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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

EDITORIAL NOTES	1, 2
CONTRIBUTED.	
Letter to Cousin Caryl	"Dinah Sturgis." 6, 7
Our School Books	"Philomathes." 7
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Clit-Chat and Chuckles	3
Draughts—Checkers	4
News of the Week	4, 5
Poetry—This Year	6
Industrial Notes	7, 8
City Chimes	8
Commercial	8, 9
Market Quotations	9
Serial—A Disgrace to Her Family	10, 11
Mining	12, 13
The Cobbler of Cordova	14, 15
Cheese	16

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Journalism is said to be looking up in the Celestial Empire. There are now, it is stated, three newspapers published in that country, and another is to be soon started. In China, by the way, if a paper publishes an untrue statement about anyone, not only is the editor punished but all the readers as well. Chinese methods, at least as far as dealing with editors goes, are much to be commended; as for the readers in Christian countries, they are sufficiently punished by being condemned to read the falsehoods and rubbish daily inflicted upon them.

Information from various sources points to the fact that Sir Henry Parke's efforts for the establishment of an Australian Federation are gaining increased support. The expediency of such a measure is beyond all doubt. Australia has no antagonistic external influences to consider, while the inter-colonial difficulties which may exist should be as nothing in view of the comprehensive import of the great end to be attained. There is no doubt that the example of Canada has done much to stimulate the Federation idea, and by none more than by Canada will the birth of a sister Dominion be more heartily welcomed, while its accomplishment will facilitate the closer relations which are even now in process of formation.

The question of the extension of the railway along the water front of the harbor and the widening of Upper Water Street is one of great importance, and it would be timely if the matter were now discussed by the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade. Our representatives should be furnished with a well formulated scheme, endorsed by our leading business men, with which to approach the Government at the coming session of Parliament, when there is little doubt but that the measure will receive substantial aid. Some "penny wise, pound foolish" property owners now oppose the extension, or put obstacles in the way by demanding exorbitant sums for the privilege of carrying the railway over or across their lands. These individuals should be interviewed and all possible pressure brought to bear upon them to make their demands reasonable. Liberal minded citizens can be made to see that their properties will be so greatly enhanced in value by the extension, that they can well afford to grant the right of way free, while the hopelessly sordid will have to be dealt with in some decided way, as such a great necessity as the extension should not be blocked by foolish and shortsighted individuals.

Stanley, it is reported, is about to visit Germany, though it appears doubtful whether his reception in that country will be very cordial. Stanley's special mission, it will be remembered, was to relieve Emin Pasha. After his arrival in Emin's province he was forced to wait some months before the Germans made up their minds to accompany him. Stanley seems to have been unable to refrain from imputing blame to Emin for the results of the delay, which were disastrous enough. Emin being a German the tie of nationality impels the German papers to relieve Emin of the blame and ascribe it to Stanley. They assume that Stanley's expedition when it reached Emin's province was so disorganized that it needed help instead of being in a position to afford it, and the real question for Emin was whether he would use his forces to conduct Stanley out of the wilderness. We fancy Stanley's version is the correct one, but it is much to be deplored that such bickerings should mar the results of conduct so heroic on both sides.

It is now well known that Capt. O'Shea has instituted proceedings for a divorce, naming Mr. Parnell as co-respondent. This is a case in which it would be very unfair to form a premature opinion. Should there be found to be grounds for O'Shea's implication nothing would be more regrettable. That a leader who has proved himself capable of reason and moderation in the conduct of Home Rule agitation—a leader who has, indeed, been the best and safest Ireland has seen—should be in apparent danger of that sort of eclipse which has been fatal to the political career of Sir Charles Dilke—not that there is any comparison between the two cases—is to be deplored, and all men will rejoice to see Mr. Parnell exonerated. It is, moreover, to be borne in mind that Capt. O'Shea is a man of more than doubtful character, and that so far as the public knows Mr. Parnell's character, there is no ground for hasty or implicit belief in the accusation brought against him. There is therefore fair ground to hope for his vindication.

Several Educational journals have lately published some very sensible remarks on elocution, which, it is affirmed, is often cultivated, sometimes with but little judgment, while the mass of pupils in the schools are incapable of reading with clearness, precision and right emphasis. To many persons of taste the ordinary exhibitions of elocution are more painful than attractive. Exaggerated action and exaggerated emphasis are too often the most prominent manifestations of these *tours de force*, to the exclusion of true feeling which is almost always subdued in cultivated persons. The same distaste, which steals over the better-part of a theatrical audience at the exhibition of "rant" in an actor, frequently makes itself felt at the ambitious but too often misdirected energy of the youthful aspirant after elocutionary honors. Elocutionary displays may fairly enter into school courses and exercises, but it is incumbent on teachers and educational authorities to see that the cultivation of a talent agreeable when kept within due bounds be narrowly watched and restricted to the dictates of good taste.

Sometime ago we excised from the *Eastern Echo* the following letter to that journal:—

"CULCHAW."—In a late number of the *Critic*—which journal is nothing if not literary and independent,—*vide passim*, I observed a quotation by a correspondent in Kashmir, which as evidence of culture and classic attainment struck me forcibly. The writer, speaking of the "beautiful camping grounds" in that romantic valley, says—"it recalls dear old Horace. Tityre tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi." The ability to recall an appropriate quotation shows the intimate acquaintance of the writer with the classics, and it gratifies one's patriotic aspirations that such minds are not above contributing to our native literature. I can best testify my admiration of the writer and journal by another quotation, this time from "dear old" Virgil:—

"Ad urbem ivit Doodless, cum
Caballo et calone,
Pluma ornavit pileum
Et dixit, 'Macaroni.'"

—Onderdonk.

Now a fatality of oversight seems to have attended the slip alluded to. Our contributor is a cultivated Halifax gentleman, who is an officer of Artillery, and his queer error must have been a slip of the pen in the first place. Secondly, it escaped notice before being set up; and lastly, though we cut out "Onderdonk's" amusing letter, something prevented our reading it with due care, and then it got mislaid, till we stumbled upon it a day or two ago. On re-reading it we think it is too clever and appropriate to be burked. Had it not been for these accidents we should certainly have published it when we first saw it. The quotation from "dear old Horace" is so entirely familiar—not to say hackneyed—that our clever critic will easily believe that nothing but haste and inattention could have caused us to miss it. In the meantime we commend Virgil's "Yankee Doodle," to all men.

Arabi Pasha, now an exile on the island of Ceylon, is said to be fretting himself into an early old age. Although but 49 years old, he is grey and thin and very much unlike the jovial fellow he was before he fell under British displeasure. No doubt Arabi's rising was as unjustifiable as Reil's, though decidedly of more respectable tone and proportions, but if the Egyptian leader was not considered deserving of death, it certainly seems that some clemency might be extended to him after eight years of a restraint and banishment which seems to have told so heavily upon his health and spirits.

The important question of tax exemptions seems likely to be brought to a solution in Ontario. Not only has Mr. Meredith the leader of the local opposition come out straightforwardly against them, but Mr. Mowat has issued a circular to all the municipal bodies of that Province, asking their views in regard to the abolition of exemptions. The result is, it is said, likely to be strongly in favor of the measure, so that it is far from unlikely that it may be passed at the next session of the Ontario Legislature. Should this come to pass it will form an important precedent which other Provinces will in all likelihood follow.

We need not believe every account that reaches us of the race difficulty in the Southern States—at least we must allow for exaggeration—but thick smoke is after all a sound indication of fire, or at least of smouldering and gathering incandescence. Some of the modes of treating the colored people in the south certainly do not seem calculated to assuage any exasperation that exists. This is the way in which the matter is handled at a place called Ashville, somewhere in the South. At the station there they erect a heavy wooden partition in a public room, if whites and blacks patronize it. The whites are allowed on one side of this wall, and the blacks on the other side. The railroads try to keep the blacks in cars by themselves. At the Knoxville station blacks are allowed only in the waiting room marked with a gilt sign, reading "Colored Waiting Room." If the blacks attempt to assert their rights as citizens of the United States they are forcibly restrained. These methods are evidently far from reassuring.

The era of strikes lately inaugurated in England, resulting in a considerable measure of success to the claims of the operatives, is, as was easily foreseen, bearing fruit, both sweet and sour—with a goodly proportion of the latter flavor. News comes from Brussels that the coal mine owners at Charleroi are unable to fulfill their contract with the government to supply 30,000 tons for the state. The stock in hand for use on the railways is nearly exhausted. Amicable overtures made to the strikers had no good result. Notices have been placarded at Mons, in which the miners insist upon an increase of 15 per cent. in wages, with the minimum of 88 cents per day for any day and recognition of the nine hours as a day's work. The striking miners at Charleroi are starving. A bread riot is threatened if shopkeepers refuse the men further credit. Governor Hainaut has advised the government to interfere. Such intelligence emphasizes the necessity which is imperative on labor leagues to cultivate sound principles of justice, forbearance and moderation in their demands. In these requisites Mr. Powderly, who is a power, is not, we are glad to believe, deficient.

Another hoax of the Press—the European Press this time—has been perpetrated at the expense of the Czar. It is described as an "amusing hoax," but after all such sells are discreditable. It is referred to as a letter alleged to have been written by the present Czar prior to his accession to the throne, to the famous editor and panslavist leader, Aksakoff, whose widow died a few weeks ago. The document in question, which bears the date of May 22, 1886, contains bitter comments on the class of courtiers by whom the Imperial Family was surrounded, and compares the highest officers of state to contemptible lackeys. The publication of the letter in question has excited an immense amount of attention throughout Europe, and it appears to have been copied in almost every foreign newspaper of any importance. The whole thing is, however, but a hoax. The letter in question, instead of having been written by the present Emperor, was addressed in 1796 to Count Kotchoubey by the Grand Duke Alexander Paulowitch, who subsequently ascended the throne as Alexander I. The courtiers referred to in such bitter terms were the ignoble favorites of his grandmother, Catherine II. The original letter will be found in the first volume of the "Life and Times of Alexander I," published by C. Toyneville, in 1874.

The semi-barbarous state of the Hebrew Tribes in the times dealt with in the first books of the Bible has been partially assumed by many eminent students of biblical antiquity, and it has recently been pointed out that the translation into English familiar names of the proper names of many of those figuring in the Old Testament, such as the Dog, the Dove, the Hyena, the Lion's Whelp, the Strong Ass, the Adder, the Running Hind, etc., bring into immediate connection the English translation of Indian names, such as Big Bear, White Buffalo, Wolf, Red Cloud, Black Hawk, Fox, Crow and Turtle. Such Israelite names were probably of Gentile origin, that is, from the clan or gens, for the Israelites were surely Gentiles in the true sense, although later they abjured the charge. But individuals among them may also have adopted such names because they could be represented objectively. Such selection is made by some Indians apart from their totemic designation. Indians possess very few names that cannot be represented in pictographs; and the very large topic of tattooing is connected with this device antecedent to writing. The compilers of the Old Testament probably desired to break down a former practice, as is shown in Leviticus, xix., 28: "Ye shall not print any marks upon you." And there are other similar indications.

We draw attention to an article in our contribution column on the subject of school-books. We believe our contributor hits many weak spots both in the nature of the books, the sources of the supply, and the monopolies under which they are issued, all of which tell upon the pockets of the public, which is made to pay for inferior works. These are all important points, but the one which goes most against the grain is the fact that so many school manuals are American, and therefore contain nothing calculated to stimulate the patriotism of Canadian youth. We should not be sorry to publish from time to time some criticism of some of these manuals in more minute detail.

We have noticed in several of our contemporaries resumé of the year 1889—principal events, deaths of persons more or less noted, etc., and we have been struck with the prominence given to events and persons of the neighboring republic. In the obituary list we find numbers of persons whom not one Canadian in a thousand knows, cares about, or has the slightest interest in. It is much the same with news; as much attention is given to all sorts of American items, often of the silliest description, as if they were items of Canadian intelligence of real interest. Our taste may be bad, but we confess to great lack of appreciation of the greater part of American news, and could wish our papers more filled up with the doings of our own country.

A series of sermons by Dr. Talmage, purporting to have been written by that somewhat sensational divine from places in Palestine, connected with the gospel histories, has been recently published by several newspapers, by most of them probably in good faith. It is now, however, asserted that they are a fraud, in so far as, though really the productions of the Reverend Doctor, they are said to have been written long ago, while it is stated that he has written no such sermons during his present journey. If this be true, it is another instance of the untruthfulness and sensational shams which so discredit a portion of the Press, lower its dignity, impair the value of its functions, and destroy its reliability. To such a pass has this sort of thing come that scarcely any reader now receives a piece of intelligence as reliable, until further advices have brought confirmation or contradiction, often enough the latter.

Among the latest discoveries of buried literary treasures are those which have taken place at Tel el-Amarna, between Minich and Assiout on the eastern bank of the Nile. The mounds which covered this ancient capital have been made to yield up their secrets and their treasures. Among other things brought to light are the archives of Amenophis III., containing correspondence and despatches sent to that monarch and his father from officials and rulers in Palestine, and even in Assyria, at so remote a period as the fifteenth century before Christ.

The discoveries go to show that long before the exodus Canaan had its libraries and scribes, its schools and literary men. Its official documents prove that its inhabitants, whom the Israelites subdued and whose culture they inherited, were as literary as the inhabitants of Egypt or Babylonia. Exploration in Palestine is now earnestly urged by Professor Sayce. This, if carried out with any success, might throw much light on the question of how much of the ancient culture the Israelites may have assimilated at the time of the exodus and during that of the Judges. At present there is a good deal of evidence of savagery, but if it can be shown that the Hebrews had to any extent imbibed the Egyptian and Canaanitish culture, it might materially modify the tone of the prevailing biblical criticism, which is based on internal evidence, and partly on the assumption of the illiteracy of the Israelites of those times.

We are now beginning to know a little about the causes of the Brazilian Revolution. It is plain that the popular will, as we understand the phrase, had very little to do with it. No doubt there was a party which preferred a republic to an empire, but that feeling does not seem to have strongly influenced the masses of the people, and had certainly not arrived at any acute stage even among politicians. There is still less doubt that like other South American revolutions it was effected entirely by a military revolt. The throne was, indeed, weakened by other causes. The land-holders had been too suddenly despoiled, without compensation, of their property in slaves, and were consequently more or less alienated; a republican propaganda was probably stimulated and embittered by revolutionary foreigners, and there seems to have been a feeling that a certain order in the church was acquiring too great an influence under the shadow of the empire; but, without the initiative of the army, none of these causes, nor all combined, would have sufficed to shatter the monarchy and drive into exile a sovereign loved and revered by a very large proportion of the people. Whether anything better will, in anything like a near future, take the place of the empire is very doubtful. The Provisional Government is in no sense the creation of the people. The political horizon is by no means clear; and threats of refusal to come into the confederation are reported from some of the Provinces. It will not be till next September that the people will have it in their power to make their voice heard at the polls, and when the general election does take place it will be controlled by the army. A legislature created under such circumstances is likely to have but little weight or stability, being liable to be sent about their business by the power which will continue to dominate them. It may, of course, turn out differently, but present considerations leave it very doubtful whether the country would not have advanced far more surely, safely and steadily towards the fullest measure of political freedom under the enlightened and progressive guidance of the excellent and liberal sovereign deposed by little more than a mere clique craving for change and political power.

GIBBET-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

WEDDED.

I was married last night, my dear fellow—
You remember sweet Isabel Wright?
Of course—'twas at old Monticello,
You brought us together that night.
The waltz was "The Love of a Siren;"
So trustful and warm was her hand,
I laughed as I quoted from Byron
Of "vows that are traced in the sand."

You know how my love was a passion
From the moment we met at the ball;
Both the favorites of fortune and fashion,
O, the joy in that glittering hall!
I fancy we caused a commotion,
As we swept past the guests of degree,
While she sweetly concurred in my notion
That the sirens were all in the sea.

She gave me her promise that season,
By the moon, on the sands on the shore;
I loved her all the more for the reason,
I had no er loved a woman before,
Naught is sweeter than love but requital—
Gossip called us a well-mated pair—
I was lacking in naught but a title,
And she was angelically fair.

Yes, married—'twas in sound of the ocean,
She was regal, my boy, she was grand,
I shall never forget my emotion
As I watched her and thought of the sand.
She posed with the grace of a fairy,
Like a statue in marble I stood;
She was wed to the Marquis Old Harry,
And I to my bachelorhood!

—Arthur C. Grissom.

Perhaps there is nothing so touching about a small child as its hands after it has been making mud pies.

A drunken man sees everything double but his money. It is only the man who saves who sees his money double.

A certain Irishwoman once observed that the first time she saw a locomotive she thought it was "the Prince of Darkness on wheels." "Och," said her husband, "shure I thought it was a stumboat huncin' for water!"

A clergyman has invented a machine by which he can extend or reduce the size of slippers at will. In this way he hopes to utilize the Christmas presents he will receive from the embroidering young ladies of his congregation.

Mrs. Cummins—So that brute of a husband of yours actually struck you with his horrid fist. What did my little darling do then? Married daughter—I split his head open with the rolling pin. He's in the hospital now, mamma.

An old Scotswoman who had put herself to considerable inconvenience and gone a good way to see a sick friend, learned on arriving that the alarming symptoms had subsided. "An' hoo are ye the day, Mrs. Crawford?" she inquired, in breathless anxiety. "Ou, I'm quite well the noo, thank ye, Mrs. Grosset." "Quite well," exclaimed the breathless visitor—"aifter haoin' come sae far to see ye!"

AN UNPARDONABLE DECEPTION.—An English and an Irish sailor were in an engagement together. The former had his leg shot off, and asked Pat to carry him below to the doctor. Pat picked him up, and in carrying him off another ball, unknown to Pat, carried off the Englishman's head. Some one told Pat it was no use carrying the man to the surgeon, for his head was off. "By my sowl," said Pat, "the fellow desaved me; he told me it was his leg."

The custom of putting housemaids into livery, which is common enough in England, is beginning to be adopted in New York. The costume, or uniform, consists of a skirt of dark livery cloth, blue, green or brown, with plain front and broad pleats at the back; a waistcoat of the same cloth, with fine crosswise lines of red braid and a coat cut away in front and covering the hips. Metal livery buttons are used on the coat and waistcoat. A small white cap, stiff white collar and cuffs and a white cravat complete the attire.

The use of fine sawdust as a dressing for wounds, and as a vehicle for medicaments or antiseptics is suggested by the New York *Telegram*. It is said that the dust, freed from splinters and sharp bits of wood by sifting, when used alone and dry, makes a clean and grateful dressing; that it readily takes up and holds the discharges without picking or adhering, and that it is easily rendered antiseptic by any of the methods used in preparing antiseptic cotton or wool. A well-known medical authority also suggests that our yellow pine sawdust, rich as it is in turpentine, would prove of itself a valuable antiseptic application.

SHE BELIEVED IN HEREDITY.—The Rev. Dr. Chamberlain of Brooklyn, told a laughable story in the course of his address before the Evangelical Alliance on Monday. He said that a little Brooklyn girl returned home from Sunday school in a state of mind, because she had heard there that Jesus was a Jew. She appealed to her mother for confirmation of the report.

"Yes, my dear, Jesus was a Jew," said her mother.

"Well, mamma, he was the Son of God, was he not?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well," said the little one, "I don't see how it ever happened that Jesus was a Jew, when God himself is a Presbyterian."

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DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our request for solutions to problem No. 148 has brought out quite a number of responses, in which the following places have been represented and several new names added to our list of solvers:

Halifax, Dartmouth, Shubonacadie, Yarmouth, Mahone Bay, Antigonish and Ottawa have sent one or more solutions. We hope this interest will be continued during the present year.

Solution to problem No. 148 Black men 2, 13, kings 18, 26; white men 11, 17, kings 8, 10; white to play and win.

17 14 9-18 8 31 17-21 18-9 11 7 13-17 26 22 19 14 2-11 31 26 w. wins.

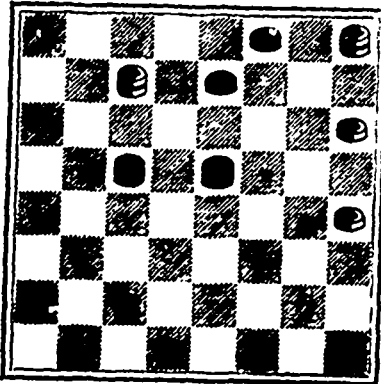
GAME No. 43.

11-15 14-18 24-27 23-26 24 20 b 23 16 22 18 32 28 8-11 12-19 10-14 26-31 21 17 17 14 18 9 9 8 4-8 10-17 5-14 31-27 25 21 21 14 13 9 5 1 15-19 18-23 27-31 27-23 23 16 20 16 19 16 28 24 12-19 9-18 23-26 23-27 17 13 16 11 30 23 24 20 9-14 7-16 31-27 27-23 22 17 24 20 28 18 1 5 11-15 6-10 14-23 23-18 27 24 20 11 16 12 5 9 8-12 c 19-24 27-24 2-7 29 25 28 19 11 8 9 6 5-9 15-24 24-19 18-14 a31 27 26 15 8 4 d-8 4 1-5 18-23 19-15 draw 27 23 25 22 4 8

a This form problem No. 143. b In game 36, 23 14. c 18-22 will win here. d This was sent by one of our best solvers as a solution to problem 143. but the position left we hold is a black win and give it as

PROBLEM No. 150.

Black men 3, 7, kings 14, 15.



White men 12, 20, kings 4, 6.

Black to play and win.

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The BAZAR Editorial Department is full of bright articles by various contributors. Mrs Stowell has an interesting article on Novelties for Christmas. Mrs. Ryan has an article on Elizabeth Barrett Browning. All the regular departments are replete with choice and seasonable reading matter.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

Mr. G. S. Harrington has accepted the nomination for Annapolis Co.

Clarke has been re-elected mayor of Toronto, and Erratt of Ottawa, by very large majorities.

We have received No. 20 of The Head Light, (the first which has come to hand) a new Tiuro journal, to which we wish success.

Woman's franchise will be vigorously pushed forward in the approaching Ontario elections. Mrs. Mary Howells will stump the province.

The firemen of Halifax are to be insured against all accidents in the Manufacturers Company at the rate of \$5.85 per head per annum

The authoress of the pretty story "Daisy," which we noticed last week, informs us that Marshall Saunders is her real name and not a nom de plume.

The new Chalmers Church in Kingston, Ont., was opened on Sunday last. The services were conducted by Principal Grant and Rev. Dr. Burns. of Halifax.

Health Inspector Nicholas Meagher has visited the tenement houses of Halifax, and reports some of them unfit to live in and many in a very bad condition.

Mr. R. J. Hartshorne, Liberal Conservative candidate for Guysboro, died suddenly at Pulaski City, Va., a few days ago, where he had gone to bring home his widowed sister, Mrs. Tate and her family.

Senator Trunde, who has been lying at death's door for some time, has taken a sudden turn for the better, and his physicians say that unless further complication sets in he has a great chance of recovering.

Sir John Macdonald will celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday of the 16th inst. The citizens of Ottawa propose giving him a banquet irrespective of party. Sir John is personally a great favorite in the capital.

The steamer Harlaw, which arrived last Friday from the west coast of Newfoundland, brought the report that 130 families at Flowers Cove, Sts. of Belle Isle, are in a starving condition, and unless relieved will certainly perish of starvation.

According to custom, the first week of the new year has been observed as a week of prayer by many of the churches. Meetings have been held in Association Hall every morning, and in one or another of the churches every evening throughout the week.

Dr. Bourinot, clerk of the House of Commons, has been honored by the Queen with the distinction of a Companionship in the order of St. Michael and St. George. Dr. Bourinot is a Nova Scotian by birth, and is distinguished for his literary attainments.

The local legislature of Quebec opened on Tuesday. Lieut.-Governor Angers, in his speech, announced among other things that the legislature would be called upon to pass an act granting 100 acres of land to the parent of at least 12 living children born in lawful wedlock.

John Gibson, one of the founders of the well-known firm of Bauld, Gibson & Co., died on Saturday evening last in the 84th year of his age. Mr. Gibson was a member of St. Andrew's Church, and at the morning service Rev. D. M. Gordon made a touching reference to the deceased gentleman.

We have to thank the St. John Evening Gazette for its courtesy in sending us a charming little selection, put together in a style of simple good taste, of patriotic extracts from some of our poets. They are eight in number, and we find appended to them the names of J. Hunter Duvar, H. H. Pitman, Kay Livingstone, Alex. McLuchlan, Charles Sangster, A. W. W. Dale, J. F. Herbin and H. L. Spencer.

Mr. John Moir, son of the late Alex. Moir, while working in the foundry and machine shop of W. & A. Moir on Saturday last, was terribly burned by molten copper and brass from the furnace which he was assisting to lift in a crucible. He slipped and the vessel tipped over, spilling some of the contents on his left loin and running down his leg. In his struggles he fell and rolled in the red hot metal, burning his left hand, arm and side terribly.

The rumor that the W. & A. Railway is to be bought out by the Canada Pacific, New Brunswick, Maine Central & Boston Railroads, and fast steamers put on the route between Annapolis and St. John, has caused a good deal of talk in the city. It is claimed that passengers can be landed in Halifax by this means three hours sooner than by the I. C. Railway. There are, however, reasons to which we may allude next week for doubting the truth of the report.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of calendars from the Barber & Ellis Comp., Bookbinders, etc., Toronto and Montreal; the American Press Association; Holloway Brothers, Book & Job Printers; the Guardian Fire & Life Assurance, Thomson & Devlin, agents in Halifax, clear and handsome; and the Nova Scotia Nursery, Lockman St. This last is embellished with a face so handsome as to provoke the question whether that is the sort of flower they raise in that establishment?

Andrew Carnegie, the Pittsburg millionaire, has a severe attack of la grippe.

There are 28 Japanese students in the various departments of the Michigan University.

The Harbor of Oakland, Cal., is swarming with sardines. They gather about the wharves, where they are scooped up in boxes, barrels and even hats.

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POVERISHED BLOOD, Etc., it is highly recom-
mended by the Medical Profession.

St. Andrews, N. B., 4th Oct., 1889.
Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co.

Being very much reduced by sickness and almost
given up for a dead man, I commenced taking your
PUTTNER'S EMULSION. After taking it a
very short time my health began to improve, and
the longer I used it the better my health became.
After being laid aside for nearly a year, I last sum-
mer performed the hardest summer's work I ever
did, having often to go with only one meal a day.
I attribute the saving of my life to PUTTNER'S
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THIS YEAR.

What was the rhyme,
Of last year's time,
That made your cheeks so glowing?
What was it, dear,
Ah, whyfore fear,
E'en now 'tis worth the knowing—

I fancied then,
(A fault with men
To fancy they should know it.)
That in your heart
I have some part.
For trifles seemed to show it.

But soon you taught
How valu my thought,
And though I did not falter
To go my way
And there to stay,
Some way I thought you'd alter.

And so this year,
Pray tell me, dear,
If all that glow and tremble,
For my poor rhyme
Of last year's time?
Ah! now you can't dissemble.

Good night to think I might have said,
Good night to you such scores of times,
Good night again:
Those old, old rhymes repeat themselves within my head,

Good night,
This door that shuts me out
So soon shall close the other way,
And shut me in, when time shall bring our wedding day.

—Alice Turner.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl,—A whoezing, sneezing, coughing, aching community,
that is what we are! This villainous imported ailment is no respecter of
persons—from the Czar down (or up!) About one in every six—so the
doctors say—has succumbed to *La Grippe* in one or another degree of
intensity. There is no warranted preventive, though one stands the best
chance of escaping who runs no risk of taking cold, and keeps his system in
good condition throughout. There is no "cure," once the influenza gets its
clutches upon one, that is, nothing that puts an end to it until it has run
its course, but there are a good many alleviating remedies, and as the suffering
of the victim is often intense it is desirable to know what would best be
done to relieve it.

There are two distinct sets of symptoms, and these I am going to quote
for your benefit, together with the remedy in either case prescribed by a
leading homoeopathic physician here. Not that the disease may not yield
as readily to allopathic treatment, but this cannot be set down for the guidance
of the non professional so easily. It is more complex, and varies more with
individual cases. It is, by the way, an excellent idea to keep homoeopathic
remedies in the house, especially if one is far from doctors and druggists.
Not that I believe in "every man his own doctor," and I am an "allopath,"
moreover, as you know, but neither fact blinds me to the necessity of having
means at hand to allay suffering, or to the truth that the simple homoeopathic
medicines often do this to perfection. They do not cost much, and any one
with average common sense can administer them, since full directions
accompany each case of medicines.

But about the prevailing epidemic. There is the case where the patient
desires to lie still. As soon as he moves the bruised, sore muscular pains
are aggravated. He does not want to be rubbed or touched. Rising from
a lying position causes nausea or faintness; cough, with soreness of muscles
of chest and abdomen; chilliness with heat of head; thirst; desires cool
room.

With these symptoms give Bryonia.
Again, patient cannot lie still on account of the aching, and desires
frequently to change position, get more ease by walking about the room,
and pressing something hard against the back. He is relieved by rubbing
or pressure. Chilliness alternates with heat. Wishing to be closely covered
or to sit before the fire.

In such a case give Rhus.
Do not alternate the medicines. Give one or the other, and discontinue
when the patient is markedly relieved.

For novelties, well, if you wish to be ultra-fashionable the dinner bell
will be heard no more in your house forever. Did you see Bernhardt play
in —, I forgot the name of the play this minute,—where she is the
plebeian-born wife of Justinian, the Roman Emperor, a harrowing play, but
full of strong situations! "Theodora," that's it! Well, do you remember
the musical way in which Theodora summons her servitors early in the play,
where she lies on the divan—a strikingly regal picture. The big copper
plaque rings a most musical chime, as the languid beauty—for she looks
the beauty every inch,—strikes it with the muffled stick once, twice or three
times. Well, a similar scheme for summoning to table obtains in "swell"
houses of late. One musical mistress has taught one of her maids for a
table call to play the four notes of the Valkyr maidens' cry in the Wagner
Opera upon the richly ornamented plaque that hangs in the aesthetically
furnished hall of this most aesthetic house.

If your haircloth chairs have good carved backs do not cover them, my
child, with anything. Polish them anew, and cover the "ugly, slippery
seats" with some one of the furniture stuffs that will go well with the other
things in the room. Plush, raw silk, tapestry, whatever you get let it be of

good, durable quality, and something that will look nice in itself. If your chairs have plain tops make cushion backs for them. If the tops are flat have the cushions square—or nearly so,—if the tops curve then have the cushions rounded at the top to fit them. Make two cushions for each chair, well filled with feathers. Cover the ticking cases with goods to match the seat upon both sides. On the upper edges of both cushions sew brass rings, the size of a three-cent silver piece, at short intervals. Then lace the cushions together as you would any two edges with ribbons, or fancy cords, finishing with loops and ends at each corner. Make the lacing, say, two inches wide, that is, the edges two inches apart, and hang the cushions saddle-bag fashion over your chair, and there it is, decorative, and somewhat more comfortable than before. Cushions are made in this way for sofa arms and chair backs of all sorts of material, sometimes with perfectly plain edges at the sides and bottom, and again ornamented with narrow fringes of tiny silk tassels. For use against upholstered surfaces these tidy-cushions are not filled so full, of course, as when intended for open-work wooden backs or frames merely.

Dear me, there is no need of your having such work with your cake baking. Paper your pans. Oh, it is very little trouble. Butter the ends and corners of your cake pan well, and a medium-sized paint brush kept for the purpose is one of the best possible things to grease dishes of all sorts with. Now take a piece of clean paper, *broken* is best, cut it so it fits smoothly between the ends of the pan, and extends above the sides of the pan, and butter this well. Pour in your cake, bake it, and when done simply lift it out of the pan by taking hold of the paper on each side; turn the pan upside down and set the cake on it. Why it is simple as A, B, C

Stirring will not do cake any good; it needs to be beaten, all but sponge cake. That must not be beaten after the whites of the eggs are cut into it.

Do not open your oven for full 20 minutes after you put the cake in to bake, and then if you open and close the door without jarring the stove, and are careful not to keep it open but a second, and if your cake is well made, I cannot see how it can fail. Of course it must be thoroughly cooked before it comes out of the oven.

Yours devotedly,

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

OUR SCHOOL BOOKS.

The common schools of Nova Scotia and the colleges and denominational institutions are supplied with books on different principles. As regards the first, it is virtually the council of public instruction that furnishes the equipment; in the case of the last the faculties and the instructors select and prescribe the books that should be used. In neither case is the choice always such as to command universal admiration or the confidence of the true friends of education and the best judges of its requirements and instruments.

Let us begin our survey with the common schools, and with a book which is in use in all of them. The *English Grammar* has not one of the qualities desirable in a text-book; on the contrary, it is faulty and objectionable from every point of view. It is a curious circumstance that the author seems to have been aware of its defects, or to have had so little confidence in its merits that he published it anonymously, and gave no clue by which we might discover his whereabouts, occupation or claims to our regard. If he wished to pass for a scholar there is as little indication of it in the title page as there is in the body of the work. Neither shows any sign. The Council of Public Instruction, some of whom at least assume the role of educated men and can boast of an Academical Degree, appear to have sympathized with the author in his sensibilities and fears, and to have given the fatherless book the imprimatur of their distinguished authority. This carried it at once into the desired haven, and added a few thousand dollars to the slender or ample means of the modest author. The act of the Council was a very friendly one, but to the ordinary apprehension it would have been better for their reputation if they had examined the book, if their scholarship, that is to say, would have enabled them to pass upon it intelligently. Unfortunately the work is not the only text-book which disgraces our schools. The *Geography* is not a whit better than the fatherless Grammar, and would never impart the most ordinary knowledge of the science without the laborious aid of a well informed teacher. Passing on to the *Readers*, I shall confine my remarks to one point, though others are quite as worthy of notice. The punctuation is so faulty that it would be far better if the series did not contain one "stop" than to be punctuated as they are, *i. e.*, on no principle whatever that can afford any assistance to a learner. But I must qualify my remarks, as there is occasionally an article, probably taken from a more correct compilation, quite free from blemishes and blunders in this line. Even little children have pointed out to me these pause embellishments. I am aware that punctuation is not an established science; but there are leading principles which are obvious to every reader of intelligence, and which are outraged in almost every page of the series of Readers of our public schools. And as regards *Mathematics* we are in as unfortunate a condition, for neither the Arithmetic nor the Algebra appears to have been constructed for the purpose of imparting instruction, but to perplex and confound. It is not the introduction into those treatises of problems legitimately difficult that is complained of, but of those unnecessarily and unnaturally perplexing, and which answers no good end in elucidating the truths and principles of the sciences concerned. The result is that but few indeed can, to their satisfaction and with pleasure, master the branches as taught in the treatises named—branches which, in the hands of wise and able teachers, not hampered by ill-conceived and ill-constructed text-books, are among the most captivating of those embraced in the curriculum of our public schools. What has been complained of is all well enough, but it is accompanied by what is still worse; for these books are an integral part of

the system, and rendered permanently such by *monopolies* of the most mischievous and injurious kind. Monopolies were an abuse of an ignorant and barbarous earlier age, and have long since been condemned by the truer principles of trade and a better comprehension of the public interests. It was for Nova Scotia to revive the antiquated and exploded system, and to appropriate to herself all its unmitigated evils. A few individuals, as in the past, are enriched; the way, the tiller of the soil, the mechanic, the artisan, the merchant, the day laborer and the very poor must pay the penalty of this unjust and grinding tax upon knowledge—a tax which counteracts and annuls in no trifling degree the liberal and even lavish appropriation from the public funds for the support of education.

But our high schools and colleges also deserve a passing tribute of consideration. It is of some consequence, or rather of the greatest consequence, that these institutions should be furnished with text-books of exceptional value and excellence. Some of them may be all this, others unquestionably are not. In one or two of our denominational colleges nearly every text-book used is of American authorship; English and Scottish works being almost entirely things of the past. American publishers "are wise in their generation," and as generous as wise; for no sooner is a new book issued from the press than copies are despatched in all directions to the professors and teachers in our colleges and academies, with "the compliments" of authors and publishers, and the modest request that their new and beautiful books may be substituted for those in use. And they are exceedingly liberal to the newspapers with their advertizing patronage. Most of our leading provincial journals and not a few local papers also are ornamented with these notices, got up in the most obtrusive style of the art. The obtrusiveness is seldom, however, considered sufficiently pronounced, for the editors or proprietors of the papers in the most impressive manner call the attention of the public to the notices, and become personal canvassers for the book. The same is done in the case of American publications in general, so that the Province is everywhere flooded with foreign literature. If our resources were not inexhaustible we should be impoverished, and if we were not inerradically loyal we should all long since have been Annexationists. The pioneer copies of text-books furnished gratuitously to our advanced schools of learning are more successful in their mission; the *doubleur* is so acceptable that the expectations of the donors are fully realized, and each of the pupils or students soon has a copy. This is neither wise nor right. The Mother Country can supply us with all the books we need, and as a rule with abler and better ones than we can obtain elsewhere. And the scholarship of Great Britain is far in advance of what obtains on this side of the Atlantic. Or if the price is an object English books are, *ceteris paribus*, cheaper than American, which is a consideration of consequence to the great majority of students.

In regard to scholarship it would be impossible in a newspaper article to establish the position assumed in favor of English works, and I shall not here make the attempt. But I may be allowed to urge my contention from a late experience. A Latin Grammar, which has just been introduced into one of the schools adverted to, has fallen into my hands. It is recommended by the authorities as a *superior Grammar*, superior to all that in the past have enjoyed the favor of the institution, though *the last* in the long succession *has invariably been so characterized*. There is always sufficient reason for a change of books, and the imposition of the additional burden which the change involves. But this the teachers do not have to bear, and consequently are supremely indifferent to it. To return from this digression. Two or three of the early pages of the Grammar are devoted to the Accentuation of Latin. I will give a specimen of the rules, quoting only what is necessary for elucidation. The following are among the deliverances of the volume: "In Latin words, if the penult is short or common the accent is on the ante penult." "When an enditic is added the accent falls on the preceding syllable, whether long or short." "Certain apparent compounds of *ficio* retain the accent of the simple verb." One does not need to go further than Virgil to prove that the above rules have no foundation in the language; the rhythm of Latin verse nullifies and falsifies every one of them. It was only an hour or two before these deliverances of the American instructor fell under my observation that I had occasion to point out to a learner the accentuation required by the measure of the *Aeneid* in subversion of more than one of the rules cited, and in condemnation of the book that had won the late regards of the institution referred to. I cannot pursue the subject further than merely to say that the Grammar throughout is faulty as in its first pages. The press of the United States teems with school books, which in close succession "have their day," and which in numerous instances answer no better purpose than to advertize their authors and replenish empty purses with a few dollars, which in many cases would be far fewer if Nova Scotia and the other Lower Provinces did not kindly come to the rescue and buy the worthless wares. The Provinces are doubly robbed, they lose their money and fail to attain the high scholarship which sound and able text-books would be so instrumental in imparting.

Dec. 26, 1889.

PHILOMATHES.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

THE RATHBURN FURNACE.—The new hot air furnace invented by Mr. Mark Rathburn, of Hantsport, appears to be gaining in favor. In all fifteen have been placed in residences in Hants and Kings Counties during the past two years. The last one was put into the residence of Mr. John A. Young, of Avondale, last week. So far, Mr. Rathburn has done no canvassing for his furnaces, all these orders having come in voluntarily.—*Hants Journal*.

Thirty-two million feet of deals were shipped from Parrsboro the past season, being five thousand feet more than ever before.

The Londonderry Iron Company, Acadia Mines, N.S., are running their works to their fullest capacity, chiefly on iron, water and gas tips.

The firm known as Murdochs' Nephews stands undoubtedly pre-eminent as one of the largest dry goods firms in the Maritime Provinces, and they claim that their commanding position enables them to do business to the advantage of their customers by 10 per cent. below other houses, and renders them extremely formidable to all competitors. They confidently look forward to the transaction in 1890 of business to the extent of \$1,000,000. The five story building occupied by this enterprising firm on Hollis St. is well known to everyone in Halifax. Several improvements have been recently effected in their premises. The building is one of the handsomest in the city, and has a frontage on Hollis St. of 100 feet, extending 60 feet west on Prince St. On entering the handsome front entrance of this spacious edifice we find ourselves on the ground floor, in which are stored the immense stock of cloths of every description for tailoring purposes. Having noted the quality and designs of the various fabrics, we ascend a wide and commodious staircase to the first floor above, where one of the finest stocks of fancy goods in the Maritime Provinces is to be seen. The second floor is devoted to general staples and dress goods, stock enough, one would think, to supply the entire Dominion. One noteworthy feature of this department is the excellent light afforded from each side, the extensive room being exceptionally well lighted. Continuing our explorations, we are ushered into room after room, over flooring with every description of dry goods, hosiery, linens, dress goods, ladies' wear, carpets, house furnishing goods, etc. An able and competent staff preside over the various departments, headed by Mr. Boak and Mr. Jenkins, and customers visiting the city will find every attention and the utmost courtesy shown them. A new elevator on the latest improved hydraulic principles has been added, and visitors are carried from flat to flat without the slightest inconvenience to themselves. In its completeness in every department, it is safe to say there is scarcely an establishment to compare with it in the Dominion of Canada. The Messrs. Murdochs' Nephews give permanent work to 25 employees. Their establishment is altogether a credit to the city of Halifax.

CITY CHIMES.

The walking in many places has been precarious and not at all permanent owing to ice during the week. It is kind and thoughtful when citizens strew ashes on their particular piece of ice, instead of leaving it as a trap for the unwary pedestrian, but a little judgment should be exercised in the use of ashes. The usual way is to take a scuttle full of ashes, well mixed with cinders and small pieces of coal, and to dump this in spots over the ice. The only clean and respectable method is to have the ashes as free as possible from cinders and coal, and to sprinkle them thinly over the ice. It is better if they can be put on while hot and so take hold of the ice immediately.

We understand that the Amateur Dramatic Society have decided not to give any performance this season owing to the long and continued success of the McDowell Company. We trust, however, that they will endeavor to give an entertainment sometime before the spring. They have always succeeded in drawing large and fashionable audiences, and the general public enjoy seeing the youth, beauty and talent of our city coming to the front. Besides this the receipts are bestowed on local charities and philanthropic enterprises.

The City Council have resolved to apply to the legislature for power to borrow money for the purpose of paving the streets and sidewalks. This is a matter of which THE CRITIC has frequently urged the necessity, and it is gratifying to find that this necessary work will probably be undertaken within the near future. It is certainly not before it is needed.

There is to be a carnival at the Exhibition Rink on the 27th inst. There will be an electric display, and numerous other novelties are to be introduced. No doubt it will be most attractive, and will be well patronized.

A Scotch concert is to be given in St. Andrew's church on the 24th inst. under the patronage of the North British Society. A splendid programme is being prepared, and all who love the works of Scotland's greatest poet should make an effort to be present on the occasion which celebrates the anniversary of Robert Burns' birth.

Alas for the hopes of those who have been longing for snow. On Sunday the land was in perfect condition to receive its beautiful white mantle, and when the soft flakes began to fall silently and gradually piled themselves deep on the ground, it seemed as if we were going to have a return of winter of the old-fashioned sort. On Monday, however, all hopes were dashed, and rain and fog soon turned the snow to slush, through which it was impossible to pass dry shod, except in rubber long boots. The out-door skating was also spoilt, much to the regret of numbers of people who prefer it to rink skating. Tuesday and Wednesday were seasonably frosty, and by the time this appears in print we may be favored with another fall of the beautiful, which will be appreciated by the livery stable keepers and their patrons at least, if not by the people generally.

The E. A. McDowell Company have closed their engagement in Halifax, which has been an unprecedented success, and no one can now say it is useless to bring companies of recognized merit here because they can not obtain audiences. For ten weeks the McDowell Company have been giving performances every evening as well as Saturday matinees, at all these the

audiences have been good, and at some "standing room" has been at a premium. The plays produced have as a rule been well known and popular compositions, most of them of a stamp calculated to please people of taste and refinement. The success which has attended the Company has been well deserved, and the members of it have made many friends in Halifax. Last week "Engaged" was given on Friday and Saturday evenings, and "The Private Secretary" drew a large audience at the private matinee on Saturday afternoon, when four pairs of gold-plated skates were presented by the management to the lady, girl, gentleman and boy holding the lucky numbers. On Monday and Tuesday evenings Sardou's great comedy-drama, "A Wife's Peril" was presented. On Wednesday a triple bill, "Suowball," "My Uncle's Will" and "Pap, or confusion confounded," was given, and on last night a grand complimentary benefit was tendered to Mr. E. A. McDowell, who assumed the role of "Conn" in the "Shaughraun."

COMMERCIAL.

Business generally has not got quite over the effects of the holidays, and there are few noticeable features in connection with the different wholesale branches of trade.

The weather continues unfavorable to the vigorous prosecution of trade. Our first real snow-storm this season occurred on Sunday, but, being succeeded by a warm, drizzling rain during that night and the following day, "the beautiful" rapidly disappeared. The season is undoubtedly far advanced, but we may yet hope for seasonable weather and snow enough to give the necessary impetus to the lumbering business.

The Bank of England a few days since advanced its rate to 6 per cent., and the street rate in London moved up to 5½ per cent., with short loans at short date as high as 7 per cent. At the same time despatches from New York stated that sterling exchange was demoralized and almost unobtainable, with street money scarce, as high as 18 to 20 per cent. being paid on call. If the present stringency continues it will certainly tend to put up the rate of discount in this market, although some assert that there need not be the slightest fear of any advance in that direction. Be that as it may, it has been noticed lately that the easier feeling in call loans which set in last month did not extend to time loans, and that virtually there has been no larger supply of legitimately negotiable loanable funds than there was before, the easier feeling in call loans being caused by the lending of money that should be held by the banks as reserves, and which is bound to be called in before the last day of the month in order to appear in the monthly bank statements to the Government.

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

	Week		Weeks corresponding to				Failures for the year.			
	Jan. 3.	Prev. week.	1888	1887	1886	1889	1888	1887	1886	
United States...	310	237	286	293	291	11719	10387	9740	10568	
Canada.....	28	30	22	15	13	1616	1730	1315	1186	

The following are the assignments and business changes in this Province during the past week:—Rufus Porter, general store and hotel, Kentville, adv. stock-in-trade for sale by tender; Brown Bros. & Co., drugs, Halifax, admitted, Wm. H. Hamilton partner under same style; D. F. McDonald, general store, Victoria Mines and Langan, assigned to M. A. McDonald, in trust for benefit of creditors; Thos. C. Johnson, watchmaker and jeweller, Halifax, admitted Chas. E. and Albert G. Johnson, under the style of Thos. C. Johnson & Sons; C. & W. Anderson, grocery and liquors, Halifax, sold out to C. Willoughby Anderson, who continues the business under the same style; Geo. A. Leslie, Halifax, transfer \$5 to Garduer Clish interest in property of Dufferin gold mines; National Supply Co., Louis F. Idman only, copartnership registered Dec. 26, 1889; Henry Cann, consort to Mary Cann, his wife, to do business in her own name; P. P. Archibald, hotel, Halifax, sold out to Jus. Grant.

DRY GOODS.—The dry goods situation is featureless and quiescent, and merchants are now looking forward and trying to judge what the spring trade will amount to. On this point there is considerable divergence, of opinion. Still wholesale houses admit that the winter's trade must now prove extremely disappointing, the continued mild, open weather with no steady cold spells having assured the carrying over of large stocks to another season, which means that further extensions of credits will have to be given either by the wholesale houses or by the banks. Still, on the other hand, it seems plausible to anticipate that the small call for winter goods may cause an unusually large demand for spring varieties. New spring samples are arriving by each incoming steamer, and travellers will soon be out with them—indeed a few have already started. Remittances are slow, but there are reasons for expecting them to improve with the turn of the year. Cotton and woollen staples are quiet but prices are firm.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—The market is quiet for pig with very little business on spot. Bar iron and other manufactured products are firm with an upward tendency. Metals in London are steadily advancing, which has tended to strengthen the market in New York. Montreal and elsewhere on this side of the water. Advices from the great pig iron centres in Great Britain are very strong, private cables reporting sales of Scotch warrants at 6s., which is an advance of 2s. 7d. within a few days. It is curious to note from statistics, which we have not room to reproduce, that in Scotland, while there is a stock on hand equal to twelve months' output, yet there is an apparent excess of consumption over current production. In the Cumberland district the production is shown to have increased over that of last year. Yet, despite larger supply, the stock on hand has been reduced 153,300 tons. On the face of the returns it would appear that the English consumption and export exceed the production. Still the reserve stocks and the natural tendency of high price to stimulate the production render

it doubtful that England is likely to soon be confronted with a famine in iron. For that matter the data presented afford reasons for believing that a cessation of demand would find supplies more than ample.

BREADSTUFFS.—The local flour market has been quiet and we hear of no business of importance. The tone continues steady and prices are not materially changed.

Provisions.—This market has been quiet with very little business doing and no features of any particular interest. Dressed hogs are quiet and easy owing to the unfavorable weather and are moving slowly at quotations.

Butter.—The butter market has been without feature and trade continues quiet, the movement being restricted to a jobbing business. We hear of no alteration of note.

CHEESE.—There was no alteration in the prevailing quiet of this market, and no one appears to expect any immediately. As to the state of the English market a Liverpool firm writes:—"The demand has not been so brisk as anticipated."

FRUIT both fresh and dried are quiet and uncalled for. Prices have not changed but nothing is doing in this line.

SUGAR has taken an easier turn and is dull and depressed, and it is said that jobbers are willing to shade on refinery figures in order to effect sales.

MOLLASSES is very dull and easy with nothing doing. Though prices are nominally unchanged there is no doubt that holders would willingly shade if they could thereby place orders for their stocks.

TEA AND COFFEE are quiet with nothing of note transpiring. Brazilian advices do not support the ideas under which coffee was rushed up a few weeks ago, and it looks as if the speculators who, on account of the revolution, and anticipating a rule of anarchy to result, tried to make a "corner" on coffee will find themselves badly left.

FISH OILS.—Our Montreal report is:—"Steam refined seal oil is firm at 52c. to 53c.; cod oil is also firm, Newfoundland being quoted at 35c., Halifax and Gaspe oil at 32c.

FISH.—The local fish markets are, if possible, duller than they have been. Receipts continue to be small, except in bank cod, which are barely fair. It is thought that about all the shore catch has been already marketed.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

Our Price Lists are corrected for us each week by reliable merchants and can therefore be depended upon as accurate up to the time of going to press

GROCERIES.

Table listing various grocery items such as SUGARS (Cult Loaf, Granulated), TEA (Congou, Fair, Good), MOLASSES (Barbadoes, Deveraux), BISCUITS (Pilot Bread, Boston and Thin Family), and others with prices.

The above quotations are carefully prepared by a reliable Wholesale House, and can be depended upon as correct.

PROVISIONS.

Table listing various provisions including Beef, Am. Ex. Mess., Pork, Mess., Lard, Tubs and Pails, and Hams with their respective prices.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

Table listing fish from vessels such as MACKEREL (Extra, No. 1, 2 large), HERRING (No. 1 Shore, No. 1 August, Round), ALWIVES, CODFISH (Hard Shore, Bank), SALMON, HADDOCK, CUSK, POLLOCK, HAKE SOUNDS, and Cods Oil A.

The above are prepared by a reliable firm of West India Merchants.

POULTRY.

Table listing poultry items: Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens with prices per pound and per pair.

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK.—at Richmond Depot: Steers, best quality, per 100 lbs. alive; Oxen; Fat Steers, Heifers, light weights; Wethers, best quality, per 100 lbs.; Lambs.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer

LOBSTERS.

Table listing lobster products: Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing), Tall Cans, Flat, Newfoundland Flat Cans with prices per case.

BREADSTUFFS.

BREADSTUFFS.—American markets easier. Canadian markets without any change. They have been gradually getting firmer, and on all lines of Manitoba wheat flour prices have advanced.

Cornmeal quiet and easy. Oatmeal quiet and firmer.

Table listing various flour and meal products: High Grade Patent, Good 90 per cent Patent, Straight Grade, Superior Extras, Good Seconds, Graham Flour, American Supr. Extras, American 90 per cent in bond, American Patents, Pillsbury's Best, Oatmeal (Rolled, Duty Paid), Cornmeal (Duty Paid, in bond), Rolled Wheat, Wheat Bran, Shorts, Middlings, Ground Corn, Cracked Oil Cake, Moulis, Split Peas, White Beans, Pot Barley, Canadian Oats, P. E. I. Oats, Hay per ton.

J. A. CHIPMAN & Co., Head of Central Wharf, Halifax, N. S.

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS

Table listing various fruits: Apples, Gravensteins, Apples, No. 1, Oranges, Jamaica, Lemons, Cocoanuts, Onions, Dates, Raisins, Valencia, Figs, Prunes, Stewing, Bananas, Cranberries.

The above quotations are furnished by C. H. Harvey, 10 & 12 Sackville St

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Table listing butter and cheese products: Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints, Good in Small Tubs, Store Packed & oversalted, Canadian Township, Western, Cheese, Canadian, Antigonish.

The above quotations are corrected by a reliable dealer in Butter and Cheese.

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Table listing wool and hide products: Wool (clean washed, unwashed), Salted Hides, Ox Hides, Cow Hides, No 3 Hides, Calf Skins, Deacons, Lambskins, Tallow.

The above quotations are furnished by W.M. F. FOSTER, dealer in Wool and Hides, Connors' Wharf.

LUMBER.

Table listing various lumber products: Pine, clear, No. 1, Merchantable, Small, Spruce, dimension, good, Hemlock, merchantable, Shingles, No 1, sawed, pine, spruce, No 1, Laths, Hard wood, per cord, Softwood.

A DISGRACE TO HER FAMILY.

(Continued.)

Maggie and her three sisters are out, as a matter of course, as is also Captain Falconer, looking brave and handsome in his pink coat and snowy leathers. Geraldine ought to have been quite happy, but she isn't, although mounted on her show horse, Galopard. Under Baines' judicious stable treatment he has improved immensely in the last week, and appears full of life. Too full of it, indeed, for his rider, who is desperately afraid of him. He has already given one or two light-hearted bucks, and she is in mortal fear of what may happen next, imagining every possible catastrophe, yet trying heroically to keep up a conversation with the Honorable Keith, and to seem at her ease. It requires an immense amount of courage to conceal one's cowardice, and this was precisely what the poor girl was endeavoring to do. When you know no fear, it is little credit to be brave, but great praise is due to those who, out hunting, can manage to hide their anxiety, and who wear a bold front, whilst all the time their hearts are sinking and their pulses quivering.

As Galopard canters gaily along, quickening his stride, and snatching resolutely at his bit, Geraldine is overcome by a horrible suspicion, soon reduced to a certainty, that she cannot hold him. He pulls a great deal more than Paragon, and jumps about in quite a detestable fashion. But as yet she is ashamed to confess her nervousness, and valiantly tries to screen it from her companion. She derives some consolation too, from the admiring glances cast at the horse, a portion of which, she is distinctly aware, belongs to herself. At the meet, she had been very much gratified by observing a young man look Galopard over from top to toe, approach, as if about to address her, then turn away, apparently too shy to introduce himself. He was a complete stranger, and she would not have been a bit angry if he had spoken, being evidently a gentleman. At the same time it was quite clear she had made an impression which was very flattering, if only her arms did not ache so! Fortunately they got a rest at the Fishpond.

The others, it is true, soon furnished a fox, but the poor creature was so surrounded, whenever he attempted to break covert, that nearly an hour elapsed before he was finally persuaded of two evils to choose the lesser. Those on foot set up a ringing cheer, as they obtained a full view of terrified Pug, stealing swiftly across the Park, in an attempt to gain some laurel spinneys at the further end of it. Hounds, long baulked of their prey, dashed out close at his brush, and made the whole air vibrate with the mad music of their tongues. Order went to the winds, and everyone now joined indiscriminately in the pursuit. For about five minutes there was sharp galloping, as the fox, nerved at last to effort, raced gallantly on, gliding over the short grass at astonishing speed, with the bristling pack close at his heels. It was an exciting moment, and no doubt the yelling and hooting, the hubbub and confusion which greeted Reynard's appearance, caused him to lose his head. At any rate, he did not appear to observe the fact that the spinneys were formidably guarded by a row of stable helpers and female servants, who had turned out to see the fun, and who, on his approach, greeted him with a series of frantic gesticulations, accompanied by discordant cries. His retreat was cut off, escape became impossible, when so mercilessly hunted by foes human as well as canine. With the venom of Death upon him, this stay-at-home fox turned sharp back into the very jaws of the hounds, and made his glistening teeth meet in the throat of his foremost enemy. But alas! he had not one to contend with, but many, and they were too numerous for him. The air was filled with hideous sounds that deafened his ears—a sharp, short agony, and then he succumbed, rolling over and over on the grass, with a dozen hounds quarrelling about his remains, before they were yet cold, and tearing them to pieces.

And now the foot people came thronging around, viewing the final obsequies with coarse delight, whilst the horsemen, after having experienced much difficulty in bringing their eager horses to a standstill, murmured discontentedly among themselves:

"A regular Fishpond fox! Thank goodness! there's one less of them. Those beggars get so many wild duck and fat moorhens that they can't run a yard. Let us hope now the farce is over that we may have a good afternoon to make up for the morning."

If the great bulk of the field were disappointed at not getting a run, Geraldine, on the contrary, was truly thankful. The little scurry across the Park, short as it had been, confirmed her doubts of not being able to hold Galopard. He had taken the bit between his teeth, and raced after the hounds in a strong, determined fashion, infinitely alarming. She lost all control over him. He tore under the trees, and her best Heath hat was battered out of every semblance of shape, and the only wonder was that her head did not follow suit. In fact she was positively in fear of her life, and experienced the most awful sensations, during those few brief moments—sensations full of exquisite terror.

She was not a strong girl, either physically, or mentally and when Galopard pulled up short in the midst of the hounds, having trampled on one and let fly at another, she was trembling from head to foot.

Curiously enough, in an emergency she never dreamt of applying to "Rusher and Crusher," although they were nearer her own age, but invariably sought Maggie.

It was an immense relief to her, on looking round, to see her younger sister coming cantering leisurely up; for Maggie was much too experienced a hand to take anything out of her horse over a Fishpond fox, knowing that they rarely, if ever, left the Park. On the opening day of the season, the "Ripper" seldom showed much sport until the afternoon.

"Well, Geraldine," she said cheerfully, "How are you getting on? Do you like your new horse?"

"Hush, Maggie!" answered the beauty, looking cautiously round. "I'm not getting on at all, and I don't like him one bit."

"Indeed, how's that?"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I never felt so miserable in my life."

"Why, what's the matter, Geraldine? You're all of a shake."

"And well I may be. I can't hold the brute. He has pulled my arms off, and nearly dashed me to pieces against the trees. Three times I thought I was killed. His mouth is just like iron."

Maggie looked at the bit.

"You have got a very light bridle on," she said, "and only a leather curb. Perhaps that has something to do with it."

"If he had a ton of lead in his mouth, I don't believe it would make any difference," rejoined Geraldine, with the tears springing to her eyes. "Every muscle in my body is quivering. The beast makes me feel quite ill."

"I expect he's fresh. He has done no work since he left Foxington. Very likely he'll settle down bye-and-bye."

"I wish to goodness I had never bought him, Maggie. I was a perfect fool to be so smitten with his looks."

"You were in rather too much of a hurry, certainly, but it's too late to wish that now, and we must make the best of our bargain."

She generously said "we," though she had been no party to Galopard's purchase, in order to soothe Geraldine's feelings. It was no use telling her she had been foolish now that she was beginning to find it out for herself.

"Maggie," whispered the other solemnly. "I don't mind confessing the truth to you, because I know you won't laugh at me. I can't go on hunting this horse. I'm frightened even to ride him home."

And the poor thing looked it. Her face had grown quite pale, and her blue eyes wore a startled expression, and all her pretty air of conceit and self-satisfaction had vanished. Maggie's compassion, which never required a very serious appeal, was fully aroused.

"Don't distress yourself, dear," she said, more like a mother speaking to a nervous child than a younger sister addressing an elder. "Galopard wants work, and he is evidently a little above himself. I'll get on him, and you shall ride The Fizzer instead. He was out cub-hunting on Saturday, and is quite quiet and well-behaved. You need not jump him unless you like, and he does not pull an ounce."

"Oh! but Maggie, what about your day's hunting? I shall spoil it."

"Not you. To be frank, I always doubted the wisdom of your riding Galopard before he had been properly tried, only I did not like to say anything, as I knew your heart was set on having him out to-day. But never fear, he'll soon quiet down."

"If he were as quiet as a sheep dog nothing would ever induce me to get on his back again," said Geraldine, whose fears had quite overcome every vestige of pride.

"Nonsense; you must not talk like that. You wait till you see him after he's had a good gallop."

And so saying Maggie jumped from her horse and held his head, whilst their small attendant, who for once turned up when wanted, assisted Geraldine to the ground.

"The fact is," said Maggie, "old Paragon has spoilt you for riding a strange horse. You and he have got so used to one another. But I'll give Galopard a good trial to-day, and find out whether he is fit for you to hunt or not. If he isn't, we must part with him as best we can, and one comfort is, you are not likely to lose much money, since he was a very cheap purchase, especially if I can find nothing more the matter with him than a hard mouth." For Maggie still had her suspicions, being convinced there must be a screw loose for so handsome an animal to have found his way into the sporting tailor's stables. Horses worth two hundred guineas are not to be bought for fifty-five unless there is something he matter.

"Thank you awfully," said Geraldine, as she settled herself comfortably on The Fizzer's broad back. "It really is very kind of you, Maggie, to give me your horse, and if I can do you a good turn any time to make up for it, I will."

There was something so unselfish, so solid and dependable about this little sister of hers, that for once Geraldine felt really grateful, and forgot to think herself the superior. She allowed that, in spite of her looks, Maggie had two great points in her favor.

She never lost her temper or her presence of mind. You could always rely upon her when a difficulty arose, and on such occasions she did not collapse at the critical moment, like so many of her sex.

So the slight, small, eighteen-year-old girl, with the cool head and the dauntless nerve, mounted the great strapping thoroughbred as confidently as if he had been a lamb, and betrayed no symptom of fear. Galopard was quivering with excitement. His proud nostrils showed their crimson linings, and every vein on his swelling neck and tapering head stood out like silken ropes.

Her first act was to take up the reins gently, and speak to him in a soothing voice. Directly he began to walk she knew him to be a keen, bold resolute horse. His springy gait told of a willing spirit, and if only she could succeed in holding him, she felt tolerably certain all would be well.

As for his jumping, it would not take her long to find out that. A couple of Flatshire hedges would soon settle that question. But she felt sure his heart was in the right place, and, for her own part, infinitely preferred a hunter who would not be denied at his fences to one whose courage was open to suspicion.

As she playfully remarked, "it was bad enough to have to make up your own mind, without your horse's, whilst the smallest divergence of opinion on either side astonishingly reduced the common stock of valor."

Ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, now elapsed, during which Maggie kept Galopard gently moving up and down. He was very gay, but she

rather liked that than otherwise, not having yet arrived at the age when a hunter, warranted not to cock his ear, blink his eye, or whisk his tail, is a *sine qua non*.

A feeling of cordiality was soon established between rider and horse.

As to his mouth, in his slower paces there was no fault to be found with it, though she could fancy his pulling when hounds ran hard, but then what horse was worth his salt, or rather his oats, who did not?

Altogether, Maggie was as nearly falling in love with Galopard by Galopin as if he had been her own peculiar property, instead of belonging to her sister.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRAIGHT NECKED FOX.

"Hullo! You have changed horses," exclaimed Captain Falconer, as the monster procession now began to squeeze through a bridle-gate which led to a well known covert, and he found himself hustled up against Maggie. "How's that?"

"Galopard pulled more than Geraldine could hold, so I got on to him instead," answered the girl. "Don't I look very fine?" smiling archly. "I feel very fine, I can assure you!"

"I should have thought if the horse pulled too much for her, he pulled too much for you."

"Captain Falconer," she rejoined in a bantering tone, "do you wish to insult my biceps? You've no idea how strong I am. Jack taught me boxing, and before he went away I was almost as good as he. Can you box? It's a splendid exercise."

"Very likely, and a particularly graceful, lady-like one. I shall learn all your accomplishments by degrees."

She bit her under-lip with vexation. He looked upon her as a regular tom-boy, destitute of all feminine graces, and in the last few days she had become keenly conscious of her own deficiencies.

"Will you have a boxing-match with me?" he said laughingly, "that would be awful fun!"

She looked at him quite viciously for a moment. Why would he always persist in chaffing her?

"No, I won't. I won't do any such thing, and I'm sorry I mentioned the subject."

"Come, come, Maggie, don't be cross."

"I'm not cross." And her lips began to tremble.

"Dignified then. Dignity ain't your style."

"Nothing's my style," she returned ruefully, "except to be horsey and slangy, and unladylike, and shock all the people whose good opinion I most care about."

"You haven't shocked me, if that's what you mean."

"Yes, I have. You know I have."

"Well, only when your excessive good-nature leads you to become rough-rider for the family. Seriously, Maggie," he added in an altered tone, "the office you take upon yourself is rather a dangerous one, especially in a country like this, which requires a lot of doing."

She laughed.

"Somebody must risk their bones, and I'm not a bit afraid, Captain Falconer."

"I know that, child, without being told. But others may be afraid for you."

"Others? Who? There's nobody to care, in my case, except Jack, and he's away."

"Yes, there is, Maggie. I care," and he looked at her in a manner which overwhelmed her with confusion.

"It is very kind of you to say so, but—but—" It was not easy to express her real sentiments, which were that so great an honor was almost impossible.

"You don't believe it? What a sceptical little person you are! The fact is, you ride a great deal too hard, and I can't bear the idea of your hunting an animal you know nothing whatever about."

"Oh, if that's all, I shall soon find out what my mount is worth," she answered, trying not to let him see how deeply she was touched by his solicitude, which produced the greater effect from her not being accustomed to find herself the object of so much consideration. "But come, we must be moving on, instead of exchanging fears for each other's safety, for if once we fall to the rear of this crowd, hounds may find and be miles away before we even reach the covert."

So saying, she gave Galopard a slight touch of the heel, and trotted briskly on, threading her way with great dexterity through the maze of carriages and gigs, horses, children and foot-people that lined the road for nearly a quarter of a mile.

Maggie was aware how fatal it frequently proves to lag behind on an occasion like the present, and how an enticing conversation may often be the means of losing a run. Therefore she did not draw rein until, by artfully seizing on every opening, she managed to reach the head of the cavalcade, and saw the waving stems of the hounds immediately in front. Galopard too went quieter when he could almost put his foot on every straggler. He loved the sight of the speckled beauties.

A steady jog of a couple of miles soon brought them to the crack covert of the "Ripper Hunt," which was known by the name of Thornberry Hillside. It lay on the slope of a steep incline, and was guarded on the top side by an unjumpable bullfinch, some eight feet in height, and at the bottom by a treacherously banked brook. Beyond, the rich fallows of a ploughed field caught the eye, and after this one blot on the fair green landscape stretched a glorious vista of undulating pastures, crossed and recrossed by dark lines of flying fences irresistibly fascinating to sportsmen who love the glorious sensation of springing from one field of sound old turf to another.

(To be Continued.)

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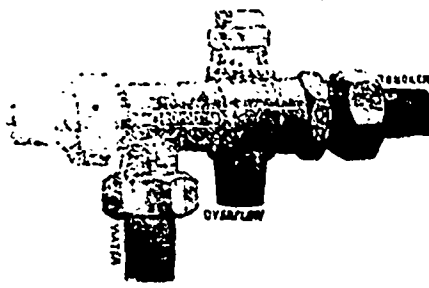
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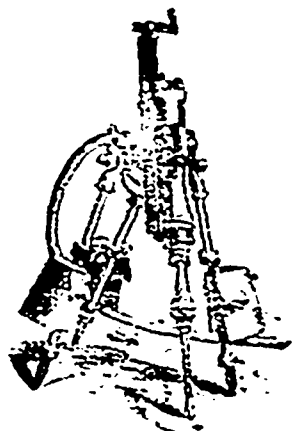
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MINING.

There is nothing particularly new to report in regard to our gold mines beyond the fact that all the districts where mills are running are making good average returns. This is the dull season of the year, and prospectors have generally given up active work until next spring. Some determined individuals still continue at work, and there is little doubt but that their labors, in the long run, will be rewarded with success. We are receiving continual enquiries from abroad in regard to different properties, which is a pretty good indication that our gold mines are now attracting much more attention than formerly, and that capitalists are awakening to the fact that money judiciously invested here will yield large returns.

Only a few gold returns have so far been received at the Mines Office for December. They are as follows:—

District.	Mt.	Qtz. Crushed.	Ozs. Gold.
Serbroke.....	105	10½
Salmon River.....	Dufferin.....	750	157
Oldham.....	O. dham G. M. Co.....	91	274½
S Uniacke.....	Withrow.....	20	35½
Uniacke.....	P. enix.....	210	40
Lake Catcha.....	Oxford.....	52½	92½
Renfrow.....	Empress.....	13	11
Molega.....	Molega M. Co.....	292	339

The revenue derived from the Mines Department for 1889 will greatly exceed that of the previous year. There should be a notable increase in the amount of coal royalties and also in gold, while the amount received for prospecting licenses, gold and silver leases and from other sources should swell the total to an amount considerably in excess of the estimates. The returns at the Mines Office prove that the mining industry is making great strides in advance.

CAPE BRETON'S COAL TRADE.—The following information, which was prepared for the *Herald*, was left over last week:—During the year 745,000 tons of coal have been mined in Cape Breton, against 240,000 in 1879. North Sydney and Sydney shipped 460,000 in 1889 (as compared with 140,000 tons in 1879) handled by 2,550 vessels, manned by 24,000 seamen. The Cape Breton coal trade has been marked by a steady increase since 1879. The growth of this important industry, feeding all other branches of commerce, illustrates the great benefit of the national policy, which has made a home market for such a large output of coal, giving employment to our people, and making our coal owners virtually independent of the New England market and the adverse American tariff which crippled our coal industry so long. Comparing the yearly coal exports since 1878, the result of the present tariff is most satisfactory. In 1879 the coal shipments from all the Cape Breton mines only aggregated 243,200 tons; in 1884, 598,156 tons, and in 1889 they increased to 749,357 tons. The shipments from Sydney and North Sydney were 140,000 in 1879; 299,000 in 1884, and 460,148 tons to December 15th, 1889. The shipping season is not yet over, and the *Herald* can only give the shipments from the several mines to date, which are as follows:

Mines	Tons.
Sydney.....	126,000
Victoria.....	87,000
International.....	123,000
Bridgeport.....	25,000
Reserve.....	103,357
Little Glace Bay.....	73,000
Port Caledonia.....	103,000
Gawrio Mines.....	105,000

At the present time there are nine coal mines in operation in Cape Breton and two more are opening. In connection with these mines directly and indirectly there is an army of from 4,000 to 5,000 persons employed, and a gross population of about 18,000 has settled in and about the various mining localities. About 2,550 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 450,000 tons, handled our coal shipment this year, with an employment of 24,000 hands. Considering the employment, the commerce and the number of industries affected through the development of the coal trade, the importance of this industry can hardly be over-estimated.—*N. Sydney Herald*.

The New England iron manufacturers have been urging upon the "Ways and Means Committee" of the United States Senate the necessity of placing Canadian iron ores and soft coals upon the free list. The ground argued briefly recites the fact that the imports from Canada would be offset by the increased export of hard coal to Ontario.

Messrs. Chew Ling Quaw, Koo Kai Lai and Tong Sing Kon, Chinese experts, have arrived in San Francisco, Cal., having been commissioned by the Emperor of China to investigate and report on American methods of working gold-bearing quartz. If they desire to become thoroughly posted in the business they should visit Nova Scotia.

It is reported that Millionaire Ross of Quebec has invested \$130,000 in the blast furnace to be erected by the Graham Fraser company.

ANDOVER HILL.—The Harding mill in this district is now running, crushing quartz from the various leads.

In the Copper Cliff Mine near Sudbury, Ont., it is said more nickel is

being produced than the entire market of the world calls for at current prices. A little branch railway off the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, four miles in length, leads out to the mine, which opens into the face of a crag of the brown, oxidized Laurentian rock characteristic of this region. The miners are now at work at a depth of about 300 feet below the surface. As fast as the nickel and copper bearing rock is hoisted out it is broken up and piled upon long beds or ricks of pine wood to be calcined, or roasted, for the purpose of driving out the sulphur which it contains. The roasting process is of the nature of lime-kilning or charcoal burning. Each great bed of ore requires from one to two months to roast. When roasted the rock goes to the principal smelter, a powerful blast furnace, "jacketed"—in mining phrase—with running water to enable it to sustain the great heat requisite to reduce the crude, obdurate mineral to fluidity. The dross of the molten mass is first allowed to flow off and afterwards the nearly pure nickel and copper, blended together in an alloy called the "mat," or matte, is drawn off at the base of the furnace vat into barrow-pots and wheeled away, still liquid and fiery hot, to cool in the yard of the smelter. The mat contains about 70 per cent. of nickel, the remaining 30 per cent. being mainly copper. When cool the conical pot loaves of mat can easily be cracked in pieces by means of heavy hammers. The fragments are then packed in barrels and shipped to Swansea in Wales and to Germany, where the two constituent metals are separated and refined by secret processes which are jealously guarded by the manufacturers. So jealously is the secret kept that no one in America has yet been able to learn the process, although one young metallurgist spent three years at Swansea, working as a common laborer in the factories, in order to obtain it. At present there are produced daily at the Copper Cliff Mine about ninety pot loaves of mat, each weighing nearly 450 pounds, an output which yields an aggregate of more than 4,000 tons of nickel a year.

OUR GOLD MINES.—"Live and let live," is not a bad sort of thing to practice as we move along down the stream. And so we can look on and hear of the remarkable prosperity of some of the Queens Co. mines without an obvious pang. It is gratifying to know after the usual ups and downs attending the opening of many properties, that the Graves mine at Whiteburn has stepped into the front rank as a gold producer, the output for last month having reached two hundred ounces from less than a hundred tons of quartz. This side by side with the Jim McGuire lead under the able generalship of "Rorie" assures the future of that district. Here just under our noses we soon expect to have another Whiteburn booming Bridgewater as Whiteburn boomed Caledonia, for that once sleepy little spot is now among the flourishing towns of the Province. Millisigate, so often abused as only a system of angular and narrow main leads, will surely be disappointing to those who like to hold that opinion. Within the last day or two the lead has been discovered for which hundreds of feet of trenching and cross cutting have been done within the past six months. It is nearly two feet wide, and more than holds its own with its rich drift.

Further west a shaft is being sunk on a main lead over two feet in width, which is carrying gold and all the accompanying metals which go to make up the good pay ore. It is said that a company with the necessary capital is in treaty for the Owen and other properties, and the early spring will no doubt see a busy time in this valuable camp.

The rich lead at Mill Village has not yet been struck, but the owners are hopeful and are looking for an interview with it at almost any day. It is said a party of western speculators recently visited Gold river with a view to purchase, but for some reason or other went away empty handed. There are floating reports of fresh finds, but prospectors withhold information.—*Argus*.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—There is some talk of the erection of another smelter in Kootenay, so located as to suit the mines at Golden and Donald. Mr. McCarthy of Calgary is the moving spirit.

Gold Commissioner Crimp of Cassiar, reports that the season just closed has been most satisfactory. The Bonanza on Daise Creek, has done the best, panning out from \$7,000 to \$8,000. On the Tibbet Creek the McVicar & Foster Company's Claim has also done well, while Quartz Creek has fully justified expectations. In all, Cassiar has produced between \$12,000 and \$13,000 worth more gold than last year. Had it not been for the rain and freshets which washed out the low lying claims, the returns must have been very considerable.—*Ottawa Mining Review*.

The Copper Queen Mine at Tombstone, Arizona, paid \$70,000 in dividends last year.

The Calumet and Hecla mine has paid a total of \$32,850,000 in dividends against \$1,200,000 levied in assessments.

The value of the copper product of Montana in 1888 was \$13,685,000 at the mine. The market value was \$16,600,000.

Prices for copper in 1888 averaged 15½ cents per pound for lake, 14½ cents for Arizona, and 14 cents for other districts.

The consumption of copper of all kinds continues enormous, and it is now quite impossible to place new orders for prompt shipment from the lakes.

The total Copper product in the United States in 1888 including imported ores was 231,270,622 pounds, which was 46,653,291 pounds more than the yield for 1887.

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D. C. EDWARDS, Secretary.
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1 Real Estate worth.....	2,000	2,000
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30 Furniture Sets worth.....	200	6,000
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THE COBBLER OF CORDOVA.

Beneath the convent crowned hills of Cordova, within the shadow of sanctity, the little cottage of Andreas, the cobbler, peeped from the luxuriant vines that almost concealed it.

The cobbler's seats were comfortable, the dense shade and coolness inviting. While his nimble fingers deftly placed the well waxed stitches, his tongue was not idle. Many a choice morsel of gossip found its way to the noisy retreat, to undergo a sort of fermentation, which created a thousand little tongues that would again produce a thousand more, for old Andreas was not exempt from a falling that is as old as the human race.

A small circle sat idly watching the busy fingers and listening to the no less busy tongue, as it retailed the gossip that was focused like the sun's rays, to burn the ears of those who were passing under the merciless lash.

In addition to the repairing that was always neatly and promptly done, he retailed wine of his own vintage. The thrifty earnings were husbanded with care. It was little to him who drank or how quickly the braus were emptied of the wit that the wine always spilled.

"Bona! Bona! Some wine for the gen lemon."

A sweet echo of his voice floated through the half open door:

"Yes, in one moment."

Several moments elapsed, when the door opened wide. All rose to their feet, and it was astonishing how quickly the suspiciously aged joints of these old soldiers in the wars of Venus straightened with wonderful suppleness, as they removed their sombreros, while they sipped the wine and drank to the brightest eyes in Spain, not forgetting, of course, to place upon the waiter the price of each glass.

The vision of loveliness disappeared, only to be recalled as the glasses were emptied. There was a sweet innocence that surrounded Bona; perhaps her proud little heart was the monitor to make her manner reserved. It was not every youth that was favored with a smile, though many a jealous lover nervously toyed with the handle of his bright bladed stiletto, as he shot beams of hate from jet black eyes upon some more fortunate rival.

She went singing along through the world, with youth's golden dreams building fanciful air castles, that would tumble with their own weight, only to become the foundations for more splendid structures.

The moon smiled upon the ruined city of Cordova. In the shadow of the vine covered piazza, of which we have been speaking, the sweet notes of a guitar, mingled with the dancing shadows of eve, as they peeped upon Alefeo, who pleaded through the divinity of music for a little peace in her heart.

He sighed, and glanced downwards, while he softly played exquisite minor chords, that swept tremblingly from his masterly touch.

"Bona, you are cruel, or have no heart, for I have been sighing my very soul away in songs that must speak to you of my love; but paste, you only smile one of your happy smiles that you give so freely to all. They are bright as the sun, but like it, only to bless the earth."

"Alefeo, why should you speak of love? you have nothing but the magnificent ruins of a castle and an illustrious name, this will never feed or clothe us."

"The old man has plenty, he has not been mending soles for nothing."

"Fie! upon you, Alefeo, you will positively make me dislike you. Why should you wish to live upon an old man's hard earnings? You cannot see, but the blood flushes my face, I am pained."

Alefeo's brow was dark with anger, as he flung the guitar to one side.

"Stay! Alefeo, do not be angry, when you can prove to me that you can support a wife, I will gladly marry you."

"Bona, of what use is the dusty leathern bag? the old man will soon die, and it will be all yours anyway."

"I will never consent."

"I will do something, anything, for I am mad, do not detain me, let me go, I say."

"Alefeo, come back to me." She sank beside the vacant seat, and stared sadly upon the shimmering moon beams as they fell upon the chair, where his pleading face haunted her. She thought of the happy days when they played together on the Sierra Mountains, and all the love of her heart melted in tears as she sadly picked up the instrument that belonged to him, and retired to kneel before the little crucifix, that she might pray to the Virgin of her sweetest blessings.

The sleep of innocence settled with a softer sorrow upon the beautiful face that was turned to the moonlight, which streamed through the half open window.

When the lovers separated, a figure stole from the shadow of the fountain.

"Peste! I thought as much. Alefeo has won her heart, by all the saints I swear he shall not have her. The fool will wander back when his hot blood cools. I will play the game out; he shall return no more."

He drew a black velvet domino from his pocket, turned his coat, un-buckled his spurs, and crept towards the vine covered cottage of Bona's. The window was up. With deliberate caution he climbed through, and noiselessly made his way to the old-fashioned closet, where the cobbler's hoarded wealth was hidden.

The heavy bag was lifted from its place. When he reached the window he halted for a moment, then with a feeling of reverence he stood over the sleeping girl, made the sign of a cross, and with a kiss that was as soft as the whisperings of a zephyr disappeared in the shadows.

When he reached the fountain he adjusted his dress, mounted his steed, and rode slowly over the bridge that spanned the Guadalquivir, turned down the bank and rode for some miles, reined to the left to follow a path that led to a single light which glimmered through the foliage.

The apartment he entered was comfortably furnished, but the absence of wealth was conspicuous.

"Well, Pedro, were you successful in negotiating a demand loan?"

"Yes; although I was spared the disagreeable duty of enforcing the demand, thanks to Alefeo."

"I am glad you were so lucky."

"Poor Alefeo will get all the credit for the deed, while we will sit at this table and count the wealth that has been accumulating for years. It is a sin to bury money, when so many people need it."

They divided the gold, "doused the glimmer," rode at a sharp trot until Cordova was many leagues behind, and never drew rein until Madrid was in sight.

The robbery soon became known, the cobbler was grieved in his heart, but his philosophy came to the rescue to soothe the wound that was not deep; he arose earlier, while his pegging hammer sounded with a firmer ring.

As Pedro had surmised, Alefeo was suddenly missing; the officers failed to secure him, and time, the healer of all sensations, dimmed the memories of injustice.

"Bona, you are growing paler every day. Don't let the loss worry you, we can soon regain the wealth, you forget the cask in the cellar. The wine is now six years old, and will bring good money for every drop, then I get more work, the neighbors are kind."

The girl did not reply, but sadly shook her head and moved away to conceal the tear that were slowly stealing down her cheeks.

It was not the gold, but the yearning love that prayed for the wayward companion of her youth. He was dearer, because of the cloud that shadowed his young life. While others condemned him, she counted her beads, and bared the aching heart that beat most tenderly for the absent one.

"Bona, sit here and hold this twine, while I reel off enough for use. You are giving me more sorrow than the loss of the money. I am going to send you to Madrid, the change will do you good. Senor Castela will give you a seat behind him upon his Andalusian mule, whose easy gait will not fatigue you. Get ready, for he leaves Cordova at sunrise."

The old man bustled around to hide the tears that would fall upon his work as he bent lower to secure the stitches that seemed to be unusually knotty and hard to fasten.

Bona arranged the few articles of dress that she would need, and secured them in a light bundle, which she strapped to the saddle.

With a feigned gaiety that hurt her heart, she rode away. The dusty roads and tired travellers brought little pleasure to her mind. When Madrid was reached she lost her dullness in the hurrying activity around her.

The Senor was very kind and attentive, for his heart was touched by the suffering girl, whose listlessness was a source of trouble which he did not know how to remedy. In his bungling, good-natured way, he surrounded her with his lively relatives, whose very joyousness proved a cause of annoyance.

The bright morning sun never shone upon a more light-hearted crowd, as men, women and children hurried in one direction to find seats in the great amphitheatre that was almost filled at that early hour.

The Senor lifted Bona behind him, and rode forward at a gallop to secure desirable seats for himself and party. But alas! the good ones were taken. It was with difficulty that he found places for the ladies in the front row.

Bona's eyes devoured the royal pavilion with all the pleasure of a child. The flashing jewels and costly robes dazzled her sight, until a shout from the audience recalled her wandering thoughts.

A magnificent bull from her own mountain home slowly moved around the arena, while his sleek, fat sides reflected light as from a mirror. The engorged eyes and twisted tail, together with the savage bellowing, as he threw little puffs of dust upon the eager crowd above, caused many a timid heart to cautiously measure the distance to the ground.

A gaudily bedecked matador saluted the assembly, the heavy gates were fastened, and with a low bow the entertainment commenced. The red scarf failed to excite the ire of the gladiator, as he sullenly eyed the intruder. "Prick him sharply, Estevan," was yelled by the spectators. With a wild snort the thoroughly enraged creature towered his sharp pointed horns and charged with ferocity his angry tormentor.

Fast and furious were the passes, while the excited observers applauded with delight. A cry of horror, Estevan was down, the bull was upon him. "To the rescue," a second matador dashed through the little gate to engage the infuriated beast. Holy Mother, it was Pedro. Bona was pale with terror while the breathless suspension around her seemed painful.

In trying to save Estevan, Pedro lost his life, for the creature made a short turn, and buried his horns in the young man's side. "To the rescue." The little gate again opened. Bona sat like a marble statue, her heart beat with despair. Merciful Father, it was Alefeo, with his handsome face and graceful bearing, as he swept by her like a flash to engage the enemy that was tossing the wounded like playthings.

Around the arena they skirmished, the animal bore a charmed life, Alefeo slipped in the warm, bright blood of his comrades. Bona saw nothing but the helpless matador. One spring and she cleared the space, to rush upon the murderous foe. The boldness frightened him. "Run for your life, Alefeo." She closed her eyes and calmly awaited death, his hot breath was on her face, the massive head moved gently to rub his nose against the young girl's arm. "Dodon, is it indeed you my little pet?" She sank lifeless to the ground, while the great, rough tongue aroused her to consciousness by the lick of affection upon her white face. She softly pat- ted the wounded side of her early friend, while the matadors were removed.

Amid the waving of fans and the deafening cheers of the vast throng, Bona was conducted to the presence of the queen, to whom she told the simple story of her love.

Pedro upon his dying bed confessed to a priest the robbery that had made Alefeo an outcast, the gold was restored, and in the goodly company of Spain's nobility, Bona and Alefeo were made man and wife. An ample dower was provided for them. Dodon was again a lamb to follow his young mistress, whose gentle hands had raised him from a suckling calf.

Andreas, the cobbler, still sang his merry songs and mended soles, as he repeated to every one the romance of his life.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

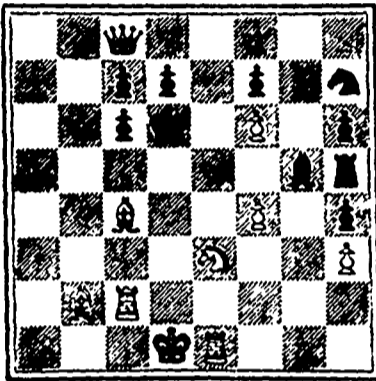
J. W. Wallace.—Please send solution of your problem. Will report on it.

E. D. Bruce.—You will find that your problem appeared corrected in issue of 29th Nov.—Quite ingenious.

Commencing a new year, our last problem will be number one instead of 114.

Solution to problem No. 112. Kt to B4. Solved by J. W. Wallace

Corrected PROBLEM No 114.
BLACK 10 pieces.



WHITE 10 pieces.

White to play and mate in 2 moves

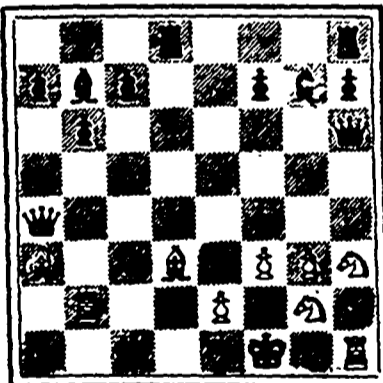
PROBLEM No. 2.

From the Montreal Gazette.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN PROBLEM.

As a tid-bit from modern chess strategy the following little two mover has earned the reputation of perplexing more players than any problem known. Like its venerable predecessor it is an offshoot of the Indian tribe, and to the majority of solvers will be found to be the more subtle and difficult of the two.—*New York Herald.*

BLACK 12 pieces.



WHITE 11 pieces

White to play and mate in 2 moves

GAME No. 2.

Played in the International Correspondence Match between Wm. Haller, St. Louis, and Lieut.-Col. Noyes, Halifax, N. S.

Vienna Opening.

WHITE Haller.	BLACK Noyes.
1 P to K4	P to K4
2 Kt to QB3	B to B4 a
3 P to B4	P to Q3 b
4 Kt to KB3	Kt to KB3
5 B to B4	P to QB3 c
6 P to Q3	Q to K2
7 P takes P	P takes P
8 Q to K2	B to KKt5
9 Kt to Qsq d	Q to KtQ2
10 P to QB3	B to QKt3 .

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- 11 Kt to K3
 - 12 Kt takes B
 - 13 P to KR3
 - 14 Kt to R4 f
 - 15 KR to B sq
 - 16 B to Q2
 - 17 Castles
 - 18 P to KKt4
 - 19 B to K sq
 - 20 B to QKt3
 - 21 B to QKt2
 - 22 Kt to Kt2
 - 23 P to Q4
 - 24 P to K5 i
 - 25 Q takes KP
 - 26 P takes P
 - 27 Q takes Q
 - 28 B to QKt4
 - 29 P to QKt3
 - 30 P takes Kt
 - 31 R to Q2
 - 32 B takes KKtP
 - 33 R to QB2
 - 34 B to B5 ch
- P to KR3
 - Kt takes Kt
 - KKt to B3
 - P to KKt3
 - KR to R2
 - P to QR3
 - Castles g
 - Kt to K sq
 - Kt to Q3
 - Kt to QB4 h
 - Kt to K3
 - P to KB3
 - P takes P
 - P takes KP
 - Kt to KB sq
 - Kt to QB5
 - K takes Q j
 - R to K7
 - R takes Kt
 - Kt to K3
 - R to Kt6 k
 - R takes QP
 - Kt to KB5
 - K to Q sq l

And the game was eventually drawn.

NOTES.

a The Vienna Game, being of comparatively recent origin, is still the subject of much analysis, and new discoveries concerning its treatment are cordially made. The text move is usually adopted for Black's second, while some players like Clerc, Riviere and Zukertort often played QKt to B3. Gossip in his last edition is entirely silent on the Vienna.

b We think Black could have risked taking the pawn, but perhaps he had a mortal dread of the Steinitz Gambit.

c In a game between Zukertort and Max Judd, St. Louis, 1884, the latter here castled.

d Well played, with evident design of K3 as a future.

e There was time enough for this later—we prefer castling KS

f This will force the second player to castle on QS.

g The development on both sides has been made with skill, and it is difficult to say which side is preferable. Both gentlemen have made excellent preparations for a draw.

h Black exhibits good judgment. He has forced White to make two retrograde movements which should seriously tell against him under continued pressure.

i A clever manoeuvre by which the first player regains his lost time.

j Very drawish!

k All very good chess. It is evident, however, that as the game is played by correspondence it will be an undecided battle.

l This well contested partie was continued up to the 40th move and then given up as drawn, neither side having the least advantage. Of all the games we have noted thus far in the international match, this one appears to us the most theoretically correct.—*Yenowines Sunday News.*

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