It will also be trestle work, the span being 60 feet, and the total length 200 feet. The two approaches will be constructed of blockwork. The bridge is to be done this fall. Mr. Brown's contract price was in the vicinity of \$300.—*Moncton Times*.

COMMERCIAL.

The conditions of trade previously noted have continued to prevail in most lines, and the jobbing business in general has not presented any particularly new features. In fact, on the whole, there are signs of a fair degree of activity in most lines, strengthened by the steady and in some cases firm tendency in the prices of merchandise, which may be considered fair evidence of a moderately healthy demand for products.

The untoward weather that has been experienced during the past three or four weeks has very largely retarded the development of business. It is reported that in many of the country districts winter stocks have been but slightly broken into, and that it is now certain that a great many winter goods will have to be carried over to another season, let the weather turn out as it may after this. The reason given for this is that when the weather at the commencement of winter is unseasonably mild most consumers make up their minds to use last winter's clothing for the balance of the season, and wait until another winter, rather than invest in new outfits for what they believe will be a short season. Although it is not expected that as large a volume of trade in heavy dry goods, furs, etc., will be done as would have been the case if the winter set in seasonably, still the first signs of steady winter weather will greatly improve the situation. While consumers of coal are delighted to find that their stocks are being reduced at a much smaller ratio than they anticipated, dealers, on the other hand, are praying for a steady succession of very cold weather that will relieve their apprehensions of being left with too much coal on hand in the spring. The lumbermen, also, are anxious for severe frost and plenty of snow to enable them to commence operations. Truly the weather has much to answer for in this northern clime of ours.

The following are the Assignments and Business Changes in this Province during the past week:—J. M. Blaikie, Genl. Store, Great Village, burnt out; P. F. Boudreau, Grocer, Amherst, succeeded by Frank O'Brien; Chisholm & Meikle, Groceries & Prov., New Glasgow, assigned; E. Collishaw & Co., Groceries and Fruits, New Glasgow, sold out to E. A. Murray; W. A. Durkee, Ohio, assigned to T. B. Crosby in trust for benefit of creditors; J. A. Hill, Genl. Store, Wilmot, adv. business for sale.

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

	Week Prev.		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date.			
	Nov. 22, 1889	Nov. 22, 1888	1888	1887	1886	1889	1888	1887	1886
United States	259	217	253	153	204	10107	8903	8504	9162
Canada	34	39	14	18	6	1446	1532	1146	1056

DRY GOODS.—No particular change has occurred since our last report, the weather not having been of the kind to accelerate movements. There are few new features to the market, which, as we have already stated, is a firm one on all lines of goods—especially woollens. There are symptoms of an improvement to the dull feeling which we have lately noted, and some houses report that payments are a good deal better. They also speak of enquiry from city retail dealers in a quiet way for some of the more regular lines of goods. In some cases travellers have returned from their sorting trips, but their reports furnish no new particulars, trade being of a quiet kind, and not at all brisk, as buyers naturally await decisive indications, and some cold, clear weather is necessary to give the desired tone to the demand. At present most houses are engaged in getting up their samples for next season's goods, and there are some complaints that delays to new lines put back the start of their travellers. Taken on the whole the market shows but little alteration, with orders coming along in a moderate but steady way.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—There have been no particularly new developments in the situation during the past week. The firm tone continues unabated, the indications in fact tending directly to the opposite. Business does not show much alteration, the movement being confined to moderate wants as a rule, and it would seem that the disposition to withhold orders in the expectation of better terms has not been a profitable one. In this connection a private letter recently received from Great Britain says:—"If Canada buyers think they can affect better rates by withholding orders they were never more mistaken in their lives"; and there are now indications that many have realised this. It is almost unnecessary to say that prices are held in the firmest kind of way. In copper the advance noted last week is continued under a firmer market. Tin plate has for some time shown signs of an advance, and although no charge has yet taken place in spot prices, every one expects higher figures from day to day. Lead is firm at the late increase, and all through the remainder of the list nothing but strength is spoken of.

A DISGRACE TO HER FAMILY.

(Continued.)

"Ten to one but the 'oss has a cough or a sore throat," he grumbled. "They always does when they come from them there livery 'oles. They ain't fit to stand a donkey in, let alone a 'unter, an' wants good oats to eat, and a lot of cooosting too."

A little before ten o'clock, the girls sallied forth accompanied by a diminutive attendant, on a skittish three-year old thoroughbred of which he was mortally afraid. This youth had orders not to leave the road, and his services were therefore of no great value when hounds ran; but as Mrs. Brotherton phatically observed to Matilda, "he was better than nobody."

The meet to-day was within a couple of miles of the Manor House, and situated in the very centre of the "Ripper" Hunt, and by degrees all the regular habitués turned up, welcoming each other in jovial, cordial fashion. For the "Ripper," though so crack a Pack, did not pride themselves on their exclusiveness, as did some of their neighbors, holding it better manners to be pleasant and civil to everybody, from Duke to stranger.

As the hounds were about to make a start, Geraldine, who had been on the look out, spied Captain Falconer coming cantering up on a galloping hack, and she caused the well-trained, long-suffering Paragon to execute a series of harmless curvets in his honor. Unfortunately they were thrown away upon the gentleman, whose attention was devoted to mounting his hunter as quickly as possible.

The night had been a stormy, blustering one, and the poor trees were shedding their summer raiment in every direction. As the procession moved on to draw the nearest covert, and passed under a fine old ash, the road beneath for a distance of several yards was literally carpeted with its delicate, fine-pointed leaves; some yet green, though shrivelled at the edges, others crisp and brown as a piece of mummy-cloth suddenly exposed to the air. After the hurricane that had raged all night, the beauty and sadness of Autumn were everywhere apparent. For decay is always sad, in spite of gay tints and gorgeous coloring, of hedge-rows decked with corals, and scarlet hip, lingering long after her parent—the gold-hearted briar-flower—has disappeared.

Beautiful too beyond measure is the common bracken, wilting and withering away in the coverts and copses through infinite gradations of pale yellow, burnt sienna, and tawny orange. But it also has a pathos, like the fallen leaves that dapple the road-way, the gleaming berries resembling bright constellations dropped by a fairy hand, and the faded grasses, now crinkly and brown, dropping their once fresh heads over the ditches.

Yes, they are all sad alike, for they herald Nature's long sleep, and mean the withdrawal of sunshine, the cessation of balmy winds. Sleeting rain or icy frosts then rule triumphant. But if everybody else is miserable in winter, the fox-hunter is supremely happy. He arrays himself in scarlet, buckles on his spurs, and sallies out to the Chase. What cares he for the elements, so long as there is a fox to pursue, and the ground remains rideable? Has he not even been known to apply that questionable adjective, "stinking," to the modest violet, and does he not hate with fierce hatred the sight of the star-like primrose? It is no use for people who don't hunt to talk about the folly of the pursuit, the danger, the expense. Its pleasure still remains, and nothing can eradicate it from the heart of a thorough sportsman.

Presently the "Ripper" Hunt came to a halt, and hounds were put into covert, the Field standing meanwhile at attention, for it was rumored that two litters of cubs were known to have been seen about in the locality. Horses were odiously fresh and eager, and the cold wind served only to render them more so. One unfortunate gentleman was kicked off, much to the amusement of the assembled company, who, however, would not willingly have changed places with him. And yet they laughed very heartily at his disaster.

Maggie, who was mounted on Polecat, had cause to remember Jack's words, "If she tries to buck you off at starting, take no notice."

If Jack had been there, and not far away, she would have felt very indignant with him for tendering this cool piece of advice. It was simply impossible not to take *some* notice, when the mare kept lunging at the reins, rounding her back, and making a series of abrupt somersaults in the air, which, to say the least, had a remarkably unseating effect. Maggie did not so much mind two or three bucks—she could stand, or rather sit them, but when it came to a succession of twelve or fourteen running she was disagreeably conscious that the result produced on her centre of gravity was anything but satisfactory.

A cold, windy morning and a frisky steed are rather trying combinations, as all versed in such matters will probably admit.

However, she stuck to the mare with characteristic courage, and hauled at her head whenever she began her tactics, which was the only way of stopping her.

During one of these struggles, Polecat bumped right up against Captain Falconer's well-appointed leg, leaving a smudge on his snowy breeches. Maggie at once recognized him, blushed scarlet, and offered an abject apology, which he accepted rather more amiably than gentlemen often do under the circumstances. Perhaps he saw the girl was not to blame.

But Maggie could not help envying Geraldine, who, on the good-looking, perfect-mannered Paragon, moved sedately up and down, conscious that every time she passed Captain Falconer his eye was fixed admiringly upon her.

This knowledge sent a little thrill of triumph through her frame. If only she could bring him to the point! But what a stupid he was not to ask to be introduced! It was so easy for men to make a girl's acquaintance, and

he must surely have found out by this time that she was a Miss Brotherton. Anybody would have told him had he made the enquiry.

She consoled herself by thinking the Honorable Keith was most likely waiting to pay a formal call in the regular orthodox fashion.

Her reflections were shortly interrupted by a whimper, which gradually increased to a chorus of sound as each deep-throated hound took up the merry music. In another second a loud "Tally-ho" proclaimed that the fox had broken covert, and was making the best of his way to some other place of safety.

And now the field thundered like an avalanche in his rear, pressing hounds in quite an unwarrantable manner. Luckily, they got away close at his brush, and gallantly flew over the stiff ridge and furrow of a fifty-acre field. But Fate was in favor of the hard-riding, keen-jumping division rather than of the Pack. A comparatively easy fence, guileless of ditches, was too seductive to be resisted.

Rusher and Crusher flew it side by side, jumping on one of the best hounds in their ardour. Had they been men, they would have received a very stern reprimand, couched in exceedingly ugly language, but being young ladies, their sex protected them. The huntsman courteously suppressed an oath, and looked at them with no good will.

"Call that riding," he murmured contemptuously, "it's regular tomfoolery."

Maggie, keeping rather wide of the great bulk of the field; on account of Polecat's excitability, popped over soon after her sisters, and even Geraldine, emboldened by the sight of Captain Falconer in front, hardened her heart and went at the fence.

It was a delightful place to start with, but the next proved, in sporting language, "a regular snorter." It had a blind ditch on the take-off side, with a still wider one on the far, and between them stood a stiff hedge, mounted on a low bank. The huntsman was the first to charge this formidable obstacle, and got down, his horse failing to clear the second ditch. He halloed out to those immediately behind him to put on the pace, but as he struggled to his feet, he was rolled over by the valiant twins, who, undeterred by his misfortune, charged the fence simultaneously and cleared it with a scramble.

Maggie noted this wild piece of horsemanship on their part with shame, and also the look of disgust and indignation which stole over Captain Falconer's face. He was riding within a few yards of her, and she heard him turn round, and ask sternly of his companion on the right: "Who are those terribly wild young women, who seem to possess no regard whatever for human life?" followed by the light reply:

"Oh! those are two of the Brotherton girls. 'Rusher and Crusher,' they have been christened by the Field, and it's just a toss-up which is the more dangerous of the two."

Poor "Rusher and Crusher." When they were so anxious to show off before the Honorable Keith, they little knew that this one act of gallantry had annihilated their chance forever.

Maggie was so mortified by the incident that she was not determined not to offend in the slightest degree. Taking Polecat sharp by the head, she set her at a new place altogether. It was a big jump, and the mare in her eagerness took-off a stride too soon, not yet having quite learnt the art of putting in a small step at the last moment. The consequence was, she landed with both hind legs in the far ditch, and would certainly have fallen had it not been for the artistic and workmanlike manner in which Maggie recovered her.

"Who is that?" enquired Captain Falconer once more of his companion, after they had both profited by the gap left by the huntsman.

"Oh, that's a Miss Brotherton, too. The youngest of the four sisters who come out hunting, but she can ride if you like. She's a regular nailer across country."

Maggie, however, did not overhear this remark, which might have consoled her for the former one. She was sailing away now with the leaders, riding a line of her own, a trifle wide of hounds, so as to keep clear of the crowd.

"By Jove!" muttered Captain Falconer, half-admiringly, half-disparagingly, as he watched her charge a bellfinch as thick as a wall, and disappear with a crackling of thorns. "I never saw a girl ride so hard in my life. It positively makes me shudder."

When the hounds threw up their heads, which they did in about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour's time, he took occasion to look critically at this fair Diana, who had such extraordinary nerve, and so good an eye to the country.

Pshaw! How disappointing! She was horribly plain—almost ugly. And yet, no—not altogether ugly, for when he came to take another survey the face was undeniably pleasant, with an expression of thorough good-humor, which made up for many deficiencies. Nevertheless, he failed to trace the smallest resemblance between this little red-haired, freckled girl and her beautiful sister.

To tell the truth our friend Keith was already greatly taken with Geraldine. He admired her fresh, fair, style of beauty immensely. After the numerous London belles he had flirted with, its healthiness and apparent innocence were peculiarly attractive.

He was disgusted with fashionable and pushing women, and even pretty women, such as he had been accustomed to meet in Society. And as for so-called "charming" women, he hated the very sight of them, holding them to be chameleon-like and false, "all things to all men," with a deep undercurrent of slyness.

He had had dealings with many such, and never found his ideal realized. His present notion was to make some good, honest, country girl, his wife, innocent of London manners, and free from all vanity and self-consciousness.

After the affair with Mrs. Thorndyke, he had sold out of the Guards in disgust, and, to a great extent, given up the frivolities of the Metropolis. He was weary of an artificial existence, of hot rooms, of half-clad women, who left white smudges on his coat when he danced with them, and of looking "soft nothings" into eyes unnaturally adorned by dark rims. All that was best and purest in him rose up in revolt, and longed for something simpler and less dishonest. He had drunk pretty freely of the cup of dissipation, and for that very reason was nauseated with its contents. Instead of sweetness, he found bitterness; in lieu of truth, falsehood and deceit. In a fit of fierce repulsion, having also contracted a goodly number of debts, and a lamentably inferior opinion of the fair sex, he came to the Cottage, hoping by hunting hard five days a week to restore his moral tone, and forget that beautiful, perfidious Thorndyke woman, whom he had once loved to distraction.

Men are impressionable beings, and curiously enough generally go to the same source for consolation which has wounded them in the first instance. Already Captain Falconer was beginning to think that he had found the good, country-girl of whom he dreamed. He could not connect Geraldine Brotherton's innocent blue eyes, and charming smiles, with any of the foibles of her town-bred sisters. In short, he was greatly prepossessed in her favor.

After scent failed, a long check ensued, which enabled the roadsters to recover lost ground. Captain Falconer's attention was arrested by hearing a broken-winded horse approach, and turning, he perceived Geraldine, who, owing to an intervening tree, was not aware of his presence. She went straight up to Maggie and in a vexed tone said:

"Upon my word, Maggie, this is too bad. The brute is worse than ever to-day. I'm positively afraid of going out of a trot lest I should tell tales to the whole field. I can't tell how annoying it is."

Maggie looked compassionately at Paragon, whose nostrils were distended to a sharp angle.

"Poor old horse!" she said. "Don't be hard on him, Geraldine. It's not his fault, and the hounds ran very fast just for a few minutes."

"Much too fast for me. It's so horrid to find yourself in the company of all the second horsemen, when everybody else is galloping away as hard as they can."

"I know," answered Maggie, with great sympathy, having herself experienced the sensation ere now. "But you did not really lose much. I thought scent would not prove very first-rate after such a stormy night, and the weather is not improving, worse luck."

Even as Maggie spoke, down came the rain in the most merciless fashion. There was no shelter near at hand, and those unprovided with covert coats seemed in a fair way of getting wet through to the skin in a very few minutes.

Now Geraldine was delicate. Her lungs were weak, and as one of them was said to be a little bit touched, the doctor had strongly cautioned Mrs Brotherton against her catching a chill. Maggie knew this, and in an instant she had whipped off her covert coat, and insisted on her sister putting it on, regardless of the fact that she herself had only a thin dress bodice underneath.

"I can't take your coat," said Geraldine. "It's awfully good of you, Maggie, but really you have no idea how ridiculous you look without it."

"Never mind about me. As I said before, there is nobody to be interested in my appearance. If I am a little uglier more or less, what does it matter? And you know you ought to be careful about not catching cold. Now, Geraldine, to oblige me, go home. We are going to have a lot of rain. John will look after you, and open the gates."

Geraldine was vain and frivolous, but not bad-hearted. Maggie's selfishness touched her.

"I really don't like robbing you of your coat," she protested, "especially when I might have taken my own, only——" breaking off short.

"You wanted to look your best, and I was indifferent," interrupted Maggie cheerfully. "Go off with you, and get home before you are wet."

Whereupon Geraldine, accompanied by the diminutive John, effected a retreat.

Captain Falconer, stationed behind his tree, overheard this conversation, and saw Maggie divest herself of her coat. He was a little distressed to find that even country girls had weak lungs. He had sort of an idea that they were all as strong as horses, and did not indulge in the luxury of a pet ailment.

As for Maggie, he pronounced her to be a real "good sort," and deemed it a thousand pities she was not better looking. A bigger pair of eyes, a straighter nose, a fairer complexion, and a smaller mouth might have made all the difference.

There was something very touching though in the care she took of her elder sister.

And as he saw the rain coursing down Maggie's shiny cheeks, splashing in great drops from the rim of her pot-hat, and running in rivulets down her back, he felt, when his man came riding up with an elaborate mackintosh apparatus, as if he were a very selfish fellow.

And that poor little thing had only a thin alpaca body on! Ridiculous! Of course it was ridiculous.

CHAPTER VI.

MAGGIE FINDS A BROTHER-IN-LAW TO HER MIND.

It was more than Keith could stand, and aroused every feeling of manliness within him.

(To be Continued.)

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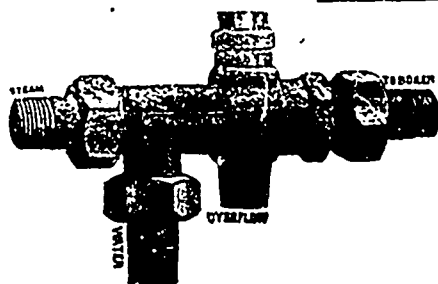
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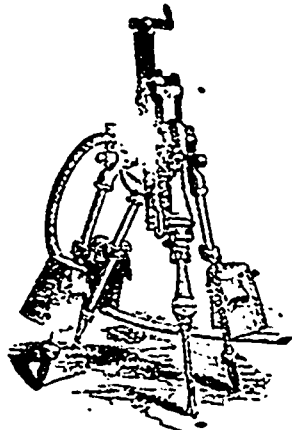
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MINING.

DEEP MINING FOR GOLD IN NOVA SCOTIA.—It is strange that some of our gold mining companies, that is those with ample capital, do not try and solve the problem as to whether gold does not continue in our leads to a much greater depth than they are now mined. In mining one should be prepared to take risks, as, if the venture is successful, no other kind of business yields such rich rewards. Gold mining is now a most profitable business, but if it could be proved that at the depth of 1,000 or 1,200 feet there was a second pay streak, or that leads that now become barren at a depth of from 400 to 600 feet again become productive at greater depths than heretofore mined, the business would at once be placed on a much more permanent basis, and properties that now sell at from \$10,000 to \$60,000 would a once become ten times as valuable. Our best mining men are of the opinion that gold will be found at greater depths, but they have not got the capital to risk in the search, and it is therefore impossible to test the question unless some stock company with ample capital takes hold of it. Numerous writers have argued that the Local Government should at their own expense sink a shaft in some well known district to the depth of 1,200 or 1,500 feet, and thus test the matter, but almost insurmountable difficulties stand in the way of this scheme. We need not particularize them, as they are obvious to all mining men. What we propose is that the Local Government offer a bonus to the first company or individual who shall actually sink shafts and prove that gold continues in our leads in paying quantities to depths of from 1,200 to 1,500 feet. The bonus should be a large one, \$25,000 at least, as the individual or company sinking the shafts have to take all the risks if their enterprise turns out unsuccessful, and so the reward in case of success should be proportionately large. If they succeed in demonstrating that gold does exist at great depths, then the bonus paid by the Government will be a mere bagatelle in proportion to the enormous increase in the revenues of the Mines' Department that will at once ensue. Our mining men should at once unite in requesting the Government to offer such a bonus, and then there is little doubt but that in a number of districts' shafts will be sunk to test the problem.

A correspondent of a contemporary writes as follows of the Acadia Mines:—"In last week's notes we observed that Messrs. Patterson and McLellan, large owners in the Londonderry Iron Co., were here, and that some changes might be looked for. One of these has been the appointment of R. G. Leckie to the position of Manager of the Company. Mr. Sutcliffe, who has held this position for upwards of three years, has resigned, it is understood, on account of his health, the winter weather compelling him, as it did a year ago, to go to a warmer climate. Mr. Sutcliffe brought the experience of many years to bear upon his work at this place, and his pluck and perseverance, along with his excellent staff of assistants, has placed the affairs of the Company in a position which it has not hitherto held. He and Mrs. Sutcliffe leave this place with the very best wishes of all the people. It is understood that Mr. Leckie assumes control after the first of December. Mr. Muir remains as assistant manager, in which position he is abundantly successful. It is to be hoped that under the new management the works and the place will continue to advance with growing prosperity."

Mr. Isaac P. Gragg, general manager of the Eastern Development Co., (Limited,) passed through Halifax last week on the way to the Coxheath Mine in Cape Breton. In extending the workings on one of the leads in the mine some very rich ore containing good percentages of gold and silver was struck, and Mr. Gragg is on his way to investigate the matter. He has been in England since his last visit here, and has made important arrangements with a leading firm in the copper trade to advance the necessary capital to erect large smelting works near Sydney, where some \$300,000 will be spent. The unfortunate collapse of the syndicate scheme and the consequent drop in the price of copper has delayed the carrying out of this agreement, but in a short time there is little doubt that active work will be commenced. The importance of the opening of these works to the Province it is hard to estimate, but the probabilities are that Sydney will eventually become the Swansea of America.

BIG DISCOVERY IN COAL.—A big thing in coal has just been proved at North Sydney and, we understand, will soon be developed and operated by an English company which has been organized by Mr. Roberts, of Halifax. The eminent geologists in this section of the country have always contended that Sydney Harbor and the chapel hill in North Sydney have been faults, which broke the continuance of the seams of coal that are found next to the Victoria Mines on the Sydney side from showing on the North Sydney side. Mr. Greener, the well known mining expert, has, however, always held a contrary view, believing that the chapel hill was merely a pile of drift, and as the seam of coal worked simultaneously at the old Sydney Mines and at the Victoria Mines undoubtedly does cross the harbor, the other seams also should. After four years of patient labor and investigation he has at length discovered his theory to be correct and that of the geologists wrong. He claims that there are nineteen millions of tons of coal in the seams in North Sydney that he has already proven, and he has taken up large areas for his company abutting on the property of the General Mining Association. The company expects to develop these seams next season and ship probably from the new Government pier at North Sydney, when there will be another boom in coal.—*Island Reporter.*

LAWRENCETOWN DISTRICT.—Mr. McAdams and others, of Dartmouth, have made a rich strike of gold in this district on property formerly owned and prospected by the Davidson Bros. Our informant, an old and

experienced miner, says he has seldom seen better looking quartz, and that it comes from the solid lead.

MIDDLE RIVER, CAPE BRETON—Mr. McInnis will shortly return to Cape Breton accompanied by a well known practical miner with the intention of locating other leads that he knows exist in that rich mineral district.

The operations at the iron mines in Pictou County are being pushed, and by the time the railroad is ready to carry ore, there should be a large supply developed.

MONTAGUE—Mr. Wm. Skerry, the veteran prospector of this district, is at present at work on the Kaye property. Mr. McQuarrie, manager for Mr. Annand, is pushing the work on the Annand and Rose properties and has proved himself one of the most successful and able managers in the province.

PRINCE'S LODGE.—Little or nothing has as yet been done to prove the value of the leads in the district. It presents an inviting field for the investment of capital, and the want of this seems to be the only reason for the discontinuance of active operations.

CARIBOO.—The Truro company who have been prospecting on the Heatherington areas have made a change in the management.

John Browne (Miner Browne) is in town.

There are some beautiful specimens of marble from the Walton quarry on view in a window on Hollis Street. The marble takes a beautiful polish and is a most valuable ornamental stone. Revd. Mr. McNab, Wm. McNab and Doctor Weeks, of Newport, are large owners in the quarry.

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

District.	MILL.	Qtz. Crushed.	Ozs. Gold.
Uniacke.....	Phoenix ..	225	29½
S. Uniacke.....	Withrow ..	30	129½
Brookfield.....	Philadelphia G. M. Co.....	105	74
Salmon River.....	Dufferin.....	600	103
Ecum Secum.....	Enreka.....	119	33½
Sherbrooke.....	Miners.....	330	57½
Sherbrooke.....	Goldenville.....	60	2½
Oldham.....	Oldham G. M. Co.....	115	114½
Moose River.....	Moose River G. M. Co.....	105	15½
Lake Catcha.....	Oxford.....	199	67½
Central Rawdon.....	Northrup G. M. Co.....	50	71
Montague.....	Annand.....	104	315½
Molega.....	Parker & Douglass Co.....	146	52½
*Moose River.....	Touquoy.....	408	17½
S. Uniacke.....	Thompson.....	33	82½
Whiteburn.....	McGuire & Co.....	28	74½
Stormont.....	Rockland Mill.....	227	148½
Renfrow.....	Free Claims.....	51	71½
Harrigan Cove.....	N. Brunswick.....	10	3

*Surface stuff.

We will conclude our extracts from the Report on the "Mining and Mineral Statistics of Canada for the year 1888" by quoting the remarks on lime and cement.

LIME.

As in the case of the building stone returns, it has been found impossible to obtain full returns of the amount of lime manufactured throughout the Dominion, but it is estimated that there was 2,500,000 bushels valued at about \$375,000.

Direct returns received at this office give the following result:—

Province.	Number of returns.	Bushels.	Value.
Ontario.....	59	1,296,343	\$169,194
Quebec.....	7	356,646	61,489
Nova Scotia.....	About 10	29,450	6,480
New Brunswick.....	7	440,225	82,993
Prince Edward Island.....	2	20,300	6,075
Manitoba.....	5	57,600	8,940
North-West Territories.....	2	3,200	880
British Columbia.....	1	13,000	3,900
Totals.....	93	3,216,764	\$339,951

CEMENT.

Direct returns show a production of cement amounting to 50,668 barrels valued at \$35,593, a decrease from the previous year of 19,175 barrels and \$46,316. This is supposed to represent very nearly the total production of the Dominion.

In the following table will be found the exports of lime and cement:—

Province.	1887.	1888.
Ontario.....	\$ 4,260	\$12,262
Quebec.....	83	398
Nova Scotia.....	142	278
New Brunswick.....	77,518	97,318
Prince Edward Island.....	4
Manitoba.....	241
British Columbia.....	4
Totals.....	\$82,261	\$110,256

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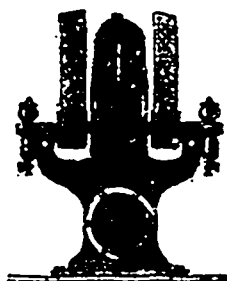
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D. C. EDWARDS,
 Secretary.

Halifax, N. S., September 20th, 1889.

IN THE SUPREME COURT,

1889 A. No. 3083

In the matter of the Petition of Charles Cogswell, Assignee of Edward Villiers-Raynes, for the foreclosure and sale of lands mortgaged by James Butler and Mary Butler, his wife, both now deceased intestate, to the said Edward Villiers-Raynes.

be Sold by the Sheriff of the County of Halifax or his Deputy, on TUESDAY the 3rd day of December, 1889, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the Supreme Court House in the City of Halifax, pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made in the above suit or proceeding on the 29th day of October, 1889, unless before the day of sale the representative duly appointed herein on behalf of the Estate of the said Mortgagors, deceased intestate, shall pay to the said Petitioner or his Solicitor, the amount due the Petitioner for principal, interest and costs, on the mortgage sought to be foreclosed herein:

All the estate, right, title, interest, and equity of redemption of the above-named James Butler in his lifetime, the original Mortgage, and of all persons claiming by, through or under him, of, in, to, upon, or out of all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of

LAND,

situate in Halifax, and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at the north-western corner boundary of the premises formerly owned by John Esou, and lately by William Wisdom, on Duke Street, and thence westerly forty-five feet more or less, thence running south in a straight line until it comes to the property of Peter Morrisay, thence running by the lines of said Morrisay's property and the property formerly owned by Mr. Minns, until it reaches the south-west corner boundary of the premises lately owned by the said William Wisdom, thence running north by the lines of said premises to Duke Street aforesaid, together with the buildings, easements, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said lot of land belonging or in anywise appertaining, and the reversions, remainders, rents, issues, and profits thereof.

Terms—Ten per cent at sale, remainder on delivery of the deed.
 DONALD ARCHIBALD,
 High Sheriff County of Halifax.
 WALLACE McDONALD, Solicitor of Plaintiff.
 Dated at Halifax the 29th October, 1889.

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 400 cases very old Scotch and Irish WHISKIES, distinguished for age, flavor and "boquet."
 250 cases Holland, Plymouth, and London "Old Tom" GIN.
 75 cases choice Old Jamaica RUM.
 120 dozen very old Rye and Bourbon WHISKEY.
 200 fine old Port, Sherry and Marsala WINES—choice brands and vintage.
 250 cases Hennessy's fine old BRANDIES.
 500 dozen, pints and quarts, Bass's and Younger's finest PALE ALE.
 250 dozen, pints and quarts, Guinness's STOUT.
 100 dozen Dublin and Belfast GINGER ALE, a fine sparkling summer drink.
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 HALIFAX, N. S.

THE PLAY AT OUTAWAY.

Outaway is so unimportant a place that it is not to be found on most of the maps. One never hears of it in the winter beyond its own limits, but in the summer it is sought after by those who like their rural felicity without frill, furbelow or folly. The hotels at Outaway are not grand and given to too much piazza. The city people who go there have no desire to exhibit dress, but to enjoy their ease in the refreshing mountain air. The great event of the day was the arrival and the departure of the single train, and the grand events of the season, the Annual Strawberry and Ice Cream blow-out of the Presbyterian Meeting folks and the Peach Festival of the Methodists. The amusements of the strangers within the gates, and the denizens of the quiet burgh, were confined to pedestrian tramps over mountain tops, fishing excursions, croquet and lawn tennis.

Shows of any kind rarely came to Outaway. Showmen are a shrewd folk, and they were shy of the town, and it was well that they were. The people from the city had seen the best of things, and the Presbyterians and the Methodists of the town frowned upon the play, and countenanced nothing more dramatic at the Town Hall than a meeting of the voters or a Sunday-school exhibition. Therefore, it was with a good deal of surprise that Outaway awoke one beautiful morning to see billed on shed and barn-side "Lotta, the charming soubrette; for one night only." No one who was a permanent resident of the town had ever heard of Lotta, but they admired the pictures. The agent was a young man who talked and smoked incessantly. The landlord where he stopped, who had been to Boston, remarked that he would make a fortune as an auctioneer. It is in evidence that he made a favorable impression on the taverner, for he at once established a credit at the bar. The landlord was also an authority on shows, and he volunteered his private opinion.

"This town ain't much on theyeers, but when Stone & Murray's circus came here they carried away all the money there was in town."

The agent explained that Lotta was "the greatest in her line in the business, as rich as mud, and just travelling for her health and to see the country." He further stated that the lady would begin her summer season here, and arrive several days in advance to rehearse her company. The landlord saw an increased revenue in that and was glad.

"The New York Dramatic Company, supporting Lotta," as the bills said, arrived. The Lotta of the troupe was a pale, wan woman, the wife of the proprietor, and bore no resemblance to the lithographs and pictures that had been so liberally bespread on barn, wall and building. A single rehearsal was held at the Town Hall, and then the Lotta of the players took to her bedroom sick. The landlord's wife was one of those kind New England mortals who has an herb remedy for every ill that human flesh is heir to.

"Just tell you what it is," said the good mother; "there is no use of talking about play-acting; you've got to dose up with boneset and take a rest; 'spose you've been galvinating around the country from pillar to post!"

The sick actress confessed, with ever so feeble a smile, that she had. Ladies in the house took an interest in the sick woman, especially a red-headed little woman who was spending the summer with her mother at the tavern. This sorrel-topped little spirit learned much of the career of the unfortunate actress. To her the invalid said: "I have always barn-stormed; I never played a city engagement in my life. At times my husband has been very successful, especially with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*."

The little woman with a red head broke out in a merry laugh at that. The sick woman could neither laugh nor smile; to her it was too serious a subject. She continued:—

"But the donkey died."
 Then the petite visitor fairly shouted.

"And some one poisoned the bloodhounds."
 "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I shall die; I know I shall," screamed the visitor, as she rocked to and fro in her chair, and clapped her hands. So soon as she could restrain herself, she rattled:—

"And I suppose that you had two Topsyies, two Uncle Toms, two Marks the Lawyers and two little Evas?"

The sick woman nodded assent, to which her visitor cried:

"How ridiculous!"
 "It was dreadful," returned the sick woman, recalling the calamity which had befallen her husband and herself.

"Oh, it must have been awful!" laughed the little woman with the fiery locks; "now, if they had only killed the company, what a blessing it would have been." Then, remembering herself, she stooped down and kissed the pale face and said: "I'm sorry I plagued you, but it is all so funny to me."
 The invalid resumed her relation:—

"After that we tried *Ten Nights in a Barroom*, but it wouldn't go, and we lost all we had made on Uncle Tomming. We got this party together, and here I am; but I must get up and play, or all these poor people will be stranded here."

"No; you won't do any such thing;" and when the red-headed fairy said that she put her foot down—and a little foot it was—firm and hard.

"But I must."
 "But you shan't, as they say in the slang, and that settles it. I'll play it myself; and if I don't play to more money than you could, why, why, you can have my head for a football, and there's more slang for you."

The next day the rehearsal took place, and the little woman with the red head assumed the protean roles of the advertised Lotta. In five minutes after she stepped on the little stage of the Town Hall she was making everyone stand around and move at her beck and say, instead of that of the stage-and-otherwise manager.

When the rehearsal was over, the manager said patronizingly:—
 "Miss, I think that you will be almost as good as my wife in that part."

"You don't say!" returned the fairy of the fiery looks.

"Yes; I do say," responded the manager; "and if my wife does not recover speedily, I can offer you a remunerative engagement for the summer, as well as the ensuing season."

"Not at my terms," interrupted the provoking minx, roguishly.

"What are your terms?" he asked.

"A dollar a minute," was the saucy reply; and with that she ran off to the hotel to join her mother in a visit to the sick room.

Contrary to all precedent, Outaway turned out for once to "a show;" and those in the audience who had been in Boston declared that they had never seen anything better, even at the "Hub."

For some reason which the townspeople did not understand, the city folks were out in force. It was observable that the city people applauded with their hands, and the Outaway folks pounded on the floor with their well-shod feet. The protean star of the evening hastened from the Town Hall to the sick room to carry the news of the triumphs of the night to the invalid. Both laughed; then both cried; it is just as easy to shed tears for joy as for sorrow.

"I want to confess one thing," said the sick woman, "I did not letta that was part of a letter I wrote to you, and I'm billed in the next issue for it. I'm sorry it was wrong, but we were so hard up."

The little red-headed woman let out a merry peal of laughter. Then upon the invalid forced a smile, and exclaimed:—

"But you are just as bad as I am; you-fooled the people."

"Oh, no; indeed I did not."

"You didn't," was the incredulous interruption.

"Certainly not; I am Charlotte Crabtree, the red Lotus of the stage."

OUR COSY CORNER.

STYLISH COLORS FOR GOWNS.—Among the new colors Eifel red is promised a run on account of its name; it is a deep brick red, having a dash of terra cotta, but cannot prove becoming to any complexion. Buffalo is a rich medium red, Virgil is a bright shade, Rosewood a purplish red, Ten a flaming shade, Imperial a deep tint, and Titian a yellowish red. Red is the most prominent color of the season, green, lilac, brown, gray and blue following. Cythere is a pale green, Réveda a grayish green, Tilleul a light yellow green, Lizard a bluish tint, Lilden a pale gray shade, Verdetta a dark leaf green, Ecorce a grayish green, also Rhone and Sage; Serpente is of a blue gray green, if such a combination can be imagined. Vieux Rose remains a faded pink, while Rose Fane is of the same style though brighter. Orchid is a pinkish mauve, Voal a reddish pink, and Camilla a very deep shade. Mikel is a bluish gray, Silver and steel are clear shades. Boa and Serpent are greenish grays. Afrique is a red brown, Chestnut and Vandyke golden browns, Chataigne a dark oak shade, and Kairon a yellow brown. Citron is a bright yellow, Or rouge, a red gold, Pearl, grayish white, Opal, milk white, Silver white, a pale gray white, Viollette, purplish lavender, Iris, blue plum, Burned brandy, brown lilac, and Lilac, a pale plum, having a tint of pink. Saxe is a deep blue, Ciladon, a greenish shade, Russian a dark tint, Gris Bleu a steely blue, Granite a gray blue, Quaker a clear shade, and Neptune a dark grayish tint.—EMMA M. HOOPER in *Ladies' Home Journal* for November.

FALL BONNETS FOR WOMEN.—A very pretty bonnet for dressy occasions, has a flat crown, fitting close to the head in the back, with a very wide, very flaring brim. One of this shape is in velvet of the shade of green called verdigris, trimmed with *coquille* of *point applique* lace, supported by *noeuds* of velvet ribbon, same shade; the flaring brim is lined with *crepe*, in anemone pink, shirred, and a wreath of soft roses, same shade, forms the face trimming; strings of velvet ribbon, coming from the back, tie under the chin.

Another new shape is a modification of the Marie Stuart bonnet exceedingly becoming to some faces.

The fashion of having the bonnet or hat match the costume, making a complete *ensemble*, is again *a la mode*, and the execution of good taste. The little *toques* and *capotes* are so simply made that a lady with ordinary ingenuity and taste can supply herself with several, to match different costumes, at surprisingly small expense.

Toques, bordered and trimmed with fur to match the cloak or costume, are of simple construction, but elegant, if becoming. A Russian *toque*—pointed in front—with a border of the heavy, short, close-clipped ostrich-feather trimming, and ornamented with round pompons of the same, is extremely *chic*, especially in all black. *Toques* are entirely of wings, one laid over the other around the crown, and several standing at the proper angle in front, supported by velvet bows.

Galloons of chenille, combined with metal beads, form an effective border on velvet bonnets of a darker contrasting shade.

Chantilly and *point lace barbes* are used on velvet bonnets and hats. The rounded ends have a fine, invisible wire attached to make them stand in place. They are arranged in a graceful bow, or to resemble a butterfly, the ends forming the wings.

One pretty round hat of black velvet has large jet ornaments, in shape of a palm-leaf, let in around both brim and crown, giving an open-work effect.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

HOW TO CLEAN IVORY.—Ivory ornaments are quickly cleaned by brushing them with a sharp, not very new toothbrush to which a little soap is given; then rinse in lukewarm water. Next dry the ornaments and continue to brush till the lustre reappears, which can be increased by pouring a little alcohol upon the brush. Should the article have become yellow, dry it in a gentle heat and it will regain its original appearance.

M A P S I

MACKINLAY'S MAP OF MARITIME PROVINCES,
5 ft. 0 in. x 4 ft. 0 in.

MACKINLAY'S MAP OF NIWA SCOTIA
3 ft. 3 in x 2 ft. 8 in.

MACKINLAY'S POCKET MAP OF N. S.,
2 ft. 6 in. x 2 ft.

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CHESS.

The proprietors of THE CRITIC offer two prizes—to consist of books on Chess—to those subscribers who shall send in the greatest number of correct solutions during the current year. No entrance fee required.

CHESS NEWS.

A Chess Club was organized in this city on the 19th inst at the rooms of the Church of England Institute.

Officers were appointed and weekly meetings for play arranged.

Members meet on Friday evenings and on Tuesday afternoons.

The officers are John T. Wyld, President, Harry Borradaile, Secty., Dr. Allison, J. Dewolf, W. Hetewman, Committee of management.

We wish the club every success.

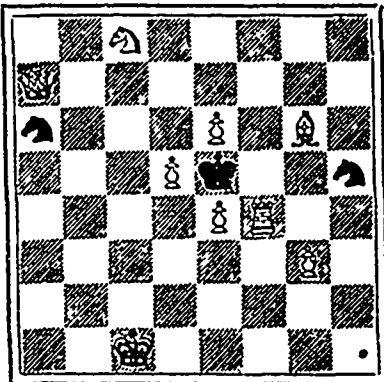
Solution to Problem No. 106, B to R4. Solved by J. W. Wallace and Mrs. H. Mosley.

PROBLEM No. 108.

By T. Taverner, Bolton, England.

From Montreal Gazette.

BLACK 3 pieces.

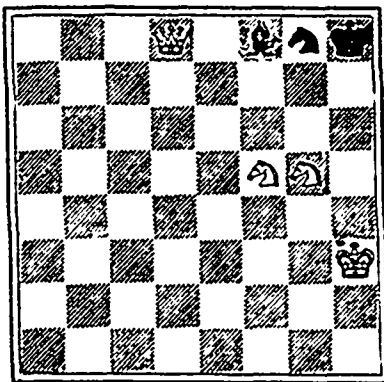


WHITS 9 pieces.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

Corrected diagram of No. 107, 3 mover.

BLACK 3 pieces.



WHITE 4 pieces.

White to play and mate in 3 moves.

GAME No. 89.

Played at the Breslau Tournament.

WHITE	BLACK
Dr. S. Tarrasch.	Mr. I. Gunsberg.
1 P to K4	P to K4
2 Kt to KB3	Kt to QB3
3 Kt to QB3	P to KKt3
4 B to B4	B to Kt2
5 P to QR3 (a)	P to Q3
6 P to Q3	B to K3
7 B takes B	P takes B
8 B to Kt5	KKt to K2
9 Kt to K2	Castles
10 Q to Q2	Q to K
11 B to R6	Kt to Q
12 B takes B	K takes B
13 Kt to Kt3	P to B4 (b)
14 Q to K3 (c)	R to QB
15 Kt to Q2	Kt to Kt
16 Kt to QB4	Kt to B2

17 P to QR4	Kt to B3
18 Castles KR	P to KKt4
19 Q to K2	QR to Q
20 KR to K	Kt to R
21 Q to Q2	Q to Kt3
22 P to Kt4 (d)	P to Kt3
23 P to Kt5	Kt to B2
24 P to R5	Kt to Q2
25 P takes P	P takes P
26 R to R7	P to R4
27 R to Kt7	P to Kt5
28 Kt to B	K to R
29 Q to K3	P to R5
30 K to R	P to Q4
31 Kt takes KtP	P to Q5
32 Q to K2	Kt takes Kt
33 R takes Kt	R to QKt
34 R takes R	R takes R
35 R to QKt	Kt to Q3
36 P to Kt6	Kt to B
37 P to KB3	P takes P
38 Q takes P	K to Kt2
39 Kt to Q2 (e)	R takes P
40 R to KB	Kt to Q3
41 Kt to B4	Resigns. (f)

NOTES.

a Played, probably, to prevent the Bishop being driven out of play, or exchanged for the Knight.

b Weakening the Centre Pawns.

c Preparing the way for the entrance of the Kt at QB4.

d White now makes preparations for an advantageous break on the Queen's side, which Black is unable to prevent.

e The ending is played by the Doctor in capital style.

f If Black now takes the Kt White plays Q to B8 ch, afterwards checking with the R winning the Q; but White cannot then take the Kt on account of the threatened mate, so that there was considerable play left—Gazette.

DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

The proprietors of THE CRITIC offer two prizes—to consist of books on Checkers—to those subscribers who shall send in the greatest number of correct solutions during the current year. No entrance fee required.

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM 142.—The position was:—Black men 18, 21, 23, king 14; white men 3, kings 7, 27; white to play and draw.

27 24	22-26	20 24	23-26
18-22	16 20	15-18	30 23
7 11	26-31	28 32	21-25
14-10	24 28	18-22	drawn
11 16	10-15	32 28	

GAME XXXVII.—SOUTER.

Played between Messrs. Granville and Lynch at the late team match at Shubenscadie, the former playing first:

11-15	14-17	14-17	11-16
23 19	21 14	19 15	17 14
9-14	9-18	17-26	15-19
22 17	26 23	30 23	22 26
6-9	18-27	32-28	19-24
17 13	32 23	15 10	14 10
2-6	5-9	6-15	16-20
25 22	23 18	11 18	23 19
8-11	1-7-11	3-7	24-27
29 25	20 16	13 6	31 24
4-8	11-27	1-10	20-27
24 20	18 4	25 22	10 7
15-24	27-32	7-11	27-31
28 19	4 8	22 17	26 23
11-15	10-14	10-15	drawn.
27 24	8 11	18 22	

VAR. I.

As played between Messrs. Forsythe and Forbes in the same match.

8-11	14-18	12-22	27-23
31 26	17 14	6 2	11 4

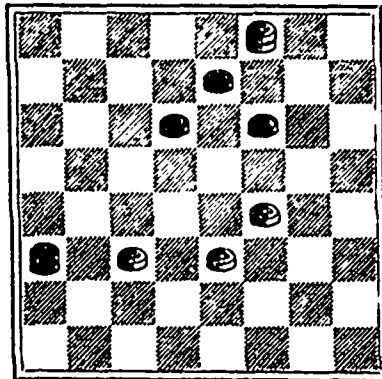
10-14	10-17	22-26	15-11
19 10	21 14	20 16	6 10
14-23	18-23 a	3-8	23-19
26 19	14 9	2 6	10 14
7-14	23-27	26-31	19-15
25 21	30 26	6 10	14 9
11-15	27-32	31-27	12-16
19 10	26 23	24 20	Black
6-15	32-28	28-24 (Forsythe)	wins.
13 6	23 19	10 6	
1-10	15-18	24-15	
22 17	9 6	16 11	

This is very badly played, as it gave white the opportunity of securing a draw by 2 7; 26-31 was the proper move, as it would have forced the win.

PROBLEM No. 144.

The following neat position is from a late issue of the Daily Recorder.

Black men 7, 10, 11, king 21.



White men 19, 22, 23, king 3.

A postal card will easily hold the solution. Are there a score of players in Nova Scotia who will each send a card?

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LIST OF PRIZES.

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

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