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## THE CRITIC,

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

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The truculent elephant "Chief," who, it is said, has killed no less than seven men, did not, after all, afford a test of the strength of electric currents, as it was said he was to do. A very extraordinary method of execution was substituted. By hard work a noose was got round his neck. Two of Forepaugh's most powerful elephants were fastened to the ends of the rope on either side, and made to pull together. In twenty seconds "Chief" dropped to the ground a perfectly garrotted elephant.

A monster 111 ton gun, recently manufactured in Germany, is stated to carry its projectiles a distance of 20 miles. As a 200 ton gun, building in England, is only said to have a range of 15 miles, the longer distance may admit of a doubt. But the flight of shot for even less distances than those named, means tremendous impact and penetrating power at shorter, but still very long ranges. The powers of artillery attack, indeed, seem to be gaining so decidedly on the possibilities of protection by armor, that there is a growing probability of the ultimate abandonment, or at least modification, of the armor system.

We have more than once referred to the shameful imposition in the Upper Provinces of a rate of discount on the notes of Maritime Province Banks. The Halifax Banking Company has, it appears, effected an arrangement with Molson's Bank, Montreal, by which the notes, at all events, of these banks will be interchangeable without the charge levied by the other banking institutions. The discount is an indefensible exaction. The Maritime Provinces could not be worse treated in this respect if they were foreign countries instead of Provinces of the same Federation.

A remarkable feature connected with the singularly rapid rise of the tide of prosperity in the Argentine Republic, is the disturbance of the industrial world by the phenomenal growth of its demands, which have actually caused securities to fall on the European stock exchanges, and the Bank of England to raise its rate of interest. Argentine borrowings have risen to such huge proportions that they have exhausted the spare gold of Europe, and are now tapping the vast hoards of the United States, which, some American papers complain, are to be used to build up a new rival to their farming community in the markets of the world.

The Halifax Post Office has been greatly improved in many important respects within the past few years, it evidently being the aim of the postmaster to fully meet the wants of the public. There is still one improvement needed, and that is a better arrangement for the sale of stamps. The stamp window is in or near a corner, and, on English mail days, stamp buyers are packed like sardines in a box in their rush to get to the window. Having secured their stamps they then have to struggle out through the crowd, a most unpleasant performance, especially to ladies. The crowding and confusion might be avoided by the erection of a railing, so that only one person at a time could approach the window and pass out free of the crowd. The difficulty could, of course, be avoided by laying in a supply of stamps, or purchasing them at some of the numerous outside depots, but nine persons out of ten never think of this, and as this is likely to remain the case, something should be done to provide for their comfort.

The appointment, by the Local Government, of a very strong commission to enquire into the question of legal costs, has drawn considerable comment, for and against, from the *Chronicle* and the *Herald*. As there seems to have been some dissatisfaction with the alleged high schedule of costs now in force, we think the Government have made a wise concession to the public in granting the appointment of a commission. A searching investigation into the question by the experts now appointed, will certainly result in good, and, we think, will have a tendency to disabuse the public mind of its now erroneous opinion that Solicitors and Barristers are overpaid, as there never was a greater mistake. There may be some unnecessary costs in the way of printed cases and court fees, and reforms may be introduced in the method of taxing costs that may result in considerable saving to litigants, but we believe that it will find really very little requiring alteration. The main good accomplished by the commission will be in proving to the public that legal costs and fees are not so exorbitant, as it has been led to believe. The *Echo*, in announcing the names of the commission, speaks of Mr. Henry as President of the Barristers' Society, which is erroneous, as Mr. C. Sydney Harrington has the honor to hold that position, Mr. Henry being Vice-President.

Christmas has come and gone, let us hope with merriment and happiness to all. We have of late years seen several "green" Christmases, but that of 1888 has perhaps been more remarkable than any that have preceded it for many years for the extreme fineness and mildness of the weather. It can scarcely be doubted that some slow and gradual change in the nature of the seasons has actually taken place within the last 50 or 60 years. The average temperature of the year is not much affected, nor, happily, does it retard or diminish our harvests, but that the winter, at least in its early part, is milder than of old, at all events on the sea coast, can scarcely be doubted. Whether we suffer from a proportionate prolongation of cold into the spring may also be a question, but there can be none as to the relief to poor people of mild weather 'till after the New Year, which we sincerely hope may prove one of happiness and prosperity to all classes and individuals, so far as the dispensations of Providence may permit. For any alleviation of the sufferings and discomforts of extreme cold to those who are ill provided for it, all classes feel thankful, and we only hope the weather may continue as it is 'till the New Year; there is plenty of time, to those to whom it is an enjoyment, to enjoy cold after New Year's day, and then, however cold it may be, the long hours of darkness shorten day by day.

Nearly all the greatest scholars and teachers in England have united in protesting against the evils of the present system of education, and more especially those of the complicated system of examinations, and the "cramming" process they entail. There is no doubt that many of the questions propounded at examinations are frivolous, and useless for any purpose, unless it be as an exercise of memory. We remember one, as to the name of an obscure river in Tasmania, if we remember rightly, of which no one on earth would be likely to know anything except a denizen of the immediate neighborhood of it. We have read a series of questions on English grammar, most of which were such as might puzzle many an excellent English scholar, if it were only by natural annoyance at their frivolous "catch-question" nature, and which might yet be answered by dull students, into whom the useless stuff had been ground. It is so in every branch. Not sound knowledge, but a successful examination is the end and aim of the preparatory cramming, and even the little sound knowledge there may be in a course of cramming is not abiding. It would seem that competitive examinations, if they cannot be got rid of, must be modified. The German Universities, which turn out scholarly and thoughtful men, do without them, and they are unknown to Michigan University.

The members of the North West Assembly, after hearing Lieutenant-Governor Royal's closing speech the other day, adjourned singing "God Save the Queen." The *Empire* remarks, "they will be calling this a British country next."

The Jersey Lily (now, we should imagine, somewhat overblown,) seems to have met with a decided snub when she recently proposed to honor certain Ottawa festivities with her presence, and, it is said, had to be informed that her presence was undesirable. It is impossible to imagine what else she could expect.

Surely the American jingoes are off their heads with bumptiousness and conceit. Of their meddling there is no end. The redoubtable Senator Frye, not finding immediate cause for declaring war against Canada, smells blood in the South Pacific, and, true to his belligerent instincts, wants to "go for" Germany on account of her proceedings at Samoa, and for England for not "going for" Germany. Why did not this man of war enlist and take a trip to Hayti, when there was a faint possibility of a sniff of gunpowder?

The recent action of the Pope seems to have aroused a strong feeling of indignation among Irish Catholics, who consider their fidelity to the church ill recompensed by the Pontiff's refusal to bless medals and relics for distribution in Ireland, and that he should permit the faithful to conduct their political affairs in their own way. It is believed the affair will only lead to a more determined agitation against landlords and English rule. The broad question of morality, on which His Holiness is unquestionably and clearly right, is evidently of no weight whatever with the agitators.

The following is an extract from a lecture on "Continental Unity," recently addressed to a large audience in the Boston Music Hall by Mr. W. H. Murray:—"How the union can take place is a matter for future consideration. I need not consider it—you need not. Canada has not thought herself to that point. Until she does we have nothing to do with her or her problems. She is intelligent; let her decide her own best course for herself." Exactly; all we desire is that the impertinent meddlers and propagandists of the United States will leave us alone to manage our own business.

We are surprised to learn that the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress view with distrust the introduction of manual training into the public schools. We think it will be a grievous mistake if the workmen of Canada allow themselves to be persuaded to oppose this great educational reform. To train the hands and brains of youth to skilful manipulation of tools and appliances is not to teach a trade, but simply to develop alike the faculties of mind and body, that the future man may be enabled fully to exercise both. "It must be," says the *Week*, "that the Labor Congress misapprehends the kind and scope of the manual training proposed."

Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, has been encouraged by the specious Mr. Wiman, Professor Goldwin Smith, and the disaffected portion of the Canadian press, to bring in a series of resolutions for what he is now pleased to term the "assimilation" of Canada. After referring to various sources of community of interest he assumes a "substantial identity of governmental systems." This is an utterly erroneous assumption. The constitutions of the two countries are in many important respects entirely dissimilar, and, *pace* Mr. Butterworth, Canada infinitely prefers her own institutions. Mr. Butterworth is no doubt sincere in his convictions, and has the decency to eschew offensive language, but all the same his propositions are, like those of more violent propagandists, distasteful and insulting to Canada to an extreme degree.

France bears the burden of the heaviest public debt of any country in the world, amounting to \$6,000,000,000, the yearly charge on which for interest, sinking fund, annuities, etc., is about \$258,000,000. This enormous burden is, moreover, continually on the increase, owing to the vast armaments the "armed peace" of Europe compels her to maintain. The debt of Great Britain seems quite moderate by comparison, being \$3,612,441,000. Italy comes next with \$2,207,515,000, and after her Russia with \$2,174,159,000. Spain, in view of her general condition of backwardness, is perhaps more heavily weighted than either of the other countries, her debt amounts to \$1,158,242,000. That of the United States is but about \$60,000 greater than that of Spain, and in reality does not count at all, owing to her enormous power of paying it off.

A "Militiaman," who is exercised about water-bottles, writes on that subject now and then to the daily press. We are also impressed, not only with water-bottles, but with the whole equipment question, and are anxious to see something done in the matter. But when our Militia friend pitches into Brigade Majors as "fifth wheels to a coach," he is going beyond his knowledge. The staff is pretty well cut down to the barest efficiency as it is. In any large district, and they are all large, it would be impossible for the D. A. G.'s to get through their work without the assistance of a Brigade Major. An extreme economy has been instituted in imposing the duties of a D. A. G. on the Commandants of Schools in their Districts. In one of these there is no Brigade Major. The very necessary work of inspecting armories, etc., is simply not done in that District, and that means great possible loss to the public from want of supervision. If our Militia friend knew the amount of work got through by Col. MacShane, and the care and pains with which it is done, he would not think a Brigade Major a fifth wheel.

It might be inferred from a quotation given from Mr. Murray's lecture on "Continental Unity," that its tone was reasonable. This would be a false impression to convey. The lecture was full to overflowing of the insolent assumption that the United States is to be the only North American power. "We have a right to grow here unchecked by any other power, and the whole of this continent from ocean to ocean will, must, shall, in the fullness of time come under the banner of this God-raised-up Republic." This is the tone of Mr. Murray's lecture, and it is to be observed that the particular passage quoted was greeted with "loud applause." If this cheap legislator had substituted "God-forsaken" for "God-raised up," he would have been nearer the truth.

Whether it is poverty, or freak, or only a reasonable desire to add to means, or whatever the cause may be, the number of fashionable women going into business in London is increasing in a remarkable manner. Lady Granville-Gordon, Lady Loftus, wife of the ex-Ambassador to Russia, Mrs. Kerr, Lord Dunraven's sister-in-law, and about half a dozen others are mentioned as having recently swelled the business roll of fashionable folk. Dressmaking, hats and bonnets, and bric-a-brac are naturally the businesses selected, the latter being confined to one instance. We fancy the Buonaparte Princess who started a Court modiste's business in Regent St. some few years ago, (and made a pile of money at it,) was the medium of suggestion to impetuous upper-tendom that such things might be done, and if so much is done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry?

American eccentricity shows no sign of a return to common sense. American actors are now clamoring for protection against "the pauper actors of England." The *Boston Weekly Globe* pokes some fun at this sort of thing. It suggests that native genius should be protected also against the pauper plays of England, and against Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, though it admits it would be rather hard on the public who would have to sit and listen to the American substitutes. In fact, says the *Globe*, "why should not everybody be protected? Let's protect the actors, and the clergymen, and the composers, and the pugilists. Let's forbid European books, sink the ships and the big steamers that threaten to ruin us by bringing things from Europe. Let's cut the Atlantic cables. Let's shut ourselves up like China, the original high protection country, and insist on supplying our own wants exclusively with our own labor, though we starve to death doing it." In all her career America has never made herself so complete a laughing stock for the nations as she has done within this year of grace. It is to be hoped the new year may bring to her some return of reason and decency.

There is said to be in Labrador a cataract which, if what little is known about it at all approaches correctness, in some respects excels Niagara. The Labrador Indians tell marvellous stories about these falls, but as they believe them to be haunted, and cannot be induced to approach them, their evidence is not very reliable. They were, however, actually visited in 1839 by Maclean, whose further progress into the interior was stopped by them. Maclean gives the breadth of the river immediately above the falls at 1500 feet, but says the actual cataract is not more than 150 feet across; their height, however, he estimates at 2000 feet. Messrs. Holme, (F. R. G. S.) and Duff, (a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford,) recently attempted to reach the falls, but failed, owing to erroneous calculations as to distances, and to their running short of provisions. These gentlemen met with a half-breed named Kennedy, who knew the country, and endorsed Maclean's description of the falls. If these accounts are borne out, this cataract takes rank with Niagara and the falls of the Zambesi in Central Africa. These latter are 400 feet in depth, and the water falls into a chasm, the opposite side of which confronts the stream with a wall of basalt. One of the Zambesi falls is only 100 feet broad, but the other two are each about half a mile wide, and both these and Niagara, therefore, greatly exceed the Labrador cataract in width, but their height is altogether dwarfed by it. Exploration having been once attempted, we shall probably soon hear more about this interesting subject.

We cannot too often call attention to the danger of the civic elections being controlled by the payers of a paltry poll tax, who, in many cases, have very little interest in the welfare of the city. In fact, so little interest have they, that in known cases candidates for aldermanic honors have been able to purchase votes by the payment of poll taxes, thus defeating prominent candidates, who, to use a hackneyed term, have a "stake in the community." The trouble arises through the now unnecessary provision in the new Assessment Act, that no rate payer shall be permitted to vote who has not paid all his taxes at least thirty days before an election. Small property owners, who in many cases are most intelligent voters, are not always in a position to pay their taxes (which are likely to range from ten to fifteen dollars and upwards,) in time to secure their vote, and hundreds are disfranchised on this account. Under the present lien law their real estate is responsible for their taxes, and the city is sure of collecting them sooner or later, so that there is no longer the same reason to enforce the payment of taxes within a limited time that existed previous to the passing of that law, and the clause should be expunged from the Act. Large property owners are in even a worse position, as if their total taxes amount to say \$1000 on properties scattered through the city, they may have paid \$900 and still have no vote, and, as a result, numbers have no voice in the civic elections. Alderman Keefe, and, we believe, Mayor O'Mulvan, are in favor of repealing the clause, and the Council and Ratepayers Association should at once agitate the abolishment of a restriction which tends to disenfranchise many of the most intelligent of our citizens.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you're pushed hard," as the idle boy said to the needle.

The Arab who invented alcohol died 900 years ago, and a Kansas prohibitionist claims that he would be alive yet had he never tasted it.

A great memory is oftentimes a great nuisance. A person with a gift of language and a photographic recollection of details must have rare judgment and taste not to be a bore in social intercourse.

**THE OFF'UN**—Driver (to quiet stranger on suburban road)—"Hi mister, jest hold that there horse's head for a minute while I get down, will yer?" Stranger (nervously)—"Wh-wh-which one?" Driver—"Why, the off'un, to be sure." Stranger—"My good man, I am totally unacquainted with horses, and it is quite impossible for me to tell which of your animals is an orphan."

The London press has recently been discussing the question as to whether marriage is or is not a failure. The question to our mind can only be settled by personal experience, and hence we advise our younger readers to marry and thus give the question a practical test. For our own part we think that the failure of bachelors and middle aged spinsters to have entered the state of conjugal bliss is as well worthy of public consideration.

A stout, elderly lady was hanging by a strap and casting black looks at an inoffensive but ungallant dude who sat sucking the end of his cane; a sudden lurch of the car flung the lady upon him with great force. "Say, dash it, don't you know," exclaimed the youth, "you've crushed my foot to jelly?" "It's not the first time I've made calf's foot jelly!" retorted the woman severely, as he vanished and she prepared to sit down.

**NOT IN SOCIETY**—A witty judge in Dublin, who had known Mr. Morley pretty well when he was Chief Secretary in Ireland, met him somewhere, it is said, on the occasion of the Ripon-Morley demonstration, and was accosted by the philosopher thus: "We don't meet so often now, judge; and, indeed, I fear you don't often come across men of my views and ideas." "Troth and I do, Mr. Morley, very often indeed," was the immediate reply; "not in society, though, but in the dock."

It has been a great mystery to many young persons why the dark, rich colored wood so much used for furniture should be called "rosewood." Its deep tinted, ruddy-streaked surface certainly does not resemble the rose, so we must seek some other reason for the name. Here it is: when the tree is first cut, the fresh wood exhales a very strong, rose like fragrance, which soon passes away, leaving no trace of the peculiar odour. There are several varieties of rose-wood trees; the best, however, are those found in South America, the East Indies, and neighbouring islands.

A man dressed in Tyrolese costume entered the shop of the principal barber in Innsbruck, sat down in a chair and made a sign that he desired to be shaved. The proprietor of the establishment, seeing a rough looking fellow clad in the national *Joppe* reclining on the velvet plush, requested him to "get." "We don't serve peasants here; this is a saloon for gentlemen." The stranger rose with a smile. "Very well," he said, "but oblige me, in case my adjutant comes in, by telling him that I have gone to be shaved by your rival across the street. I am the Archduke Joseph."

The regret which imbues the "Idvls" is not only that of the nonfulfilment of personal aspirations; its mainspring lies deep in the heart of the times, and embodies the sincere emotion of one-half of thinking Europe, who, standing on debatable ground amid the wrecks of old social systems and beliefs, look fearfully into the future. To these, the traitors and heathen who overcame Arthur in that "Last weird battle in the West" signify the disturbing forces at work in modern society, the savages whom we are raising among us to hasten the downfall of modern civilization, as the hordes of outlying barbarians did that of Rome—a coming overthrow due to the decline of faith in that blameless King and Order of Nobility, of whom Arthur and his Round Table are but symbols.—*The American Magazine.*

Mrs. Slick is one of those decided women who ill brook the slow easy-going ways of some country swains, and on one occasion she was impelled to speak her mind to one of her would-be admirers in her own straight-forward fashion. This is what occurred. Tommy Silent, a young, but by no means an enterprising farmer, had been attentive to Jane for many months. He had waited upon her regularly after prayer-meeting and singing school, and had acted and assumed the role of a lover, but never by one single word had he given expression to his attachment. At length his provoking silence became unbearable, and she determined to cut short such an unsatisfactory courtship. One evening, just as they had returned from singing school and had taken their seats in the kitchen, she thus addressed Tommy:—

"I just wond-r, Tommy Silent, how long you think I am going to stand this sort of work. Here it is getting on for eleven o'clock, time for decent folks to be abed, and there you sit without a word to say for yourself. Now listen, I can't go on forever this way, foolin' my time away, and I'm going straight to bed, so you had better put on your hat and coat and make tracks for home." Mrs. Slick says that Tommy never seemed to mind her quiet rebuke, and that he came home from that time out with her younger sister, to whom he was married seven years later!

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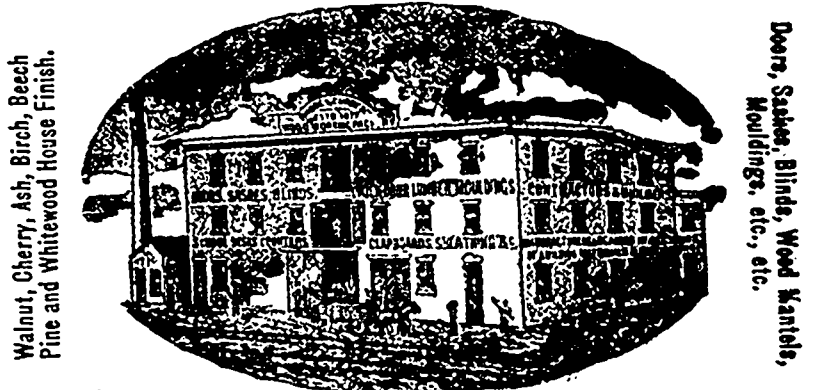
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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

Those who wish to secure pleasant and profitable reading matter for the winter evenings should note our exceptional offer which appears on page 15. For \$2.50 in cash we undertake to send THE CRITIC to any subscriber for one year, supplying him in addition with seventy nine of the most readable of readable books. Those who are renewing their subscriptions, as well as new subscribers should take advantage of this offer.

We learn that many of our subscribers are awaiting a visit from an Agent for THE CRITIC to pay their subscriptions. This course may entail considerable delay, and we would request those who may be thus in suspense to remit the amounts due by Registered letter or Post Office Order. This only involves an expenditure of 2 (two) cents, and the money is transmitted at our risk. Any amount under \$1.00 may be remitted in Postage Stamps.

The ratepayers of Amherst decided to incorporate by a vote of 173 to 153

Imports of Canadian apples into England this season, are nearly double those of last year.

A railway and general traffic bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal is projected.

The Sydney town council is discussing the advantages of a water supply for that town.

Sir John Ross and his aid-de-camp, Prince Dhuleep Singh, have returned from their trip to the far west.

The Halifax Sugar Refinery, it is said, declared a dividend of 20 per cent, making 25 per cent for the year.

The Montreal ice palace for the coming winter carnival will cost \$5,300, and will have a tower 130 feet in height.

Chambers, Turner & Layton's new building on Prince street, Truro, was partially burnt on Christmas morning.

The Victoria School of Art and Design closed last week for the Christmas vacation. It will re-open on Jan. 7th.

A number of Belgians, none of whom can speak English, have arrived at the Joggins coal mines with their families.

Rev. Father Chiniquy has felt himself compelled on account of age to give up his travels and settle down in Montreal.

Mr. Dickey, Conservative, has been returned to the Commons for Cumberland, by a majority of, probably, about 1000.

The seat for Haldimand, Ont., is again vacant. Dr. Montague has been again unseated, and another close contest may be expected.

S. G. Chambers, Truro, is importing from the States a dynamo, to run 800 incandescent lights. He has more orders than he can fill.

The death sentence passed upon Preeper has been commuted to imprisonment for life. He will be taken at once to Dorchester.

Yarmouth, Digby, Annapolis, Shelburne, Liverpool and Antigonish are now the only unincorporated shire towns in Nova Scotia proper.

In the Supreme Court at Ottawa, the Judges have unanimously decided the Manitoba crossing case in favor of the Manitoba Government.

Sir John Macdonald's 74th birthday will be on the 11th of January, and his friends are talking of having a demonstration at Ottawa in his honor.

James Mitchell, of New Zealand, a former citizen of St. John, N. B., has sent \$2700 to the Reformed Presbyterian Church of St. John, to pay off its debt.

So vaulting is the ambition of the Municipal Council of Kings, which meets in Kentville next month, that about half of its members aspire to be wardens.

There are at present 445 patients in the provincial hospital for the insane. As regards sex they are nearly evenly divided, there being a few more males than females.

Fishermen on the north shore of New Brunswick make from \$50 to \$150 a week catching smelts. One man recently made \$100 in a day and another \$420 in a week.

Acadia Seminary has an open air rink this winter. The young ladies can disport themselves to their hearts' content, but neither collegian nor "cad" may enter in.

An important conference concerning missionaries in India, and the policy that should be pursued by missionaries generally, was held recently in McMaster Hall.

L'Electeur of Quebec wired its correspondent in New York to interview Cardinal Gibbons on the annexation question, but his eminence refused to speak on the subject.

Seamen are very scarce in the port of Halifax at present, and extra inducements have to be offered to secure men. Some vessels are detained in port awaiting crews.

The Dartmouth Ropeworks Co. are putting up an addition to their already extensive works. This time it is a large one-story building for the manufacture of reaper's twine.

H. Rider Haggard's latest novel, "Cleopatra," is to begin publication in the Daily Echo on Saturday. Haggard has concentrated his powers on the story, and expects it will receive an enthusiastic reception. The Echo has purchased the right of publishing the story here, and it will not be obtainable in book form.

Ex-Sheriff Bonnett, of Annapolis, is dead.

Cardinal Tas hereau has received so many complaints from the country about hard times, owing to short crops, that he has invited the Provincial Ministers to meet him at the palace on Tuesday next to consider the steps to be taken.

It is announced on reliable authority from Ottawa that the Government have about completed arrangements with an English company for fast steamship service to St. Lawrence ports, steamships to be put on which will make the trip in six days.

The pretty little church of St. Johns, Wolfville, which was re-built in 1887, has recently added a bell and stained windows to its improvements. Canon Brock, the new Rector of Horton, is most energetic, and very popular among his parishioners.

Mild as our weather is, and has been, at and around Halifax, there has been 6 inches of snow at St. John, giving good sleighing with every prospect of its continuing, and in some parts we understand there was a yet greater depth of "the beautiful."

The Acadian claims that the increase of wealth and population in Wolfville within the past year has been greater than that of any other village or town similarly situated in the Province, and thinks incorporation would be a good thing for Wolfville.

Mr. W. H. Lynch, of Daneville, Quebec, has favored the press with a series of admirable letters, on the dairy products of Canada. Of the \$14,000,000 worth of Agricultural products sent out of Canada last year there was \$8,000,000 worth of butter and cheese.

The question as to the time when a policy of insurance expires, reading from a certain date to a certain date, both days inclusive, has been decided by the Montreal Supreme Court, in favor of the contention that the policy remains good until midnight of the last day.

Oyster shipments from Summerside since the middle of September, amount to some 20,000 barrels, valued at \$2 per barrel. The Examiner says that oysters may be grown as easily and cheaply as potatoes, and suggests the planting and cultivation of oyster beds.

The Joggins Railway Company is taking steps for the extension of the line at the Joggins and to Little River, a distance of about two miles. Mr. Boxall, C. E., has been surveying the route. Mr. Boxall claims that an excellent and safe harbor can be had at the proposed terminus.

A petition to the Secretary of State asking for the revocation of the order in council, which brought the Scott Act in force in Colchester, has been filed with the Registrar of Deeds of that County. The petition bears the signatures of 1748 electors, being 501 more than required by the Act.

A cablegram has been received from Sir Charles Tupper in answer to one enquiring when it would be convenient for him to come over and give evidence before the board of arbitrators on the C. P. R.'s British Columbia claim. Sir Charles replied that the middle of April would suit him best.

The Presbyterian Witness calls attention to the fact that the Mormons have become established in Kings and Hants Counties, and appear to be gaining ground. These people, while they confess to being Mormons and followers of Joe Smith, disclaim all connection or sympathy with Brigham Young and the Salt Lake people.

Mr Edward Williams, Dartmouth, is building a lighter for the Imperial Government torpedo service in Halifax harbor. She is sixty feet in length, and is to have a derrick and steam-hoisting engine, but will be towed from place to place. The hatchwork knees and timber were cut in the vicinity of Bedford, and Mr. Williams says it is one of the finest lots he has ever handled.

An order-in-council was passed a few days ago cancelling twenty-seven grazing leases in the North-West, comprising 660,000 acres, owing to the failure of the lease-holders to comply with Government regulations. This decisive step will be heard with interest in the Calgary and Fort McLeod districts, where complaints were made that many of the leases were simply held for speculative purposes.

The Canada Gazette contains a notice to the effect that the Dominion Plate Glass Insurance Company has received a license from the Dominion Government to carry on the business of insuring glass. Alexander Ramsay, of Montreal, having ceased to carry on such business, will apply on the 10th of April next for the release of the securities deposited by him. Policy holders who desire to oppose such release must declare their opposition by that date.

An Ontario man has invented a buggy that goes by steam, which he claims will travel on any road that an ordinary horse and carriage can travel, at the rate of ten or eleven miles an hour, and on a very smooth road at a much higher speed. It looks much like a common buggy without shafts, and can be manufactured at a cost of \$300. The motive power is supplied by an oil engine, and the buggy can be run at an expense for fuel of 60 cents for 100 miles.

The Manitobans have a fishery question of their own. U. S. Consul Taylor, who has done as much as any other man in calling attention to the latent wealth of the North-West, shows that Manitoba and Keewatin possess lakes and rivers of an aggregate fresh-water area of 30,000 square miles which team with fish. There are twenty varieties of the salmon family. Manitoba fish cannot very well be exported as fresh fish for immediate consumption; so it has to go to the States as preserved fish, and to pay a duty of 50 cents per hundred pounds. Notwithstanding this serious drawback, Mr. Taylor says the export this year will exceed two million pounds, distributed amongst Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, and Kansas City.

Public meetings are being held in East Rawdon, Hants Co., and vicinity, for the purpose of discussing the advisability of repealing the Scott Act, and substituting the Provincial License Act in its place.

In an interview published in reference to Mr. Bowell's proposition that the Provincial Legislatures should make regulations, preventing or restraining the exportation of saw logs from the Dominion, Hon. Mr. MacDougall points out, not only that the provinces have no power to interfere with the exportation, but that it is very doubtful if the Federal authorities have any right to levy export duties on logs.

Perez Cavallier, late Secretary to the Spanish legation at Yokohama, arrived at Winnipeg last week en route from Japan to Washington. In an interview, he said that when he left Japan it was currently reported in diplomatic circles there, that a secret treaty had been concluded between Russia and Japan against England. The reason for this treaty was that Russia feared that in the event of war with England, the Japanese Government would favor the latter country, and thus give the British Government a tremendous advantage in their operations in the Pacific ocean, and permit of an easy descent upon Siberia. To overcome this, Russia had of late been paving the way for an amicable understanding with the Japanese court.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of Calendars from the following firms, i.e.—The Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Company, with a handsome dark blue globe mounting, C. J. Wyldo, Esq., agent in Halifax; Messrs. Rhodes, Curry & Co., with a very wide awake tom cat, evidently licking its lips over contracts; Messrs. Clayton & Sons, with a nest and two birds, beautifully done in raised and colored engraving; the Halifax Piano and Organ Company, with a pretty and well colored little girl holding a "Punch" in her arms; Messrs. Hattie & Mylius, with a young lady, whose teeth are a prominent evidence of the excellence of the various dental preparations kept by that obliging and enterprising firm; Messrs. P. & J. O'Mullin, of the Foyle Brewery, Halifax, a large and plain Calendar, adorned with the half length figure of a charming Irish damsel, who probably owes her plump and healthy appearance to the excellent Pale India and Mild Ale and Brown Stout of which Messrs. O'Mullin kindly favored us with a generous sample, for which our thanks are due.

Massachusetts has organized twenty-three new Granges this year.

It is still uncertain when a successor to Lord Sackville, late Minister at Washington, will be appointed.

The Chinese are boycotting the Americans. They refuse to buy American goods as retaliation for the exclusion bill.

The steamer *Haytien Republic* has, as might have been expected, been given up to the Americans as soon as an armed force appeared to demand her surrender.

The latest news from the scene of the Mississippi race war, is to the effect that the negroes have disappeared, and that all is quiet in the neighborhood.

Kentucky's state geologist, John R. Proctor, says the pearls found in the limestone streams of that state are among the most valuable produced in the United States.

The demand for tonnage in Boston for South America is on the increase. Rates advanced 50c. during the past week, the latest engagements being at \$16 to Buenos Ayres and \$18 to Rosario. Brokers expect a still further advance.

The steamer *Chateau Lafitte*, which arrived at New York last week from Bordeaux with small pox in her steerage, is still detained at quarantine. Several new cases, it is reported, have broken out on the vessel since her arrival.

Miss Julia Marlowe, a young American, who is playing in Boston, is attracting much attention in Shakspearian creations, and as Viola in Sheridan Knowles' *Hunchback* has made a decided sensation. The Boston *Post* considers her superior to Miss Anderson. Her style is spoken of as fresh, pure, natural and *spirituelle*, and she is said to thoroughly magnetize her audience.

The great Lick telescope is reported to be making new discoveries as to the character of the surface of the moon and some of the planets. Herschel's supposed discovery of active volcanoes on the surface of the moon, is now thought to be the reflection of sunlight from some large mirror-like surface. Prof. Holden, of the Lick Observatory, observed for a short time, July 15th, a brilliant speck of light near the southern extremity of the lunar Alps. Other observations of a similar kind have been recorded.

The Imperial Parliament was prorogued on the 24th.

The famous Russian General, Loris Mohkoff, is dead, at the age of 62.

Mr. Bright appears to be in the same state of alternate improvement and relapse.

It is rumored that the Ameer of Afghanistan intends to pay a visit to England next year.

The British Consul at Zanzibar, has been instructed to protest against the Sultan's cruelties.

It is stated that King Milan has formed an alliance with Russia, and intends to form a radical cabinet.

Mr Gladstone, who will enter on his 80th year to-morrow, was received at Naples with immense enthusiasm, and addressed as a friend of Italy who had contributed much to her redemption and unity.

The German, Austrian, and Italian newspapers express great satisfaction over the Suakim victory. The North German *Gazette* says:—"The victory at Suakim will have a direct effect upon the anti-slave movement, and will probably help to liberate Emin Bey."

Sir Francis Grenfell attacked the besiegers of Suakim last week, and drove them out of their works, with very slight loss to the Anglo-Egyptian force. The black and Egyptian troops fought well. Much of the Arab loss was due to the charge and close pursuit of the British Hussars.

A despatch from Madrid states that the Minister of the Colonies and the Minister of Foreign affairs will represent the Spanish Government in the negotiations with the Canadian Commissioner, who is daily expected there to arrange a commercial treaty for the purpose of developing trade with Porto Rico.

At a durbar, held at Patiala, Lord Dufferin said that the Government of India would not avail itself of the various offers of money that had been made for the defence of India, but the chiefs possessing armies would be asked to raise a portion of them to a state of efficiency for service with the Imperial troops, for which purpose the services of British officers would be placed at their disposal.

CHESS.

All communications for this department should be addressed—CHESS EDITOR, Windsor, N. S.

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.

Solutions to Problem No. 56.—Q to B2.

Solutions to Problem No. 57.  
1 B to Q3                      1 K to Q4  
2 P takes B, &c.

If 1 K to B2

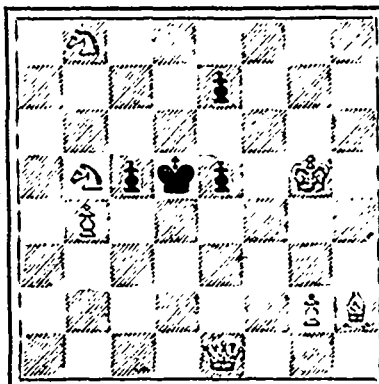
2 Q takes B, &c.  
Solutions to Problem No. 58.—B to B3.

Solutions to the above received from Mrs. H. Moseley and J. W. Wallaco.

Prize competition of 1889, for which 2 prizes will be given on the same free terms as the one now ending, will commence with Problem No. 62 in the issue of January 4th.

PROBLEM No. 61.

"Letts's Household Magazine."  
BLACK—4 pieces.



WHITE—7 pieces.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

GAME No. 44.

Game played at Cincinnati between Mr. Chas. Mohle and Mr. H. W. Showalton.

EVANS GAMBIT.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. Mohle.	Mr. Showalton.
1 P to K4	P to K4
2 Kt to KB3	Kt to QB3
3 B to B4	B to B4
4 P to QKt4	B takes Kt P
5 P to B3	B to R4
6 P to Q4	P takes P
7 Castles	P to Q3
8 P takes P	B to Kt3
9 Kt to B3	Kt to R4
10 B to KKt5	P to Kt3
11 B to B4	K takes B
12 Q to R4 +	Q to Q3

13 Q takes Kt	Q to B2
14 Kt to Q5	B to K3
15 Q to R4 +	B to Q2
16 Q to R3	R to B1
17 Kt takes B	RP takes Kt
18 Q to R7 (a)	Kt to K2
19 KR to B1 (h)	P to KB4
20 Kt to Kt5	Q to Kt3
21 Q takes P	P to R3
22 Kt to B3	P takes P
23 Kt to Q2	Castles
24 B to Kt3	P to Q4
25 R takes P	R takes R
26 Q takes R	Q to K3
27 Q to Q6	Kt to B4
28 Q takes Q +	B takes Q
29 B to K5	R to B1
30 P to Kt4	Kt to R5
31 B to Kt3	R to B7
32 Kt to B1 (c)	Kt to B6 +
33 K to Kt2	Kt takes P
34 Kt to K3	R to Q7
35 R to QKt1	P to QKt4
36 P to QR3	Kt to B6 (d)
37 R takes P	P to Q5
38 Kt to B1	R to Q8
39 R to Kt8 +	K to R2
40 P to R3	B to B5
41 B to Q6	B takes Kt

And White resigns.

NOTES.

(a) Although he recovers the Gambit Pawn, the ensuing position is largely in favor of Black. White has an excellent attack by 18 KR to K1, pressing PK5.

(b) We prefer P to Q5.

(c) As the QP is lost anyhow, he would have more chances for a draw by B takes Kt.

(d) Mr. Showalton has conducted the whole game with fine judgment, and by timely abandoning a Pawn brings it to a very pretty termination.

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If so, send for **DOG BUYERS' GUIDE**, containing colored plates, 100 engravings of different breeds, prices they are worth, and where to buy them. Directions for Training Dogs and Breeding Ferrets. Mailed for 15 Cents. Also Cuts of Dog Furnishing Goods of all kinds.

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IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

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improvements, making it one of the  
Leading Hotels in Canada.

H. HESSLEIN & SONS, PROPS.

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P. P. ARCHIBALD, Prop'r.

This is one of the most quiet, orderly, and well-  
conducted Hotels in the city. Table always well  
supplied with the best the market will afford.  
Clean, well-ventilated Rooms and Beds, and no  
pains spared for the comfort of guests in every  
way, and will commend itself to all who wish a  
quiet home while in the city

CHARGES MODERATE.

# LYONS' HOTEL,

Opp. Railway Depot.

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# CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

100 and 102 Granville St.,  
(OPPOSITE PROVINCIAL BUILDING.)

The nicest place in the City to get a lunch, din-  
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Oysters in every style. Lunches, 12 to 2:30.

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The new steel steamer YARMOUTH will leave  
Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY and  
SATURDAY EVENINGS after arrival of the  
train of the Western Counties Railway, commencing  
March 17th.

Returning, will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, at  
10 a. m., every Tuesday and Friday, connecting at  
Yarmouth with train for Halifax and intermediate  
stations.

The YARMOUTH is the fastest steamer plying  
between Nova Scotia and the United States, being  
fitted with Triple Expansion Engines, Electric  
Lights, Steel Steering Gear, Bilge Keels, etc., etc.  
S.S. CITY OF ST. JOHN leaves Halifax every  
MONDAY EVENING, and Yarmouth every  
THURSDAY.

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of Montreal, writing to us under recent date,  
says:—

"For over thirty years I have been drinking  
Chocolate and Cocoa, and have at various times  
used all the preparations of Cocoa in the market,  
but I have met with nothing equal to your prepara-  
tion Your

Homeopathic Prepared Cocoa,

Especially, is superior to any I have seen for us  
by invalids.

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ANY BRAND OF INK is fitted for the ALTON  
MATIC ACTION OF INK IN INITIAL RE-SINKING  
Ink by the pressure of writing. It is smooth, it  
fills the pen at a single filling, carries in the pen  
as long as the pen is held in the hand, and  
is a permanent ink. It is not a fountain pen,  
and will not leak. Sample fountain pen  
in Pen, \$1 bill. P. O. Stamps taken, but silver  
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quality.

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Prices for Cash.

# OUR ANGLO-SAXON TONGUE.

There is a little isle afar,  
Whose iron heart and rim of rock  
Long time have spurned the strokes of war,  
Long time have spurned the ocean's shock.

It is the cradle of a race;  
It is the cradle of a tongue,  
Not dissonant, or void of grace,  
But plain, expressive, clear and strong.

And with the tongue the race accords,  
Like Viking of the olden time;  
Fearless and great in deeds and words,  
It ranges every sea and clime.

Yet softer tongues there be for those  
Whose flatteries slip in gilded bowers;  
In luxury, or dull repose,  
Or dalliance, wasting noble powers.

But thou, O Saxon tongue! art made  
For men of toil and men of might,  
Who by no dastard thoughts are awayed,  
Nor fear to battle for the right.

By snowy hills and frozen streams,  
From the dark forests of the north,  
The old familiar glory gleams,  
The old familiar sounds come forth.

By Ganves' and by Plata's flood,  
By Tartar fort and Arab tent,  
Far south—far east—by stream and wood  
On island and on continent.

Where sunbeams dazzle all the year,  
And shadows from the palms are flung,  
Still ring thy numbers, broad and clear,  
O grand and conquering Saxon tongue!

Young nations springing into birth,  
The clans of a mighty line,  
Have spread thy music through the earth,  
The east, west, north and south are thine.

Go forth, thou noble Saxon tongue!  
Where'er thy nervous accents fall  
Tyrants shall yet to earth be flung,  
And fetters from the bondsman fall!

Thou art the tongue that Freedom loves,  
To shape her creed, to frame her laws;  
Thou art the tongue that Truth approves,  
To champion her eternal cause.

In thee, as wont, O Saxon tongue!  
By isles and rivers far away,  
May heavenly songs be ever sung,  
Thou Herald of a brighter day.

—David Tucker.

# TALE OF A MAD ELEPHANT.

We give below an extract from "Tent Life in Tiger Land," by the Hon. James Inglis.

Run, run, Sabibs—the Tusker has gone "must" or mad. He has broken loose.

We all started to our feet. George had just gone down to the bank of the river to where the cooking was going on, which lay nearer the mad elephant's picket. By this time the terror-stricken servants were flying in all directions. The huge brute, with infinite cunning, had all along been making mighty efforts to wrench up the stake to which he was bound. This he at last succeeded in doing. With the first desperate bound, or lurch forward, the heavy ankle chains, frayed and worn in one link, had snapped asunder; and with the huge stake trailing behind him, he charged down on the camp with a shrill trumpeting scream of maddened excitement and savage fury. The men with the spears waited not for the onset. One poor fellow bending over his pot of rice, trying to blow the smouldering embers of his fire into a flame, was seized by the long flexible trunk of the infuriated brute, and had but time to utter the terrible death scream which had startled us, ere his head was smashed like an egg-shell on the powerful knee of the maddened monster. He next made a rush at the horses that, excited and frightened by the clamor around them, were straining at their ropes, and buried his long blunt tusks in the quivering flanks of one poor Caboose horse that had struggled in vain to get free.

All this was the work of a moment. Poor George, who was bending over a stewpan, wherein was simmering some delicacy of his own concoction, was not aware of the suddenly altered aspect of affairs, till the huge towering bulk of the elephant was almost over him. Another instant, and he would have shared the fate of the hapless mahout, had he not, with admirable presence of mind, delivered the hissing hot stew, with quick dexterity and precision, full in the gaping mouth of the furious brute. His next sensation however, was that of flying through the air, as the brute, with one swing of its mighty trunk, propelled him on his aerial flight, and he fell souse in the middle of the stream, with the saucopan still tightly clutched in his hand.

Over the river we could see the infernal brute, who had thus scattered us, in a perfect frenzy of rage; kneeling on the shapeless heap of cloth, furniture, poles, and ropes, and digging his tusks, with savage fury, into the hangings and canvas, in the very abandonment of mad, uncontrollable rage. We had but little doubt but that poor Mac lay crushed to death, smothered beneath the weight of the ponderous animal, or mangled out of all likeness to humanity by the terrible tusks that we could see flashing in the clear moonlight. It seemed an age, this agony of suspense. We held our breaths, and dared not look into each other's faces. Everything showed as clear as if it had been day. We saw the elephant tossing the strong canvas canopy about as a dog would worry a door-mat. Thrust after thrust was made by the tusks into the folds of cloth. Raising his huge trunk, the brute would

scream in the very frenzy of his wrath, and at last, after what seemed an age to us, but which in reality was but a few minutes, he staggered to his feet and rushed into the jungle.

Just then a smothered groan struck like the peal of joy-bells on our anxious ears, and a muffled voice from beneath the folds of the *shamiana* in Mac's well known tones groaned out, "Look alive, you fellows, and get me out of this, or I'll be smothered!"

In trying to get out of the way of the first rush of the elephant, his foot had caught in one of the tent ropes, and the whole falling canopy had then come bodily upon him, hurling the camp table and a few cane chairs over him. Under these he had lain, able to breathe, but not daring to stir, while the savage beast had behaved as has been described. His escape had been miraculous. The cloth had several times been pressed so close over his face as nearly to stifle him. The brute, in one of its savage, purposeless thrusts, had pierced the ground between his arms and his ribs, pinning his Afghan *choga* or dressing-gown deep into the earth; and he said he felt himself sinking into unconsciousness, what with tension of nerve and brain and semi-suffocation together, when the brute had happily got up and rushed off.

"How did you feel?" I asked.

"Well, I can hardly tell you."

"It must have grazed your ribs?"

"It did. After that I seemed to turn quite unconcerned. All sorts of funny ideas came trooping across my brain. I couldn't, for the life of me, help feeling cautiously about for my pipe, which had dropped somewhere near when I tripped on the ropes. I seemed, too, to have a quick review of all the actions I had ever done, and was just dropping off into a dreamy unconsciousness, after pulling a desperate race against Oxford with my old crew, when your voices roused me to sensation once more."

### TACT, THE UNIVERSAL SOLVENT.

Whether a manual of polite behaviour would promote good manners is very doubtful. If the young John Bull who made the extraordinary remark about the batter pudding at a friendly table in "the States," as the English are fond of calling this country, very much as if we should call England "the island," had been laboriously poring over a manual of manners, he would probably have been equally guilty. The lady of the house had taken care that the cook should provide a delicate pudding, which was received by the young Bulls with the eye and air of captives in a strange land. One of them, however, boldly ventured upon tasting it, and after a tentative moment he remarked to his companion, "Jack, you'd better try it; 'tain't so very nasty, you know." And then turning to the hostess, he said, blandly stammering, "It's what we used to call stick jaw at school."

It was perfectly well meant, but it was very amusing, and no manual could have warned the explorer off that particular reef, because no manual could have given him tact. There may be entire kindness with great boorishness, but there can be no fine manner without tact.

"What boots it thy virtue,  
What profit thy parts,  
While one thing thou lackest—  
The art of all arts."

Tact is the universal solvent. But it is a gift, like extraordinary memory, or a sensitive musical ear, or a quick and true eye for color. Without it there is no magic of manner; but with it a charming personality is triumphant.

There was a lady in other years who enchanted every person whom she addressed. Her manner melted doubt and diffidence and hesitation as a warm flood of sunshine melts snow in spring. Like heat which reveals the legend traced in invisible ink, her manner drew out the better nature in everybody, and in her presence all were surprised to find that they could say something and say it well, or else could remain silent with no sense of awkwardness. As sunflowers were said to turn toward the sun as day went on, so, as she appeared and moved in any company, there was a universal deference toward her, not because of her beauty only, for others were as beautiful, but because of her manner. Yet manner in itself is so magical that under its spell she seemed most beautiful of all. It had been so always. As a child she was radiant, and there was nothing in her captivating womanhood which had not been foreshown.

A manual of behaviour could not convey the celestial secret of such manners. It is like that of oratory. No book, no professor of rhetoric or elocution, can impart the gift of eloquence, of persuasion, of pathos or humor. They may teach a man to speak so that he may be heard. They may point out the advantage of clearness of arrangement and of lucid expression. They may warn him against tricks of phrase and manner. But all that they do is drawn from the method and manner of those who had no books or professors, but who speak, as the poets sing, from within and not from without. The manual of behaviour may serve a similar purpose. It may supply forms of invitation and describe suitable dress for certain occasions, the etiquette of visits and the due length of a morning call. But it cannot free us of the taint of vulgarity, even in conforming to its directions. It gives strictly a code of behaviour and nothing more. We must not cross our legs, we must not lean upon the back of a lady's chair or tilt our own, we must not spit on the floor, we must not slam the door, we must rise when a lady enters the room, and we must not turn our back to our neighbour, nor repress our feet upon the mantle.

But fine manners no code can teach. If they are conscious they become artificial, and are fine no longer. A man indeed may be taught to avoid grossness and impudence, and not to mistake them for ease. The youth who pulls a cigarette when he is walking with a lady, who is free and easy instead of scrupulously courteous in his address and tone, may be told that

he is merely ungentlemanly and vulgar; and if he choose he may correct his behaviour; certainly he would correct it if the lady showed him that she required the correction. The impudence of young men generally reflects the weakness of young women. If they required courtesy there would be little insolent freedom of behaviour upon the part of the cavaliers.

What may be learned in the cultivation of good manners must be acquired in the school of experience. — *Harpur's Magazine.*

### INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The Amherst Shoe Factory, Amherst, N. S., of which Mr. M. D. Pride is manager, employ 185 hands and will turn out this year 8380,000 worth of goods.

The contract of building the Missiquash bridge between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia has been awarded to Messrs. J. A. Killam & Co., of Petitediac, N. B.

The annual meeting of the Moncton Manufacturing Co., was held at the company's offices in Moncton, N. B., a few days ago. At a subsequent meeting of the newly-elected board of directors, Mr. J. L. Harris was re-elected.

The wool pulling factory of Messrs. John M. Johnston & Co., St. John, N. B., was destroyed by fire November 26; loss about \$10,000. This factory was almost entirely new, and was one of the best equipped in Canada. The erection of new works on the old site has been begun.

Ganong's candy and confectionery factory, at St. Stephen, N. B., was entirely destroyed by fire Nov. 22. The building was of brick, only a few years old, and the business carried on was one of the largest of the kind in the Dominion. The loss on building and stock is estimated to be \$50,000. The establishment gave employment to 100 hands. The Ganong firm have plenty of enterprise and will no doubt rebuild and continue to expand their growing business.

A recent invention is a machine for rivetting stovepipe. In the old way each of the six or nine rivets in a piece of pipe was drawn and driven separately. By the use of this riveting machine all the rivets are drawn by one drop of the hammer, and all of them are set by one drop of the hammer. One man with this machine can turn out from 600 to 1,000 joints of pipe, per day. The pipe is formed on a cylinder connected with the riveting machine, and this makes it uniform in size and leaves the lap smooth and free from buckles. There is, we believe, no machine of this description in the market, and it is said the invention will mark a new era in the manufacture of stovepipe. It is easily operated, there is no complicated machinery about it, and it does the work perfectly. — *Canadian Manufacturer.*

Steamers are being loaded in Halifax with spruce deals, which are being shipped in large quantities from Point Lewis. The Intercolonial railway brings large quantities of coal for the west, and the cars can thus be cheaply freighted with deals to return.

The Canadian Pacific railway have given notice of application for additional powers for the construction and protection of telegraph lines.

A good story is told at the expense of one of our local manufacturing firms which recalls the old saw, "Far off fields are greener than those at home." It seems that this firm some weeks ago had considerable outside painting to do, and seeing the advertisement of a superior mineral paint for sale by a prominent Philadelphia dealer, decided to secure the required quantity from him. Several barrels of the paint were ordered, the freight and duty paid thereon, but our readers may judge of the surprise experienced when it was found that the barrel heads gave this information: "Manufactured by James Newton, Limehouse, Ont." The paint was manufactured by Mr. James Newton, of Limehouse, three miles from Acton, and we don't believe the above firm found it to be a whit better than if it hadn't travelled sixteen hundred miles and cost twenty per cent. duty to bring it home again. — *Acton, Ont., Free Press.*

The oyster industry of Prince Edward Island is important and promises well for the future. Since the middle of September twenty thousand barrels valued at \$40,000, have been shipped from Summerside, the oysters being nearly all taken from Richmond Bay. The flavor of Island oysters is exceptionally fine and they are in demand wherever they are known.

The transshipment of grain from western ports for Montreal ceased with the closing of the Welland Canal. The customs authorities announce that 3,610,621 bushels of grain were handled at Kingston during the past season, the smallest shipment for years.

There were 321 applications for patents last year in the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, and the fees collected were \$73,802. This shows a decrease of 255 in the number of applications and of \$2,330 in fees.

The recent sale of the hull and fittings of the steamer *Great Eastern* realized over £43,000, the copper bringing £2,960, the gun metal, &c., £4,480; brass, £3,980; lead, £4,185; outer iron plates, £12,500; inner iron plates, beams and rivets, £12,230, and anchors about £300. The breaking up of the steamer will commence on January 1, will occupy a year and will probably cost in labor from 10s. to 15s. per ton of material.



## CITY CHIMES.

The holiday week is nearly over, the Nativity celebrated, and the old year's breath is falling fast. Soon 1889 in all the arrogance of his youth will be with us, bringing, we hope, a happy future for many. During the past twelve months there have been many changes, some for the better, some for the worse, losses and gains, familiar faces missed, new ones in their place. We have made many improvements in the city, done various things, and this may well be spoken of as a busy year. The "World's Fayre" will long be remembered; the several smaller bazars and entertainments caused the summer rapidly and pleasantly to pass away. Comic opera, theatricals, dances, have all taken the attention of the public, and amateur talent has worked hard. The Church of England, so long without a leader in Nova Scotia, chose for herself a Bishop who has already endeared himself to the hearts of his people. Many good works have been begun in this year, now on the verge of the tomb, that we hope to see brought to perfection before the festival of the Christ child's birthday comes round again to bid us make merry in its honor.

We have, in looking back, to lament many losses from our midst. Death has been busy, accidents have never been so numerous, and public sympathy has seldom been so often called upon for the friends of those departed. Lieut. Valentine lost his life last year under painful circumstances well remembered, and the cruel waters hold the brave lad's body among their secrets until the last day. The sudden death lately of Miss Kate Stairs threw a large circle into mourning for their young companion, and many hearts shared the sorrow of the bereaved parents. The similar accidents that occasioned the deaths of Capt. Ruggles Brise and Sergeant Rose were shocks to the whole community as well as to the garrison, who have been singularly unfortunate in losing a large number of their men during the last few months. While among homes in our city there are many households with a vacant chair in the family gathering at this sacred season. Death and life go hand in hand. Baby's first Christmas is being celebrated in many houses. Many little ones who have come to us this year have many happy Christmases to celebrate as time rolls on! Marriages have been celebrated, brides have left their homes to light other hearth fires, and to all these be "Godspeed." The old folk miss the young people, but the birdlings cannot stay forever in the nests. So we have gone our round of life, and the 1888 days are numbered. Well, we will listen to his retreating footsteps with the prayer in our heart that the unknown future will hold as many blessings, and that we shall have as much to be thankful for, if we are spared to see his successor fade into the past as we have now, individually, and as a nation.

The week has been given over to family reunions and pleasure. What a grand thing for little folk Santa Claus is. Does not every one regret that they have eaten of the tree of knowledge and no longer believe in the jolly old Saint? Time, the destroyer, cannot even leave us our illusions. Yet the big folk can enjoy good cheer, as we all know, and taking the part of his mythical saintship is by no means a bad game to play at, as all Papas and Mamas know.

Mr. Walter Leigh, whose Girton House is well known as the largest and most advanced Academy for boys here, has given his pupils a fine sendoff this year. A Christmas tree and a whole week of fun and entertainments, winding up with a grand fancy dress ball, the invitations for which include not only the younger generations, but a large circle of friends of more mature years. Next week we hope to give our readers a list of the various fancy costumes that the little ones arrayed themselves in.

CHIMES.

## COMMERCIAL.

With the advent of the holiday season, stock-taking and the general straightening-up of affairs as usual towards the end of the year, there has been no feature in trade worthy of note, although the volume of business has been reasonably large. While holiday goods have been active, and a full movement has obtained in those lines, staple goods have shown no particular animation.

The charters of all the banks in Canada will expire in 1891, and it is certainly desirable, if not absolutely necessary, that legislation on the subject of the currency and bank circulation should be had at the coming session of the Dominion Parliament, so that the banks and the public may know on what terms the new charters are to be issued, and what guarantees of the soundness of our paper money in circulation will be demanded. We are pleased to note that our merchants and the public generally are beginning to study and to understand the nature of the risks that they run through handling a bank currency that is liable to depreciation the moment any financial difficulty assails a bank. The case of the Maritime Bank of St. John is a recent sad example of the losses arising from an insufficiently guaranteed circulation, but it is not the only one. The Bank of Liverpool in this Province proved in some respects even a worse disaster, for, after waiting about ten years, the noteholders only received 25 cents to the dollar, which was barely equal to the interest on the amount invested. Again the failure of the Bank of Acadia was about as bad, as it turned out, as either of the others. That of the Bank of Prince Edward Island was not quite so bad, but it was bad enough, for noteholders only received a fraction over 58 per cent., and every bank failure (as that of the Bank of London,) that has since occurred has been fraught with numerous losses through the temporary or, too often, permanent depreciation of bills. Those who oppose any reform in our present Banking Act argue that the American bank system, which fully guarantees all notes in circulation, does not give

perfect satisfaction to the banks, and that those are agitating for a change. For instance, the United States Banks claim that they should be allowed to issue \$100 in notes for every \$100 deposited in bonds with the government, instead of only \$90 as the law now stands. This, however, by no means proves the American system to be a failure. On the contrary, every one must admit that it is highly satisfactory to the American people, whose circulation is completely guaranteed by it. It is possible that the demand of the American Banks to issue dollar for dollar of the security that they lodge with the Government is fair, but it is worthy of serious consideration whether Canada would not do well to inaugurate a similar system.

Bradstreet's report of the week's failures:

	Week		Prev. week		Weeks corresponding to				Failures for the year to date.			
	Dec. 21	1888	1888	1887	Dec. 21	1886	1885	1888	1887	1886	1885	
United States	335	309	261	312	197	10,082	0,494	10,213	10,031			
Canada	40	38	34	19	39	1,670	1,272	1,150	1,239			

The following are the assignments and business changes in this Province during the past week:—Hector Gillis, liquors, North Sydney, reported to have left here; Howard & Dickson, gents' furnishings, Springhill, dissolved; David Dickson retires, T. H. Howard continues in business individually; Robert Bell, general store, Alberton, P. E. I., assigned to Lewis Carroll of Charlottetown; W. W. Saunders, grocer, Bridgetown, assigned to W. Hart in trust for benefit of creditors; Hugh Johnston, butcher, New Glasgow, assigned to Adam Johnston in trust for benefit of creditors, liabilities about \$1200, assets nil; Duncan Munro, general store, Resorvo Minus, assigned.

**DRY GOODS.**—But little can be said of the dry goods trade just now. Stock taking is practically over, and travellers are preparing to go out with the New Year to show samples of spring goods and to take in sorting up orders. Remittances are reported to be rather slow but it is expected that they will improve with the advent of 1889.

**IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.**—Trade in these lines continues very dull as far as our local market is concerned. In the Upper Provinces all the nail factories have closed down and are busy taking stock. They will resume very shortly, as most of them have considerable orders ahead, and others are constantly coming in. Glasgow cables quote Scotch warrants at 51s 5d., Middlesborough No. 3 foundry, G. M. B., at 33s 9d. London—"Spot tin £97 10s.; three months futures £98 10s.; market steady; Chili bars, spot, £77 10s.; do futures £78; G. M. B. copper, spot £77 10s. futures £78; market quiet; soft Spanish lead £12 7s. 6d."

**BREADSTUFFS.**—There has been no improvement in the local flour market, the demand having continued slow, and little business was transacted outside of a small jobbing trade at about jobbing quotations. Boerbohm's cable says:—"Cargoes off coast—wheat and corn quiet; do. on passage and for shipment, do; Liverpool spot wheat heavy, do. corn, downward tendency; Liverpool California wheat 7s. 10½d. January and February, 7s. 11d. May, Liverpool mixed maize dull at 4s 5½d. January, 4s. 2½d. January now, 4s. 2d. February and March; Antwerp spot wheat steady; French country markets quiet; in Paris wheat is quiet and flour slow."—The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review says:—"Foggy and frosty weather has satisfactorily checked the undue forwarding of the growth of wheat, which will have a promising start. Notwithstanding much grumbling, the millers are securing good quantities of fair milling English wheat at a level of 32s. The country markets are firmer. Flour was in improved request. The American shipments have been very moderate for several weeks. The trade in foreign wheat showed no marked change. At Liverpool the market improved 1d. per cental for most sorts of foreign wheat, especially Californian. This is a healthy sign, indicating a belief that all fair to good foreign wheat obtainable by spring will be wanted, and find a ready sale. To day the market was not largely attended. The large arrivals were difficult to move. English wheat was in rather better supply. Prices were firm. Indian special white was 6d. dearer. Californian and Russian were held at 6d. advance. Flour is hardening, but the good supply prevented an advance." Dornbusch, under date December 7, states that, "The advices from Odessa are not cheerful reading. It appears that holders of grain are anxious to sell, but the question is where to find buyers. Odessa and Nikolaev, as well as other export depots, must continue to carry the heavy stocks which have accumulated and are still coming in. To add to the unpleasant aspect of the commercial situation it is said that great difficulty is experienced by the railway companies in supplying the requisite number of wagons for the transport of grain, and almost all the stations in the South are encumbered with cereals exposed to the weather in view of the owners, who can do nothing to prevent the deterioration of their property. To be more on a footing with America, Odessa requires elevators, but those would not be of much use while the railway service is so insufficient. Mild weather now prevails in the Southern Provinces, and the fair-way at Taganrog is apparently clear of ice; but it would be too risky to send steamers to that port on the chance of being able to load and get away." The Chicago wheat market has been very weak and steadily declined to \$1.03½ January, and \$1.08½ May. On the other hand corn was firmer and moved up to 34½c. January, 34½c. February, 37½c. May. Oats also improved somewhat, and were quoted 25½c. January, 29c. May. In New York the wheat market has been very weak and inactive, and prices broke to \$1.03½ January, \$1.05½ February, \$1.06½ March, \$1.09½ May. Corn was stronger, and advanced to 43½c. January, 46½c. February, 45½c. May. Oats were 31½c. January, 32½c. February, 33½c. May. At Toledo, Detroit, and Milwaukee, the wheat markets were weak, and prices declined.

**PROVISIONS.**—The local demand for provisions has been fair and a satisfactory amount of business has been accomplished. Lard has moved off fairly well. Hams and bacon have been quiet and steady. The Liverpool provision market has been weak. Pork broke 1s 3d to 80s. Lard declined 3d to 4s 9d. and bacon was steady at 43s to 43s 6d. In Chicago the provision market was fairly active and strongest, and pork advanced to \$13



## JESSICA'S CHOICE.

(Continued.)

"Well, if it is perfectly lovely what else can I say? I don't know what it is in German," retorted Lily, sinking into a deep chair with a sigh of contentment.

Presently, when the dust of travel had been removed, a delicious little supper was served, and Jessica had further cause to admire the forethought of her cousin.

As for him, he felt his chains being riveted. She was bewilderingly lovely. He could not eat for drinking in her beauty,—the velvet of her cheek, the turn of her neck, the delicious darkness of her eyes.

"I can't believe that you are the young lady who came abroad for her health," he said, looking at her with a sick dazed feeling which was new to him.

"Oh, the voyage set me up completely," she replied.

"But it nearly killed me," said Mrs. Hilton, plaintively, as she strenuously refused a plate of salad embellished with a *compote* of cherries. "It's a risky thing to come abroad at my age."

"Your age, my dear Mrs. Hilton!" cried Paul. "Why, I am very nearly your age myself!"

This sally elicited a burst of light-hearted laughter from the two girls. They were in high spirits to-night, and easily amused.

"Oh, I can hardly wait till to-morrow!" cried Lily, as Paul was leaving them to their needed repose. "I saw nothing to-night but horses as thin as towel-racks, and several soldiers."

"You will see several more soldiers while you are here," said Paul, laughing. "That is a never failing diversion, if you care for them."

It was long before sleep descended on the little American colony in the Hohenzollern-Strasse. Everything, from the feather-bed coverlet to the porcelain stoves, was new to them. Jessica's maid, who was a German, could fortunately communicate with the other servants and explain whatever puzzled her mistress.

Under silken quilts, beneath showy curtains, at last they slept, eager for what the new day would bring.

### CHAPTER XII.

The following morning was devoted to unpacking and arranging their new abode. To be sure, Lily was not quite as useful as usual, owing to an ever-recurring desire to stand at the window and watch the passers by. Everything amused and delighted her, especially the soldiers, of whom, as Paul had predicted, she saw "several more." A foreigner in Germany is scarcely aware how much the brilliant uniforms of the military part of the population add to the beauty of the streets, until he goes to some country which is *not* an armed camp, when he misses the former magnificence.

The Hussars, in particular, fascinated Lily Hilton. During the first week of her sojourn in Berlin she never could resist the temptation of turning round to get a last view of their uniforms as they passed down the street, and the favored individual, with the vanity of his sex, would walk a shade straighter, if possible, hold his head a little stiffer, and swagger in a way which betrayed the consciousness of being watched by a fair foreigner.

As soon as Lily could find an escort on this first day in Berlin, she sallied out, Baedecker in hand, to see the beauties of the city. She and Jessica's maid went in one droschky, and Mrs. Thorndyke and her mother in another. Both carriages were drawn by horses inconceivably thin, which looked as if the army must have confiscated all the oats which should have been theirs.

The weather was cold, and the leaves in the Thiergarten were falling. The Americans commented on the different points of interest in a disrespectful way which would have enraged the loyal *cocher* had he numbered among his accomplishments a knowledge of the English language. He drove on, however, quite oblivious that these Goths and Vandals were ridiculing the size of his beloved "Linden" and laughing at his venerable self.

It was too late in the day to see the Emperor in the historic window of the palace, where Baedecker says he always stands at a certain hour, but they caught a glimpse of the most wonderful man in the world, with his great, grim, mastiff face, and his fine old head full of tremendous schemes for the future.

It was late when the weary and attenuated horses deposited the party at their own door, if such can be called a door which belongs to half a dozen other families, like the portal in the Hohenzollern-Strasse.

They found Paul waiting for them, and together they had their tea.

Paul was full of entertaining nonsense. He talked mercilessly of the American minister, who was an amiable Western man, who had never heard of dress-boots or a white tie and could not speak any language but Westernese. He ridiculed the poor gentleman with so much wit that Lily and Jessica screamed with laughter. Then he gave a humorous account of one of the attachés, who thought himself burdened not only with the maintenance of the honor of America, but, Atlas like, with the whole round world.

This badinage precisely suited Jessica, who became shamefully hilarious considering her weeds, among which, as Paul had once gallantly observed, she looked more of a flower than ever.

Deep in her heart was a longing for news of George Carroll.

Presently, when the merriment had subsided, she said, boldly,—

"Do you ever hear of our friend George Carroll?"

"Oh, yes: he is a friend of our consequential attaché. But surely you must have seen him more lately than I have," said Paul, with a certain dryness.

"No," said Jessica, almost sadly: "he has quite deserted us."

"He works very hard at his paper. There is some talk now at home of an International Congress in the interests of copyright, and some one said that in case the thing was really arranged to take place, Carroll might be a delegate."

"He is very clever," said Jessica, gently; and there the talk ended.

It was a curious fact that Lily always managed to make friends wherever she went; and the present offered no exception to the general rule. It was also noticeable that while Jessica, through Paul's guidance, saw, in a quiet way, a good deal of diplomatic society, Lily struck out boldly and became acquainted with certain delightful literary and artistic persons of the Jewish persuasion.

In Berlin the Hebrews, having been excluded from Court and military circles, denied the army, diplomacy, and everything else aristocratic, as a profession, have turned their exceptional talents and ability into other channels. They are thus, many of them, extremely wealthy; they are editors, men of letters, sculptors, painters, and musicians, to an extraordinary extent.

It was Lily's good fortune to make the acquaintance of a family the head of which was editor of the first review in Germany, and to be invited to sup with them one evening. As she spoke good French, and her hostess had a fair knowledge of English, all went smoothly from a linguistic stand-point.

The company included one of the finest violinists in the world, a professor who thought that he spoke English, and a very well known authoress, all of whom shall be nameless, though there is nothing disagreeable to record of any of them. The old lady was a picture, with her white puffs of hair, and black lace draperies falling from her head. When asked if she spoke any English, she said, with great devoutness, "*Gott bewahre!*" and that closed the conversation as far as Lily was concerned.

The professor was a gentleman with truly leonine professorial locks which seemed to despise coercion and rose on end superior to it. He had come all the way from Vienna in order to write a work on—What, think you? On Goethe? on Schiller? On the genius of the German tongue? No, no! On the madness of Hamlet compared to the madness of all the rest of Shakespeare's characters!

I have sometimes wondered whether he has finished the preface yet. Oh, you gloomy Danish royal gentleman in black, how much you have to answer for!

The supper was charming, and nobody thought of missing ham; in fact I am not sure that it was absent from the board, as the modern Jews are too often nothing at all dietetically.

Lily's host informed her that she was the only American lady whose English he had ever understood,—which compliment she owed to the fact that she was talking more slowly than she ever had done in her life. As for the gentleman whose exhaustive knowledge of English had led him to make a study of England's greatest bard, when Lily addressed a few words in her mother-tongue to him he visibly wilted, and could neither comprehend or answer. The violinist talked a little, in very good English, and ate much. He informed Lily that two years hence she might have the pleasure of hearing him in New York. It did not appear to occur to him that he might be dead before then, to say nothing of Lily.

This evening was only one of many spent among very interesting and cultivated persons. The rich and vulgar Jews Lily did not meet. All this time Mrs. Thorndyke did not, of course, escape observation. Beauty without fortune is sure to be noticed, and when it is reinforced by "more money than one knows what to do with," as people say, beauty is welcome wherever it chooses to go. Lorrimer did his duty nobly, not selfishly encouraging his fair cousin to pine in solitude, but drawing her as often as possible out of her seclusion. He might have obtained all sorts of invitations for her; but she declared that dinners were the only form of social entertainment at which she would figure in this first year of her widowhood.

For the first three weeks after Mrs. Thorndyke's arrival in Berlin, Paul managed to keep the rival queens apart, though he knew very well that this state of things could not last forever, since nothing is enduring; and indeed it did not. The meeting came about in this wise.

Paul had brought together Mrs. Thorndyke, the Hiltons, and a charming family who had a delightful villa in the direction of the Zoological Gardens. This whole family was never so happy as when doing something kind to somebody, especially strangers and foreigners: therefore as soon as the American ladies were made known to her, the mother of the family invited all three to dinner.

People who "dine late" in Berlin dine at five,—the hour when British subjects of similar standing are employing their afternoon tea as a bridge from luncheon to an eight-o'clock repast.

Early as it was, it seemed late, on account of the shortness of the winter day. The lamps and candles were lighted, and a wood fire leapt in the great fireplace of the hospitable hall in which the visitors found themselves. Their hostess was an Englishwoman, who had lived for thirty years in Germany, but was still English to her finger-tips. She was a slight, quiet little lady, one who was loved directly she showed her own sweet nature, which was pure unselfishness and goodness. Her husband was a singularly polished and handsome man,—a friend of the royal family, yet a Liberal in his politics. There were also present two daughters, in whom the blending of fine national traits had produced extremely happy results.

To this pleasant circle were added Lorrimer, the diplomatic gentleman who felt himself to be perpetually saving the honor of his country, another and more real diplomat, who had been accredited to many courts, where he had successfully represented England, and an old couple whose principal claim to our consideration is that they belonged to the two oldest families in Berlin.

After the Hiltons and Jessica had entered upon that *mauvais quart*

*d'heure* which is generally much longer than its name implies, there was another arrival. Paul could not help feeling a creeping sensation along what Irishmen call "the spine of the back" when he saw the two Wolfenfels enter the room. They were received with cordiality, presented to the Hiltons and Mrs. Thorndyke, and the young ladies of the house courtesied to the old countess, who kissed them on the cheek.

Jessica looked, as usual, very beautiful, though she was dressed in the deepest mourning. Her gown was entirely of crape, not China crape, or what the milliners call "crêpe lisso," but that heavy, crinkly, and expensive fabric which is worn by bereaved persons who can pay for it, by some, I fear, who cannot, thus making the dress makers partakers in their grief. Her bodice was high at the throat and long at the wrists, finished, as usual, with muslin bands. One could imagine, though, from the creamy tint of the skin which was visible, what superb shoulders and arms the crape must conceal.

Lily was in half-mourning, and wore gray Swedish kid slippers, which were hereafter to excite remark.

As dinner was immediately announced, there was little time for the guests to make observations among themselves.

The host sat between the old countess and Mrs. Hilton, and Mrs. Thorndyke found herself next to Irma's mother, with the young attaché on the other side. She at once became absorbed in observing the countess, and left Mr. Hale to himself. The old lady was openly interested in her fair neighbour, and kept the conversational ball rolling.

"So we are both widows, my dear Mrs. Thorndyke," she said, in her grating, discordant voice, which gave one a sympathetic sore throat only to hear it. "I see you don't wear a cap. Few young widows do. Quite right, too; quite right. If the count had died when I was your age, I wouldn't have worn one either."

She did not add that if the count had died at that period she would never have known him at all.

"And how do you like Berlin?" she went on, with scarcely a pause. "How does it compare with New York?"

"Oh, they are not in the least alike," said Jessica, smiling. "You have much better pavements than ours, for one thing."

"Indeed? What else strikes you about our town?"

"Well, the thinness of the droschky horses, and the smallness of the linden-trees, if you don't mind my saying it," Jessica ventured to say.

"Not at all. I am not a Berliner. But you mustn't say it to any of them. They think a great deal of those trees."

"There is not a great deal of them to think of," said Jessica, smiling.

The countess, though Scotch, had a sense of humor, and smiled too. Then she turned suddenly towards Jessica and said,—

"You are very beautiful, my dear."

"Thank you," said Jessica, demurely. "I try to be."

"It doesn't take much trying, I suspect," said the old lady. "Do you know your color looks like paint? It is wonderful."

"It certainly is *not* paint," said Jessica, rather warmly.

"Take my advice, my dear. Never touch your face with anything but rain-water. That is all I use; and my complexion is wonderful for a woman of my years."

Jessica looked at her with round eyes, for a more daringly frescoed old facade than Countess Von Wolfenfels's face it would be hard to imagine. While Beauty was wondering whether she had heard aright, the youthful diplomatist seized the opportunity to enlighten her as to his own importance and the total want of ability which was conspicuous in the rest of the legation. He had scarcely commenced his plaintive tale, when the countess, having finished her *entrée*, began again to talk.

"That is my daughter over there," she observed. "Do you think her a great beauty?"

Jessica looked critically at Irma, who was more languishing and serpentine than ever, as she was seated next to her whilom adorer Paul.

"She certainly is good-looking," said Mrs. Thorndyke.

"Oh, she is much admired. She has had scores of offers. But she adored her poor father too much to accept any of them."

"Is she your only child?" asked Jessica.

"Yes. I had a son, but he lived only a few minutes."

"How very sad!" said Jessica, with sympathy.

"Oh, I don't know," said the countess, with a manner as hard as nails.

"It was a good thing for Irma. She gets the title and estates now."

Jessica offered no more consolation.

CHAPTER XIII.

After dinner Irma came and seated herself beside Mrs. Thorndyke.

"You can't imagine," she began, "how pleased I am to see you. Mamma and I have heard so very much of you."

"From Paul Lorrimer?" asked Jessica, amicably.

There was a little flash in Irma's eyes.

"From your amiable cousin,—yes," she said.

"He is not really my cousin, you know," said Jessica, "but we call him so, as he is a great friend of ours, and was a cousin of—my husband." She stumbled over the name, which she had hardly ever been obliged to use before.

"Ah, yes, your romantic story is known to us," said Irma, with her great eyes fixed on the other's face.

Jessica hastened to change the subject.

"I am hoping to hear you sing," she said. "Paul has told me about your lovely voice."

"It is lovely," assented Irma, modestly. "It has quite a phenomenal range,—two octaves and five notes. But I sing no more since my dear papa is dead."

(To be Continued.)

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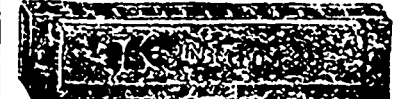
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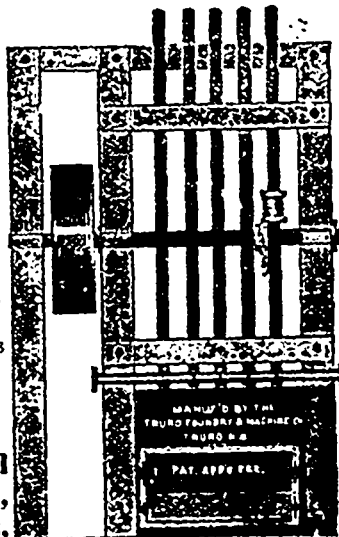
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## MINING.

We feel certain that all our mining friends enjoyed a merry Christmas, and we now wish them a prosperous New Year, which is synonymous with a happy one.

There are rumors afloat of two or three large sales of gold mining properties, but the facts are hard to get at. One sale at a high figure is reported from the Waverly District and one in South Rawdon. Will some one kindly furnish us with details.

The year 1888 will be a memorable one in gold mining annals, chiefly from the large yield of gold obtained in the face of most adverse circumstances. The rainfall has been phenomenal, and many mines have been kept clear of water with the utmost difficulty. Some good paying properties have not been working half the time, and prospectors have devoted most of their labor to bailing out trenches and pits. But gold miners are plucky men, and no matter how great the obstacles, they are bound to overcome them in their search for the precious metal.

In the mining suit of Gough vs. Annand, a motion has been made to add Geo. E. Forsyth and the Albion Gold Mining Co., as defendants.

If the gold returns for December are as large in proportion as the returns for the previous months, 1888 will show a large gold yield.

LAKE CATCHA DISTRICT.—The Oxford mine is a good example of what can be accomplished in gold mining under competent management. Throughout the year the returns have been large, and the shareholders' hearts must have been gladdened with frequent dividends.

The East River, Pictou County, iron and coal properties known as the Holmes Primrose areas, have lately been visited by Mr. Lesly, M. E., who was greatly impressed with their value. He is now making surveys for a railroad, and driving tunnels to further test the value of the property.

The improvements made in the Mines Office during the past year reflect great credit on the Commissioner and his able staff of assistants. Business may now be conducted with a promptitude never before reached, and enquirers for information are treated with a uniform politeness that is charming. We wish the Commissioner and his staff a happy New Year.

Mr. F. W. Christie, M. E., has lately returned from a trip to the gold mines in Queen's county, and expresses himself as greatly pleased with the substantial progress that has been made since his last visit. Everything looked better than he expected, and the promises for the future are very bright. The bad weather has greatly retarded the operations of prospectors, otherwise many new discoveries would likely have been made. A superior class of mining men have come into the district, the very best of omens. Mr. Christie is a keen observer, and his opinion carries great weight.

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

District	Mill	Tons Crushed	Ozs. Gold
Salmon River.....	Dufferin Mill.....	750	202
Lake Catcha.....	Oxford ".....	107	133½
Oldham.....	Oldham Gold Co.....	219	120½
South Uniacke.....	Withrow.....	30	112
*Mount ".....	Nichol's.....		9½
15 Mile Stream.....	Egerton G. M. Co.....	195	82
Sherbrooke.....	Miner's.....	250	47
".....	Goldenville.....	49	11½
".....	London.....	130½	13½
Cariboo.....	Caffroy.....	8	10
† ".....	D. Touquoy.....	364	70½
".....	Moose River G. M. Co.....	117	43
Stormont.....	Rockland Mill.....	222	193½

\*Scrapings from plates.

†130 tons quartz and 234 tons surface stuff.

HUGE PLACER SCHEME—The large placer grounds in Cariboo, Idaho, have gone into new hands. Cariboo has been known a long time as a good placer country, but the claims were so divided up that they could not be worked to advantage. Mr. C. J. Clark took hold of the matter some three or four months ago and bought out the owners, some fifteen in all. This done, he organized in Chicago the American Placer Company, composed of Chicago, Michigan, and Ohio men of large capital. The capital stock was placed at 500,000 shares at \$16 each. Alfred Kiddor, of Marquette, Michigan, is president, and W. B. Dalliba, general manager. The company owns 5,000 acres of placer ground, extending twelve miles along McCoy Creek, and ranging from five to eight feet deep. It samples from fifteen cents up to a number of dollars per cubic foot, some of the gravel close to bed-rock running up to nearly \$20 per yard. It was only a few days ago that the titles were all made clear and the placers fully possessed by the new company, and yet they have 300 men and sixty teams now making a ditch seven feet wide at the bottom, eleven at the top, and five feet deep. This ditch will be twelve miles long and tapping various small streams along the rim, also Jackdiffe and Tin Cup Creeks, will convey 7,000 inches of water to the placers which, with the 4,000 inches already supplied, will be ample to run a dozen or fifteen giants three months in a year.—Pocatello Reporter.

**TIN MINES OF PERAK.**—Taiping is thoroughly a Chinese town of the modern kind. The tin mines are just outside the town, and cover an area of several square miles, and are worked wholly by Cantonese. There are a series of hollows having the appearance of quarries; enormous numbers of coolies, working like so many ants, convey the sand or rubble to the washers' troughs, which are placed at a sufficient height to allow the water running freely down an incline. One man takes up the minute portions of tin, having the appearance of points of black lead, which sink at once to the bottom of the trough; others pick out stones from the gravelly mixture; others again push up the heavier portion of the mud from which the lead is not yet completely separated, so that it may pass through the water again and nothing be lost. The ore is then washed once more in special washing houses and is thrown with charcoal into a simple furnace, like a barrel standing on end, and made chiefly of clay; the molten lead oozes down through the charcoal and escapes through a hole in the bottom into a pit hollowed out of the ground, the tin being left. The tin molds are simply holes pressed into the sandy floor by circular wooden rollers, each consisting of half a section, with broad, wooden lips, which leave indentations similar in shape to the blocks of tin shipped abroad. The tin is left here several days to cool, when it is hauled out with a long iron rod and dashed with water. It is curious that the only tin mine in Perak supplied with adequate machinery and worked by Europeans fails to give a profit, while the Chinese with their primitive methods can turn the most unpromising mine to advantage. Kwala Kangsarts consists simply of one business street of Chiamen, the Malays living about in the jungle doing little. New roads are being laid out in every direction under the superintendence of the Resident, and the great trunk road is being continued inland, so as to reach the tin mines of Kinta, the produce of which reaches the coast by water now.—London *Financial Times*.

**NEVADA MINERS DYED GREEN**—A contract has been let on the Martin White mine, at Ward, Nev., and work is to be resumed forthwith. A queer phenomenon is connected with the working of the Martin White ore. The ore is very base, and it is necessary to roast the whole of it. During the roasting process no deleterious or disagreeable fumes are observable, yet the hair and the beards of all the men engaged about the works are soon dyed a bright and permanent green. Even the eyebrows of the workmen are as green as grass. In scores of Nevada mines ores of various kinds are smelted and roasted, but at none of them is the hair or beards of the workmen changed from their natural hue. It is said there is less arsenic in the ore of the Martin White than in that of any other mine. Old smelters say that arsenic has no such effect on the hair, and all declare the emerald hue imparted to the hair is due to the presence of some unknown and my terious metal or mineral. White, light and sandy boards and hair take a grass green, whereas black or dark brown hair is dyed a deep bottle green. The hair is not injured by its change of color. It retains its original softness and strength.—*Territorial Enterprise*.

**THE STORY OF THE ROCKS.**—Geological history brings before us, says Archibald Geikie, many facts well calculated to impress our minds with the great antiquity of our planet, and with the marvelous chain of changes by which the present order of things has been brought about. We learn from it that mountains and valleys have not come suddenly into existence, such as we now see them, but have been formed gradually, by a long series of processes similar to those which are even now slowly doing the same work. We discover that every part of the land under our feet can yield up its story, if we only knew how to question it. And, strangest of all, we find that the races of plants and animals which now tenant land and sea are not the first or original races, but they were preceded by others, these again by others still more remote. We see that there has been upon the earth a history of living things, as well as of dead matter. At the beginning of that wonderful history we detect traces merely of lowly forms, like the foraminifera of the Atlantic ooze. At the end we are brought face to face with man—thinking, working, restless man, battling steadily with the powers of nature, and overcoming them one by one, by learning how to obey the laws which direct them.

**MOST ANCIENT TIN MINE.**—The Great Work tin mine, West Cornwall, which has recently been reopened, is undoubtedly the most ancient mine in the world. It is recorded that the Phœnicians came here for tin, and the public records show that the mine has been worked, with slight intervals of cessation, for the past 300 years. The value of the property is indicated by the extent of the workings, upon which no less than £390,024 has been expended, whilst the ore produced realized on sale £628,706. Although no fresh ground was opened, tin of the value of £100,000 and upwards has, during the past 20 years, been obtained from the surface and shallow workings. The contents of the prospectus are interesting, showing, as they do, what this property, which is not more than 180 fathoms in depth, has done. The lift is a mile and three-quarters in length, on the course of the lode, and in some places a mile in width, embracing an area of 720 acres. Underground the levels have been driven in the aggregate about 30 miles.

**CONCENTRATES.**—The great deposits of tin ore in the region of Rapid City, D. T., are soon to be worked. In Southern Yunnan, at Kuochiuchang, China, some important tin mines are worked by the Chinese. The Comstock produced \$48,000,000 of gold and silver during the first five years succeeding its discovery. It is reported that near Oconto, Wis., a pocket of gold quartz that promises to yield from \$50,000 to \$75,000 per ton has been found. Every minute in the States they dig 61 tons of anthracite coal and 300

tons of bituminous coal, while of pig iron they turn out 12 tons, and of steel rails 3 tons.

The Leadville mines, in the seven years from 1877, when its first smelter was built, to 1884, produced gold, silver and lead to the value of \$95,864,000.

The value of gold exported from Africa through the Cape Colonial ports for August, amounted to £55,576. The value of gold exported through Natal for August was £39,424.

A new process for amalgamating zinc and quick-silver without the admixture of any other material, it is stated, has just been invented.

Gold mining in Beauce, Que., is being prosecuted with renewed energy. A rich vein is said to have been recently struck on the river du Moulin.

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DRAWINGS ON THE THIRD WEDNESDAY  
OF EVERY MONTH.

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## HOME AND FARM.

WINTER FEEDING.—As the cold weather is approaching, the remarks on feed will be more in keeping if they refer to winter feeding; and in connection with this subject, I may remark that warmth in the house will save food and prove more beneficial than any egg food in the production of eggs in winter. I do not refer to artificial heat, but merely to a good, warm house, built to keep out the frost as much as possible. My method is as follows:—I bring in each evening a feed of grain, and put it in a large, old, square bread pan; when I light the kitchen fire in the morning I put the pan of grain in the oven, and by the time I am ready to go out and feed, it has the chill off. As soon as they hear my step there is a scrambling to meet me first, among the inmates of the house. I scatter the feed among the straw, and if there is scratching done anywhere, it is in that house full of chickens. At noon Mrs. Peter has a good warm feed of cooked vegetables, with meat scraps sometimes, made up nice and crumbly, with equal parts of bran and shorts, a little bone meal and cayenne, and sometimes a very little salt is added about twice a week. After the exercise of the morning, they are in good trim for this mid-day meal, which is given on the feed-boards that are in each pen. These are about four feet long and twenty inches wide, hinged on to the partition of the pens at the bottom; they are turned up against the wall, after feeding is done, on which there is a ring in the edge of the boards and a hook in the partition, at a proper distance, to pass through the ring. Thus they are secured out of the way, and the benefit of having this nice, clean place to feed upon, can only be estimated by those who have tried it. Never let too much of any kind of food be given so that it lays about to get foul. I am quite sure that thousands of birds are killed by too much food, where one meets its death by famine; and not only death, but disease only wants a slight foothold, and it will quickly destroy a lot of over-fed stock. Even should the flock escape both these evils, they are but a continual bill of expense to their owner, giving no returns in eggs in winter, and small hatches of puny birds in spring. But how shall we estimate the required amount? some may ask. Well, friends, it is quite easy. How do you estimate the feed for your cattle, pigs, etc? By noticing what their requirements are in this respect. A cow is a large animal, but you do not give her a barrel of bran at a meal, or let her have the run to a shed full of roots; and the same common sense that caused you to withhold something, and yet give sufficient food for most profitable results in the cow, will teach you to feed your poultry. It is simply the power of observation, and an earnest desire to be informed, brought to bear on the subject. I think it safe to say a small handful of grain for each bird, as near as you can tell to numbers, for each feed, is quite sufficient. It is only a few minutes' work to find out how much this would be, and if the same vessel is used always, you know what is being given; and if the birds are not always looking out to see what you have for them, whenever you go near them, it is pretty sure they are getting too much. It is not generally thought that fowls require some of the coarser elements of food, such as fibre, but if we think of it they pick up a vast amount of what we call "trash" when at liberty, such as leaves, the husks from straw, and small bits of hay, not to mention such delicacies as are found in the manure pile from the litter of the stables. We may, then, do well to give oats and barley sometimes; these are rich in fibre material, and the chaff, if given to laying hens, will amply repay you in eggs, containing all the elements for their production. Another change can be made now and then by giving a pan of bran that has been moist with warm skim milk, or milk and water; especially to the layers. There is one thing not to be forgotten when birds are confined to the house, that is gravel. A box can be filled and nailed to the wall, so that it will not be made dirty; and, if you take notice, you will see them pick out the sharpest pieces first. Gravel will largely take the place of oyster shell so often recommended. Add to the bill of fare a piece of liver, or some bones to pick, occasionally, with lots of clean water in clean vessels; and if you do not get eggs whenever you look for them, change your birds for some other strain, for you may be quite sure they are not "built for layers." A good feed of grain should be given for the evening meal, as the nights are long.—W. C. G. Peter, in *Farmer's Advocate*.

Cuttings from the *New England Farmer*:—

The high cranberry is recommended by the *Garden and Forest* as an ornamental shrub.

Too many farmers count the total acreage of their farms rather than the average yield of the land.—*Thomas H. Baird*.

The *Rural World* says, "The successful farmer of to-day is the man who reads the agricultural papers, and keeps informed of what is going on in the farming world."

Recent experiments made by scientific authorities point to the fact that different kinds of tobacco have a deadly effect upon a number of microscopic organisms, especially the tubercle bacillus.

Indian corn is the best plant we have for silo purposes, but next to this stands the common red clover which, indeed, possesses some possible advantages over the corn.—*Prof W A Henry*.

A lot of good hogs in connection with the dairy makes success doubly sure; they utilize and make good returns for much that else would go to waste in dairying.

Subscribe for papers, read books, attend conventions and all the meetings where information is to be obtained. No man has his own salvation in his own hands more certain than the dairyman.

Be sure to ventilate the sheep sheds. Of all animals sheep are most susceptible to foul air. The best ventilation is through the roof. This prevents drafts, to which sheep are also very susceptible.

The great question for fruit growers is how to keep up the fertility of the soil, says Charles A. Green in the *Tribune*. He recommends green





**DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS**

All Checker communications and exchanges should be addressed to W. Forsyth, 36 Grafton Street, Halifax.

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.

**THE PROPOSED MATCH OFF.**—In a private communication received by Mr. Forsyth from Mr. Richard Ellis, of Portland, St. John, N. B., the latter gentleman shows that for excellent reasons he is unable to play a match away from his home. As Mr. Forsyth cannot go from Halifax during the winter, the proposed match for the championship of the Maritime Provinces is, of course, off for the present at least. If, however, Mr. Ellis is willing to resume negotiations next summer, Mr. Forsyth hopes that he will then be able to go to Portland and play the match there.

**SOLUTION.**

**PROBLEM 79.**—The position was:—black men 5, 7, kg. 11; white men 12, 20, kg. 1; black to move and win. Correctly solved by H. A. McD, Thorburn.

5-9	2-6	17-22	23-30
1-6	10-14	14-18	17-22
9-13	6-9	22-26	black
6-2	14-17	1-18	23 wins.
7-10	9-14	13-17	

**\*VAR. I.**

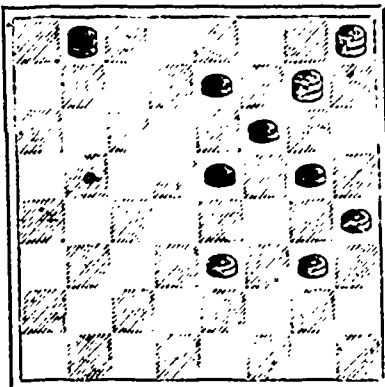
18-22	30-26	14-9	18-14
26-30	18-14	23-18	black
22-18	26-23	9-6	wins

\* This variation is not given by H. A. McD.

**PROBLEM No. 81.**

This problem we take from the Leeds Mercury, but it has appeared from time to time in many other papers devoting space to checkers, and its authorship is uncertain, though the evidence favors either Mr. Tegerdine, formerly of Leeds, or "Old Sturges." The position is a remarkably neat one, and, as has been remarked by Mr. Strickland, of the British Draughts Player, "it is a pity that the author should be unknown."

Black men 7, 11, 15, 16, kg. 1.



White men 20, 23, 24, kgs. 4, 8. Black to play and win.

The solution of to-day's problem will conclude the contest for 1888.

In closing the year's work in this department we would say that, while a few of our readers have taken the trouble, and have shown sufficient interest to solve a proportion of the problems, or, at least, to attempt to do so, many others from whom we expected encouragement and appreciation have "shown no sign." There are hundreds of fairly good checker players among our readers throughout Canada,

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**Halifax, N. S.**

**SPRING, 1889.**

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and especially in Nova Scotia, and if but one tenth of them would show their interest in 1889 by competing for the valuable prizes that we shall offer, they would greatly assist us in creating and maintaining an interest in the game.

The rules, etc., under which the competitions will be conducted during the coming year, will be announced in our next issue, and we hope that all will go in and try to win one of the prizes, or at least come so close to the leaders as to deserve honorable mention at the close of the year.

Blank forms, (suitable for both Chess and Checkers), for copying down problems, positions, endings, etc. Fifty for 25c, post free. Small sheets, numbered, and with appropriate headings, for recording games. Twenty-five for 15c. For sale at Currio Office, Halifax.

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**LIST OF PRIZES.**

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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.....	20	10,000
1000 Silver Watches worth.....	10	10,000
1900 Toilet Sets.....	5	5,000

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Offers are made to all winners to pay the prizes cash, less a commission of 10 per cent. Winners' names not published unless specially authorized.

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