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THE CRITIC:

A Maritime Provincial Journal.

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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 threatened commercial war between Newfoundland and Canada has begun. Immediately following the Dominion action in enforcing the duties on Newfoundland fish, Newfoundland placed heavy duties on Canadian products. The merchants affected by these restrictions, both in Newfoundland and Canada, will probably take means to test the legality of such duties being imposed by Newfoundland. Such a state of affairs will not be allowed to last. It calls for Imperial interference.

The Russell divorce case is having a curious sequel. In the course of his evidence the Earl stated that he had betrayed a Miss Williams, who at one time was housemaid in his employ. This statement the young lady indignantly denies, and has brought suit for damages against Earl Russell, bringing medical testimony in her support. Miss Williams states that she was obliged to flee to her mother for protection from his Lordship, and that he did not succeed in betraying her. Someone is lying, that is certain, but which, the Earl or Miss Williams, is the question.

The Russell divorce case has once more set people thinking on the absurdity of having such men as Lord Russell sit in the House of Lords. True he gained his case, but he made an exhibition of himself that was by no means edifying, and showed that his title was about all the nobility he possessed. It is not right to judge the nobility as a class by the few black sheep that come before the notice of the world, but it would be a good thing if some means were taken whereby such black sheep could be ousted from holding positions of importance. Peers of Scotland and Ireland are elected representative by votes of their order. It would be well if this were the case with Peers of England.

The successful transportation of a body of 400 sailors across the Continent from Vancouver to Halifax by way of the Canada Pacific, Canada Central and I. C. Railways will strengthen the ties that bind us to the Mother Country. The transport arrived at Bedford on Friday night, and as the preparations for receiving the men were not complete, the train was detained there until Saturday morning, thus disappointing many people who were on the watch to see it come into Halifax. The distance from Vancouver to Halifax, about 3,800 miles, was covered by actual time in 6 days, 6 hours, counting all stoppages. The men were in the best of health and made a comfortable journey. The train, with the men and officers brought out by the

Tyne, started on Saturday on its return journey, and doubtless by this time is near Vancouver. The Canadian route saves about 12,000 miles in distance over the Panama route and two months in time; it is in the temperate zone all the way, and there is apparently nothing amiss with this new way of forwarding troops to the Pacific coast. It is understood that Lieut. Colemore and Capt. Rooke, who are to report on the matter, will strongly recommend the route, and the need of barracks at the dockyard will also be mentioned.

The case of Charles Bremner, of Battleford, whose furs were, by some mysterious process, taken from him during the rebellion in the Northwest, has again come into public notice. General Middleton was by many people held to be responsible for the value of these furs, which were without doubt fraudulently gotten from Bremner, and largely distributed among Government officials. But General Middleton did not suffer in his pocket for his action as to the furs; he simply had to give up his position and leave the country. Bremner naturally wants to be paid for his property, and a short time ago he made a petition to the Government praying to be paid the sum of \$19,859 with interest from June 7th, 1886, for losses sustained by him during the rebellion. The Government has dismissed this petition because there is evidence to show that Bremner was a rebel, and it does not want to establish a precedent that might bring up a reconsideration of claims of other rebels which it before refused to pay. This is very hard on Bremner, but probably the Government's wisest course. If Mr. Bremner should proceed to law and be able to prove himself guiltless of rebellion he might possibly obtain the compensation he desires, but "the Law's delays" would probably prove so costly that he would not make much by it.

M. Gounod, the French composer, says, "There are in history certain men who appear destined to mark, in their sphere, the point above which no man can go. Such as Phidias in sculpture and Molière in comedy. Mozart was one of these men." The Frenchman's opinion is shared by many who consider the famous German the greatest of abstract musicians, standing as an all-round artist at the head of his fellows. As the fifth of this month was the centenary of Mozart's death, the *Musical Times*, London, has issued a finely illustrated supplement devoted to his life and works. It is edited by Mr. Joseph Bennett, and contains a great deal of much interest, especially the engravings which should make it valuable to every lover of music. How the present-day homage to the great composer contrasts with the circumstances of his burial just a century ago! The latter was a disgrace to the country in which he died. On the day after his death, during a wintry storm, his remains were deposited in a pauper's grave without one friend to witness the last service to the dead, who was worthy of all honor. Because it rained, Van Swieten and Süßmayer, two of his "friends," whom we name in order to give them the renown their deed deserves, turned back with three others and left him to be hurried alone to his last sad resting-place. The search for his grave proved fruitless, and no one knows the exact spot where Mozart was buried.

"Mark Twain" has opened a curiously interesting subject in his paper on "Mental Telegraphy" in the December *Hurper's Magazine*. He says: "This age does seem to have exhausted invention nearly; still, it has one important contract on its hands yet—the invention of the phrenophone; that is to say, a method whereby the communication of mind with mind may be brought under command and reduced to certainty and system. The telegraph and the telephone are going to become too slow and wordy for our needs. We must have the thought itself shot into our minds from a distance; then, if we need to put it into words, we can do that tedious work at our leisure. Doubtless the something which conveys our thoughts through the air from brain to brain is a finer and subtler form of electricity, and all we need do is to find out how to capture it and how to force it to do its work, as we have had to do in the case of electric currents. Before the day of telegraphs neither one of these marvels would have seemed any easier to achieve than the other." The great humorist does not intend to be funny when he says this; he is evidently serious, and he tells a marvelous story about some experiences of his own. If he wants any one to write him a letter, he sits down and writes such a letter as he desires to himself, all in due form, signs it with person's name, and puts it in an envelope. This sounds simple enough, but what follows is somewhat peculiar. He says a letter exactly similar to his own will come from the person whom he wished would write to him in due time—that is as soon as the mail can bring it. This is strange, and we would like to hear more about it before putting our trust in the plan. We fear when "Mark Twain's" "phrenophone" arrives there will be a break-down of the present social system, in which diplomatic prevarication plays an important part.

The illness of Prince George of Wales has given rise to a discussion on the subject of typhoid fever. It is said the Prince contracted the disease in Ireland, and the direct cause of it was his having eaten oysters from the Liffey, which is contaminated with the sewage of Dublin. If this should be proved to be a correct theory, it should put a stop to oyster fishing in those parts affected by the sewage.

We are drawing very near to the festive season of Christmas, but it is even more difficult than usual to realize the fact owing to the lateness of the season. It is particularly hard to make any seasonable comments worth reading, but our readers will not object to our wishing them one and all the best joys of the season. As our publication day falls on Christmas this year, the next *CRITIC* will not reach the majority of its readers until the festival is over, so we wish them now "A Happy Xmas."

Fire, life and accident insurances have become so well known to the public that the one strong prejudice against insurance of any kind has gradually given place to more sound business ideas of what insurance really is; but when any new feature is introduced its novelty at once strikes us as being a radical change in the every day order of affairs, and we intuitively ask ourselves, what next? A wealthy insurance company in Berlin now advertises to insure clerks good situations with a regular weekly allowance when not employed. The premium is moderate, and altogether the prospectus of the company is an attractive one, but we imagine that the company's agents will have to keep a pretty sharp lookout, or it may be called upon for weekly allowances more frequently than is anticipated.

The great and ever-increasing value of land in large and populous cities has a tendency to raise the height of buildings to an extent that is dangerous. The height of some people's ambition in this respect reaches the dizzy attitude of fifteen or sixteen stories, if not more, and so universal has this lofty idea become in some American cities that regulations have to be made to check its upward tendency. In Chicago twelve stories is to be the limit, but it appears that the city council, in framing this law, forgot to state the maximum height of the stories, so practically builders can still aspire to reach as near to heaven as they please. High buildings are considered to be detrimental to health because they darken the streets and impede the circulation of air; they increase the dangers from fire to life and property, and are not expedient in any way.

The world is by no means standing still in the matter of devising new, and it is to be hoped, improved methods of ocean travel. The latest theoretical improvement extant is the passenger "whaleback," the hull of which is constructed in the same manner as the steamers of that name that are being successfully used for carrying grain, and the passenger accommodation takes the form of a vast structure raised twenty-four feet above the hull, and supported on steel cylinders through which communication is had between the two distinct parts of the steamer. In theory this is delightful. There would be no smell of engines or steam, and the comforts of a modern hotel would make the passenger department very luxurious. The illustration, however, gives the idea of a very unsafe vessel, and until it has had a thorough test passengers will prefer to patronize the "old reliable" steamers. It is expected that a vessel constructed on the "whaleback" principle would make the voyage from New York to Liverpool in five days.

It is pleasurable news for Canadians to hear that Lord Dufferin has been appointed Ambassador to France in succession to the late Earl of Lytton. As a diplomatist, orator, administrator and author, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava has attained great distinction—distinction that is in a large measure owing to the co-operation of his brilliant and gifted wife, who stands pre-eminent in the aristocratic society of Great Britain as a hostess and entertainer. Lady Dufferin has just published her Canadian journal, which, while not possessing the attraction of as great novelty as her Indian journal, is so well written and full of life that it will be sure of equal, if not greater, success with the reading public. We have not yet finished reading it, but so far as we have gone there was no lack of interest, the chief charm being the unaffected style and the sweet womanliness showing through on all occasions. The continued diplomatic successes of this aristocratic couple—for Lady Dufferin deserves her share of credit—have attracted wide-spread attention, and much interest is taken in their movements. It may be of interest to our readers to know that Frederick Temple Blackwood, first Earl of Dufferin and first Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, was born in 1826, educated at Eton College, and succeeded his father as fifth Baron Dufferin and Clandeboye. He began his career as a lord-in-waiting on Queen Victoria in 1846. His diplomatic triumphs were begun in 1855, when he was attached to the Austrian mission. In 1860 he was British Commissioner in Syria, and entered the Cabinet as Under Secretary for India in 1864, becoming under Secretary of War two years later. In 1872 Lord Dufferin was appointed Governor-General of Canada, and his administration of that office showed him to be possessed of wonderful tact, persuasiveness and breadth of view. Since leaving Canada in 1878, Lord Dufferin has been British Minister at St. Petersburg, Constantinople and Rome, and also Viceroy of India. Lord Dufferin was created an Earl in 1871, since which time his peerage has been raised to a Marquisate. The latest appointments conferred upon him is that of Warden of the Cinque Ports, an office, according to Camden, which was originated in the reign of William the Conqueror. His appointment to Paris will no doubt serve to add further distinction to Lord Dufferin's career.

The royalty and nobility of Britain will be all excitement now over the approaching marriage of Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales and heir presumptive to the throne, to Princess Victoria Mary, only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck; and all the subjects of Britain the world over will likewise take an interest in the nuptials of these two young people. The fact that the match has been brought about by mutual love, and that the marriage is gratifying to the majority of the British people—as a foreign alliance might not be—will do much towards continuing the good feelings that has always existed between the Wales branch of the Royal family and the nation. The relationship of the young couple is not near enough to prove any objection to this union—third cousins are not counted at all in some families—and the Queen is said to be delighted with the arrangement. Preparations are being made for the wedding to take place on the 10th of March. It will, of course, be an important event, and will be conducted with stately ceremonial. Among the general congratulations that will be showered on the youthful pair who stand in such close proximity to the Imperial throne of Britain, Canadians will not be behind in offering good wishes for their continued happiness.

The extraordinary mildness of the season this year seems to bear out the theory that winter will not set in until the water courses of the country are full. It is reasonable to suppose that while the superfluous moisture remains in the atmosphere we cannot have any severe weather, and this year water in the St. Lawrence, the great lakes and other main water courses of the land, is still low. It is also said that the first three days of December may be taken as an index to the winter. If this is so we will not have any cold weather at all, for the first days of this month were quite mild—except perhaps the first, which was slightly cold, and appeared to threaten snow, which did not come. On the other hand, wise folks say that hornets have built their nests high; that angle worms have burrowed much deeper than usual; and that these are unfailing signs of a hard winter. Authorities differ so widely on the subject, it would be safe to prepare for the ordinary cold of winter, and lay in a sufficient store of fuel to make the house comfortable. At any rate it is very pleasant to have the mild weather last as it has done, enabling all classes of people to make their holiday and winter preparations in comparative ease. Doubtless in a few days Jack Frost will pay us a visit, and make things look seasonable at Christmas.

Why people do not go to church is a question now being mooted in England, and very different opinions are given as to the reason. One man, singularly enough, does not go because sermons are too short. This fellow is in the minority, of course, for the ordinary and common-place mortal seems to prefer the sermon on homeopathic principles—"a sniff of next to nothing in a phial," as it were. The truth is, many people do not go to church simply because they do not want to. They do not enjoy the service, and having to live rather busy lives on the working days of the week, they prefer to spend their Sabbath either resting or enjoying their leisure day in any orderly manner they have a fancy for. This tendency of the people not to go to church, and the multiplication of churches continually going on, at first seem incompatible, but they are not really so. Few people will take the trouble to walk any considerable distance to church, and a very slight derangement of the weather serves to prevent those only partially so inclined from venturing out, therefore those who have the management of the churches in charge feel the necessity of supplying places of worship, if not at every man's front door, at least not far from it, so as to induce as large an attendance as possible. This accounts for the "missions" and other religious institutions of the day being so numerous, but if the people were inspired with genuine zeal, they would be amply content with central churches whither all the flock would repair at the proper times for service. It appears to be a case like that of Mohammed and the Mountain—if the people will not go to the churches, the churches are doing their best to go to the people.

The World's Columbian Exposition, which all the world knows is to be opened in Chicago in May, 1893, will be an event of great importance in many ways, and among other things it offers a splendid chance for a rising poet to achieve a considerable degree of fame. The subject is a large one, and if the divine effluvia should inspire any of the aspirants for poetic bays we may have added to the great national epics of the world an heroic poem relating the events connected with the discovery of America and the subsequent progress of civilization of the continent. The rich and romantic coloring of Spanish life and conquest, and the adventures of the pioneers of the new world, will lend themselves easily to the poet's touch. It is not without interest in this connection to notice that to a woman, Miss Harriet Monroe, of Chicago, has fallen the honor of preparing a dedicatory ode for the exposition. The ode is to be set to music, and will be sung at the dedication by an immense chorus. The part women are taking in the great fair is one of its most notable features. In all departments of art they are strongly represented, and the probabilities are that the exposition will prove conclusively that genius knows no sex. As to the forthcoming poet of the occasion, there is an equal chance for both men and women. The poetic instinct of hundreds will no doubt be stirred by the occasion, but few they will be whose productions will be remembered longer than a week or a month. The great poets of America are passing away; the greatest are already gone, and others are in the sear and yellow leaf and cannot be expected to tune their lyres again, and we are only waiting to lift a chosen few who shall prove their worth to the pinnacle of fame, which has places ready for them.

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach to Healthy Action.

K. D. C. Acts Like Magic on the Stomach.

K. D. C. The Greatest Cure of the Age.

K. D. C. The Dyspeptic's Hope.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

SLUMBER SONG.

The mill goes tolling slowly round,
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
The voice of the old mill speak;
While round and round those big white wings
Grinly and ghostlike creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep."

Shaggy old Fritz, in slumber sound,
Moans of the stony mart;
To-morrow how proudly he'll trot you around
Hitched to our new milk cart!
And you shall help me blanket the kine,
And fold the gentle sheep,
And set the herring a-soak in brine;
But now, little tulip, sleep!

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes
That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies
And scolds at the stars that wink.
Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And rocking your cradle, she softly sings:—
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

—Eugene Field.

In Greek mythology it is Pallas Athene who embodies wisdom. The muses are women. From whom else should come lectures? Greek oracles proceeded from the lips of women. No man ever sat upon the Pythia's tripod.

A TRANSITORY SACRIFICE.—Pennoyer—Merritt gave up drinking, smoking and gambling for that girl of his.

Prettiwit—Only for a time, though. He's going to marry her next month.

A TELLING COMPLIMENT.—DeGarry—"Why were you so particular to praise her new hat?"

Merritt—"I learned from her little brother that she had trimmed it herself."

MET DEATH CALMLY.—Brown—Yes, he was a brave man—one who could meet death without blanching.

Fogg—I see; the gentleman was in the undertaking profession, I presume; or was he only a doctor?

ON A REGULAR TEAR.—"Charley's on a regular tear to-day," said one dry goods clerk to another.

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes; he's lost his scissors, you know."

CITIZENS ONLY.—The desirability of care in expression can hardly be too forcibly impressed upon those who write advertisements, circulars, and public announcements of all sorts, says the *Youth's Companion*.

A very peculiar effect was produced by the following announcement, contained in the advertisements of a county fair:

"Among other attractive features of this great fair there will be highly amusing donkey races and pig races.

Competitions in these two contests open to citizens of the county only!"

HE KNEW HER.

A Boston maiden died one day
And mounted up on high;
She knocked upon the pearly gates
And murmured, "It is I.
I've just got in from Boston town."
St. Peter cried in glee:
"I know you have, or else you'd stand
And hallo, 'It is me.'"

A SOFT ANSWER.—She—I thought I married the best man in town, but I find I made a mistake.

He—I thought I married the best little girl in town, and I find that I was not mistaken.

She—Forgive me, Charlie—you know that I don't always mean what I say.

He (sotto voce)—Neither do I.

DOUBLY DEFINED.—What is a "running account?" Pa says it's an account merchants have to keep of their customers that are in the habit of running away from paying their bills.

Uncle—That's one definition of it.

Tommy—Is there another?

Uncle—Yes. A running account is, in some instances, an account that gets tired out running after awhile and then it becomes a standing obligation.

OLD NURSERY FAVORITES.

There was Tom, the Son of the Piper,
Jack Sprat, and Merry King Cole,
And the Three Wise Men of Gotham,
Who went to sea in a bowl;
The woman who rode on a broomstick,
And swept the cobwebbed sky,
And the boy who sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie.

These were some of the old favorites, but they have been supplanted by the "Pansy" and "Chatterbox" stories, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Five Little Peppers." The old-fashioned pills and physics have been superseded, and wisely, too, by Pierce's Purgative Pellets, a mild, harmless and effective cathartic. They are harmless to take—so gentle in their action that the most delicate child can take them, yet so effective that they will cure the most obstinate cases of constipation, stomach, liver and bowel troubles. They should be in every nursery. As a gentle laxative, only one for a dose.

VERY MANY SUCH.



RHEUMATISM.—COL. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with St. Jacobs Oil. In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—MR. JAMES BONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

BACKACHE.—"I can highly recommend St. Jacobs Oil as being the best medicine in existence; it promptly cured me of severe lumbago." G. N. BOYER, Carleton, Quebec.

SPRAINS.—"My mother received a very severe sprain and bruise by falling down stairs. St. Jacobs Oil cured her in a couple of days." R. BURNAND, 127 Tecumseth St., Toronto, Ont.

BRUISES.—MR. AITCHISON, Hamilton, Ont., Fire Department, says he met with a serious accident and his back and shoulders were terribly bruised, but by the use of St. Jacobs Oil he was completely restored.

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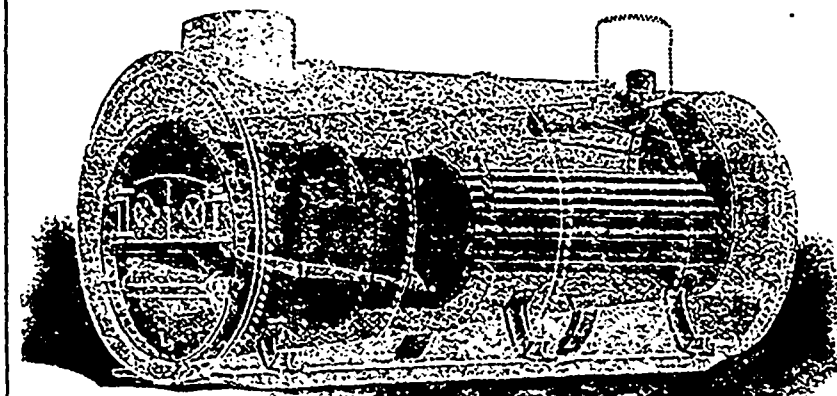
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Loss Heavy, but Health and Pluck left yet.
ESTABLISHED 1848. AMHERST, N. S.
Send along your Orders and Remittances and thus help us out and up.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

Some ladies of Truro are trying to institute a cottage hospital in that place.

The Allan service to this port is to be renewed, pending the completion of arrangements for a fast Atlantic line.

The troop-ship *Tyne* left for England on Monday morning with the men brought from the Pacific coast on board.

Hon. Dr. Baillargeson, of Quebec, member of the Dominion Senate since 1874, died on Tuesday at the age of 80 years.

Hon. L. E. Baker, of Yarmouth, has made that town a gift of a lot of land in a central situation, to be used for public purposes.

The fourteen year old son of Hugh Glasgow, Kentville, shot himself with a revolver on Sunday. The wound will probably prove fatal.

Quebec hotel keepers complain that lying stories about small-pox are having an injurious effect on travel and their business is thereby injured.

Ebenezer Seakens, cooper with S. Oland & Sons, was drowned in the Harbor on Tuesday. It is thought he jumped overboard while in a fit of insanity.

Separate schools for all denominations in Manitoba will probably prevail before long. In our last issue "free" schools was by mistake printed for "separate."

The flagship to take the place of the *Bellerophon* on this station is the *Blake*, one of the model warships of the fleet, and not the old-fashioned *Hercules*, as at first announced.

It is necessary that the Atlantic service should be of the best procurable in order to make the all British route to the East complete. It is the one weak link that must be strengthened.

The new killed regiment in Toronto is the cause of some jealousy in the service. It takes the number of the old Frontenac, 48th, and consequently has precedence of many older regiments.

The 12 year old son of John Bell, Shediac Cape, was on Friday last killed by being thrown from a truck which he was driving. The horse took fright at something, thus causing the sad accident.

The Nova Scotia Historical Society is considering the project of amalgamating its library with that of the Institute of Science, in order to provide accommodation for the library left it by the late Dr. T. B. Akins.

Digby's Conservative newspaper, *The Canadian*, made its bow to the public on Saturday. It promises to be a creditable addition to the press of the province. J. E. Jones is editor, and C. E. Farnham business manager.

A stringent order has been passed at Ottawa regarding the granting of leave of absence to civil servants. A doctor's certificate must be produced when sick leave is desired, to show whether or not the illness is the result of the applicant's irregularities.

Angus F. Rankin and Angus W. Rankin, of Mabou, C. B., saved the life of Donald McLeod, one of Pictou's pilots, at the mouth of Mabou harbor on the 5th inst. at the peril of their own lives. McLeod's boat was capsized, and all he owned was lost.

Judges Baby and Davison of the Quebec Royal Commission have reported against the Government. Justice Jette reported exonerating it, but Governor Angers accepted the decision of the majority. The general election will take place within two weeks.

Lord Salisbury has offered, so it is reported, to buy out French rights in Newfoundland by the cession to France of the Hervey islands and the colony of Lagos. Manchester and Liverpool are protesting against the sacrifice of British interests in Africa.

The latest novelty in Montreal is called a tin corset. The article is worn on Sunday, and is lined with ardent fluid which is dispensed at so much a drink to those who will imbibe through a tube attached to it. Quite ingenious, but the dodge has been found out.

Duncan Waddell, the well-known lighterman, who resided in Dartmouth, died on Thursday of last week after a long illness. The funeral took place on Sunday and was very largely attended. Mr. Waddell leaves an estate valued at \$80,000, a considerable part of which is left to various charitable institutions.

Robert Conway, a young man who paid matrimonial attentions to two Halifax young women, was arrested by one of them a few days ago and found the best way out of the trouble was to marry the one who had him arrested. The ceremony was accordingly performed, and now the other girl is taking action for breach of promise against him.

The second meeting of the Institute of Science for this season was held on Monday evening in the Province Building. There was a large attendance. Professor Lawson read a paper by the late Rev. Thos. McCulloch, D. D., entitled "A List of the Trap Minerals of N. S. with localities," also one by himself entitled "Notes for the Flora of Nova Scotia," part 2.

The address to Lord Lorne which was referred to in a recent issue as being offered for sale in an Ottawa second-hand shop, has been taken possession of for Lord Lorne, who is indignant about it, and never knew it had left his possession. The man, Gravelle, who had the address wanted \$25.00 for it. It is supposed that the address was stolen from Lord Lorne.

Happiness often consists in reading a good paper, one that leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth, one that you can rise up from perusing with the knowledge that you have gained something of permanent advantage. There are

papers which do not give this happiness, but which while exciting for the moment, result in permanent evil, although the immediate effect at the moment may not be apparent. The *Montreal Witness* is a paper of the former class. It is good; it does good. The weekly edition is sent to subscribers for one dollar a year, the daily for three dollars, and the *Northern Messenger*, a paper for the younger members of the family particularly and for Sunday Schools, for thirty cents a year.

The *Canadian Almanac* for 1892 is enlarged to 224 pages, and is replete with useful information. This is the 45th annual issue of this publication, which we would scarcely get along without. It contains over 16,000 facts and 17,000 addresses, covering almost every department of information required by the Canadian citizen. There is also a complete report of the census, so far as made public, a list of all the post offices in Canada, and a revised customs tariff. The Municipal and County information now comprises the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba. The clergy list has been extended to include the whole Dominion. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto. Price 20 cents.

The Board of Firewardens made a lengthy report to the City Council last week. It does not approve of a paid department, but asks for various improvements, among which are the employment of eleven permanent drivers, more authority for the Capt. of the U. E. C., the sum of \$12,500 for apparatus and the adoption of the telephone fire alarm. If these suggestions meet with the approval of the City Council, insurance rates will probably not be increased as threatened. We observe that a citizen of Dartmouth, Wm. Brooks, makes a sensible suggestion as to water front protection. He thinks instead of going to the expense of a special fire boat, the tugs now on the harbor could be fitted with the necessary apparatus to assist in time of need, and that the cost would not be great.

The Zera matinees are well attended by women and children, and the shouts of laughter with which the performances are received proves how thoroughly they are enjoyed by the little ones. We dropped in at the Lyceum on Saturday last and could not but wonder where all the children came from. There they were by hundreds, row upon row of pretty expectant faces, a sight alone well worth the price of admission. The negro and Irish character sketches and songs which formed the first part of the performance were good, Mr. Nashe's acting of the Irish school scene being side-splitting, but the Royal Marionettes manipulated by the inimitable Zera were the leading attraction. Great mechanical skill is shown in producing the life like antics of the numerous characters introduced, and Zera's wonderful ventriloquism and mimicking powers have full scope in singing the numerous songs and carrying on the dialogues of the very comical performance. Then the delight of the children when the prizes were drawn—nearly all receiving something of value—was beyond description, and was a very pleasant close to an afternoon of real wholesome fun. By all means take the children to see Zera and his Royal Marionettes.

The following figures showing some grain shipments from the port of Halifax, indicate that the place is still alive.

Steamers.	Bushels.
Historian	35,000
Damara.....	42,000
Ulunda.....	28,000
Inchulva.....	72,000
Historian.....	75,000
Already shipped.....	225,000
Damara.....	40,000
Concordia.....	150,000
Aldides.....	150,000
Celebes.....	150,000
Colina.....	75,000
Thornholm.....	100,000
To be shipped.....	665,000
Total.....	1,844,000

The public meeting held in the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening at the call of the Board of Trade was in every respect a representative gathering. The resolutions, calling upon the Government to restore and improve the steamship service between Canada and Great Britain, were certainly moderate enough to please the strongest partizan. These resolutions were spoken to by a number of Conservatives and Liberals, and, to the unbiased observer, the views expressed by the representatives of either party never failed to show a distinctive party coloring, which the audience was not slow in appreciating. The address of W. C. Silver was, in the main, moderate and dispassionate. In that of Thos. Kenny, M. P., the Allan service was strongly condemned and a better service called for. His Grace Archbishop O'Brien spoke strongly in favor of a united patriotic action. John F. Stairs, M. P., believed in an improved service, but, in the interim, wanted the former service restored. Mr. Stairs read a telegram from Sir John Thompson, stating that the former service would be continued. Dr. Farrell made an indignant protest against the inaction of the Government in allowing the service to be discontinued. Dr. Weldon, M. P. for Albert, N. B., endorsed the action of the Government in not acceding to the Allan's demand for an increase in the subsidy. Hon. A. G. Jones thought an 18 knot service all that the Dominion could afford to provide. Hon. W. S. Fielding mourned over the broken promises of fourteen years ago. The audience throughout was appreciative and good-natured, and whether or not the meeting will accomplish all that the committee of arrangements desire, it cannot fail to convey to the Government the idea that on the question of a Canadian winter port, the people of Halifax are of one mind, and that unless those in power heed the signs of the time, as one man the voice of Halifax will speak in condemnation.


It is estimated 8000 people in Nashville, Tenn., are under treatment for influenza.

Terrible blizzards have been sweeping over North Dakota. Snow banks 10 and 15 feet high are not uncommon.

Dr. Bourinot will read two papers before the American Historical Association which meets at Washington this month, subjects: "Parliamentary Life in Canada" and "The Island of Cape Breton."

Special despatches from a number of the largest cities of the country from New York to San Francisco show that on account of the prevailing mild damp weather the gripe is again prevalent—at some points quite severe, at others of mild form. Governor-elect McKinley is ill from the malady at Canton, Ohio.

Some Children Growing Too Fast



become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

Palatable as Milk. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

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"DYSPEPTICURE"
Quiets the nerves and causes sleep, by acting directly on that Great Nerve Centre—the Stomach.
"Dyspepticure" is sold by all Druggists at 25c. and \$1 00 per bottle. Prepared by Charles K. Short, Pharmacist, St. John, N. B.

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all of which will be sold at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

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Cartridge Paper,
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Drawing Pins,
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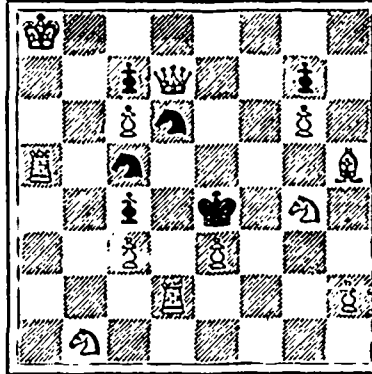
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LEITCH BROS.

FLOUR MILLS,
OAK LAKE, MANITOBA.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 96.
"Psycho" Second Prize two-mover in Sussex Tourney.
From Montreal Gazette.
By Mrs. W. J. Baird.
Black 6 pieces.

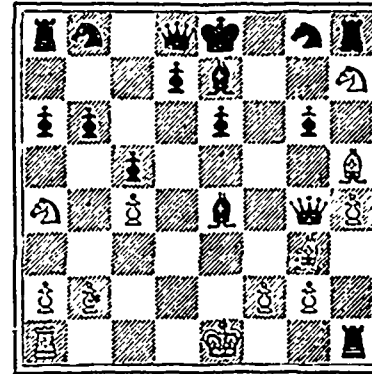


White 12 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME No. 97.
SICILIAN DEFENCE.

White.	Black.
E. Delmar.	W. H. K. Pollock.
1 P to K4	P to QB4
2 QKt to B3	P to K3
3 P to Q4	P to QKt3
4 Kt to B3	P to QR3
5 P to Q5	B to Kt2
6 B to KB4	Kt to K2
7 B to K2	Kt to Kt3
8 B to Kt3	Q to B sq
9 P to KR4	Kt to K2
10 Kt to QR4	Q to Q sq
11 P to QB4	Kt to Kt sq a
12 P takes P b	BP takes P c
13 Kt to Kt5	B to K2
14 B to R5 ch	P to Kt3
15 Kt takes RP d	B takes KP e
16 Q to Kt4 f	

Position after White's sixteenth move.
Black (16 pieces) W. H. K. Pollock.



White (12 pieces) E. Delmar.

17 Q takes B	R takes Kt
18 Q takes P ch	R takes B
19 Q takes R	K to B sq
20 Castles Q side	QKt to B3
21 Kt takes P	P to QKt4 g
22 Kt takes QP ch	Q to R4
23 B to K5 ch h	K to Kt2
24 Q takes Kt ch	Kt takes B
25 Q to K4 ch	K to R2
26 Kt to K5	K to Kt2
27 Q to Kt6 ch	R to KB sq i
28 Kt to B7 ch	K to R sq
29 Q takes R	B takes Kt
30 Q to R5 ch	Q takes RP j
31 R to R3	K to Kt2
32 K to Kt sq	Q takes BP ch k
33 QR to Q3	Q to K5 ch
34 Q to Kt6 ch	Kt to B3
35 R to K3	K to B2
36 P to R5	Q to QB5
37 Q to Kt6 ch	P to Kt5
38 R to KB3	K to B sq
39 P to KKt3	Q to R5
40 K to R2	Q to R8 ch
	Resigns

NOTES.

a Not good.
b The initiation of a masterly planned attack.
c If 12 QP takes P, 13 Q takes Q ch followed by Kt takes KtP.
d Alike elegant and correct.
e If 15 R takes Kt; 16 B takes P ch; 16 R to B2; 17 Q to R5 and wins. Of course, if 15 P takes B, 16 Q takes RP mate.
f See diagram of this fine position. White's game is now won.
g The attempt of a counter attack against such superior force and in such a position could not possess much vitality.
h For quicker winning purposes 21 Kt to K5; 23 Kt takes Kt; 24 B takes Kt ch, followed by R to K7 was much superior.
i White threatened mate in two moves by Q to Kt6 ch, followed by Kt to B7 ch, or Q to B7 ch.
j Black gains only a short reprieve by this counter demonstration.
k If 31 Q to R8 ch; 32 K to Q2, and his King soon escapes pursuits from checks.—Sunny South.

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—or—
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PHYSICIANS SAY SO

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- A Glove and Handkerchief Set,
- A Brush and Comb Set,
- A Shaving Set, &c.,
- A Pair of Spectacles, in Gold Frames, for your mother-in-law, and
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2 and 16 September,	

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

TICKET, - - - \$1.00
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1 Prize worth 15,000.....	\$15,000 00
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1 " " 2,500.....	2,500 00
1 " " 1,250.....	1,250 00
2 Prizes " 500.....	1,000 00
5 " " 250.....	1,250 00
25 " " 50.....	1,250 00
100 " " 25.....	2,500 00
200 " " 15.....	3,000 00
500 " " 10.....	5,000 00
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 " " 25.....	2,500 00
100 " " 15.....	1,500 00
100 " " 10.....	1,000 00
999 " " 5.....	4,995 00
999 " " 5.....	4,995 00

3134 Prizes worth.....\$52,740 00

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81 St. James St., Montreal Canada.

THE CHIME.

There is an old French air,
A little song of loneliness and grief—
Simple as nature, sweet beyond compare—
And sad—past all belief!

Nameless is he that wrote
The melody—but this much I opine:
Whoever made the words was some remote
French ancestor of mine.

I know the dungeon deep
Where long he lay—and why he lay therein;
And all his anguish, that he could not sleep
For conscience of a sin.

I see his cold, hard bed;
I hear the chimes that jingled in his ears
As he pressed nightly, with that wakeful head,
A pillow wet with tears.

Oh, restless little chime!
It never changed—but rang its roundelay
For each dark hour of that unhappy time
That sighed itself away.

And ever, more and more,
His burden grew of his lorn self a part,
And mingled with his memories, and wore
Its way into his heart.

And there it wove the name
Of many a town he loved, for one dear sake
Into its web of music; thus he came
His little song to make.

Of all that ever heard
And loved it for its sweetness, none but I
Divined the clue that, as a hidden word,
The notes doth underlie.

That wail from lips long dead
Has found its echo in this breast alone!
Only to me, by blood-remembrance led,
Is that wild story known!

And though 't is mine, by right
Of treasure-trove, to rifle and lay bare—
A heritage of sorrow and delight
The world would gladly share—

Yet must I not unfold
Forevermore, or whisper late or soon,
The secret that a few slight bars thus hold
Imprisoned in a tune.

For when that little song
Goes ringing in my head, I know that he,
My luckless lone forefather, dust so long,
Re-lives his life in me!

—George du Maurier.

A MINOR CHORD.

I heard a strain of music in the street,
A wandering wail of sound; and then straightway
A nameless desolation filled the day.
The great green earth, that had been fair and sweet,
Seemed but a tomb; the life I thought replete
With joy grew lonely for a vanished May;
Forgotten sorrows resurrected lay
Like ghastly skeletons about my feet.

Above me stretched the silent suffering sky,
Dumb with vast anguish for departed suns,
That brutal time to nothingness had hurled.
The daylight was as sad as smiles that lie
Upon the wistful unvisited mouths of nuns,
And I stood prisoned in an awful world.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BOOK GOSSIP.

As a general thing readers do not look for much entertainment in the literary productions of titled people, and they are somewhat inclined to suspect that the title is the best part of the book. However this may be, those who take an interest in this column, and we trust they are not a few, may rest assured that if they are fortunate enough to have Lady Dufferin's Canadian Journal given to them at this holiday season they will find it an exception to the general rule. "My Canadian Journal, 1872-78," consists of extracts from Lady Dufferin's letters home, written while Lord Dufferin was Governor-General. It is illustrated from sketches made by Lord Dufferin, has a portrait and map, and is a handsome volume of 456 pages. Lady Dufferin's Indian Journal was interesting from the novelty of the life it portrayed, and her Canadian Journal will be found no less so, though the principal delight of the book lies in the revelation of the character of the author. The thorough, genuine kindness and amiability of Lady Dufferin's disposition is shown on every page of her book, and the fact that the letters from which these extracts are made were not originally intended for the public eye makes the absence of any expression which would be distasteful to the people with whom she sojourned for six years both remarkable and gratifying. Our author makes it clear that she liked Canadian life, and entertains a warm regard for many of the friends she met in this country. Her amusement over some of the newspaper comments about herself and Lord Dufferin is not at all surprising. The ingenious reporter of the Montreal Witness, who, when asking for their programme for Montreal, said "Oh! we will miss the ball, if you please; we are a religious paper," must have appeared as rather a queer specimen of humanity. While all the pages contain something of interest, those which treat of the visit to the Maritime Provinces will prove the most attractive to our readers, so we will let some of the extracts speak for themselves:—

"Saturday, 26th July, 1873, (visit to Sydney).—The weather was quite lovely and the trip extremely pleasant. At four o'clock we bought a Sydney paper, in which we found our arrival announced. Very sharp of the Sydney Press." This is good for Sydney.

"Halifax, July 30th, 1873.—At twelve o'clock we landed on a slab of marble which commemorates the arrival of the Prince of Wales on the same day, thirteen years ago. The weather was most dull and muggy, and gave a certain melancholy to the ceremony of address-reading. Fred and the Colonel had been exulting all the way upon again seeing 'real soldiers,' after all the Volunteers that have welcomed us in other places; but I have been provided with a fund of chaff against them by the non-arrival of the 'real' guard of honor, who made some mistake, and turned up an hour later at the Government House instead of at the wharf.

August 2nd, 1873.—Early this morning we went to visit the fortifications, and saw three different sets of forts. We returned to the *Druid* at two, and had the Local Government to lunch. They are in opposition to the Dominion Parliament, and their papers were rather disagreeable about our visit here; but I am happy to say they have set aside all political differences for the moment, and really seem as if they could not do enough for us. The result is, that next week we have four balls, three monster picnics, three dinners, a concert, a cricket-match and a review. Is it not fearfully kind? 'What shall I wear' is a question I must debate seriously every day.

August 7th, 1873.—In the evening D. (Lord Dufferin) dined at the Club and made a speech upon the absolute impartiality of the Governor-General (there is great strife going on now,) which was extremely well received. He ended by saying: 'As a reasonable being the Governor-General cannot help having convictions upon the merits of different policies. But these convictions are abstract, speculative, devoid of practical effect on his official relations. As the head of a Constitutional State, or engaged in the administration of Parliamentary Government, he has no political friends, still less need he have political enemies; the possession of either—nay, even to be suspected of possessing either—destroys his usefulness. Sometimes, of course, no matter how disconnected his personality may be from what is taking place, his name will get dragged into some controversy, and he may suddenly find himself the subject of criticism in the press of whatever party may for the moment be out of humor; but under these circumstances he must console himself with the reflection that these spasmodic castigations are as transitory and innocuous as the discipline applied occasionally to their idol by the unsophisticated worshippers of Mumbo Jumbo when their harvests are short or a murrain visits their flocks.' D. met me afterwards at a ball at the General's, where he had to dance everything until two o'clock."

The following will serve to illustrate the popularity of the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin at Ottawa:—

"Ottawa, April 30, 1877.—D. and I were the recipients of a great honor to-day. The Cabmen of Ottawa, having benefited by the gayeties at Government House this winter, got up a testimonial and an address for us, which they presented themselves. They came at two o'clock—fourteen very respectable-looking men. They read an illuminated address, and they presented D. with a handsome stick with a gold top and inscription, and me with a silver card-case, on which is inscribed: 'Presented to Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin, by the Hackmen of the City of Ottawa, as a token of esteem. April, 1877.' When the presentation was over, D. showed them the house, our sitting-rooms, etc.—and gave them dinner in the ball-room. Directly the wine was poured out, they all stood up and drank the Queen's health."

And now for the farewelling. "August 31, 1878.—A final good-by to Quebec, and to my happy Canadian life. In one of his farewell speeches in Canada, D. said: 'During a period of six years I have mingled with your society, taken part in your sports and pastimes, interested myself in your affairs and business, and became one of you in thought and feeling, and never have I received at your hands, whether in my public or in my private capacity, anything but the kindest consideration, the most indulgent sympathy and the warmest welcome.' This being so truly the case, no wonder that, although the day itself was lovely, it was one of the most miserable I ever spent.

After I left, D. received a deputation, consisting of the chief officers of all the municipalities of Ontario, who came to Quebec to present him with a joint address. The ceremony took place on the platform at the Citadel, and the deputations arrived, preceded by three Highland pipers dressed in the tartans of their respective clans. In his reply to them he spoke much of the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, and said that, with regard to the latter, he knew of but one fault—'of one congenital defect which attached to his appointment as Governor-General of Canada—he was not an Irishman.'" Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1891.

Now to take up a book which touches us nearer home than even the *Canadian Journal*. "Illustrated Halifax, the garrison city by the sea; its Civil, Military and Naval History," by Norbert Metzler, with a brief sketch of Acadian Annals. This is one of our excellent series of illustrated souvenirs of Canadian cities, being issued by Mr. John McConniff, of Montreal, and we have much pleasure in recommending the pretty volume with the above title to our readers. The illustrations are well selected and are artistically arranged, bearing a fair proportion to each other, and successfully represent the most interesting and best-worth seeing places about Halifax and vicinity. We observe that a view of Bedford Row on market day (page 28) is designated as George Street,—a minor error, which probably escaped notice in getting out the tasteful souvenir. Mr. Metzler has done his work exceedingly well, and the historic sketch as well as descriptions of public buildings, forts, scenery, etc., are not only succinct but unusually accurate. He has written the sketch, as one only who knows

whereof he speaks can write, and enthuses over our natural beauties in a manner that is not displeasing to lovers of our city. There is one point in the narrative to which we would like to call attention, but not in any fault-finding spirit—for the work is so well done as to deserve the highest praise. It is where Dartmouth is spoken of as a pretty and flourishing town with between four and five thousand inhabitants. Of course this volume was prepared for the press before the result of the recent census was made public, but it would have been better had the growth of the town been more distinctly spoken of. It has now a population of more than six thousand. Quite a difference! Beautiful paper is used in the book, and the illustrations show to the best of advantage on it. No prettier or more acceptable gift for friends abroad could be thought of, and indeed any stay-at-home Halifaxian might be glad to learn something more about the place he lives in from it. Notman's photographs were made use of in preparing the volume; the printing and binding were done by Messrs. Davis & Henderson, Toronto; the paper was supplied by Messrs. Austin & Robertson, Montreal; the illuminated cover is the work of the Toronto Lithographing Co., Toronto, and the photographs were done by Harry C. Jones, New York Photogravure Co., N. Y., the latter being the only part of the work done outside Canada. The price of the souvenir is 75 cents, including a board cover for mailing. For sale by all booksellers.

St. Nicholas, the ever charming children's magazine published by the Century Company, appears to eclipse all former efforts by its Christmas number this year. There is a Christmas story by Ella F. Mosby, illustrated by R. P. Birch. Charles E. Carryl, who wrote "Davy and the Goblin," a great favorite with the readers of *St. Nicholas* a few years ago, now begins another story of similar whimsical nature and called "The Admiral's Caravan," wherein a little girl walks out into a quiet village street and has adventures beside which Jules Verne's wildest are prosaic. Charles F. Lummis begins a set of papers descriptive of "Strange Corners of Our Country," the first being mainly devoted to a well-justified but enthusiastic account of the Grand Canon of the Colorado—a wonderland wherein even the giant Yosemite might be mislaid. "Bill Nye" describes "The Escape of a Whole Menagerie" and the exciting recapture of the fugitive stock. Kemble illustrates the story by a humorous sketch of the proprietor. The story "The Corner of the Column," is adorned by views of the locality and otherwise illustrated besides. Thomas Nelson Page has a Southern reminiscence recounting the hunting of "Molly Cottontail" just before Christmas by a mob composed by the formula: Boys—several; negroes,—a lot more; and dogs,—*ad lib*. "David Cameron's Fairy Godmother," by Elizabeth Bisland, is an example of the modern instructive fairy tale, enlivened by humor and composed with ingenuity. Mr. Birch deserves especial thanks for the fairy typewriter in the title head-piece. The verse is unusually bright—Oliver Herford's "Crocodile" being quite worthy to rank with the "Ant" and the "Giraffe" and other ornaments of the show of which he alone has the key; Miss Fyle finds humor even in a Noah's Ark; M. M. D.'s poem, "Christmas Eve," speaks the thought of the Christmas-tree, and the jingle, "There was a Man," and "A Complaint," by Tudor Jenks, with W. H. Drake's clever illustrations, are jolly holiday reading. The departments fill, as usual, not the least interesting pages of the number, and altogether the Saint acquits himself creditably, considering what an enormous lot of present-giving he must have had on his mind.

Belcher's Farmer's Almanac, 1892. This standard work is again before the public, and it maintains its well-won character of a storehouse of useful information for all classes of the population. It gives us the Royal Family; the members of the Senate and House of Commons, and Privy Council, all the Provincial Legislature, all the lawyers, doctors, clergymen and militia of Nova Scotia; the usual Calendar notes of weeks and months and seasons, tides, changes of the moon; tariff rates, &c., &c. It is an invaluable handbook for constant reference in the office, in the library, and in the domestic circle.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

A few years ago if anyone had said that there was money in raising cucumbers, the statement would have been laughed at. But the times change, and during the past season H. C. Vaughan, of Grand Pre, marketed cucumbers to the value of about \$315. They were sold to the pickle factory, and realized a good profit.—*Wolfville Acadian*.

SPRINGHILL COAL MINES.—The following from the *Amherst Evening Press* shows what is being done in the mines at Springhill. For the year 1890 the total output of the collieries was 419,012 tons. The production this year will show an increase of 40,000 tons. The monthly production for 1891 has been as follows: January, 44,889 tons; February, 28,816; March, 29,833; April, 40,716; May, 38,783; June, 39,976; July, 33,718; August, 40,986; September, 36,369; October, 41,687; November, 39,000; December, 43,500; Total, 458,277. The sales for 1891 will be about 405,000 tons—an excellent showing. The falling off in production of February and March as shown in the foregoing statement is attributable to the disastrous explosion, which occurred on February 21st., and caused a suspension of work equal probably to one month's loss of time. In fact it took several months to recover from the sudden blow, which laid low 125 men and boys.

The barque *Kathleen Hilda*, launched from the ship-yard of W. P. Cameron, South Maitland, a couple of weeks ago, is a fine vessel. She is 520 tons register, and is classed for twelve years in Bureau Veritas. The *Kathleen Hilda* is chartered to load at New York for Brisbane, Australia. She is the tenth Nova Scotian vessel sent to Donald Ross for Australia's Intercolonial trade.

COMMERCIAL.

The backwardness of the season continues to have a retarding effect on the development of winter business. Yet a fair volume of trade is being transacted, and dealers in most lines express themselves as satisfied with the progress of affairs and with the prospects for a good traffic in the following winter and spring months.

It is worthy of note that grocers in the various cities of Canada have resolved to do away with the practice of conferring presents on their customers at Christmas. The usage was at one time universal, but it has gradually fallen into decay, and there is no reason why it should not be stamped out altogether. The customer has no real claim whatever on his supplier, who furnishes him with what he needs at what is in these days of keen rivalry or competition "bottom price," and the giver of these so-called presents must either lose or change his customer a shade harder figure for what he buys during the year. No one expects a present from his lawyer, doctor or clergyman at Christmas because he has patronised him more or less. Why should your grocer, dry goods man, etc., favor you in this way? He cannot afford it. It is a senseless piece of self-oppression to undertake the burden of a big largesse just at the beginning of the year. Christmas may be a sad or merry one with the dealer according as the uncertain patronage and pay of his customers determine. Why, therefore, should he be a district Santa Claus? The role is doubtless a popular one, and the custom of making Christmas presents quite a graceful one, but there is no money in it. It must be rather a dull and crude intelligence that cannot be made to understand that the recipient of a gift is expected to be overtaken some time or another and made to pay for the gift. "It is a long lane that has no turning," and after a spell of bestowing, the dealer must be expected to do some retrenching in the way of reduced gravity, or bulk or subdued quality of what he deals out. The people begin to suspect this, and conclude that the most generous dealer at Christmas is the most tricky man on the days of the year not marked on the calendar by a red numeral.

Remittances continue to be rather slow in almost all lines, but as a general thing are as good as careful observers of the times have anticipated under the circumstances.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW OF HENRY CLEWS & Co., NEW YORK, December 12, 1891.—"Wall street remains quiet; but the symptoms of coming improvement accumulate. Holders of securities are well satisfied with their position and prospects, while those 'short' on the market show signs of uneasiness; so long, however, as transactions are mainly confined to the 'room traders,' the 'bears' may take their time in getting themselves into a safer position.

One of the notable features of the market is the increase of investment buyers. They represent not only the earnings of a year of reasonably prosperous business, but also the liquidated principal of Western land mortgages, of which considerable amounts are already being settled out of the results of the large crops, while greater sums are likely to be extinguished during the coming six months as the crops come into market. The large earnings of the leading railroads, and notably of the Vanderbilt properties, together with the probable later advance in stocks, are attracting the investors who want over 4 per cent for their money to the more substantial dividend-paying shares, and the market supply of that class of investments is being steadily reduced, with a consequent gradual rise in their value. Lower grades of stocks, however, continue to be comparatively neglected and are the chief material of such limited speculation as is going on. It is clear, however, that the improvement in the first-class stock is laying the basis for an ultimate recovery in the lower grades, and will conduce to a later active speculation in the latter. Indeed, there are symptoms of the beginning of such a movement.

At the moment speculation is held in check by the influences incident to the approaching holidays and to the settlements and making-up of accounts usual at the closing of the year. Besides, the opening of Congress, with a largely new political complexion, induces a certain amount of waiting for indications of what is likely to be the future course of legislation upon certain important questions. These things have a tendency to defer operations and may keep the market quiet until about the close of the year, or possibly somewhat longer."

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

	Week Prev.		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date			
	Dec. 11.	1891.	1890.	1889.	1888.	1891.	1890.	1889.	1888.
United States	380	306	341	370	309	11620	9842	11023	9747
Canada	45	35	40	23	38	1751	1536	1540	1639

Dry Goods.—There has not been much to note since our last report, except that the somewhat more reasonable weather of the past week has had an enlivening tendency, and a very satisfactory volume of trade has transpired. Naturally the fancy goods business is active in view of the approaching Christmas trade, which is now beginning to be fairly under weigh. So far the Canada Cotton Company has not been absorbed by the cotton syndicate, but the general belief seems to be that this is merely a postponement of what will be effected later on. Many of the wholesale merchants are now devoting their attention to stock-taking, but a fair proportion have not as yet commenced. The comparatively quiet state of business is being taken advantage of for this purpose, but there is no special occasion for haste in this respect, as no great amount of activity is anticipated until the holidays are over. Prices of all lines are firmly held without change. Remittances show a slight but very welcome improvement.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—The quiet state of the pig iron market noted in our last has undergone no change, nor is it likely to until after the turn of the new year. A small movement occurs, but it is not sufficient to induce any change. In bar iron there is nothing in the way of spot to note. It is, however, quite likely that substantial concessions would be made if it

would induce business. Advices from the other side in re tin plates are not encouraging, latest reports hinting at a probability of another stop month—a duplication of the stoppage which occurred last summer. On spot there is no change to mention, and under merely a jarring movement prices are unchanged. Tinned and Canada plates are quiet with weak though nominally unaltered figures. Copper is a dull and heavy article both locally and elsewhere. Advices from all leading markets cite a strong downward tendency, holding that the bottom has not yet been reached, and both ingot and sheet copper may be considered lower.

BREADSTUFFS.—The local flour market rules quiet under a very moderate jobbing trade, and it is likely that holders would concede something in the case of a good order. The market for oatmeal has been about the same with business quiet. The feed market is firm all round. In England wheat has been quiet and nothing is doing in corn. At Chicago wheat advanced $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Corn has been strong, but transactions have been rather limited. In New York wheat secured an advance of $\frac{1}{2}$ c. to $\frac{3}{4}$ c. At St. Louis, Toledo and Duluth the tone was strong, but quotations remained as before.

PROVISIONS.—The local demand for pork is small, and no improvement is looked for until later in the season. Smoked meats and lard are still neglected. At Liverpool there has been an increased enquiry for provisions, but prices have not advanced, and actual transactions have been of small volume. In Chicago the tone for provisions has been stronger, but the hog market was $\frac{1}{2}$ c. to 10c. lower. The cattle market was also weaker and lower, but that for sheep was steady.

BUTTER.—The local market is unchanged in regard to all kinds of dairy and farm products. Butter continues to be in small supply, and all really good is readily taken up at the prices quoted by us last week. Yet we still adhere to the opinion expressed in our last that prices are now as high as this market will stand, and that no further advance can be reasonably looked-for. In truth we believe that lower figures are likely to rule before long. A Montreal dealer says of the market there:—"The butter market is quiet generally, but there is some movement in Western dairy on the basis of 16c. to 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. for shipment. Creamery is too high-priced for export, and as the best bid is 23c. and business cannot be done at that figure, there is none to note." A London letter says:—"Butter is a most peculiar market, and it is next to impossible to predict with much probability of being correct what would be the course of prices from week to week. After going mad over Danish a little while back and buying it at fabulous figures, purchasers, as I declared a few weeks they must do, have held off to such an extent on this market that holders have had to climb down with what they ascended. Against 141s. per cwt., 120s. has been a rate this week which buyers have shied at, and consignments hither have been packed off again to the North to meet a better market, which they have done to the extent of some shillings, there being in Manchester, Glasgow and Leith quite a fad just now for the produce of Denmark. The other extreme in prices has been resorted to, and on Monday, frightened by the favorable manner in which the Antipodean arrivals have been received, and by the prospect of bitter competition from Pacific seas whence we are to have weekly landings during the season, holders put down prices a shilling or two on all descriptions, and now feel sorry they did, as retailers have swept off all to be had at the reduced quotations, and advices from producing districts indicate more money wanted for next week's lots. Supplies are smaller from all sources, and this has caused a reaction which has brought prices at time of writing back to last week's. American and Canadian are in fair request and realise former prices, quoted in Liverpool to 105s., in London to 104s., with choice parcels much above these figures. Australian in 56 lb. boxes, really in first class condition notwithstanding their long refrigerated voyage, 116s. to 124s." The Montreal *Trade Bulletin* says:—"The trade here are puzzled to know the meaning of a re-shipment of 150 tubs of Canadian butter from Liverpool, which arrived in the city a few days ago by Grand Trunk Railway from Portland, and all sorts of reasons for this unexpected occurrence have been assigned; but no one seems as yet to know the true inwardness of it. It is very certain that the butter was not ordered to be returned on account of the bad state of the market on the other side, and therefore the most reasonable argument that can be advanced is that some one believes that the supply in Canada will fall short between now and next spring, and therefore be worth more money to bring the shipment back for sale here. Whether or not the venture will demonstrate profitable forethought on the part of the owner, remains to be seen."

CHEESE.—There is not much to say about the local cheese market. No addition has been made to the surplus in hand, and none that will affect prices is expected at present. In Montreal "there is no change to note, and nothing in the way of business is doing. Holders continue firm on the basis of 11c., and buyers are not plentiful. In fact nothing much is expected now until after the New Year." A London report reads:—"Cheese has been an active market, with a strong upward trend, and prices have advanced 2s. per cwt. for Canadian. English has participated in the better feeling, but rates for first-class cheese from home centres are, curiously, many shillings below those asked for the prime of their Canadian competitors. A most extensive trade in Canadian is reported, all grades of which are in much better request, the indications for a further rise being very clear in the near future. The shortage on your side is bound to have its reflex effect here, and prices will certainly be much above present limits before many weeks."

Eggs continue to be in much smaller supply than the consumptive demand. Choice, fresh eggs bring here 22c. to 25c., and good "cooking" about 21c. In Montreal the demand for eggs continues very fair at 15c. to 16c. for limed. Some stock is coming into the market from the West, but not enough to affect prices materially. A letter received from a London, E., writer states that—"The sale for eggs has been rather quiet this week, but this is chiefly owing to the extreme prices asked. All selections are demand-

ing prices considerably above those current at this time last year, French being quoted up to 13s. for extra selected, the lowest rate being 8s. 3d. per long hundred. If any Canadian should arrive here in the near future they will certainly go off at good prices if in good condition. While, however, such splendid rates with such an excellent demand prevail at Liverpool, I can understand the diversion of nearly all the Canadian eggs sent here to that port. Everything favors the Canadian trade there. Eggs are getting fewer and fewer in supply from Ireland, and the shippers of Ontario and Quebec have got matters pretty much their own way. The prices fetched in Liverpool this week are simply astonishing, and those people in Montreal who talked about stale shipments in the fall at remunerative prices must feel sick. It does not seem to matter to what extent the arrivals reach, they all go off, and buyers ask for more. The demand has quickened the more rapidly during the past three weeks, and all shipments have been cleared on arrival. For the week ending November 7th the receipts were 2,013 cases; for the 14th, 1,118 cases; 21st, 1,729 cases; and for the first three days of this week 965 cases. Heavy receipts per *Circassian*, *Ontario* and *Winnipeg* bringing the last consignments this season by the St. Lawrence route are expected, and these will go probably at good rates. During the past three weeks prices have gone up for Canadians ranging between 14 lb. and 15 lb. from 7s. 10d. to 9s. per 120, and higher prices are realized for fancy weights, from 10s. to 10s. 4d. for 17 lb. eggs, of which, however, only a few cases are arriving. As high as 11s. has been paid, but such rates are not to be expected, and are very exceptional. I am in communication with the best men in the trade, and am assured on all hands that the Canadian trade is becoming a grand success. A Liverpool receiver who is in receipt of from 600 to 700 cases weekly for the Dominion, tells me he has great faith in a most extensive business being done in the future in Canadians. The prejudice which existed at the beginning of the season is being gradually overcome, and the disposition of the eggs having come to be entrusted to men who know what they are doing, the injury which ignorance threatened to do the trade is being averted."

APPLES.—The local apple market continues firm and the business here is on the basis of \$1.30 to \$2.25 per bbl. Cables from Liverpool indicate a firm market at 13s. to 15s. In London the apple trade continues brisk and some heavy sales at good prices were put through during the last week in November. On Thursday 1,666 bbls. of Canadian per the *Norse King* and *Memphis* sold at very good rates—up to 16s. 6d. for Baldwins, 15s. Greening, some Kings and Wilkinsons fetching good prices, the latter 19s. Russets, Romanites and Ben Davis went at good prices too. In Liverpool a good trade has been done, and prices have gone down slightly, but still the rates realized have been extremely satisfactory, especially having regard to the heavy receipts—352,264 bbls. to the 21st., against 100,000 same period last year.

DRIED FRUIT.—The approach of the holiday season has led to some sorting-up by jobbers who are getting their stocks in shape for the demand natural to the season. This has led to some business from first hands and brightened up the market a little. Valencia raisins have about touched bottom, for although there are large supplies of damaged fruit on the market in New York that exercise an unsettling influence, the stock of really prime goods is not excessive and values are fairly steady. Currants show no change. The feeling being maintained.

SUGAR.—Despite the fact that the raw sugar markets of the world continue very firm the local refineries have not advanced their quotations on refined. However they are not pressing business at present, anticipating a better demand in the near future at higher prices. The *Montreal Trade Bulletin* says: "After the sharp advance in the price of raw sugar in London, beet climbing up from 13s. 9d. to 15s. 3d., it was to be expected that a reaction would take place from the process of realizing upon profits alone. Considering the large quantities of 'long' stuff that were realized on, the drop of only about 6d. per cwt. was something remarkable. Light has again reduced his estimate of the beet crop of Europe, and the situation on the whole is a firm one. There has been a stronger feeling in raw sugar in New York, and stocks here could not be replaced for anything like what they cost some time ago. In the refined article there is no particular change in prices here, although refineries are firmer in their views, and in some instances have positively declined to contract ahead. Sales of granulated have taken place at the refineries at 4½c. and yellows have sold at 3 7-16c. to 3½c. for low grades up to 4c. and 4½c. for fancy brights." Late cable advices report large profits by several large operators in beet and cane sugar in London. The Magdeburg clique are also said to have made large gains. The stocks of raw sugar in the United Kingdom are 89,000 tons against 114,000 tons same time last year.

TEA AND COFFEE.—Both importers and jobbers of teas show a disinclination to talk in a hopeful strain, some of the latter stating that the past week's business has been one of the dullest this fall. A good enquiry for coffee is reported here, and it is said to be quite scarce in this market.

FISH.—The local fish situation has undergone no change, and business in this line here continues as dull and lifeless as it has for many weeks. The consumption demand is practically nil, and only small lots are occasionally sent chiefly per steamer to American and West Indian ports. Only the hardier and most persistent fishermen are now making any pretence of trying to catch fish, and even they do not meet with success that is at all commensurate with their labors. Our outside advices are as follows:—**Montreal, Dec. 16.**—"The fish market is quiet and without feature at the moment, but stocks are light and prices very steady. In fact, once the winter roads are an accomplished fact a higher range is anticipated. Staple lines—especially such as herring and dry cod—are in very small supply. A fair amount of enquiry is reported for Advent, and owing to general scarcity of supplies prices are generally well sustained. Green cod has been sold at \$5.50 to \$5.60 per bbl., and large do. at \$6.50, some holders refusing to

sell under \$7. Dry cod has been placed at \$5.25 to \$5.50. Newfoundland salmon is quoted at \$19 to \$19.50 in tierces and \$13 to \$14 in barrels. Fresh haddock and cod have been sold at 3c. to 4c. per lb., and a few lake trout have been received and placed at 6½c. to 7c. per lb. Further liberal supplies are expected from Lake Superior now that the close season has expired. Yarmouth bloaters \$1.25 to \$2 per 100, and St. John bloaters \$1.25. Boneless cod fish 6c. in large boxes and 7c. in small." **Gloucester, Mass., Dec. 16.**—"There is little to note of interest in local fishing affairs the past week. The shore fishermen are meeting with good success, particularly the netters, who secure good catches of handsome large fish, nearly all cod. The Bank codfishermen have nearly all returned home from the long trips, and no considerable addition can be made to stocks of cured fish until the spring. Trade is moderate, this being the fowl and meat-eating season rather than a time for fish diet. Mackerel, jobbing: Small 3's \$8.50 and \$9; medium 3's \$10.50 and \$11; large 3's \$14; medium 2's \$13 and \$14; large 2's \$17 and \$18; bay 1's 21; shore 1's \$24; extra shore 1's \$26; extra bloaters 330 New Georges codfish at \$7.25 per qtl. for large, and small at \$5.50; Bank \$6.25 to \$7 for large and \$4.25 for small; Shore \$6.75 and \$4.62 for large and small; dry Bank \$7; medium \$5.13; cured cusk at \$5 per qtl.; hake \$3; haddock \$3.75; heavy salted pollock \$8; English-cured do. \$3.25 per qtl.; Labrador herring \$6.50 per bbl.; Newfoundland do. \$7; Nova Scotia do. \$7; Eastport \$3.50; split Shore \$4; round do. \$4.50; round Eastport \$4; pickled codfish \$5; haddock \$3.50; halibut heads \$3.50; sounds \$12; tongues and sounds \$11; tongues \$10; alewives \$3.50; trout \$14; Halifax salmon \$23; Newfoundland do. \$16."

K. D. C. Co.—GENTLEMEN:—My wife was a sufferer from Dyspepsia for years. Could not get anything to relieve her until a friend persuaded her to try K. D. C. The effect was marvellous; less than one package cured her. I believe you have the genuine article for Dyspepsia. To the suffering I would say, try it for yourselves and you will be able to vouch for the truth of what I say. Yours truly, **ADDISON LECHE,** Conductor Windsor & Annapolis Railroad.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.—WHOLESALE SELLING RATES.
Our Price Lists are corrected for us each week by reliable merchants.

GROCERIES.

SUGARS.		
Cut Loaf.....	5½	
Granulated.....	4½ to 4½	
Circle A.....	4½	
White Extra C.....	4½	
Standard.....	3½ to 3½	
Extra Yellow C.....	3½	
Yellow C.....	3½	
TEA.		
Congou, Common.....	17 to 19	
" Fair.....	20 to 22	
" Good.....	25 to 28	
" Choice.....	31 to 33	
" Extra Choice.....	38 to 36	
Oolong, Choice.....	37 to 39	
MOLASSES.		
Barbados.....	33	
Demerara.....	35 to 38	
Diamond N.....	40	
Porto Rico.....	34 to 35	
Cienfuegos.....	none	
Trinidad.....	32½ to 33	
Antigua.....	31 to 34	
Tobacco, Black.....	45 to 47	
" Bright.....	47 to 50	
BISCUITS.		
Pilot Bread.....	3.00	
Boston and Thin Family.....	6½	
Soda.....	6½	
do in lb. boxes, 50 to case.....	7½	
Fancy.....	8 to 15	

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Apple, N. S.....	2.00 to 3.00
Cranberries, N. S., bbls.....	7.00 to 7.50
" do in case.....	5.50
Cucumbers, new per 100.....	4.50 to 5.00
O'ions Am. per lb.....	2 to 2.50
" Canadian.....	5½ to 6
Dates boxes, new.....	6½ to 7
Raisins, Valencia, new.....	10 to 11
Figs, Eleme, 5 lb boxes per lb., new.....	9 to 10
" small boxes.....	7
Prunes, Stewing, boxes.....	1.50 to 2.00
Bananas.....	7.00
Cranberries, per bbl.....	7.00

C. H. Harvey, 12 & 10 Sackville St.

FISH.

	Ex Vessel.	Ex Store
MACKEREL—		
Extras.....	19.00	
No. 1.....	16.50	
" 2 large.....	14.50	
" 2.....	10.00	
" 3 large, Reamed.....	7.50	
" 3, Reamed.....	6.25	
" 3 large, Plain.....	6.00	
" 3 Plain.....	5.00	
Small.....	4.75	
HERRING.		
No. 1 C. B. July.....	5.00	5.50
" 1 Fall Split.....	3.50	
" 1 Fall Round.....	3.00	
" 1 Labrador.....	5.75	6.25
" 1 Georges Bay.....	2.20	2.25
" 1 Bay of Islands.....	3.00	3.00
ALWIVES, No. 1.....	4.25	
SALMON.		
No. 1, ½ bbl.....	14.00	16.00
No. 2, ½ bbl.....	12.00	14.00
" 3.....	10.00	12.00
Small.....		
CODFISH.		
Hard C. B.....	4.25	4.75
Western Shore.....	3.75	5.00
Bank.....	4.50	5.00
Bay.....	4.00	4.50
Newfoundland.....	3.70	none
HADDOCK.	3.25	3.75
Banks & Western.....	3.25	3.75
HAKE.	2.50	3.00 to 3.25
POLLOCK.		4.00
HAKE SOUNDS, per lb.....	3½	
COD OIL per gal.....	29	32c.

BREADSTUFFS

The upward tone of the Wheat and Corn market, as recorded in our last, has changed to a downward turn; however, there is little change in the price of Flour, and we don't look for any change in the price of Cornmeal till after the close of the year. Oatmeal is steady or slightly easing at the West; unchanged here, as we never felt the full advance of the market. Oats are unchanged from our last quotations; it would be pretty difficult to buy any, even in carload lots, at 41 cents. We look for rather slow business. We are afraid that this retaliation business between Newfoundland and Canada will effect somewhat our winter trade.

Flour
Manitoba Highest Grade Patents 5.75 to 6.00
High Grade Patents..... 5.25
Good 90 per cent. Patents..... 5.05
Straight Grade..... 4.90
Good Seconds..... 4.60
Graham Flour..... 5.15
Oatmeal..... 4.45
 " Rolled..... 4.60
Kila Dried Cornmeal..... 3.60
 " In Bond..... 3.70
Rolled Wheat..... 5.50
Wheat Bran, per ton..... 19.50
Middlings..... 23.50
Shorts..... 22.50
Cracked Corn " including bags..... 25.00
Ground Oil Cake, per ton..... 26.00 to 28.00
Molasses..... 24.00 to 26.00
Split Peas..... 4.10
White Beans, per bushel..... 1.50 to 1.55
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" old.....	17
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" Antigonish.....	11½

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Factory Filled.....	\$1.00
Fine Liverpool, bag, from store.....	60
Liverpool, ½ hhd.....	1.25
" Affeat.....	
Capit.....	Done
Turks Island.....	Done
Lisbon.....	Done
Coarse W. I.....	Done
Trapan.....	4.40
" About.....	27.25

HEARTSEASE.

(Continued.)

As they drew so near that their words became almost audible, Edmund's jealous eyes took in every detail of Mr. St. John's handsome person, and he drew a mental contrast between his own disadvantages of exterior and manner—exaggerating both the one and the other in his proud humility—and the graceful ease and readiness of the accomplished man of the world.

Vincient, who had cast aside his crutch, had availed himself of the aid of a stick, with Rose's support on the other side. He glanced pleasantly at Edmund as they came up.

Annoyance, struggling with respect, lent an awkwardness foreign to the young man's usual manner. He colored uneasily, and would have turned away without speaking had there been room to pass without rudely pushing by. Yet Edmund was no cowardly nature, only things were too strong for him just then. Besides, he had as yet no absolute right to protest, and, however he felt, there was no definite cause of complaint which he might have faced boldly.

Vincient had not the very faintest notion of the tempest of conflicting feelings surging in Edmund's young heart.

"Give me a hand, Ned," said he carelessly, as they came to a pause by the fallen tree on the edge of the wood, which was as yet the limit of his daily stroll. With Edmund's assistance he seated himself.

A crimson carnation in Vincient's button hole fell to the ground. Rose picked up the flower and restored it to him. He took it with a smiling word of thanks, then glancing at the bunch of heartsease at the girl's throat drooping already in the summer heat, he said:

"Won't you have it, Rose? Those you are wearing are quite faded."

A pleased light sprang into Rose's eyes. Her fingers sought out the despised heartsease, and drew them out of her gown. In another second she had flung them carelessly away, and Vincient's carnation was flaunting in their stead. The sight was too much for Edmund to bear and linger tamely on the spot.

His eyes followed the poor flowers as they went flying past him into the hedge, and, as Rose fixed the carnation in their vacant place, he turned abruptly into the wood, afraid to trust himself longer upon the scene, so strong was the current of angry passion which threatened to carry him beyond the bounds of self-restraint and conventional decorum.

So Edmund went his way and mixed hearing an item of news which might have brought him some small amount of consolation, as seeming to place a limit upon his present troubles.

Rose had settled Mr. St. John on the prostrate tree, comfortably supported by the fence at the rear. She had placed the daily newspapers within reach, and, however secretly inclined, the good old-fashioned ideas of maidenly modesty derived from Aunt Anne's precepts forbade her to linger now the duty was fulfilled.

"Mr. Hill says I can return home any time now, so I must write to Mosslands and prepare them for my appearance in a few days. You'll soon lose your troublesome inmate, Rose."

"So soon?" faltered she.

She felt struck dumb almost by the sudden intelligence, and for the life of her could not have managed another word just then. Yet she had been anticipating something of the kind for days, but the fact did not seem to soften the shock in the very slightest degree now that the dreaded blow had actually fallen.

She turned her head sharply away, fixing her eyes upon the low line of the level horizon where the spire of Hampton Church, half-a-dozen miles away, stood out clearly defined against the blue.

"Nay, rather how long!" was Vincient's amused response. "I've been an awful bother to you all, quartered upon you for so many weeks. Had there been a proper road I might have been taken straight to Mosslands, but as it was there was no possibility."

Rose did not reply. All her energies were required to keep the childish tears which flooded her eyes from brimming over upon her cheeks.

The oddity of her manner struck Vincient.

"Rose."

Again he met with no answer. He leant forward, and gently possessed himself of the limp little fingers hanging listlessly by her side.

To his intense astonishment the hand was snatched abruptly away.

Rose was quivering all over with a despairing effort at self-control. Up to this moment he had no suspicion of the truth. He had been fond of the girl after a fashion, but was very far from realizing the mischief he had wrought in that inexperienced, unsophisticated heart.

"What is the matter?" he enquired gently, feeling utterly helpless, pined as he was by force of circumstance to the fallen tree.

"Sit down—I want to talk to you. How can I when you keep aloof like that?"

He was not deprived of the use of his strong young arms, at all events, and he put them in use now, pulling Rose down to a seat beside him.

"What is the matter?" he repeated.

Foolish Rose buried her face in her hands, and burst into a storm of sobs.

Slowly, reluctantly, some faint inkling of the truth dawned upon him, but he was very far from guessing the extent of the damage.

"Rosie! My dear little girl! Surely there is nothing to cry about? Look up and tell me what is amiss."

Shamefacedly, reluctantly, she withdrew her hands from her face, and made a violent effort at composure. But the eyes which met his own were still wet and full of dumb anguish, the mobile lips were trembling pitifully.

A feeling, new, inexplicable, came over Vincient St. John. Unused to look much beyond the necessities of the present, and forgetful of the interpretation she might well put upon the action; carried away, indeed, by the strange, unaccustomed sensation of mingled pity, gratitude and remorse, he did perhaps the most unhappy thing possible under the circumstances; he drew the sobbing girl closer to him and kissed her unresisting lips.

The next day Mr. St. John did not stir beyond the garden. He idled the morning away in the sunny porch over a book, and seemed to have no desire to go further afield.

He was honest at heart, and not altogether satisfied with himself. He had acted on the impulse of the moment, meaning very little by his foolish conduct, yet he was conscious that his ill-advised impetuosity had led him into a breach of the trust which was reposed in him.

He was thoroughly aware that the keeper or Aunt Anne would have been fully as much scandalised as the Admiral himself, had they chanced to come upon the scene yesterday. Yet many a better man, he reflected, might have yielded to temptation had he been tried as strongly.

The instant the fatal kiss had been given his senses had returned. Even now the recollection of the girl's look, as he had raised his head, remained with him and stirred his conscience uneasily. He would have given much to have blotted out the whole episode. He resolved to hasten his departure for Mosslands; there must be no repetition of such folly, he told himself.

He had hardly seen Rose since the occurrence. A new shyness had crept over her, and she had kept purposely out of his way. She had been brought up with none of the easy notions common to many of her class. That kiss had seemed to the simple child full of boundless significance. She seemed lifted to the portals of a new life, full of bewildering visions and endless possibilities, before which she shrank back abashed and dazzled. Even the odd change which came over Mr. St. John, who had quickly resumed his ordinary tone and manner, had not opened her eyes to her danger. She had gone back to her homely duties, and had done her aunt's bidding, and responded mechanically to her running stream of talk, but her thoughts lingered by the fallen tree on the edge of the wood, and she lived over again in memory the blissful moment when the Prince Charming of her dreams had stooped down from his high estate; and all the while the bunch of purple heartsease lay drooping and forgotten in the shadow of the hedge—fit emblem, had she only known, of the love which she despised and neglected as of no account.

Edmund, repulsed and smarting under his sense of injury, had returned to his brother's cottage without further attempt to see the object of his sad and angry thoughts.

Aunt Anne, unobservant and preoccupied, was without suspicion of the disturbing elements in the air. She sat peacefully paring apples in the kitchen, waiting until Rose should be at liberty to help her.

Rose lingered upstairs, but at length, destitute of further excuse for delay, she came slowly down the steps, her heart beating the faster with the knowledge that Vincient had broken through his usual custom, and was sitting in the pleasant hop-covered porch.

As she came shyly down the last few stairs, the sound of unfamiliar voices arrested her. Some indefinable sensation, scarcely a presentiment, yet akin to such, warned her to creep slowly back again, but Aunt Anne's voice calling, "Rose! Rose!" in pleasantly excited tones, compelled her to appear. Mrs. May's comely figure almost blocked the way into the porch, but over her ample shoulder the taller Rose had a full view of a little group of people, the memory of which was destined to remain with her to the end of her days.

An old man, erect, dignified, with the dignity of a past generation almost obsolete, was installed in a high-backed comfortable armchair. But Rose's eyes travelled past the Admiral, whom she had seen once or twice before, to the principal figure of the group.

Justina's plain white morning-gown was considerably less pretentious in style to an inexperienced judge than those worn by many of the daughters of the wealthier farmers seen by Rose at the Sunday services at the little church; but there was a distinction in its very simplicity, a something in the poise of the wearer's dainty head, and the nameless grace of her bearing, neglecting the seat provided for her, she stood carelessly leaning upon the carved back of the Admiral's chair, which was a revelation to the other girl. Perhaps that revelation was all the more complete as her gaze wandered to Vincient's face and read his look.

Justina undoubtedly appeared her very best just then. The face under the drooping Spanish hat was flushed by the heat of the day, and by some faint measure of excitement, in a degree which was becoming and no more. Her attitude accentuated the beauty of her figure, and her short sleeves allowed the long black gloves to display the roundness of her lovely arms to perfection. She was really pleased to see Vincient at the moment, and her lips curved into a smile, which was almost tender as she regarded him.

Vincient, on his part, was infinitely relieved by the return of his relatives. He responded to Justina's look with one more fully that of a lover than had often been her share. She and the Admiral had driven over to fetch him to Mosslands—most opportunely, he reflected; there would be no further chance for him to "make a fool of himself," as he put it. He was grateful to them for their unexpected appearance, and the relief which it brought to his mind. He was not yet aware of Rose standing in the background, taking all in with her troubled, startled eyes. A word from his grandfather enlightened him.

"Your daughter, Mrs. May, I suppose?" asked the old man graciously. "My niece, sir; my brother's only girl," explained Aunt Anne with a curtsy.

Mrs. May had moved with the times, and the respectful curtsy of her

youth to her superiors had fallen into disuse, but there was something about this stately gentleman of a past age which caused her to fall back involuntarily upon the manners of an earlier day.

Rose was scrupulously neat, as was her wont, but the weather was warm, and she had been busy all the morning. The heat which lent such a becoming tinge to Justina's paler cheeks only served to coarsen the more vivid coloring of the country girl; her print gown was faded—had shrunk in the course of frequent washing. Her pretty plaited hair was a little ruffled; she looked and felt ill at ease.

Justina spoke a few kind, patronizing words. Her clear cultivated tones caused the other girl's heart to sink within her breast in utter hopelessness and shame.

Rose, with all her deficiencies, was no fool. She recognized and admitted the wide social gulf between herself and the woman of Vincient's world. Every look, every tone, every movement of the beautiful new-comer merely served to show up her own shortcomings and ignorance, in that moment of sudden enlightenment and self-knowledge. It seemed as if the vanity and carelessness of girlhood left her for ever during the half hour of smirring humiliation.

"We must bring you a little present, my good girl," said Justina in her cold, clear tones. "You have had much more work to do while St. John has been here, and it is only fair that you should not be forgotten. If you will let me know anything you would like, I shall be better able to judge what to give you."

An awkward pause ensued.

"Rose, Rose! thank the young lady for her kindness," whispered Mrs. May, surprised and dismayed.

Rose had no thought of acting rudely. Something rising up in her throat made immediate speech impossible. When at length she found her voice it sounded strange and unnatural in her own ears.

"I do not need anything, miss; I do not, indeed—thank you kindly all the same," she added hastily, fearing that she was seeming odd and ungracious in the eyes of this lady, who, doubtless, had spoken with well-meant intentions.

"Miss Chandos thinks differently, as you will see. Under the circumstances, she is naturally interested in all who have helped to nurse my grandson, and anxious to show her gratitude by every means in her power."

There was a significant archness in the Admiral's manner which Mrs. May could not fail to observe. She glanced from Vincient to Justina, and then back to the old man's satisfied, smiling face, with a look of respectful enquiry.

"I fancy you understand me, Mrs. May, even if you did not know before, as I supposed. The wedding will not be a very far-off event, I hope, and I am sure my grandchildren will have your best wishes on the occasion," he added pleasantly.

There was a little stir at the moment which caused the subject to drop. The Admiral's men had come according to orders, with the invalid contrivance which had been brought to convey Vincient in comfort to the carriage waiting in the rough lane at the end of the field-path. The luggage was to follow later; there was not any need for further delay.

No one gave thought to Rose—no one, that is, except Vincient, and he was far too remorseful and vexed with himself to do more than cast a brief, swift glance of apprehension when the truth had been divulged.

But Rose made no scene. She gave scarcely any sign of having heard the Admiral's words. She stood leaning against the door-post in silence while the leavetakings were going on between the invalid and his relatives and her aunt. She was much paler than she had been a few minutes before, but otherwise calm and composed. She responded with a slow, wistful smile to the hasty good-byes of the Admiral and his granddaughter, but when Mrs. May proposed accompanying the party as far as the lane, that they might see Mr. John safely into the brougham, she did not stir from her place.

"Good-bye, Rose," said Vincient gently.

She inclined her head mechanically.

"Good-bye."

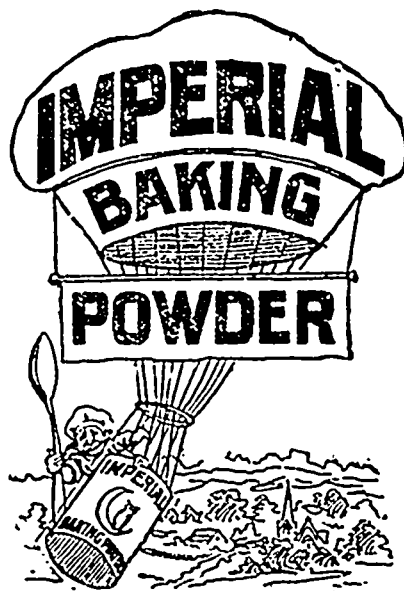
She made no attempt to come into the sunshine flooding the old garden walk to bid him farewell. Long afterwards the memory haunted him at unwelcome moments, and he saw her standing in the background of the porch, the tendrils of the hop-vine casting fleeting, uncertain shadows on her pale young face. And yet he would remind himself that he had meant no harm—he had certainly meant no harm!

Once more it was summer weather. Once more the purple heartsease strewed the meadow ways where Edmund had gathered the soft velvety blooms for his sweetheart, and where Rose's careless fingers had flung the pretty gift away.

It was summer too at Mosslands. Four long years had come and gone, and Vincient St. John was sitting alone in the deserted library, brooding over the empty hearts, wrapped in his own melancholy thoughts. He had grown old, and thin, and careworn, and there was something unutterably forlorn in his very attitude, as he sat motionless in his chair by the chimney-piece, one hand hanging listlessly by his side.

He was owner of Mosslands—the Admiral had been dead two years—he was a wealthy man, esteemed and respected by his county neighbors and the country-side; but it seemed to him that he could never hold up his head among them again under the weight of unmerited disgrace which had fallen upon him.

(To be continued.)



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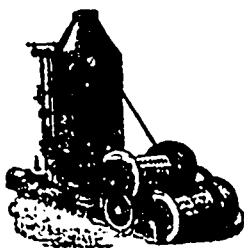
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EAST CHEZZETCOOK AND THE LAKE CATCHA GOLD DISTRICT.—For over ten years the Lake Catcha gold district has held a prominent place as one of the largest gold producing districts in the Province. The first to discover the precious metal and to locate the leads was John Anderson, of Port Peswick, who is now known as one of our leading gold miners, his venture in this and other districts having been very successful. Nestled in the woods between East Chezzetcook and Port Peswick Harbor was a pretty little lake known as Lake Catcha, accessible only by paths known to the experienced trout fisherman or the keen sportsman in search of snipe or duck, and also used to some extent by the thrifty French as wood roads. It was near this lake on its west side that John Anderson, after months of weary and unsuccessful search, at length won his reward in the discovery of the long-looked-for gold bearing leads. He secured a large number of areas, and it soon became known that gold had been found at Lake Catcha. At once the usual rush for areas took place at the Mines' Office, and in a very short time the former quiet neighborhood of Lake Catcha became animated with prospectors all eager in their search for gold.

Some of the parties erected rude shanties, and lived and worked on their claims, but the majority sought board in East Chezzetcook, walking three or four miles over the roughest of roads to their work and returning in the evening.

The Anderson property opened up well and was bonded to Mr. De-Camp, (lately deceased) who floated it in New York, forming the well-known Oxford Gold Mining Company with an original capital of \$100,000, which was afterwards increased to \$125,000 and additional areas purchased. The Company was successful from the start, and soon had running a ten stamp mill, the machinery from Fraser & Chalmers, Chicago, the buildings and wood work being put up by Geo. Rowlands, of Musquodoboit Harbor, a most experienced mill wright. In less than four years the Company had crushed 7,401 tons of quartz, which yielded 10,614 ozs gold. During this time they paid 20 dividends equaling 55½ per cent. of the increased capital stock, or \$65,625. Other dividends have since been paid, and the mine to-day is undoubtedly as good as ever, as only a few of the 100 or more leads known to exist have been worked, and the greatest depth yet reached is only 225 feet.

East and west of the Oxford property a large amount of prospecting has been done and the same leads that yielded so largely on the Oxford tapped, but for want of systematic development, which is only now being attempted, little has been done beyond proving that the adjoining areas, notably those owned by John Anderson and Doctor A. C. Cogswell, are destined to become as famous gold producers as the Oxford. In fact John Anderson now has a ten stamp mill running on his western areas adjoining the Oxford, which is giving good returns, and parties leasing the eastern block of Cogswell areas have lately opened up the Coloman lead in good shape. Reports of these important developments had reached us, and we were desirous of personally inspecting the properties, so an invitation from Doctor Cogswell to accompany him to the district was gladly accepted. It is 28 miles from Halifax to the mine, and in summer and autumn, or in winter, with good sleighing, the drive is a pleasant one, but this particular December the weather is so mild, the roads freezing at night and thawing by day, that mud was likely to be encountered, and wheeling for at least part of the day was likely to prove very "cold comfort." So it was with some misgivings that we made our hurried preparations for departure, but these at once vanished when we found ourselves comfortably seated beside the Doctor in a closed buggy and well protected with warm buffalo robes.

It was on Wednesday week and the weather was warm with just a suspicion of rain in the southerly breeze.

The doctor is a natty man and everything about our turn-out, which was from Isnor's stables, bespoke his careful selection.

Crossing by the ferry we left Dartmouth just as the noon gun fired, and started at a fair pace over the very muddy roads. In an hour we were at Walker's where we fed the horse and feasted ourselves on partridge.

Here we heard that a mile and a quarter further along the road towards Preston William Skerry and others had struck a gold bearing lead. Since we have been informed that in the same locality in the granite formation Mr. Skerry has discovered some first quality mica in sheets of considerable size. If this is true most important results may follow.

From Walker's to East Chezzetcook the roads improved, but the driving was heavy, so we drove slowly along conversing on mining subjects, the Doctor pointing out places on the road where quartz veins had been worked, notably near Porter's Lake, and finally reached John Smith's at East Chezzetcook at four, p. m. From here a good road has been constructed into the mine, a distance of about three miles, and stopping only a minute to say we would be back to spend the night we drove on. Dr. Cogswell's west block, of SS areas, was soon reached where trenches and pits proved that considerable prospecting had been done. The road crosses near the Little Moo—a swamp hole which at the time the district was first discovered was filled with quartz, all of which was more or less broken and every piece of which contained gold. This is on the Cogswell areas, and the quartz when crushed in the mill yielded over two ounces to the ton. Very large and rich boulders were found close by and prove that a big lead exists in the immediate vicinity which will yet be found. We did not stop to examine the western areas, but drove on through the Anderson Mine, where the new mill was merrily pounding away, across the Oxford areas, passed the mill, now silent, and numerous buildings, and fastening our horse to a tree walked east a short distance to where a shaft is being sunk on the east block of areas owned by the Doctor. Here we met Mr. McMullen who was attending to the surface work at the shaft and found him jubilant over the prospects. A comfortable shaft house with black-

smith shop attached has been erected over the shaft, which has been sunk on the Coleman lead to a depth of 71 feet. The hoisting is done by a horse and whim and the shaft, which is provided with a ladder way, is well timbered. It is the intention to sink a few feet further for a sump and then to drift east and west on the lead through the good pay ore now encountered. It was getting late so we deferred further investigation until the morning and drove back to John Smith's, having the pleasure of meeting Mr. J. M. Reid, the manager of the Oxford, on the way.

East Chezzetcook is a straggling settlement on the east side of Chezzetcook Harbor, the neat white houses being ranged on either side of the one main road and separated by patches of farming land. There is a fine view over the harbor and of West Chezzetcook, and the place has a thrifty look, speaking well for the industry of its Acadian population.

John Smith is owner of one of the most comfortable and spacious houses and has just extended his accommodations by the erection of a new house in the rear and connected with his former dwelling. The accommodations provided are all that could be desired, the bedrooms and parlors being almost luxuriously furnished, while the table is liberally supplied with good food well cooked. Mrs. Smith is the tidiest of house wives and assisted by her daughters, who seem to inherit their mother's thrift and kindness, leaves nothing undone to make her guests comfortable, so that stopping at Smith's is always a pleasure.

We found it so in this instance, and after tea spent the hours before bed time in discussing with the Doctor the prospects of the Lake Catcha District.

Dr. Cogswell is well known as a clear headed business man who has great faith in the mining future of this Province. He is largely interested in the Lake Catcha district, and having made a careful study of it based on actual work is in a position to speak intelligently on the prospects, which are certainly of the best.

The Oxford mine proves the value of the district by actual results from work done.

This property consists of 64 mining areas covering a tract of land 2,100 feet long by 1,500 feet wide, and embracing within its limits upwards of 100 leads, many of which have never been worked. The most promising leads on this property are the mill lead which has produced over 870,000 in gold or an average of one ounce to the ton, the Coleman lead which gave a yield of gold of from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 ozs. to the ton, the split lead and the Battery lead, the latter one a phenomenally rich one. There are besides a number of very rich leads that have been only slightly worked. The leads run east and west and directly on the eastern boundary of the Oxford areas, Doctor Cogswell has 62 areas surrounding on three sides a block of twelve areas owned by John Anderson. On these areas the Doctor has cut the Coleman lead in several places and 140 feet south the Mill lead, two of the most productive leads found on the Oxford. At one spot where an angular joined the Coleman lead or where the Coleman lead took a turn, it is not yet quite decided which, he secured over \$4,000 in gold in a twenty foot space. Other of the Oxford leads have also been cut on his areas and the successful work now being done proves the value of the eastern block.

West of the Oxford areas John Anderson has a block of claims which are now being worked and on which he has a ten stamp mill. The leads here cut are the Lake and Barker. Still west of the Anderson leads Dr. Cogswell owns 88 areas, thus covering the extension of the Oxford leads east and west. To the north of the Oxford, Anderson and Cogswell areas are the Cambridge areas, those properties being the principal ones in the district.

Taking into consideration that no greater depth than 225 feet has been mined on any part of the district, the large yield of gold on the Oxford, and the bright prospects of the Anderson and Cogswell areas, it seems reasonable to conclude that the Lake Catcha district is an inviting field for the judicious investment of capital and that in the near future it will prove one of the most profitable gold mining fields in the Province.

Early in the morning after a hearty breakfast we drove to the Oxford Mine, stabled our horse and spent several hours in walking to different parts of the district.

We first visited the shaft being sunk on the Coleman lead on the Cogswell areas eastern block. Here Mr. McMullan spread before us a quantity of quartz every piece of which contained gold. We examined the ore pile and the quartz being raised from the mine and found it all gold bearing. It should be good for at least an ounce per ton was Mr. McMullan's opinion, and in this we coincide. Then we crossed a swamp and examined the spot where the \$4,000 in gold had been taken.

Then we had a look at the ten stamp mill on the Cambridge property and afterwards inspected the Anderson Mine.

The genial John had not arrived, but his obliging foreman, Wallace Dukeshiro, gave us full information. Two shafts are down on the Lake lead, the deepest 78 feet, and considerable drifting has been done east and west on the lead and quartz yielding well up in gold extracted. Scarcely fifteen feet north of this shaft a shaft is now being sunk on the Barker lead which is down 22 feet and showing gold. The hoisting and pumping is done by power supplied by the mill which is just across the road.

The mill is a neat structure and is supplied with a ten stamp crusher, of Fraser & Chalmers manufacture, but purchased in Tangier where it had originally been put up. A Leonard 30 horse-power boiler and 25 h. p. engine furnishes the power to drive the mill and hoist from three shafts, and we should imagine had about all it could do. George Rowlands was the millwright, and the massive frame work of the mill, which permitted no vibration, and the general completeness of detail showed that he had not lost his skill. Edward Dean is the amalgamator and engineer, and the perfect running of the machinery is to his credit. He and a boy con-

stitute the mill staff, which is run at a daily expense in wages of \$2.75. Needless to say that the Anderson Mine is a paying concern, as it is run on the soundest commercial principles.

Lake Catcha, as a lake, exists no longer. It was drained by the Oxford Company and John Anderson conjointly, and is now an unsightly mud hole, but the water had to go before the Anderson leads could be worked, and go it did.

We paid a short visit to Mr. Reid of the Oxford, and then drove out to Smith's and had dinner.

At two o'clock we started on our return to Halifax, where we arrived before six highly pleased with our trip and not the least fatigued by our muddy drive.

WAVERLY.—The Burkner gold areas, forty-five in number, will be sold by the Sheriff on Saturday.

EDITOR CRITIC,—

SIR.—In your last week's issue there appeared with the startling heading, "Gold Fever among the Look-out Party at Bedford," an account of them doing a little mining on their own account, very amusing, especially to the inhabitants of the picturesque little town of Bedford. Hard lines. Where do they find the villages and hamlets. But the one who had it inserted "chanced his arm," viz., told a number of confounded lies. The party of two who were doing the mining on their own hook did not go to the brook for a drink of water. We never drink water unless there is something good in it, neither did they take picks, drills, shovels, etc., under their topcoats, for we had not topcoats on. A word about not heading the church bells tolling, there is only one bell in Bedford and that is in the Scotch Church and that doesn't toll in the afternoon, as that was when the party were doing their mining, and they both attended morning service at the English Church. And they trudged home at night with some cwt. of metal in bags. Yes, he "chanced both arms" when he said that; we had two specimens in our waistcoat pockets of mica. Very glad you gave us a bar about the buxom dames of Bedford. Where are they; when the winter comes, they fly into the city or go and seek their fortunes in Boston. If soldiers spread the scarlet fever with their coats another class try the same with lawn tennis bats and white flannel pants. We are not aristocrats, we dine at 1, p. m., not 7. And about the air being filled with oaths, etc., I think that was the pot calling the kettle black, for soldiers are not always so black as they are painted. Yours truly,

JOHN BULL.

"Mother, what shall I do for this dreadful cough?" "Take Pattner's Emulsion, my dear, it always helps our family."

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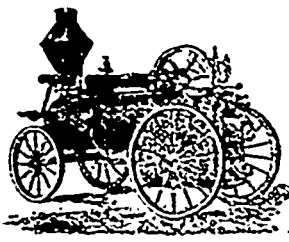
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Chemical Laboratory, Dalhousie College,
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GEORGE LAWSON, Ph. D., L. J. D.
Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland.

MINING.

A CHINESE SYSTEM OF GOLD MILLING.

By HENRY LOUIS, A. R. S. M., F. I. C., F. G. S.

From the Engineering and Mining Journal.

The object of the present paper is to describe a primitive method of gold extraction practiced by a small colony of Chinese in the district of Tomoh, one of the Siamese-Malayan States. This district has been worked for gold about 150 years, but has been only twice or thrice visited by Europeans, who are looked upon with a good deal of jealousy by the miners. Gold was first discovered by Malays in the sands or banks of the river Teluban, and they perhaps worked it to some small extent. The Malays are, however, constitutionally averse to continuous work in any shape, and before long Chinese immigrants, steady and inured to labor, came into the country and "rushed" these alluvial gold fields. The Malays every now and then killed off these immigrants, partly for the pleasure of the deed and partly to gain possession of the gold they had washed out; but with characteristic perseverance the Chinese returned again and again in ever-increasing numbers, and have now a firm footing in the country, the Chinese population of the Tomoh district being at present over 1,000.

The alluvials having been exhausted, attention was turned to the reef gold, which they began to attack 70 years ago. The method of mining was then, and is now, the following: A small water furrow is first brought in at the highest possible level on a suitable hillside. The principal tool used by these Chinese miners is a heavy long wooden crowbar, shod with a long strongly-made chisel-pointed iron socket. With the help of this and of the stream of water, which rarely exceeds 50 cu. ft. per minute, the surface soil and weathered country rock are loosened and sluiced away. No trouble is taken to save any of the gold washed down, except in one or two instances where rude riffles have been inserted in the tail race; the sluice is, however, carefully searched for bits of quartz showing visible gold, which are picked out and put on one side. The surface of the shales is thus stripped, and any veins of gold that may be laid bare are then worked, the principal mining tool being a rough kind of pick: the use of explosives or even of wedges is quite unknown. Neither shovels nor barrows are used; their places are taken by broad hoes and baskets, a pair of the latter, swung at each end of a stick and holding at least 70 lbs., being easily carried up steep grades by a Chinese miner. The tunnels, small and irregular, usually incline steeply upward; they are rudely timbered, and as timber decays rapidly in this climate, these workings cannot penetrate far into the hills, but soon have to be abandoned, and the whole series of operations has to be recommenced.

A party of 27 miners, who owned and worked a rich hillside, considered themselves to be doing well when their entire day's output (they do not work night shifts as a rule) was a little over half a ton of quartz. The quartz, as extracted from the reef, is cobbled down with hammers to about pass a 1½-in. ring, and is then carefully hand-picked, all stone showing visible gold, sulphurets or any other favorable indications being sent to the mill and the rest being thrown away. From one-eighth to one-half is thus rejected, this refuse rock carrying from 3 dwts. to 10 dwts. of free milling gold to the ton.

At first the mode of crushing adopted by the Chinese consisted in heating the rock red hot, quenching it in water and then pounding it down and rubbing it between two stones. About 35 years ago a tilt hammer, made entirely without iron and having a stone head, was introduced, and is still much used by individual miners. About 12 years ago a battery of from three to six of these hammers, worked by a water-wheel, was first employed; it is said that this pattern was copied from a mill largely used in China for crushing the materials used for making "joss sticks." Such water mills are usually the property of a party of miners working together.

The foot mill is of the usual type, from which there are but few important departures. The entire falling weight is about 45 lbs., and the length of drop about 20 in.; as a rule these mills are worked at 15 to 20 blows per minute.

The mill is built entirely without iron; the stone that forms the base of the mortar is a piece of hard quartz or of barren reef-quartz, the same material being used for the hammer head, which is firmly held in its socket by wooden wedges, the socket being kept from splitting by a stout hoop of rattan twisted round it. Occasionally iron hoops are used, and some mills have iron spindles for the hammer to work on.

The Chinese usually work these mills for about eight hours per day. A storeful of quartz is first thrown into the mortar, and the mill is then worked by the foot of the miner, who stands on one or other of the stones shown in the drawings, grasping the uprights, or else a crossbar that is sometimes fastened across them.

When the quartz is supposed to be crushed sufficiently fine, the hammer-head is propped up, and the crushed stone is scraped out and sifted through a circular sieve 15 in. to 20 in. in diameter, and about 1½ in. deep. The sieve itself is made of thin strips of rattan about 0.01 in. in width. There are from 36 to 40 holes per square inch, so that the width of mesh varies between 0.04 and 0.06 in. A man can crush in a working day with one of these mills from 70 lbs. to 140 lbs. of stone, according to its hardness.

The number of hords in a power mill varies between 3 and 6, depending principally on the quantity of water available. As the district is well watered, the large majority are 6-stamp mills. The construction of the water-wheel is extremely crude—the water, which is sometimes brought down very steep hills from considerable heights in small, steeply-inclined ditches, strikes the flat buckets with considerable velocity, so that the wheel is partly an impact and partly a pressure wheel; the buckets are never more than half-filled at the best, and the wheel is sometimes allowed to wade in

tail-water to the full depth of the shrouding. Much power is accordingly wasted, the amount of water consumed in driving one of those mills being from 80 to 100 cu. ft. per minute. The average number of drops of each head varies between 28 and 32 per minute; the length of the drop is about 2 ft., and the effective falling weight of the head is about 70 lbs. Thus only about one-third of the theoretical power of the machine is utilized, but of course much of this loss of energy is due to the friction of the whole machine, notably between the straight cam and the tail-piece of the hammer. There are usually three men per shift working one of these mills, two being engaged in looking after and feeding the machine, while the third sifts the pounded stone as already described, throwing back under one of the hammer heads whatever will not pass the sieve.

(To be continued.)

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DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. J. B., Lorway Mines, C.B.—Your letter and solution are received, and we are glad to welcome you to the ranks of our problem-solvers. If you persevere in the study of this fine amusement we trust, in time, to have from you original games, problems, analyses, etc., which will be both interesting and instructive.

W. MUIR, Preston, Eug.—Many thanks for *Tit-Bits*. The marked item has been perused with pleasure. From this time "*Nil Desperandum*" shall be our motto.

SOLUTION.

PROBLEM 252.—The position was: black man 2, kings 20, 31; white men 17, 23, king 4; black to play and win. This neat problem by Mr. James Ferrie, champion of Scotland, has been correctly solved by Thomas J. Boutillier, of Lorway Mines, C. B., Oliver McGill, of Yarmouth, and S. Granville and Mr. Griffin, of Halifax. 31—27 23—18 18—14 16—12 23—19 15 11 17 10 black 27—23 20—16 2—7 wins. 19 15 11 8 10 3

GAME 130—"Single Corner."

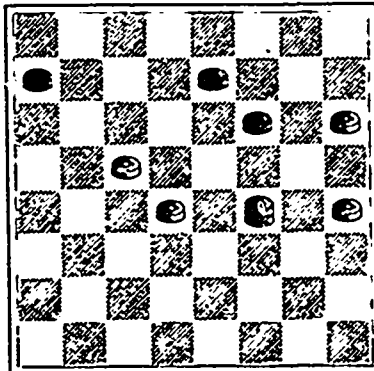
From the *Scottish Canadian*, corrected by Mr. Frank Hamilton, of Halifax, N. S.

11—15	S—11	S—11	11—18
22 18	19 16	31 26	26 22
15—22	4—8	10—14	a-16—19
25 18	16 12	18 9	24 15
12—16	9—13	5—14	13—17
24 19	26 22	22 18	22 6
16—20	11—16	6—9	1—26
29 25	28 24	18 15	b 30—23

Drawn.
a In the *Scottish Canadian* 1—5 was played and black lost.
b We leave the position here, thus giving the opportunity to our readers to find the draw for themselves.

PROBLEM 254.

By J. A. Larsen.
Black men 5, 7, 11, king 19.



White men 12, 14, 18, 20.

White to play and draw.

The above is a very neat end game. Those to whom the idea is now will find the draw difficult.

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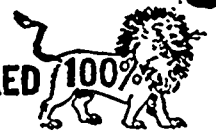
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CITY CHIMES.

The Young Men's Christian Association have added an attraction to their Sunday afternoon meetings in the form of an orchestra, which consists of violin, clarinet, cornet, euphonium and piano. The improvement in the musical service is very marked, and the result of this new departure will certainly be favorable. The Association seems to be fully alive to its possibilities and responsibilities, and is doing much good among the youth of the city. The gymnasium is proving very successful and the Association is to be congratulated on the flourishing state of its affairs.

We are glad to know that the rumor which was circulated last week to the effect that the Exhibition Skating Rink was not to be opened this winter, was not founded on fact. Manager Clarke states that the rink will be opened as usual on Christmas Day, and we doubt not will be well patronized. Halifaxians may well appreciate their excellent skating rink, as it contributes largely to the pleasure of our season of ice and snow and forms a merry meeting place for lovers of invigorating sport. The skaters are fortunate in having such fine music as that furnished by our military bands, which adds not a little to the enjoyment of indoor skating and renders the Exhibition Rink one of the chief attractions of the winter season.

The Lyceum is still holding its own among the numberless attractions that are open to the pleasure loving public. Professor Semon has evidently discovered the secret of retaining as well as gaining popularity, and his entertainments continue to draw far larger crowds than the old theatre on Starr St. is capable of accommodating. This week the chief attraction of this wonderful show has been the "Jockey Minstrels and Gaiety Burlesque Company," and Zera's patrons have shown their appreciation of the entertainment provided. On Monday evening the programme is to be changed and another "great show" under the direction of Ed. Kelly, the comedian, will be opened, which will no doubt prove quite as interesting and attractive as those that have gone before. Professor Semon is under heavy expenses in thus catering to the tastes of the public, but his efforts have been well rewarded in our city and all classes of the people, even representatives from the select four hundred, have flocked to see the novel entertainments which have been offered.

The date of the first concert of the Church of England Institute course has been changed from the 17th to the 22nd, and on Tuesday evening next the Hall of the Institute should be well filled, as the programme for this entertainment is more than usually attractive, and the committee in charge is putting forth every effort to render this first concert a success.

The Organ Recital at the Church of the Redeemer which was to have taken place this evening has been postponed on account of the illness of Mr. W. F. Compton, organist of the church.

An odd combination company has "come to town" this week. The Kickapoo Indians, who have been giving concerts in Orpheus Hall and selling their wonderful medicines to their many patrons. This band of natives of the far west attracted much attention in their parade through town and with their novel costumes and painted faces presented indeed a startling appearance. Their concerts have been especially attractive to the small boys who for the small sum of ten cents get a good deal of fun out of this quaint exhibition.

Another of those happy events which so frequently occur wherever young men and women are found, took place at St. Luke's cathedral on Monday when Miss Katie M. M. Fishwick, second daughter of the late F. W. Fishwick, was united in the bands of wedlock to Mr. Thomas Whitehead, of Montreal, bookkeeper at the Halifax Cotton Factory. The bride was attired in a travelling dress, and was attended by her sister Miss Jessie Fishwick, and Miss Laura Eason, of St. John; the groom's best man being Mr. I. H. Crowell. After the ceremony which was performed by Rev. W. King, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead left for a wedding tour extending to Montreal.

We have had our first instalment of "the beautiful," but alas! its beauty was shortlived, and the rain which followed the fall of snow on Tuesday night rendered the condition of our streets anything but pleasant. Our weather so far this winter has been simply delightful and we have had very few unpleasant days. A genuine old fashioned Christmas would quite take us by surprise, though it is well to be prepared for the unexpected, and good sleighing and frosty air certainly adds zest to the pleasures of the merry season. The shops are wearing a very attractive appearance and the business streets of the city are thronged with busy shoppers, young and old, rich and poor, each interested and happy in selecting gifts for friends and relatives; and so, bringing its kindly feelings and happy gatherings, the best holiday of the year has come once more.

Bazzars and fancy sales are still with us in abundance, and it is really wonderful the success with which each meets. On Monday afternoon and evening the Children's Mission Band in connection with Fort Massey Church held a very successful sale and concert at the residence of their Pastor, Dr. Burns; and on Tuesday the ladies of St. Andrew's Church had a sale of aprons, etc., with a goodly display of fancy work in the basement of their church, and are to be congratulated on the results of their efforts. The Sisters of Charity also have reason to feel gratified with the reward of their labors to make the fancy sale held by them in St. Patrick's Hall on Wednes-

day and Thursday a successful venture. These ladies had some fine work on exhibition, nearly all of which was satisfactorily disposed of. This afternoon St. Matthew's Mission Band is offering fancy and useful articles for sale, and this evening propose having a concert, in which many leading amateurs of the city have consented to take part. These, with others, make up a long list of competitors for the patronage of the public, and have furnished much diversion to the numerous patrons, as well as those promoting the worthy objects to which the proceeds have been devoted.

The annual meeting of the Halifax School for the Blind, held in the fine hall of the new building on Monday evening, was largely attended. The Assembly Hall was crowded with interested friends of the blind, and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present. The addresses by Mr. W. C. Silver, President of the Board of Managers, Archbishop O'Brien, Rev. J. G. Bond, Rev. E. D. Adams, Rev. Dr. Saunders, and Prov. Sec. Fielding, were very interesting. The reports of the Board of Managers and of the Superintendent were very satisfactory and encouraging, and gave many among the audience new ideas as to the possibilities of this educational institution. The choir and band of the School rendered a fine programme of music during the evening. This completes the twenty-first year of this Institution's existence, and there is every indication of rapid progress and extended usefulness in the future. A greatly increased interest in the training of the blind is noticeable every year as the School is better known, and there is always a full house when any entertainment is given at the Institution.

The minstrel troupe which appeared at the Academy last evening and will perform to-night and to-morrow afternoon and evening will probably prove a great attraction for those who enjoy a good performance of this kind. This Company, "Henry's Minstrels," has a good reputation established and furnishes an amusing entertainment. They number about thirty persons and travel in their own private car. Our city seems to be well supplied this week with minstrel shows and concert companies, but all have been well patronized and apparently much appreciated.

The Recital to be given this evening in Orpheus Hall by Miss Kathleen Magee has been eagerly looked forward to and will doubtless be well attended. Miss Magee is an elocutionist of much talent and has many admirers in Halifax, who will be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of again spending an evening listening to her very agreeable rendition of various selections. Miss Magee will be assisted by Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Hagarty, Mrs. Percy Lear, Mrs. Klingensfeld, Herr Klingensfeld, Mr. Boak, Prof. Currie, and Mr. Huestis, all of whom are favorably known in musical circles. The programme which has been prepared promises a genuine treat to all who attend.

The oriental rugs on exhibition during the latter part of last week in Mason Hall attracted the attention of the fashionables of Halifax. Society, with a capital S, please, was walking over the rugs and carpets, and fingering the embroideries with a view to bargains on Monday and Tuesday, when they were auctioned by Clark. The catalogue informs us that Mr. O'Brien has been controlling this branch of art in Canada for some years, and now intends including Halifax among the cities in which annual sales will be held. The mysteries of different makes of carpets and rugs are explained in the catalogue, but one really needs to look long and often at some of those eastern rugs to thoroughly comprehend their beauty. The pile of "antiques" attracted the most attention. Some of these rugs are supposed to be very old—about two centuries—and time but adds to their value. "Worth their weight in gold," is what Mr. O'Brien says, so it will be seen they are not intended for poor people. The Bulgarian embroideries were very handsome and sold remarkably cheap. Longing eyes were cast on many of the more attractive carpets, all in one piece and so thick and soft, but they were too valuable for people of moderate means to invest in. We wish that our old carpets were as valuable as the "antiques," woven by the dainty figures of dark-eyed Eastern ladies. We would then hold an auction of our own and make a snug little sum on them. If antiquity increases value, we have some rugs worth much more than we gave for them. It is, however, quite a privilege to have an opportunity of seeing, and purchasing if you want to, these rugs. They undoubtedly have much good wear in them, and at the prices they sold for in this city will prove economical.

A party of ladies and gentlemen of Dartmouth visited Mount Hope Insane Asylum on Thursday evening of last week and gave a very pleasant entertainment for the benefit of the patients of the Institution. Rev. Mr. Stewart acted as Chairman, and the party successfully carried out a programme of music and recitations, every number of which was loudly applauded by the audience. After the entertainment was over Mrs. Dixon treated the guests to cake and coffee, and the executive thanked them for their kindness in remembering the afflicted people for whom they had prepared such a pleasant evening.

The Fortnightly Club of Dartmouth met at Mrs. S. R. Sircom's on Tuesday evening, when the enjoyable pastime for which it exists was participated in by a large number of people. The harpers furnish music for the Club until they leave for the last boat for Halifax at half-past eleven. The next meeting will be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. Cutler on Tuesday the 29th.

The south window of the N. S. Furnishing Company, corner of Barrington and Prince Streets, is very attractively trimmed for Christmas with a winter scene. There are those, however, who very much preferred to look at the handsome furniture recently displayed.