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THE CRITIC:

A Maritime Provincial Journal

DEVOTED TO

Commercial, Manufacturing, Mining and General News.

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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 proving 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.

Since the paragraph relating to Sir Provo Wallis (on the next page) was in print, a cablegram from England announced that Admiral John E. Commerel, V. C., has been selected by Her Majesty for promotion to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet. The information in our note regarding the promotion was drawn from a reliable English source, but of course the cablegram is decisive.

That Blaine divorce story is very sad. It appears to have been a foolish marriage, and the only result was unhappiness. When a boy of eighteen years of age marries without parental approval a woman several years his senior, the outlook for the future is not bright. The sequel is known to all. The divorce will have been gone through, Mrs. Blaine is free, Mr. Blaine, senior, (Secretary Blaine) has made public a long list of statements about his son's former wife, and the divorced woman has replied in an equally public manner. All this domestic infelicity should have been kept quiet. The public has no legitimate interest in it, and if the persons concerned were not so prominent it would remain in obscurity.

Our intelligent readers will no doubt recollect hearing of M. Pasteur's researches in 1881 into the causes of an outbreak of splenic fever or anthrax among cattle, and his tracing the origin of the epidemic to the germs of the disease which had been carried to the surface by earthworms from the soil in which the bodies of animals dying from a previous epidemic had been buried. The startling possibility is now suggested by M. M. Lortet and Despeignes to the Paris Academy of Science that earthworms may form vehicles or media for the conveyance of the germs of tubercle, of which consumption is the common manifestation. The observers have discovered that the tubercle bacilli can remain with unimpaired vitality for several months within these worms, and the fact, new to science, (tubercle has not heretofore been associated with invertebrates,) possesses a keen interest for the ordinary unscientific mortal. The vicinity of cemeteries has never been considered salubrious, but if we are to believe this new germ terror, it must be exceedingly dangerous to go near such places. If "my lady worm" is going to make our buried friends or enemies so dangerous by carrying infection from them to us, it appears to argue for the crematory as a better method of disposing of those who have shuffled or been shuffled off this mortal coil. It will come to this in the end no doubt, but we are slow to change burial customs.

The interest taken by the British colonies in the World's Fair is considerable. When the totals are counted up they make a pretty round sum. The amounts voted by the various colonial governments already come to about \$375,000, three times the appropriation made by Britain—\$125,000—and large additions will be made to this amount when other colonies announce the amounts they intend to spend. Our own country has not yet stated what our expenditure will be, but if in keeping with the space appropriated, it will be considerable. The total area allotted to Great Britain and the colonies will probably be about 300,000 square feet, and if the demands of the colonies are to be all met this will have to be augmented by annexes or other means, for New South Wales has applied for the whole 300,000 feet, and other known demands bring the total area required up to 500,000 feet, without any thought of the space wanted by the mother country. It is evidently going to be a difficult matter to provide all the space required, and we fancy the Fair will be truly the biggest show on earth.

Speaking incidentally of the Provincial Museum elsewhere in this issue recalls to mind the project broached some time ago of obtaining more convenient accommodation for that most valuable institution. It is more than a pity that the museum should continue to remain where it is so long without an enthusiastic scientific man in charge, and altogether out of the way of being much good to anybody. If ever there were a Provincial concern needing to be brought out and worked up to a state of usefulness such as it is capable of, it is the museum. Many people do not know there is such a thing as a museum in Halifax, and many others who are perfectly aware of the fact would not take the trouble to mount the stairs to get to it. We suppose that some day a building will be obtained in which the museum will have room to expand, but time is flying past and we do not appear to be getting any nearer to the desired consummation. At any rate it would seem a desirable thing for the Government to appoint a scientific man to take the place of the late Dr. Honeyman and work the museum up to the best that can be done in the present premises.

The enlightened sentiment of the time is very much against any form of harshness or severity in the bringing up of children, and those who recognize that "it is better far to rule by love than fear" have got to the very root of the matter. Such a revelation of cruelty as that from Cromore House, Coleraine, Ireland, where Mrs. Montague, with a rigor almost undreamed of among parents of the modern school, caused the death of her three-year-old daughter by tying her fast to the wall in an empty, darkened room and leaving her there, is a shock to the civilized world. Such unnatural behaviour on the part of a mother is difficult to understand; the very brutes are kind to their offspring, and we should think that every woman who has a child of her own would be more inclined to care on the side of excessive tenderness and love than to cause it needless suffering. Children are the joy of a household, and it is only hard, unfeeling, heartless people who could ill-treat those who are so helpless in their earlier years, and who, it seems, are allowed to be so, in order that some of the noblest and best characteristics of the human race should find expression in love and care for them.

We note with pleasure the interest which is shown by many manufacturers in the improvement of the condition of the working-man. In Nova Scotia the co-operative labor scheme is as yet little in vogue, but our controllers of capital are closely watching the experiment as tried in the United States. The case of Mr. Albert Dolge, of Dolgeville, is a favorable instance of the success of the co-operative plan. For twenty-three years the factories and mills of Dolgeville, which by-the-by is a model industrial village engaged in the manufacture of felting, have enjoyed the benefits of co-operative labor. Mr. Dolge's system has been both economic and just. One chief object of his scheme has been to retain skilled laborers permanently. To secure this the wear and tear on the workmen has been carefully taken into account, an accident and life insurance company providing for the future of his family and a pension fund providing for his advancing age. The inventive genius of the workmen is encouraged by the fact that the profit arising from any invention or improvement in the machinery made by an employe goes directly to the employe. On the other hand, if raw material is purchased cheaply through the shrewdness of the management the profit goes to that department. A labor depreciation fund has been the safety-valve in years of bad trade. Last year the number of hours work per day was reduced and the wages increased 12 per cent. This year a raise of 10 per cent. has been given. Yet the profits of the business allow Mr. Dolge to make generous gifts to his town. The handsome brick school-house, the kindergarten and the free library are lasting monuments of his good sense. And all this without hysterical nonsense and gush over "the rights of the lower classes."

King Humbert of Italy is going to visit England ere long, and the interchange of courtesies will doubtless do much to cement the already cordial feeling between the two countries. The tail-twisters in the United States of America (why can't they get a respectable and shorter name for their country?) will feel disappointed that their predictions of unpleasantness over African interests between the two monarchies have not been realized.

We had a heavy snow storm followed by heavy rain last week. Most people are aware of this fact, but we have an object in giving it all the publicity in our power. We are almost tempted to believe that the august body of worthies who manage the affairs of this metropolis, knew nothing about the manner in which the elements were behaving, or else that those supreme dignitaries were absolved from the obligation of ordinary citizens to use the city sidewalks for walking on, and to sometimes make an effort to cross the street in order to put in an appearance at their places of business. In short, what we are trying to hint at, without being too blunt or hurting anybody's feelings, is that the sidewalks and crossings were in a condition on Friday morning last that was nothing short of disgraceful. In some places in the busiest parts of the city, well on in the day, the slush was nearly a foot deep, and perfectly impassable for people who were not shod in high rubber boots. What in the name of civilization were our City Fathers thinking about to allow this state of affairs? What do tax-payers elect their representatives for if not to look after the keeping of the city in decent order for getting about in? Shame on such neglect! We hope the general wrath aroused by the slushy crossings on this occasion will make itself felt forcibly enough to awaken the city authorities to a sense of duty when we again experience a storm of the kind.

Queen Victoria's letter to the nation in reference to the lamented death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, is universally acknowledged to have been one of the most touching communications Her Majesty has ever made to her loyal subjects, and all classes of people read it feeling that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. The statement that Raphael, Tuck & Sons, the well-known London fine art publishers, have been honored by Her Majesty's commands to produce a fac-simile of the letter in Her Majesty's handwriting, so that the document may be widely distributed, will be received with favor. The letter is to be produced in four different styles suitable for framing, viz., fac-simile by process, on fine paper, etching fac-simile, signed artist's proof of the etching and fifty-five remarque proofs on satin, of which ten copies are to be reserved for the Queen and Royal Family, five copies for the British Museum and other places, and the remaining forty copies will be offered for sale at five guineas each. The process fac-similes will cost one shilling each, or people desirous of distributing copies may obtain them for eighty shillings a hundred in quantities not less than fifty copies. Messrs. Raphael, Tuck & Sons and all their staff are giving their services for this national cause, and they have arranged to hand the entire profits realized by the sale of the fac-simile letters to charities selected by the Queen, the Gordon Boys' Home being the principal participant. The letter is to have a specially designed border by E. J. Poynter, R. A., approved by Her Majesty, and there is no doubt the souvenir will be eagerly purchased. In after-times, when the Queen becomes in the course of nature but a memory to her people, such a touching epistle as her letter to the nation will grow more and more valuable.

Halifax did her centenarian hero, Sir Provo Wallis, scant honor the other day when his mortal remains were being carried to their long resting place at Funtington, England. There was nothing to show that the Admiral of the Fleet, who claimed our city as his birth-place, was dead. Perhaps therefore, the announcement that a memoir of Sir Provo, written by his old friend Dr. J. G. Brighton, has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., will fall on unheeding ears, but we trust not. Dr. Brighton has been engaged on the work for some time, and there is, perhaps, no man who could better have undertaken the task of recounting the remarkable events of the life of the aged admiral. It was to his biographer that Sir Provo, a few months ago, wrote what will probably be found to be his last letter, and a fac-simile of it will be found in the volume, which will also include copious extracts from the Admiral's correspondence, his own account of the engagements he took part in, as well as Dr. Brighton's recollections of the Admiral during a friendship extending over a long period of years and ever since his retirement from active service. The volume will contain numerous illustrations, among others a portrait of the admiral at one hundred years of age. Apart from the personal interest for Halifaxians in this book it cannot fail to be most valuable in many other respects, and we hope that Halifax will not neglect to honor her distinguished son by securing a fair number of copies of his life. It was a unique honor to Sir Provo to retain his name on the active list to the end of his long life, by his death Admiral A. F. R. de Horsey will become Admiral of the Fleet, Vice-Admiral Sir John Kennedy Erskine Baird will be promoted to Admiral, Rear-Admiral James Elphinstone Erskine will become Vice-Admiral and Captain H. H. Rawson, C. B., will get his flag. It is interesting to know that Sir Provo enjoyed the best of health all his life, and only took to his bed this winter to avoid taking cold. He lived simply—almost severely—and slept on a narrow iron bed with very little luxury about it. He was twice married, his second wife being a daughter of the late General Sir Robert Wilson, and survives her husband. Such in brief are a few of the interesting facts connected with a distinguished Halifaxian.

The acquirement by the museum of the Canadian Institute at Toronto of one of the most important collections of aboriginal Indian objects in America is ground for congratulating the Institute. The specimens in this museum are available for purpose of study by being carefully illustrated in the annual reports of the Institute. It would be well if our Provincial Museum could be made of advantage to scientists and others by some publication in connection with it. In the hands of a capable man its influence might be wide-spread.

The inconvenience of the Newfoundland laws regarding the sale of frozen herring to Canadian vessels has been considerable, but Captain Wrayton of the *Ocean Belle* has been ingenious enough to find a simple method whereby to checkmate the ancient colony. He has had the vessel's registry changed from Nova Scotia to Newfoundland, and will thus be able to carry on the trade as usual, for of course, his action makes the *Ocean Belle* nominally a Newfoundlandor, even while all the sympathies of her owners are with Canada.

A profusely illustrated article in the *March Century* on "The United States Fish Commission," by Richard Rathbun, has led us to formulate the wish, long rambling through the corridors of our brain, that we could have an aquarium in Halifax. It is true we ought first to perfect some public institutions which are at present poked away almost in obscurity, (such as our Provincial Museum and the Citizens' Free Library) but it appears to us that Canadian fisheries being so important, and Nova Scotia being very deeply interested in them, an institution where "the wonders of the deep" could be seen by all classes of people, either free or for a small consideration, would be an educative influence of great value. From the article which turned our thoughts in this direction we learn what a vast amount of useful work has been done by the U. S. Commission since its inception in the winter of 1870-71, and the illustrations of curious forms of marine life are exceedingly interesting. The concluding words of the writer of the article are so much to the point that we quote them:—"Science stands, therefore, between nature and the fisheries as a willing and helpful agent, powerful in its influence to promote the general good. From the experimental stage its progress has been gradual but decisive to the higher plane, where its benefits are no longer problematical. Whether in the discovery of new wealths or in the reparation of former industries, its services are acknowledged to be essential. It teaches the principles of fish-culture, and leads the way to proper legislation and judicious fishing methods. . . ." An aquarium naturally pre-supposes the carrying on of investigations and the securing of specimens for it, but there is no doubt of the value of such an institution. We well remember when a child visiting the Royal Aquarium in London, and what a number of things we learned from what we saw, and we wish that every boy and girl in Nova Scotia could have an opportunity of seeing for themselves what interesting things live in the water.

John Boyle O'Reilly once wrote:

"Poets should not reason,
Let them sing."

And it is evident, by a good deal of the poetry which is published, that O'Reilly has a numerous following. Singing, so-called, otherwise the ordinary poetry of magazine commerce, has its good points, and as we do not look for the mathematical precision desired by the statistical physician who said Tennyson's lines should be amended to read:

"Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one and a sixteenth is born,"

we are quite satisfied when some approach to correctness marks the verse. We are oftentimes amused by the poetical aspects given to common things, and more so by the errors regarding names, natural phenomena, etc., so often made. A striking instance of adopting a popular mistake, and enshrining it in exceedingly pretty verse, is to be seen in the current number of a widely-read magazine. It is a common thing to hear the condition of trees and other objects covered with glazed ice spoken of as a "silver thaw" when the sun shines and produces the beautiful sparkling, gem-like appearance with which we are all more or less familiar, but the name is a mistake. A "silver thaw," strictly speaking, is that condition of things to be seen when the atmosphere suddenly becomes milder and the frost in trees, stones, buildings, etc., comes out, so to speak, and looks like frosted silver. It is not half so pretty as is the glazed ice spectacle when the sun is shining, but the fact remains that it is the real "silver thaw" and the other is not. For practical purposes "glazed ice" might be changed to "diamond thaw," "crystalline frost," or something to suit the occasion, but there is no use in calling things what they are not. Poets should "reason" sufficiently to avoid spoiling their work by mistaken terms, as we sometimes see done. Speaking of poets leads us by association of ideas to refer to a case of inept illustration which recently appeared in *Scribner's*, and which ought to put lady poets at least upon their guard lest some wicked man get off a cruel joke upon them with an illustration they have not seen. A lady sonneteer began her verse by telling "I lay asleep upon the fragrant grass," or some words to that effect, and the idea that she was asleep upon the grass was the burden of the sonnet. How the fair writer felt when she saw her production illustrated can be better imagined than described, for the artist had represented her as lying asleep on the grass in very scant attire, on the principle, we suppose, that beauty unadorned is adorned the most. It must have been a wretched artist who did that piece of work, and it certainly provided laughing stock for the readers of the magazine in question.

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach to Healthy Action.
K. D. C. Acts Like Magic on the Stomach.

K. D. C. The Greatest Cure of the Age.
K. D. C. The Dyspeptic's Hope.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

QUESTIONINGS.

I met a little cottage girl
Eighteen years old, who said,
Her brain was tired with the whirl
Of questions in her head.
She asked me, "What's an optimist?"
"Good luck made flesh!" I cried.
"And what then is a pessimist?"
"Bad luck personified!"

With that she asked me to explain
A Christian Scientist.
Said I, "He's one who cures a pain
That doesn't quite exist."

"And what is an agnostic, pray?"
"Sweetheart, I do not know."
She turned her pretty head away—
"To Vassar I must go!"

"Please don't, until you've answered me
One question—you've asked four:
My little wife, dear, will you be
I ask for love, not lore!"

Five years ago to-night, my eyes:
I hear a sweet voice croon
A lullaby, while Tommy cries,
"But what is in the moon?"

Weary Watkins—If you had a hundred dollar bill what would you get first? Hungry Higgins—arrested, I guess.

Benefits of Rising Early.—The benefits of early rising are never more startling shown than when a man sits down on a tack.

It is wrong for a girl to go to the matrimonial altar and promise to "love, honor, and begay," instead of the thing she really ought to say.

As From a Dream.—Mrs. Younglove—Algernon, I should like a Queen Anne cottage. Mr. Younglove—I know it, dear, but I'm afraid you'll have to content yourself with a Maggie Murphy flat.

Never Knew He Was So Good.—St. Peter—Say, what's the matter with that wraith from Massachusetts? I just let him in, and he has grown so stuck up that he won't speak to me. Familiar Shade—Oh, he has been down to the earth on a short visit and read the inscription on his tombstone!

Some time ago London *Tid-Bits* offered a 2-guinea prize for the best definition of a kiss. Among the 7,000 answers received were the following: A report at headquarters. Contraction of the mouth due to enlargement of the heart. An article that is always accepted, and (im) printed, but not always published.

After the Refusal.—He (bitterly)—You are utterly heartless! I might possibly imagine you engaged, but not by any possibility in love. She—Really? How curious! Now, do you know, I can easily imagine your being in love, but in the wildest stretch of fancy I cannot imagine your being engaged.

His Useful Experience.—A tramp applied to a lady for work and was given some carpets to beat. He did the job so well that she commended him for it. "You must have beaten carpets frequently to be such an expert," she said. "Never beat a carpet before in my life, lady. I've allus teached school," he answered promptly.

The instinctive fear which cats have of dogs is illustrated very amusingly by stroking a dog and then caressing a blind and new-born kitten with the same hand that has touched the dog. At once the kitten will spit and fluff itself up in the most absurd way, distinguishing the smell of the beast which experience for thousands of generations has taught it most to dread.


A Boss Snake Story.—A farmer of A——county says he has a snake which swallowed an eight day clock in August, 1887. Until the clock run down it struck regular and its ticking could be heard. A short time ago the farmer found some eggs which had been deposited in a hole by the reptile, and on breaking them open found that they each contained an open faced watch in first class running order. He sold the watches at a big profit and he has given the snake a post auger in the hope that it will produce sufficient corkscrews to enable him to start a wholesale drug store.

Utilizing Fat Men.—Going up in the train the other day a girl was overheard to say:—"The first thing to do is to pick out a good fat man. It sounded cannibalistic, and someone listened. "Then stay close to him," she continued; "he will make his way through the crowd, and you slip along before they can close in behind him, and you can always get out safely, even at Fifty-ninth street." After a pause she continued:—"And nice, fat men always take me across the street; they don't always know it, but that does not matter. I follow them as closely as possible and never get run over. The drivers pull up and swear at them, and in the meantime I reach the sidewalk."


Let's reason together. Here's a firm, one of the largest the country over, the world over; it has grown, step by step, through the years to greatness—and it sells patent medicines!—ugh!

"That's enough!"—
Wait a little—
This firm pays the newspapers good money (expensive work, this advertising!) to tell the people that they have faith in what they sell, so much faith that if they can't benefit or cure they don't want your money. Their guarantee is not indefinite and relative, but definite and absolute—if the medicine doesn't help, your money is "on call."
Suppose every sick man and every feeble woman tried these medicines and found them worthless, who would be the loser, you or they?
The medicines are Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" for blood diseases, and is "Favorite Prescription," for woman's peculiar ills. If they help toward health, they cost \$1.00 a bottle each! If they don't, they cost nothing!

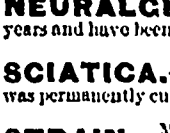
EXCELLENCE.




RHEUMATISM.—Mr. W. H. HOWES, 60 Red Lion St., High Holborn, W. C., London, Eng., states he had rheumatism 20 years; suffered intensely from swelling of hands, feet and joints. He tried St. Jacobs Oil with marvelous results. Before the second bottle was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured.




NEURALGIA.—Mrs. JOHN McLEAFAN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 1, 1894, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for four years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."



SCIATICA.—Grenada, Kans., 17 S. V. Aug. 8, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica; used five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured."



STRAIN.—Mr. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C., London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain pinned me to St. Jacobs Oil."



LAMEBACK.—Mrs. J. HINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lumbago. A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."

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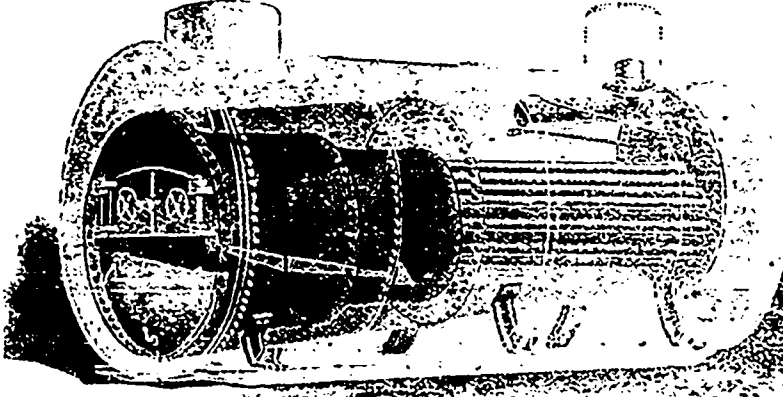
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Loss Heavy, but Health and Pluck left yet.
ESTABLISHED 1848. AMHERST, N. S.
Send along your Orders and Remittances and thus help us out and up.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

The New Brunswick legislature was opened on March 3rd.

The steamer Premier had a very rough trip to Boston last week.

Judge Wetmore of the Supreme Court of N. B. died on Monday.

Mr. J. G. Morris, chief clerk of the Customs department in Halifax, died somewhat suddenly on Wednesday of pleurisy.

Mr. Mercier has announced his retirement from public life. He may be arrested on charges of robbing the public treasury.

Joseph A. Smith, assistant clerk of the House of Assembly, has resigned, and Geo. W. Kite has been appointed to the position.

The Halifax Board of Trade met on Wednesday and discussed important matters. A conciliatory policy towards Newfoundland was advocated.

The results of the Dalhousie law school exams. were posted at the College on Tuesday. A large lot of young lawyers have been turned loose on the community.

The Halifax City council has decided to construct an additional line of water pipes into the city at a cost of some \$30,000. This was decided by the casting vote of the Mayor.

The committee on a site for the home for aged met. reported on Monday in favor of the M. P. Black property on Gottingen street. Another committee was appointed to inspect the property before finally purchasing.

The payment of the John P. Mott bequests this week has put our charitable institutions on a firm footing. Each institution mentioned got \$11,000 and as much more will be paid when the final settlement of the estate takes place.

The Mercierites in Quebec sustained a most overwhelming defeat on Thursday. Fifty-five Conservatives were returned against eighteen Liberals, thus giving the new Government a majority of thirty-seven—more than the most sanguine Tory hoped for.

The privilege of franking letters has been withdrawn from all civil servants. This is well; the privilege has been much abused, and as the Queen prepays all her private letters, it is not making fish of one and flesh of another, for civil servants to do likewise.

Last, but not least of the year's calendars we have received, is one from the American Writing Machine Co., of Hartford, Conn., Gunning & Co., Halifax, agents for Nova Scotia. It bears a good illustration of the caligraph, and is artistically decorated with a design of jonquils.

We are appreciated.—"The Halifax CRITIC deals soberly and with discrimination. The reader finds it reliable upon current topics, political and literary. To be humane, truthful and maganimous gives value to a public journal, and these we believe, are qualities the people of Halifax will not overlook."

The question of getting a drill shed in keeping with the requirements of the force is agitating the militia brigades of Halifax at present. A memorial, setting forth the case, is to be transmitted to Messrs. Kenny and Stairs for presentation to the Government, and we hope it may be fruitful of good results. The militia force should have some consideration, shown it if it is to be of any good to the country at all.

The Behring Sea matter has again assumed a frowning aspect. The United States is afraid that unless the modus vivendi is renewed that the seals will be practically exterminated in one season. A large fleet of vessels is preparing in British Columbia, for the seal fishery and dispatches from Washington intimate that Canadian schooners will be seized if they are found poaching. It appears to us that there should be a close season provided for at once if there is to be any hope of the seal industry surviving.

Mrs. C. M. Lawson died about two years ago leaving a will and disposing of her estate to relatives and charitable institutions, and her husband, Professor George Lawson, Secretary of Agriculture for Nova Scotia, and the institutions were bequeathed certain portions of the residue. After the date of the will, Mrs. Lawson's father died, leaving her an interest in his estate valued at about \$50,000. The question arises did Mrs. Lawson's will bequeath that portion of her father's estate left her. Rev. L. H. Jordan, one of the legatees, is the plaintiff in the case brought in the Supreme Court to get directions in the question.

Elsewhere in this issue we publish the particulars of a remarkable cure that fairly outrivals the celebrated case of John Marshall, of Hamilton, which created such a sensation throughout the country. The particulars of this case are vouched for by the Albany Evening Journal, recognized as the leading newspaper at the New York State capital, and one of the leading papers of the United States. There is, therefore, no room to doubt that the particulars of the case are accurately and carefully set forth, in every respect true, and must prove of the deepest interest to our readers; we therefore commend the article to their careful perusal.

Mrs. Florence Ethel Osborne has been sentenced to nine months imprisonment with hard labor for larceny and perjury.

The Lord Mayor of London has opened a fund for the relief of the families of the Newfoundland fishermen who lost their lives in the recent disaster at Trinity Bay.

Emperor William's Brandenburg speech has created a great deal of feeling in Germany. The Cologno Gazette is to be prosecuted for commenting unfavorably on the address.

A despatch from Vienna says the report is confirmed that the Khedive intends capturing the Soudan. Great Britain has declared to sanction anything beyond a reconquest of Dongola.

There are prospects of the proposed monument to Lowell in Westminster Abbey being erected. A number of very prominent men have written letters approving of the project.

The Grand Duke of Hesse's condition is becoming worse. Ludwig IV., the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse, was born Sept. 12, 1837. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his uncle, Grand Duke Ludwig III., on June 13, 1877. He married Princess Alice, second daughter of Queen Victoria, who died Dec 14, 1878. The heir to the throne is Prince Ernest Ludwig, the grand duke's only son, who was born Nov 25, 1868.

The little kingdom of Greece is again in the throes of a cabinet crisis. The King requested the resignation of M. Delyannis, the Prime Minister, and summoned M. Tricoupis to form a new ministry. This M. Tricoupis declined to do and the task was entrusted to M. Constantapaulo. The trouble is that the deposed Premier, who is a Chauvinist, has a large majority in the Chamber of Deputies.

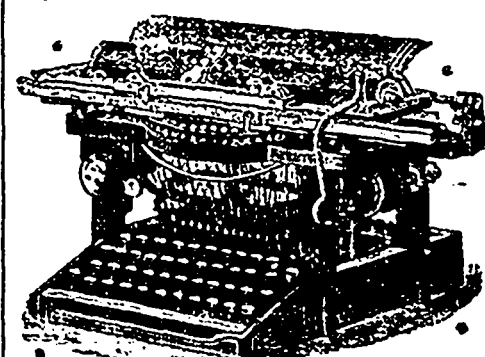
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
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FULL STOCK GROCERIES, viz.:
SUGAR, Cut Loaf, Granulated, Pulverize Porto Rico.
TEAS and COFFEE, best value in the city
CHEESE, English and Canadian Stilton.
FLOUR, best Pastry and Superior.
OATMEAL and CORNMEAL.
BUTTER and LARD (in 10, 5 and 3 lb tins)
MOLASSES, Diamond N., Golden Syrup.
PICKLES, Assorted; Lazenby and Cross and Blackwell.
SAUCES, Worcester, Harvey, Nabob, etc.
JAMS and JELLIES, Crosso & Blackwell Keller and Morton.
FRENCH PEAS, MUSHROOMS, CAPERS, etc.
TRUFFLES, CAPERS and OLIVES.
SOUPS, in tins. Huckin's American
CANNED and POTTED MEATS.
CONDENSED MILK, Swiss and Truro.
BISCUIT, English, American & Canadian
BENT'S WATER CRACKERS and WAFERS.
RAISINS, CURRANTS, FIGS DATES
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THE BEST FENCE
For FARMS, GARDENS and ORCHARDS, is
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4 ft. Pickets woven in 3, 4 and 5 double galvanized Wire Cables, 50, 55 and 60 cents per rod. It keeps out hens and dogs. The pickets do not fall off. It lasts for 20 years.
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J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.
—O—
Income 1891.....\$ 335,000 Assets, Dec. 31, 1891...\$ 3,700,000
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GENERAL AGENTS.—G. W. Parker, J. A. McQueen, H. J. Massey, E. A. Brown, J. H. Montgomery.—S. A. McLeod, Agent at St. John.



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ICI ON PARIE FRANCAISE.

JOHN PATERSON,
 Manufacturer of Steam Boilers,
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Iron Ships Repaired.
 SHIP TANKS GIRDERS, SMOKE PIPES and all
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 ESTIMATES given on application.
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Ungar's Steam Laundry,
 62 & 64 GRANVILLE ST.

We have been in the Laundry Business
 overtwenty years in New York and St.
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 care will be sure to be satisfied.
 Goods called for and delivered free of
 extra charge. TELEPHONE 653.

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(Corner Jacob.)

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Fresh and Salted Beef, Vegetables,
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J. A. LEAMAN & CO.
 Wholesale & Retail Victuallers.

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 6 to 10 Bedford Row,

ESTABLISHED 1864 HALIFAX, N. S

ONTARIO GLOVE WORKS.
 Brockville, Ont., Canada.

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 Manufacturers of Gloves, Mitts & Moccasins
 In all the Latest Styles, and from the
VERY BEST MATERIALS.
 Our Celebrated INDIAN TAN, OIL TAN and
 COLORED BUCK GOODS, as well as
 OIL FINISHED SARANAS CALF,
 Are made from Stock of our own Dressing.

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"PREMIER",
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 Saloon Amidships, sails for
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 A Glove and Handkerchief Set,
 A Brush and Comb Set,
 A Shaving Set, &c.,
 A Pair of Spectacles, in Gold Frames, for your
 mother-in-law, and
 A Bottle of Nibbet's Cocoa Cough Cure, to stop
 that hacking Cough; prepared by

J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist,
 Agent for Pebble Spectacles, Opera Glasses,
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LOTTERY.

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2 and 16 March	7 and 21 September
6 and 20 April	5 and 19 October
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3134 Prizes Worth \$52,740.
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1 Prize worth 15,000.....	\$15,000 00
1 " " 5,000.....	5,000 00
1 " " 2,500.....	2,500 00
1 " " 1,250.....	1,250 00
2 Prizes 500.....	1,000 00
5 " " 250.....	1,250 00
25 " " 50.....	1,250 00
100 " " 25.....	2,500 00
200 " " 15.....	3,000 00
500 " " 10.....	5,000 00
100 " " 25.....	2,500 00
100 " " 15.....	1,500 00
100 " " 10.....	1,000 00
999 " " 5.....	4,995 00
999 " " 5.....	4,995 00

\$154 Prize worth.....\$52,740 00
S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,
 81 St. James St., Montreal, Canada

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

"TO SLEEP—PERCHANCE TO DREAM—AY! THERE'S THE RUB."

I dreamed that I stood in a lone, dark wood,
 Where giants of old had roamed
 O'er the carpet green; in the silver sheen
 Of the sparkling lake that lay between
 The forest grim and the river broad,
 Where narrowed the brook to a roaring flood,
 Whose waters surged and foamed.

I dreamed that the wood had for years been dead,
 Its skeleton arms were bare,
 No songsters flitted from limb to limb,
 There wandered no deer through its arches dim,
 But withered and dead was each towering head;
 And the fractured boughs, from which life had fled,
 Were bleaching in hundreds there.

I dreamed that the ghost of the ages past
 Came towards me, gliding slow;
 And a breath of woe went moaning through
 That silent wood, and a phantom crew
 Passed through the dead trees like a summer breeze,
 When the weary plowman takes his ease,
 And the evening sun is low.

I dreamed that I heard a whispered word,
 Like the sigh of the sobbing wind;
 'Twas a dreary sigh, that went drifting past,
 Like the ghost of a shriek on the wintry blast,
 And the moaning breath still whispered "Death
 Of all that hath life on this grey old earth
 Not one shall be left behind."

I dreamed that the fear that my time was near
 Like poison affected my blood;
 It grew thick and chill: despite my will
 My breath came feeble and feebler still,
 My sight was dim and my reason awayed,
 My utterance failed e'en while I raised
 A petition for help to God.

I dreamed that a silence profound and deep
 Settled down on my throbbing brain;
 And into my sleep there began to creep
 Sweet visions of home, that like billows did sweep
 All the grisly phantoms of night away,
 As mists are dispersed by the "orb of day"
 And I woke to life again.

I dreamed no more: from the calm lake's shore
 I watched the swallows dart;
 The glorious sun above my head,
 Beneath me a flowery carpet spread,
 The birds 'mid the branches warbled and trilled,
 My eyes, as I listened, with tears were filled,
 And with gratitude my heart.

NEMO.

Halifax, March 1892.

DRAMA VERSUS MUSIC.

The Editor of The Critic.

SIR,—Permit me as one interested to ask a question through the medium
 of your valuable columns as to the relative merits of the above, i e., their
 merits as educational factors.

On the occasion of our Philharmonic and Choral Societies' Concerts, a
 message was sent to the "powers that be" of our Windsor Ladies' College
 asking that the young ladies be allowed to attend these concerts, and offering
 a rate accorded to the students at the Collegiate School. If my memory
 serves me well, the answer conveyed to me orally by our Secretary was to
 the effect that the authorities in charge deemed it inadvisable to create a
 precedent in the matter of allowing students to attend outside entertainments.

Judge of my surprise when I find quite a number allowed to attend and
 enjoy the dramatic entertainment given by the students of Kings College
 on Monday last. I do not intend to decry the merits of the performance,
 still less would I call into question the educational power of the stage, but
 is this discrimination in the matter of entertainments on the right side?

The object of teaching should be to awaken the critical faculty, and
 opportunities of developing it are certainly essential. The critical is
 necessarily antecedent to the creative. A syllogism holds no less in music
 than logic, comprehension, comparison, conclusion. How attain the second
 if no opportunity is offered?

I will not suppose for an instant that an intentional sneer was implied by
 the refusal of the authorities in re the young ladies taking advantage of such
 musical environment as we have. Even were this so the names of the
 artists who have graced our programmes would be a sufficient offset to such
 an idea.

Among the advantages claimed by the Halifax Conservatory of Music we
 find the fact of a musical environment prominently urged.

It may be claimed that the students at this Windsor institution are,
 musically, too young to be benefited by attending these concerts, but the
 fallacy of this is apparent when we remember the infinite worth of the early
 calling into being of the critical faculty.

The opportunities enjoyed by the students here are limited to an occas-
 ional musical evening, the closing recitals, possibly a solo, vocal or instru-
 mental, by the teachers, necessarily of rare occurrence in a large school with
 a limited staff.

To view this matter from a broader stand, joint, even the recitals are often
 a means of retarding true musical progress. The pupils who are to play
 have to devote much time to conquering technical difficulties, time that could
 be better spent in obtaining analytical knowledge, and so lead them to
 understand and enjoy the work they are undertaking.

This widespread custom of teaching pupils showy pieces may be termed
 the art of musical mnemonics rather than the art of teaching music.

How many of the graduates from our musical institutions can read at sight a simple accompaniment? As a rule, all who pass or graduate in music (vocal or instrumental) have a *repertoire*; how many have practical knowledge?

In this branch of education (and of the so-called accomplishments this ranks easily first,) we have daily evidence of the cramming system.

The object of teaching is to make a thinking being, not merely to develop (as a writer has put it,) "A memory with pigeon-holes, labelled here 'a quotation,' there a piano solo or song."

No! the object of this letter is not personal pique. I have not a running pen, hence have run off from my subject. The utterances, however faulty, are intended to be didactical, and he who reads may mark and learn as he is interested.

Apologizing for this lengthy intrusion,

Yours very obediently,

W. HARRY WATTS,

Conductor Windsor Choral Society.

BOOK GOSSIP.

The *New England Magazine* for March offers a very interesting mental bill of fare. It opens with "Recollections of Louisa May Alcott," by Mrs. Maria S. Porter, which conjures up clear recollections of "Little Women" and other of Miss Alcott's books. The writer was an intimate friend of the famous story-writer, and she gives an attractive picture of her private life. A fine wood engraving of Miss Alcott in her twenties forms the frontispiece, and the article is finely illustrated by May Alcott Neriker, the sister of Miss Alcott, Jo. H. Hatfield, and Louis A. Holman. "Harvard Clubs and Club Life," by William Dana Orcutt will awaken much curiosity and interest. It gives the history of all the different college societies, and an account of their peculiar customs and social aims and rites, and is well illustrated. A number of the leading characters in the club theatricals are presented in costume. Milwaukee's commercial progression and prosperity are well presented in an able article on his western home by Capt. Chas. King, the novelist. Winfield S. Nevins continues his "Stories of Salem Witchcraft." Henry Cleveland Wood writing of "Negro Camp Melodies," preserves many of these old-folk songs now being forgotten. Walter Blackburn Harte, in a gossip on "Literary Advisers," tells the truth about this class of literary frauds, who prosper upon the vanity of incapable scribblers. Henrietta S. Nahmer's pleasant article on "Bryant's New England Home," will greatly please most readers. It is beautifully illustrated. The poetry and fiction of the number is up to the usual standard of this magazine, which, as all its readers are aware, is high. This unique periodical promises during the year stories of Salem witchcraft, articles on Phillips Brooks, James Parton, Howell's Boston, the future of Electricity, and good stories will form a prominent feature. It is fully illustrated, and contains American Legends, traditions, history, story and poetry, philosophy and music, science and art. It treats of American subjects, past and present, and social questions are discussed in its columns. \$3.00 a year, 10 cents sample copy. Address *New England Magazine*, 86 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

"The Horse: A study in Natural History," by W. H. Flower, C. B., L.L.D., &c. The president of the Zoological Society of London and director of the natural history department of the British Museum is too well known in the scientific world to permit of doubt as to the success of any work he may give to the public. Professor Flower has given much attention to osteology, and, notwithstanding its brevity, the present book is almost exhaustive in the special field it explores. It treats of the horse's place in nature; its ancestors and the three surviving families to which it belongs or is related, viz. the Tapirs, Rhinoceroses and the Horses, the structure of the horse proper, as bearing upon its relation to other animal forms; and the comparative anatomy of man and horse. Many diagrams and other engravings are inserted and add much to the perspicuity and attractiveness of the pages. For these the tyro will be thankful. It is intended that the volume should inculcate some important principles in modern biology, and everything is explained according to the widespread doctrines of Darwin and his disciples. Many of Dr. Flower's statements and speculations—and the latter is a very appropriate term to use in connection with the discussions of the evolutionary school to which he belongs—are liable at any moment to be set aside by such fresh discoveries as may be made in the course of years. We much fear that evolution in the extremes to which it now goes, is too much the result of giant brains. Modern Science Series, No. 2, Appleton & Co., New York; cloth, \$1.00.

A new book, entitled "Santa Barbara," by Ouida, published by John Lovell & Son, 23 and 25 St. Nicholas street, Montreal, is a collection of short stories by this well-known authoress, written in the attractive style which characterizes her former productions. Although in almost all these sketches the power of evil is triumphant over good, they are very interesting and will doubtless take well with the fiction reading public. Price 40 cents.

THE SECRET OF STYLE.

"The secret of art is incommunicable," says Walter Blackburn Harte in the March *New England Magazine*. "Every writer ultimately succeeds through his failures; that is, if he can recognize his failures. Some writers fail through their successes. The study of models in literature is useless; imitation is fatal, for it precludes the idea of native force. Style is simply individuality; it cannot be acquired. A man with good intelligence can become a scholar if he gives his life to it, but he cannot learn to write a sonnet, an essay, or a novel. A great writer is not made by the study of men. It is in the streets, and not in the library, that Fieldings and Dickens are made."

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

M. P. P.—The Malto Peptonized Porter Co., Ltd., Truro, N. S., has had its preparation pretty well advertised by the objection taken to it by the Division of the Sons of Temperance at Moncton and by others which have followed suit. The tonic in question has had the approbation of many well-known physicians, and the *Medical News* also endorses it, warning people at the same time that it is alcoholic and should be prescribed with due attention to that quality. What the temperance people object to is the danger of people over-dosing liquor laws both by selling and buying this preparation, not as a medicine but as a beverage. This, it is claimed by the M. P. P. Co., cannot be done, as the tonic effects of medicine are so powerful as to be dangerous when taken in large quantities. We know by experience that a run-down system can be built up very much by the timely use of ordinary stout, and we have no doubt that M. P. P. is a most efficacious remedy for the ailments for which it is prescribed.

A TANNERY DOING WELL.—C. B. Casey & Son, tanners, Amherst, N. S., are doing a good steady business. Their annual output is about 23,000 hides, and they employ 20 hands. A new shop has been built and is in good running order. Profits are small in the business at present.

BUSINESS LOOKING UP.—The rolling mill at Acadia Mines, which has been idle for some months, is to be started again. The puddlers are going to undertake the manufacture of puddle-iron. The iron company is putting the mill in thorough repair and will furnish the pig iron to them at cost as well as fuel, etc., and agree to take their productions at the market price. This plan will lessen the cost of production materially, as it will do away with the salary of a mill superintendent and other expenses. Some of the most experienced of the workmen will have the oversight of the work as well as the selection of the pig iron to be used. The men want to arrange the work so that the furnaces can be run "double turn," and at six heats each, so that there may be no waste of fuel. The work will begin soon and will make a great difference to the place.

A MONCTON FIRM.—Messrs. John A. Humphrey & Son, woollen manufacturers, Moncton, N. B., who had our thanks last week for a handsome piece of cloth, have during the past year added 50 per cent. to their capacity, and their machinery having all been built to their own order by the best makers, they feel confident they have one of the best equipped three set mills in Canada. They employ 50 hands, and sell their output principally in the Maritime Provinces. Work is kept up steadily, their concern being run 300 days in 1890-91, and 302 days in 1891-92. Prospects for the future of this firm are good, for they have increased their business yearly in the past. They believe they can manufacture more cheaply than their competitors, and expect to do well in the future.

A SWEET BUSINESS.—Messrs. Ganong Bros., confectioners, Stephen, N. B., have sold out to a joint stock company called "Ganong Brothers, Ltd." The capital stock of the new Company is \$150,000. They purpose enlarging the business. In 1891 they sold goods amounting to \$255,000, and look for increased trade in 1892. During the past year several shipments have been made to British Columbia. From 60 to 175 hands are employed in the manufactory.

THE CHEESE INDUSTRY.—The only cheese factory in operation in this Province during the past season has been the one situated at Cornwall, about six miles from Ch'town. This factory is owned by a company of enterprising and well-to-do farmers living in Cornwall and vicinal settlements, who run the business on a mutual and economical system. The costs of manufacturing, incidental expenses, such as driving milk waggons, etc., and all profits arising from sales going back to the farmers or patrons of the factory, of which there are some thirty or forty. The annual meeting of the factory was held on January 5, 1892, and by the showing of accounts they have closed a very successful year's business. The total number of lbs. of milk manufactured during the four months in which the factory operated were 566,101, equal to 20³ tons, which produced 51,863 lbs. of cheese, or nearly 26 tons, requiring 10.92 lbs. of milk to a lb. of cheese. This cheese, which is of first-class quality, having been awarded first prize for three years in our Provincial Exhibition, is manufactured by Mr. Richard Hood of Cornwall. The cheese has met with a fair demand, being all disposed of in the home market. The total sum realized from sale of cheese was \$5,168.22, which represents about 10 cents per lb. The patrons received 68 cents to 100 lbs. of milk, and some farmers keeping good milking cows have averaged as high as \$20 per cow for the term of four months. Last season was not so good for pasturage as the previous summer, and 4,000 lbs. less cheese were manufactured, which represents a loss in two ways to the patrons, as the larger quantity could have been manufactured at nearly the same cost. Mr. Geo. Toombs, of this city, has for the past three years been agent for the Cornwall Cheese Factory, and has conducted the business in a manner highly satisfactory to all concerned.—*Charlottetown Guardian*.

NEW MACHINERY.—Messrs. Baird & Schurman, of the Valley Woollen Mill, Southampton, are putting in a new spinning jack of 316 spindles, which will largely increase the capacity of the mill.—*Cumberland Leader*.

LUMBERING.—Messrs. Fisher Bros. are running two rotary mills in the woods about two miles from Southampton, and are sawing about 600 logs a day. They will cut about three million feet of lumber this season.—*Ibid*.

COMMERCIAL.

Business generally continues to improve, but the improvement is at a very slow rate, and several lines are in better tone. The country roads are, however, as a rule, in a very bad state. Advancing spring brings the frost out of the ground and renders many of the roads so miry as to be practically impassable for heavy teams fully loaded. The genial and drying influence of the sun will, doubtless, remedy this before long, and trade that is now struggling to free itself from the state of inertia forced upon it by the shifting and uncertain winter through which it has passed will very soon wake up to full vigor and volume. We feel safe in predicting a large and profitable spring business in almost all lines of traffic.

Some "statistical fellow" has an opening for doing substantial good to trade generally by ascertaining and informing the public how many men who are doing business in their own names and ostensibly for their own benefit are in reality working for others, being only permitted to be there by the grace of the houses which take the risk of furnishing them with goods. This would be a legitimate field for enquiry by the "Commercial Agencies." There are many cases wherein a retailer who cannot produce sufficient credentials to secure credit from one house may obtain it from another. One reason for this difference frequently is that the former house has a good, sound customer in the place where the new man proposes starting who does all the business that can be done there. The latter house (the one that grants the credit) has no customer in that place, but desires to supplant or cut down the trade of its rival. The starting of a new man means to the supplying firm a new customer and the injury of a rival. Of course in the beginning profits are not expected to amount to much in such a competition, the sole object of which—so far as the suppliers are concerned—is to displace somebody who does not buy from them. The new man is well watched by his patron to prevent his going beyond his tether. He is practically only doing business for the benefit of the house which has taken him up. He has the anxiety, responsibility and care of running a business, but in nine cases out of ten barely realises as much as—certainly not more than he would—if he has worked for a stipulated salary. His patrons may let him run for a few years, as circumstances may determine, but when they conclude to run him no longer he is cast aside like a squeezed orange. This is a common device among wholesalers for getting ahead of their rivals who have a good customer somewhere to whom it is impossible for them to sell anything. The taking up of a man who has no title to independence, but who is delighted with the confidence thus placed in him, will usually damage the trade of the many who were established before him, but it is seldom that the dupe who has filled the breach finds himself wealthier by the transaction.

DRY GOODS.—Trade in general shows no change since our last report. The spring millinery openings have attracted a good many customers from the country, and these have naturally paid visits to the dry goods houses while they were in town, so that, on the whole, the volume of transactions has been quite satisfactory. Prices generally are firm and the success of the formation of a colored cotton combine will, doubtless, tend to still further advances, although these will probably be made gradually. As the combine has paid high prices for some of the factories—in two cases more than the cost of erection—they must increase prices if they are to realize any profits. The introduction of American capital—a wealthy capitalist from Boston and another from Providence having gone into it—forms a new feature in the cotton goods combine. In the previous combines the capital has all been Canadian. The *Montreal Trade Bulletin* remarks:—"Raw cotton was never known to be as cheap as it is to-day, sales of about 10,000 bales having been recently made for Canadian account, some of it costing less than 7c. per lb. There has also been a good deal of speculation in raw cotton by Canadians with varying results, some who bought in New York, after the first sharp drop, in expectation of a speedy rally, having dropped considerable sums, while others who were persistent short sellers realized a handsome profit out of it. The following is an extract from a letter to a gentleman in this city from a well-known New York broker:—"Your friend —, I hear, is less despondent since he has been on the short side of the deal, although he cannot have recouped his first reverse on the opposite side. Tell him, however, to be careful, as it seems to me the shorts are on the edge of a dangerous precipice, and he is in the hands of a man who is a most absurd bear." Now that raw cotton is being bought at such phenomenally low prices, surely our manufacturers can afford to make a corresponding reduction in the manufactured articles. Unless the mills reduce their prices materially, it will not argue well for the National Policy."

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—Nothing has transpired locally in pig iron to cause any alteration, and business has not extended beyond a few jobbing sales. With regard to spring importations, however, the coal strikes in the United Kingdom are causing some uneasiness as to the future, and it is noticeable that warrants are showing an advancing tendency lately, in contradistinction to their previous heavy feeling. The most recent quotation is 41s. 4d. and they have advanced about 1d. per day since the inception of the troubles. Buyers here, however, do not show much change in their disposition and the only apparent difference consists in the fact that sellers on the other side are uncertain how to act. The American iron markets are in a heavy, unsettled condition. Bar iron remains unchanged. In general hardware the houses report a fair trade doing, while nails are jobbing steadily on the regular standard basis. Tin andterne plates are dull and easy. There is no new feature in any of the metals—copper, tin and antimony being as they were.

BREADSTUFFS.—The local flour market retains its quiet feeling, and spot business is of a small jobbing kind—not conducive to any change. Values rule about the same. The feed market is quiet and unchanged. Bran and shorts are moving in a jobbing way. Oatmeal rules dull and heavy under a slow demand. Oats are moving in a small way at steady prices. In

Chicago and New York the general feeling has been bullish, but any advance was fought at each step by the bears of both cities. The volume of trade has been large and the feeling exceedingly nervous, though the fluctuations have not been wide. Buerbohm's cable reports wheat a turn dearer and corn *nil*, though both are improving. At Liverpool spot wheat has been slow at the advance. Corn steady with a fair demand. Paris is reported very strong owing to cold weather. London and Berlin unchanged.

PROVISIONS.—The local demand for pork continues very small, and holders would, no doubt make concessions to induce business. The feeling is decidedly weak and quotations are unchanged simply because no business is doing. In Chicago provisions were stronger in the first part of the week in sympathy with a better market for the raw material, but later on it was reported on the authority of the Cincinnati *Price Current* that, owing to the better condition of hogs, the packing of the country, weight for weight, would be practically the same as last year. This caused heavy selling by packers and speculators and prices declined sharply. May pork declined about 20 points.

BUTTER does not locally exhibit any material change. Dairy is steady and a little jobbing business is doing. A London letter says:—"The summer-like weather of last week, which imparted a degree of dullness to the butter trade, has been succeeded this week by the bitterest spell we have had this winter, the thermometer being rarely more than two or three degrees above zero, and more frequently below, in some parts of the country as much as 9°. Trade has consequently been much firmer, and the losses recently felt have been to some extent recovered. Australian, still to be had below 190s., has generally advanced to the more moderate of old figures, and sells fairly well up to 116s., occasionally 118s., while French, Danish and Dutch have gone up a trifle. American and Canadian, which have been moving off freely recently, and have got into narrow compass here, have been prejudicially affected by the low currencies of Australian and New Zealand, but sell slowly now at 96s. to 98s. here and in Liverpool, while in Bristol, Canadian creameries, owing to scarcity, command good attention at 120s. to 124s., lower grades down to 100s., while finest States creamery there fetches but 110s. to 112s. In the North, Irish and American butters are hardly quotable, being in very small compass."

CHEESE.—There is nothing new to relate concerning the local situation in cheese. Some of the reserves held over in this province from the last summer and winter makes are being shipped but the quantities on hand are now believed to be much smaller than it was at one time thought they were. The consumptive demand continues to be very small and is fully met by supplies that gradually come forward so that prices are well maintained. A correspondent in London writes:—"Little American and Canadian cheese, comparatively, remain here, and prices are about steady at 59s. to 60s., with sellers firm at the latter. If cable advices are correct, and they are not always so, there will not be any cheese from your side here at all in another two months, and prices current to buyers' eagerness would seem to indicate that this is how they look at it. But we have heard of scarcity and 'stocks exhausted' so often, to be followed by continual shipments and free sales, that we hardly take all we hear in this direction as gospel. However, things certainly look healthy, and a firm close to the season is inevitable."

EGGS.—Receipts in this market of eggs are becoming larger and, though the demand is quite active, prices are declining. Good freshly-laid eggs are now quoted in jobbing lots at 15c. to 17c. A Montreal report says:—"The market is decidedly easier, with sales of round lots of lined at 13c. and single cases at 13½c. to 14c. The offering of damaged stock before referred to is still hurting trade and stopping sales. One lot was offered at 9c., but as it was said to be half cooked it was refused. As regards fresh eggs, one dealer stated that he expected a car of American at the beginning of the week, but it has not arrived yet. St. Louis eggs were offered firms here yesterday at 15c., which would cost 17c. laid down here. Canadian fresh have sold at 20c." A London letter writer says:—"Eggs are quieter throughout the country consequent on increased arrivals, and my advices from Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, etc., are all to the effect that lower prices are in sight, and in some cases have had to be conceded. In London Continentals have dropped 6d. to 1s. per 120, and in Liverpool Irish have dropped 1s., but at Hull there has been more inquiry for eggs both fresh and pickled, and the slaughtering prices prevalent ten days ago are not thought of for a moment now, for foreigners, though English, are more plentiful and cheaper. In Liverpool Canadians are still selling, but few, and at recent low values."

APPLES.—The reserve stock of apples in this province for shipment is now pretty well drained out, and most of what remain are small and of inferior quality, so that the season may be regarded as closed so far as Canada is concerned. A London correspondent reports:—"No arrivals of apples into London this week, but sales of stock very satisfactory at two to three shillings above rates current this time last year, notwithstanding the large imports. In Liverpool a firm trade is being put through, and in the North all landed sell well at enhanced rates. Stocks are evidently getting low on your side, and a strong close to the season is pretty well assured. I have been sounding the trade here on the Australian project, and they look on it as a species of mental aberration on the part of the promulgator. Firstly, they hardly credit it, and one large importer says he doubts the wisdom of the scheme if true. No one in the trade here knows anything about it, while the Government agents are also uninformed; so that it is probable the suggestion is only a wild one thrown out because of the success of the Dominion experiment. If true, the trade here think it will be a failure. One merchant here says:—"It would be prudent, if such steps were contemplated to try first with pickled goods. Fresh goods would certainly deteriorate much in quality, because there is not only the length of the journey, but the previous collection, packing, etc., which would take much time."

DRIED FRUIT.—In this market the dried fruit business has been moderately active with a good movement in a small way. Values, however, are comparatively low in both currants and raisins, and some figure from this upon an advance in the near future.

SUGAR.—This article still remains in an uncertain condition, and dealers continue to supply themselves only from hand to mouth to meet actual consumptive demands. The fight in Montreal and Toronto, though it does not directly affect us here, no doubt influences to some extent the course of our jobbers and retailers. The Montreal *Trade Bulletin* portrays the situation there as follows:—"Great excitement still prevails among the wholesale grocers, as the absurd cutting is still going on, though it is largely confined to the firm which recently left the Grocers' Guild and some of the French houses, the rest keeping aloof as far as possible. As a consequence of the endeavors to secure sugar while it is so low, large demands are being made upon the refiners, and they find business pretty active. Although the wholesale grocers are selling at such low rates, refiners have not conceded anything, and are pretty firm in their values. In this they are perfectly justified by the current values of raw to-day, which would indeed justify higher quotations for refined; but as it is refiners are pretty well stocked with raw at much lower prices than now rule, and consequently can afford to sell at lower figures than if they had to buy their supplies of raw to-day. The statistical position is no less firm than it was, and upholds refiners in their views. The English market for raw is a trifle easier, best fists in London being at 14s. 3d. The New York market is steady, and granulated is unchanged at 4c. We quote:—Granulated, 4½¢; yellows, low grades, 3 7-16c. to 3½¢; bright yellows, 3½c. to 4½c. at the refineries."

TEA.—This market continues exceedingly quiet and no important sales of any grade are reported, the only transactions that are occurring being of quite a small jobbing character. Prices are nominally unchanged but are very weakly held. Substantial concessions would probably be made if they would induce trade.

COFFEE.—The high price of coffee mentioned last week has been duly maintained all through this week and, so far, nothing has occurred to arouse any hopes of a lowering of values. A cable from a Rio house reduces the coffee estimates for 1892-3 to 6,000,000 bags. This and the yellow fever at Santos are responsible for the recent advance in Brazil coffee. In mild coffees there is a very firm feeling, owing to the actual shortness of all desirable goods. So far nothing has appeared to make it probable that the duty of 3c. per lb. on all coffees coming from countries in Central and South America that have not made reciprocal treaties with the United States will not be imposed on the 15th instant and, as these coffees are pretty high now, it does not seem likely that roasters will be willing to pay 3c. more than the present high figures.

FISH.—The fish market continues to rule very dull, and the business doing is hardly worthy of mention. Jobbers complain that they cannot induce anything beyond orders necessitated by actual wants. Rough weather and scarcity of bait combine to prevent fishing operations along the shore and on the banks, and receipts from outports are almost nil. Some small lots are shipped per steamers to the United States, West Indies and Cuba, but their volume is too small to attract others than those directly interested in them. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, March 9.—"The market for smoked fish is unchanged, and we quote—Yarmouth blotters \$1.10 to \$1.25 per 60 box; St. John do. 90c to \$1.10 per 100 box; boneless cod, large boxes 6c. to 7c.; do. small do. 7c. to 8c. There has been more enquiry for pickled fish, and it is now expected that a good business will be done after all during Lent. Labrador herring are quoted at \$5.25 to \$5.50 per bbl. and French shore at \$4.85 to \$5; dry cod is quiet at \$5 to \$5.25 and green cod at \$5.25 to \$5.50 for No. 1 and \$5.75 for large. French cod and haddock have been sold at 3c. to 4c. per lb., but there are few in stock just now. Fresh frozen herring are in ample supply and are lower, but at the decline sales are larger, being reported at \$1.66 to \$1.80 per 100." Gloucester, Mass., March 9.—"A number of Georges arrivals and liberal frozen herring receipts are the principal incidents of the week, if we except the storm of the past three days, which prevented fishing operations and retarded the movements of the fleet. Lent has commenced, with only a moderate trade as yet, and it remains to be seen what effect the removal of the usual restrictions as to diet will have upon the business. We quote—Mixed fish for curing, large cod \$3; small do. \$1.50; cusk \$1.75; hake 80c.; haddock \$1.50; fresh shore cod \$1; haddock \$1.50; frozen herring 80c. per hundred count; herring bait from cold storage \$3.50 per cwt. Jobbing prices for mackerel as follows: small plain 3's \$9 per bbl.; small rimmed do. \$10; medium rimmed 3's \$13; medium shore 2's, scarce, \$18.50 to \$19; large shore 1's \$21; blotters \$30. New Georges codfish at \$7.50 per qtl. for large, and small at \$5.25 to \$5.50; Georges cured do. \$7 to \$7.12; Bank \$6.75 for large and \$5 to \$5.12 for small. Dry Bank \$7.25; medium \$5.50; cured cusk at \$5.75 per qtl.; hake \$2.75 to \$3; haddock \$4.25; heavy salted pollock \$3.25; and English cured do. \$3.75 per qtl.; Labrador herring, split \$5 per bbl.; round \$4; Shore round \$3.50; Newfoundland 2's. \$3; pickled codfish \$6; haddock \$5; halibut heads \$3.50; sounds \$13; tongues and sounds \$13; tongues \$11; alewives \$3.50; trout \$14; Halifax salmon \$23; Newfoundland do. \$16."

MARY O'NEIL, W. C. T. U. Coffee Rooms, Halifax, N. S., writes:—Having been positively cured of dyspepsia by the use of one package of K. D. C. I would cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering from this dreadful disease.

K. D. C. Co., DEAR SIR:—This is to certify that I have been a dyspeptic for thirty-five years. Have used a great many preparations, but found nothing to benefit me like K. D. C. I heartily recommend it to any suffering from this disease.

JOHN A. McLEAN,
Salt Springs, Pictou Co.

WASH WITH IDEAL SOAP.

Wash everything. It cleans easily and thoroughly. Makes a complete job of anything it touches. It washes one thing as well as another, and does it WELL.

Takes Little Labor and Time.

ASK Your Grocer for it. If he offers you a substitute, tell him you did not come to him for advice but for Ideal Soap. You'll get it if you ask for it that way. There's no substitute; you'll say so after using it.

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

GROCERIES.		BREADSTUFFS	
SUGARS.			
Cut Leaf.....	5½¢	Markets remain unchanged, with possibly a slightly better tone in the oatmeal and cornmeal market.	
Granulated.....	4½ to 4¾		
Circle A.....	4½		
White Extra C.....	4½		
Standard.....	3½ to 3¾		
Extra Yellow C.....	3¾		
Yellow C.....	3½ to 3¾		
TEA.			
Congou Common.....	17 to 19	FLOUR	
Fair.....	20 to 23	Blantford Highest Grade Patents.....	5.75 to 6.10
Good.....	25 to 29	High Grade Patents.....	5.10 to 5.20
Choice.....	31 to 33	Good 90 per cent. Patents.....	4.90 to 5.00
Extra Choice.....	35 to 36	Straight Grade.....	4.80
Oolong, Choice.....	37 to 39	Good Seconds.....	4.40
MOLASSES.			
Barbados.....	35	Graham Flour.....	4.60 to 4.75
Demerara.....	35 to 38	Oatmeal.....	4.35 to 4.4
Diamond N.....	48	Rolled.....	4.45
Porto Rico.....	34 to 35	Kiln Dried Cornmeal.....	3.10
Cienfuegos.....	none	In Bond.....	2.90
Trinidad.....	32½ to 35	Roll'd Wheat.....	5.55
Antigua.....	33 to 34	Wheat Bran, per ton.....	21.00 to 21.50
Tobacco, Black.....	45 to 47	Middlings.....	26.50
Bright.....	47 to 55	Shorts.....	22.50
BISCUITS.			
Pilot Bread.....	3.00	Cracked Corn.....	25.00
Boston and Thin Family.....	6½	Group O' Cake, per ton.....	36.00 to 38.00
Soda.....	6½	Moule.....	24.00 to 25.00
do in lb. boxes, 50 to case.....	7½	Split Peas.....	4.10
Fancy.....	8 to 15	White Beans, per bushel.....	1.50 to 1.55
HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.			
Apples, per bbl., N. S.....	2.00 to 3.00	Pot Hawey, per barrel.....	3.90 to 4.50
Oranges, Jamaica, bris.....	6.50 to 7.00	Canadian Oats, choice quality (w.....	43 to 45
Lemons, per case.....	4.75 to 5.50	P. E. Island Oats.....	41 to 45
Cocoanuts, new per 100.....	5.00	Iley.....	13.00 to 14.00
Onions Am. per lb.....	2½ to 2¾	J. A. CHIPMAN & Co., Head of Central Wharf, Halifax, N. S.	
Canadian, per lb.....	2½ to 2¾	PROVISIONS.	
Dates boxes, new.....	8½ to 6	cef. Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid.....	13.50 to 14.00
Raisins, Valencia.....	8 to 7	Am. Plate.....	14.50 to 15.00
Figs, Eleme, 5 lb boxes per lb, new.....	10 to 11	Ex. Plate.....	15.00 to 15.50
small boxes.....	9 to 10	Park, Mess, American.....	15.00 to 15.50
Prunes, Stewing, boxes.....	6½ to 6	American, clear.....	17.50 to 18.00
Bananas.....	1.50 to 2.00	P. E. I. Mess.....	15.00 to 15.50
Cranberries, per bbl.....	1.50 to 2.00	P. E. I. Thin Mess.....	14.00 to 14.50
C. H. Harvey, 12 & 10 Sackville St.			
FISH.			
		Ex Vesce.	Ex Store
MACKEREL—			
Extras.....	00.00	22.00	
No. 1.....	00.00	19.00	
2 large.....	00.00	15.00	
2.....	00.00	12.00	
3 large, Reamed.....	0.00	9.00	
3, Reamed.....	0.00	8.00	
3 large, Plain.....	0.00	8.00	
3 Plain.....	0.00	7.00	
Small.....	0.00	6.00	
HERRING.			
No. 1 C. B. July.....	0.00	5.50	
1 Fall Split.....	0.00	4.25	
1 Fall Round.....	0.00	3.75	
1 Labrador.....	0.00	6.25	
1 Georges Bay.....	0.00	2.25	
1 Bay of Islands.....	0.00	3.50	
Alewives No 1.....	0.00	5.50	
SALMON.			
No. 1, ½ brl.....	00.00	10.00	
No. 2, ½ brl.....	00.00	11.00	
3.....	00.00	13.00	
Small.....	0.00		
CODFISH.			
Hard C. B.....	0.00	6.00	
Western Shore.....	0.00	5.75	
Bank.....	0.00	4.75	
Bay.....	0.00	4.25	
Newfoundland.....	0.00	none	
Haddock.....	0.00	3.75	
Banks & Western.....	0.00	3.75	
Hake.....	0.00	8.00 to 3.25	
Pollock.....	0.00	4.00	
Hake Sounds, per lb.....	12½		
Cod Oil per gal.....	23	32c.	
BUTTER AND CHEESE			
Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints.....	25		
in Small Tubs.....	25		
Good, in 20 lbs. tubs, new.....	17 to 20		
Store Pack 20 lbs. oversalted.....	15		
Canadian Township, new.....	20 to 25		
Western.....	18		
old.....	18		
Cheese, Canadian.....	12		
Antigonish.....	12½		
SALT.			
Factory Filled.....	\$1.50		
Fine Liverpool, bag, from store.....	60		
Liverpool, ½ hd.....	1.50		
A Short.....	none		
apiz.....	none		
Turks Island.....	none		
Lisbon.....	none		
Coarse W. I.....	none		
Trepan.....	400		
A Short.....	none		

A ROMANCE OF THE RIVIERA.

"Still, I don't see that I can marry you," said Felicia Brandram, with sad firmness, as she looked through the window across the promenade at the blue sea beyond.

"Oh, you are influenced, of course, like all women, by what the world says," angrily answered her companion, a young man who stood near her in an attitude of request.

"Is there not need?" she asked. "Everyone cannot be wrong. There is not one who has any good to tell of you—you have none even to say of yourself."

"Where would be the use if I began to blow the trumpet of my virtues—supposing I have any?" he replied bitterly. "Who would believe me against your 'everyone?' I never pretended to be better than—most men are."

"No; but I think you must be worse," she answered, forcing herself to hardness. "I don't know anyone else who has had to leave his regiment—to avoid being turned out of it, I suppose; nor who has had to take his name off his club—for the same reason; nor whom half of his former friends refuse to know in the street."

"There are some things a fellow can't clear himself of; you know that affair was one of them. Who would take my word only against such convincing appearances? I had to drop out of everything—there. I have said all this to you before."

"I know—don't protest any more, Rodney; it does no good. I have never been one, as you must acknowledge, to care for scandal, even for seeming—"

"In short, you don't believe me," interrupted Rodney, violently.

His cousin said nothing.

"And yet you love me!" he continued, watching her with increasing bitterness.

"Unfortunately I do," she answered. They were both silent for some seconds.

"Well," he began again, "isn't love what is most needful in marriage? Isn't marriage without it a sacrilege rather than a sacrament? Isn't love—"

"It is a great deal," she said, as he hesitated for a word, "but it is not all. If it were all, I would be your wife to-morrow; but I am something else than a heart, and I cannot marry you with a fraction of myself only, however large it may be. Besides, a husband is not all though he is a great deal. I have a mother; I have friends; I have principles; I cannot hurt and quarrel with all who are dear to me, who have made up my life hitherto and filled it with their goodness; I cannot defy and forget a man I have held closest for the sake of a thing so variable, so short-lived, as love."

"Is that what yours would be? Then you do well to spare me," he answered. "But, I ask you, where will you find a man whose life will bear inspection on your puritanic lines? I don't know him. There is hardly one anywhere who hasn't been a little wild."

"Well, there is no one anywhere whom I want to marry," she answered.

"Except me," he put in.

"Except you; and you I will not."

"Look here," he cried, "with your hardness, your cruelty, you are breaking my heart, Felicia! Is that nothing to you?"

"I break my own, too," she answered, not looking at him.

In a minute he began again. "I know I have no past to offer you; but I have the future. I love you with all my strength; you would regulate my life henceforth. Doesn't so great a man as Sheridan, or Goldsmith or someone, say that your best husband is a reformed rake?"

"I don't care about your Sheridan, or Goldsmith or someone," replied his cousin, unmoved. "I won't give myself to a rake whose past I cannot share. I won't devote my future to picking him out of the mud; there is mud of my own I must avoid. I am no saint, with works of supererogation available for his benefit; and if I were, I don't believe in them." She suddenly turned upon him her handsome face, with its setting of brown hair.

Looking at her he asked angrily: "Why on earth was I such a fool as to fall in love with a woman who has gray eyes, I wonder? There is no mercy in them, no love, no relenting—only judgment."

"Oh, my poor eyes! Never mind them!" she said, fretfully, "they have done me harm enough in looking so much at you." Then she sat down suddenly in a chair that was near and burst into piteous tears, saying: "Go away, Rodney, leave me to myself."

But he knelt down by her and drew her head to his shoulder, and kissed her tears away, and caressed and comforted her, and did so with much grace and real feeling. "There, you let me kiss you," he said; "you let me hold you like this; you are relenting, surely?"

"No, you know I love you, and I shall never marry anyone else, so it does not matter, so far as that is concerned," she replied. "I am weak of me, but one cannot be strong throughout. If I could I would shed no tears for you."

"I don't give you up yet," he said, a little later, taking his leave. "I shall see you to-morrow. You are going to be in the carnival?"

"Yes, of course," she answered; "but I shall be glad when you go away, Rodney."

With the grey eyes tear dimmed and their delicate lids reddened, she stood looking through the window at the white straight road which lay between the gate of the villa garden and the low sea wall; and beyond was the placid blue of the Mediterranean, and the red and purple tones of sunset deepening in the sky above it. Rodney's graceful form walked down

the short path between the palms and the aloe shrubs and, turning at the end, he raised his hat to her with a smile that was half an inquiry. "Never," she said aloud in answer to it.

Felicia Brandram was the only child of a poor man of good family, who in the days when it was not common to do so, had married a rich American girl, and their child had been trained in a strange mixture of New World puritanism and Old World luxury. Now, at 22 years of age, handsome, and of considerable force of character, she found herself possessed of strong tastes for elegance and ease which her moral principles did not allow her sufficiently to gratify, so that, going continually into society, dressing with the best, smiling with the lightest, she did so with a protest; so that having chosen, among all the men she knew, to love her cousin Rodney Rochester, she loved him with pain, with angry and inexorable renunciation, and her tenacity of purpose promised to make her feeling for him as lasting as her determination that it should not find its natural sequel was inflexible. She was wintering with her mother in the south of France, whither the brilliant and evil-doing Rodney had followed her. Some said his affection was for her fortune, others that he was piqued by her repeated refusals of him; but, in fact, he was as much in love with her as was possible for a handsome man whose *bonnes fortunes* were proverbial.

Felicia watched the tones of sunset deepen, then fade away into gray in the east, and then yellow in the west; she watched the starlight begin and the young moon take upon herself her nightly gilding; and still there was war in her soul; for all the youth and emotion that were in her cried out for Rodney, while reason held out, pitiless, that it must not be; that a man so blighted, so far backsliding, were he ten times as winsome, was a man she would do wrongly to marry.

In the road, as she stood thinking and looking from the window, a cart passed containing grotesque figures, followed by men with banners and poles.

"Oh, that sickening carnival!" she said aloud. "Much heart I have for all its folly! Yet, after all, what have I done that I cannot enjoy it as others do? I will! I will have two days' happiness! While it lasts I will let myself love Rodney, and be glad that he loves me. I will be among the merriest here; I will ask myself no questions; I will let myself go—just for two days. Then will come the ashes; then Lent, Lent that may last my life!"

There was no cloud or stir among the winds those two carnival days that year; all through the long hours of daylight the sun shone untiring, and the crash and scrunch of the waves upon the shore were softened till the sound was hardly more than a menace; and the stretch of the blue to the south spread up and out among its ripples broad smooth spaces, as though at such intervals oil indeed—perhaps in the sparkle one might be forgiven for thinking it the oil of gladness—had been poured upon the waters. In the streets, under the generous afternoon light, men and women of all nations crowded, unrecognizable, delightfully, preposterously fooling, in temporary willing forgetfulness of dignity, age, sex—of all but the frolic of the moment. Here they swept, in their fantasy of clothing, in their red, blue, black, white garments, in their headgear of any date and fashion, showering their confetti impartially on friend and stranger, laughing, romping, fleeing, pursuing, like a schoolroom of grotesques just released to their playground. At street corners parties huddled together, attacking and attacked; under the plane and pepper trees odd couples, suddenly smitten with a sense of each other, pranced briefly along, and usually demure souls in comic clothing, darted out the fight, joyous in the feeling of great deeds and forbidden freedoms. In the midst of them the carnival, with its evidence of bedizened humanity, made its way, trailing its procession of absurdities—of staring masks, of trumpeting females, of grinning old women tottering over their distaffs as they doddered along on donkeys, of local and national incidents in miniature and in mockery. Everywhere the ground was thick and white, and the air stinging and dangerous with the fall and swirl of chalky pellets and powder, and everywhere was laughter; and the whole town seemed to have gone mad and to rejoice in it.

"Oh, Rodney! how much money you have been wasting on me these last two days!" said Felicia on the evening of the second, as they stood waiting for dinner in the drawing room of her mother's villa. "It was pure waste, you know, for I couldn't eat any of those delightful things you threw at me, because of my mask."

"How do you know they were delightful, then?" he asked, standing near her.

"Some fell in the folds of my domino—I have eaten them since," she answered, laughing with a face as different from that which looked from the window two evenings before as comedy is different from tragedy. "It was very wasteful of you," she repeated.

"I don't think so," he answered; "the idea gave me pleasure, that I was raining sweetness upon you. Don't you like to think of it, too?"

"Of course, of course," she replied; "but then there were my flowers, I saved none of them, not one; they all fell past me, and I had only the pleasure of the scent of them as they went."

"Well, that is enough for me," he answered gallantly. "I only wished you to see I made a difference for you—a difference between you and every other person in the world—as I do, indeed—as I always would—will."

Felicia's face clouded; the hours of carnival-time were numbered—with dawn of the following day her short love making would be over, and she would have entered on the Lent beyond. "Never mind about always," she said; "make a difference for me to-night. When the ball is done, mind, it is all to be done, put away—forgotten, too."

He frowned impatiently, for, although he had accepted her terms, and agreed for so much indulgence and no more, he had done so, naturally, by way of reaching out for the more as soon as the so much should be past.

Mrs. Brandram coming into the room, and seeing them together, sighed with some perplexity, and whispered to her daughter.

"Are you remembering what you are doing, my dear?"

"Yes—yes, till the ball is over!" answered Felicia.

"You are not wise; you are not kind to him or yourself. But I suppose you must have your way," answered her mother; but, oh dear me, I wish you wouldn't go to this ball to-night. It is not that I mind coming, but very few English will be there—and we do not know many French people—and who are you to dance with, for instance?"

"Rodney," answered her daughter. "Once more, mamma, do let me have my own way to-night. I am finishing my carnival. When this ball is over, it will be all over for me. Rodney will go—and I—oh! I shall remain."

The ball room of the Casino, illuminated by merciless electric lights, was crowded, as they entered it, by a swarm of beings, some of whom wore masks and dominoes, and exulted in their incongruities, some of whom were in evening dress, and rejoiced in their fineries. A dance was going on. Felicia had clothed herself in her bravest. Her eyes sparkled and there was a flush on her cheek as, looking intelligently at Rodney, she put her hand on his shoulder, and they glided forthwith into the measure of the music. Many men that evening admired her, but very few had the chance of introduction to her. As far as was compatible with any respect for appearances, she kept herself entirely for her cousin, hardly dancing at all with anyone else.

On his part, he maintained to the full the British reputation for rudeness; he almost ignored ladies whom he knew, and, when not actually dancing with Felicia, stood at the door watching her as she moved about with others. He was bewitched by her sudden change from coldness and hardness to all the sparkles and shadows of love, in which she showed herself a finished artist—she, who had been even proud of her gravity toward him in the past. Now for two days she had smiled upon him freely, his tenderest words meeting with an answer of happy smiles, his presence always recognized, a delightful understanding always between them, by which the fact of nearness of the one was made the thing needful for the content of the other.

Toward 3 o'clock her pallid mother suggested that they had a home, where bed awaited the weary. "So soon!" cried Felicia. Rodney represented many things, of which the purport was that Mrs. Brandram might leave them there together and betake herself to the rest she had deserved. The good lady was, after all, from a newer, truer world than ours. Finally she went. "Only don't be long, my dear," she said between piteous yawns; "dear, how these continentals do dance! I declare they positively shook the room just now!"

"I think they did," answered Felicia; "let us go and outdance them, Rodney."

About two hours later the lovers wandered into an anteroom, and Rodney absently drawing aside a curtain, they saw the gray dawn shining over the sea.

"Morning!" cried Felicia, "morning! Now it's over—I will go home."

"Not yet; there is one more waltz, and any way, you shall not go till you have given me a promise."

"What promise?" Felicia looked straight before her, and the hardness her cousin knew so well crept again over her face.

"The promise to love me always as you have to-night."

"I promise it."

"And—to believe in me, in the strength of my love for you and be my wife."

"Never!"

"Felicia!"

"Rodney! Why do you torment me? I will not marry you. It is of no use to argue with me. You understood yesterday that I was allowing myself, and you too—if you like still to call it so—a carnival of love and love-making. I dare say I was wrong to do so, but I have not begun to repent it yet; so much I had to concede to my weakness, but you knew that it was to be no more. Because I have allowed myself two days' indulgence, it does not follow that I am to grant any more, and I will not! You are no different from what you ever were."

"Is my love nothing to you, then? Is my future happiness nothing? Because you chose, womanlike, to make a sacrifice of yourself, have you any right to spoil my life?"

"I don't believe I shall do so. What you feel for me will die a natural death, and in the future there will be left to you only the memory of two pleasant days. It is not as if I did not know you, Rodney."

"You know what I have been, but not what I may be; for I could be all that a man should be, with you at my side. Without you, I shall go straight to the worse."

"If you go there without me you would go there with me. I am not to be coerced by that threadbare threat. The fates who frowned on me, I think, when I was born, have caused me to love you; but I need not, and I will not commit the folly and wrong of marrying you. Be content that, for your sake, I will never be any man's wife."

"What is that to me or to you? Why do you leave yourself, in years to come, lousily and uncared for?"

"I leave myself, after all, the reflection that had I married you I might have been loved and happy; if I do so, I shall leave myself only the everlasting bitterness of failure, of disillusion, of decadence, without the comfort of a 'might have been.' I am resolute, Rodney. Say no more; it will be useless. Oh! if I have done wrong in yielding to myself so much! Well, it will bring its own punishment, and it was stronger than I."

He bit his lips, his face contracted, and he stood silent. The music of

the waltz in the ballroom near fell with sadness upon their hearing, set in the whirl and murmur of the dancers as in a warm background of sound.

"One more turn, any way," he said, and they went back together.

It seemed as though a sense of the approaching end was among the crowd of revellers; and on nerves faded, nerves over-excited, nerves, as it were, worn thin, produced a wild effect. The dancers danced furiously; the musicians, as a final effort, played faster than before; dead flowers and scraps of paper lay upon the polished floor, and skimmed over it, as quick feet touched them and the hot air fanned them to and fro. Felicia's hand gripped Rodney's shoulder with a firmness of which she was unconscious, and he, on his part, held her to him with a closeness in which there was the first strain of farewell!

"Once more, Felicia—will you?"

"Once more, Rodney, no! But oh! once more—and then not again forever—I love you!"

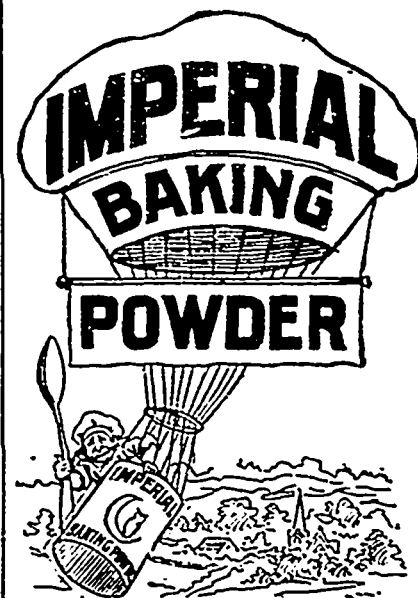
Did the room reel about them? Why did so many dancers suddenly slip on the glistening oak, and fall? Did the walls rock? Why that noise harsh, cracking, rumbling, and thinning and abrupt ceasing of the music? Why sudden darkness, and a shower of glass about them, and a shriek among the people, and a rush which bore them, squeezed and suffocating, in a terror which was half contagion, to the door? What was it? An irregularity in the forces which work around us always, which did so around our fathers when we were not, and which will work unheeding when our children laugh and struggle in the years when we have ceased. The earth had quaked, and men, and what they had put on it must go into ruin and nothingness together. Cool dawn beyond, falling on horror and dishevelment.

"Rodney, your face is cut—what is it?"

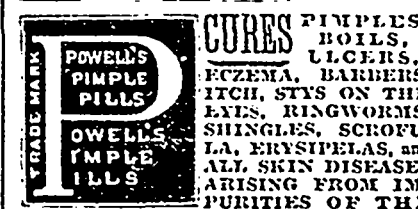
"A piece of glass struck me; it is nothing. Are you hurt?"

"No. Look! Heavens! that coping is falling—on us! Hold me, Rodney!"

But his holding availed her nothing and her carnival and her life were ended together.



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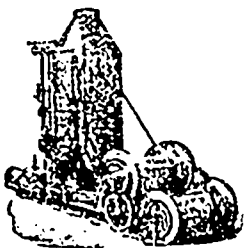
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MINING.

We were recently shown the plan of a gold mine owned by Capt. B. Westhaver, at Wagamatkook, Cape Breton, and also samples of alluvial gold. From the description of the mine the chances are that it is a very rich one. It contains the bed of an ancient river which has long since changed its course, in the bottom of which an immense deposit of gold is supposed to lay. The territory on both sides is now taken up by American companies. And what makes the above mine of still greater importance is the fact, that from the mountainous character of the country, the American companies can only get access to their mines by using this as a base of operations. It seems to be the key to the whole situation.—*Progress*.

The mining outlook is steadily improving. In coal there is great activity, two properties, the Broad Cove and Ontario, having been purchased by parties in the United States, the price paid for the Ontario being stated to be \$80,000.

Both properties are good, the amount of coal embraced in the Ontario property being simply enormous, and the Broad Cove property being of probably equal value. In both cases the mines will be worked, largely increasing the coal output of the Province and furnishing employment to numbers of miners and others. In iron mining great progress is being made, the movement extending through all the iron districts from Annapolis, Colchester and Pictou to Cape Breton, where it is probable some important sales will be made this coming summer. Copper outside the Coxheath Mine, where very extensive works are well underway, has not made any progress, although valuable deposits are known to exist in Antigonish County and near Margaretsville, Annapolis County. The large lead and silver deposits of the North Stowiacke Valley are not being worked, and little or nothing is being done in manganese and antimony, although these ores abound in several localities.

Gold mining still remains in the same quiet condition as before reported, the old properties yielding regular profits and some large deals still hanging fire.

ORHAM.—Reports from two properties managed by Mr. Hardman (non official) are to the effect that the shaft now being sunk on the crown of the anticlinal on area 102 has reached a depth of ninety-five feet, where a previously undiscovered lead 67 inches in thickness has been discovered. It is well charged with gold and other minerals and gives every indication of proving very rich.

The Dunbrack lead is proving so rich that the miners now say that Mr. Hardman is "drawing on his bank" when the quartz from it is being taken down.

Mr. N. Logan, the manager of the Rhode Island Company, is pushing development work on the property lately acquired by the company and the prospects are unusually good.

Mr. Hamilton, the manager of the Concord Company, has been absent at his home in Boston for some weeks, but a letter recently received from him stated that he would return in three weeks and resume active mining operations.

The Local Government has notified the different coal companies that the royalty on all coal raised has been increased from seven and one half to ten cents per ton. This seems a most unwise move and one tending to discourage mining in this Province.

WHITEBURN ITEMS.—The property owned by Mr. Conant has again started work, and is showing up finely. Mike Kelly is now in charge. It is likely there will be good reports from this mine next summer.

The tributors on the Cole lead of the Whiteburn Mining Co's. Mine had a profitable month's work, and the mine yielded a good return. At the West Mine the outlook is very favorable. Under the careful management of M. F. B. Murchev this mine will no doubt pay a good dividend this month. A later report received just before going to press says the boys "struck it rich" this week.

Mr. G. J. Partington, Manager of the Whiteburn Co's. Mine, has gone to Halifax for a few days.

Messrs. Geo. Gammon and G. C. Smart have gone to the Lakes on a fishing excursion. We expect to receive a large basket of trout before next issue.

The Nova Scotia Gold Miners' Association held their annual meeting at the Halifax Hotel on Thursday week last in the afternoon, and terminated their proceedings with a dinner in the evening.

The most important measure discussed was the formation of a general mining association to be organized on the lines of the Quebec Association, as previously advocated in the CRITIC. The advisability of such an association was fully concurred in and steps will be taken to form a general association in which all mining interests will be represented.

Officers were elected as follows:

President, T. S. Harding, Truro; Vice-president, J. E. Hardman, Oldham; Secretary and treasurer, H. M. Wyldo, Executive committee, J. M. Reid, Oxford; B. C. Wilson, Waverley; G. W. Stuart, Truro; with the president and vice-president.

So few gold mining returns have so far been received at the Mines Office for the month of February that we shall delay publishing our usual list until later in the month.

We know that the department makes every effort to compel gold miners to make the regular monthly returns, but it is still the fact that only a very

few comply with the act. In many instances the returns only appear quarterly and we note that one large mine has made its returns on bloc for the year.

There seems to be a disposition where the returns are small to keep them back and in this way avoid publication for the time being. This is contrary to the letter and spirit of the act and delinquents should be at once proceeded against.

The only returns for February so far received are from the Snerbrooke and Uniacko Districts. In the former the Goldenville Mine returns 4 oz. gold from 24 tons quartz crushed and the Miners' 3 3/4 ozs from 23 tons of quartz crushed. In the latter, the Miner T. Foster mill returns 106 1/2 ozs. gold from 140 tons quartz crushed.

The Thompson-Quirk Mine at South Uniacko is not crushing, as a new mill is being put up.

THE IRON ORES OF NOVA SCOTIA.—This paper on the iron ore resources of the province was read by Mr. Gillespie at the last session of the Canadian Institute of Civil Engineers. The writer, after a short glance at the historical part of the subject, gives a geological table of the rock formation of Nova Scotia and of the ores found in them. This is followed by a description of the iron ores of Cape Breton, those of Pictou county next receive attention, and it would appear that few places promise equally for the future manufacture of iron on an immense scale. From the map of Pictou county it appears that within a space of about one hundred square miles there are enormous beds of rich iron ore of every quality desired by the ironmaster. The ores of Londonderry, Hants county and of Annapolis are next noticed. At Torbrook, in the latter county, a large and valuable mine is now being opened to furnish ore for the Londonderry furnaces. Analysis of the various ores, fuels, fluxes, etc., are given, and the paper is illustrated by a map of Nova Scotia and one of Pictou county.

A DANGEROUS JOKE.

A few months ago a person hardly dared say they had La Grippe for fear of ridicule. And now that one half of our population have had it, the other half are in mortal terror for fear they too will have it. We cannot wonder; for no epidemic scourge has ever visited this country and left such a trail of death and sorrow behind. The best loved members of families from state circles down to the humblest station in life have gone.

It has been the relapses and after dangers from La Grippe that have been so appalling. The death rate in many larger cities has exceeded 100 a week from the "grip" alone; and the end is not yet. Physicians are learning to fear, (much more than the epidemic itself,) the serious and fatal extension of the inflammation downward to the throat and bronchial tubes, causing croupous and catarrhal pneumonia, true sequences of the malady; which terminate in death or produce severe laryngitis, bronchitis, asthma and a form of catarrh which contributes largely to chronic diseases of the ear, nose and throat, causing loss of hearing, smell and taste. Those physicians who have been most successful with the epidemic say the surest treatment has been with tonic and anodyne remedies. The medicines most relied upon have been Quinine, Antipyrine, Salicylate of Soda, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, etc. A prominent Boston paper announced in January last that more persons had used the last named medicine than all the others combined. That seems reasonable for the effects from La Grippe cause severe inflammation, and it is a well known fact that for nearly eighty years no remedy has taken the place of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for every form of inflammation, internal or external. Therein lies its great value as a household Anodyne, namely the fact that it can be used more internally than any other. At any rate if one has any symptoms of the after dangers of the "grip" we advise them to get a bottle of Anodyne at once, or send to the sole manufacturers, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for full particulars which they send free, and which may save you a big doctor's bill.

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DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

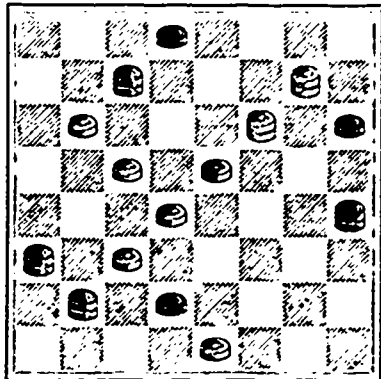
All communications to this department should be addressed directly to the Checker Editor, W. Forsyth, 36 Grafton Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JAMES BARRY, Six Mile Brook, West River, Pictou. — Your package of pamphlets received with thanks. Will write you shortly.

PROBLEM 267.

Black men 2, 12, 26, kings 6, 20, 21, 25.

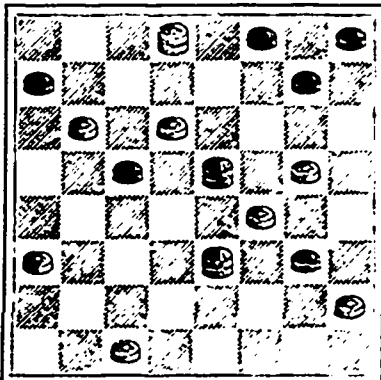


White men 9, 11, 15, 18, 22, 31, kings 8, 11.

White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 268.

Black men 3, 4, 5, 8, 14, 24, kings 15, 23.



White men 9, 10, 16, 19, 21, 28, 30, King 2.

White to play and win.

The above two problems are strokes and are among those that were contributed to the Liverpool Mercury competition, and one of the two was awarded 1st prize. We should like to have our checkerists study them and when forwarding their solutions to express their opinions as to which was the prize problem.

SOLUTION.

PROBLEM 265.—The position was: black men 2, 12, 13, 14, 16, 20; white men 10, 22, 23, 24, 27, king 1; white to play and draw. A careful review of this position develops so many fine points that we defer giving the solution for one week to give our checkerists a further opportunity of studying out its beauties and of seeking the solution.

GAME No. 158. Unclassified.

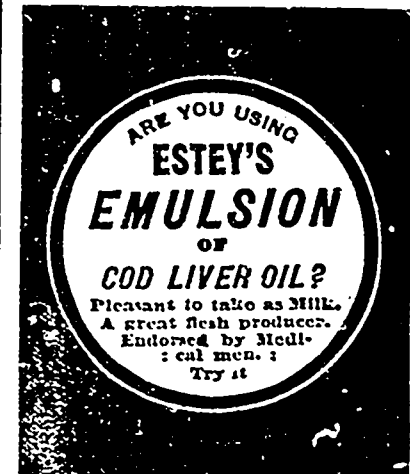
Played recently between Messrs. Wickwire and Hamilton, the latter playing the blacks.

11-15	4-8	14-17	c-11-15
23 19	23 19	21 14	17 14
8-11	15-24	10-17	15-24
22 17	28-19	25 22	14 7
9-14	7-10	b-18-25	2-11
17 13	30 26	29 22	28 19
14-18	3-7	17-26	6-10
26 23	26 22	31 22	23 18
a 10-14	1-6	8-11	white
19 10	22 15	27 23	wine.
6-15	11-18	7-10	
24 20	32 28	22 17	

a Can anyone show this in the books? We are inclined to think it original with Mr. Hamilton.

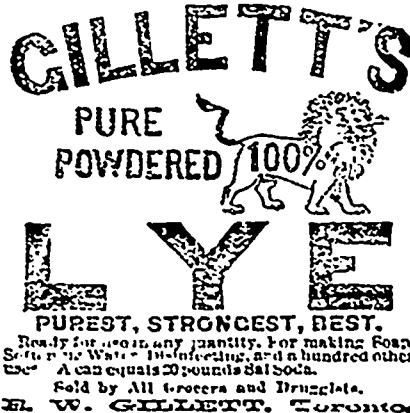
b An interesting variation would occur here by 17-26.

c Mr. Hamilton might have drawn here by 5-9.



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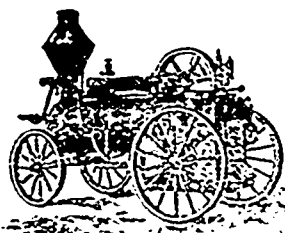
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MINING.

THE GROSH BROTHERS.—A MYSTERIOUS PAIR.

Written for the Engineering and Mining Journal by Dan Do Quille.

Among the miners working in the Gold Canon placer mines the first to suspect the existence of silver in the "Washoe" region were undoubtedly the two brothers, Hosea B. and Ethan Allen Grosh. These young men arrived at the diggings in 1852, and worked on Gold Canon and in Nigger Ravine, the latter a tributary of the canon named. They were sons of Rev. A. B. Crosh, a Universalist clergyman, who was editor of a Universalist paper, published in Utica, N. Y. They were fairly successful in gold washing—the placers at that time paying from half an ounce to an ounce a day to the man—and soon erected a small stone cabin and settled down as miners.

The brothers being very quiet and reticent, they soon began to be looked upon as a mysterious pair. The majority of the gold diggers being rude and unlettered men the brothers did not find them congenial associates; therefore did not seek their companionship. Regarding themselves as being the best of good fellows, the diggers could see no reason for the brothers holding themselves aloof from their society except that they were secretly engaged in working out some abstruse mineralogical problem. The report that the young men had "books in their cabin" strengthened this belief, and it was soon said that the brothers possessed a large stock of chemicals and all kinds of assaying apparatus. The miners seem never to have in the least resented the exclusiveness of the young men, but to have respected them as a pair of dreamers of the alchemist order for whom the sort of hermit life they led was quite proper.

The cabin of the Grosh brothers stood at the base of a large mountain spur known as Grizzly Hill, just at the south end of the present town of Silver City. Their cabin was not on Gold Canon, but a few rods above on a tributary called American Ravine. The brothers were well educated and appear to have had considerable knowledge of geology and mineralogy. They probably had a few books on these subjects, but they could have had nothing more in the way of instruments for assaying and testing ores than a blowpipe and gold scales, and probably did not have those aids. I am of the opinion that the only apparatus for testing ores they had was that made by themselves on the ground, when they discovered an ore which they believed to contain silver.

At first the brothers appear to have given their undivided attention to mining for gold in the gravel deposits, but in about 1853-54 they began to explore the surrounding country and prospect the many quartz veins cropping out in every direction among the hills encircling their cabin. They most likely began this work in the hope of finding some rich vein of gold bearing quartz—the source of the placer gold found in the canon—and while so employed probably found one or more veins containing argentiferous galena. Testing this in a rude way they were able to extract some buttons of silver—the first silver ever smelted and refined in the great silver fields lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada Range. They told a few persons that they had found silver ore in the country, but I have never found a man among the old Gold Canon miners to whom they showed any samples of it. Nevertheless I am quite sure, from evidences found by myself, mention of which will presently be made, that they did find an ore containing silver and that they extracted from it some buttons of the metal.

It has been claimed by some writers that the Grosh brothers were the first discoverers of silver in what is now known as the Comstock Lode, but there is no evidence that they ever obtained a particle of silver from that vein, or that they ever prospected it for silver. Their field of operations was to the southward, five miles away from the place where silver was first found on the Comstock. Doubtless in coming up Six-Mile Canon from Dayton, they frequently saw the masses of croppings of the Comstock Lode on the side of Mount Davidson, and may have even visited and examined some of the upheavals, but silver nowhere shows in the croppings, nor can much gold be found in those parts of the vein which project above the surface. The quartz composing the croppings of the lode is almost everywhere rather coarse and uninviting, being filled with small angular fragments of country rock. At Gold Hill, where the surface of the vein was decomposed in one place, gold was found at the "grass roots," and the ground there was at first mistaken for a placer deposit and located as such by the discoverers. In that part of the vein the black sulphuret of silver was not reached until the water-level had been attained.—150 ft. to 250 ft. below the surface. The ores of the Gold Hill mines were at first worked for gold. Although traces of silver may be found in places in the croppings of the Comstock Lode, yet there is nothing in their appearance that would have induced anyone to test them for that metal at the time the Grosh boys were alive—that is previous to the great discovery made on the vein in 1859. There is in the croppings no indication of the immense wealth that has been found at some depth under ground.

Some writers have given Comstock the credit of being the first discoverer of silver in the lode that bears his name, other have credited "Old Virginia" with the discovery, and some Joe Kirby and his partners, while one writer says that when the first Americans arrived in the country they found a party of Mexicans at work upon the croppings of the lode. The truth is that Peter O'Reilly and Patrick McLaughlin were the first who ever turned up to the light of day the rich silver ore of the Comstock. They happened to hit upon a place where the ore came near the surface, and the only such place on the whole line of the lode.

(To be continued.)

A SARATOGA CO. MIRACLE.

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The Remarkable Experience of Chas. Quant as investigated by an Albany (N. Y.) Journal Reporter—Story of Surpassing Interest.

Albany, N. Y., Journal, March 4th.

SARATOGA, March 4th—For some time past there have been reports here and elsewhere in Saratoga county of a most remarkable—indeed, so remarkable as to be miraculous—cure of a most severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of a popular remedy known as "Pink Pills for Pale People," prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont. The story was to the effect that Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, who for the last six or eight years has been a great sufferer from creeping paralysis and its attendant ills, and who had become utterly powerless of all self-help, had, by the use of a few boxes of the Pink Pills for Pale People, been so fully restored to health as to be able to walk about the street without the aid of crutches. The fame of this wonderful, miraculous cure was so great that the *Evening Journal* reporter thought it worth his while to go to Galway to call on Mr. Quant, to learn from his lips, and from the observation and testimony of his neighbors, if his alleged cure was a fact or only an unfounded rumor. And so he drove to Galway and spent a day and a night there in visiting Mr. Quant, getting his story and interviewing his neighbors and fellow-townsmen. It may be proper to say that Galway is a pretty little village of about 400 people, delightfully located near the centre of the town of Galway, in Saratoga county, and about 17 miles from Saratoga Springs. Upon inquiry the residence of Mr. Charles A. Quant was easily found, for every body seemed to know him, speak well of him and to be overflowing with surprise and satisfaction at his wonderful cure and restoration to the activities of enterprising citizenship, for Mr. Quant was born in Galway and had spent most of his life there. Mr. Quant was found at his pretty home, on a pleasant street nearly opposite the academy. In response to a knock at the door it was opened by a man who, in reply to an inquiry if Mr. Quant lived there and was at home, said: "I am Mr. Quant. Will you come in?" After a little general and preliminary conversation, and after he had been apprised of the object for which the *Journal* reporter had called upon him, he, at request, told the story of himself and of his sickness and terrible sufferings, and of the ineffectual treatment he had had, and of his final cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and cheerfully gave assent to its use for publication. He said: "My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and excepting while travelling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. My wife is a native of Ontario. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For 12 years I was a travel-

ling salesman for a piano and organ company and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting. I got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough "spare beds" in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the *Journal* reporter an electric suit of underwear for which he paid \$124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so effected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse, I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons and after a few days they put 14 more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, was brought home, where it

was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians been pronounced incurable, and was paid the \$1000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health. I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills, and I took them according to the directions given on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe, as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of pills I began to feel beneficial effects from them. My pains were not so bad, I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me, I could straighten up, the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills—at a cost of only \$1.00—see!—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone, I have gained 10 pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable. Other citizens of Galway, seeing the wonderful cure of Mr. Quant by the Pills for Pale People, are using them. Frederick Sexton, a sufferer from rheumatism, said he was finding great benefit from their use, and Mr. Schultz, who had suffered from chronic dysentery for years, said he had taken two boxes of the pills and was already cured. Mr. Quant had also tried Faith cure, with experts of that treatment in Albany and Greenville, S. C., but with no beneficial results. A number of the more prominent citizens of Galway, as Rev. C. E. Herbert, of the Presbyterian church; Prof. James E. Kelly, principal of the academy; John P. and Harvey Crouch, and Frank and Edward Willard, merchants, and many others to whom Mr. Quant and his so miraculous cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, are well known, were pleased to have the opportunity of bearing testimony to the high character of Mr. Quant, and of verifying the story of his recovery from the terrible affliction from which he had for so long a time been a sufferer. Truly, the duty of the physician is not to save life, but to heal disease. The remarkable result from the use

of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case of Mr. Quant, induced the reporter to make further enquiries concerning them, and he ascertained that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is generally used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of study and careful experiment. They have no rival as a blood builder and nerve restorer and have met with unparalleled success in the treatment of such diseases as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling which affects so many, and all diseases depending upon a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. On further enquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N. Y., and are sold in boxes, (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either addresses. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies, or medical treatment.

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CITY CHIMES.

The pupil concert given in the Orpheus Hall on Tuesday evening as an opening to the Doering-Brauer Conservatory of Music drew an overflowing audience. Sixty young ladies, apparently ranging in age from five to fifty years, formed the chorus, and sat on either side of the platform, looking sweetly pretty in their white frocks against a background of fir trees. The performance opened with a short speech by Herr Doering, who told us that the concert was given to open their Conservatory, and that as the music to be rendered was only a beginning we must not criticize too harshly. As settled German-Canadians, they thought it proper to begin their concert by singing to Her Majesty the Queen the National Anthem, which was accordingly done, the audience standing the while. The second part of the programme was "Rosithorne: Or The Enchanted Princess," which was at once recognized as the fairy story of Sleeping Beauty, so familiar to our childhood's days. In this part of the entertainment Mrs. and Miss Clarkson, Miss Burns, Miss Bligh, Mr. Huestis and Mr. Harrison assisted, the principal part being taken by these ladies and gentlemen while the children did the chorus work. Miss Eva Holmes recited in a sweet, clear voice, and with excellent expression, the story of Rosithorne, and the Sprito's Song was prettily rendered by Miss Murray. A quartette followed, and then Rosithorne entered singing. Miss Burns as Rosithorne was not a success; she is very nervous and cannot manage her voice well in public; besides that the music of her part was not bright or tuneful, as to our mind it should be for such words as "Life is all gladness." The children deserve the highest praise for the manner in which they sang the choruses, and the careful training of their instructors could not have been better illustrated. Miss Bligh's fine voice was heard to advantage in the selections apportioned to her, and Mr. Huestis also sang well. Miss Cora Cossmann well deserved the high encomiums she received for her rendering of a sonata by Haydn, which she played without notes; and little Miss Doull's 'cello solo was a real pleasure to listen to. This young lady received an encore, to which she responded by a bow only. An arrangement for two pianofortes by Mozart was well rendered by Miss M. White and Frau Doering-Brauer, but it was much too lengthy for the occasion. The children-symphony was melodious at the beginning, but some of the instruments got out of tune quickly, the cuckoo in particular not working well. The feature of the evening was the 'cello solo, by request, kindly given by Herr Doering. He played one of his own compositions, "The Cradle Song," and was not allowed to close the entertainment until he had repeated it in response to the most determined encore possible. Herr Doering and his wife are to be congratulated on the success of their pupil concert, and we wish their Conservatory a prosperous career in our city. Other concerts of the kind will be given from time to time, and they will doubtless always draw full houses.

The Christian Endeavorers of St. Andrew's Church intend holding a social in their school-room this evening, and have extended a cordial invitation to the members of the other societies of Christian Endeavor in the city and Dartmouth. These social gatherings of young people who have mutual interests are to be highly commended, and doubtlessly materially aid in advancing the cause for which these associations are laboring, namely, the spiritual good of the young.

The season set apart for the renunciation of all joy pertaining to the world worldly is now with us and quietness reigns in social circles. Devout ones wend their way daily to church, and doubtless those who possess the sacrificing spirit are nobly carrying out the true intent of Lent. Owing to the ravages of La Grippe and the serious consequences of the dread disease the conditions of fasting have been made very light this year for those of the Roman Catholic faith.

Among the good things to which we look forward in the near future, the assault-at-arms to be given by the 63rd Rifles at the Academy of Music about the last of this month takes a prominent place. Rumor also whispers of an amateur theatrical performance to be given ere long in aid of the Wanderers A. A. Association.

H. Price Webber, the popular theatrical manager, opens a short engagement at the Lyceum Theatre on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. He is bringing the same company that he had here in December last, and will probably meet with his usual hearty reception from his numerous patrons in Halifax. Mr. Webber is well and favorably known throughout the towns of the Province as well as in our city, and invariably gives an enjoyable entertainment.

The dramatic entertainment to be given by the Adelpia Club in aid of the building fund of the Oddfellows' Hall, on the 16th and 17th of March, gives promise of abundant success. The drama to be presented is entitled "Thru to Ould Ireland," the scenery for which is being prepared by a local artist.

The reception of the President and Officers of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Church of England Institute which was postponed last Thursday on account of the severe storm was announced to take place last evening. The ladies had made every preparation for an enjoyable evening and we have no doubt the many friends who took advantage of the occasion found their highest anticipations fulfilled.

Mr. R. L. Allan, of Ottawa, writes: "Having been troubled with weakness of the lungs and general debility the past two years, I concluded to give Puttner's Emulsion a fair trial. I have taken seven bottles, and find my health much improved, my lungs stronger, my weight increased twelve pounds.

The Sacred Concert announced to be held this evening at the Church of the Redeemer, Brunswick St., gives promise of much enjoyment to all who attend. Among those who are to take part are Mrs. J. McD. Taylor, Mrs. Lear, J. Harrison, D. C. Ginn, H. Ward, E. Phillips and many other favorite musical amateurs. Mr. Hayden, violinist, and Mr. Cumpton, organist of the Church of the Redeemer, will render valuable assistance in promoting the success of this entertainment.

A new play entitled "Uncle's Darling," written by Chas. W. Chase, is to be presented by Miss Hattie Bernard Chase and her company at the Academy of Music during the first week of April. Mr. Chase has chosen the territory of Alaska for the location of his story, and in order to add to the realism of the stage representation several animals who claim that wild land as their home, including bears, elks, reindeer and Exquimaux dogs, as well as sleds, snowshoes, furs and other appurtenances have been imported. The scenery is novel and the effect will doubtless be very attractive.

The energetic members of the W. C. T. U. are busily working for the better to be held in aid of their general working fund in Masonic Hall on the last day of the present month. We trust these ladies may meet the rich reward their efforts deserve and receive the liberal patronage of our citizens.

We are having quite mild weather this week, and are fervently hoping it may continue. Tuesday was a typical spring day and the remnants of last week's snowstorm rapidly vanished. However such a "pet day" at this season must be paid dearly for and before midnight the rain descended in torrents and continued to fall steadily all Wednesday. Weather prognosticators tell us there is every indication of an early spring, and as there is really very little frost in the ground we will probably be spared much bad walking, although our city streets at present are in a most deplorably dirty condition.

St. Patrick's Minstrel are again to give the public an opportunity of spending an enjoyable evening and are preparing an interesting programme for their entertainments to be given at the Academy of Music on the evenings of the 17th and 18th. These performances are for the benefit of Mr. Higgins, one of the most popular members of the company, and his many friends will no doubt fill the house on each occasion.

We feel sure the announcement that "School" is to be repeated in the Academy of Music on Monday evening next will be hailed with pleasure by the many who were unable to avail themselves of the first opportunity given—as well as by several who will be glad to witness this excellent performance again. The amateur actors covered themselves with glory on their first appearance and now after having their few defects pointed out by their critics will doubtless on this occasion give an even more artistic representation of the pretty little comedy. The proceeds of this entertainment will be devoted, as before, to the improvement of the interior of the Academy, a truly worthy object.

Rev. G. J. Bond's lecture in Brunswick St. Church on Tuesday evening was much enjoyed by all who were present. Mr. Bond's subject was "On Horseback through Palestine" and the views and descriptions of Nazareth, Capernaum, Cana, Sea of Galilee, Jacob's Well and other places familiar to students of the New Testament rendered this third lecture of Rev. Mr. Bond's series both instructive and pleasing.

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