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# THE CRITIC:

A Maritime Provincial Journal.

DEVOTED TO

Commerce, Manufacturing, Mining and Agriculture.

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HALIFAX, N. S., OCTOBER 31, 1890.

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{ No. 44

## CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

EDITORIAL NOTES	1, 2
CONTRIBUTED.	
Poetry—Ripe	J. F. Herbin, 6
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Chit-Chat and Chuckles	3
News of the Week	4, 5, 6
Poetry—The Battle Hymn of the Republic	6, 7
The Domestic Purse Strings	7
Eccentric Chimes	7
Industrial Notes	7
City Chimes	8
Commercial	8, 9
Market Quotations	9
Serial—Incognito	10, 11
Mining	12, 13
His Sweetheart	14, 15
Draughts—Checkers	15

## THE CRITIC,

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

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is worthy of attention in connection with the exportation of eggs to England that the Government has received advices from an English authority stating that there will not be the slightest difficulty in obtaining the highest price for Canadian eggs provided they weigh over two pounds and a half to the score. The highest price cannot be expected for small eggs.

Jeremiah was a great prophet, and so would be Professor Goldwin Smith if only he had a clearer vision of the truth. Not content with the long series of inky lamentations which he has hurled forth to damp the faith and ardor of Canadians, he finds a fresh target in the hopeful enthusiasms of Australia. He has marked with fine scorn the movement of the Australian colonies in the direction of such a confederation as that of Canada; and he warns them solemnly to pause ere it be too late. It is proof of the sincerity of this indisputable great, but sadly myopic Jeremiah, that he urges the Australians to come and observe for themselves the working of the Canadian Confederation before attempting to reproduce it in Australia. He seems confident that such observation could only confirm, in Australian eyes, the justice of his denunciations and the timeliness of his warning. What is this strange defect in Mr. Goldwin Smith's eyes, which causes him to see a challenge in every expression of ardent hope or enthusiastic patriotism, and a premonition of calamity in every evidence of progress?

On the 6th of October the Mormon Church officially announced that polygamy as a tenet of its faith had been abandoned. The reason for this move is that the prophets found it useless to strive against the laws of the United States any longer. The resolution is one of policy simply, and much doubt is thrown upon the sincerity of the church's action in the matter. For many years polygamy has been stigmatized as a crime by act of Congress, but the Mormons continued to practice it in spite of everything. It is scarcely to be believed that they intend to abandon it even now, for it is only a short time since a number of women landed in New York, fully imbued with the notion that polygamy is a sacred institution, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of persons who tried to persuade them from their purpose, they continued on their way to Utah, there to become wives to polygamous husbands. However, if the church is sincere, it means the removal of a reproach on the civilization and christianity of the United States. The new edict affects only future marriages, but polygamy deprived of the support of the church as a religious institution, will soon be a thing of the past. This being the case, there will no longer be any objection to the admission of that territory as a state, but it may be as the New York Herald fears, that once given the sovereign power of a state it might see fit to make polygamy lawful, and then neither Congress nor any other federal

authority could interfere. Polygamy has been pronounced a failure, not because they believe it is wrong, but because it is inexpedient. An abominable practice is abolished, not because they would, but because they must, and have recognized the inevitable. The new departure will have important effects in American politics, into which a solid Mormon vote will enter and demand its price.

The circulation of a petition asking for the commutation of the death sentence on Birchall, the Woodstock murderer, is an abuse of the privilege of the subject. The man has had a fair trial, and has been adjudged guilty of a brutal murder, for which he must lose his life, if capital punishment is to remain on the statute books. The only possible ground on which this man's life might be spared is sympathy for his wife, and although this may be strong, it is far from sufficient cause for allowing him to escape from justice. It is an impertinence to ask the Executive to commute Birchall's sentence, and a great tax upon the forbearance of those who are asked to sign the petition. The softer hearted among those may be moved by pity for Mrs. Birchall to put their names to a document which their sober judgment cannot endorse. If ever there was a case where the law should take its course it is this one, and while our hearts may be deeply moved to sympathy for the unfortunate wife of the murderer and his other relations who feel the disgrace, we must not forget the unfortunate young man who lay dead in a lonely swamp—lured to this untimely death by Birchall, the man whose life is now asked to be spared. It is improbable that the petition will have any effect. The crime was too serious and the prisoner deserves to die for it.

Late despatches announce that negotiations are in progress between Great Britain and France with a view to the settlement of the Newfoundland difficulties. Great Britain, it appears, proposes to buy out the claims of France to the French shore for a pecuniary consideration. France, however, demands in addition a considerable extension of territory in Africa. In spite of the energetic protests of Mr. Stanley against the free-handed fashion in which Lord Salisbury has been tossing great slices of the Dark Continent, as sops to the several hungry mouths of the European Cerberus, we cannot but think that a little more African territory might be well spent in purchasing the removal of French influence, not only from Newfoundland, but from St. Pierre and Miquelon as well. As for a little African wilderness more or less, it would seem, for the immediate present, of no great consequence. When any particular section of it shall have become by chance, or by the laudable efforts of Germany or France, particularly desirable in Anglo-Saxon eyes, it is not at all unlikely that the genius which presides over our destinies will shake the ripening plum into the receptive Anglo-Saxon lap. It would not be the first time that France and Germany have labored, and Great Britain has reaped the benefit of their labors. If we remember that history repeats itself, and that we have every ground for the sturdiest faith in the future of our race, we will not be too much concerned over the cession of regions in which there is a great deal of rough work to be done before they can be made suitable to our requirements.

The British American Citizen, of Boston, has sent a circular letter to all the leading firms in that city engaged in the Maritime Provincial trade, asking the following questions.—"1. What in your estimation will be the effect of the McKinley Tariff on imports from the Provinces? 2. Has there been any falling off in such imports? 3. On whom will the additional burden fall—the producer or the consumer?" The answers from such well known firms as E. T. Russell & Co., George C. Rockwell & Son, Barclay & Co., H. E. Woodward & Co., Hatheway & Co., DeLong & Seaman and F. L. Clements, are to the effect that the duty will seriously cripple the trade, and that in all cases the consumers will have to pay the duty. L. W. Rockwell and Woodside & Co. believe that the duty will be divided between the producer and the consumer, the later firm stating their case in the following terse manner:—"We think the burden will be divided between the producer and consumer. When the supply is short the consumer will have to pay nearly all the duty; when the supply is in excess of the demand the producer will have to bear the weight of the burden." All unite in condemning the extra taxation as in the interests of the favored few, and Mr. L. W. Rockwell hits the nail squarely on the head in the conclusion to his letter when he says.—"I am decidedly of the opinion that the burden falls upon both the producer and consumer. Then, sir, this being the fact, the door opens for further inquiry, viz., Who are the beneficiaries? My answer would be, a favored few—few indeed when compared with the great mass of consumers—a few producers at home, protected in mistaken promises by cowardly legislation, at the expense, intellectually, socially and physically, of the great mass of the people." Evidently the McKinley Bill has not strengthened the Administration with the leading mercantile firms of Boston.

The murderer Birchall is as clever as he is wicked. His latest idea, which he has just carried out, was to write a sketch of his life. The manuscript covers about a hundred pages of foolscap. It contains an account of some of the most interesting incidents of his early life, youthful escapades, etc., but the part which will naturally excite more interest will be that dealing with the last few years of his life. His object in writing it is a worthy one, namely, to sell it to the highest bidder and leave the money to his wife. The manuscript was put up at auction at the jail on Friday last and sold to C. W. Bunting, of the *Toronto Mail*, for himself and James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*, for \$1,700.

It is rather amusing to read the comments upon the United States Congress, which adjourned on the 1st inst. The following as a specimen of democratic opinion is decidedly good—the language is so emphatic:—“The first session of the Fifty-first Congress ended yesterday, and if it had a soul may the Lord have mercy upon that soul. In its bold disregard of every thing constitutional, parliamentary and fair, this Congress has broken all records and written itself down beside no other Congress in history. It has been a hating, malignant, partisan Congress, with venom and virulence in its every action. It has been a corrupt body, condoning political and private crimes, at the same time that it enacted legislation for the general corruption of many classes of citizens. It has been, in addition, a discriminating Congress. It has been the tool of a plutocracy and of the moneyed interests, to build up all around them barriers through which the people could not break. It has legislated for the East against the other sections, and has increased the burdens of taxation until they are almost unbearable. Too much cannot be written in condemnation of this Congress, and the righting of its iniquities will be the sacred heritage it will bequeath to its successors.”

The dehorning of cattle is a subject on which opinions are widely divergent. By some people it is regarded as an act of cruelty to deprive cattle of their horns, and in Nova Scotia the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty undertakes to prevent its being done. We have always taken the part of the other side, and believe that the practice would be of great benefit, both in avoiding the risk of cattle injuring each other and removing danger to human life. “A New England Farmer,” writing in the *American Dairyman*, tells of his experience in the matter. “Two years ago,” he says, “I had six calves which I put loose in a barn cellar. I wanted to give them a little meat when they came in from pasture. One older and larger than the others would beat them away. I took her horns off; then the next in rank asserted her powers. I then dehorned all of them. After this all felt kindly toward each other. No one pretended to be boss, and they would huddle together like a flock of sheep. Ever since they have been the quietest lot of cattle I ever saw together. A lot of younger ones ran with them, but I never saw any hooking. At the same time I had a bull who seemed a little vicious. I took his horns off, and ever since he has been lamb like. The hurt is but momentary, while the injury they may do with their horns to man or beast may be for a lifetime. Dehorning takes the ugliness out of a bull. In caring for cattle there would not be half as many accidents as there are now, if all were dehorned. The time is not far distant when every calf will be dehorned, and after a time they will be born without horns. One who never saw a flock of dehorned cattle together would be surprised to see how quiet they are, and how closely you can yard them. Dehorning is the sure cure for cruelty to horned cattle.” His testimony from experience is of more importance than pages of theorizing. It would be interesting to know how others have found the method work.

The haters of England in the United States, aided by the unscrupulous politicians who bid for their votes, will find it a hard task to effect a rupture between the two countries while the bulk of educated Americans retain a strong feeling of brotherhood with their kin across the sea. This feeling, which is so touchingly expressed in Maurice Thompson's beautiful poem, “In Exile,” is even more forcibly voiced in Miss Bisland's “Flying Trip Around the World,” concluded in the *Cosmopolitan* for October:—“Starting two months ago from a vast continent which the English race have made their own, where the English tongue, English laws, customs and manners reign from sea to sea, in my whole course around the globe I have heard the same tongue, seen the same laws and manners, found the same race; I have had proof with mine own eyes of the splendor of their empire, of their power, their wealth, of their dominance and orgulousness, of their superb armies, their undreamable commerce, their magnificent possessions, their own unrivalled physical beauty and force—and lo! now at last I find from a tiny island, ringed with grey seas, has sprung this race of kings. It fills my soul with a passion of pride that I too am an Anglo-Saxon. In my veins, too, runs that virile tide that pulses through the heart of this lord of the earth—the blood of this clean, fair, noble race! It is worth a journey round the world to see:

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
This fortress built by nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world;  
This precious stone set in a silver sea;  
This blessed spot of earth, this realm, this England,  
This sure, this seeming womb of royal kings,  
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds so far from home,  
For Christian service and true chivalry,  
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land—  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea!

And I understand now the full meaning of this trumpet cry of love and pride from the greatest of earth's poets—an Englishman.”

The example of the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, in taking a vacation from regular parish work and putting himself, as far as possible, in the place of the people to whom he preached, is one that might be followed by many clergymen with advantage to themselves and their congregations. Mr. Sheldon tells his experience in the *Andover Review* for October. He divided the population of the city of Topeka into eight groups—the horse-car and electric car men, the Washburn College students, the negroes, the railroad men, the lawyers, the doctors, the business and the newspaper men. With these different classes he spent a week each, except with the negroes, and with them he stayed three weeks, doing the work and living in the same way as each particular class did. As a result of his study of human life in these aspects, Mr. Sheldon says:—“I feel that it is worth much to know a little more closely how men live. It has broadened my thought of men's needs. I am less inclined to judge men harshly or hastily. I find myself, from the discipline of those twelve weeks, constantly putting myself in the other man's place, and the effect of that is to quicken my sensitiveness to the man's actual needs. Another result to me was the increased knowledge of other people's business, which enables me to preach to them better. As regards the result to the persons with whom I lived and talked, I can say nothing definite. I cannot help believing that a great many persons with whom I talked and lived were helped into more thoughtful, prayerful living. The result to my own church as an organization is yet to be seen. This much is already true as expressed by the most thoughtful. The look at the world away from the local centre, about which as a new organization we might too selfishly revolve, has been a broadening look. The advantage of seeing just how a pastor does his work has been an educating process with many who never thought anything about it before. For myself, it has made me feel that to preach Christ it is necessary to acquaint oneself with the life of the world, with its poverty, its selfishness, its indifference, its monotony, its suffering, its joy, its heroism and its commonplaces. To know mankind is not enough for the preacher. He must know men.” How true this is. It is the sympathy, the sense of having a true good friend in the clergyman of one's church that marks his true worth, and unless a clergyman knows his people thoroughly this sympathy will be lacking. Going to the fountain head, do we not find that the humanity of Christ, more than His divinity, is what draws men to Him. No man ever knew and understood men with their sins and sorrows as He did. What the toiling masses require to day is not merely a preacher; they need the wide sympathy and Christian helpfulness of men who know what life is with its trials and temptations, and who are not afraid of brushing some of the down off their incipient angelic wings by mixing with the common throng.

The reception of the Woman's Congress, held in Toronto a fortnight ago, and the respect with which the Association is treated, is matter for congratulation for all lovers of progress, and for those who believe that the widening of woman's sphere will be a blessing to the race. The spirit of the age is and has long been becoming broader and juster, and such associations as this have done much to advance the woman's cause, by securing for her reasonable rights to property and fairer treatment in the matter of wage earning, as well as opening for her the doors of the highest educational institutions, and by giving those to whom it has not fallen to fulfil woman's highest destiny as wife and mother an opportunity to live useful, happy lives. The women are far from regarding the battle as wholly won, but they are bright with hope for the future. Among the papers read before the Association was one on “Association and its Bearing upon the Work of Women,” prepared by Mrs. Helen Campbell, of New Jersey, and read by Mrs. Sales, of Connecticut. It held that working girls' clubs are simply a token of the better day which women are to know. They mean the growth of justice to the individual, the dominion of a principle toward which the sexes have struggled, and in which every circumstance of life has made women deficient. How can we doubt that the future, whose dawn even now flushes in the east, holds a life known as yet chiefly to the dreamers. The century near its opening holds the promise for which the past has waited. Thus they are not only waiting, but working for the betterment of their sex. One of the accusations brought against women is that they cannot organize, but this will have to be dropped. Those who make it do not know whereof they speak. Women can organize, and have done so to good purpose, and are continuing to do so. It must be remembered that as yet women are new at taking a prominent part in the work of the world—they have not been educated up to it through many generations as men have, but doubtless the years as they roll on will see greater changes for the benefit of women. Every concession so far given has proved beneficial, not only to them, but to men, and it will assuredly prove the same in the future. No one need fear that women will forsake their natural place in the economy of nature because they ask for the rights of citizens and sensible beings. Nature is too strong for that, and a woman, even a woman capable of earning a comfortable living for herself, so apt to regard a good husband and love and home, as the best of earthly blessings, but she must have her rights in that home as well as elsewhere—rights, not favors—or else she will not be really happy. No, the granting of women's rights will not weaken the ties of love and family, but rather strengthen them. The Association for the advancement of women is one which commands respect. It has the highest aims, and does not devote itself merely to business questions. The scientific training of mothers, and industrial training, were subjects which received a large share of attention at the recent gathering, and matters of import to the home are freely discussed. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was re-elected President of the Association. In another column we print her Battle Hymn of the Republic, which is one of the most stirring and beautiful poems ever written in America.

CHIT-CH. T AND CHUCKLES.

Some passions cannot be regulated, but must be entirely cut off.

Choir Teacher—"Can you sing?" Applicant—"Oh, I chants with the rest."

An agricultural paper says that "fences cost farmers more than government schools and religion."

"And you love him still!" "Indeed I do! When he talks I hardly know whether I love him or not."

"Had a splendid time. I ran across a lake up in"—"Ran across a lake? Come, come, Binks, don't lie so transparently."

The tired song singer who is compelled to respond to numberless oncores may be said to be a victim to add-verso circumstances.

If you would get material to use against a candidate for election, go to the man to whom he has loaned money, and you will not be disappointed.

"Have you a license?" asked a man of a Pittsburg wheelman. "A license!" asked the bicyclist, in astonishment, "what do I need a license for?" "To pedal."

She—"You didn't stay with her long. Ha—! Really. I asked her to marry me, and she said no." She—"Still you should have remained. There's generally a postscript to what a girl says."

"Are you in favor of prohibiting the sale of liquor?" asked an earnest looking passenger of the man who sat down beside him. "Deed an' oi am that; it ought to be given away by the government."

Henrietta—"Pa, do you think marriage a failure?" Pa—"A failure? I'd's see; sometimes people fail in order to make money, and sometimes they fail because they can't help it. Yes, my dear, I guess marriage is a failure."

AN OUTRAGE.

I wrote a verse to Maul and sang  
Of her sweet face, dotted with dimples,  
I've lost her now! And I'd like to hang  
The printer who printed it "pimples."

A Priori.—Attorney (in breach of promise suit)—If it was so dark you couldn't see, her kiss him, could you? Witness—No. Attorney (triumphantly)—Why, then, are you positive that she did kiss him? Witness—Because it was too dark for me to see her. Attorney (furiously)—From what actual knowledge of your own, sir, can you state that she kissed him? Witness—From my knowledge of the girl.

Of the novel applications of electricity there is no end. Bakers are now using the electric motor as a bread mixer, and are thus enabled to do in four or five minutes an amount of work that would otherwise require hours of hard labor. A writer in a medical paper says he has frequently obtained much relief from facial neuralgia by applying an incandescent light to the part affected. He suggests that the lamp could also be used in poulticing advantageously. It could be laid over a flaxseed or other form of poultice and constant heat could be thus secured.

LET US TRUST.—Every day and every hour there appears in the lives of most of us mysteries which we cannot fathom, problems which we cannot solve. Let us trust where we do not understand; let us not look backward too much to our losses, and question why we were so bereft; nor earthward to our crosses, and ask why we are so tried; but rather onward to the future, which is in God's hands; onward and upward to the blessed time when those that are faithful and endure unto the end shall be saved from all perplexity and death forevermore; shall see no longer through a glass darkly, but in the sunshine of God's presence shall see face to face, shall know as they are known.

One Way of Finding Out.—Clara (meditatively): "How can I be quite certain that Augustus loves me for my wealth alone? Ha! a sudden thought strikes me. Augustus!" Augustus (tenderly): "My own!" Clara: "Between two who love there should be perfect frankness, should there not?" Augustus: "My angel, a thousand times, yes! (Aside) What the deuce does she want to know?" Clara (slowly): "Then listen. My hair grow upon other heads, and my teeth are the best money could buy. My eyebrows are false, my lips are painted, my cheeks are rouged, and my dressmaker makes me as well as my dresses. Say, Augustus, can you love me after these disclosures?" Augustus (faintly): "I—I can!" Clara (sotto voce): "Ye gods, how deeply in debt must this young man be!"

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 "Fire 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 pleasant 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.

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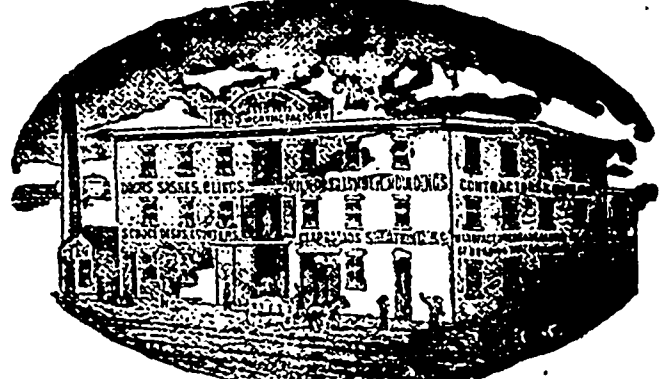
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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

The pier at Margareville was badly damaged by the recent storm.

A brakeman named Fred McLean was killed while changing the points on a switch at Acadia Mines on Saturday last.

The steamer *Ulunda*, in the dry dock, draws a great many visitors. On Sunday there was a continual procession coming and going.

Marcisse Laroque has been committed to the next assizes for murder of the little McGonigle girls at Cumberland, Ont., a short time ago.

The election in York County, N. B., on the 23rd inst resulted in the return of Premier Blair and his colleagues by a majority of between 300 and 400 votes.

The Comte de Paris received cordial receptions at Montreal, Three Rivers, and other places. He has expressed himself as much gratified with his reception in Montreal.

Yarmouth is going in for good works in the shape of an Old Ladies' Home. It was opened on the 21st inst. by an entertainment, at which several prominent persons were present.

The Nova Scotia Historical Society opens its season for 1890-91 on the 11th of November, when Mr. Peter Lynch, Q. C., will read a second instalment of his Reminiscences of Halifax.

The Halifax Concert Company which achieved an enviable reputation for itself a short time ago, will give a concert at Kentville on November 6th. The company consists of Mr. and Mrs. Doering, Herr Klingensfeld and Mr. Sobieski.

The minister of marine and fisheries has been notified by certain parties in Nova Scotia that it is their intention to ship live lobsters to England, and arrangements are now being made with steamship companies with that object in view.

The Generale Transatlantique Steamship Line has submitted a tender to the Canadian Government to run weekly steamers between Havre and Quebec *via* Plymouth or Southampton. They have deposited \$100,000 as a guarantee of their ability to carry out their contract.

Thos Edison, the great inventor, has bonded thirty thousand acres of nickle property in the Sudbury, Ont., district. His expert says it is the richest mining region in the world. Edison claims that by the new process he has discovered he will cheapen the production of nickle.

The Vice-Regal visit to our Province is over. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Stanley visited the Acadia iron mines and works on Tuesday. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leckie. The train carrying the Vice-Regal party left for Quebec at 4 o'clock on the same day.

Five capital cases are now waiting before the Minister of Justice for report as to commutation, viz: Birchall of Woodstock, execution fixed for Nov. 14th; Morin of Montmorency, Nov. 21; Blanchard of Sherbrooke, Dec. 12th; Day of Welland, Dec. 18th; Lamontagne of Sherbrooke, Dec. 19th.

On Saturday last the bridge across Great Village River broke down while a drove of cattle were passing. The cattle and the boys who were driving them escaped without injury. The loss of the bridge will be a great inconvenience, as the only way the public can now cross is by fording the river.

A man calling himself Doctor Cummins was arrested in Halifax on Tuesday for mal-practice on a girl named Josephine Cormoy who came here from Amherst. The examination was conducted in the police court before Recorder McCoy on Wednesday, when the girl testified against Cummins. The investigation was adjourned until yesterday.

The steamer *Halifax* encountered the severe storm of Saturday night last, and in consequence did not arrive at Halifax until Monday at 6.30 a. m. People have become so accustomed to find the *Halifax* in her dock at church time on Sunday, as regular as clock work, that it seems strange to have her detained. She rode out the storm well and no damage was done.

A Woodstock despatch says:—Birchall has received a letter from Jackson, Mich., dated Oct. 5th, from a person with whom it would appear he had been familiar and who signs himself "The Colonel." The writer says he is the perpetrator of the murder for which Birchall is under sentence of death. He tells how he got rid of Benwell after he left him to take him (Benwell) to a farm where he was to be located. He asks the prisoner to keep his name secret. The "Colonel's" story fits well in many particulars with the history of the crime as revealed in the evidence in the recent trial, but it has evidently been written for a purpose.

It is said to be by no means unlikely that internal complications may arise out of the recent condemnation at Sherbrooke, Quebec, for contempt of court, of Leda Lamontagne extradited from the United States on a charge of arson. It is contended by Leda's counsel, Mr. Lemieux, that the Court had no jurisdiction over her, as a witness, and that her condemnation for contempt was a breach of faith with the American authorities who consented to her extradition for an entirely different purpose. If the contemplated argument upon a writ of *habeas corpus* and an application to the Minister of Justice at Ottawa alike fail in securing the reversal of her condemnation, a representation will probably be made by her counsel, Mr. F. X. Lemieux, M. P. P., to Washington, and Secretary of State will be asked to remonstrate with the Canadian authorities and to demand an explanation.

Mr. J. Lanson Mills, the eminent mining engineer and metallurgist, has been appointed manager in Canada for the General Phosphate Corporation, limited, otherwise known as the Phosphate Trust.

By the will of the late John Naylor, of Halifax, who died 20 years ago, and which came into effect two weeks ago by the death of his widow, the Deaf and Dumb Institution gets \$6,000, Victoria Hospital \$2,000, Infirm Minister's Fund of Baptist Church \$4,000, N. S. Bible Society \$2,000, Baptist Missionary Society \$2,000, Insane Asylum \$2,000, First Baptist Church \$2,000, and the Free Library \$2,000.

Miss Horn, for fourteen years matron of what is now the Victoria General Hospital, was on Tuesday evening made the recipient of a testimonial in the shape of a handsome tea service from the hospital staff and medical board, a silk plush easy chair from the nurses, and a set of brass fire irons, coal scuttle and fender from the domestics. Miss Auntie Horn was also the recipient of a suitable gift. Mrs. Horn leaves the hospital to reside with her daughter in Dartmouth, and Miss Purdy of St. John becomes lady superintendent of the hospital.

On Monday last Steward Brown, of the steamer *Electra*, was reported missing, and it was thought that circumstances pointed to the conclusion that he had fallen overboard while carrying coal from the wharf to the steamer and been drowned. It is now thought, however, that he has made for the land of the free, as all his best clothes and valuables are missing. Sheriff Creighton of Lunenburg had a writ for Brown's arrest on an account for \$125, which was to be served on him on the arrival of the *Electra* at that town.

The Post-office Department is about to make an innovation, which will be doubtless appreciated by newspaper publishers. A good deal of trouble is often experienced in the mailing departments of large newspapers through the neglect of subscribers to notify the newspaper offices of a change of residence. Batches of newspapers may be returned weekly with the single word "removed" stamped upon them, and it is now proposed by the department to have a special form prepared for the letter carrier or postmaster to fill in, indicating the new residence of a subscriber.

A sad accident occurred at Dartmouth on Wednesday, by which Mrs. Allan, wife of James Allan, lost her life. Mrs. Allan was subject to fits and in one of these she fell on an open grate in which a fire was burning. Her children gave the alarm and Edward Warne, rushed in from the street and found the woman lying on the floor with her clothing and hair burning. He extinguished the flames, and Dr. Smith was called in. Every thing was done for the sufferer, but without avail and she died soon afterwards. Mrs. Allan was about 35 years of age and leaves a husband and four children.

The Assistant Analysts of the laborator, branch of the Inland Revenue Department are engaged upon an analysis of spices which will afford material for a very interesting report. The samples of black and white pepper and mustard, now undergoing chemical tests, are said to show an extent and variety of adulteration that will surprise consumers of these condiments very much. Scarcely any in the ground state in which they are generally sold are found to be pure. The pepper is largely mixed with starch and other substances. The mustard contains flour and even plaster of Paris while the ground cinnamon, it is said, contains scarcely anything of the genuine article beside the flavor.

A chime of bells have arrived in Montreal, which, if they could speak, would be able to tell quite an interesting story. They formed part of the Allan Line steamship *Assyrian's* cargo from London, and were transferred a few days ago to a crane lighter and moved to a convenient point for loading on trucks. The bells were on the Bossiere Line steamship *Hauri Quatre* when she was wrecked some months ago on the coast of France, and for several weeks laid at the bottom of the sea. A successful attempt was made to rescue the bells from the wreck, and they were taken to London for re-shipment to their destination. They are for the Oblat Fathers, St. Peter's Church, on Visitation Street.

The first locomotive of the Manitou Pike's Peak Cog Railway reached the summit of Pike's Peak on the 20th inst.

It is believed by many importers in the United States that the McKinley Bill will be nullified owing to a legal error.

In a discussion on religion between James Kelly, a Catholic, and John McElwaine, an Orangeman, at New York, Kelly was stabbed in the neck with a fork, making a wound within an eighth of an inch of the jugular vein. Kelly may die.

Walt Whitman is popularly thought to have no sense of humor, but the other day a young man dropped in upon him at his humble home in Camden, N. J., introduced himself as a poet, and begged to be allowed permission to read selections from a bundle of manuscripts which he carried. "No, thank you," said Walt, courteously but firmly, "I have been paralyzed twice."

There is great excitement over the discovery of pearls in Wisconsin. The gems have been discovered in the north and south branch of the Manitowoc, the Kilenake and Mud Creek, besides numerous small lakes which lie in the county of Calumet. The water is very clear and comes mostly from springs. The bottoms of these streams are sandy and full of gravel, and embedded in this gravel are millions of clams. Out of two or three varieties of these the pearl producing clams are found. The number of pearls found in a single clam averages from one to fifty. Specimens of the pearls have been sent to Chicago, New York and Milwaukee, and favorable reports as to their value have been returned.

The United States Congressional elections take place next Tuesday. The campaign is a lively one, and it is considered likely that the Democrats will have a majority of about eighteen in the fifty second Congress.

The *Cosmopolitan* for November is full of interesting matter. The frontispiece, "A Sister's Charge," is a lovely picture, and "The American Amateur Stage" is an article that will prove attractive to all who take an interest in the drama. "Another World," by Camille Flammarion tells us about the planet Mercury. "Fan Histories and Fashions" is gracefully written and prettily illustrated, and the story, "A Norse Atlantis," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, is pathetic and interesting. The *Cosmopolitan* seems to have a genius for pathetic stories. New York office Fifth Ave. Broadway and 25th Street. \$2.40 a year.

The *Horseman*, of Chicago, Ill., a conservative journal on equine topics, pays the following compliment to Canada in its last issue:—"It is not an exaggeration to say that in none of our States is the breeding interest becoming more firmly established and making greater comparative progress at present than in Canada. The movement is general all along the line, from the sandstone headlands that are washed by the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the boundless plains of the Great Lone Land. Many parts of the Eastern provinces are as admirably adapted to the breeding business as the rich province of Ontario, the better sections of which in agricultural wealth will compare favorably with any of the States. A tide of good blood has steadily poured across the borders, and now almost every county in the Dominion has its well-bred stallion, and on many farms are gilt-edged matrons. But good tracks and good trainers are scarce in Canada, and progress must be made in this regard before extreme speed will be seen in the Northland. That progress will be made is sure. Never was there as much racing in Canada as during the season just closing, and good tracks and good trainers are but the natural developments of racing. Nelson and Alvin have shown that great speed can be produced in lands that are snow-clad in winter, and no doubt in time other Alvins will come across the line to show that our neighbors are not idle with the blood that we have sent them."

Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien left Havre on the steamer *La Champagne* for New York on Sunday last.

Grand Duke Nicholas, uncle of the Czar, is violently insane. His malady threatens to prove fatal.

The Portuguese Premier has asked Lord Salisbury to suspend operations on the Zambesi till the new Ministry has had time to look into the matter.

Nearly twenty thousand persons took part on Saturday last in the torch-light procession, which inaugurated the celebration of the 90th anniversary of the birth of Field Marshal Count Von Moltke. All classes were represented.

A woman named Mrs. Hobbs was found dead in South Hampstead, London, on Friday night last. It was at first thought to be the work of "Jack the Ripper," but a woman named Mrs. Piercy has been since charged with the murder.

A gentleman from Havana is reported to have stated in New York that Cuba is ripe for revolution. The condition of the tradespeople throughout the Island is hopeless, and many cigar factories have been closed, owing to the baneful effects of the McKinley Bill.

The troubles between the Liberals and Conservatives in the Canton of Ticino, have broken out afresh, and further disorders have occurred. Another battalion of troops has been despatched. The Radicals are armed and threaten to overturn the Cantonal Government.

Two wars in Africa are looming up. It was hoped by the British Government that by cutting off the supplies at Suakim, intended for the Soudan, Osman Digma would be so weakened as to be unable to undertake hostilities. This expectation has not been fulfilled, and the Dervish leader is said to be advancing on Upper Egypt with a formidable force.

Advices from South-eastern Africa are to the effect that the expedition against Vitu will develop into a war of considerable proportions, the Arabs, made desperate by the loss of the slave trade, having chosen the place as a rallying ground against the Europeans. The German forces in South Africa have been instructed to combine with the English against the Sultan of Vitu.

The Parliamentary election in the Eccles Division of Lancashire, Eng., on the 22nd inst., resulted in a victory for the Gladstonians. Mr. Roby, the Liberal candidate, received 4,901 votes, and Mr. Egerton, Conservative, 4,696. In the preceding election the Liberal candidate received 3,985 and the Conservative 4,277. This will make the demand for a dissolution louder than ever.

The trial of the action for divorce brought by Capt. O'Shea against his wife, in which Mr. Parnell is named as co respondent, has been set down for the middle of November. Counter allegations will be made against O'Shea by his wife. Mr. Parnell has retained as his counsel Sir Charles Russell and Mr. H. H. Asquith, both of whom defended him before the Parnell Commission.

The diaries and letters of Major Bartolot, the murdered commander of Stanley's rear column, have been published in London, and have created a great sensation. They contain serious charges against Stanley. Mr. Stanley on being interviewed in reference to the matter, insinuated that there are some dark facts connected with Major Bartolot, and that his slayer, if put on his trial before an English jury would not be found guilty. There is evidently trouble brewing and it is probably that the whole truth will have to come out.

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given up for a dead man, I commenced taking your  
PUTTNER'S EMULSION. After taking it a  
very short time my health began to improve, and  
the longer I used it the better my health became.  
After being laid aside for nearly a year, I last sum-  
mer performed the hardest summer's work I ever  
did, having often to go with only one meal a day.  
I attribute the saving of my life to PUTTNER'S  
EMULSION.  
EMERY E. MURRAY,  
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From the Month of July.  
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TICKET, - - - - \$1.00  
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**List of Prizes.**

1 Prize worth \$15,000	\$15,000 00
1 " " " 5,000	5,000 00
1 " " " 2,500	2,500 00
1 " " " 1,250	1,250 00
2 Prizes " " 500	1,000 00
5 " " " 250	1,250 00
25 " " " 50	1,250 00
100 " " " 25	2,500 00
200 " " " 15	3,000 00
500 " " " 10	5,000 00
<b>APPROXIMATION PRIZES.</b>	
100 " " " 25	2,500 00
100 " " " 15	1,500 00
100 " " " 10	1,000 00
500 " " " 5	2,500 00
500 " " " 5	2,500 00
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**THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.**

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-tires of a hundred circling camps,  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery Gospel writ in burnished rows of steel ;  
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal ;  
Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,"  
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat ;  
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant my feet !  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

**RIPE.**

Nature with days of sunshine, warmth, and rain,  
As earth undrapes again to rest from toil,  
The sheaves before the touch of winds uncoil,  
Ripe-golden with the fulness of the grain.

The fateful lips of Autumn leave bright stain  
With every touch, and breezes clasp the spoil  
Marked by his kisses. The uncovered soil  
Lies dark and dry behind the plow again.

Fruit-laden branches touch upon the dew,  
And road-side flowers fade ; while bird and bee  
Take warning and the scentless fields desert.  
The season's work is done her days are few  
But like a thankful soul bends eye and knee  
Before that sleep, which makes the heart inert.

W. J. Hill, N. S.

J. F. Heron.

**THE DOMESTIC PURSE STRINGS.**

The effect on the unborn child of certain emotions experienced by the mother can no longer be related to the vagaries of old wives' tales, since scientists are everywhere establishing its truth. If the mother has a strong temptation to steal, even though she does not do so, the child's force of resistance may be so weak as to give away before the temptation. If the mother does actually commit theft, the child, unless the resisting powers are unusually developed, will be still more likely to be a thief. The polite term is "kleptomaniac," but as this is regulated by the social condition of the offender, it is not used in a plain statement of the facts. A lady in good standing saw her son led off to serve a sentence in prison. As she turned sorrowfully away, she said to a friend: "Before he was born, I wanted a little embroidered blanket that especially pleased me. I knew we could very well afford it, but my husband thought otherwise. I could not get over thinking of it, though, and one night I took the money from his pockets and bought it. Just as soon as my boy began to take things that did not belong to him, I knew, O God ! [with a burst of sobs] I knew what I had done." It is, perhaps, unnecessary to cite further instances of this sort. The papers are full of stories of women who get their milliners to send in a bill for forty dollars instead of thirty, the real price, in order to take the extra ten to themselves, of those who overtax their tired eyes and exhausted bodies by taking in sewing without their husbands' knowledge, and of the farmers' wives who smuggle apples and eggs into town in order to get a few dollars that they can call their own.

What are the facts to be deduced from all this? First, that this system of regarding the wife as financially and morally irresponsible is a serious evil, to be looked squarely in the face and honestly dealt with. The mother who is obliged to lie and steal in order to possess any money of her own will, in all probability, be the mother of criminals. They may never see the interior of a prison, but they will be criminals in their dealings with their fellow men. At the best, they will have very vague ideas of moral responsibility. The women who has no knowledge of her husband's financial interests; who, instead of being his confidential partner, is his pensioner, will, if she gets the opportunity, in nine cases out of ten, ruin him through her ignorance. A vague, unknown pile of money, from which you can slich by wheedling or cheating, is so shadowy in its outlines as to be well-nigh inexhaustible. Like a corporation, it has no soul, and is to be taken advantage of as much as possible. If the widow of a man who has treated her as a totally irresponsible being is left penniless, perhaps with children to support, she becomes, in many instances, an object of charity. In some cases she develops unusual business abilities, but she has to starve herself and her children while she is rectifying mistakes, and learning by experience certain things which should have been a part of her daily life as soon as she became a wife. Young women who are self-reliant and earn good salaries often shrink from marriage, because they cannot bear to be so dependent. There ought to be no grounds for this fear; and with many delicate-minded, broad-souled, deep-thinking men there are none, because to such a man the wife is an equal sharer in all things, in his purse as well as in his heart. Still, one cannot blame independent women for hesitating before they take a leap in the dark.

The methods employed by women in raising money for churches and charities are continually the subject of satire and condemnation by the other

sex. Why will they persist in these methods? The better to illustrate, it is necessary once more to employ anecdote. "Why in the world will women go on getting up these tiresome church fairs and festivals?" asked a gentleman a short time since. "They use up valuable time and wear themselves out in making things, and then they go and buy the same things back. Why do they not just put their names down for a certain amount of money and let it go at that?" If this gentleman had been at the sewing society the next day, he might have heard the answer to his question. His wife pledged herself to furnish for the coming festival a certain number of tea biscuits, a large cake, several pounds of coffee, and other articles. "You know," she said to a friend, "one can send these things out of the house just as well as not, but if I were to ask my husband to give the money he might open his eyes a little." This sentiment was the underlying reason why nearly every woman there pledged provisions and cooked dishes instead of money. When the time came, their lords could do nothing less than to come down to the church parlours, take supper, and pay for the coffee, chicken salad, and cake which had come out of their own larders. Each one paid five or six times the value of his supper in the provisions furnished, and gave his wife's time and vital energies into the bargain. But he was still blissfully unconscious of how much he contributed to that church debt, and asked the same question before the next festival.

"But I would rather be deceived than bullied by my wife," said a gentleman the other day. It would seem that when either course is necessary the financial part of our marriage customs needs reform. What is the remedy? One method would be the granting to the wife of a stated weekly or monthly allowance, for the household and other uses, in proportion to the income of the husband. To the man who says, "But I cannot pay my wife like a servant," the answer must be, Certainly not. She is a partner, and as such is entitled to a share in the dividends. To the end that she may make the best use of such monies, she should know what she is to expect each week. Is she so extravagant that you are in danger of ruin? Well, then, there must be found a remedy, just as there should be when the man ruins his family by extravagance. In the latter case there is no restraining power in the hands of the wife. Undoubtedly the ideal remedy is perfect trust, confidence, and a higher moral development, for both men and women; but while mankind is moving steadily on to this, the weaker must not be always going to the wall for the lack of a protecting hand. No woman ought to marry without having some understanding with her future husband on this point. She need not take pencil and paper and make him set down the exact figures of her weekly allowance, but she should let him understand that she expects one. This will sound horribly sordid to the blissful young creature who is wrapped up in the contemplated orange blossoms and the light which shines in her darling's eyes; but the orange blossoms will be laid aside, and, alas! occasionally the light of his smile, and hard facts are sure to bob up in the housekeeping. Any young girl should beware of the man who considers women irresponsible creatures; for no matter how tender and considerate the master may be, no enlightened human being is happy as a slave. If she has enough to eat, to drink, and to wear, her soul will be dwarfed till not enough is left to pay for the saving; or else, if she be like Nora in the "Doll's House," some day she will rise up and say, "I must go away and find myself."—Alice E. Ives, in the "New York Forum."

ECCENTRIC CHINS.

A chin is, generally speaking, an index to the character of its possessor. The man or woman with the long, flat chin, known as the jumbo-jaw, is apt to be talkative, emotional, and given to passionate outbreaks of every kind, and to have no idea of the value of money. The round chin like a little button is an essentially feminine feature, and seems in many cases to be a direct dispensation of grace to counteract the sternness of a lofty, intellectual forehead. Dark eyed women have this button chin, but rarely the accompanying forehead, unless their eyes are small or of that hard quality called "snaky." The owner of such a chin is fount of admiration, tenacious of her lovers, and disposed to ignore the rest of her sex. The cleft or dimpled chin—cleft in man, dimpled in woman—indicates a gentle and lovable, but weak nature. The short, and in some cases curved chin, shows that its proprietor is unscrupulous. The short, flat, characterless chin means obstinacy and an absolute lack of the business faculty. Furtive and suspicious eyes often look out of the face to which such a chin belongs.

There are other chins, the shape of which it is perhaps unnecessary to describe. Such, for instance, is a Maine farmer's chin, with its stubby beard expressive of his struggle with a rock-strown inheritance; and such is the protesting, embittered chin of his hard worked wife. Such, also, is the chin full of unctuous promise, which one hails with satisfaction on the face of a new house-keeper or landlady, as a sign that she is, in Yankee phrase, a good provider.

The chin being a guide to character, a man in search of a companion whose temperament will be the complement and corrective of his own has but to examine his chin and look out for its opposite, selecting in preference to all, that ineffable baby-chin-grown-up, which he will instinctively recognize as the one "which custom cannot stale." With such a moral appended to it, this dissertation on chins may perhaps help unwary man to find his mate.—Coru Stewart Wheeler in Drake's Magazine.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Mr. W. O. N. Parker, senior partner of the well known firm of Parker & Popham, wholesale clothing manufacturers of Montreal, called on us recently. His firm is doing a large business with Halifax and the Maritime Provinces, and no wonder, as Mr. Parker is indefatigable and sells goods wherever he takes up his mind to do so.

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And every description of work usually done in a first-class Factory. Estimates furnished for every description of work. Every facility for loading direct from the wharf. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. TELEPHONE NO. 130.

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COLONIZATION  
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Under the Patronage of Rev. Father Labelle  
Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec,  
32 Vict., Chap. 86 for the Benefit of  
the Diocesan Societies of Colo-  
nization of the Province  
of Quebec.

CLASS D.

The 10th Monthly Drawing will take place  
On WEDNESDAY, Nov. 19th, 1890.  
At 2 o'clock, p.m.

PRIZES VALUE \$50,000.

Capital Prize—1 Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

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

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

TICKETS \$1.00.

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

DRAWINGS ON THE THIRD WEDNESDAY OF EVERY MONTH.

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## CITY CHIMES.

The Church Hospital, which was opened in August, is shortly to be removed from its present location, 107 Queen street, to the house of W. H. Neal, on College street, which was formerly occupied as a school. This will give better accommodation.

Halifax had its Nautical Fair, which was a great success, and we hear that Ottawa has taken a leaf out of our book and held a Military Exhibition in aid of local charity. The ladies who took part were attired in attractive imitations of the uniforms of the swell corps of the Dominion, and went through the military drill before the eyes of admiring thousands. A number of prominent men were present.

Invitations are out for a dance at Maplewood on Wednesday next. The members of the Bankers' Club will be the hosts, and the names of five ladies appear on the cards as chaperons.

Sir Leonard Tilley, Governor of New Brunswick, and Lady Tilley, arrived in Halifax on Saturday last, and were the guests of Sir John Ross until Tuesday, when they returned to St. John.

A complimentary benefit concert is to be tendered to Mr. R. Blackmore by his musical friends, at Orpheus Hall, on Thanksgiving evening. Mr. Blackmore intends going abroad to continue his musical studies.

The Lytell Company are all in the city, and have been busy during the week preparing for their opening at the Academy of Music on Monday next.

Next Thursday will be our regular Thanksgiving Day, which will be kept pretty much as usual in spite of the McKinlay tariff or any other nuisance. We have had more abundant crops in former years, and sometimes we have had more to be thankful for generally than we have experienced this year, and yet who can say that Providence has not been good to our land? It behooves us to return humble and hearty thanks to the Giver of all good for having brought us safely to the day which is appointed to mark a nation's recognition of the Divine hand in all that transpires.

Diphtheria, sad to relate, is not yet extinct in Halifax. The schools re-opened on the 20th inst., and several cases of the disease have since been reported.

Once more the last day of October—mysterious Hallowe'en—has come around, and if the young folks do not have a good time to-night it will be very hard. Some people seem to forget that they were ever young, and they find it too much trouble to give the children a good old-fashioned taffee-pull and apple bobbing, such as used to constitute part of the night's enjoyment in their young days. This is not fair, but happily such "old cross-grained wretches," as a youngster of nine years old once called them, are not numerous. We try to believe that this is a children's age, as well as a woman's age, that we live in, and to do all that we can to promote their happiness and well being is a credit to us. And so it is. What can be a better act than to make life a bright and pleasant place for those little ones who look to us for all their pleasures. Let them have a good time to-night in the kitchen, making taffee, bobbing apples and roasting nuts; trying all the tricks that memory can retain or youthful ingenuity devise, to obtain a glimpse into the future, and find out if it holds for each anxious enquirer riches or poverty, and chief thing of all—whether they are to be married or not. No end of fun is the result of their innocent proceedings, but there is one precaution that should be taken in the apple-bobbing arrangements, and that is to have the water in the tub slightly warm. This will obviate the risks of colds and consequent doctor's bills. Older children, those who have got beyond their bobbing days and have not yet reached the stage where they are admitted to grown-up society, are quite satisfied with the delightful dancing parties which are now the thing for people of their years. Not a few dances of this kind will take place this evening, and we hope they will all be successful in giving each youngster the desirable amount of pleasure. These half-grown parties are very pretty sights, and people of maturer years who are privileged to be present at them seem to renew their youth and go in for a merry time too.

## COMMERCIAL.

Since our review of last week general trade has undergone but little change. Syndicates of all kinds continue to be proposed and discussed in every direction. In this locality the Nova Scotia Breweries Company, limited, seems likely to suffer a collapse, and syndicates generally fail to command local capital. Of course outside capital to develop our natural resources and to enlarge our manufacturing powers and our markets, will always be welcomed, but combinations of capitalists with the sole object of creating monopolies and increasing the prices of necessaries are not desirable. In the proposed cotton combine the intention is openly declared to stop several mills, in order to reduce production, and thus enhance selling values. It is further stated that the mills which the cotton syndicate proposes shutting up are working on small capitals and with inferior machinery, which they are not in a financial position to replace with newer and better works, and that they must, therefore, soon shut down of their own necessities. If this is the case, we fail to see why "the syndicate" should buy them.

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

	Week		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date.			
	Oct. 24.	1890	1889	1888	1887	1890	1889	1888	1887
United States.	202	177	190	208	211	8187	9132	8074	7718
Canada.	33	29	26	28	25	1362	1293	1410	1052

**DRY GOODS.**—Dealers in this branch of trade appear well satisfied, and point to the gratifying fact of ordering on spring account as a reason that they should be so. This is in favorable comparison with last fall, when buyers held off to the very last moment, and then ordered only very sparingly. It would seem, therefore, that the heavy stocks that were universally complained of last spring have been materially reduced. Sorting up trade this fall has also been very good, and a fair movement in this way has been going on. The demand for staple cotton goods is fair, and stocks in the hands of manufacturers are being well reduced. A hotter distribution of colored goods is reported from the mills, and prices are very steadily maintained. Woollens for men's wear have met with a little more enquiry from the wholesale trade, but sorting orders are on the whole limited. Heavy worsted wool suitings, cloakings and flannels are in moderate request. Quotations remain steady, although it is said to be difficult to keep all travellers to card figures. Consequently some cutting is occasionally complained of, especially in men's woollen underwear. The houses continue to report satisfactory payments, and there can be no doubt that the financial condition is improved considerably.

**IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.**—There is no change whatever in the general position, which remains firm. A few jobbing lots of pig iron are moving out to the smaller class of buyers, but no contracts of any magnitude have been made since our last report. Holders continue to entertain firm views of the market at present prices. Advices from Great Britain do not show any great change. The speculative branch of the market at Glasgow was slightly easier than it had been, but makers' iron continues tolerably firm, and must of necessity go up if the furnaces remain out of blast much longer. The reason that an advance has not been made already is probably due to the fact that several of the furnaces had comparatively larger stocks at the time that they shut down than most people anticipated. In other lines than pig iron the movement has been confined to small lots, bar changing hands at steady figures. In sheet material the stiffness continues, and buyers are finding some difficulty in having their orders filled. Further advices from primary centres confirm the information that we gave last week, that makers were behind with their orders, and would not guarantee delivery in any reasonable time. Tin plate is stiff at the advance.

**BREADSTUFFS.**—The local flour market continues unchanged, and business is still of a jobbing character. On the whole prices are about the same. Beerbohm's cable reports wheat firm and a turn dearer; corn firm. The Chicago grain markets were weak. Wheat declined  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ¢, corn  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ¢, and oats  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ¢. The Cincinnati Price Current, which is regarded as an authority, claims that the wheat crop of the world this year will be 90,000,000 larger than last year, and equal to the average for the past years. At New York wheat declined  $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ to 1¢, in St. Louis  $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ to 1¢. Wheat was quiet at Toledo, where corn and oats were unchanged.

**PROVISIONS.**—Pork and lard continue to move in a satisfactory manner at steady prices, but the aggregate transactions are not large. At Liverpool there has been no change in provisions except an advance of 3d. in tallow. The Chicago provision market was easier. The Chicago hog market continues to rule easy, prices showing a further decline of 5¢ to 10¢. The cattle market was slow and sheep were steady.

**BUTTER.**—The butter market rules unchanged on the whole. Choice dairy is selling at fair prices, but only in a fair jobbing way. Creamery is being held in the hope of better prices later on, but there is no desire for buying evinced.

**CHEESE.**—The market continues dull, and we fail to find any activity, though some in the trade represent that there is. Of course there is always some little business doing, but after a careful canvass of the trade we cannot find any indication of activity.

**FRUIT.**—Currants are firm here at quotations, and advices from primary markets quote the market 1s. higher for all grades—Yates, Filiatria and Provincial. Supplies have been moving freely out of importers' hands during the week. There has been nothing doing in raisins in a wholesale way since our last report. Advices from Deni for raisins are firm at 19s to 19s and 3d cost, freight and insurance for first brands. In other lines of dried fruit there is no change, only a quiet jobbing business proceeding. There is no alteration in apples in this market, and holders of good fruit are firm. Advices from Liverpool continue to be encouraging, and sales are making on the basis of 24s. to 30s.

**SUGAR.**—There is no change in the general position of the sugar market. The tone continues strong, but no advance has yet been made. A good healthy business has been done during the week.

**MOLASSES** is stronger in anticipation of the removal of stocks bought by a Boston firm in Halifax, Quebec and Montreal. The present situation is rather curious, and is put by the Montreal Trade Bulletin as follows:— "Considerable interest is being manifested in the Boston firm's deal in Barbadoes molasses in Montreal, Quebec and Halifax. It now appears that the American buyer made his purchases upon the belief that the duty of 4¢ per gallon on 56 test, and 5¢ per gallon above 56 test, would be rescinded by the McKinlay bill on Oct. 6th, whereas it will not be taken off before the first of next April, and by that time the United States will be getting other kinds of new molasses. So that unless prices advance considerably in the United States between now and next April, it will be useless for the Boston firm to remove them from this market and pay the duty. On the other hand it is claimed that as he has shipped part of his Halifax lot to Portland, Me., he may also send the whole of his purchases in Canada across the line. It is stated by well posted men in the trade, that if molasses had been admitted

across the line free on October 6th, as was confidently expected at the time the Boston firm made its purchases, that it would have cleared from \$20,000 to \$25,000 on its deal, besides presenting a splendid opportunity for our local men to make a handsome profit through relieving this market of a large amount of stock. Now, however, things are in a quandary, and holders are simply waiting to see what will turn up. If values across the line advance sufficiently to admit of the Boston firm's purchases being exported, we shall undoubtedly see higher figures here, but if they eventually have to be placed in Canada, a dragging market may be expected for some time. We have just heard that a portion of the Boston firm's molasses in this city is being shipped."

TEA AND COFFEE are both quiet, and nothing worthy of note is doing in either in the local market. In New York the market for Rio and Santo grades of coffee is about steady; Europe is lower, and higher rates of exchange are reported in Brazil. East India and other grades are firm.

FISH OILS.—Of late there has been a steady advance in the price of cod oil in the English market, until its value has been increased by £4 to £5 per ton of 256 gallons, which has been followed by a sharp appreciation in St. John's, Newfoundland, where prices recently moved up 41 per ton in a single day. This has resulted in a firmer feeling in Montreal, one of its largest firms having endeavored to secure all the stocks of Newfoundland cod oil in that city, as well as all that is intended to come forward. The late improvement in the leather trade has caused considerable enquiry for cod oil, as it has been demonstrated that the substitutes which had to a great extent displaced it were injurious to the leather, causing it to rot and otherwise deteriorate. Consequently the extra demand for cod oil found the Montreal market pretty bare, as there had been comparatively little wanted, owing to the substitutes in use during the past few years. But now that the enquiry appears to be concentrating on the genuine cod oil again, there will probably be a larger call for it than many have anticipated; and now that the advance in the English market has diverted further supplies from Newfoundland, it is quite likely that before another season there may be some anxious looking around for this product by actual consumers. One holder in this market refused to put his oil under offer, although he was offered a pretty good figure, for the reason that he is convinced that he could not replace it at anything like present prices, and as he will require considerable cod oil for his customers during the coming season, he does not wish to be bare of supplies. The general impression in the trade is that cod oil is good property, and as so much has already been shipped from Newfoundland to the other side of the Atlantic, it is said supplies here may fall short in view of the increasing demand from tanners and leather men. Our correspondents report as follows:—Montreal, October 28—"There is a firm feeling in cod oil. The sale of nearly 150 bbls. of Newfoundland was sold since our last issue at 36½c, but is said that 37½c. is the lowest it could be bought at to-day, one holder in fact refusing to sell under 40c. Halifax oil is quoted at 35c. to 36c. Steam refined seal oil remains steady at 52½c. Cod liver oil moves off slowly, although prices are steady at 50c. to 55c. for Newfoundland, and 80c. to 85c. for Norway." Gloucester, Mass., October 28—"We quote cod oil 27c. to 30c. per gallon; medicine oil 60c.; blackfish oil 55c. menhaden oil 23c.; livers 30c. per bucket."

FISH.—There is nothing new to report respecting fish in this market. Continued foul weather, want of bait, and discouraging reports from outside markets have about paralyzed this market. The stocks held here are amply sufficient for all probable demands upon them. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, October 28—"Fresh B. C. salmon is steady at 16c. to 18c. per lb. as to quantity and quality. Fresh cod and haddock rather scarce and quoted at 5c. to 4c. per lb. Owing to scarcity we have still to report a firm market for green codfish. No. 1 being quoted at \$1. to \$5.25 per bbl. of 200 lbs. Dry cod is also firm at \$5 to \$5.25 per qtl. A Newfoundland firm bought a cargo of dry cod recently in Gaspé and shipped it to St. John's, from whence it will go to the Mediterranean or West Indies. This is said to be a very unusual occurrence. Sea trout has been sold at \$7.50 to \$8.50 per bbl. as to quantity and size of fish. Labrador herring are arriving and offered at \$5.50 per bbl., but it is said that a shade below that figure would probably secure a cargo. On the other hand there is an undoubted shortage in the catch. Some we understand are going straight to Chicago and Milwaukee without being offered here. It is said that one of the cargoes reported sold by us last week in Quebec at \$5.50 has been refused by the buyer. Cape Breton herring scarce and firm at \$5.50 for fat July's and \$5.25 for August and September inspection. There is no change in this market and we quote:—Yarmouth bleaters \$1.25 per box of 60, and St. John \$1.25 per hundred. Boneless cod, 6½c. to 6¾c. per lb. and boneless fish 4c. to 5c. New Finnan haddies 7c. to 7½c. per lb. The large supplies of oysters referred to by us last week are being worked off, but at low values, sales having been made as low as \$1.50 to \$1.75 for inferior, good ordinary selling at \$2 to \$2.50 and finest at \$3 to \$3.25, choice handpicked Malpeque bringing \$3.50 to \$4 per bbl." Gloucester, Mass., October 28—"We quote New Georges codfish at \$5.75 and \$5.87 a qtl. for large, and small at \$5, with some lots held at \$6 and \$5; Bank \$5 for large and \$4.50 for small; Shore \$5.50 and \$4.50 for large and small Flemish Cap \$5.50. Dry Bank \$5.75, medium \$5.50. French codfish \$6 per quintal. Phillips Beach codfish \$7 per quintal. We quote cured cusk at \$4 per quintal; hake, \$2.25; haddock, \$3; heavy salted pollock, \$2.25, and English-cured do. \$2.75 per quintal. Labrador herring \$3.50 bbl; med. split, \$5; Newfoundland do. \$5.50; Nova Scotia do. \$5.50; Eastport \$4; split Shore \$4.25; round do, \$3.50; round Eastport, \$3.25; pickled codfish \$7; haddock, \$8; halibut heads, \$3; sounds, \$11; tongues and sounds, \$9.50; tongues, \$8; alewives, \$3.50; trout, \$13; California salmon, \$15; Halifax do., \$23; Newfoundland do., \$16.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

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

GROCERIES.		BREADSTUFFS.	
		Steady, unchanged markets.	
SUGARS.		FLOUR.	
Cut Leaf.....	5	Manitoba Highest Grade Patents	6.40 to 6.50
Granulated.....	6½ to 6¾	High Grade Patents.....	5.50 to 5.75
Circle A.....	6½	Good 90 per cent Patents.....	5.20 to 5.30
White Extra C.....	6	Straight Grade.....	5.05 to 5.10
Standard.....	5½ to 5¾	Superior Extras.....	4.90 to 5.00
Extra Yellow C.....	5½ to 5¾	Good Seconds.....	4.60 to 4.70
Yellow C.....	5¼ to 5½	Graham Flour.....	5.00 to 5.25
TEA.		Pillsbury's Best, in half bbls.	3.50
Congou, Common.....	17 to 19	Oatmeal.....	4.70 to 5.00
" Fair.....	20 to 23	" Rolled.....	5.00 to 5.15
" Good.....	25 to 27	Kiln Dried Cornmeal.....	3.00 to 3.20
" Choice.....	31 to 33	Rolled Wheat.....	5.50
" Extra Choice.....	35 to 36	Wheat Bran, per ton.....	18.00 to 18.50
Oolong, Choice.....	37 to 39	Shorts.....	23.00 to 25.00
MOLASSES.		Middlings.....	23.00 to 25.00
Barbadoes.....	35 to 35	Cracked Corn " including bags..	32.00
Demerara.....	31 to 31	Ground Oil Cake, per ton, "	35.00
Diamor d N.....	48	Moulre.....	28.00
Porto Rico.....	35 to 37	Split peas.....	3.75 to 4.00
Cienfuegos.....	33	Whit Beans, per bushel.....	1.60 to 2.00
Trinidad.....	33 to 34	Pot barley, per barrel.....	3.90 to 4.10
Antigua.....	33 to 34	Canadian Oats, choice quality..	\$2 to \$3
Tobacco, Black.....	38 to 44	P. E. I. Oats.....	50 to 51
" Bright.....	42 to 58	Hay per ton.....	10.00
Biscuits.			
Pilot Bread.....	3.15		
Boston and Thin Family.....	6½		
Soda.....	6½		
do in lb. boxes, 50 to case.....	7½		
Fancy.....	8 to 15		
HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.			
Apples, per bbl., N. S.....	2.00 to 3.00		
Gravensteins.....	3.50 to 4.00		
Oranges, new Jamaica.....	6.50		
Lemons, per case.....	8.00		
Cocoanuts, new, per 100.....	5.00		
Onions, American, per lb.....	3¼		
" Canadian.....	2¼		
Dates, boxes, new.....	5½ to 6		
Raisins, Valencia.....	7 to 8		
Figs, Etienne, 5 lb boxes per lb., new.	12		
" small boxes.....	12 to 13		
Prunes, Stewing, boxes.....	none		
Pineapples, per doz.....	none		
Bananas, per bunch.....	1.50 to 2.50		
C. H. Harvey, 12 & 10 Sackville St.			
FISH FROM VESSELS.			
MACKEREL—			
Extra.....	21.00 to 26.00		
No. 1.....	22.00 to 24.00		
" 2 large.....	20.00 to 22.00		
" 2.....	18.00 to 19.00		
" 3 large.....	17.00 to 18.00		
" 3.....	16.00 to 17.00		
Small.....	7.50		
HERRING.			
No. 1 Shore July.....	4.50 to 4.75		
No. 1, August, Round.....	2.75 to 3.00		
" September.....	2.75 to 3.10		
Labrador, in cargo lots, per bl.	none		
Bay of Islands, Split.....	2.25 to 2.50		
" Round.....	none		
ALEWIVES, per bbl.....	3.00 to 3.25		
CODFISH.			
Hard Shore.....	4.25 to 4.50		
Bank.....	4.00 to 4.25		
Bay.....	4.00 to 4.25		
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Cheese, Canadian new.....	10		
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# INCOGNITO.

OR, IS SHE FAIR FOR ME?

## CHAPTER I.

"Going to Stamford!" was the amazed exclamation of an intimate acquaintance who had run against Alick Delgardie, A. R. A., in a waiting-room of the Great Northern Station. "Why not go to Pompeii at once? It is much more fashionable and almost as much alive."

"That's just the point, my friend," responded the artist, laughing. "The Campagna is *too* alive for my tastes and intentions, whereas Stamford has been asleep—if not defunct—for the past fifty years, and is as secure from the inroads of tourists as if it were situated on a lagoon island of the South Pacific. Its attractions—such as they are—exist only for your humble servant."

"Humph! I hope they are not of the sort to which that brother brush, 'who was but a landscape painter,' seccumbed in the same neighborhood," was the sarcastic retort.

Delgardie, who at thirty years of age was still a bachelor, laughed scornfully at his friend's insinuation. "Set your mind at rest," said he, "village maidens leave me cold; and whatever happens you may be sure that no 'fair damsel raking hay' will tempt me to emulate the fate of Judge Jenkins of immortal memory. I go to Stamford 'neither as a man nor a lover,' but simply and solely to glean in a field uninvaded, as I believe, by artists' stools and umbrellas."

"My dear fellow, I hope with all my heart you will find it an El Dorado," was the cordial rejoinder of his friend.

"There goes the bell for my train, so I must be off. Good bye till the autumn, and good luck."

Our artist had the compartment all to himself as far as Tring, where two gentlemen, representatives clearly of the legal and military professions, entered the train, and seeing Delgardie stretched out in the farthest corner with his eyes shut, probably concluded that he was too drowsy to be a dangerous listener, and continued their conversation without abatement of terms or tones.

"I tell you the fellow is a worse blackleg than many a miserable wretch who is doing his twenty years at Portland," insisted the man of law dogmatically, as he deposited what was evidently a brief bag in the rack overhead.

"Prejudice! prejudice!" broke in irascibly the grey-moustached officer, who was his companion. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him! Darlington served in the same regiment as I for more than two years, and though he was a dashing blade enough, devoted to the sex and all that, he was ever a man of honor and generous to a fault."

"I know nothing of his youth," returned the barrister unmoved, "but, if necessary, I can furnish you with ample proof that he is a man of the grossest dishonor now, and has been for many years before the present disgusting trial came on. Did you ever meet his wife?"

"No; didn't know he had one," was the grudging reply.

"That comes of spending a quarter of a century in the tropics. You would have had the fact forced on your notice fast enough in England. He married an angel—more than twenty years ago now—and behaved to her like a devil and a satyr in one. True, she succeeded in getting a separation from him at last, but his treatment had broken her—heart and body—and she did not outlive her release a year. My brother Will, father to the rubicund lad we have just left on the platform, is solicitor to her family, so I can vouch for facts."

"Humph!" grunted the warrior, "it is easy to see you hold a brief for the other side. But tarnation naughty word me! if I believe the half of it. That wife was a hussy, I'll be bound, for all her angel looks, if not on account of them. In my experience, sleek cats always scratch the worst, and the little rattle-pates who threaten to go express pace to the old gentleman with a tail, turn out a deal better wives than the demure saints who look as though they had never heard anything more profane than a paternoster since they were born."

"Well, your faith in Darlington has the merit of being unique, and I am not paid to combat individual opinion," answered the lawyer composedly. "But I shall be curious to see how it stands the shaking it will get in court to-morrow, when you have seen your hero confronted by what the rest of us call his victim, or rather one of them—the daughter of a country curate, mind you—not yet eighteen years old, and only six weeks transferred from her father's roof to the West End governess-ship from which his lies enticed her to a mock marriage."

"Mock marriage? You said just now his wife was dead," objected the delinquent's obstinate advocate.

"His first wife is dead, but he has provided himself since with several more, and the lady with the prior claim to him was luckily or unluckily a spectator of the subsequent wedding."

"And of course stopped the mischief before it was too late," interrupted the old warrior.

"A good woman would have done so; but whatever goodness the present Lady Darlington originally possessed has been apparently nullified by contact with her husband; for with Satanic cruelty she let the marriage go on, and only declared herself when my unfortunate client thought she had been the villain's wife for a week."

The wearer of her Majesty's uniform gave a snort, and fingered his sword-hilt as though he would have liked to try the edge of that weapon on someone. "The Jezebel!" he burst out. "You law fellows will let her have it hot, I hope."

The barrister's grave face relaxed into an amused smile. "A downright old Adamite speech that, major!" said he banteringly. "If the woman is to feel our stripes, what shall be done to the traitorous and malignant serpent who exasperated her into sin?"

"The inquisition would be too good for him; but ten chances to one he'll get off on the plea of believing the other wife dead!" burst out Delgardie, forgetting, in an impulse of indignation, his *role of sleeper*.

This bomb from outside launched into their *toto a-toto* was such a shock to the elderly colloquists that they retired thenceforth into silence and their respective newspaper sheets; and Delgardie, deprived of the entertainment of assisting at an *al fresco* debate, amused himself in trying to make out in the three column-long report on the *Danby v Darlington* case the identity of his two fellow-travellers, and by the time they had left him at Rugby Junction, with a stiff "good-day to you," he had come to the conclusion that the gentleman in black with the brief bag was no other than the notable Gilroy Greatorex, Q. C.

In the rush of new impressions the young artist soon lost sight of this trifling incident of travel, and but for subsequent events would have forgotten it as completely as the world in three months had forgotten the sad social scandal connected with it, and which terminated very much as Delgardie prophesied it would.

At that period of a summer evening, when the day is over and the night not yet begun, and thinkers and workers alike pause to rest and consider the result of their toil, our artist, mounted on a double ladder, where he had been working for several hours at a canvas almost as high as the room, let the hand which held palette and brushes drop to his side, and posed himself to criticise the picture he had been painting. The subject which he went down to Stamford to seek had been fond long ago, and the picture was far on its way to completion when on that August evening Delgardie gave himself up to the luxury of contemplating it.

Many of the figures were already well worked up, but one conspicuous blank showed that the contral figure was lacking still. As his eyes dwelt on this blank on his canvas, the artist's thoughts reverted to the ideal whose flesh and blood prototype had hitherto eluded his search, and fancy began to sketch in the outlines of the unsound figure so often dreamed of. Once through the portals of fancy the young man plunged little by little into one of those reveries which part us from our material consciousness and float us in a domain where spirit and sense get mysteriously dissevered.

The bells in the grand, ruinous, old cathedral church, which blocks the upper main street of Stamford, had finished chiming the quarter past ten to the air of "Life let us cherish," when the first dreamy perception of mundane things reached the artist's mind through the medium of a musical voice close to his ear.

He opened his eyes, but a brilliant light just above his head made him shut them again precipitately. Then through the lethargy so strangely veiling his senses he became aware of the near whispering of women and the touch of small and satiny fingers upon his head and neck. How came he to be lying on his back, and who were those people about him? He tried to think the mystery out, but the effort to do so sent a sharp pain darting through his head. He moaned, and someone said immediately: "Take care, Ellice, the eau de-Cologne has trickled into the cut."

Once more he opened his eyes, and this time he was able to keep them open, for the lamp had been moved to a greater distance, and the person who held it was visible.

She was an old lady, with a withered, ivory white face, and a head that looked as though it had worn court feathers in its time. A hand with a cool and scented compress in it, came between Delgardie's eyes and this vision, and he closed them again, wondering what had brought this ancient aristocrat into his studio. Every instant which made his consciousness more complete irritated his curiosity to a higher degree, and as soon as the saturated handkerchief had been laid on his forehead he re-opened his eyes quickly to catch sight of his gentle unknown nurse.

A young girl was kneeling at his side who only needed wings to look like some angel of compassion. Delgardie's eyes widened into a surprised stare, and he exclaimed aloud: "The model at last!"

His voice sounded broken and unfamiliar even to himself, so no wonder the two ladies were startled by it.

"Do you think he is delirious, grandmamma?" murmured the girl, moving nearer to the old lady.

"No, child. But he cannot account for our presence here. Set the lamp on that table."

The girl did as she was directed, and the stately grandmother moved into her place by Delgardie's side.

"Sir," she said, answering the interrogatives which his eyes expressed more intelligently than his lips, for the artist found his fluent tongue strangely unserviceable, "you have had a fall—I presume from your ladder? Do you recollect?"

Delgardie made a slight negative movement. He recollected nothing, which was very natural, for the accident, destined to exert so much influence over his future, was caused by his overbalancing himself on his perch by an unconscious movement made in reverie.

"My granddaughter and I," continued the old lady, "were startled by a heavy thud over our heads, and as perfect silence succeeded this strange noise, I felt it my duty to investigate the cause. We took the liberty of entering your room and found you lying on the floor—insensible."

"How can I express my gratitude?" murmured the artist, whose gaze was fixed on the face of Ellice. "After such a long search in vain to find —" he stopped, and moved a hand to his head.

"Does the cut pain you still?" asked the girl, into whose cheeks the color had suddenly come. "You struck your forehead against the iron-bound corner of the pedestal of your easel—there!" and she touched the place with the tip of her finger.

"Ah!" he murmured, smiling, "I feel it now."

"Re-assure yourself. It will be nothing serious," resumed the elder lady. The roll of druggist in front of your easel broke the force of the blow."

"I feel much better already," said Delgardie, raising himself on his elbow. "I think I could walk home, if old Huish would lend me a little help."

Mr. Huish was an attenuated bachelor who followed the avocation of jobbing-tailor on the ground-floor of the house, and whose sister looked after the lodgers.

"I am afraid he will not be back from his chapel yet," said Ellice. "There is a service every Thursday night, and usually what he calls an experience meeting afterwards, which he and Mrs. Bounsall never miss."

An amused smile lighted the artist's face, as turning it to the elder lady, he said, "Madam, I am already so deeply indebted to you and your granddaughter that it seems almost impertinent to ask a further favor. Yet with Huish out, and no cab obtainable, I fear I shall have to remain here all night, unless you will allow your maid to give me the help of her arm to the top of the street."

A glance of dismay, which he intercepted, passed between the ladies.

"Ah! I see—she is out," he said. "Perhaps she shares Huish's taste for 'experience meetings,' which must be quite a new and exciting diversion down here."

"When I kept a maid she belonged like myself to the state church," observed the ancient lady, with dignity. "I have no servant now."

It was Delgardie's turn to be embarrassed, for he could make no apology which would not emphasize the offence he had unwittingly offered to the old gentlewoman.

Ellice came to his relief with the unaffected grace of simplicity.

"We have forgotten that St. Martin's Hospital is opposite," she said; "any one of the old bedesmen will be happy to have the opportunity of earning a few pence."

"Quite true," assented the elder lady. "Put on your hat, my child, and fetch one at once."

But Delgardie would not hear of making Ellice his messenger. He was on his feet by this time, and, though rather tottery, declared himself quite able to walk downstairs and across the street unaided.

"Pray do not neglect to see a doctor first thing to-morrow," said the elder of his benefactresses, feigning not to hear the young man's fervid aspirations that opportunity would be given him to show his gratitude. "Cases of head injury are often more serious in their after consequences than early symptoms lead one to suppose. A few drops of arnica in a glass of water before you go to bed would be a valuable ointment."

The granddaughter remained silent, and it was plain from the fugitive glances she cast at the great picture, three parts in shadow, that it was an object of great interest to her, but she refrained from any overt word or act which the artist could translate into a desire to examine it.

This reticence did not strike Delgardie at once, but when memory marshalled in review the strange events of that evening it struck him as a fact of curious significance. Another thing that gave him food for reflection was a sentence he overheard Ellice utter, as she and her grandmother turned the corner of the stairs. "If the general had stayed an hour later."

#### CHAPTER II.

Though Mr. Delgardie had been three months at Stamford he had only been installed for a few days in the great half-empty house on St. Martin's Hill where his accident took place.

Whilst he was transferring to canvas the ruinous magnificence of the early Gothic church, which once witnessed the penance of kings, he had been compelled to work out-of-doors. But when the bold design was executed, and the minutiae of finish began, it became necessary to seek a studio. He did not need to seek far. First royal Stamford, with its lordly dwellings left desolate, offered him an *embarras-de-choix*. The one and only house-agent in the town would have let him half-a-dozen big, rambling places for the rent of one eight-roomed box in Mayfair. But he only wanted one big room, and finding it on the second floor of a large old house comfortably near his hotel, took it for a month without asking any questions about the other lodgers. In fact, until the night of his accident, he had supposed that the revivalist care-taker and himself divided the decayed mansion between them.

However, during the week-long seclusion in his apartment at the *Burghley Arms*, to which the doctor's mandate condemned him, he devoted his leisure to all sorts of curious speculation about his fellow tenants, and as no one in the hotel was able to give him reliable information on the matter, he sent for the agent who let him his studio.

The result of the interview was not satisfactory. Either this respectable individual was of unparalleled discretion, or he had nothing to reveal. The few dry facts which Delgardie drew out of him he could have had for a less expenditure of pains from the expansive Huish, whose tendency towards secular experiencing he had habitually checked.

The two ladies occupying the first floor of Suffolk House bore the name of Mornington; they appeared in Stamford three years before, and had been living in close retirement ever since. But no details of their circumstances had been communicated to the agent.

(To be Continued.)

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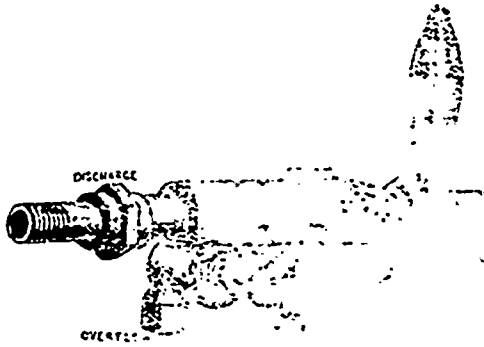
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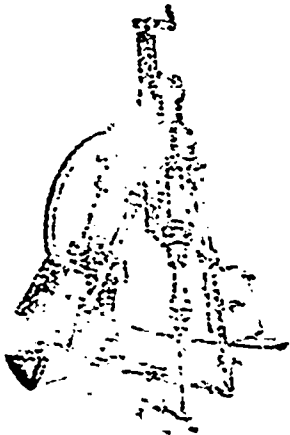
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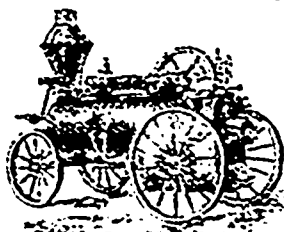
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## MINING.

Items From Our Travelling Correspondent.

**BROOKFIELD GOLD DISTRICT (COLCHESTER COUNTY).—**The village of Brookfield, Colchester County is just now experiencing an epidemic of "gold fever." The excitement is intense and everything is upon the "qui vive." Nearly everyone you meet has his pockets filled with conglomerate, and his mind with visions of future wealth. Numerous parties are out prospecting, and many claims have been located: nor is the excitement confined to the people of the village: parties from afar have been seized with the infection and are busily engaged in looking out for "number one." Things are at present, however, in a rather unsettled state, and the people are living, as it were, on anticipations, which it is to be hoped, the near future will see fulfilled. The conglomerate deposits, or rather formation, which is the object of all this interest, is a broad belt of peculiar geological structure, running through this section of the country, and extending some 26 or 30 miles. In many places it comes to the surface in the form of large boulders, cliffs and outcropping ledges. In quantity it is practically unlimited, and would keep any number of crushers working for ages. If worked, the ore would not have to be mined, but simply quarried; and whole hills would be taken away with scarcely any waste or refuse material. The depth to which this formation runs is unknown; but it certainly is very deep, as the extent shows it to be more than a simple chance deposit. Among the most important of the claims already taken up, we may mention those of D. Andrews and associates, some two or three miles from Brookfield; McGuire and associates, about 3 miles further along the belt at "Brinden's Brook;" and W. S. Nelson and others, between the two claims above mentioned, and also beyond that of McGuire. Besides these there are other claims located by residents of the district, as well as claims upon different properties within the limits of the township of Truro, and which the owners of the land assert belongs to them; having been secured to the proprietors of the soil, at the time of the laying out of the township, by right of grant, giving, to them the special privilege of free proprietorship against all royalties and claims of government. Amongst the properties thus secured, and through which the belt runs, are some belonging to Messrs W. T. Nelson and Arthur Whittier. The claims receiving the most attention, however, are those owned by the three parties named above, applications for these having been made at the "Mine's Office."

A company of us took a trip out to these properties a few days ago, and were shown over the ground. The first we will mention is that owned by D. Andrews & Co. This claim, which is the original find of the locality, is known as the Bridgewater property, and was first discovered six or seven years ago, by John Grayham (an old California miner.) He washed out some of the surface material, composed of coarse gravel and disintegrated conglomerate, and obtained small quantities of gold. He also did some other work prospecting and tunnelling; but no crushing was done. Mr. Andrews located the claim again in March of the present year, taking up some 320 acres for himself and others. He has erected a shanty, and with three other men is stopping upon the ground prospecting and clearing a base line. He accompanied us to the place where the most of the work has so far been done, and had a piece of ore, weighing between one and two lbs, mortared and washed, obtaining as a result several very good sights. The conglomerate, here, is of stratified formation and appears to consist, in some places, of fine, broken quartz mixed in with pebbles of varying size, and all cemented together, while in others the material shades off into a mixture containing coarse gravels and slates. The ore in this place is in a belt of from 25 ft. to 300 ft. in width with narrow bands or slips of slate at intervals between. The strata is very sharply dip. Assays of the ore give about one half oz. of gold per ton; while about 5 tons taken away and crushed yielded a little better than \$4.00 per ton.

At the McGuire property, we were first shown a place in a little barron clearing, where the conglomerate crops out, and from which ten tons were taken away and crushed, yielding as a result, from \$4.00 to \$4.25 per ton. After this we went about a mile further to where Mr. Clarke was prospecting and running a base line. At this place we found immense cliffs of the ore, which he said was all carrying gold. For quantity of ore nothing is wanting; all that now remains to be determined is the quality; and even this seems assured, for different parties, who have prospected at various points miles apart, over this belt, declare the same formation throughout and all carrying gold. It is estimated that the ore can be quarried and crushed at a cost of \$1.00 per ton, which at the rate of the tests already taken, would leave a good profit. One thing certain is, that if this conglomerate half comes up to the expectations of some of these people, this find will prove one of the greatest things in the Province; and fortunate indeed are the persons who have property or claims located on this belt.

Mr. A. B. Kittson, of Boston, the inventor of the "Gold King" Amalgamator for treating gold and silver ores, accompanied by Arthur Benj. Browne of the same city, Consulting Chemist and Mining Engineer, is on a visit to the Province in search of sands or tailings carrying gold and suitable for treatment by his process.

They visited the "Ovens" on Friday last, but were evidently disappointed in the quantity of alluvial sands to be obtained there, and are on the lookout elsewhere for a suitable supply. If any of our readers have alluvial sands or tailings to dispose of they would do well to communicate with the gentlemen, who during their stay in the city "put up" at the Halifax.

**GOLD RIVER.**—In our last issue we gave an account of the rich find on the Jumbo areas, which has since been confirmed, but it would appear that Mr. Amos A. Heister is to be credited with the discovery, and that it is not on the property of the Neptune Company. An esteemed correspondent writes

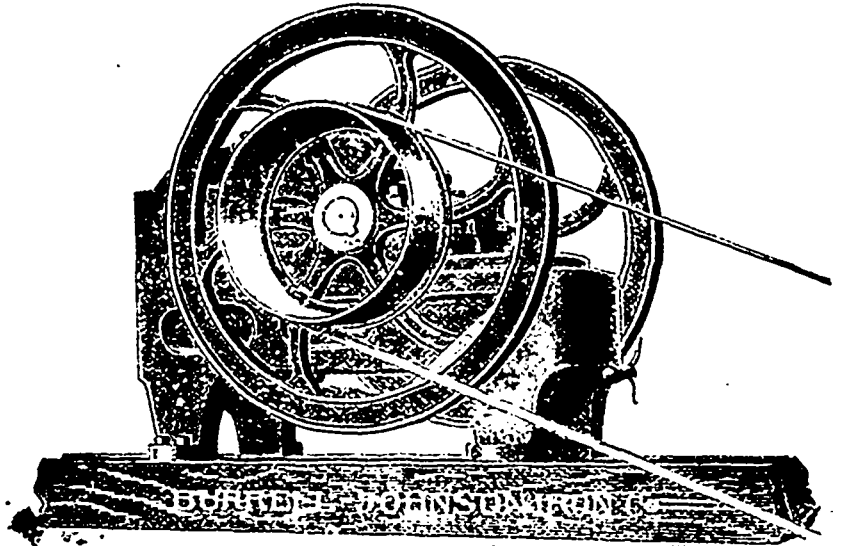
us from Gold River as follows:—"The facts in regard to the finding of the rich lead are, that one year ago Mr. Amos A. Heisler obtained an agreement from the Neptune Mining Company permitting him to search for this lead on their property, and after following the float of the lead for a distance of 400 feet, found that it was not on the property of the Neptune Company.

Mr. Heisler then entered into an agreement with the owners of the Jumbo Block, and after a few weeks work uncovered the rich lead described, receiving six hundred dollars for his services. While Mr. Heisler did the prospecting the work of timbering the surface shaft has been managed by Mr. Doliver.

**NICKEL.**—This metal, which has until lately been principally used for electro-plating, and in the United States for small coinage, has suddenly sprung into importance from two principal causes. The first and most important being the discovery of vast quantities of the metal at Sudbury, Ontario. Of the extent of these deposits some idea may be formed from the statements of Mr. Archibald Blue, Chief of the Statistical Department of the Ontario Government, made in inviting the members of the British Iron and Steel Institute to visit Canada and make a personal inspection of some of our vast mineral resources. In speaking of our nickel deposits he said that the exact extent of them was unknown, but that they certainly extended over an area of several hundred square miles. He also alluded to the fact that smelting works for the recovery of nickel are already built in the vicinity of Sudbury, these being owned by the Canadian Copper Company of Ohio, the Hussey-Vivian Company of Swansea, Wales, and the Dominion Copper Company of Canada. At these works the ores are at present only reduced to matte which is exported to Wales, the United States and Germany, for the extracting and refining of the metal. The working of the mines is being vigorously pushed, and the yield is very large. From an exchange we glean that the Sudbury nickel mines are rapidly giving that point importance. The nickel ore is a magnetic iron pyrite, carrying from 2½ to 5 per cent. of nickel, with same percentage of sulphuret of copper. It is only about five years since nickel was first discovered in this district by a young man named McConnell, who got lost in the woods. The Canadian Copper Company, of Akron, Ohio, was first in the field. They now own about 15,000 acres in one block. Their principal mine is the Copper Cliff, four miles southwest of Sudbury, on the Algoma branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Their mining is now confined to a shaft sunk to a depth of 600 feet, and drifted to a radius of about 400 feet. Here about 150 men work 10 hours a day, each man carrying a lantern. Blasting is done by electricity after the men leave the mine, the explosive used being dynamite. Ore is raised by steam power to the top of what is called rock house, where it is broken by huge Blake crushers, when it descends by a slide and is loaded on cars and is taken about a mile to roasting beds near smelting works. Two smelters are now in operation. Ore is placed in heaps 100 feet long, 35 feet wide, and 5 high, under which is placed dry wood about two feet high. The wood burns out in about 24 hours, but ignites the whole mass, when the sulphur in the ore keeps up combustion for eight or ten weeks. After roasting process, ore is conveyed to smelters and reduced to matte. Six tons of ore on an average make one of matte, which varies in richness from 20 to 25 per cent. of nickel and 10 to 15 of copper. Matte is shipped to England, France, Germany and the United States, and is worth \$100 to \$150 per ton at smelting works. The Dominion Mineral Co. began operations last summer on their property, six miles northeast of Sudbury. They have now large smelting works, and railway has been extended to mine. They employ about 200 men. The Murry mine is four miles west of Sudbury, on main line of Canadian Pacific. It has been purchased by one of the great smelting firms of Swansea, Wales. They are also completing smelting works on an extensive scale. These are all the mines in operation up to present time, but only capital is required to operate many more, as the quantity is practically unlimited. A visit was recently made to the Sudbury mines by Mr. Krupp, a nephew of the great gunmaker of Essen, with a view of purchasing nickel properties, as late experiments have demonstrated the fact that about 5 per cent. of nickel increases breaking strain of steel over 30 per cent., and renders new metal incorrodible. Only 1,200 to 1,400 tons of nickel were produced in America in 1888 and 1889. This year the mines of Sudbury will produce double that amount, and a large profit could be realized on it at 25 cents per pound. The second cause for the prominence of nickel is the fact that alloyed with steel it makes the most impregnable plating for men-of-war yet discovered and will prove of equal value in the construction of ocean steamships, so that the quantity of the metal required is practically unlimited. The only source of supply of any importance, outside of the Sudbury district now known, is a mine in the French penal colony of New Caledonia, an Island in the South Pacific Ocean, the entire product of which goes to France, so that the owners of the Sudbury mines have practically a monopoly in the supply of the metal. Two officers of the United States Navy who were commissioned to enquire into the suitability of the Sudbury nickel for the manufacture of armor plates have reported favorably, and congress has voted \$1,000,000 to purchase the metal. In order to secure to the smelting or refining works in the States the final treatment of the matte, and to close up, if possible the works at present in operation in Canada reducing the ore to matte, the McKinlay Bill was so amended at the last moment as to admit the ores of nickel free of duty while the old tariff rate was continued on the metal. The object of the change was so obviously to secure the smelting and manufacture of the ore in the States to the detriment of Canada that it is now proposed, as the States ore dependent for their nickel supply on the Dominion, to put an export duty on nickel ore. This we hardly consider a wise move, as from late reports it would appear that the French discoverer of the nickel and steel alloy has since found that an alloy of steel and copper is almost as effective, and if this is the case the imposition of an export duty on nickel would probably result in the closing up of the nickel works now in operation in Canada.

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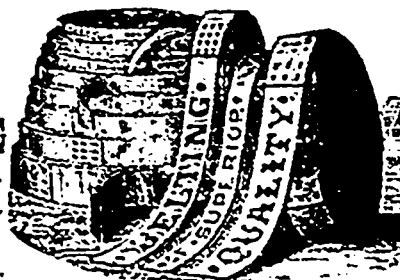
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## HIS SWEETHEART.

It is a lovely June day. The sky is clear and blue, and the sun shines on a pretty cottage that sets far back from the road. Down the long drive-way, a slight, girlish figure is coming. As she reaches the gate, she puts up a small, white hand, and shades her eyes as she peers down the road. Anxiously, eagerly she watches. "He is late," she sighs, and a cloud passes over the fair face. Such an innocent, pure face it is. "Ah, he is coming," and with a happy laugh she throws open the gate, as she sees the tall form coming up the road. He reaches her at last and without a word he takes her in his arms and looks at her lovingly, wistfully. There is a pained expression in his eyes that she cannot define. He leads her to a rustic seat close by. "Little sweetheart, you are glad to see me?" "Glad? Of course I am," and her voice is like sweet music. It is the same old story. He is a wealthy London broker. Weary, and in need of rest, he wandered into a quiet country place called Clarksville. There he met Elsie Estler, and before he knew it had won the sweet trusting heart. She was the only child of simple well-to-do country people. They idolized her, and no city beauty ever received a better education than did their Elsie. They smiled as they noted how she looked forward to receiving Harold Leigh's daily visits. How their hearts filled with pride as they pictured her the wife of the wealthy London broker. But although he never expressed a desire to make her such, yet they thought he would ere he returned to London. Thus the golden days passed on. The roses and the honeysuckle have disappeared, and the fall flowers are in blossom. She meets him at the old trysting place once more, and again he folds her in his arms. "Sweetheart, tell me that you love me—that you will love me always. Let me hear those sweet words before I tell you a little story." "Harold," and she bent her head and pressed her lips against his. "I love—love you—with my whole heart. I shall never love another. Now are you satisfied?" "Ah, my child, I do not deserve to hear such music. I shall always remember those precious words. Kiss me, sweetheart, then I will tell that story." She did as he bade her. "Three years ago a friend, whom we will call Ralph, married a beautiful heiress, because it was his father's request and the dying request of her father. Ralph was heart whole and free, and the heiress was young and beautiful (we will call her Lona). So they were married. But the wife loved another, and a terrible life she caused her husband to lead. Proud and haughty, she treated all his acts of kindness with scorn. Do you pity him, Elsie?" "Oh, so much!" and her eyes filled with tears. "Yet he strove to be faithful, and he was, until he met a fairer and more loving face than that of his wife. He loved this girl, and he had never loved Lona, his wife. Into the hand of the fairer girl he placed his whole heart. He did not mean to win her love. He knew well that she was not for him. Yet, before he had realized it, he had won her sweet faith, and the true love of that pure heart. He was conscience-stricken, and hardly knew what to do. At last he resolved to tell her all, and then to pray for her forgiveness. Elsie, judge me, for I am that married man. Have pity," and he strove to take her hands. But she sprang up, with wildly extended hands, her face blanched and her eyes dilated in horror. "What, you? No, merciful heaven, not you!" and she tottered towards him. He threw his arms around her, but she flung them from her, and with flashing eyes she faced him. "Do not dare to touch me, Harold Leigh! You another's husband! Heaven forgive you; I cannot." And she turned from him. "Elsie! Elsie! my sweetheart—for you are my sweetheart. Don't say that, or you will break my heart." "Break your heart! How well you thought of mine!" "Elsie!" How his voice trembled. "Listen, I never asked you to become my wife, because I could not, but I did say that I loved you and I do. I will leave you now. My sweetheart, forgive, oh forgive!" And he sank on the rustic bench, covering his face with his hands. "Harold, arise and go, and make every atonement in your power to your wife. And—I—forgive you." "God bless my sweetheart," and his hand rested on her bowed head. "Elsie, farewell." An instant he stood gazing on her, then turned and left. \* \* \* \* \* Two years later, and at that same cottage home, nothing seems changed. Roses and honeysuckles bloom as of old. The old rustic chair is still there, and reclining in it is a young girl's figure. Thoughtfully, dreamingly she sits there with folded hands. Evidently her thoughts are far. She uplifts her face for an instant. It is Elsie Earl—the same sweet, pure face, but there is a proud, a manly expression that was absent two years ago. Then the dreamy, violet eyes were clear, untroubled. To-day there seems to be a sorrow lurking in their depths. She is so absorbed in day-dreaming that she does not hear the footsteps coming up the path, and not until a tall, manly figure is gazing silently at her does she lift her eyes. Then she recoils with a cry of pain and horror combined.

"Harold Leigh!" she exclaims.  
 "Yes, Elsie." And he cast himself down at her feet.  
 "Listen: do not run from me, but listen to my pleading. Elsie, my wife died six months after I left you. I have waited a year and a half, and now I have returned. My sweetheart, will you take me back? I know you have remained true to me, little as I deserved it; Oh, Elsie! be pitiful! I love you so! Don't send me away."  
 "Harold," and she bends her head, and once more the tender arms are around his neck. I cannot send you away again, for I cannot live without you. My Harold, your sweetheart bids you stay."

**PECULIAR INFATUATION.**

Do men ever fall in love with each other?

Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful laborer on her father's farm. Sometime afterward it was discovered that the husband was a female; the young wife refused, however, though earnestly entreated by her friends, to give up her chosen consort. The strangest part of the discovery was the fact that the bride knew her husband was a woman before she was led to the altar.

If men do not exhibit this strange infatuation for one of their own sex, they at least oftentimes give evidence of the fact that they love one another. There are many instances on record where one man has given his life for another. There are many more instances where men have given life to another.

It is a proud possession—the knowledge that one has saved a precious human life. Meriden, Conn., is the home of such a happy man John H. Preston, of that city, July 11th, 1890, writes: "Five years ago I was taken very sick, I had several of the best doctors, and one and all called it a complication of diseases. I was sick four years, taking prescriptions prescribed by these same doctors, and I truthfully state I never expected to get any better. At this time I commenced to have the most terrible pains in my back. One day an old friend of mine, Mr. R. T. Cook, of the firm of Curtis & Cook, advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure, as he had been troubled the same way and it had effected a cure for him. I bought six bottles, took the medicine as directed and am to-day a well man. I am sure no one ever had a worse case of kidney and liver trouble than I had. Before this I was always against proprietary medicines, but not now, oh, no."

Friendship expresses itself in very peculiar ways sometimes; but the true friend is the friend in need.

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**DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS**

**PROBLEM 189.**—The position was: Black men 1, 2, 6, 9, 12, 14, 26; white men 13, 17, 20, 21, 31, 32; white to move and win.

31	22	5-9	6	1	27-32
6-10	20	16	12-16	1	5
13	6	10-15	11	7	31-26
2-9	17	10	16-19	5	14
32	27	15-24	7	2	26-17
9-13	1	11	15-23	14	18
27	23	24-27	2	6	white
1-5	10	6	23-27		wins.
23	19	27-31	6	10	

The only correct solutions to the above and to last week's problems were received from "Avar," Great Shemogue.

CHECKER EDITOR, Toronto Mail.—Please give price of McCulloch's Guide with supplement.

**GAME 76.**—"CROSS."

Recently played between Messrs. O'Hearn and Forsyth.

11-15	11-15	14-18	5-9
23	18	30	26
8-11	15-24	9-18	9-14
27	23	28	19
4-8	8-11	13-31	13-9
23	19	26	23
10-14	11-15	7-10	12-16
19	10	32	28
14-23	15-24	10-14	9-5
26	19	28	19
7-14	5-9	31-26	5-1
24	20	31	26
6-10	1-5	26-17	14-17
22	17	29	25
9-13	2-7	17-13	1-6
a-25	22	20	16

(a) This leaves the books. Bown's Cross gives 28 24 and 30 26.

(b) This looks as if white might win. We have failed to find it. Can any of our readers point it out?

**VARI.**

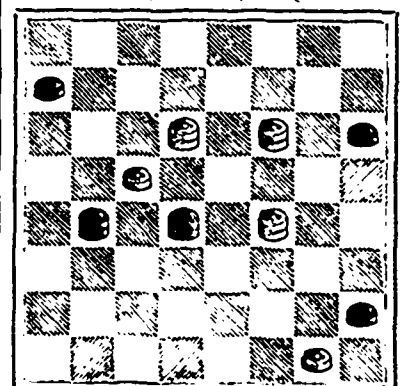
Mr. Granville here proposes the following variation, which he claims wins. Can any of our critics find the weak spot if there be one?

10-15	10-14	32-27	29-25
17	10	2	6
15-24	24-28	14-18	25-30
10	6	16	11
12-19	28-32	9-14	27-23
23	16	11	7
7-10	3-10	13-29	30-25
6	2	6	15

**PROBLEM No. 191.**

Being an ending from a "Cross" Game.

Black men 5, 12, 28, kings 17, 18.



White men 14, 32, kings 10, 11, 19. White to play and win.

The above pretty ending was won by Robert Martins, ex-champion of the world. His opponent thought by his last move of 22-18 to capture the man on 14, but missed seeing the trap that his wily antagonist had set for him.

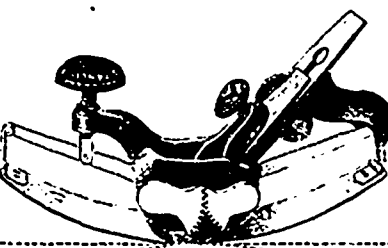
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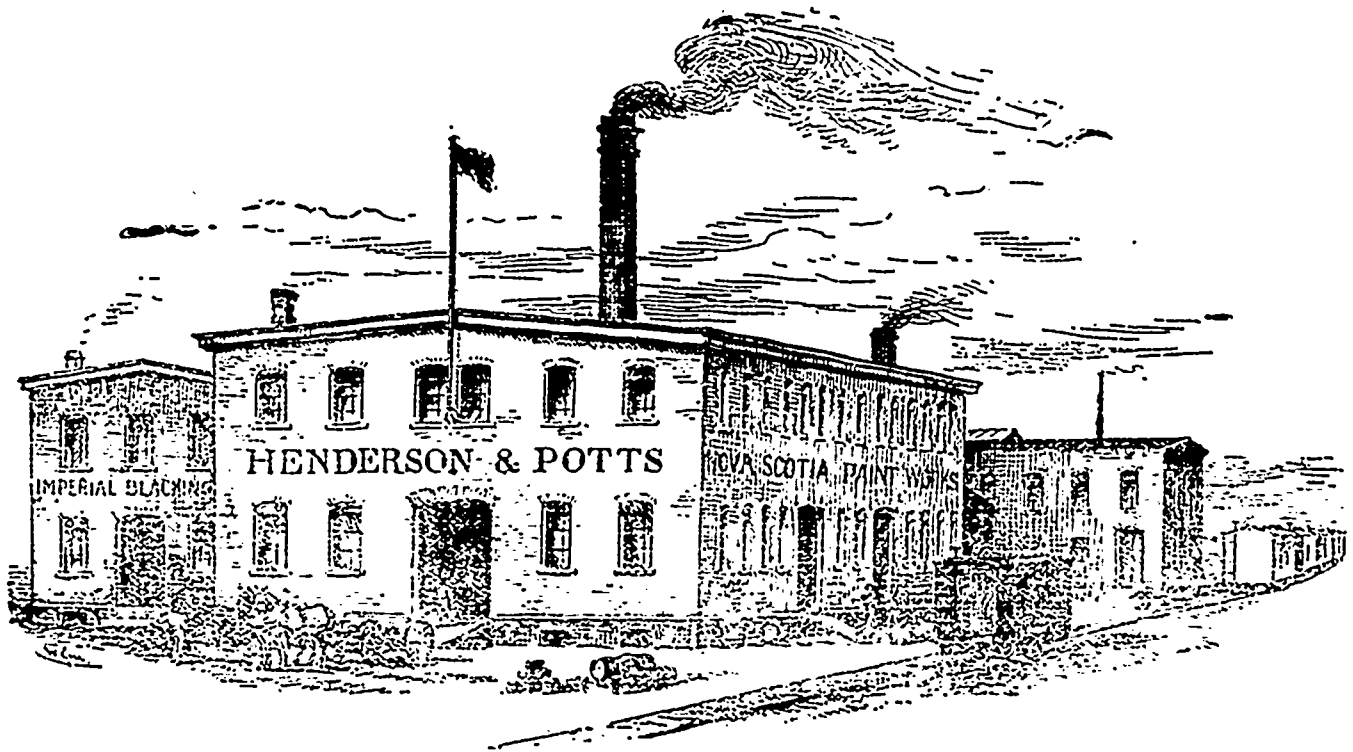
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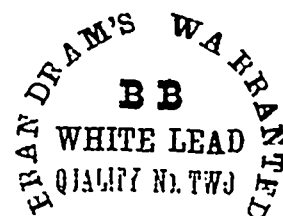
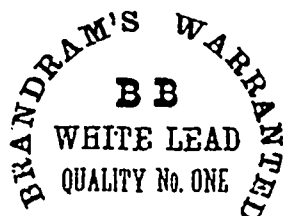
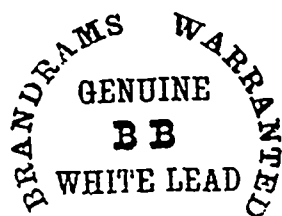
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