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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 not so long ago that Emperor William of Germany publicly approved of and advised the drinking of beer, thereby rather shocking those who believe the unlimited use of that beverage to be injurious. Recently, however, the Emperor has awakened to the evils of intemperance, and intends to place checks upon the liquor traffic. The German government contemplates the enactment of a law which will greatly mitigate the abuses that have grown up. By taking hold of this matter Emperor William shows genuine concern for the welfare of his people. The change in the views of his monarch since his first utterances startled the world, must be great, for now it would be difficult to find a ruler who expresses more peaceful propensities, or shows more solicitude for the progress and continued well-being of the land over which he holds sway.

It is not expected that everyone will approve of the departure Rev. Canon Partridge is making in delivering a course of Sunday afternoon lectures, or will agree altogether with the substance of them, but that the Rev. Doctor will enjoy the commendation of all broad-minded Christians is well assured. No one in Halifax is better fitted to handle the questions under discussion—questions of import to nearly all classes of our people, dealing as they do with everyday affairs, touching the moral and religious life of the day. It takes a broad-minded man, who is sufficiently posted on the facts, to be able to speak justly on such social topics, and this we opine Dr. Partridge has shown himself to be. What we people stand greatly in need of is a stirring up, an awakening out of sleep, a strong wind to blow off the lethargy of our minds with respect to many important matters, which we are taking little or no notice of, and which by timely discussion may assume a very different aspect to our opening eyes. Dr. Partridge is doing the citizens of Halifax a service by undertaking the work he has, and we wish him every encouragement and success in it.

Last week was made notable by the passing away of no less than three prominent members of the British House of Commons. The Rt. Hon. Wm. Henry Smith, First Lord of the Treasury, died on Tuesday, and on the evening of the same day Charles Stuart Parnell, the man who up to the disposure of his relations with Mrs. O'Shea was the darling of the Irish people and known as the "Uncrowned King," finished his earthly career at the same time that one of his political opponents, Sir John Pope Hennessey, was dying, it is said from the effects of anxiety during the political campaign of September last.

The Rt. Hon. Wm. Henry Smith was universally popular, and was one of the representative business men of England. His wealth, which he inherited largely from his father, the founder of W. H. Smith & Son, railway station news agents and book sellers, is said to amount to \$50,000,000. He was born in 1825, and was educated at the grammar school, Tavistock. The letters "D. C. L." sometimes attached to his name, represented an honorary degree conferred upon him in 1879 by the University of Oxford; he was not a graduate of any learned institution. He represented Westminster in parliament from November, 1868, when he defeated John Stuart Mill, the eminent philosopher and political economist, until 1885, when he was returned for the Strand. He has been Financial Secretary, First Lord of Admiralty and Secretary of State for War. In 1886 he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, and was afterwards First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House of Commons. The peerage which he had several times refused would probably have been bestowed before the meeting of another parliamentary session, and this would have translated him to the House of Lords.

Mr. Parnell has filled a much larger place in the eyes of the world than Rt. Hon. Wm. H. Smith ever did. As leader of the Irish National Party he was kept constantly before the public, and Irishmen the world over put their trust in him. Mr. Parnell was in the prime of life, having been born in 1846, which made him 45 years of age at his death. In 1874 he made his first attempt to enter political life, but was defeated, only to be returned for Meath in the following year. He served in the ranks of the Home Rule Party silently for some years, and his ability was scarcely guessed at. Michael Davitt, however, the father of the Land League, saw it, and made a compact with him, under which Parnell was to manage the work in parliament, while Davitt was to have control of the organization of the people. In 1879 Mr. Parnell entered upon the most important era of his career by becoming President of the Irish National Land League, and his subsequent work for the League, in America as well as in Britain, is matter of history. When Mr. Gladstone changed his hostile front for one of sympathy, and announced himself as a convert to the views of the Irish Party, carrying a large part of the Liberal Party with him, it added tremendously to the force of the Home Rule movement. Of late years the most notable and exciting of the many stirring incidents in connection with the dead leader's life was the publication in the *Times* of the articles "Parnellism & Crime," and the subsequent libel suit which proved the letters, alleged to be written by Parnell, to be forgeries sold to the *Times* by Pigott, who subsequently went to Spain and committed suicide. This trial cost the *Times* over \$500,000. After this ordeal Parnell's name shone forth clear and clean, but last year when he was convicted in open court of having committed adultery with the wife of his friend, Capt. O'Shea, it was hopelessly soiled, so that even his legal marriage, after divorce had set Mrs. O'Shea free, failed to restore in any degree his lost prestige. Since that event he lost ground constantly, and his health, for years not robust, continued to fail. It was not at all expected, though, that death was near, and when it was announced that Parnell was dead, the idea of suicide was the first to arise—probably because of the recent suicides of Balmaceda and Boulanger. Mr. Parnell's remains were interred at Glasnevin, near Dublin, on Sunday, immense crowds lining the way.

The effect on politics of Mr. Parnell's death will probably be to draw together again the split factions of the Irish Party. General regret for the calling away of the man whose personality has been so deeply impressed upon British politics, has been expressed by his friends and opponents alike, and the damaging events of the past two years will be largely overlooked in viewing the career of Parnell. It is regretted by Irishmen that death did not come to the leader two years ago, when his name was untarnished, and would have gone down to posterity as that of a patriot and a remarkable man. The mother of Mr. Parnell, who resides in New Jersey, is overcome with grief that she was not with her son at the last. She is seventy years of age and quite feeble. Parnell's wife was so prostrated by grief that she could not accompany the remains to Dublin. In all probability the strain of nursing her husband through his illness proved severe, added to which the shock death always gives, was too much for her. Mr. Parnell's last hours were full of suffering, and, although the exact complaint of which he died is not specified, it is thought that a cold contracted a fortnight before was the cause of the fatal result. The Dublin branch of the League sent messages of condolence to both the mother and widow, and every mark of respect to the dead has been shown.

A reader of THE CRITIC who takes an interest in the microbe theory and is not yet weary of it, asks us to re-publish the following clipping, which we do, but do not vouch for the reliability of the statement. It appears there is very little that ancients did not know. "Ancient Microbe Theory."—The French traveller, Clane, narrated that in Sumatra a book is exhibited, made of bark paper many centuries old, on which the writing is still distinct, and which contains lucid diagrams illustrating the microbic origin of disease and tracing the growth of microbes. This, M. Clane claims, is clear evidence that the germ theory of disease was known in the far East many ages ago."

The Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, Lillinokalani, who succeeded to the throne upon the death of King Kalakana, is said to be at the point of death, and the news revives speculation as to the ultimate fate of the Islands over which she rules. The only heir to the throne is the young Princess Kaiulani, now at School in England, and it is said there cannot be found in all the Islands a regent upon whom the people will agree to have rule during the minority of the Princess. The people are said to be in a state of excitement, but the Honolulu papers dare not print a word of what is going on. Whether Britain or the United States will become the possessor of this nice little kingdom in the Pacific is problematical, but under the circumstances there appears little doubt that Hawaiian Royalty is nearing its final end. We would naturally like to see these Islands come under British control, but the Americans in Honolulu will make a strong effort to prevent this consummation.

Not a little surprise has been occasioned by the announcement that Lord Tennyson has written a three-act comedy especially for Manager Augustin Daly, with a role particularly adapted for Miss Rehan. "The Rambler" in *The Week* says he supposes we dare not consider this announcement in the light of a joke, but he makes a pretty good joke of it by the synopsis he gives of a sort of amplified "Locksley Hall, bringing in many Tennysonian expressions, phrases, etc., in a ludicrous way. It is apparently no joke, however, that Lord Tennyson, at the age of 82, has undertaken the role of a dramatist to order, as it were, this being his first and only piece written especially for the stage. The play is to be first produced in New York by the Daly company, and afterwards in England—a somewhat remarkable arrangement, and one which would have been considered a wild prediction had any one foretold it. The greatest English poet of the century, submitting his first full comedy to the test in America! Truly, this fact, as well as the announcement that he has turned his attention to that sort of work, is calculated to create surprise in literary and dramatic circles on both sides of the water. There is no doubt of the great interest taken in the forthcoming production, which will probably be the leading dramatic event of the season.

Julien Gordon, whose books and articles are popular just now, has some sensible remarks on heroines in *Lippincott's Magazine* for October. She calls attention to the old-fashioned heroine, who was fashioned after a manner so ultra refined and delicate that her feet were usually too minute to carry even her attenuated body, and refers to the time when physical vigor in a woman was deemed unfeminine. She then points out that the women who ruled in history and in the hearts of men were not invalids, and cites the cases of Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Argive Helen, and Marguerite de Valois, the key note of whose success was vitality. By way of giving women an impulse to try and obtain the healthfulness of a pure body and a vivid mind, she concludes:—"Vitality is love as well as beauty. The warm hand, the melting lips, the sweet breath, the deep eyes of health—how alluring are these, how fortifying. And the intensified senses are but the expression of high mental capacity. Happiness can be lost or won only by those who can comprehend it. To many it is an unguessed term. What a delight comes with the presence of one person! What weariness with the advent of another! One is like a breath of flowers, a refrain found again after many years; another is like the parody of a beloved poem. We would say to the average woman who is not an angel, 'keep healthy.'"

The moon is an attractive body, we have always been told, and the poets of all ages have celebrated her charms. Hood asks—

"The moon—who does not love the silver moon,
In all her fantasies and all her phases?"

But Hood had not the opportunity of finding out what a great many fantasies and phases our satellite can indulge in, as we, through the medium of students of the moon, are blessed with. According to Prof. J. L. Ray, of Asbland, Va., who has been studying the moon through a telescope, there has recently been extraordinary volcanic action on the planet. He says that on the night of June 22nd, tremendous energy over the whole surface presented itself. He saw that what of late have been considered great gray plains are in reality seas, or else a molten mass, as he saw immense sheets, seemingly of water, thrown through the lunarian atmosphere and find a resting place at least a thousand miles from where they formerly were. He says he saw several great mountains sink—the whole moon swaying to and fro, and everything in the lunar heavens became in the wildest confusion. For hours he gazed upon the awful spectacle with intense awe, until the confusion finally subsided, and there seemed to be a dead calm as before. Prof. Ray feels convinced that the moon was thrown several degrees out of her course, but as no other astronomer appears to have noticed the phenomenon we may be allowed to doubt that the moon is "perceptibly nearer, perhaps, 20,000 miles." "Paddy's lantern" could not be said to be calm and clear while such a rumpus was in progress.

The New York *Press* cites the case of a woman in that city who has certainly achieved a wonderful degree of success in getting married, having had no less than fifteen husbands. Her present name is Henderson, and the reason of her remarkable matrimonial record becoming known, was the fact that she was arrested and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for abusing Helen Dennis, the child of her fourteenth spouse. Mrs. Henderson was born in Havana, of Spanish parents, was educated in Paris, and there first married.

When Principal Grant, of Queen's College, "speaks out in meeting" he has a large audience, and his words bear weight. Others besides Principal Grant were shocked that the scandals connected with the name of Mr. Haggart, Postmaster-General, and a young lady in the employ of the department were not investigated, and all right-thinking people in this Dominion will agree with what the Principal said on October 3rd in the course of a lecture, entitled "Some crumbs of comfort from the session of Parliament which has just been closed." Referring to the Haggart matter he spoke of the fact that the inquiry had been rigidly limited, and said that if the woman and the Minister were innocent anything more unjust to both could not be conceived. Mr. Haggart denied in the House that he was guilty of the crime with which he was charged, but as Principal Grant says, "such a denial amounts to nothing. Where a woman is concerned it does not amount even to the permissible 'not guilty,' which every criminal pleads." He does not wonder, when the Postmaster-General was satisfied, that the Cabinet and the House were reluctant to enter a new investigation in the last days of the session. The second charge made against him (in connection with an old contract) shrinks into insignificance beside the first. In connection with the more serious charge the Principal said:—"Such a man should no longer insult the moral sense of the community by remaining an adviser of the Queen. If he does not retire it will be ill for the Cabinet, for, though the women of Canada have no votes, they influence votes, and this is a sin they will neither forget nor forgive." This is a blow straight from the shoulder and will awaken the people of Canada to a realization of what has been transpiring at Ottawa more than the work of a dozen committees. Corruption in high places is not to be tolerated, and the man who serves his country should at least live a pure life. Had this matter been investigated and settled one way or the other, it would have been better for all concerned.

It is not fair for us in viewing the Dardanelles question to be biased or one-sided, but to look at it all round, which means from Russia's side as well as ours. We find in *Harper's Weekly* an article purporting to be by a British officer, Captain Dugmore, who handles the matter ably from his standpoint. The article is entitled "A Good Word for Russia," and will prove interesting to our readers. "It cannot be denied that Russia is now (as England once was in a lesser degree) the most distinctly and actively civilizing power in the world. Fortunately for the human race, British prejudice, which would fain have impeded her establishment of law and order in the Caucasus, has proved powerless to prevent the complete fulfilment of her beneficent mission in Central Asia, where she has rapidly converted into decent samples of humanity the savage and blood-thirsty tribes that English folly desired to maintain as a sort of bramble-wilderness barrier or 'Tom Tiddler's ground' between two civilized nations. Backed by railroads and ample lines of supply and of transport, Russia now stands armed on the threshold of India, which nothing but British imbecility in obstinately denying her an outlet in any other direction will ever tempt her to cross; and yet, while she already occupies and can never be ousted from this commanding point of vantage, it is actually still thought worth while to maintain a chronic situation of dangerous turmoil in the East of Europe, lest, forsooth, a few Russian ships emerging from the Dardanelles, and having to pass a dozen points in the Archipelago where the English and Italian navies could bar their further progress with the greatest ease, should threaten India (already at Russia's feet as much as it can ever be) by running the gauntlet of the canal through (British) Egypt, thence through the Red Sea and past its key, (British) Aden! Or is it, perchance, feared that, slipping past (British) Gibraltar, they should reach India (query: under sail? for no coal would be available) by way of the Cape of Good Hope, or may be Cape Horn. For a parallel to the situation we must imagine (with some difficulty) Canada an independent nation, having got through the Government corruption epoch with the loss only of Nova Scotia, and then picture to ourselves Newfoundland coerced by the United States, or perhaps by Chili, into blockading the St. Lawrence. How long would it be tolerated for Canadian Government ships returning from service in the West Indies or in Europe to be debarred from approaching Ottawa, or whatever city may eventually become their capital, any nearer than Vancouver, and having to round the Horn to do that? How long would Austria or Italy submit to be shut into the Mediterranean by a prohibitive agreement between England at Gibraltar and Spain at opposite and far more impregnable Ceuta? Keeping the Dardanelles closed is assuredly no protection to Constantinople against Russia, which can go there when she pleases without passing them, encountering no resistance except from the comparatively weak forts on the upper Bosphorus, easily turned by a landing on the Black Sea coast. It is curious to observe the difference in the armament and efficiency of these two positions of about equal natural strength; the weaker defence by far being opposed to Russia, and the stronger to western Europe. It should also be noted that it is only in time of peace, when no danger exists, that the closing of the Dardanelles in conformity with treaties is enforced. In time of war England has always been the first to disregard and violate the regulations on this point dictated by herself."

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Ah! I was fogged by the Materialistic,
By Huxley and by Zola, Koch and Moore;
And now there comes a Maelstrom of the Mystic,
To whirl me further yet from sense's shore.

Microbes were much too much for me, Bacilli,
Bewildered me, and Phaygooytes did daze,
But now the author cuts of "Piccadilly,"
Harris the Prophet, the Blavatsky craze.

Thibet, Theosophy, and Bounding Brothers—
No, Mystic Ones—Mabatmas I should say,
But really they seem so much like the others
In slippery agility!—day by day

Mystify me yet more. Those germs were bad enough,
But what are they when compared to Astral Bodies?
Of Useless Knowledge I have almost had enough,
I really envy unenquiring noddies.

I would not be a Chela if I could,
I have a horror of the Esoteric,
Besant and Olcott may be wise and good,
They seem to me pursuing the chimerical.

Maddened by mysteries of "Precipitation,"
The Occult Dream and the Bacillus-Dance;
We need Societies for the propagation
Of Useful—Ignorance.

—London Punch.

AT THE OPERA.—Auditor (enthusiastically)—Why, your prima donna sings like a canary!

Madager (dryly)—Yes, but her bill is much larger.

"So Tuffer is really engaged to Miss Pond?" "Yes, sudden, wasn't it?"
"I should say so. Love at first sight, I presume." "No; not till second sight. You see the first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."

"I want an egg plant," said a young married woman to the grocer. "I'm sorry, but I haven't one in the store just now." "Well, I must get one somewhere, and raise my own eggs; for I'm resolved not to pay such high prices for them."

Innocent Maiden to Experienced Lawyer—"Maude says she is not engaged; it is only an understanding. What is an 'understanding'?"
Experienced Lawyer—"Oh!—a contract by which the lady is bound while the gentleman is free."

APPROPRIATE LOCATION.—"Yes," said a friend of the person they were discussing, "he is a great traveller, and tells you some of the most marvellous stories." "Where does he live?" was the question. And the very natural answer was, "Oh, in some out-and-out-lying district."

WHERE A BET TELLS.—Remember that there is not the slightest use arguing with a person who has not learned the use of logical argument. A bet is a fool's argument, but it is a very good argument to use with a fool; and the bigger the fool the better the argument—both financially and otherwise.

ACCORDING TO SPECIFICATION.—Jenks—A prestidigitator, who gave an exhibition at the Summer hotel I was putting up at, took twenty yards of ribbon, about a peck of flowers, a live rabbit, a lot of cloth and other things out of a hat that was handed to him by some one in the audience.

Banks (wearily)—Was the hat my wife's?

IN LUCK.—"She is very handsome, and they say she is pious, too."

"Yes, she belongs to the Society of Christian Endeavour."

"Do you think you have made any impression on her?"

"Well she is trying to convert me."

"By Jove, you're in luck! She not only wants you for this world, but for the next."

PERCHANCE.—A would-be literary woman, whose enthusiasm for Lord Byron's poetical works has led her to name her two boys Harold and Manfred, recently bought a little dog to which she gave the name "Perchance."

Replying to a visitor's comment upon the singular name of the animal she said, knowingly:—

"I named him for Byron's dog. Don't you remember the line where the poet says, "Perchance my dog will howl?"

THE OLD DISPUTE SETTLED.—Bridegroom (after the ceremony)—"Maud, you and I are one now. It only remains to be decided which is the one. I tried to win you, didn't I?"

Bride—"Yes, Harold."

"And I won. That seems to settle it."

"Not quite, Harold. You tried to win me. You succeeded. Then you are the winner, are you not?"

"Yes, dear."

"And I'm the won."

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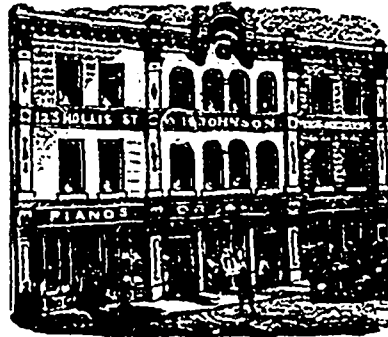
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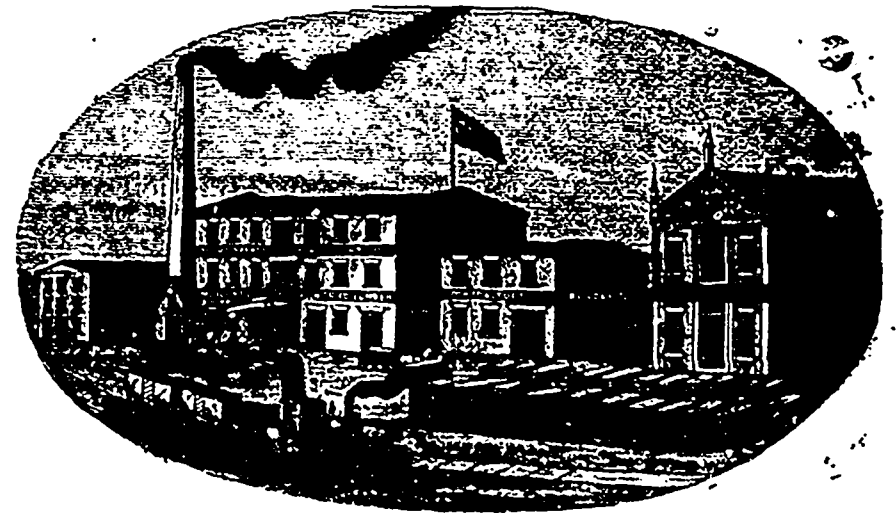
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

A re-constitution of the Cabinet is about to be made at Ottawa.

Thursday, November 26th, has been appointed Thanksgiving day.

The British warship "Bussard" sailed from Bermuda, on the 23rd inst. for Halifax.

The winter arrangements of trains on the I. C. R. is expected to go into effect on Monday.

A heavy south-east rain storm accompanied by high wind prevailed here on Wednesday.

More apples are being shipped from Montreal to Great Britain this year than in any former one.

It is rumored that further boodle transactions on the part of the Mercier government are about to be disclosed.

The powder magazine at Stellarton blew up on Wednesday night, causing a tremendous shock, but there was fortunately no loss of life.

The agency of the Halifax Banking Co. will soon move into new and handsome apartments in the new Pugsley building, Princess St., St. John.

It has been proved that the United States has not violated the Bering Sea Modus Vivendi with Britain by taking more than the specified number of seals.

It is reported that the steamer *City of Rome*, with cattle on board, has been wrecked off Newfoundland, and that only one man survives to tell the tale.

We have received the catalogue of Picton academy for the year 1890-91 and course of study for 1891-92. This well known educational institution is doing good work.

It is announced that Hon. Mr. Haggart will prosecute Rev. Principal Grant for libel in assuming him to be guilty of the crimes with which his name has been connected.

Smallpox has been spreading alarmingly in Quebec, but precautions are being taken to put a check on it. There are about twenty cases reported. Diphtheria is also prevalent.

Reports to the department of agriculture from various stations in the Northwest show that the yield will be, in some instances, as high as 50 bushels to the acre for wheat and 100 for oats.

Three prisoners in Montreal jail received their second instalment of lashes on the 26th inst. for the foul crime of indecent assault. One man cried out, but the other two bore the "cat" without flinching.

The reports of the British Farmers' delegates will be eagerly looked for after they return from their trip in the Provinces. The course they have been pursuing may seriously prejudice them against the country.

A photograph of Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, premier of Canada, comes to us from H. Shorey & Co., wholesale clothiers, Montreal, with an "ad" advising us of the intending visit of the representative of the firm to solicit orders.

Last Thursday at Bathurst, N. B., two children quarrelled and in the fit of passion, the six years old, stuck a knife into the back of his opponent, aged nine years. A doctor was called in and declared that the wounded one's life is in danger.

It is deplorable that no agreement has yet been come to between the striking painters in this city and the employers. The loss on all sides is very heavy and will be severely felt as the winter comes in. Perhaps cold weather will hasten a settlement.

A good many politicians, and other people too, are making a great fuss now-a-days about clergymen interfering with politics, but the pulpit continues to think that politicians should no more be spared denunciation when they go astray than any other sinners.

The work of re-constructing the buildings in the burned district on the water front is being pushed. Messrs. Brookfield Bros. have opened a temporary office for the transaction of business on their wharf. They will erect a large building in place of the old one.

The Times of London says it is understood here that the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Commercial Cable Company have secured the controlling interest in the Halifax and Bermuda cable with a view of extending telegraphic communication to the West India Islands.

Mr. O. Blois has submitted to the City Council a letter offering to erect an oil warehouse on a site on Hanover Street, according to plans previously submitted to the Council. A large number of prominent merchants approve of the scheme. The question has been referred to the Board of Works for report.

Rumors are rife that the Imperial Government intends to increase the number of troops at Halifax and establish permanent military stations at Quebec and Esquimaux on the Pacific coast. It is reported that this step is contemplated for two purposes, one to protect the new military highway, the Canada Pacific Railway, and the other to provide British officers with experience in the Canadian climate.

A petition signed by a large number of influential merchants on the water side has been presented to the City Council objecting to the proposed erection of a steam saw-mill by Brookfield Bros. on the site of Millin's Mill on Taylor's wharf; they objected because it would make it next thing to impossible to secure insurance on their properties. The petition asked that the act be enforced to prevent the erection of the mill.

Number one pilot boat "Cambridge" was run into off Devil's Island on Sunday by the schooner "Annie Simpson," Captain Langlois, and badly damaged. The foresail and jib, all the main rail stanchions, bulwarks and fore-rigging were carried away. It was clear at the time. The "Annie Simpson" was bound hence for Little Glace Bay, but was returning for shelter at the time. After the collision both vessels were obliged to anchor in order to get clear of each other. They afterwards came up to the city. Capt. Hayes will bring an action for damages against the "Annie Simpson."

It is nearly three weeks now since John Taylor swallowed part of a toy whistle. At present he is breathing through the whistle, and as it has made no whistling noise since the first day after the accident, it is thought the rubber attached to the wooden mouth-piece must have dissolved. The incision made in the boy's throat shortly after his admission to the hospital is healing, and he will be discharged in a few days. The lung seems healthy, and the lad's general health seems improving daily. The doctors think it possible that the whistle may yet be dislodged by coughing.—*St. John Telegraph.*

Last Friday evening Claude Barnes, news agent on the W. & A. Railway, was missing from the train, and it was suspected that he had fallen off. A message was telegraphed to a special freight that was following to keep a sharp lookout, which was done. The unfortunate man was found about half a mile this side of Bedford with his arms extended across the track, and had word not been sent to the special both his arms would have been cut off. Barnes was unconscious and sustained serious injuries. How he fell is not explained, but it is thought that owing to his having a sore hand he was unable to steady himself while passing from one car to another.

The royal commission is sitting at Quebec. Judge Jette in opening the session said: "We—myself and my colleagues—hope to do our duty to the best of our ability. We run the risk of losing some of the reputation we have for impartiality, and it will take all our coolness and care. But we hope the lawyers engaged in this case, whose names and reputation are so well known, will assist us as much as possible in doing our duty, and will not allow the heat of debate or their zeal to cause them to use expressions which we do not like to hear." Before closing he made the startling announcement that two of the commissioners had already been the recipients of threatening and anonymous letters. "We are accustomed," he said "to receive anonymous letters as judges, and I suppose we should not be surprised to receive them as commissioners; but though the commission may be revoked it cannot be intimidated or ruled." So far the evidence from C. N. Armstrong, who was called as the first witness, does not differ from that given before the senate committee. Mercier was present but Pacaud was not.

Phillips Brooks was consecrated Bishop of Massachusetts on Wednesday.

The post of honor at the World's Fair will be reserved for Spain as a souvenir of the discovery of America.

The trial for heresy of Dr. Briggs will begin on November 4th. The New York presbytery will have its hands full.

A fine equestrian statue of Ulysses S. Grant was unveiled at Chicago on the 7th inst. The city was *en fete* for the occasion.

The publishers of *Puck*, the well-known comic paper, have been granted space, 50 by 100 feet, for a building on the Exposition grounds, World's Fair, Chicago, in which to show fully every detail of the process of editing and publishing a humorous paper.

George Francis Train attempted to deliver a lecture a few days ago to an American audience, but was howled down by the mob. Mr. Train finally said: "This is the last time I will ever speak to an American audience. Hereafter I am dumb except to children. I shall not fast, but will pack up my things and go to Chicago where I shall spend the balance of my days. Damn the American people anyhow, they do not appreciate me; henceforth, I belong to the little ones."

The November number of *The Season*, just out, is filled with beautiful designs for the fashioning of garments for ladies and children; every garment is plainly represented in the very best manner, and for all occasions. This number should be sent for at once, as the illustrations are of a superior style, and so plain and practical that they can be easily reproduced. Price, 30 cts. each monthly part; yearly \$3.50. The International News Company, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York.

Serious rioting is reported from Rio Janeiro.

The Czar will visit the German Emperor about the end of this month. The cause of Mr. Parnell's death was acute rheumatism, which affected his heart.

There is trouble in British Honduras between the administration and the legislature.

The Queen will raise to the Peerage the widow of the late Right Hon. William Henry Smith.

The story connecting Prince Albert Victor with the suicide of a chorus girl in England is said to be a pure "fake."

It is rumored that Pierce Mahoney, member of parliament for North Meath, will be selected as leader of the Parnellites.

Mr. Richard C. Jubb, the famous Greek professor of Cambridge University, was last week elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Postmaster-General, Mr. Raikes.

Do not wait till your delicate wife or child is past hope of recovery; but take warning now, and faithfully administer Puttner's Emulsion according to the directions. It will be the best investment you ever made.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Stanley had a narrow escape on the Brindisi express a few days ago. The train was completely wrecked by colliding with another train, but all the passengers escaped without injury.

They are looking for leaders in England just now. Mr. Balfour will probably succeed the Rt. Hon. Wm. Smith in the House of Commons, but others are suggested and stand a chance of getting the leadership.

Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, Secretary of State for War, who represents the Horncastle division of Lincolnshire, has informed his constituents that there is no immediate prospect of a general election. He has no reason for believing that it will take place before July, 1893.

The number of the Queen's grandchildren continues to increase, and the birth of the latest, a young Battenburg, has given rise to innumerable comments on the abundance of scions of royalty. The only comfort extracted from the situation is that the succession is beyond peradventure secure.

A papal order just issued announces that it is the decree of the Pope that no further pilgrimages to Rome be undertaken for the present. The Catholic associations which have been engaged in the work are invited to remit to the Pope the funds they have collected for the assistance of needy pilgrims to the holy see.

In the election Friday for a member of parliament to represent Buteshire, Scotland, Murray, Conservative candidate, received 1,335 votes to 990 votes for McCulloch, candidate of the Gladstone Liberals. At the last election Robertson, Conservative, received 1,364 votes to 819 cast for McNeil, the Gladstone Liberal candidate.

The English society for the protection of birds has now 950 members, with the Duchess of Portland as president. Their object is to check the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes, and each member is pledged to restrain from wearing the feathers of any kind of a bird except those used for food and ostrich plumes.

The *Times* publishes a final estimate of the state of crops in Great Britain, and says it anticipates a bad yield and of indifferent quality. Much of the grain stacked is in such a condition as to necessitate great delay before it can be threshed. The real state of affairs, therefore, will not be known for a month. It is possible that the harvest as a whole may not be worse than of recent years, but in many districts the crops will be the worst in forty years, and the farmers will not be able, as they had hoped, to recoup themselves for recent losses by abundant crops and improved prices.

The Maharajah of Mysore is about to visit England, having overcome the prejudice which all good Hindoos feel with regard to an ocean voyage. They abhor the ocean, and crossing it breaks the caste of the offending personage. A council of eminent Hindoo priests were called together by the Maharajah, and they argued the important question how His Highness could preserve his caste if he went to England. The question was satisfactorily settled, and the Maharajah, who is one of the richest and most powerful of the Indian rulers, will soon be the occasion for another royal display in Great Britain.

The British steamer *Storm King* arrived at Dundee on Oct. 12th. She sailed from Montreal September 26th with 630 cattle on board, the stalls for which were erected between decks and on the main deck. During the voyage heavy seas were encountered and much water was shipped, necessitating the closing of the ventilators leading to 'tween decks and the battening down of the hatches. This prevented access of air to the hold, and numbers of cattle in the stalls were suffocated. Some of the seas which boarded the ship tore the stalls on deck to pieces and carried them and the cattle overboard. Others of the live cargo were badly injured by the rolling and pitching of the steamer. They were killed to put them out of agony. In all 152 cattle were lost.

There has been a epidemic of railroad accidents in England and upon the Continent during the past week. There has been considerable wreckage of railroad stock, though the personal injuries suffered have been slight. Four collisions have occurred upon railroads in England since Friday. The express on the North-Western Railway had a narrow escape from a serious calamity at Crewe. Several carriages were wrecked and about twenty persons slightly injured. At Acton an express train on the Great Western Railway dashed into the wreck caused a short time previously by a collision between two freight trains, and a Leicester train on the North-Western Railway collided with an empty carriage which was standing on the track at Niweaton. Several persons were injured.

The *Standard* publishes a communication in regard to the recent so-called aggressive action of Russia in Pamir, which says: "It is high time for England to unsheath her sword in Asia. The Russian tide of conquest, which has flowed steadily eastward for fifty years, must be sent sweeping back to the Caspian. Russia has boldly pushed on until she now stands at the very outposts of India." The *Standard* commenting upon this letter, says it has no liking for "scares" and that its purpose "is not to suggest alarm, but to enforce the necessity of firmness and vigilance," adding, "there is no question of hostilities, but if it were possible to conceive a struggle for supremacy in Asia, it should be decided in Pamir. It would be an easy matter for our Indian authorities to pull down the Eagle which, in ill-timed Chauvinism a Cossack commander hoisted in the wilderness. The game of "bounce" has so far been played with success, but there is a limit beyond which it cannot be pushed. The signal for retreat should be given when the Cabinet of St. James speaks clearly on the subject."

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

The paid-up capital of all the railroads in Great Britain amounts to about \$4,500,000,000.

The name "The King's Daughters" is taken from the forty-fifth Psalm; ninth verse:—"Kings' daughters were among thy honorable women."

Siam has decided to make an exhibit at Chicago, which shall eclipse the one it made at the Paris exposition, where it carried off the honors in the oriental section.

Mr. C. J. Murphy, special representative in Europe of the United States Agricultural Department, has arrived in Berlin with instructions to bring to the attention of the German Government the value of Indian corn as a food product. An outcome of the visit of Mr. Murphy is said to be the appointment of a select committee composed of officers of Medical and Commissary Departments of the army. It is further said that the German Government has already called upon its consular officers in the United States, as well as its diplomatic representatives at Washington, for full reports respecting the use of Indian corn for food.

The British Admiralty is greatly dismayed at the return of the *Berber*, an armored vessel of twelve guns, 10,600 tons and 11,500 horse-power, Captain Rawson, from the Mediterranean, where she has been flying the broad pennant of Vice-Admiral Watson, to Chatham, where she has been paying off, and where she will remain for some time to come. The cause of her return and of the chagrin of the officials is the unsatisfactory working of her 110-ton guns. While those on the *Victoria*, fifteen guns, the flagship of the Mediterranean squadron, Vice-Admiral Sir Anthony Hoskins, and of the *Sans Pareil*, carrying the same number, are admitted to be failures, it has been maintained always that those on the *Berber* were worth all the money that had been put into them. As a matter of fact the officers report that they are afraid to fire the full charges of powder, and that the gun needs examination. It may be considered that this is a death blow to the monster gun business, and the enormous sums expended in their purchase simply have been wasted.



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of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypo-phosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.
A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER
It is indeed, and the little fads and lassos who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.
Beware of substitutions and imitations.
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Have a Magnificent Assortment at Low Prices.

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Household Hardware,

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That is six doors south of Duke St.

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FREEMAN ELLIOT,
163 HOLLIS STREET.

Boys' and Youths' Nap Witney Reefers,
 Boys' Man-O-War Sailor Suits,
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LONDON MADE WHITE SHIRTS.

- C**hurch's Gout and Rheumatic Remedy.
- R**ose Dentifrice to Preserve the Teeth.
- I**ntant Headache Cure.
- T**ar and Wild Cherry for Coughs & Colds.
- I**ron and Quinine Wine Tonic.
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This last preparation has held the continued approval of the best physicians, and it is expressly put up to meet the popular need for a Blood Purifier without being related to the many secret nostrums and quack medicines of the day, of unknown composition and generally of little medicinal value. It is an excellent Skin and Blood Remedy. The above preparations are prepared by and sold at the LONDON DRUG STORE, 117 Hollis Street, J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist, Proprietor, Agent for Laurance's Axis-cut Pebble Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Microscopes, Mirrors, Magnifying Glasses, Night Dispenser on the Premises. Telephone Call 153.

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25 "	50	1,250 00
100 "	25	2,500 00
200 "	15	3,000 00
500 "	10	5,000 00
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999 "	5	4,995 00

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IN AUTUMN.

Dearest, the winds are chill, the ways are wet,
 The golden grain is gather'd in the sheaf,
 And, like a wounded bird, the first dead leaf
 Falls at our feet, but seems to quiver yet
 As with a pang of passionate regret
 For days so brief.

Nay, Time, our master, taketh no denial
 Whether our skies smile fair, or weep for grief
 Yet as his warning shadow gains relief
 When gayest sunshine glistens on the dial,
 So brightest days outspeed our days of trial,
 Though both are brief!

"A LETTER IN BLACK."

In manhood, in the full accomplished glory
 And ecstasy of life,
 Memories of the Golden Land of Morning
 Haunt us in peace and strife.

Vague visions of that fresh and happy season,
 The paradise of youth,
 When earth was one unfading summer landscape,
 And love a blossomed truth.

The pipe of birds, awaking to the sunrise,
 Cool shadows on the lawn,
 The solemn mountains fired with eastern splendor,
 The pastoral calm of dawn.

The shining quiet of the Sabbath noontide
 The musical fleet brooks,
 The evening rest and ever-welcome voices
 Of home-returning rooks.

The windy hands that tapped the frosted casements
 Through the December nights;
 Earth ringed with darkness, and above outshining
 The still, celestial lights.

Remembered echoes of heart-treasured voices,
 The blessing and the prayer,
 Gentle "Good-nights" and tender parting kisses,
 And slumbers calm and rare—

Return to us, with one dear recollection
 Of a sweet mother's face,
 Bright with angelic blessedness and quiet,
 And fair domestic grace.

Rise and return from the dark burial chambers
 Of the mysterious brain,
 Till the over-burdened heart and pining spirit
 Are faint with sense of pain.

—All the Year Round.

The lady who wrote the following article formerly resided in Halifax, so it will be read with interest by our citizens.

HOW TO GET MARRIED.

By A CANADIAN LADY.

An Englishman once said to me, "I cannot understand why so many of our fellows, who have had no thought of marriage while in England, become engaged directly they go to your Canadian stations." Since then I have heard the question many times discussed, but seldom is the real reason given. That it is an undoubted fact that almost every regiment and man-o-war leaving Halifax after the term of service has expired, carries away with it some fair lady to a new home, few people who know anything of the matter will be prepared to deny. The reason is not far to seek. It does not lie in the girls themselves—they are no prettier, wittier, wealthier, or more well-bred than their English sisters—but in the home life and social life that surrounds them.

To begin with the home life. Almost every girl, whether rich or poor, is brought up to be helpful and energetic at home. Servants are hard to keep, and as the experienced ones drift off to the States those left require careful training from their mistresses. Of necessity then every mistress must not only know how things ought to look when well done, but must be able to show her servants how to do them. This necessity is an excellent thing for the girls themselves; it makes them self-reliant, quickens their perceptions, and gives them a knowledge of household management which, while it will enable them to marry poor men, will fit them no less for rich men's wives. A Canadian girl, from long practice, has learnt the art of doing much at home with her own hands, and yet not being dragged down by it as by a burden too great to bear, but taking it all cheerily as part of the day's work, in no way interfering with her pursuits and amusements.

Then the social life, too, helps to influence her character, and I think with a better result than the social life of the upper middle class in England. The amusements are so varied; the life, though by no means as wildly unconventional as many people believe, is so free. A girl brought up to join in many of her brother's amusements—such as canoeing, lobster-spear-ing, fishing and boating in summer, and skating, tobogganing and snow-shoeing in winter—becomes more a companion to him, and mixes more among his friends, than any girl has a chance of doing in England; unless, perhaps, she be the daughter of some country squire. This does not tend to lessen her womanliness, though it perhaps adds to it some of the attributes of a man. She no longer looks upon man either as her natural enemy or her natural prey, but is more than content to hail him as a friend with whom she has much in common. Most men are glad to meet her on these terms, knowing that neither she nor her friends will imagine he is in love with her simply because he drops in more than once to have a chat in her father's house. In many cases a friendship does ripen into love with the consent of both parties, but the friendship is not begun with that end in view.

Another remark made in England is that it is wonderful to see men of good English family anxious to marry the daughters of large tradesmen or merchants. It must be remembered that in a new country everybody works. There is no rule of primogeniture here. Most of the merchants and tradesmen whose daughters marry gentlemen are themselves well educated, and very likely come of some good old Scotch or English stock.

In conclusion, one little word of advice to English parents. If the pretty, ladylike girls one sees about in England were only brought up to be a little more useful with their hands and heads, so that they might be able to live on small incomes if occasion required, and if society would encourage more friendly intercourse between the sexes than is possible at present—when a man needs to be engaged to a girl before he can study her character—I think we should have no need of the magazine articles and letters to the papers which are all too prevalent in England now on the vital question of "Why don't men marry?"—K. O. B., in the *Fall Mall Gazette*.

BOOK GOSSIP.

"One Woman's Way," is a readable but sad story by Edmund Pendleton, published by D. Appleton & Co. in their Town and Country Library. The scene is laid partly in Virginia and partly in Europe. The story deals with the life of a woman whose conscientiousness was carried to an extent that was painful, but finally she finds herself free from any claim whatever on her life and marries the lover who fancied he had given up all hope of her long before.

Worthington Co., 747 Broadway, New York, have just published as No. 21 in their International Library, "A Maiden's Choice," by W. Heimbürg, translated by Elise L. Lathrop, with over 80 photogravures. The book is written with a grace of style peculiar to this clever author, and the work presents a clean, natural story of German life. It shows not only a consummate blending of light and shadow, but also a delicate mingling of pathos and humor, stamping it all in all as a work of exceeding power. It is principally a story of two lives, a young girl's and a young officer's, former playmates, whose love for each other is materially interfered with by questions of rank, position, money and relatives. Price in paper, 75 cents. The same house has also published as No. 9 in their Rose Library, "Aemodous, or, The Devil Upon Two Sticks," by Le Sage, with designs by Tony Johannot. This is a new popular illustrated edition of one of the masterpieces of the world of fiction. Price in cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

The Illustrated News of the World, which is the New York edition of *The Illustrated London News*, reaches its subscribers some time before the English edition, and is therefore highly appreciated. The cuts are clear and represent subjects in which all the world is interested. In the issue of Oct. 3rd we find pictures of Sir Robert Hart, G. C. M. G., Inspector-General of Chinese Customs, in his "den" at Peking; the Duke and Duchess of Fife and their baby; illustrations of the places in China where the riots occurred; hop-pickers starting from London Bridge railway station at midnight; Mr. John Rose, the new London police magistrate; the late Mr. Wm. Partridge; the autumn manoeuvres in Hampshire; several portraits of notable men; a portrait of the new Countess of Dudley; pictures from Central America; illustrations to Hall Caine's serial story, "The Scapegoat," and "The Prince's Whim," by Katherine S. Macquoid, and others of equal interest. Among the most attractive of the regular articles are James Payn's contributions under the title "Our Note Book," "Science Jottings," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, and Andrew Lang's readable writings. The subscription price is \$5 a year in advance, ten cents for single weekly copy. New World Building, City Hall Park, New York.

"Birds of Prince Edward Island," by Francis Bain. Our knowledge of the avian fauna of the neighboring province is very limited, and the present little book will be heartily welcomed by ornithologists, to whom anything from that quarter is valuable. One hundred and fifty nominal species are mentioned—a very small number when compared with the two hundred and forty which are mentioned in the latest catalogue of Nova Scotian birds. Much work yet remains to be done in Prince Edward Island, which in time we hope to see accomplished. After reading the pamphlet through, we regret much that Mr. Bain did not adopt some more modern nomenclature for his birds. Although he may not altogether endorse that of the American Ornithologists' Union, (and we ourselves do not do so in all details,) yet it is well to conform, for the present, to the views of most American scientists until the more conservative voices of Canadian naturalists can have greater power. In such books as the present, scientific names should in all cases be given, but this, unfortunately, Mr. Bain has not always seen fit to do, thus very much decreasing the value of his work—for exactness is one of the characteristics of science. This is especially needed when writing of the shore-birds, and *apropos* of this, we may say that these birds require far more attention than they have received in the Island. In general, Mr. Bain's notes are not full enough nor sufficiently specific, and more is required regarding distribution and abundance. There are many birds that he has surely overlooked; do not the following species occur in his district?—Wilson's Thrush, Magnolia Warbler, Catbird, Maryland Yellow-throat, (in index, but not in text,) Black-throated Green Warbler, Ipswich Sparrow (has been taken, *vide* Chamberlain,) Olive-sided Flycatcher, Warbling Vireo, Raven, Long-eared Owl, Short-eared Owl, Richardson's Owl, Pigeon Hawk, Sharp-shinned Hawk, Hooded Merganser, Razor-billed Auk, Buff-breasted Sandpiper (occurring on the Island, according to Tilston.) Some of these are notable omissions, and the list might be increased. It would be well for the author to watch carefully for these birds. Is he certain he correctly identified the Seaside Sparrow (*A. maritimus*)? Chamberlain does not mention it in his catalogue of Canadian birds. Further particulars are desirable regarding such rare visitors as a Scarlet Tanager, a Red-bellied Woodpecker (!), a White-fronted Goose, etc. There are many other points

we would like to speak of, but in a column like this, which is not technical, such extensive notes would be obtrusive. At a future time we hope to see Mr. Bain, who is an enthusiastic naturalist, undertake a revised list, in which further particulars and greater precision will be found. He has almost been working alone in his locality, and therefore he deserves the sincere thanks of ornithologists for what he has already done. Now that a Natural History Society exists in his province, we hope he will have more helpers in his fascinating work.

The author of "Rutledge," one of the most popular novels ever published in this country, has written a new novel which is to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co. The title of the forthcoming book is "An Utter Failure," and it is described as a work of remarkable interest. As many readers are aware, the name of the author of "Rutledge" is Mrs. Miriam C. Harris.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

AN ENTERPRISING FIRM.—Referring to the firm of Dunlap, Cooke & Co., of Amherst, N. S., the *Gazette* of that town says:—"The active spirit in building up the trade of Dunlap, Cooke & Co. until it has reached out into various parts of the Maritimes, and even to the Pacific coast, is George W. Cooke. Though only a young man, he is full of business enterprise and tact, is up with the times in estimating the value of printers' ink, and in fact a general hustler. The firm knows how to secure business by honorable straightforward methods, giving the best possible value for the price, and having secured it so as to retain it. This is evident in the retention of a large body of customers through a series of years. So rapidly has their trade increased that the premises specially fitted up for them four years ago, and believed to be ample for many years, have been found insufficient, and they have been obliged to seek more extended quarters. These were secured in Treen's brick block, and fitted up to meet their requirements, and to these they have just removed. A new department which the firm is introducing is the manufacture of men's and women's fur garments of all kinds. The comfort derived from wearing furs in this rigorous climate is bringing them into such general use that the opportunity for having fur garments made to order in our town will be generally appreciated, and doubtless a large trade will be the result. The firm will keep a large stock of the leading varieties, bought in the best markets. The work-room is in the third story, it is 66x25 ft., and thoroughly lighted. In a short time 50 people will be at work here, so as to keep abreast of the orders, for in addition to the two travellers heretofore on the road in N. B., the services of Joseph Sheasgreen, lately with Blanchard, Bentley & Co., Truro, have been obtained for the British Columbia trade, and he will open a branch of the business at Vancouver, but all clothing orders will be filled at Amherst."

The fine weather has enabled the Stellarton Brick Company to push work vigorously. By the end of this week the company will have turned out ten hundred thousand of brick of a superior quality. The demand is so great that not a brick has been yarded. As soon as the bricks are turned out of the kilns they are shipped to market.—*Journal and News*

IN THE MACHINERY HALL.—One of the most interesting machines to be seen working is the baby machine, which shows in a small way how nails are made in the extensive nail factory of Messrs. S. R. Foster & Son, on Georges Street. The operations of the small machine are watched with interest. In the firm's factory 13 machines are running full blast all the time turning out immense quantities of wire nails of all sizes. Besides these there are 42 nail and tack machines and a big spike machine weighing about eight tons, and these turn out cut and clinch nails, tacks and spikes ranging from the smallest tacks to the largest spikes. Nine polishing machines brighten up the products of the factory. About 60 employees are kept steadily at work, and the business of this enterprising firm is yearly growing. Although such a demand has sprung up for wire nails, the firm hold that the claims made for them are more than are warranted, and that the old-fashioned cut nail has much the best holding qualities. The cut nail separates the fibres of the wood and allows them to spring back, while the wire nail makes a clean smooth hole for itself and easily draws out. Tests have proven that cut nails have over double the holding power of the wire nails. The cut nails made by this firm are the strongest and best to be procured anywhere.—*St. John Gazette, Exhibition note.*

Nova Scotia has taken a new departure in the construction of lumber-carrying ships, by which a high rate of speed and sailing qualities and great carrying capacity are to be combined. The barquentine *Argentina*, built for the South American lumber trade, is the pioneer vessel in this recent addition to Canada's merchant marine. The *Argentina*, with a registered capacity of 583 tons, will carry 600,000 feet of lumber, while she can easily sail 12 knots an hour. She carries an immense deck load of lumber without any ballast whatever. She is expected to leave Montreal about 1st inst. for the River Plate with a cargo of lumber, the first of the season from that port to that part of South America. Allowing 10 days to clear the river and gulf, she expects to make the balance of the run to Monte Video in 40 days, making the time for the whole run 50 days or thereabouts. The average time for an ordinary sailing vessel from Montreal to the River Plate is about 70 days.—*Canadian Lumberman.*

The foundry of Weir & Morrison at Stellarton was destroyed by fire last Sunday morning. Loss about \$3,000. The machine shops were saved. The proprietors were both former residents of Amherst; Mr. Morrison being the son of James Morrison of this town. Their many friends here will sympathize with them in their loss.—*Amherst Gazette.*

COMMERCIAL.

There has been little change to mention in the general trade situation this week, but there are symptoms of an increasing tendency towards more activity in most lines. Already the more seasonable weather has had quite a stimulating effect upon the dry goods trade especially, and both wholesalers and retailers are reaping the advantage. In groceries indications are not wanting of a speedy revival of an active demand. Prices in all lines are very firm, and the utmost confidence in the future of business is expressed on all hands. The leather trade has had another small consolation in a failure in Quebec, but as the concern has long been known to be in a shaky position the effects of its downfall have been largely discounted. Hides have shown a slight decline, but are without any activity at all. Cement has improved a little in position, owing to light receipts. Money is in fair request at steady rates, and mercantile paper is taken at the banks at 6 to 7 per cent discount, as to names and time. In London money in the open market was 3 per cent, and in the Bank of England the rate was exchanged at the same figure. Three per cent rentes in Paris were 96 fr. 7½c. United States bonds in London were 120½ for 4's and 103 for 4½'s. Consols in London steady at 94 11-16 for money and 94½ for account. Gold is still coming over in large quantities from Europe to New York, to be used in moving the enormous grain crops of this year.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW OF HENRY CLEWS & Co., NEW YORK, OCTOBER 10, 1891.—“The course of values upon the stock exchange during the past week has been in close accordance with what was indicated in these advices three weeks ago. The rise has been checked, profits have been turned into cash, and recessions of varying importance followed. Beyond the breaks in Missouri Pacific and Rock Island, there has been no fresh cause of weakness, save the withdrawal of London support. Nevertheless, the market has been dull and listless. On the one side there is an almost impenetrable bulwark of confidence in the future, which makes every holder of stocks, large and small, obstinate in the refusal to sell. The natural result is stagnation. The market has literally been bullied to death; and nothing short of a shaking up of some sort will lift it out of present conditions. Unless the leaders soon bestir themselves, the opportunities for an active bull market during the next few months will be materially modified. Leadership is essential, and to be successful it must be of the sort that attracts, not repels, followers. Activity is what is needed. Everyone recognizes that the rise has been sufficient for the time being. It is going a little to fast to think of discounting the gains of twelve months in as many weeks. Rest and reaction are necessary to check imprudences and obtain broader and safer views of the future.

For the last few days transactions have been almost left to traders, who made little impression upon values. It is probable, then, that present inactivity if continued will lead to somewhat lower prices. Those who have taken profits are already anxious for a decline which would admit of new buying and afford the basis of a further rise later on. My opinion is that the activity of the market would be more benefited in the end by a fair decline rather than an advance; and, with speculative forces divided as they now are, the outlook is certainly more favorable to a fall than rise. At the same time the exceedingly strong undertone of the market cannot be overlooked; and, until events shape themselves more definitely, we may expect a good trading market in which quick turns are preferable to long holding.

The home monetary situation is satisfactory. This week's bank statement will be made on rising averages, and ought therefore to be a favorable one. Owing to prudent Treasury management and expansion in the circulation, together with plentiful gold imports and the strong position of the associated banks, there is little prospect of extreme stringency in money. Enough and to spare seems probable for crop and trade requirements, though the demand from the latter quarter may subsequently become urgent enough to stiffen rates and so affect speculation. When stocks are active there is always an attempt to manipulate money; but we do not anticipate any natural stringency for some weeks to come. Earnings continue to show handsome gains, both net and gross; and, altogether, the railroad future is as bright as it well could be.”

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

	Week		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date			
	Oct. 9.	Prev.	1890	1889	1888	1891	1890	1889	1888
United States	230	208	183	243	195	9250	7508	8737	7671
Canada	38	29	20	28	31	1378	1210	1226	1651

DRY GOODS.—The change from the recent unusual heat to more seasonable fall weather has naturally had a good effect upon business, and retailers have been pretty busy the past few days. Travellers now out on their sorting trips are sending in orders which are fully as large as the average of the last few years, thus filling the expectation of a good fall trade. Prices of all classes of textile goods are firmly held, and this feature is strengthened by the general absence of job lots of goods on the market as has too frequently been the case, especially in the past few years. Remittances this month are slow, as was fully expected, but merchants are looking forward to an improvement next month.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—The hardware trade is improving, as wholesale men are more willing to sell, and retailers are sending in orders more freely, now that the outlook for the winter and spring trade is brighter, on account of the enhanced credit of the country arising from excellent crops all over Canada. There is no change in pig iron, and business seems as far away as ever. However, stocks here are light, and notwithstanding the reluctance of buyers values generally are well maintained. Tin plates are unchanged from a week ago, and values are steady for the time being, owing to small supplies on hand. In fact some dealers appear to doubt the probability of easier prices this fall, for the very good reason that makers on the other side are behind with their orders. The demand forterne plates is

small, and in the absence of business there is nothing to note. Values remain unchanged. In metals the feeling is easier as regards copper, and prices for round lots have been shaded. No change has occurred in tin or lead, while business in them has been unimportant.

BREADSTUFFS.—There has been no change in the local flour market since our last writing, business ruling quiet and of the same character as previously noted. Values rule easy on the whole and are more or less nominal in the absence of an active turn-over. Beerbohm's cable reports wheat improving and corn steady but nothing doing in the latter. In Liverpool, spot wheat strong, corn firm. The tone of the French country markets is steady. Wheat in Chicago was strong in the early part of the week on account of better cables but, as these were not supported by buying orders, they failed to stimulate much outside demand and, therefore, this grain has remained about as before. Bradstreet's reports an increase of wheat stocks on both American coasts of 3,600,000 bushels. Corn there has been very dull and the shipping demand light, although very small receipts caused an active enquiry for non-speculative grades. The offerings for this month were large and prevented any advance in other deliveries, although the demand was fair. On the whole the market has been very quiet and rather fair. In New York wheat declined ½c. In Toledo, Duluth and Milwaukee wheat remained quiet but steady.

PROVISIONS.—In this market there is a continued good demand for pork, and the market holds very firm, owing to the very small stock. Dealers say that business is fully up to the average, and on the whole satisfactory. At Liverpool provisions were dull and without change. In Chicago provisions were weak and declined 5c. to 10c., lard about 3c., and ribs about 5c. However, the cash demand was brisk, nearly 2,000,000 pounds of ribs being sold in one day for shipment at 25c. over November prices. There was some liquidation of outside December pork. Manufacturers appeared as sellers of January. Foreigners were sellers of lard. Stockyard advices were weaker, though the quality of arrivals greatly improved. Packers sold freely on this, but at the decline, local speculators bought freely, causing a slight reaction.

BUTTER.—The local market continues to be very scantily supplied with all grades of butter, and the stock in hand is now considerably less than at the corresponding or any other period during the past few years. The large losses made in butter by consignors and importers from the West have discouraged the making of butter in Canada. This, with the fact that Great Britain and other foreign markets are ready to take all the cheese that we can produce, and the facilities that farmers now enjoy for turning over their milk to the numerous cheese factories, has caused the production of butter to become very limited, because it is not relatively profitable. Really good butter (choice) is now bought up here eagerly at 18c. in wholesale lots. Shop-packed at 13c. to 15c. Lower grades are very scarce, the market being almost cleaned out of cooking butter. The advent of cooler weather will doubtless facilitate the importation of good Canadian stock, which will probably be soon on the market, and when it arrives, will command about 18c. Farmers' fresh butter—made weekly—in small packages, if very choice, is worth 20c. A London letter reports as follows:—“The butter market has remained in pretty much the same condition, though shortage in supply has sent up Dutch and Irish 3s. to 4s. on the week. Danish sells from 112s. up to 122s., a long figure, but cheerfully paid for good parcels, while at Manchester up to 125s. has been paid. Normandy participates in the upward feeling, though there is a lot of previous and ancient stock to be quitted at any rate that can be got. American takes another peg, and is quoted 84s. to 90s. for creameries, 72s. to 76s. for factories.”

CHEESE.—The local market is by no means overstocked although the supply appears sufficient to meet the present demand. The conditions are favorable to an advance in prices before long. Nova Scotia full-cream from favorite factories, August make, are quoted at 10c. to 10½c. July make and Canadian 9c. to 10c. Two-ib. cheeses 12c. per lb. Skin 5c. and 8c. The above figures are all wholesale rates. In London trade in English and foreign cheese has been firm this week, but no change in prices is visible to the naked eye, though expected reports from some quarters wear a decided bull aspect. Speculators here are not wanting to rush at a gate like their American compeers, too often alas! to break their necks on the other side; and they are consequently waiting to see what this month's developments in the way of make will be. In any case prices must go higher, and forward sales of September have been made at 53s. to 54s. per cwt.

EGGS.—Receipts here are very light and stocks in hand are practically nil. Eggs are readily taken up at wholesale at 13c., and the market seems likely to advance. A London correspondent reports:—“Supplies of eggs have been moderate, and prices have been advanced 3d. per long hundred on French, quoted up to 9s. 6d. When I advised Canadian shippers to ship at once, I did not mean stale eggs. If exporters want to kill a likely trade, let them go on their present track as far as London is concerned. One importer requests me to ask my Canadian friends not to ship at all unless they can send goods of a less doubtful character, while another says, owing to the unsatisfactory nature of those received last week his customers will not look at Canadian eggs. Messrs. W. Bennett & Co. of this metropolis state that they regret that the arrivals of Canadian eggs this week are by no means satisfactory, as they consist of stale goods, which will mean a great loss to shippers. This is indeed a pity. An attempt to retrieve by candling out has proved unsuccessful, many blacks and spots showing up. I am asked to advise my Canadian readers to be cautious what they ship to this market, or they will ruin the reputation of Canadian eggs and make it difficult to sell them at a later period when they may be arriving in as perfect a condition as initial shipments. It is to be hoped shippers will be cautious and not run the risk of repeating the story of Canadian butter on our market.”

FRUIT.—There is no change to note in green fruit with only a very

ordinary jobbing trade doing. Holders of dried fruit show no anxiety despite the fact that buyers are very indifferent, or, at any rate, appear so at the moment.

TEAS.—There is a good demand for medium and lower grades of teas, anything worth from 10 1/2c. to 17c., being freely picked up.

COFFEES.—The market has ruled quiet at about former quotations, though these would be certainly shaded for lots of considerable size.

SUGAR.—There is a fair amount of business doing in sugars and, while raw sugars are strong and have advanced 1 1/2c. to 3-16 on all grades, the local refineries have made no advance in the price of refined but hint at an early advance if the strength in raws continues unabated.

FISH.—The local market continues to be very dull, and affords no room for new comment. Receipts continue to come to hand but in very small quantities, and rather inferior as to size and quality to what is generally expected.

Labrador salmon rule firm at \$14 for prime stock, while shore herring show no change from \$1 75 to \$5.25 per bbl. Gloucester, Mass., Oct. 14.—"Codfish are in fair receipt, with a good demand and upward tendency in prices.

What Rev. J. W. McGregor writes K. D. C. Co.—Dear Sirs:—You are welcome to make use of any words I have written to you in reference to K. D. C. The name of the remedies I have tried for dyspepsia during the past 16 years is legion, none helped me like K. D. C.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.—WHOLESALE SELLING RATES.

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

Table with multiple columns: GROCERIES, BREADSTUFFS, HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS, FISH, PROVISIONS, BUTTER AND CHEESE, SALT. Includes items like SUGARS, TEA, MOLASSES, Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Mackerel, Herring, Beef, Pork, Lard, Cheese, Butter, and various grades of flour and wheat.

IN FADED INK.

LEAVES FROM TWO OLD DIARIES.

(Continued.)

I am now an idle man, having retired from my Queen's messengership about five years since in consequence of a terrible railway accident between Paris and Vienna, in which I was one of the worst sufferers. It played sad havoc with my constitution, and threatened at one time to deprive me of the use of my limbs altogether. The worst of that, thank Heaven, is past! I still walk with a stick, and pass a good deal of my time every year wandering from one foreign watering place to another, chiefly because the mode of life has become habitual to me; but in reality I am as strong and healthy as ever—indeed I often think I am accepting under false pretences the very comfortable pension awarded me by her Majesty in consideration of injuries received in her service—the more so as I have lately become a man of some means, my one relative, old Colonel Verschoyle, having died and left me heir to all his possessions, including a snug little estate down in Hampshire.

Somehow the thought of that place, which I have never seen since I was a boy, but which I recollect as remarkably pretty and charmingly situated, always depresses me. What a home one could make of it in certain circumstances; but of how little use is such a legacy to a lonely man like me!

I am far more at my ease in the suite of rooms which, if they are vacant, I never fail to secure when my wanderings among the Pyrenean baths bring me for a temporary halting-place to this queer little out-of-the-way town of Bagnères de Bigorre.

To be sure, a warm welcome is always something—and Madame Clemenceaux is invariably glad to see me. I have recommended at least a dozen good tenants to her apartments at Beau Sejour, and I never omit to pay her a regular *visite de ceremonie* on my arrival, whether she is occupying the suite of rooms beneath me, or, having let those, has betaken herself to a marvellous kind of wooden kiosk, painted green, with an immense gilt ball at the top, which she has erected to suit her own fancy in the middle of the gay little garden at the back of the house, and in which, when all her available rooms are let, she cooks, eats, dresses, sleeps, and passes her existence comfortably enough.

This year the insufferable heat has driven me from the baths at Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes earlier than usual. Down here in the plains the air blows more freely than in those narrow frowning mountain-gorges, and it is inexpressibly refreshing to exchange the bustling overcrowded hotels, crammed with *poitrinaires* real or imaginary of all ages and both sexes, for the cool silence and loftiness of Madame Clemenceaux's first-floor suite at Beau Sejour. She does not care to divide the rooms, and, although they are more in number than I require, her charges are so moderate that I do the thing *en prince*, and take them all for myself and my servant. It is a great recommendation to me that there is a balcony on two sides of the house, on to which all my apartments open, and whence I can, if I please, watch my solitary dinner, sent in by contract from the neighboring Hotel de France, advancing for some yards down the road on the head of a white-aproned *garçon*, who is generally accompanied by half a dozen street curs deeply interested in his proceedings.

The house itself is situated on the outskirts of the town, with the level white high-road, bordered on either side by alternate poplars and pollarded willows, running past the door. Flat marshy fields, gay in spring with marsh-marigolds and in autumn with pale lilac, stretch on either side of the highway beyond the poplars, with here and there a group of cattle feeding, a low-growing clump of trees, or a solitary white house to relieve the monotony of the scene; but otherwise the line of grassy land lies quite unbroken till it merges into the long chain of lofty mountains dim and shadowy in the purple distance.

To-day I was returning from a solitary ramble along this road when the event occurred which led to my opening this book again. When not more than a quarter of a mile from this house, I came upon two persons engaged in an animated quarrel. They were a miserable, repulsive-looking, misshapen, raggedly-clothed dwarf, of childish nature but mature age, and a little boy apparently about eight or nine years old. The cause of dispute was a dog, a finely grown but half-starved animal of the Pyrenean breed, evidently the property of the cripple, and harnessed to a small hand-cart loaded with large heavy stones, which was certainly too much for it to pull.

A shower of blows from a short thick stick was being directed by the dwarf upon the gaunt bony frame of the helpless animal; but more than half of these fell, utterly disregarded, upon the hands, arms, and even the uncovered fair head of the little boy, who struggled with all his might to save the dog from the chastisement of his infuriated master. While the struggle was going on, the man was shouting out a string of vile oaths in an unpronounceable *patois*.

The combat of course was absurdly unequal; yet the child used all his puny strength with the most unflinching courage, till, suddenly glancing in my direction, he loosed his hold upon the dog's harness, and, running up to where I stood, clung to my arms with both hands in the most imploring manner.

"You are big and have a stick!" he panted. "You can punish him well for beating his poor dog, who is not strong enough to drag all those great stones! Oh, do, pray, sir, make the man unload the cart! Oh, do—do! See—he is going to hit him again!"

The child's voice rose to a scream of excitement as he spoke, and he made another despairing attempt to hold the dwarf's upraised arm. It was plainly not a case where either threats or expostulations would be of any avail, the owner of the dog being nearly, if not quite, an imbecile; but the

sight of a two-franc piece worked wonders, and the dwarf soon gave heed to our wishes. The cart was rapidly lightened of its overpowering weight—an operation in which my new acquaintance, greatly to the detriment of a clean holland sailor-suit, most energetically assisted—and the little episode was thus brought to a peaceable termination.

As the dwarf with his dog and empty cart rattled off cheerfully enough in front of us in the direction of the town, the boy, who still lingered at my side, picked up his discarded sailor-hat from the dust where it lay, and, placing it upon the back of his head, thrust a small hot hand confidently into mine.

"I will walk home with you if you like, sir," he remarked, with the perfectly frank, easy manner of a child unaccustomed to meet with any rebuff. "I am so glad we made that horrid dwarf unload the cart—aren't you? Mother says the peasants treat their animals shamefully. She says, if she was rich, she would try and get up a society like they have in England for preventing cruelty. She loves horses and dogs and cats and everything—and so do I!"

"And who is your mother, and who are you?" I asked, amused at the child's quaint manner and at the friendly fashion in which he trudged along at my side.

"Oh, I'm Cecil—Cecil Gresley, you know!" he answered promptly, raising a pair of lustrous, strangely familiar blue eyes with long sweeping lashes to my face as he spoke. "Mother's name is 'Fred'—at least, it's 'Eltreda' really, only that's such a long name, isn't it? I like 'Fred' best, and so does she, but, since father died, there hasn't been anyone to call her that of course!"

Nobody to call her "Fred"!

Well, somehow or other I got rid of the boy—her boy—at the door of Beau Sejour, with a willing promise from him that he would come and spend an afternoon with me soon and stay to tea if I wished it, and groped my way in a kind of dream up the rather narrow staircase to my sitting-room.

So we are near each other once more, my lost love and I! It is strange that during the whole ten years that have elapsed since I wrote her a little note at Grantham Manor, to which she did not deign to reply, our paths have never crossed until to-day. Yet, after all, I have only myself to thank for it. Although by my own folly I forbade any answer but a favorable one to my appeal, I yet cherished a deep resentment against her for not sending me some acknowledgement of the letter. When one stakes so much upon one throw and it fails, life does not seem worth having for a long while afterwards. Even now, when so many years have passed, the prospect of meeting her even in such changed circumstances sets my heart throbbing madly; before, as the wife of another man, I would have placed the continent of Europe between us, if I could, for ever!

"No one to call her 'Fred'! Ah, her father, poor old Sir John, who never guessed what had so estranged me from him, died five years ago; and her aunt Miss Harrie Grantham married, I remember, a gouty old Governor-General, and went out to help him to keep some insignificant island in order. Her husband— Yes, I did hear rumors, to which I always wilfully shut my ears, that he had not turned out altogether a credit to his people. Yet such things are common enough, and, after all, he was plainly the man of her choice—no one forced her into marrying him. Now she is a widow, and evidently living in this small out-of-the-way Pyrenean watering-place—Freda, the petted darling, the spoilt child, for whom nothing could be too good or too costly! And the boy—what eyes he has—Freda's own! "If she was rich," he said. Gresley, I know, had little or nothing in the way of money; but Sir John Grantham was always supposed to be a man of wealth. She cannot surely have been left without a good income! Well, Madame Clemenceaux is sure to know all about them. I must pay an evening visit to the *Parillon*, as she calls her kiosk, and find out what I can.

Sitting on a queer little blue-damask sofa in Madame's den, with the scent of mignonette and a hundred other sweet-breathed flowers stealing in through the open green door, I have learned all she can tell me—all indeed that anyone in Bagnères de Bigorre knows about the Gresleys.

They arrived here in the autumn of last year, just after I had left for Algiers, where I spent most of the winter, and took a small cheaply-furnished house at the other end of the town on the Tarbes road. Several of the residents called, but received only cards in return, the new arrivals declining all society on the plea of Mr. Gresley's ill-health. This fact, however, which was fully established by Monsieur's wasted appearance, did not prevent his passing most of his evenings at the principal cafes and billiard saloons of the town; in one of these, during a moment of excitement, he broke a blood-vessel, from the effects of which accident he never rallied, dying about Christmas-time after a comparatively short illness.

Since then Madame—who, my informant remarked, was reputed to be "*belle et gracieuse comme une ange*," but whom she herself had never seen without a long crape veil—had lived on in the same little house with her child, a boy about nine years old, and, as far as Madame Clemenceaux knew, had no intention of leaving Bagnères. Her son attended a class for English children conducted by the resident English clergyman of the place, and she herself continued to lead a most secluded life, apparently desirous of no companionship but that of her child. So far Madame Clemenceaux.

To-morrow I intend to pay a visit to the little villa on the Tarbes road.

Her Story.

Villa Rosina, Bagnères de Bigorre, Aug. 18, 18—

Mr. Evelyn has been here.

How strange the words look now that I have written them, just as though it were an every-day occurrence! He has only just left us, Cecil

running before him to open the garden gate and present him with a full-blown marigold for a button-hole.

How differently things always turn out from what one expects! For years I have wondered at times how and where and when I should meet him, and to-day, looking out of my window, I saw my old friend walking calmly up the garden path to pay me an afternoon call, as though we had parted only yesterday.

I little thought who the gentleman who won my boy's gratitude by saving a poor dog from a beating would turn out to be! "Such a kind old man, mother!" Cecil said, describing what had taken place. Children have strange ideas of age. Certainly Mr. Evelyn has turned gray—from ill-health, I should fancy—and he is not nearly so erect as he used to be; but no one would dream of calling him old.

He must find me greatly changed. I remember poor Cecil used to tell me often that he never knew a woman lose her good looks as quickly as I lost mine—and it used to hurt me to hear him say so; though of course one cannot always expect to remain a girl. Anxiety—particularly anxiety that one wishes to hide and cannot share—plays sad havoc with one's appearance.

Still I think, in his quiet way, Mr. Evelyn was pleased to see me; and I— Well, the whole of my old happy life seemed to rise up before me as I listened to his familiar voice and watched him sitting opposite to me with his back to the small vine-wreathed window of our sitting room, and his fingers toying as he talked with a little pair of scissors of mine shaped like a stork. That is an old habit of his; I remember it well; he has handled those same old scissors, which I have had ever since I was twelve years old, in just the same way scores of times at Grantham.

Of course he has long since forgiven me for what he must always have considered my refusal of him. Probably he is thankful now that he never formed any ties; for he seems to have settled down into a regular bachelor-existence and to get a fair amount of enjoyment out of life in his own calm meditative fashion.

I am glad of it; and I should not care to think of him with a wife and half dozen children like everybody else, for one thing, I should lose my friend if he were married—for he is a friend, I am sure—and, when one has so few, and has dropped out of the way of making any more, each friend is of great consequence. Then too there is no impertinent curiosity about him; he asks no questions, makes no attempt to pry into the past, seems to think it the most natural thing in the world that I should be living solitary here in this poor little house, with no English servants or luxuries about me. He has seen enough of the world to know that when one has not been very successful in life one's former friends and relatives generally contrive to ignore one's existence altogether. Still my present position must strike him as strange, I think. Some day perhaps I may be able to tell him my story—tell him of the sad memories associated with a quiet grave in the English churchyard here, where in early spring Cecil and I planted roots of primroses and blue and white violets sent to us from the woods at home.

Yes—some day; but not now! It is good to rest a little sometimes—to live on in a quiet leafy solitude like this, vexed with no deeper cares than whether the one peach-tree in our little garden will bear fruit or no, whether the strawberry plants put in so carefully by Baptiste in the sunny border beneath my bed-room window will fail or flourish in foreign soil as they used to flourish at Grantham years ago.

His Story.

Beau Sejour, September 2, 18—.

I have seen her—not once, but several times. At first, when she came to me in the little vine-shaded room of the cottage in her straight black gown and heavy crape, I thought her terribly changed; yet now in my eyes she is more lovely—more lovable than ever. True, the roundness and freshness of early girlhood are gone; but there is beauty in the delicate outline of the pale fair cheeks and a sweet pathos in the shadows beneath the lovely blue eyes.

The little house on the Tarbes road was easy enough to find—a small detached cottage, two storeys high, with a vine clambering about its dingy white front and shabby green shutters, sun blistered and sadly in need of paint, but the small garden in front gay with common autumn flowers, and one goodly plane-tree which threw a blessed shade across the narrow windows and under the branches of which my small acquaintance Cecil was playing with an ugly fat yellow puppy when I presented myself at the door to pay my first call.

She must have suffered terribly—of that there can be no doubt.

Everywhere, but most of all in a small place like this, particulars of one's past, in versions more or less garbled, always leak out by degrees; and in Freda's case the sad death of her husband so soon after their arrival naturally set all the gossips' tongues wagging.

From Mostyn, the English chaplain here, a worthy fellow enough, whose kind-hearted wife showed Mrs. Gresley the warmest sympathy in her trouble, I gather that Gresley turned out an utterly incurable gambler, that his own family helped him out of his difficulties once or twice, but finally refused to have anything more to do with him; that he squandered all his wife's money with the exception of a small sum, which was so secured that he fortunately could not touch it; lastly, that poor old Sir John Grantham, broken-hearted at his son-in-law's reckless conduct, offered Freda and her boy a home at the Manor just before his death, provided she would consent to a separation from her husband—which condition she refused to comply with.

(To be continued.)

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branches, promptly attended to by first-class
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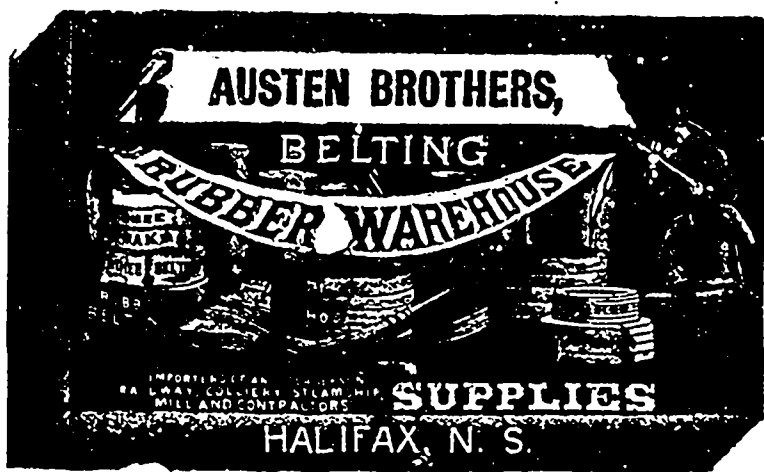
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MINING.

MOUNT UNIACKE.—The new work being done on the West Lake property is proving equal to expectations. Mr. Madill has already shown some fine "sights," and hopes soon to start his mill with the output of this property. This will undoubtedly start up some of the dormant owners of properties in the west end of the camp, as the claims are good ones and paid fairly well when in operation, and shut down only through lack of energy or ability to push developments. A few nights ago the New Alpha Camp was the recipient of a visit from a huge "Bruin," which evidently had a "breaking up" effect upon the manager, as he has not been seen in camp since. Work, however, goes on without interruption, still piling up 7 to 8 ounce per ton quartz, which is to be crushed at the Phoenix Mill as soon as repairs at the latter are completed. On the Phoenix claims some new prospecting is being done, preparatory for more extensive developments next spring. Messrs. Prince & Son, part owners in this property, are very sanguine of rich returns from the new management of the property.

WAVERLEY.—The operations of the Lake View Gold Mining Company at American Hill were watched with the greatest of interest by mining men, as the works were in charge of a very able mining engineer, and the success of the company meant the revival of gold mining in what had been one of the richest districts in the Province.

It was generally conceded that the district had been damaged by unskilful mining, and it was felt that the size, uniform richness and continuity of the veins well warranted a large expenditure of capital in properly opening them up, and in providing an extensive plant to mine and reduce the ores at the lowest possible cost.

With this end in view Manager Hayward widened and straightened the old main shaft and opened up the mine in proper shape to permit of extensive working.

Hoisting and pumping machinery of the most approved pattern, and of power sufficient for continuous and deep mining, were placed in position, as was also a fine plant of air compressors and drills.

A Corliss engine from the Fraser & Chalmers' works, Chicago, and 6 batteries of 5 stamps each were also set up on solid foundation, and the completed mill is one of the finest in the Province, the ore being first broken in a Gates rock crusher, then falling into bins and being fed to the batteries by patent self-feeders.

While the mill was in process of construction a large amount of ore was hoisted to the surface, which it was expected would average three or four dollars per ton, the former average of the vein, but when this was finally crushed the results were disappointing, and further tests were so discouraging that the works were finally shut down, and it was reported that the machinery was to be sold.

Happily this is now avoided, as Mr. A. A. Hayward, the manager for the company, has now secured a lease of the mine, and will start up the works this or next week.

We trust that his evident faith in the mine will be justified by results and that his reward will be large.

MONTAGUE.—The new stamp mill on the Annand Mine is now at work and large returns may be looked for at the Mines' Office.

OLDHAM.—The Concord Mining Company continue operations and are meeting with success.

CONGLOMERATES.—Mr. W. J. Nelson has a gang of men at work on his areas near Brookfield Station and is taking out rock for mill tests.

Dr. L. Ross and Mr. L. Boyd, mining engineers, the former from Montreal the latter from Dublin, have been examining and surveying mining properties in Cape Breton, where they spent some months, and have lately been examining mines in Lunenburg and Halifax County. They have also visited the Smithfield silver lead mines in Colchester County. Mr. Boyd has been very extensively engaged in lead mining in Spain, and his descriptions of the old Roman workings found there and modern mining are most graphic and interesting. He has also conducted mining operations in other leading localities, and his advent in this Province will likely lead to most beneficial results.

Doctor Ross is also thoroughly posted in mining matters, and at the invitation of the Nova Scotia Gold Miners' Association, gave his impressions of mining in this Province as far as it had come under his observation. This was at the last monthly meeting of the Association, when Mr. Woodhouse, a distinguished English mining engineer, was also invited to address the members. There was a large attendance, and the addresses of both gentlemen were well received and heartily applauded.

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

District.	MILL	Oz. crushed.	Oz. gold.
Shorbrooke.....	Minors'.....	32	5
Oldham.....	Concord.....	14	23½
Caribou.....	Moose River.....	142	26½
Caribou.....	H. Dixon.....	60	69
S. Uniacke.....	Withrow.....	60	46½
Lake Catcha.....	Oxford.....	191	70½
Whiteburn.....	Rosignol.....	60	65
Montague.....	Jos. Kaye's.....	15	22
Malaga.....	Malaga Min. Co's.....	140	199½

SOUTH UNIACKE.—Mr. Thompson, of Thompson & Quirk, had some magnificent samples of quartz, studded with coarse gold, taken from a ten inch lead on their property, the Eastville Mine. The returns from this property continue to prove its great richness.

PORT ARTHUR SILVER MINES.—*The Porcupine*—There are 75 men at work on this property, and operations are progressing apace. Good silver is being taken out right along and the mill is constantly running.

Climax.—The new find near the Badger is being worked with satisfaction to the owners. There are ten men employed. Drifting is being carried on, and they are now in on the vein 145 feet, with very rich ore.

The Augusta.—We intended last week noting the finding of rich silver at this mine. It is in the drift we have spoken of before in these columns, and at a point about where the vein would be intersected. It will be remembered that the shaft left the vein at a distance from the surface and that the drift was then begun. The vein was struck at a point 15 feet north-east and 30 feet south of the main drift, and when first entered upon was 14 inches wide, with the pay streak four or five inches in width and increasing and continuing on the hanging wall. A large number of stringers run from the south intersect and join the main vein, which carries one good wall. Drifting is still being carried on and will be continued for a distance of 75 feet further. When at that distance into the hill they will be from 135 feet to 140 feet below the surface, having from 55 feet to 60 feet overhead more than at present. It is expected that they will then have all the vein matter in that locality together. The vein found carries black and native silver and blende sulphides. It has every appearance of the West End rock when mineral was first struck there. The work is under the charge of Mr. W. Brandon, who is working night and day shifts.—*Herald and Algoma Miner.*

EXPLOSIVES COMMISSION.—Extracts from the report of the Commission on Explosives which met, lately in Stellarton:—The members of Commission present were Messrs Gilpin, Poole, Johnstone, Rea and Crosby. Mr. Gilpin was appointed chairman. The chairman read the section of the Act under which the Commission was appointed. The chairman, in reference to mode of procedure, said they might experiment with different explosives which would occupy time, or hear evidence of parties who had used them. He had a letter from the Sec'y of the Acadia Powder Co. claiming that they had explosives superior to any others in use. The question was, how to deal with such claims. Were they to say with regard to some particular case, "Here is an explosive that may be used with safety," or were they to leave the door open to others.

Mr. Poole said that some explosives which claimed to be flameless were under suspicion. They were, perhaps flameless under certain conditions. He assumed it would be the duty of the Commission to prepare a list of the explosives which produced no flame of a character likely to ignite gas, making the list as general as possible, so that the people who used explosives would be allowed a choice. He saw no objection to accepting the conclusions arrived at by the English, French and German commissions. The best evidence available was that based on numerous experiments, and this was to be had only abroad.

The chairman proposed that evidence be taken as to the safety of Roburite, and after that evidence could be taken in relation to any other explosive.

Mr. Poole read from a memorandum he had prepared. Referring to Roburite he said it absorbed moisture, and when moist would not explode. When dried it regains its explosive quality. He thought all these preparations if fired in an unconfined state would explode gas, but a little tamping would prevent this.

Mr. Johnstone asked how it was that when there were two Roburite cartridges placed in the same hole one would explode and the other would not.

The chairman asked whether the commissioners would approve of explosives composed in such a way that the temperature of ignition would be so many degrees below that of firedamp. Would this be safe?

Mr. Poole thought it would be—perfectly. Mr. Johnstone said it was contended that a larger quantity of an explosive would ignite gas where a smaller quantity would not.

The chairman said it was not proposed to permit the use of the safest powder when gas was present. He thought, to arrive at a general rule, it would be a safe principle to adopt that no explosive should be approved of whose temperature was over 3,300 degrees, Fahr. This was 600 degrees less than the assumed point of ignition of firedamp.

Mr. Poole said that the temperature at which light would be seen would be still low enough not to ignite fire damp. He moved that the commission make the following recommendations:

"That composition of explosives recommended for use be registered in the government office at Halifax—not necessarily for publication."

"That such explosives shall not contain as a product of their detonation any combustible matter such as hydrogen, carbon-monoxide, solid carbon, etc."

Hon. Mr. Church asked how it was to be determined that any of the compounds contained objectionable compositions.

The chairman said, by analysis, which could only be done outside the Province.

Mr. Poole moved in addition to the foregoing resolution, "That the Inspector of mines be authorized from time to time to take samples of explosives for analysis from the makers, vendors, or consumers." Agreed to.

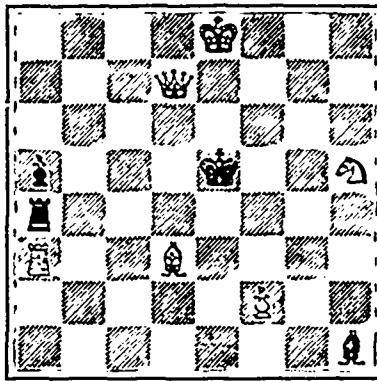
(To be continued.)

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 87.

First prize two-mover in *English Mechanic.*

By G. Heathcote, Manchester, Eng.
Black 4 pieces.



White 6 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves

GAME No. 88.

The following game is fine, and a good illustration of Mr. Pollock's method of extricating himself from an uncomfortable position.

White Pollock. Black Heermann.

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1 P to K4 | P to K4 |
| 2 Kt to KB3 | Kt to QB3 |
| 3 P to QB3 | Kt to KB3 |
| 4 P to Q4 | P to Q3 |
| 5 B to Q Kt5 | B to Q2 |
| 6 Q to K2 | QKt to Kt sq |

Starting a little counter-attack that turns White's attack into a defence.

- | | |
|-------------|------------------------|
| 7 B to QB4 | Q to K2 |
| 8 Kt to Kt5 | B to K3 |
| 9 Kt tks B | P tks Kt |
| 10 Castles | QKt to Q2 |
| 11 P to B4 | Castles |
| 12 B to Q3 | P tks BP |
| 13 B tks P | P to K4. If 14 P tks P |

White loses the attack entirely.

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| 14 B to Kt3 | P to KR3 |
| 15 Kt to Q2 | P to K Kt4 |
| 16 P to Q5 | Q to R2 |
| 17 P to Q Kt4 | The attack on both sides now becomes interesting. |

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------------------|
| 18 P to QR4 | P to KR4 |
| | P to R5 Something must go. |
| 19 B to KB2 | Kt to R4 |
| 20 Q to K3 | Kt to B5 |
| 21 B to Q Kt5 | Preparing his surprise party. |

- | | |
|---------------|-----------|
| 22 Kt to B3 | Q to R4 |
| 23 Kt to K sq | Q to Kt5 |
| 24 P to Kt3 | P to R6 |
| 25 Q tks RP | P to Kt7 |
| 26 B to B6! | Kt tks Kt |
- which now comes off with great success.

P tks Band White gave mate in five moves.—*Gazette.*

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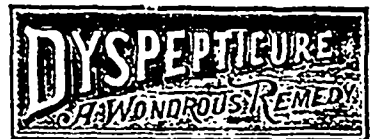
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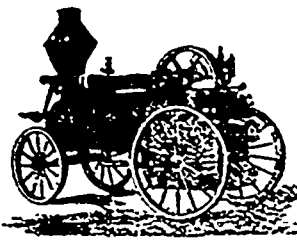
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Chemical Laboratory, Dalhousie College,
Halifax, N. S., July 31st. 1891.

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years

GEORGE LAWSON, Ph. D., L. L. D.
Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry of
Great Britain and Ireland.

MINING.

CHINESE SILVER MINING IN MONGOLIA.

By H. F. DAWES.

From the Engineering and Mining Journal.

(Continued.)

Although the work is slow, the wages are low; and the head-men, by pawning their clothes and stretching their credit, can go through a good deal of unproductive ground. That which gives them the hardest fight and ultimately stops their work is water. Yet they can handle a good deal of water after their own fashion, when the lift is not too great. They place in the incline a series of boxes constructed of planks ripped out by hand and made water-tight with a putty of oil and white clay. These are set in steps about 3 ft. apart, and extend from the sump to a point where the water will run out to the surface. On each of these stands a man who, with a closely woven willow basket, holding about 4 gallons, takes the water from the box on which he stands and empties it into the one above him, and so until it reaches the surface. Bailing goes on rapidly, with intermissions for rest, and when the work is in full swing water enough runs out to fill a 3-inch pipe. This is the hardest work in the mine, and is done by bailers, who are deemed inferior to the miners. The stent for each bailer is 1,000 baskets per shift.

The ore collected in the ore-house is taken out from time to time for treatment, the times depending on the state of the exchequer, the quantity of ore on hand and the time of the year; just before New Year being the time of the greatest activity in the smelting yard. As a rule small lots of about 100 lbs. are treated at a time. All ore is first roasted and then smelted for base bullion, after which the base bullion is refined.

The roasting kilns are circular, built of sun-dried brick set up in open checker work, and about 4 ft. high and 6 ft. in diameter. After erection they are plastered outside and inside with mud mixed with chopped straw, a place being left (to be closed with loose brick) for the removal of the charge. One such furnace lasts through many roastings.

All the brick used are of ordinary clay, rammed into wooden molds with a stone rammer, and dried in the sun. No straw is mixed with them and no water is used in their making, as the clay, when freshly dug, is moist enough to stick together under the rammer. The floor of the kilns is slightly depressed in the center, to collect the lead which is often reduced in them when rich ores are roasted. On the floor is spread a layer of charcoal a few inches thick; on this a few inches of ore, and so on until the ore is charged. The coal is then fired and burns until burnt out. The fire is a hot one and the roasting is of necessity imperfectly done, much of the ore melting and some being reduced. The lumps in the roasted charges are broken and picked over, pieces being put aside for re-roasting, and the rest is then smelted in the blast furnace.

The beginning of a blast furnace is a circular depression in the clay floor of the smelting yard, some 18 in. in diameter and 4 in. in depth, in which sifted wood ashes are pressed to make a shallow cup. Around this a wall is erected of one thickness of mud brick, set on end, and plastered together with clay mixed with chopped straw. The furnaces are conical in shape, with throats about 9 inches in diameter, and stand about 3 ft. high. One tuyère hole is left near the bottom; and above this hole, on the inside of the furnace, wedge-shaped bricks are built into the wall, projecting to the centre of the furnace, so that the descending charge or dropping slag may not clog the tuyère. The funnel is plastered inside and out with clay mixed with chopped straw, and when it has been thoroughly dried and heated by a small fire in the hearth, more charcoal is put in, the wind-box is set in place, and connected with the tuyère, blast is put on and charcoal and roasted ore are added, at the discretion of the head-man. Bolts from the cupel-furnaces are also added, to furnish lead for collecting the silver; and unreduced litharge acts also as a flux for the gangue of the ore. Slag flows from a hole near the bottom, which is kept open as long as the blast is on. Lead often runs out, sometimes from cracks that open in the stack; but the yard is clean and nothing is lost, except, of course, that which is vaporized or passes into the slag. When the lot has been run through, the wind-box is taken away, water is freely dashed in the furnace, and when cool enough it is torn down, the cake of lead is taken out of the bottom and the debris is carefully sorted by hand. All the lead is saved, and part of the charge remaining is put aside to be crushed and washed for re-smelting. The base bullion, beaten and cleaned from adhering slag and ashes, is then ready for refining in a cupelling furnace.

On the floor of the yard wood-ashes are sifted through a horse-hair sieve into a conical heap some 3 ft. in diameter. This is consolidated by pressure of the foot; the top is levelled off and a shallow basin is scooped in it with a wooden hoop; around the base mud-brick are set on their sides in close order, save at a place in front, which is left open to serve as a door. On top of the mound and around the basin are also set mud-brick, but in open order; and across them, so as to cover the basin, are laid mud-brick of full size; just before putting on this cover the base bullion is put in, with paper under it to keep it from bruising the ashes. Inside the little wall around the base charcoal is then piled, and enough is thrown on to give the whole a rounded dome-shape, the top being some 12 in. above the basin cover. The charcoal is ignited at the front near the door, and the whole thing is plastered over with clay mixed with straw, leaving a hole at the top 9 in. in diameter. As the bullion melts, the clay coating becomes baked by the burning charcoal, and as the cupelling continues and the charcoal settles down the dome supports itself and confines and radiates the heat. If there be not sufficient charcoal originally to carry the refining to the end, more is added from time to time through the hole in the top.

(To be continued.)

DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA, Ottawa.—Letter with Stuart's analysis received. Will examine it as soon as possible. Can send Hill's "Synopsis," but have not yet received the recent Barker-Reid match games. I have played a great deal by correspondence, but had to give it up owing to failing sight.

SOLUTION.

PROBLEM 243.—The position was:—black men 12, 17, 20, kings 10, 25; white men 26, 28, 32, Kings 2, 31; white to play and win.

26 22 28 24 32 7 white
25—18 20—27 to play and win.

We asked post-card solutions from our boy and girl readers, but are sorry to say that we only received one, and that was from New Brunswick, and anonymous.

GAME 122.—BRISTOL,

The only game won by Barker in his recent match with Freeman.

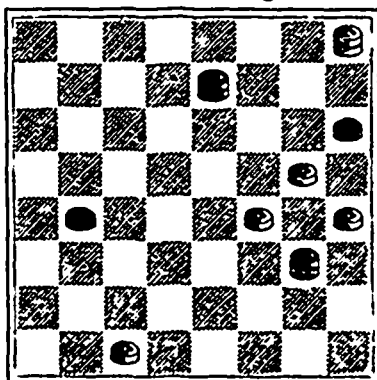
11—16	14—17	13—17	20—24
22 18	13 6	22 13	9 13
10—14	17—26	14—18	24—27
24 19	31 22	23 14	14 10
16—20	2—9	16—32	27—31
26 22	22 17	24 19	10 6
8—11	10—14	32—27	31—26
28 24	17 10	13 9	25 22
11—16	7—14	27—23	26—17
30 26	25 22	9 6	13 22
4—8	9—13	23—16	19—24
22 17	18 9	6 2	28 19
6—10	5—14	11—15	16—23
26 22	29 25	2 6	Black
8—11	1—5	15—19	(Barker)
17 13a—32	28 6 9		won.

a Made under the strange misconception that after the two-for-two was taken the piece would remain on 22 and replying 24 19, etc., draw. See trunk game of "Janvier's Anderson," Paisley, 32nd move, 19 15, etc., draws.

PROBLEM 245.

End game between Messrs. Granville and Hamilton.

Black men 12, 17, Kings 7, 24.



White men 16, 19, 20, 30, king 4.

White to play and win. We consider the above an instructive end game. Mr. Hamilton won it readily in play. To make such positions as this instructive to the learner he should set it and study it carefully for five minutes—the time allowed for a move—and if he sees it in that time he can safely conclude that he would have seen it in actual play.

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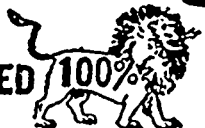
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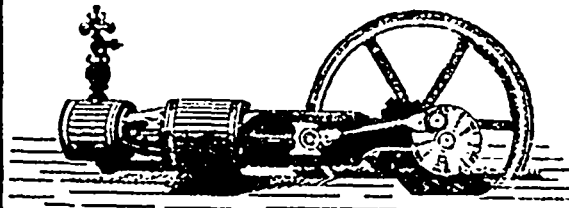
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CITY CHIMES.

The pianoforte recital given in the fine hall of St. Mary's Y. M. T. A. & B. Society by Mr. Frank Deane on Tuesday evening was not very well attended, but the excellent programme was highly appreciated by all present. Mr. Deane rendered each selection with a masterly touch, and well merited the applause he received.

Chalmers Hall was crowded on Tuesday evening, the occasion being an elocution recital given by Professor Connery in the interests of Mr. Thompson, the catechist who is at present in charge of Coburg Road Presbyterian Church. Professor Connery's readings were very pleasing, and the audience appeared to highly appreciate the entertainment provided. Mr. Thompson presided, and the evening passed very pleasantly.

Rev. Dr. Partridge delivered the third of his series of lectures in St. George's Church last Sunday afternoon, his subject being "The Religion of the Drama." Canon Partridge very ably pointed out that from a religious standpoint the drama has much to be commended, and does not deserve the condemnation so freely bestowed upon it by critics. He said he thought the profession of the actor should be judged upon its own merits, and not wholly by the lives of those who follow it, and that while idlers and unworthy members may be found in this as well as in every profession, the stage gives as little room for incapacity as any other that can be named. The able and broad-minded lecturer took up both sides of the question, for and against the drama, and discussed the drama from the actor's as well as the theatre-goer's standpoint, quoting Macaulay, who said, "The important object of the dramatist is the exhibition of the human character, to which fundamental law every other regulation is subordinate." Dr. Partridge held that if this were true the drama to day is no less than ever before a great instrument for the instruction and elevation of mankind. The lecture closed with two cautions, which are well worthy of repetition:—1. "Such recreations, though helpful and recreative, must not rule us, they must be held well in hand by us. And the moment there is danger of their interference with duty, they must give way. 2 All must be done with pure motive. Purity is the vision of God. From impurity all-desiring Him must flee. With these limitations enjoy, and in all cases the individual conscience can be the only guide." These Sunday afternoons with Dr. Partridge are opportunities that all thoughtful people of Halifax should endeavor to take advantage of, and these clear and unbiased discourses on live topics of the day cannot fail to elevate the current of thought and the general tone of the public mind. The theme announced for next Sunday afternoon is "Husbands and Wives," in which Dr. Partridge will discuss the subject of divorce, truly an interesting topic in these days when "the tie that binds" is so easily sundered.

The organ recital to be given this evening in Garrison church by Mrs. Hegarty, Herr Doring and Mr. Hutchins, will doubtless draw a large audience. These names need no comment, and all who really wish a feast of music will do well to take advantage of this opportunity.

We note that Halifaxians are again to be favored with a season of opera, and we are sure all lovers of good music will welcome the Grand Opera Company, which opens at the academy of music on Monday, the 19th inst. The company includes several who were here some months ago under the able management of Mr. Jules Grau. He promises us many choice selections, including the Black Hussar, Fra Diavola, The Bohemian Girl, Nauon, Said Pasha, The Queen's Lace Handkerchief and others, and a pleasant season may be anticipated. The company also has two skirt dancers, who are said to be very good.

Decidedly the game of the present day is football. One of the most interesting matches ever witnessed in the city was played on Saturday afternoon between the Garrison and Dalhousie teams, the latter winning. These teams are fairly well matched, and the play of this last game was intensely exciting, the yellow and blacks well earning their victory. One of their "half backs" was pretty badly hurt but is now recovering, and expects to be in his place to-morrow when the college boys are to play against the Wanderers. It is wonderful the enthusiasm this game arouses in the many breast, so much so that blackened eyes, bruised limbs, etc., etc. are not heeded at all, and the announcement of another match brings all to the fore ready for action. The game next week will probably draw a large gathering, as our citizens, ladies as well as gentlemen, manifest great interest, and have attended in large numbers each Saturday afternoon. The knowledge of the game is growing, and the spectators appear to enjoy it much more intelligently than formerly, when the constant question was "what are they all doing in that crowd." Now even the very young ladies and the small boys know the technical terms and their meaning. The weather favors the league and "the boys" are doing well.

If our Halifax ladies must depend on the imported ulster to protect them from the blows and snows of winter, we fear the strangers within our gates who have often remarked on the "bright well-dressed Halifax girls" will have to retract their words this season. Of all the ungraceful, uncouth garments we have ever seen, and in our day we have seen a goodly number, we think the ulster with no pretence to fitting the figure—its defects in this line covered with a large round cap with a huge hood hanging from the back of the neck, ranks first on the list. Truly these are fearfully and wonderfully made. We have heard many ladies who have been waiting for the new coats express bitter disappointment, and the city tailors must be doing a good trade in making becoming top coats for our fair ones. An ulster is

a necessary adjunct to a lady's wardrobe, and why it should be made so ugly that the most graceful woman must needs look almost ungainly, is a puzzle that we cannot solve. The jackets appear to be very becoming and comfortable, quite a little longer than those of last year, but otherwise the style has not changed. Our dry goods merchants are showing some very handsome goods, and business is flourishing. A genuine harvest has been reaped in light fabrics, chiffons, laces, etc., etc., three large balls within a few weeks being an unusual occurrence for our quiet city, and causing a flutter of excitement and a general rush for the dainty articles so necessary to the lovely costumes that we one and all gaze upon in awe and admiration. Private parties are numerous and society seems to be at no loss for amusement where with to help time pass.

"Turning forever
In the rushing and rapid river of Time,"

We have come once more to cold weather, and that coming events do cast their shadows before, has been practically demonstrated in the chilly foretaste of winter that we have encountered this week. Fickle indeed the weather has been since October came in, but surely everyone made up his or her mind to "never grumble again" after the sunshine September favored us with. Monday and Tuesday were charming days, the air bracing and invigorating, but Wednesday was indeed dark and dreary. The trees are retaining their green this year later than usual, and we evidently have a delightful autumn yet ahead of us. The season for long walks is just about perfect now, and a tramp through our beautiful Park, around Point Pleasant, this fine October weather is one of the greatest attractions Halifax can offer for the young and energetic, and no lover of nature can fail to appreciate the enjoyment to be derived therefrom.

The event of the week, from a social point of view, was the dance at Government House, which, as it is such a long time since a similar event has occurred, was looked forward to with the most pleasurable anticipations by the large number of guests who accepted Mrs. Daly's invitation. The weather that prevailed on Wednesday was rather discouraging, for the rain was of the copious variety, and fell almost without intermission all day, but youthful hopes could not be dampened by anything, and preparations for the ball progressed gaily. In the evening there was, fortunately, a change for the better, and nothing worse than fog was to be encountered. At nine o'clock the carriages began to make their way to Government House, and the guests who were able to get to the ballroom betimes enjoyed a few "extras" before the regular programme was begun. Mrs. Daly, looking charming in a black costume, received in the ante-room to the drawing-room, into which the guests passed, and the pleasurable business of filing programmes was proceeded with. There must have been about five hundred people present, but so excellent were the arrangements in every part of the beautiful old house, that there was no crowding at all. Passing from the drawing-room, the guests found the buffet in the front room, and from there they proceeded to the ball-room at the north end of the house. The band of the Leicestershire Regiment furnished music for dancing, and there were seventeen dances on the programme, three of which were the much-loved *militaires*. The floor was waxed to a state of perfection that made "tripping it" a delight, and the music was all that could be desired. The ball room has recently been painted and tastefully decorated, added to which permanent attractions the various mirrors about were twined with wreaths, vines, mosses and ferns, and looked as pretty as possible. In every available nook and corner seats for two were to be found, and to judge by appearances, were very much appreciated by the (supposedly) weary dancers. Two marquees outside were carpeted, furnished, and lighted with shaded lamps, making alluring sitting out places for those who did not fear a chill. Upstairs the arrangements were no less perfect. The ladies' and gentlemen's dressing and cloak rooms were at the south end of the house, the card and smoking room was next, on the east side. The supper was laid in the Prince's room, and the suite of drawing rooms over the ball room were masterpieces of beautiful decoration, and provisions for comfort and happiness combined were made by chairs for two easily placed behind screens in every available spot. The arrangement of foliage and flowering plants, mosses, ferns and vines was most tasteful, with fairy lamps among them, shedding a soft and mellow light. The supper room was not allowed to be crowded, so that those who went in, in their turn, were able to get the desired refreshment in comfort. The waiters had a busy time of it, and the ubiquitous Street, aided by many assistants, was all attention to the need of the hour. It is unnecessary to say that the supper itself was beyond criticism—everything was of the most *recherche* description. Among so many beautiful faces and forms it would be hard to say who carried off the palm of belleship, for tastes differ, a most beneficent arrangement certainly, so that one person does not win all the admiration. Among the many lovely gowns worn, a white silk embroidered with a large jet butterfly, the wings of which extended from the front middle of the bodice to the sides, and the skirt of which was ornamented around the foot with knots of black velvet, was the most beautiful, white slippers completed the costume. Another dress, worn by a stately dame, was of black velvet and white *moire*, striped, it fitted like wax and had a long sweeping train. It was one of the most noticeable gowns worn. A gown of pale lavender, *en train* high in the neck and long sleeved, also attracted attention as being intrinsically beautiful; added to which it was worn by a strikingly graceful woman. Mrs. Daly's guests sympathized with her on the serious illness of her brother, Mr. J. F. Kenny, on whose account she felt very anxious. Not since Jubilee year has Government House been the scene of an affair like this, and the thanks of all who were fortunate enough to be present are due to the gracious hostess, who, despite her mourning, so royally entertained the society of Halifax.