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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.

We notice with pleasure that a Miss Jane Hendry, of Chelsea, Mass., formerly of Halifax, has bequeathed all her property, including \$3000 in a bank, to the Halifax Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. We shall always be glad to hear of any accession of means to this excellent institution.

An agitation to have the national flag floated over every school house in the land is moving the people of the United States. The idea is a good one. A like agitation for the Canadian flag would be most desirable for the Dominion. One of the chief lessons the youth of any country should learn is patriotic devotion to their country's flag.

As an illustration of the slowness of the Allan Line, we select an instance which occurred last week. A London exchange, dated, and probably mailed on, the 26th Oct., via New York, reached THE CRITIC Office on Monday morning the 4th inst. Letters by the Allan steamer sailing on Thursday, the 24th ultimo, did not reach us 'till 4 p. m. on Tuesday 5th.

"Great Britain," Mr. Wiman is reported to have said, "traded freely with all the world, yet remained distinctively Great Britain." Yet, as has been well remarked, Mr. Wiman asks Canada to trade freely with only one nation in the world to the exclusion of others, and, in effect, no longer to remain distinctively Canada, but to become a mere satellite and appendage to the United States.

It is satisfactory to learn, as we may do from the Canadian Gazette of London, G. B., that Canada is capable of teaching the Old World some lessons in political and other departments of national life. Germany, for instance, is about to undertake the construction of extensive canals, and her engineers resort to Canada for hints. Count Potric, the technical attaché of the German legation at Washington, is reported to be now in Canada investigating the working of Canadian canals and railways, and the present developments of Canadian mining, while Austria, in the person of a Professor Wilckens, is prosecuting enquiries into the experimental farms and general agricultural systems of the Dominion. This is a pretty plain indication of the advance of the Dominion.

While there is very little doubt that Brophy, the Amherst burglar, is guilty of the crime for which he has been convicted, it is impossible for straight-forward people to reconcile themselves to the discreditable expedient by means of which his conviction was secured. To entrap a man into criminating himself, by putting a detective's agent into his cell to play the desperate criminal, is a practice opposed to every British instinct, and to the spirit of British law. It is to be hoped we shall not hear of another such case.

France has not made much disturbance abroad for two or three years, but it is now reported that the Government of Madagascar is growing restive under the French protectorate, and as we are glad to learn the Hova troops have been organized by British officers, the French arms will have some good work cut out for them. The persistent aggressions of France in Madagascar have always seemed to us among her most unjustifiable eastern manœuvres, and it has always been matter of regret to us that that country has hitherto failed to enlist the support of any other European power in her defence.

A story comes from Toronto which we can only hope may be exaggerated. Two girls are said to have returned to that city who, with about a dozen other young women, were engaged and taken to the western states by a woman, ostensibly to take situations as domestics in a large hotel. The whole party were driven to a lumber camp near Denver, Colorado, where they were drugged and ruined, and told that any attempt at escape would be punished by death. Several of the unfortunates, among them these two, escaped recently, but the others are still there. The story they tell of their treatment is similar to that told by fugitives from the Michigan pinery dens—enforced prostitution and continuous brutality. Danger of this particular kind is perhaps less likely to beset young women from the Maritime Provinces, though it strikes us we have heard of perils of a not dissimilar character. At all events the moral to be drawn is obvious—that our young women had better stay in their own country, where any amount of at least respectable domestic service is open to them.

There is no doubt that he who should discover a remedy or rather a preventive of the excruciating malady of seasickness would rank among the greatest of the benefactors of mankind. There have been several claimants to this distinction at one time and another, but their nostrums do not appear to have justified them. The latest is a Dr. Ivan Mitropolsky, of Moscow, who warmly recommends, on the ground of his personal experience, the following simple method:—"As soon as giddiness, nausea, etc., appear, the author shuts his eyes and begins to make deep and slow inspirations and expirations. In a few moments (sometimes after three or four respiratory cycles) the symptoms disappear, to yield to a comfortable subjective sensation. On their reappearance the same procedure is repeated again and again. If the recurrence be rather frequent, it is better to perform the procedure in a recumbent posture (with closed eyes.) Since the time the author has begun to practice the method, he asserts that he never yet suffered from vomiting when on board." It is stated on English medical authority that the method of the Russian doctor is not so novel as he supposes it to be. Be this as it may, our faith in any system of prevention, until approved by full experience, is but weak, but we may still hope that there may be something in the unknown from which the suffering may derive relief.

A charter of incorporation is reported to have been granted by the Queen to the "British South African Company," conferring immense powers similar to those enjoyed by the old East India Company. The new corporation—whose representatives are the Duke of Abercorn, the Duke of Fife, Lord Gifford, V. C. Cecil, John Rhodes, Alfred Best, Albert Henry, Geo. Gray, and Geo. Cawston,—have absolute control, extending over, and having its principal field of operations in, that region of South Africa lying to the north of British Bechuanaland, to the north and west of the South African Republic, and to the west of the Portuguese dominions. These boundaries are capable of very elastic interpretation, but if some surprise is expressed that, at this day, such a charter should be conceded, it may be remembered that like powers have quite recently been granted to the North Borneo Company, and that it is a necessity to England to keep pace with the German organizations of the same kind. A contemporary recently headed its notice of this concession, "A Revival of the East India Company Farce," which is certainly inappropriate, the career of the East India Company, which gave to Great Britain her immense Indian Empire, having been anything but a "farce," as anyone may know who has read no more even of Indian history than Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Hastings. It is probable that the new Company will give a strong impetus to British trade and British commerce, and materially hasten the opening up of the "Dark Continent."

The winter will soon be upon us again, and the usual struggle of unfortunate passengers up the North Street Hill from the Railway Station over glare ice will again be witnessed, and duly anathematised, unless immediate steps are taken to remedy the danger and inconvenience. Will not the City Council move in the direction of getting the flight of steps from the station up to Lookman street, which we have so often urged? Surely the I. C. R. would not be obdurate in declining assistance. Will not our daily contemporaries bring their great influence to bear in this matter?

The London, G. B., street cars, which carry 150,000,000 passengers a year, are, it is said, soon to exchange horse traction for electric propulsion. A trial trip has been made and a speed obtained of from 8 to 12 miles an hour, and at the higher rate the car was stopped by a single turn of a switch. The dispensing with horses will rid the companies of an immense outlay. One company employs 5,000 horses, and the life of a car-horse is very short, owing to the great and continual strain involved in starting the car. The wear and tear of streets will also be lessened by the removal of thousands of horses. With electric locomotion the space required for offices, stores, yards, etc., will be only one tenth of the space used under the horse traction system. The great reduction in the force of men required to attend the cars would also prove an item of economy. It will not be long before electricity will reign supreme, and the suffering horse have at least one of his hard fates averted.

The intention of starting a new Canadian Magazine at Toronto is announced by some of our contemporaries. It is to be called the *National*, and some papers demur to the choice. We do not ourselves see any great objection to it, though possibly a better title might be selected, a good list of contributors is published, and, although the traditions of Canadian Magazines are not encouraging, Canadian literature ought to be in a better position to put forth an attractive monthly to-day than when the last venture died out. But the *Canadian Monthly* was always too heavy. Certainly, a new magazine ought to appeal to a larger public now, and it might reasonably be expected, a public better disposed to support a national undertaking. The great difficulty will be to compete with the popularity of American publications so taking as Harper and others. At all events it ought to find patriotic support if only on the ground that it is Canadian, and we heartily wish the proposed enterprise an immediate and substantial success.

The Prince of Wales reviewed the entire Egyptian Army at Abbasseh recently, and was wildly cheered by the troops, whose appearance and movements the Prince complimented very highly. The French Government has become very uneasy at the visit of the Prince to Egypt, so much so that it has forwarded to Lord Salisbury an inquiry as to its import, and also requested definite information as to the date of England's formal evacuation of Egypt, a movement which, by the way, is not likely to take place in the near future. It is to be hoped that any English Government will present a firm front to France on the question of British control in the land of the Pharaohs. The case is in a nutshell. France, in 1882, decided to withhold her assistance in suppressing the revolt of Arabi, and by that action ruled herself out of any right to raise objections, or assume an interest equivalent to that of Great Britain. England's expenditure of treasure, blood, and organization demands the utmost firmness in dealing with French pretensions.

Reverting to the subject of the erroneous impressions formed by English Statesmen of Canada and the United States, which we touched upon in a note in our last week's issue, it is further to be remarked that Mr. Gladstone displayed yet more misconception owing to lack of local knowledge, when he spoke of "respect for law and desire for order" being pre-eminently characteristic of the people of the United States. That there are many citizens of the great republic who have a respect for law and an eager desire for order is certain. They are probably a majority, but it is not to be denied that there is a very large minority whose sympathies run either with crime of certain kinds, or with illegal and violent methods of suppressing crime of other kinds. It is not so much the extent of the crimes that are committed, for, unfortunately, there is no country which is free from criminals, but the treatment of the criminals, which shows how little real respect there is for law and order. It is a by-word among our neighbors themselves that in some of their older states and greatest cities the punishment of grave crime is so uncertain that many notorious criminals evade the hands of justice, and that in other cases the uncertainty and postponement of punishment afford the greatest encouragement to the criminal class. On the other hand in the newer districts, and, indeed, not in them only, crimes of some kinds evoke the wild justice of lynch law, vigilance committees, white caps and such organizations, to say nothing of violent action by individuals—these private substitutes for the public maintenance of law and order partaking far more of the nature of vengeance than of the self-protection of a civilized community. The *Toronto Empire*, of whose apt language on this subject we have partly made use, goes on to make the following just remarks:—"In a steadfast regard by the body of the people for law and order, Canada is greatly superior to the United States. In the enjoyment of true freedom, of liberty without license and self-government by the people, Canadians have no reason to envy their neighbors, the very contrary being the case. It is a pity that a different impression should be encouraged through over-reliance upon the boasts of spread-eagle orators and writers in the United States, and upon the depreciation of Canada by a few unpatriotic Canadians. A little practical experience of both countries would secure a truer appreciation of their respective merits and advantages."

We have not as yet seen any comments in the press on the visit of the German Emperor to the Sultan, beyond the mere record of his reception. It strikes us, however, that it is not without a strong significance. Should war unhappily break out a thoroughly friendly understanding between Turkey and Germany would operate as a strong check on Russian designs and movements, and it is not likely that the young Kaiser should have overlooked or neglected so obvious a point, while the constant fear and jealousy of Russia on the part of Turkey naturally incline her to an alliance with a powerful neighbor who may at any moment be glad to avail himself of collateral outside, even if not actually belligerent, aid. If a sovereign of the old type of Turkish Sultans should ever arise, a soldier at heart and a despiser of luxury, extravagance, and dissoluteness, and who would bend his energies to redeem his country from debt and misgovernment, Turkey might yet be a powerful factor in preserving the peace of Europe. The mischief is that there seems to be no prospect of such a contingency.

The enormous military establishments of the great European powers are, of course, a heavy burden on the resources which would be so much better devoted to the development of peaceful progress, yet great armies, at least in some countries, are not without redeeming features as constituent parts of the nation. It is natural that this side should impress a soldier like Lord Wolseley, whose opinion in matters military is certainly worth something. He speaks as follows of the German army:—"Great as it is for war, it is infinitely greater as a national school for the moral, mental, and physical training of the people. It has become the most important of peace institutions. In it all Germans are trained to strength and taught the first principles of personal cleanliness and of health. There they learn to be honest and manly, and are taught the excellence of those virtues which serve to make good subjects and law abiding citizens. It is the school of the nation, in which deep love of fatherland is fostered and cherished, and where all classes learn that there is honor in obedience and nobility in self-sacrifice."

The Manchester Canal justly ranks as one of the greatest engineering works of the day, and the successful manner in which the contractor, Mr. Walker, is prosecuting the work stamps him as a man of wonderful ability and the greatest fertility of resource. The Canal, which is thirty-five miles in length, is being constructed close to the Mersey, and starts from the Cheshire Bank of that river, at a place called Fartham, a few miles above Birkenhead. The cut has a uniform depth of 30 feet, with a breadth of 120 feet, and the water is 26 feet deep. It is lined throughout with concrete, and is faced at top with huge blocks of Cornish granite rivetted together. There are four systems of locks, and at each of these stages the canal widens out so as to permit of three locks abreast. When completed, as it is expected to be in 1891, the largest ocean steamer can come up to Manchester in seven hours from the entrance of the canal, and load and unload in the large basins being constructed for that purpose. The total cost of the work will come within \$50,000,000, and the contractor has now employed 12,000 workmen, and dredging and other machinery that save the labor of ten times as many men. At intervals of five miles along the route he has constructed cottages, chapels, and gymnasiums for his men, and schools for their children, where they are educated free of charge. In thus providing for the comfort, amusement, and enlightenment of his workmen and their families, Mr. Walker has made a new departure, and his wisdom and philanthropy have been rewarded by the fidelity of his men, it being stated that not one has been discharged since the commencement of operations.

The *Toronto Globe*, in an article evidently intended to propitiate the total abstinence and prohibition people, presents us once again with both sides of that vexed question. First it deals with the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, who is dubbed "an able but somewhat self-sufficient gentleman." His views are presented as follows:—"He is, or was, of the opinion 'hat wine, if used moderately, is an excellent article of diet, while beer and all malt liquors he looks upon as among the best creations which God has made. He thinks beer a more healthy drink than tea, and holds that, as the Germans of New York and elsewhere drink beer at every mid-day meal, the law against taverns being open on Sundays for the supply of malt liquors should be so far relaxed as to allow all Germans to get beer, just as other citizens are supplied with milk. He is quite sure that nothing but either stupidity or malevolence would argue from this that he advocates open saloons on Sunday." Dr. Crosby may perhaps lay a little too much stress on the virtues of beer, but healthy and sound men do not guzzle beer to excess, and find it a wholesome drink in moderation throughout long lives. For the rest the views ascribed to him seem to be sensible enough.

The *Globe* goes on, after its version of Dr. Crosby's views, in this wise:—"All this talk, which may be courageous, but which to us seems lacking in good sense, has provoked the indignation of the Hon. Neal Dow, who in the last issue of the *Union Signal* handles without gloves the somewhat arrogant and not very logical Chancellor. Mr. Dow is especially severe on the assertion that beer is a more healthy beverage than tea, and adduces a good many considerations to show that such a statement is entirely contradicted by facts. The beastly brutal drunkenness which has so long prevailed in England has, for the most part, Mr. Dow affirms, been caused by beer-drinking; while it has long been well known that a surgeon shrinks from attendance upon a wounded beer drinker, because his blood is so hopelessly poisoned by his drink that a mere scratch, which would give a tetotaler scarcely a passing annoyance, will disable him for weeks or months, and often issues in the loss of a finger or a hand, or even of life. On behalf of this contention Mr. Dow quotes quite an array of eminent medical authorities." For violence, arrogance and exaggeration, the palm appears to us to lie altogether with the prohibition advocate.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

ON THE BAY.

Along the prow the tender wavelets lapping,
Sang of content through all the dreamy day!
And softly hung the autumn hazes, wrapping
The low blue hills that bounded Bodus bay.

My silver hook in gleaming spirals whirling,
Like a lost sunbeam chased me on my way,
While from my pipe the pale clouds softly curling,
Join the fatigued mist enfolding bluff and bay.

My shining oar blades in the sunlight dripping,
Shed opal dew like drops of bright Tokay;
And now and then a darling swallow dipping,
Grazed his swift shadow in the dimpled bay.

A thrill, a shock, a rush at sudden angles;
A gleam of broken circles far away;
Alas! a fractured pipe, a line in tangles,
But one less spotted beauty in the bay.

"Content, content," the lapping wavelets whisper:
"What more hath life?" their rhythmic murmurs say,
Aye me, what more? Yet in reproachful answer
Come gleams of towered cities far away—

Come, sweet blue eyes, a sudden longing bringing,
Content? Ah, yes, were she but here to-day
To hold the line and join me softly singing,
While twilight faded down our sky and bay.

—Forest and Stream.

FILIAL PIETY.—Ingenious youth: "May I have this dance?" The Bishop's daughter: "Thanks, no! I never dance round dances in my father's diocese!"

Boss—Pat, I've just lost my day-book, and have to rely on your honesty to tell me the number of days you have put in this month. How many?
Pat—Thirty-two, sir.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.—Enraged father: "Well, that's the last time I'll ever be fool enough to give any of my daughters a wedding cheque." Mother: "Why, Charles? There's nothing wrong, I hope!" Enraged father: "Yes, but there is. That fool of a son-in-law has gone and had it cashed!"

Holland leads the world in the amount of foreign trade per capita of population. The average business done by the Dutch amounts to \$197.34 per annum; Switzerland comes next, but far behind, with \$99.45; then England, \$82.09; while Germany and France do a business of only \$19.50 for each man, woman and child within the boundaries.

The American Eagle is ahead. Touching the marriage of Miss Huntington, a well-known American and London banker writes to a morning paper: "In your notice to-day of the Hatzfeldt-Huntington marriage you say that Prince Hatzfeldt is the direct heir of a line 900 years old. Surely the American Eagle can beat this. Miss Huntington is the direct heir to a line of fifteen hundred miles of Central Pacific."

A VERY AMATEURISH AUTHOR.—The amateur author is generally difficult to please. This is especially true of ladies who dabble in literature. Quite recently a blue-stocking, according to the *Printers' Register*, had the usual galley-proofs sent her for correction. She was much gratified, but still not altogether happy. Presently she mildly ventured to suggest that the book might be printed on better paper, and perhaps, too, it would be an advantage if the pages were "not quite so long!"

"Well," says Mrs. Slick "I kinder wanted to see what a social was like, so I betook myself to the Institoot building on Thanksgiving night. My! but there was a lot of folks there, most 400 I kalkilate; at first I thought to myself well this ere's the stiffest social I ever saw; but by and by they began to thaw out and folks walked round and talked to their friens and enemies, and then a little smooth-faced chap got up and sung a little song, and then some pretty ladies sang, and another man too, and the president and the parson they made speeches and said as how as we all were as welcome as the flowers in May; then the ladies, bless their hearts, began to send round the coffee smoking hot and tea too, and such illigant cake, and everyone got a talkin' and the noise was puty grate. Howsomer I'm going again, those there institoot people are goin' to have five more socials, and I spees by the time the winter is over I'll know lots of folks more than I do now. Take my advice and allers go to socials."

There have been many different theories to account for the adoption of the Crescent by Turkey. Amongst others, tradition says that Philip, the father of Alexander, meeting with great difficulties in the siege of Byzantium, set the workmen to undermine the walls, but a crescent moon discovered the design, which miscarried; consequently the Byzantines erected a statue to Diana, and the crescent became the symbol of the State. Another legend is that Othman, the Sultan, saw in a vision a crescent moon, which kept increasing till its horns extended from east to west, and he adopted the crescent of his dream for his standard, adding the motto, *Donec repleat orbem*. The Turkish star and crescent is a curious relic of the old worship of the moon and Diana. The goddess was the ancient patroness of Byzantium, or Constantinople, and when Mehomet II. took the city in 1453, he adopted the crescent moon for his device, in honor of the victory. The flag is a red ground, with the crescent and star in white.

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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 inclosed in their next paper. All remittances should be made payable to A. Milne Fraser.

Recently we sent our accounts to subscribers, many of whom are considerably in arrears, and who must understand that we have reached the end of our tether, and now demand immediate payment. Failure to respond will oblige us to take proceedings unpleasant alike to ourselves and to those in arrears.

Amherst has decided in favor of incorporation by a majority of 37 votes. 288 votes were polled.

Dean Gilpin has returned from England, where he has been for some months, in the *Peruvian*.

The compulsory education law, compelling all children between the ages of 8 and 14 years, to attend school six months of the year, is to be enforced in Halifax.

Dredging for the last pier for the Canada Atlantic railroad bridge over the St. Lawrence has been finished. The bridge will probably be opened for traffic in January.

The Protestant committee of Council of Public Instruction, Quebec, have accepted the \$64,000 granted in connection with the Jesuit money, The vote stood 11 to 2.

We again draw attention to the opportunity afforded us by the publishers of the *Cosmopolitan* of furnishing our subscribers with a first class magazine and *THE CRITIC* for \$3.00 per annum.

Telephone connection between Westport and Digby was made last week by the laying of the submarine telephone cables across Grand and Petite passages by the Government steamer *Newfield*.

The formal opening of the current annual session of the Provincial Normal School took place on Wednesday afternoon. A fair sized audience was present. The classes were very well attended.

Through the breaking of a mill dam at Alton, Ont., on Wednesday, six mills and dams were carried away. Two lives were lost, four bridges were wrecked, and a large amount of other property destroyed.

It will be interesting to Guysborians to know that Otto S. Weeks will not be a candidate at the coming elections. A. F. Cameron, warden, will undoubtedly be the next M. P. P. for that county.—*Exchange*.

Mrs. Goudge, daughter of the late Dr. Honeyman, has for the present been appointed to take charge of the Provincial Museum. Mrs. Goudge is well acquainted with the work, as she frequently assisted her father.

We have upon our table *The Season* for November. This useful and popular magazine seems to improve every month, and is always too full of good things for any paper to give even a brief outline of them all.

Grip's Comic Almanach for 1890 is to hand. Both in matter and illustration it is perhaps more than equal to any previous year. The calendar of future events is not the least apt and amusing feature of its drolleries.

Mr. Bender Montmagny, now in London, England, cables that he has succeeded in forming a syndicate of English capitalists to construct a bridge over the St. Lawrence at Quebec, and build a railway line to the straits of Belle Isle.

The jury in the case of the death of the man named Sharkey, at St. Andrews, have brought in a verdict that the deceased met his death from a blow with a blunt instrument, but by whom delivered does not appear in the evidence.

The elections in Newfoundland on Friday last resulted in the defeat of the Government. The Whitewayites captured 21 out of 27 seats. Morine and Morrison, Government supporters, were elected. It was a struggle of the masses against the classes.

The committee of the Halifax City Council, appointed to look into the matter of electric lighting, have recommended the City to obtain legislation to enable it to own its plant and do its own lighting, and that the Chandler Company be given six months notice under the contract.

Premier Sullivan of Prince Edward Island has been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that province, in the place of Chief Justice Palmer who died last week. Mr. Neil McLeod, now a member of the local government without portfolio, is to be the new provincial premier.

The news of the death in London of Lt.-Colonel A. K. Mackinlay was received on Wednesday afternoon with much regret. The deceased gentleman had only been in London a few days, and his sudden death from heart trouble was a shock to his many friends. He was 58 years of age.

Tuesday was the opening evening of the season of the Historical Society. It was inaugurated by the reading of a paper by Mr. C. F. Fraser on the interesting subject of the U. E. Loyalists. Several new candidates for membership were elected, and a number of papers were promised.

The woman Jane Doyle, who some days since was married to a young man named Chapman, belonging to Dartmouth, has been sentenced to six months in Rockhead, for keeping a house of prostitution. Her boy husband has gone to the same place for ninety days for violation of the liquor law.

It is expected that Judge Foster of the Grand Trunk Railway will shortly visit Halifax in order to sound leading men of the Board of Trade and others, on the proposed extension from Edmunston to Halifax, making Halifax an ocean terminus. Mr. Mosher of the Toronto *Empire* will accompany Judge Foster.

Amherst is having an epidemic of typhoid fever, about seventy persons are said to be suffering with the disease at the present time.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of a new weekly journal—the *Halifax Catholic Summary*. As its title indicates, it is devoted to information more specially interesting to the members of the Roman Catholic faith, and will doubtless prove a satisfactory organ of that Church.

The November number of the *Illustrated Home Journal* is to hand. It is an excellent publication, well got up and nicely illustrated, containing fashions, music and much interesting matter, but we confess we should like to see Canadian publications take the place of the American periodicals with which Canada is inundated.

The alleged extremity of sickness at Turn's Bay turns out to have been much exaggerated, the first reports having been either got up or used to make political capital. Both sides seem to have misrepresented facts, one side investing them with imaginary horror, and the other making too little of the poverty which no doubt exists.

Mr. J. C. Morrison, who so successfully ran the "Myrtle House" at Digby, has taken the Lower Hotel at Bedford. Mr. Morrison tells us that he intends to make the "Bedford" a second "Myrtle House," and no one will doubt his capacity to make it a thoroughly acceptable resort to the public. The fact of Mr. Morrison's leasing the "Bedford" will probably give the village of Bedford quite a new impetus.

We have to notice the first number of the *Commonwealth*, a new weekly published in Ottawa which will no doubt fill a requirement. The *Commonwealth* aims at a national breadth of views and says, "The only people who need see in it anything but the warm hand and heart of those who recognize the glorious brotherhood of races that now form Great Britain and her Colonies, are those who cannot rejoice in that grand old flag, 'The Union Jack,' as the emblem of the most perfect liberty, complete protection and glorious traditions that any nation could call its own."

After the reports of great poverty and distress among the fishermen at Turn's Bay and Lower Prospect which have been current in the city recently, more than ordinary rejoicing was manifested last Saturday when the good news came that the mackerel had struck in in great numbers along the western shore. The city wharf on Saturday morning presented a busy scene where the schooner *Cambridge* was being relieved of her funny freight. The mackerel are large and fat, and it is to be hoped that the fishermen will be able to take enough of them to make their condition for the winter more comfortable.

The new 2nd class cruiser *Amphion*, which struck a rock while conveying the vice-regal party from Victoria to New Westminster, is now undergoing repairs in the dry dock at Victoria, B. C., but it is thought she will have to return to England to be put in first-class condition. Thirty-five plates will have to be renewed. Several ribs are bent. The point where the vessel struck is the bluff on Henry Island, at the north end of San Juan, about thirty miles from Victoria. The water was 149 fathoms in depth where the vessel struck. She was but a few yards out of her proper course. General sympathy is expressed for Commander Hutton, who is popular. It is said that the damage to the vessel will amount to \$100,000.

Washington territory has been made a state in the union.

Twelve hundred delegates are in attendance at the Roman Catholic Congress in Baltimore.

San Francisco, Cal., has now a home for unemployed girls, which was lately furnished at a cost of \$32,000.

Mrs. Amelia Rives-Chanler is so passionately fond of the violin that she will arise in the dead of night and play a tune.

The steamship companies in New York have been notified that all aliens brought to that port by them will be taxed 50 cents per head, children included.

Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, ex-Secretary of State, was married to Miss Mary Willing Clymer, on the 8th inst., in the presence of a distinguished company.

The clothes and surgical instruments belonging to Dr. Cronin were found in the sewer at the intersection of Evanston Avenue and Buena Avenue, Chicago, on the 9th inst.

It is said enormous quantities of opium have been smuggled into California during the past six months. The loss to the government is estimated at \$400,000 for the above period.

Miss Kate Drexel has taken the white veil of the Sisters of Mercy at Pittsburg. It is thought that if at the end of her three years noviate she becomes a professed nun, her work will be among the Indians or the Negroes.

It has been said, possibly to an audience of marines, that fifty men, engaged to procure tickets for the new season of Boston Symphony Concerts, took their places near the office five days before the opening.—*Musical Times*.

Chicago must be a cheerful place to live in. The anarchists are said to be better organized than ever before, and they intend to destroy property by fire instead of taking life. Can this be said to be "out of the frying pan into the fire?"

We have been favored with a neat small volume of 100 pages by Mr. John Taylor, the author of one or two other educational text books, entitled "Notes of Lessons for Young Teachers." The hints given seem very plain, simple and practical, and quite worth the attention of the class for whose benefit it has been written. Boston School Supply Co., 15 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., Price 50 cents.

Electric light wires continue to do their deadly work in New York. A horse was recently roasted to death, the driver was thrown to the street and a police sergeant was knocked senseless. The deadly current was carried to its victims through a telephone wire.

According to a list, recently published, of American millionaires, sixty-four people or estates are said to be worth from \$20,000,000 to \$150,000,000. The *New York Post* thinks the wealth of these people is greatly exaggerated. It says that men credited with scores of millions have turned out to be bankrupts.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the Hoisington Bank Reporter, a semi-monthly Financial Journal devoted to the interests of banks, bankers, and investors, published in Kansas City, Missouri. It is evidently a comprehensive and useful publication, though its scope is American and local, and not of special interest to Canadians.

Barnum is not allowed to make his customary street parade in London. Mrs. Booth, wife of the Salvation Army general, is slowly dying of cancer, and her end is very near.

The Paris exhibition has been patronized by between twenty-three and twenty-four millions of people from all parts of the world.

The Swiss Government has prohibited the holding of meetings by the Salvation Army and has closed the halls occupied by the Salvationists.

It is stated in St. Petersburg that the Czarewitch was betrothed to Princess Margaret of Prussia in Berlin during the recent visit of the Czar.

A telegram from Zanzibar to Berlin states that the report of the massacre of Dr. Peters' expedition has not been confirmed, and pending information is discredited.

Count Herbert Bismarck had an interview with the Sultan of Turkey on the eve of his departure. The Sultan promised his friendship to Germany and the Triple Alliance.

Gerald H. Portal, British agent at Zanzibar, has received a letter from Henry M. Stanley, in which the explorer says he hopes to reach Zanzibar about the middle of January.

The rumor is current that Mr. W. H. Smith, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, is to be sent to the House of Lords as Viscount Strand, and that Mr. Balfour will assume the leadership in the House of Commons.

The coming solar eclipse will be observed by three expeditions sent out by the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain—one at Salut Isle, French Chayenne, one at Trinidad and the third at St. Paul de Loando, Africa.

The Czar has written a letter to Queen Natalie, in which he assured her of his sympathy, and says he continues to recognize her as the Queen of Serbia. It is believed the letter will expedite the settlement of Queen Natalie's position.

London's new Lord Mayor, Sir Aaron Isaacs, was installed in office on the 9th inst. The Lord Mayor's show (the customary procession in connection with the installation) took place. It embraced the usual features and was witnessed by throngs of people.

There may be some truth in the rumor that Lord Wolseley is to go to India, as it is announced that General Sir Frederic Roberts, who has not yet completed his term of command there, is to succeed Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland.

The French press regards the visit of the Prince of Wales to Egypt as clinching the English suzerainty. *La France* asks whether the game of protesting is worth the candle, and whether it is not better to disarm English hostility in view of the possibility of an European war.

Since Mr. Bradlaugh was taken sick, his house has been flooded with documen's informing him that he can be saved from damnation if he joins one of a dozen churches or denominations. Every Tract Society in Great Britain has taken a hand in deluging the Atheist with religious literature.

We acknowledge with thanks a pamphlet by Miss Francis Power Cobbe and Mr. B. Bryan, "Vivisection in America." It will be gratifying to the "Society" to be told that if we do not go into this subject to any extent it is because, so far as we are aware, Nova Scotia is happily free from the atrocities of vivisection.

A gentleman was out shooting near Totnes, England, and had the misfortune to shoot his dog. For a moment he was too much overcome to see what damage he had done, and before he had recovered himself the animal, a black retriever, had come up to him, bringing in its mouth its own tail, which had been shot off.

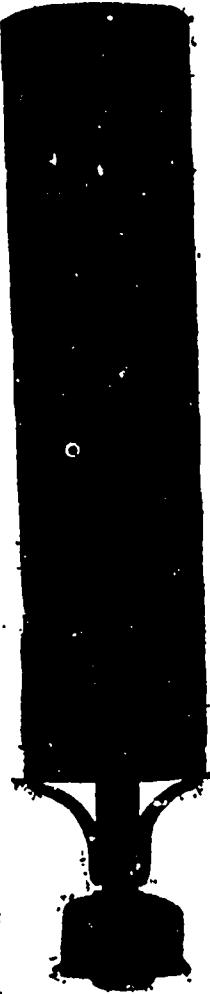
Great Britain mined almost 10,000,000 more tons of coal, iron, and other minerals last year than in 1887, and employed 10,000 more men in the work, but fewer lives were lost in the process. The total number of fatal accidents were 885, and of deaths occasioned thereby 960, being an increase of four in the accidents, but a decrease of 91 in the lives lost.

Australian Federation is being discussed in that country and in England. The *Standard* thinks the time is not yet ripe for federation, but it believes the Mother Country will endorse whatever settlement the Australian Colonies may decide upon among themselves. The *Times* says it is impossible for Englishmen not to wish success to the new movement.

Lieutenant-Colonel Basil Jackson, a Waterloo veteran, died at Ross, Herefordshire, recently. He attained the age of ninety-four in June, and had had no illness up to the last week in September, when he took to his bed. The deceased was born in Glasgow in 1795, entered the Military College at the age of thirteen, and obtained an ensigncy in a line regiment when not quite sixteen.

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JAMES E. WILSON, Superintendent.

IN THE SUPREME COURT,
1889. A. No. 3083.

In the matter of the Petition of Charles Cogswell, Assignee of Edward Villiers Raynes, for the foreclosure and sale of Lands mortgaged by James Butler and Mary Butler, his wife, both now deceased intestate, to the said Edward Villiers Raynes.

To be Sold by the Sheriff of the County of Halifax or his Deputy, on **TUESDAY**, the 3rd day of December, 1889, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the Supreme Court House in the City of Halifax, pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made in the above suit or proceeding on the 29th day of October, 1889, unless before the day of sale the representative duly appointed herein on behalf of the Estate of the said Mortgagees, deceased intestate, shall pay to the said Petitioner or his Solicitor, the amount due the Petitioner for principal, interest and costs, on the mortgage sought to be foreclosed herein:

All the estate, right, title, interest, and equity of redemption of the above named James Butler in his lifetime, the original Mortgagee, and of all persons claiming by, through or under him, of, in, to, upon, or out of all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of

LAND,

situate in Halifax, and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at the north-western corner boundary of the premises formerly owned by John Esson, and lately by William Wisdom, on Duke street, and there measuring westerly forty-five feet more or less, thence running south in a straight line until it comes to the property of Peter Morrisay, thence running by the lines of said Morrisay's property and the property formerly owned by Mr. Minna, until it reaches the south-west corner boundary of the premises lately owned by the said William Wisdom, thence running north-easterly by the lines of said premises to Duke street aforesaid, together with the buildings, easements, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said lot of land belonging or in any-wise appertaining, and the reversions, remainders, rents, issues, and profits thereof.

Terms—Ten per cent at sale, remainder on delivery of the deed.

DONALD ARCHIBALD,
High Sheriff County of Halifax.
WALLACE McDONALD, Solicitor of Plaintiff.
Dated at Halifax the 20th October, 1889.

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101 Hollis St.,
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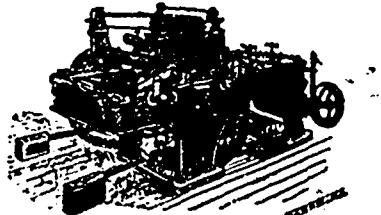
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ROBERT R. J. EMMERSON
Sackville, N. S., Aug., 1889.

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LIFE'S DITHYRAMB.

Harp of the soul, thy tragic strings
I sweep with fingers tipped with fire;
Thrilling thy chords a music rings
Sweet as the voice of Æolian lyre—
Timbre of Orphean witchery,
Soul of seraphic symphony!

Time, it is but the pulse of life.
Life, it is but the soul of song
Pain is the sad, discordant strife
Of jarring notes, of right and wrong;
Pleasure, a rhythmic rhapsody,
Love, an harmonious ecstasy.

Peace to thy passions, O my soul!
Listen to Nature's pulses beat:
Ripples of mystic music roll
Through ev'ry atom 'neath thy feet—
The voiceless music of the stars
Untimed by measured beats and bars.

Each star a note of purest tone
Breathes on the ether sea of space:
Throughout immensity, alone
It wanders on, nor leaves a trace—
But deathless as eternity
Its sad and soulless threnody.

How sweet the murmuring of the rills
Up springing in the human soul—
They sing of far-off hidden hills
Whence parting strains of music roll—
Ah, could the heart forget its sadness,
Then were all its music gladness!

The heart of man is but a lyre
And passion plays upon the strings;
Once touched and it can never tire—
The heart that feels forever sings.
What varied voices have these rills,
Yet 'tis a single breath that thrills!

Brantford, Ont.

Ruster S. Sherman in Week.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl,—The melancholy days—as Bryant calls the time of falling leaves—are abroad in the land. A week of almost uninterrupted rain and mud turns a city into a dreary spectacle so far as street scenes go, but indoors we are unusually gay, both as to private and public life. The "season" is upon us with its host of attractions from ladies' luncheons—where not a man is to be seen unless he is in a waiter's coat,—to political caucuses, where not a woman is to be seen, to say nothing of the dinners, dances, etc., etc., where men and women meet on the same footing of delightful social intercourse. Not that women are not developing a genuine interest in the government of their land. They are. Some, it must be conceded, are even pretty well up in the caucus methods, but they have not yet invaded the ward room where the petty electioneering is done. At the big public meetings, where the free traders and high tariff men assail each other and their beliefs in grandiloquent speeches, with brass band music at the start and finish, there women gather in goodly numbers, women of every social grade to correspond with their husbands, brothers, fathers and sweet-hearts. When it comes down to action we women are limited so far as voting goes, you know, to the school committee, but even this is a favor worth cherishing. What a citizen I felt, to be sure, when I cast my first ballot!

The stage is in high favor this season, what with real artists the rule in most of the theatres, and make-shifts of performers the exception. By the way, high class public entertainments have led to a delightful form of semi-private entertaining. Theatre parties, concert parties, etc., etc., are quite en vogue, and are, while given by Mrs. Great-House and Mrs. Millions, especially useful forms of entertaining and repaying social debts for those whose abode or income does not permit extravagant outlay. Carriages (where one's guests are not known to have their own,) tickets and a spread of some sort after the opera is over comprise the items of expense. It is a pretty fashion to send flowers to one's guests in advance from the florist's or from one's own conservatories. The spread may be simply pretzels and something to drink with pretzels, supposing one's guests to be fellow-bohemians, or any where along the range of viands up to the elaborate supper given in one's own dining room or at some noted dining place, according to one's resources. In any event, one cannot go astray if she plans the matinee or evening to agree throughout in the details. That is, let there be a fine harmony in the arrangements, whether they be very informal or most formal. For the rest it is only to depend upon one's tact as a hostess to put the people side by side who will have the best time together, providing against the entr'actes and the supper, and so on, that the listener shall find himself vis-a-vis with a good talker, and more of the same sort of skillful manœuvring.

It is by no means limited to cities this sort of party giving. In the remotest district there is sure to be a pantomime or minstrel show or something in the little red schoolhouse that is entertaining. If all one's friends are certain to be there on their own account then is it worth while to go a bit outside one's own circle, to invite a couple or a dozen, as one can, of people whether young or old who would like to go, but cannot perhaps afford it. They will be such a jolly party of delighted souls, and will go home after the lunch of cider and doughnuts, or whatever the host's larder or ingenuity devises, to dream the dull winter through of this one oasis of jollity and good fellowship. Just try this plan with some of the lonely families who live "over the mountains" that you tell me about sometimes.

Growing old? But you must not even suggest such a thing to yourself,

much less to anybody else! The question of one's age in years matters little. It has always seemed to me the absurdest thing—to give you an adjective after Carlyle—for a woman to care whether one, or a dozen, or all the world know how many years she had been in the world. One's real age is what one is physically, mentally and morally, and there's no gainsaying these tell-tale evidences. But one is arbiter of her own age on these grounds. As genial Dr. Holmes so cleverly said to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe at her birthday party, "It is better to be seventy years young than forty years old." We are very generally creatures of our surroundings, and those of us who are housewife and mother and all in one live in pretty much the same atmosphere year in and year out. Now this is a bad policy to pursue, bad for us who do it, and bad for those about us who are colored more or less by our hue. The men, you see, go about in the world and live in a breezier state, getting their sharp corners rounded off, and their intellect and morals brightened up by contact with other people. At least they have the chance to do so. Women need to make an effort to get out of the rut of monotonous living. All work has more or less of sameness in it, but there is the rest and recreation time that can be made to include new features. And even the commonest duties may be made into means toward the desired end of changing one's plodding day after day. Look up improved methods of doing everything, from cleaning lamps to ironing Hamburg. Cook new dishes. Read different books—if it has been all fiction, make it history now, or *vice versa*. Do your hair up in a new way. Do, why do anything that makes it evident that you are not living automatically. If your little leisure has gone to fancy work, turn it now into studying botany, or to window gardening. Of all times in one's existence here below when she can least afford to "settle down," it is when she has a home and family to guard and develop into factors in the world. What a tremendous difference it makes whether one smiles or frowns at the world! Two maids we have had at different periods will show you what I mean. When wash-day was rainy Annie would be crosser than the letter, and everything went at sixes and sevens the rest of that week. Maggie says, "Shure it's a rainy Monday I've got again. Well, glory be to God, shure it's His will, an' we must put up with it." This is verbatim, Caryl. Maggie is the sunniest little Irish woman you would find in a day's, yes in a week's, journey. Annie was crabbed and gloomy, and looked as old as old! Put in the moral for yourself.

Some time ago, you will remember, I wrote you about portieres made of ropes; one of the last and prettiest inventions is to use corn stalks, stringing them, and they give quite a Japanese finish to odd nooks and recesses. A hot knitting needle will pierce the joints, and the pieces which should be cut off squarely across the ends may be uniform or "regularly irregular" in size. Tack the cones when strung to a board projection across the opening to be curtained, putting the nail through the knot in the cord. Cover the nails and knots later with a cone laid horizontally. Small cones are prettiest for this purpose, and for the various other decorative uses, for which, together with ears of corn, wheat sheafs, and the like, there is now a pronounced liking.

The secret of these fancies is to employ them where they are not incongruous. A dado of corn stalks in a city house would be laughable, in a country house, properly harmonized with the surroundings, it is charming.

Devotedly yours,

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

FOR THE CRITIC.]

DOM, THE RABBIT—A FABLE OF THE AGE OF IRON.

In the Iron age there lived a tame Rabbit whose name was Dom. He was a well-meaning Rabbit, by no means wanting in self-will, nor often betrayed into too great a deference for the opinions of others, and he had so little regard for Railway Fences, that some members of his considerable family were constantly being caught and smashed by the moving trains. He must withal have been very much in fear of the power of the purse, for though the Railways were within his own power he always failed to enforce the means of safety. He seemed to think, as they do in Australia that there were plenty more of them to take the place of the mangled ones. As to the heartless Company-Rabbits, they sat watching the carnage from week to week, like the cruel Spinx.

Dom belonged to Mr. John Warren, a gentleman of large estates, many poor retainers, money in his purse, and schemes in his head. Mr. John, having a real affection for Dom, nevertheless was so desirous not to be bothered with antics, that he was in the habit of tearing open the gate of the nice convenient hutch and magnificent kitchen garden that Dom occupied, always saying he might go when he liked. But though he said this, people who know John and the general impulsiveness of his feelings, and the large family at home he always had to consult, did not half believe it. The witty Fox who hung out his shingle a little to the south of Dom's domicile did not believe it, and was generally well-behaved in proportion to the good understanding between Dom and his protector. As for Dom, he had long delighted in thinking he could become the lion's providor, "The Lion" being the name given to John Warren for his spirit and bravery. But in his way, Dom was about as easy-going and thoughtless, and as neglectful of home reforms as tame Rabbits are commonly found to be. His moods, indeed, were quite a study. But whenever he had a spell of obedience and order upon him, the results were very marked upon his present well-being and the comfortable dinners his family were able to enjoy. Of self-protection from ruthless material forces, he and his seemed to have very little conception.

Now, one of Dom's occasional fancies was that it would be nice to obtain what was at that time termed the *Gothic Vandalic Freedom* of some

of the tribes of wild Rabbits under the control of his polite neighbor the Fox. Dom was sometimes led to think it would be nice to kill other rabbits by means of the ever present revolver, when they offended you, than to bring them before John Warren's courts, or to hunt them down on the much-admired plan of Judge Lynch; and amongst other freedoms, to give up the weakness of staid wedlock, and to substitute arrangements of a more promiscuous kind; to be ruled by Electoral Bosses, and to devote all one's spare time to agitating their particular claims, to purchase Legislatures when one had the money and an object for doing so; to nibble holes in all good Acts of Parliament that came in one's way; to treat the poor Red Rabbits and unfortunate Black Rabbits with supreme cruelty and chicanery, not sparing those who took their part, adopting a like rule with the weak and the defenceless generally; to over-reach all outside neighbors, fishing always for false pleas; at home, to help along those *Trusts* which were the latest scheme of the Iron age, forgetting how the untrustworthy Trust Rabbits would devour everything if his long Tariff-wall were away; to repudiate one's honest debts when funded, and to take the money in hard coin when near at hand; to lie and to cheat on a system, to brag and to boast perpetually; to take occasional turns at Piracy, Fillibustering and Highway, or rather Railway robbery; along with a number of other small accomplishments, including the mixing of juleps, that wild Rabbits so well understand—forgetting the contrast presented by the exemplary, but timid, tame Rabbits of neighbor Fox's domain, and the sage remark of the Owl, that these are of the excellent of the earth, in passive minority, aspiring to perfection in the principles and the arts of life, and whose voice will be heard one day; and Dom might have crystalized his dreams into an open revolt against the authority of John Warren, but for the shining eyes and the greedy grins of master Fox, his attentive neighbor, who was always on the look-out for the chance of a gobbie, and who was so closely located to Dom's abode that his lineaments could generally be discerned when lounging at his porch door under clear skies, propping his whiskers, and admiring the glories of his bushy tail. Dom was not altogether a foolish fellow. He could even raise his glance sometimes to the blue heavens above us blunt, and remember that he had a duty to his neighbor as well as himself, and he called to mind that he had for fifty years been well-governed and kept in peace and quiet through John Warren's courts and police; and so *Gothic and Vandalic Freedom*, though it sounded so scientific, began to cease to have any supreme attraction for his mind. In short, he could not help feeling that he was in the road to peace, prosperity and progress. He got the habit of returning in good time to his hearth of an evening, when he was always pleasantly greeted by Mrs. Dom and the little ones, and while the thought was frequently present to his mind of the cruel neglects, dangerous to all John's retainers, of the Railway Rabbits sitting under the shadow of John's own house; and while this looked like a grave exception to the benignity of John's rule, Dom had to remember that the action of those Rabbits could always be controlled through the powers he himself possessed, and had neglected to act upon, and so he made up his mind that as long as old John Warren behaved in such a generally unexceptionable way towards him, he could continue to take with a thankful heart the good things that came to him, as a faithful denizen of John's vast domain, of which his own allotted share was indeed celebrated over all the world for its extent and productiveness.

JOHN WARREN'S FLAG.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

One of the finest ships ever produced in the province, was launched at North's Yard, Hantsport, on Thursdaylast. It has been built for the enterprising firm of Bennett Smith & Sons—well known as one of the heaviest ship owning concerns in the Dominion—will be named the *Loodiana*, and will measure from 1800 to 1900 tons. Capt. Robt. Sinclair, who has been in the same employ nearly a quarter of a century and whose faithful services are appreciated by the firm, will command the new vessel, which, after the launch, will be towed to St. John, where she will load deals for a port on the other side of the Atlantic.—*Tribune*.

The Moncton Sugar Refinery during the second half of last year earned \$20,782.00 profit. The first half of the year it earned \$72,230.33. About one-half was expended on capital account or carried to the reserve fund.

PICTOU LANDING.—The Graham-Fraser smelting company are looking round for a situation to locate their works. They are well pleased with the site and likely mean business, if they can secure the property reasonable. It is to be hoped that the landowners will be reasonable in their demand, for there is no place where the benefits of such works would be more general. It would secure regular communication with New Glasgow, and with proper ferry service on the harbor, would certainly benefit Pictou, and would start another town here, and the company know what will benefit themselves most. If it depends on the landowners, let them act like men and their children will bless them.—*Pictou Colonial Standard*.

Rhodes, Curry & Co's Factory is running day and night. They have just completed 64 cherry veneered doors for City Hall, Halifax.

Rhodes, Curry & Co. have just received two cars of whitewood, cherry, etc., from Boston, two cars of lime from St. John, one car of plaster from Hillsboro, beside six or eight cars of lumber from local points, this firm receive on an average about fifty cars per month, and ship away nearly as many.—*Amherst Weekly Press*.

A Summerside paper says: Over 1,400 loads of potatoes have been hauled to the Baltic starch factory this fall so far, and we learn that the Company have been paying 18 cents a bushel for them, which the farmers consider a very satisfactory price, as the factory takes them as they come from the field.—*Chignecto Post*.

A new schooner, the *Harry W. Lewis*, was launched about a fortnight ago at the Cape. She is a three-masted schooner 114 ft. keel, 31 ft. 6 in. beam, and 11 ft. 2 in. depth of hold. Registered tonnage, 298. Simon F. Rose superintended the work, and the vessel is pronounced thoroughly constructed in every particular.

CITY CHIMES.

The members of the Church of England Institute hold their first social on Thanksgiving evening. This was the first of a series of six, and judging from the number that attended, they are likely to prove very successful. Mrs. A. Wiswell and Miss E. Weir were the hostesses, and to their efforts is due much of the enjoyment of the evening. Mrs. Rigby's songs as also those of Miss Wainwright and Messrs. Hoygate and Forbes were much applauded. Mr. Silver and Canon Partridge spoke words of welcome to all. The institute forms a meeting place for the members of the various congregations of the city.

The Thanksgiving service in Grafton Street Methodist Church last Sunday evening drew a large congregation despite the disagreeable weather. A very impressive sermon was delivered by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Strothard, from the 100th Psalm. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. Powell, rendered a special programme of Thanksgiving music.

Last Saturday afternoon the weather was not very favorable for out-door sports, but in spite of the rain a splendid game of football was played on the Royal Blues grounds, between the Dalhousies and Dukers. The game was a return match and resulted in a draw. The second Wanderers vs. Ramblers also played on Saturday but discontinued after half an hour on account of the rain.

The grand benefit concert to Miss Josie Schoff, which took place at Mason Hall on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, was attended by a large and appreciative audience. Just here let us say, that those having the management of Mason Hall should take immediate steps to have it properly ventilated, and at the same time have the stage sufficiently lighted. Poor ventilation and scant illumination never tend to popularize a public hall. Of the eleven numbers on the programme, the first and last were quartettes, in which Miss Schoff, Mrs. Taylor, and Messrs. Gillis and Ward took part. These selections were well rendered, especially the last number, but the volume of tone of the bass was somewhat out of proportion to that of the other voices. Miss Louise Laines' rendition of the "Cantilena," from *Cinq Mars*, was most gratifying, and well merited the applause it received. Miss Laines' selections are always exceptionally good, but as her audiences have few opportunities of becoming familiar with musical gems, we trust that she will not hesitate to let us hear such a song as the above at least two or three times during the season.

Miss Schoff's earnestness in pursuing her vocal studies is evidently appreciated by her many friends, as was shown by the attendance at her benefit concert. Her rendition of No. 8 on the programme, "Cavatina-Forosetta," gave promise that, with additional training and hard practice, her voice in singing might reach a high level of excellence.

Herr Klingensfield's violin solo elicited a rapturous *encore*, in which Herr Klingensfield's bowing was illustrated to good advantage.

Mrs. Taylor sang her number with much precision, and Miss Magee, who appeared for the first time in Halifax as a reader, was well received.

Owing to Dr. Slayter's sudden illness, Mr. Geo. E. Boak was called upon to do double duty, and his good nature in this respect is deserving of kindly recognition. Whatever Mr. Boak's qualifications may be as a chorus singer, he has none as a soloist, and to "damn him with faint praise," would be to act the part of a false critic. Taken all in all the concert was a good one, and Miss Schoff has our hearty congratulations and our best wishes for her success in the prosecution of her vocal studies.

Seldom have Halifax theatre-goers had so good an opportunity of listening to such a clever company of performers as that now occupying the boards of the Academy of Music, and we would recommend our friends not to miss this chance of hearing artists of the recognized ability of Miss Arthur, Miss Vincent, Mr. Dowley and Mr. Norcross. The stage fittings are unique, the dresses of the performers handsome and appropriate, and the plays selected are of a good standard. In Gwynn's Oath, Miss Arthur, who took the part of Gwynn Archer, deserves special mention for the manner in which she acted as a somnambulist, proving her to be possessed of ability that will most assuredly win her a high place among dramatic artists. Miss Vincent, who is the personification of wit and humor, well deserved the hearty applause which she received as Miss Willoughby Parker in the same play. We trust Manager Clark will realize handsomely for his enterprise in bringing to the city the McDowell Company.

The McDowell Company are playing "Our Regiment" this and to-morrow evenings, and open next week in "Colleen Bawn."

The events of Thanksgiving Day could not be noticed in our last week's issue, owing to the fact that we took a holiday ourselves, and were obliged to go to press earlier than usual. There was not a very large attendance at

the churches, but the various amusements in the afternoon and evening were well patronized. A large number of people took advantage of the cheap railway rates and went out of town, many gentlemen went shooting, and so the day was observed in different ways by different people; but all must have found something to give thanks for on the day appointed for that purpose.

Rev. E. Scott, of New Glasgow, delivered a highly interesting lecture on the Holy Land, on Tuesday evening, in Park Street Church. Rev. A. Simpson presided, and the choir sang the anthem "O give thanks unto the Lord" very acceptably.

The Royal Artillery annual sports were held at the Riding Ground on Tuesday afternoon. A large number of spectators were present, including General Sir John Ross and a number of officers and ladies. The prizes were presented by Mrs. Ryan, wife of Col. Ryan, R. A. The band of the West Riding Regiment performed a choice programme of music.

COMMERCIAL.

Some branches of merchandise show a decrease in the way of distribution movements, but it is to be accounted for by natural circumstances. The rains which have been nearly continuous for several weeks past have reduced not only the city streets but also the country roads to such a state of mud that transportation of goods nearly as much resembles navigation as it does driving. The weather during the past few days has been pleasant, and, if it continues, the roads will rapidly improve. However, the jobbing trade in general presents a favorable aspect. On the whole, as will be seen from our appended reviews, the situation is fair.

The building of a competitive railway, giving the Manitobans a southern outlet for their produce, and an additional means of commercial communication with the United States,—though it will be a considerable time before the new road can be completed—has already forced the C. P. R. to reduce the rates on grain on all competitive points from Port Arthur 3c. to 5c. for 100 lbs. The fact that the rates have been reduced is substantial evidence of the benefits already derived from the new road. But the advantages accruing from the introduction of rival railway facilities are not exclusively confined to the people of the North-West, as the people of Ontario are also gainers thereby, the C. P. R. having made arrangements with the Grand Trunk to deliver grain from all points in Manitoba to Grand Trunk stations in Ontario, at the same rate as to Ottawa. This move is, of course, intended to prevent Manitoba wheat going over the Northern Pacific via Chicago all rail to Ontario points. Thus are not only the people of Manitoba reaping the benefits of this railway competition, but the older provinces are also gainers.

The following are the Assignments and Business Changes in this Province during the past week:—P. F. Boadrum, genl. store, Amherst, sold out and offering to compromise; Jno. E. Warner, grocer, Bedford, sold out to H. Betcher; Waterman Harlow, grocer, Malaga Mines, assigned to F. O. L. Patch in trust for benefit of creditors; Cape Sable *Advertiser* Printing Co., Barrington, assigned to Thomas W. Watson printing press, plant, stock, book debts, etc.; G. J. Hamilton & Son, W. and R. bakers, Pictou, sold out retail stock to J. W. Hogg & A. J. Craig; Archibald & Co., genl. store, ship owners, colliery prop's, North Sydney, agreement of co-partnership—Thomas D. Blowers, W. H. Archibald, Wm. Purves; A. G. McLellan, genl. store, Port Hood, re-conveyance of estate from H. G. Bauld, assignee, to Christina McLellan, \$1050.

DRY GOODS.—No new features have been developed in the wholesale trade since our last report, and the late open weather has caused dull times with retailers, many of whom complain of a poor country trade and wares collections. Most of the houses speak of a quiet business. This is attributed to the fact that payments to the retailers are not as good as all would like, and also that a noticeable lull in the enquiry for immediate wants is experienced. With regard to the country in the same particulars the same remarks apply, and, until the crop has been marketed, travellers report that they see little likelihood of activity. The prices of goods for future delivery continue firm with advices from abroad remaining strong, and, in this connection, there is a comparatively free disposition to place orders for spring goods when it can be done at a slight advance. In fact, in this particular, the houses have nothing of which to complain. On the whole the market is quiet but steady both in the city and country, and it may be expected to remain so until the holidays are nearer.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—There is no sign of any interruption to the stringency of the iron market, and the tendency is to still higher prices with the market on the other side excited and upward on both pig and manufactured iron and tin plates. The movement on spot has been moderate with few sales reported—in fact there is very little stock that is not already spoken for,—and prices are firmly held all round, and holders are quite independent. Manufacturers are already beginning to look out with increasing anxiety as to what their raw material will cost, and the whole tone is strong. Manufactured iron follows the lead of pig, tin plate also manifests the strong tone already referred to, and the remainder of the market in proportion. Late advices from Glasgow state that the pig iron market shows further excitement. The price of warrants rose in the week, first to 57s. 1d., then to 58s. 9d., and finally the market touched the highest point yet, 60s., but afterward lost 5d.

BREADSTUFFS.—It is difficult to say anything definite about the local flour market, as though the demand is good, Ontario millers continue to instruct their agents to force sales, as they say they must ship more goods or shut down their mills. There is a great competition at Montreal in Man-

itoba strong bakers', and it is said that prices there have been cut down as low as \$4.40 and, in some instances, even lower prices are mentioned. Boorbohm's cable reports that in England foreign wheat and corn are firmer. English country markets quiet. Wheat and corn in Paris steady. Spot wheat in Antwerp and France is steady. The Chicago wheat market was active but weak, and prices declined 3/8c. to 1/2c. Corn was quiet but firmer and advanced 3/8c. The New York wheat market was weaker and dropped 1/8c. to 1/4c.

PROVISIONS.—At somewhat easier prices a good business has been done in pork both on local and Newfoundland account. Lard in Liverpool was weaker and declined 3d. as did also tallow. Pork and bacon were steady. The Chicago provision market was quiet but unsettled. There was a weak tone to the hog market and prices declined 5c. to 10c. The cattle market was rather active.

BUTTER.—The market has undergone no material change during the week, the finest creamery and dairy being still firm with prices steady, but on the great bulk of the stock, which is large, the feeling is decidedly weak. Advices from Boston state that large stocks are held in that city and that summer creamery is offered there at 13 1/2c., and fine, fresh dairy at 16c.

CHEESE.—The market for choose ovines a decidedly better feeling than it has of late and holders are very firm.

APPLES continue to boom under an excellent demand both for local consumption and for export. The bulk of the stock has been exported or bought up, and most of the trade look to rates being maintained, especially as advices from the other side continue favorable. Cables from Liverpool, Manchester, London and Glasgow all report strong markets. Sales at Liverpool are reported at the following figures:—Baldwins 16s. to 17s., greenings 17s. to 18s., and kings at 25s. to 27s. At Montreal a lot of choice winter varieties was recently bought on cable order at \$3 per bbl., which shows that there is a good demand for Canadian apples in England.

DRIED FRUITS. The firm market for dried fruit noted in our last is continued, and there is no likelihood of a break to lower rates as cable advices speak of very strong markets. On spot, therefore, holders are firm and there has been a fairly active movement in most lines at unchanged prices.

SUGAR.—The weak feeling noted in our last continues to characterize the sugar market, yet there is a leaning to the belief that it has touched bottom and that a change, if there is any, will be toward a better feeling. Advices on the raw sugar market from abroad speak of an improved feeling, and state that quotations on the whole have been steady with some upward tendency. On spot there is no change to note, and the market on granulated and yellows has been steady at the decline already noted. The movement during the week has been, on the whole, satisfactory with a fairly active business to note.

MOLASSES.—There has been a fairly active enquiry for molasses, and, as Barbadoes is not exactly plentiful, many look upon higher prices as a very likely possibility.

TEA.—The tone of the market, especially on low grade Japans, is firm owing to their scarcity, and they are subject to good enquiry. The demand for other grades has been fair, and the market has ruled moderately active with a good business.

COFFEE has continued in good demand, and the market has ruled fairly active and steady.

FISH.—With the exception of mackerel, concerning which we write below, the fish market has been very quiet since our last report. One or two cargoes of codfish from Gabarus, C. B., have arrived, and we understand, have been placed at \$4.25. In former years these fish brought about 50c. higher than the ordinary run of shore. The above figures are the same as those prevailing for shore. While one or two markets abroad are very good either buyers have no faith in their permanency or they are on the bear side. There is really an apathy as regards speculation in this direction. A few haddock are arriving, but hake are almost nil. The past week has been an exciting and profitable one with the fishermen along the coasts on our immediate shore. Immense schools of very large mackerel, which would grade as full extras, unexpectedly struck in. Seines were immediately set, and within three days probably between 2,000 and 3,000 barrels were secured. About half of those were sold fresh, and many of them were packed in ice and shipped to Boston. The other half are still in pickle. Unless the catch is increased as the fish pass down the coast, there are scarcely enough taken up to our present advices to affect prices. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, November 12.—"The fish market is active, and on the whole steady, with quality of arrivals pretty fair on the average. Labrador herring are moving quietly at \$4.75; Cape Breton steady; cod, good enquiry and firmer, and a few lots of Labrador salmon offering. The tone on the whole is firm, and the market is steady at quotations." Gloucester, Mass., November 12.—"We quote new Georges codfish at \$5 per qtl. for large, and small at \$3.87; Bank \$3.87 for large and \$3.50 for small; large hand-line do. \$4.50. Shore \$4.75 and \$3.50 for large and small. Old Bank \$3.50. New dry Bank \$4.75 for large, and \$4.37 for medium; Nova Scotia do. \$4.50. Cured cusk at \$2.75 to \$3 per qtl; hake \$2.25; haddock \$2.62; heavy salted pollock \$2.25, and English cured do. \$3 per qtl. Labrador herring \$6 bbl.; medium split \$5; Newfoundland do. \$5; Nova Scotia do. \$7; Eastport \$4; split Shore \$4.75; pickled codfish \$6; haddock \$5; halibut heads \$3.50; sounds \$12; tongues and sounds \$10; tongues \$8; alewives \$4; trout \$15; California salmon \$15; Halifax do. \$23; Newfoundland \$22." New York, November 9.—"We quote green mackerel, large, 25c. each; medium 12 1/2c. to 15c." Havana, November 9 (by cable via New York)—"Codfish \$7.50; haddock \$5.25 hake \$4." Barbados, Oct. 15.—"The only landings during the last fortnight have been 400 casks by steamers, and 370 casks, 535 drums codfish by *Prince Le Boo*, all of which is being stored and offered in lots at \$17 for large and \$15 for medium, but only small sales have been made therefrom."

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.

SUGARS.	
Cut Leaf.....	8
Granulated.....	7 1/2 to 7 3/4
Circle A.....	6 1/2
White Extra C.....	6 1/2
Extra Yellow C.....	5 1/2 to 5 3/4
Yellow C.....	5 3/4 to 5 1/2
TEA.	
Congou, Common.....	17 to 19
" Fair.....	20 to 23
" Good.....	25 to 29
" Choice.....	31 to 33
" Extra Choice.....	35 to 36
Oolong, Choice.....	37 to 39
MOLASSES.	
Barbadoes.....	45
Demerara.....	40 to 44
Diamond N.....	none
Porto Rico.....	43
Cienfuegos.....	40
Trinidad.....	40 to 42
Antigua.....	40 to 41
Tobacco, Black.....	38 to 44
" Bright.....	42 to 58
BUCKETS.	
Pilot Bread.....	3.15
Boston and Thin Family.....	6 1/2
Soda.....	6 1/2
do. in 1 lb. boxes, 50 to case.....	7 1/2
Fancy.....	8 to 15

BREADSTUFFS.

We can scarcely note any change in the market during the past week beyond an anxiety to effect sales. We do not see that the price of wheat has gone off any in Ontario or Manitoba, and most of the mills have taken their stand apparently against any further decline. Corn is rather firmer, so are oats in the West, but scarcely so firm here. Western oats are now meeting the Island oats, and as a consequence prices are likely to go below cost.

FLOUR	
High Grade Patents.....	5.25 to 5.40
Good 90 per cent. Patents.....	4.75 to 4.85
Straight Grade.....	4.50 to 4.65
Superior Extras.....	4.60 to 4.70
Good Seconds.....	4.22 to 4.40
Graham Flour.....	4.50
American Supr. Extras, in bond.....	4.15 to 4.25
American 90 per cent. in bond.....	4.50 to 4.60
American Patents, Pillsbury's Best.....	6.40
Oatmeal.....	4.00 to 4.10
" Rolled.....	4.10 to 4.20
Cornmeal, duty paid.....	2.70 to 2.80
Cornmeal, in bond, Bes-on.....	2.10 to 2.15
Roll'd Wheat.....	5.20
Wheat Bran, per ton.....	15.00 to 15.25
Shorts.....	18.50 to 19.00
Middlings.....	20.00 to 22.00
Cracked Corn, including bags.....	25.50
Ground Oil Cake, per ton.....	35.00
Moulce.....	25.50
Split Peas.....	3.75 to 4.00
White Beans, per bushel.....	1.75 to 1.85
Pot Parley, per barrel.....	4.00
Canadian Oats, choice quality.....	40 to 41
P. E. I. Oats.....	40 to 41
Hay per ton.....	12.00 to 12.50

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

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Am. Ex Mess, duty paid.....	10.25 to 10.50
" Am. Plate.....	10.75 to 11.25
" Ex. Plate.....	11.50 to 11.75
Pork, Mess, American.....	15.10 to 15.50
" American, clear.....	15.50 to 16.00
" P. E. I. Mess.....	15.00 to 15.50
" P. E. I. Thin Mess.....	14.50 to 14.80
" Prime Mess.....	11.00 to 11.50
Lard, Tubs and Pails, P. E. Island.....	11 to 12
" American.....	12 to 13
" Cases.....	13.50 to 14.00
Hams, P. E. I., green.....	8 to 9
Duty on Am. Pork and Beef \$2.20 per bbl.	

Prices are for wholesale lots only, and are liable to change daily.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

MACKEREL—	
Extra.....	20.00
No. 1.....	19.00
" 2 large.....	16.00
" 2.....	none
" 3 large.....	14.00
" 3.....	14.00
HERRING.	
No. 1 Shore, July.....	4.50 to 5.00
No. 1 August, Round.....	3.50 to 3.75
" September.....	3.50 to 3.75
Labrador, in cargo lots, per bl.....	4.00 to 4.50
Bay of Islands, Split.....	2.00
" Round.....	1.75
ALEWIVES, per bbl.....	2.50 to 3.00
CODFISH.	
Hard Shore.....	3.50 to 3.75
Bank.....	3.25 to 3.50
Bay.....	3.50 to 3.75
CODFISH, No. 1.....	18.00 to 19.00
Haddock, per qtl.....	2.25
Hake.....	2.00
Cusk.....	1.50
FOLLOCK.....	1.50
Hake Sounds, per lb.....	12 1/2
COD OIL A.....	25 to 30

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

POULTRY.

Turkeys, per pound.....	15 to 16
Geese, each.....	60 to 75
Ducks, per pair.....	70 to 80
Chickens.....	50 to 70

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

LIVE STOCK—at Richmond Depot.
Steers best quality, per 100 lbs. alive 4.25 to 4.50
Oxen..... 3.50 to 4.00
Fat Steers, Heifers, light weights..... 3.00 to 3.50
Wethers, best quality, per 100 lbs..... 4.00 to 4.50
Lambs..... 2.50 to 3.00

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer

LOBSTERS.

Per case 4 doz. 1 lb cans.	
Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast Packing).....	5.25 to 6.00
Tail Cans.....	4.80 to 5.00
Flat.....	6.50 to 7.00
Newfoundland Flat Cans.....	6.50 to 7.00

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

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS

Apples, Gravensteins.....	4.50
Apples, No. 1, per bbl.....	2.00 to 3.00
Oranges, Jamaica, per bbl., repacked.....	6.25 to 7.00
Lemons, per case.....	6.00
Cocoanuts, new, per 100.....	5.00
Onions, New American, per lb.....	2 1/2 to 2 3/4
Dates, boxes, new.....	5 1/2 to 6
Raisins, Valencia, new.....	7
Figs, Elme, 5 lb boxes per lb.....	11
" small boxes.....	13
Prunes, Stewing, boxes and bags, new.....	5 1/2 to 6
Bananas, per bunch.....	1.75 to 2.50
Cranberries, per bbl.....	8.50

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints.....	25
" in Small Tubs.....	22 to 25
" Good, in large tubs.....	20
" Store Packed & oversalted.....	14
Canadian Township.....	19 to 20
" Western.....	17
Cheese, Canadian.....	10
" Antigonish.....	10 1/2

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

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Wool—clean washed, per pound.....	15 to 22
" unwashed.....	12 to 15
Salted Hides, No 1.....	5
Ox Hides, over 60 lbs., No 1.....	5 1/2
" under 60 lbs., No 1.....	5
" over 60 lbs., No 2.....	4 1/2
" under 60 lbs., No 2.....	4
Cow Hides, No 1.....	4
No 3 Hides, each.....	3
Calf Skins.....	25
" Deacons, each.....	10 to 15
Lambskins.....	1 to 45
Tallow.....	3

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

LUMBER.

Pine, clear, No. 1, per m.....	25.00 to 28.00
" Merchantable, do do.....	14.00 to 17.00
" No 2, do.....	10.00 to 12.00
" Small, per m.....	8.00 to 14.00
Spruce, dimension, good, per m.....	9.50 to 10.00
" Merchantable, do do.....	8.00 to 9.00
" Small, do do.....	6.50 to 7.00
Hemlock, merchantable.....	7.00
Shingles, No 1, sawed, pine.....	3.00 to 3.50
" No 2, do do.....	1.00 to 1.20
" spruce, No 1.....	1.10 to 1.35
Laths, per m.....	2.00
Hard wood, per cord.....	4.00 to 4.25
Soft wood.....	3.25 to 5.00

A DISGRACE TO HER FAMILY.

(Continued.)

Thus rebuked, Maggie hung her head, and returned to her seat. She was not so stupid as not to be conscious of the mistake she had made, especially when it was thus politely and clearly pointed out to her.

"I—I did not know," she mumbled. "I thought perhaps it might be a telegram."

The conversation was here interrupted by an exclamation of surprise which proceeded from Mrs. Brotherton, and which effectually prevented the sneering reply on the tip of Geraldine's tongue.

"What is it, mamma?" asked Matilda, closing her book, and speaking in the tone of one from whom no secrets must be kept. "You look as if you had received some good news."

"And so I have—at least I think so. The Cottage is let at last."

"Indeed! You don't say so."

"Yes, this is a letter from Messrs. Malton and Slee, informing me of the fact."

"And who has taken it?" said Matilda, whilst Geraldine paused in her work, and the twins forgot all about their game of backgammon.

Quite an animated smile illumined Mrs. Brotherton's usually unanimated countenance. It was pleasing to her to feel herself of so much importance; not that she had any intention of keeping back the news. She looked again at the letter which she still held in her hand.

"If I read rightly, the gentleman's name is Falconer—the Honorable Keith Falconer."

"There is an Honourable Keith Falconer in the Guards. No doubt he is the same person," exclaimed Geraldine, looking critically at her bonnet until her pretty face broke out into smiles. "I wonder if he is a married man?"

"No," said Mrs. Brotherton triumphantly. "I can answer that question. This letter is from Mr. Malton himself, and he writes of Captain Falconer, as a bachelor, wishing to take a small house, with first class stabling in the centre of the 'Ripper' Hunt."

"That's awfully jolly!" exclaimed Lily and Rose simultaneously, "and the odds are he's a good sort."

"Girls, I do wish you would not be so slangy," said Mrs. Brotherton. "It really is detestable to hear young ladies talk in such a fashion. They never did when I was your age, but manners seem to have deteriorated sadly since then."

"Never mind, mother," they responded good-humoredly. "Don't try to improve us just now, but tell us instead how long he has taken the Cottage for."

"Only for a year, certain; but he has the option of taking it on lease after that time."

The Cottage was a charming residence, of the class described by house-agents as "bijou." It had originally been built by the Squire to accommodate an old fellow-sportsman, who, two years ago, had gone the way of all flesh, since when it had remained untenanted.

For a single man, fond of hunting, and not requiring large reception rooms and nurseries, no abode could well be more perfect. It was beautifully fitted up, contained two good sitting, and half-a-dozen bed-rooms, and the stables could accommodate fourteen horses.

Being within a couple of hundred yards of the Manor house, a desirable tenant, who, at the same time, might be accepted as friend and neighbor, was a matter of considerable importance to the owner. The girls, foreseeing this, had begged their mother rather to allow it to stand empty than let it to some dull, non-hunting old fogey. They had so greatly insisted on the point that Mrs. Brotherton had acceded to their desire, and now, here came compensation for two whole years' rent, in the shape of a well-born, fashionable young man of undoubted family and position.

Mrs. Brotherton would scarcely have been feminine, and the mother of a tribe of marriageable daughters, had not some very pleasing notions promptly presented themselves to her brain. The only question was, which of the five, or rather four, girls would he choose?

Matilda was the one she felt most anxious to see married. To begin with, she was the oldest, and secondly, her queer temper and dogmatic opinions rendered her an unpleasant companion. There could be no doubt about it, that she ought to be the first to go off matrimonially, but on the other hand, her younger daughters, especially Geraldine, were much better-looking, and appeared to possess greater powers of fascination for the opposite sex.

Poor woman! she felt that she would be truly thankful, if only this Captain Falconer would take a fancy to any one of them; and perhaps if the spell of ill-luck, which had visited her for so long, were only once broken, something else might turn up. Marriages were contagious. One not infrequently led to another.

"I am trying to remember what I have either heard or read about the Honorable Keith Falconer," she said after a while, puckering up her brow with a puzzled expression. "Somehow or other, the name seems quite familiar to me."

"And well it may be," responded Geraldine, who was an insatiable reader of Society papers. "Captain Falconer was a great admirer of that beautiful Mrs. Thorndyke, who made such a sensation two seasons ago. Too great an admirer, said the ill-natured, for Mr. Thorndyke turned jealous, all of a sudden, and wanted to call him out. Everybody talked of the affair at the time, but H.R.H. interfered, and succeeded, after a good deal of trouble, in getting the quarrel patched up. Captain Falconer was said to be head over ears in love."

"Ah, now you speak of it, I do remember something of the sort," returned Mrs. Brotherton, "though, really, people ought to be ashamed to publish all this society scandal, for young girls like yourself to read. It has a most demoralizing tendency. However, I fancy no great blame attached to Captain Falconer."

"The world is generally lenient to a dashing young guardsman," observed Matilda severely. "An unfortunate woman has nearly always to bear the brunt of the battle, whilst the real offender escapes scot-free. That comes from our having been a suppressed race so long, and even in these days we are subjected to unjust laws."

"Nonsense, Matilda," said Mrs. Brotherton, who, being a very pure and narrow-minded woman, was invariably hard on her own sex. "I don't see that this Mrs. Thorndyke deserves the least sympathy. She had a husband—"

"He may have been a brute, and treated her like one."

"And," continued Mrs. Brotherton, unheeding the interruption, "she ought to have known better than to encourage a good-looking young man to dangle after her. A married woman never gains anything by such goings on, but loss of reputation and a very undesirable notoriety."

"With all due deference to you, mother," rejoined Matilda stubbornly, "I contend that this Captain Falconer is no great saint. You are far too simple for the nineteenth century."

"Well, anyhow," put in Geraldine, "we need not take away the poor man's character before we have even made his acquaintance. There will be time enough to do that afterwards. He is young, and a gentleman, therefore the inference is, he will prove an acquisition."

"And it is much better for the Cottage to be occupied than to stand empty, as it has done these last two seasons," rejoined Mrs. Brotherton. "Nothing ruins a house so much as having no one living in it."

"I wonder if our friend, the Honorable Keith, will arrive in time for the opening meet," said Lily, speculatively.

"Yes, I wonder," chimed in Rose.

"I fancy so," said Maggie, who hitherto had taken no part in the conversation, "for I happened to be walking on the road to the station to-day, and I met a string of eight horses and a hack, clothed from ear to tail, and looking as if they had been travelling. No doubt it was Captain Falconer's stud arriving."

"Of course. Why did you keep this piece of news bottled up until now?" enquired Geraldine tartly.

"It never occurred to me to tell it. Besides, one meets so many horses this time of year."

"Talking of horses, I hope Captain Falconer wants to buy," said Geraldine.

"Why? What difference can it make to you?"

"Only that if he does, I shall do my very best to sell him Paragon."

"Oh, Geraldine!" exclaimed Maggie reprovingly, "You could not possibly do such a thing. You know that since last season he has hopelessly gone in his wind."

"Exactly; that's the very reason I wish to pass him on."

"You will find it difficult."

"Most likely, because Paragon is too well known here, and only the other day, when I rode him, he made such a noise going up-hill, that everybody turned round and stared. My one chance is with a stranger."

"But you would not sell him to Captain Falconer, surely, without telling him the horse is unsound?"

"Now, Maggie, don't you interfere with me. If I sell him, I sell him, and it's no business of yours how I accomplish my ends."

"It is dishonest, Geraldine, to suppress the truth."

"Rubbish! And now I want to tell you something."

"What is it?"

"This. I have seen an animal, whose looks I like immensely, and who I believe I could buy for a mere song. He belongs to Acton."

"Do you mean that showy brown thorough-bred, rather high on the leg, with a white blaze down his face, ridden by Young Acton last Thursday?"

"Yes, that's the animal. He's uncommonly good-looking. Don't you think so, Maggie?"

"I do, most certainly. But he is much too good-looking to belong to Mr. Acton, unless there is a screw loose somewhere."

The individual above referred to was a sporting tailor, who combined horse-letting with coat-cutting. He lived in the town of Foxington, close by, and seldom had less than half-a-dozen hunters in his stable. About once in six or eight years, through some accident of fortune, a decent nag would find its way into his hands.

Geraldine believed she had hit upon a great discovery. The corky brown thoroughbred that she had seen out hunting, had taken her fancy immensely. She liked an animal who arched his neck proudly, champed at his bit, held his tail aloft, and walked with dainty, ambling steps. Such a one showed her off, and looked well at the meets, or when proceeding from covert to covert. The sight of Mr. Acton's horse had quite determined her to part with Paragon, who, besides having gone in his wind, was close upon twenty years of age.

"I say, Maggie," she said, after a slight pause, "will you walk into Foxington, and find out what Mr. Acton asks for the brown?"

"Of course I will," answered Maggie readily, "but," and her honest young face clouded over, "please give up the idea of trying to suck up Captain Falconer with Paragon."

"Suck him, indeed!" cried Geraldine indignantly. "What a brutal way you have of putting things."

"It may be brutal, but it's the truth."

"Then I would rather not hear it, especially from you, Maggie. You possess a most unfortunate habit of mistaking rudeness for truth."

"I do not think it right to take anyone in, but especially a stranger coming among us for the first time," said Maggie stoutly, though with a reddening face.

"Nonsense. For goodness' sake leave off preaching, and hold your tongue."

"Paragon is not worth a ten-pound note, Geraldine. You know that as well as I do. The right and proper thing to do would be to put a bullet through the poor old horse's head."

"Am I to understand, then, that you decline to come with me to Foxington?" said Geraldine, with a pout.

"Not at all, if only you will be nice about Paragon."

"Nice! Really, Maggie, you make me quite angry. What on earth has induced you to turn so sternly virtuous all of a sudden, and lecture your elder sister? It's ridiculous. Just as if I did not know how to behave without your telling me!"

"Indeed, indeed, I'm very sorry if I said anything I ought not to," rejoined Maggie, in great distress, "and—and I don't pretend to know better than you in anything."

Her prompt submission mollified the beauty, who nodded her head graciously and relapsing into silence, gave herself up to pleasing speculations with reference to Captain Falconer. The idea of having him for so near a neighbour was extremely agreeable.

She sat for quite ten minutes that evening trying on her bonnet before the glass, and coiling her silky, flaxen hair in a variety of different ways, until at last it fell in a luxuriant shower over her dimpled shoulders, whose firm, white texture gratified even her own touch. She was very glad she was so pretty, and she thought that the Honorable Captain and Mrs. Keith Falconer was an excessively nice-sounding name. One, in fact, that she would have no objection to take in exchange for Brotherton. She told herself she had nothing much to fear from the members of her own family. Matilda was a frump, the twins bad form, and Maggie nothing but a plain, gawky child, whose only use was to act as a foil.

No man could possibly hesitate as to which of the five Misses Brotherton was the prettiest and nicest. That was quite certain. All the chances were in her favor.

Geraldine entertained this opinion very strongly, and found it a most comforting one, and she looked forward with great sanguineness to the arrival of the Honorable Keith Falconer.

CHAPTER IV.

GALOPARD, BY GALOPIN.

On the following day Geraldine and Maggie walked into Foxington.

The town was about two miles distant from the Manor House, and, with the hunting season so near at hand, already began to show symptoms of its normal winter activity. The hotels had put up their clean white curtains, rubbed their windows, and done a bit of sign-painting. The shops were smartened and redecorated, and last, but not least, a large influx of grooms and horses were steadily pouring into the town.

The sisters, intent on business, went straight to Mr. Acton's, and where fortunate enough to find him behind the counter, selling dogskin gloves to a customer, who required the largest size at the lowest price. When this gentleman departed, Maggie and Geraldine cautiously commenced operations by stating they wished to purchase some checked horse-cloth suitable for hunting wristcoats.

This Machiavellian stroke of policy emanated from Maggie, who whispered to her elder sister that it was undesirable to appear too eager about the brown thoroughbred.

After they had inspected Mr. Acton's stock, and politely requested him to send for patterns from town, they rose as if to go, whereupon Geraldine said in her most careless manner:

"Bye-the-bye, your son was riding a very good-looking horse out hunting the other day. Where did you buy him?"

"I bought him at Lincoln, Miss Brotherton," replied Mr. Acton, with a vivacity of manner which the gloves and horse-cloth had failed to call forth. "He was ridden the whole of last season, and the one before, by a well-known sporting gentleman, who disposed of all his horses at the hammer some little time since on account of ill-health."

"Oh! indeed. Have you any idea how old the horse is?"

"He's seven off. He has got the marks on all his teeth still, as you can see for yourself. But perhaps you would like to have a look at him. He is in the stable at this moment, if you don't mind going there."

"Mind! No, of course not. Why should we?" said Maggie, who many a time ere now, accompanied by Jack, had paid Mr. Acton's equine establishment a visit.

That individual, thus assured, fetched down a key which hung on a high peg at the back of the shop, and the trio immediately sallied forth. They walked along the principal street for about a hundred yards, and then dived under a narrow archway on their left, which opened on to a species of courtyard, lined with a row of poor cottages on one side, warehouses, lofts, and stabling on the other. Presently, Mr. Acton stopped before a door, almost destitute of paint, and unlocking it, entered a dark, ill-ventilated, and by no means sweet smelling, seven-stall stable.

Every stall was occupied, the horses standing on sawdust, and looking wistfully down into the depths of their empty mangers. They were clothed in stained old clothing, and looked starved in their coats. And no wonder, poor things; for they got scanty food and indifferent lodging, besides any amount of hard work, and what was still worse—rough, inconsiderate riding.

(To be Continued.)

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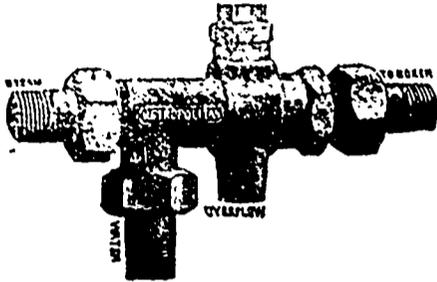
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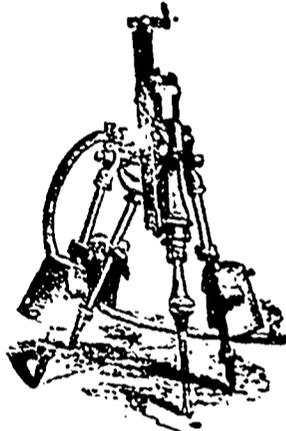
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MINING.

FACTS CONCERNING THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN MIDDLE RIVER, VICTORIA COUNTY, CAPE BRETON, N. S.

Twenty-six years ago gold was discovered in the valley of Middle River, up stream from the head of the Upper Settlement as far as the outer gold brook. On the Geological Survey map of Northern Cape Breton, it bears the name "4th Gold Brook." Much valuable information has been obtained from Mr. Kenneth MacLennan, who is an old inhabitant of the Upper Settlement of Middle River, and who has been with parties washing gold since it has been discovered, also from Mr. Kenneth MacDonald of the same place. These gentlemen may at any time be consulted regarding the history of gold procured by washing at Middle River. In the Outer Brook nuggets of gold were panned up to eighteen dollars. Under a tree in the Middle Brook, eighty dollars were procured by panning in one day by Mr. Kenneth MacLennan and a mining expert who visited the district six years ago, some days he has taken nuggets out of these brooks up to ten and six toon dollars.

From evidences observed while connected with the Geological Survey of Canada through that portion of Cape Breton, it has been my belief that this gold was being carried from rich leads of quartz, and to prove my belief, on the 28th of Aug. 1889, I set out for Cape Breton, accompanied by a practical miner of long and varied experience, both in Nova Scotia and California in this line of mining, to explore the region. After arriving at Middle River, and finding the course of the drift to bear the direction of 10° west of north, and tracing its course in a northerly direction for some distance, we found a large block of quartz containing gold, and fifty yards further north of this quartz block, we discovered a large quartz lead from seven to ten feet wide, containing similar metals to those found in the block of quartz, viz., gold, crystals of iron, and yellow mica. A short distance north of this lead we discovered two other large quartz leads, one of which ran in a narrow soft grey slate belt, separating it from a wide band of hard close grained, flaggy mica schist, while the other leads ran through a dark blue chloritic hornblende rock, soft and stratified. To the north of this belt comes a wide band of coarse dark grey mica schist, containing a large quantity of garnets, and on the gentle slope of Fortune's Mountain we have secured 40 acres, thus guiding parties desirous of investing capital to keep on the water shed of Middle River and Lake O'Law. I consider it only fair to give this advice, being the first to discover gold in the quartz in Cape Breton. The region is heavily timbered with birch, maple and beech, also in the vicinity is an excellent supply of water. A hauling road reaches within 100 yards of the location, which is not altogether more than one mile from the post road.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

NEW BRUNSWICK MINING ITEMS.

No very marked event in the way of mining matters has occurred in New Brunswick recently. Efforts have been made to sell some copper and silver and manganese deposits, but as yet the matter remains in abeyance.

Some effort will be made at the approaching session of the Local Legislature to have the mining laws of the Province put into better shape than they now are, and the changes if made will have a tendency to do more towards stimulating mining enterprises than heretofore.

The manganese mines at Markhamville continue to ship regularly to American and English buyers. A new lot of machinery, drill and other equipment, has recently been put in the mine.

It is rumored that wealthy New York and English capitalists are negotiating for the well known and valuable manganese mine at Jordan Mountain, about six miles from Sussex.

It is stated that a large deposit of bog or wad manganese, situated in Albert County near Hillsboro, has been disposed of at fair figures to American capitalists.

The valuable magnetic iron ore mine above Bathurst, which it is stated was sold to some American capitalists lately, is being developed at the present time, and the purchasers are it is said highly pleased with the look of things.

A valuable deposit of lead and silver has been discovered at or near Jacksonville, a short distance from Woodstock, in Carleton County, and the work of development is being proceeded with. It is stated that the prospects are very favorable.

Gold has been reported from several localities in New Brunswick, but as yet nothing definite is known. There is every reason to believe that proper research conducted by capable prospectors would result in gold being found in paying quantities.

There are several large bolts of quartz and slate deposits in different parts of the Province that will assay for gold all right, and it is said on good authority that in one or two places visible gold has been seen in the rock—but the belief is so general and widespread that there is no gold in N. B., that attention is not paid to the matter. Your correspondent has now the promise of some quartz and slate from a large belt which it is stated will yield gold. If it comes to hand and the tests prove satisfactory THE CRITIC shall be informed of the fact.

I am glad to see such a boom in the Nova Scotia gold mines, and hope all things going right to be able to give the boom a lift on the way soon. For the present I must close and will write you again ere long.

Yours,

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

Dear Editor,—I have read with profound interest, in your issue of the 1st inst, the account of the finding of the continuation of the great "Bon-

lode Roll" in the Rose Mine at Montague. It was a bright day for the gold mining interests of this Province when this lode was found, causing as it did not only a feeling that patience and perseverance were rewarded, but also causing the introduction of the rich and well known firm of Wells, Fargo & Co. to our own mining resources; not that this company did much for the country by their personal efforts, rather the reverse, but the fact of their making a purchase of a gold mine here, after investigation by their mining man T. K. Robinson, drew the attention of hundreds of mining men the world over to Nova Scotia. Hence the awakening from its lethargy of one of Nova Scotia's greatest resources of future wealth.

You, no doubt, ask why this Company so signally failed in its venture in so favourable a field, and with so fine a property? I answer: For the same reason that many of our mines are not paying, some barely paying, and some paying but small dividends to day, when they all, or the majority of them, should be paying handsome dividends to their owners—Incompetent management! What are the facts in regard to the former management of the Rose mine? The company took a man from behind the counter of a wholesale liquor establishment in N. Y. city, and put him in charge of this mine, a man entirely ignorant of the first rudiments of mining, consequently utterly incompetent, yet he might not have proved so great a failure had he permitted himself to be guided by the men under him. But this little man, ignorant as he was of the business, had an iron will, and he put it in force too, entirely disregarding the advice of his men, hence the utter failure of this mine to its then owners.

Speculation has been rife since the discovery of the continuation of the rich "Roll" as to whether its first loss was due to the ignorance or rascality of those under men causing the old owners to work so long and spend so much money within a few feet of the lost treasure. Let me tell the public to disburse their minds of either thought, as the advice of those men was never heeded, they were made to do as directed only. It was a cold day for Montague, and a colder one for Wells, Fargo & Co., when they sent this "little man" to manage the Rose mine. But let us rejoice that after so long a sleep, "downed" by incompetent management, the "Rose Mine" has again arisen apparently richer and grander than ever, a fact that should stimulate and encourage every man who has confidence in the mining resources of Nova Scotia.

A MINER.

Mr. D. Touquoy has returned from his trip to England and France looking hale and hearty. As his rich Moose River gold mine is in good shape we expect to have soon to chronicle his regular monthly arrival in town with bouncing gold babies. The returns made during Mr. Touquoy's absence have been from surface stuff crushed.

Mr. D. J. Henderson of Newfoundland, a gentleman who is doing good work for that Province in developing and making known its mineral resources, has been paying a visit to Halifax, and returns home on the fortnightly steamer.

Windsor is a thriving town and is blessed with enterprising citizens, who seem always to have abundance of capital to invest in any enterprise that bids fair to prove profitable and that will also advance the interests of the Province. Only lately nearly all the stock of the Central Rawdon Gold Mining Company, consisting of 1200 shares of \$50 each or \$60,000 in all, was subscribed for there. Joshua H. Smith, Clarence H. Dimock and Gould Northrup, the former owners of the now noted Northrup mine, hold 250 shares in the new company which is organized to develop the properties adjoining the Northrup Mine.

On the 11th of November, the first sod on the Nova Scotia Midland Ry. was turned by Mrs. Price, the wife of the chief engineer of the road. This road is to be constructed with the sole object of opening up the iron mines of the Nova Scotia Midland Railway and Iron Company in Pictou County. The importance of the occasion it is hard to estimate, but it certainly means great prosperity to New Glasgow and the surrounding country, and some day the new city may rival old Glasgow in the amount of iron and steel shipping turned out.

It is rumored that the copper mine on an island off the coast of New Brunswick in Passamaquoddy Bay has been or is about to be purchased by an American Company, which has been incorporated with a capital of \$2,000,000. Mr. H. B. Witter and some other Nova Scotians are interested in this property, and are to receive a preliminary cash payment of \$100,000 on signing the papers. The total amount to be paid them for the property is stated to be \$400,000, and Mr. Witter is to be the manager of the company.

In addition to the gold returns for October published in the last issue of THE CRITIC the following returns have since been received:—

District.	Mill.	Qtz. Crushed.	Ozs. Gold.
Moose River.....	Moose River G. M. Co.....	105	15½
Lake Catcha.....	Oxford.....	199	67½
Central Rawdon.....	Northrup G. M. Co.....	50	71
Montague.....	Annand.....	104	315½
Molega.	Parker & Douglass Co.....	146	52½

MONTAGUE DISTRICT.—A trial test from the Rose lead yielded 74½ ozs. gold from 12½ tons quartz crushed. An average of 6 ozs. to the ton is not too bad considering that at least half the quartz crushed was from the top of the lead. The work on the Annand mine is being pushed and very rich quartz continues to be obtained. Messrs. Chetwynd, O'Toolo and Whobby have evidently struck the continuation of the Rose lead on the Tobin prop-

erty and are taking out good quartz. All along the line the district looks well, and large gold returns from it may be expected.

The Chicago Mining Review, a valuable exchange, in response to the growth and development of electrical science and its rapid adaptability to mining purposes, has changed its title to the *Electrical and Mining Review*.

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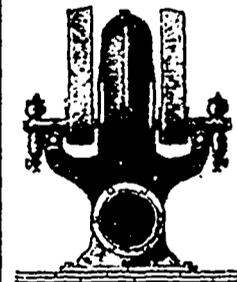
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D. C. EDWARDS,
Secretary.
Halifax, N. S., September 20th, 1889.

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5 cases half pints ditto—highly recommended for the sick and convalescent.
350 cases, pints and quarts, CLARETS, from the light table wine to the finest grades.
60 cases HOCK, MOSELLE and SAUTERNE.
400 cases very old Scotch and Irish WHISKIES, distinguished for age, flavor and "boquet."
250 cases Holland, Plymouth, and London "Old Tom" GIN.
75 cases choice Old Jamaica RUM.
120 dozen very old Rye and Bourbon WHISKEY.
200 fine old Port, Sherry and Marsala WINES—choice brands and vintage.
500 dozen, pints and quarts, Bass's and Younger's finest PALE ALE.
250 dozen, pints and quarts, Guinness's STOUT.
100 dozen Dublin and Belfast GINGER ALE, a fine sparkling summer drink.
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A GIRL'S HEROISM.

"We are lost!"

A startling exclamation; a wild, exciting scene.

Above, the tempest-tossed heavens; below, the mad, foaming sea.

Night had already set in—a night of fearful gloom—and, save from the dazzling glare of the lightning's constant flash, darkness covered alike the brave ship and the surf-lashed rocks, the mad sea and the stormy sky; while on, on dashed the *Sea Spray*, commanded by Captain Lord Edgar Vane, now off the rock-bound coast of Slyne Head, without a pilot, drifting at the mercy of storm and wind.

That day Captain Vane had obtained the services of the coast-renowned pilot, Casper Sturm, for the purpose of entering the little harbor of Wildmore, that was accessible only through the crooked and dangerous passage known as the "Pass of Death," hoping to reach port before nightfall; but, retarded by a strong head-wind, he failed to reach his destination at the expected time; and as the day drew to a close, great inky-black clouds rose on the western horizon, when a coast storm suddenly burst upon them in all its terrible fury.

Still, with an efficient pilot, haven might be safely reached. But, as if to fill the measure of their misfortunes, and sign their doom as well, old Casper, who had acted strangely all day, when the storm approached grew restless and uneasy, and as it broke upon them, became wilder and fiercer, rushing furiously to and fro as the elements increased in fury, shouting, shrieking with maniacal glee, tearing his long, tangled hair down over his then livid face, and frothing at the mouth—a raving madman.

With some difficulty the maniac was seized and lashed to the ship's rigging, when the *Sea-Spray* was without a pilot, dashing madly on to certain destruction in the "Pass of Death." The storm all the while growing wilder and fiercer; lurid flashes of lightning shot athwart the sky in rapid succession, followed by deafening peals of thunder that seemed to rend the very heavens; and the foam-crested waves lashed in wild fury the surf-bound rocks and reefs; while the wind, with its giant power, swept the ill-fated brig down upon the hidden crags and towering cliffs, where breakers dashed and roared in frightful, tempestuous madness, with fearful speed.

All in vain were the efforts of the gallant crew to obey the wild orders of their commander to lay the brig to the wind, for not a sail would hold an instant, until they succeeded in getting up a storm stay-sail, when the ship bore up nobly against the tempest-lashed sea. But even then the power of the in-setting waves was fast driving her upon the rock-bound shore. Soon would she be hurled upon the breakers—a floating wreck!

"Good God! we are lost!"

"Is there anyone here who knows the passage?" almost gasped the second officer, as the light on Wildmore's Cliff suddenly shone in sight, and a vivid flash of lightning displayed, with startling distinctness, the awful danger of their perilous situation.

"A thousand pounds to the man who will pilot us safe into Wildmore Harbor!" cried Captain Vane.

A moment, and no man had accepted the offer—that offer upon which not only wealth, but life was depending. None in all that hardy crew knew the secret windings of that perilous passage through the jaws of death to a haven of safety.

As if mocking their distress the tempest rose higher and higher. Hope was—hold! almost drowned by the storm's tumultuous roar, sounding low and timid, yet, with womanly sharpness in it, a voice exclaimed:—

"If you please, sir!"

A flash of lightning quickly followed, when the wondering gaze of the brig's crew saw a girlish form standing near the gangway. It was the old pilot's daughter, who had accompanied him upon this trip. Paralyzed with grief for her father, she had kept aloof from the crew; and they, in the excitement of their danger, had forgotten her. But, hearing Captain Vane's appeal for help, and realizing then for the first time, the peril of the situation, she had stifled her sorrow and come forward—perhaps to save.

"If you please, sir," she repeated, as soon as the storm would permit, "I know the passage which leads to the harbor. I'm called 'The Storm-Child.' Many and many's the time I've been through Wildmore's passage with poor father, in worse nights than this. I can pilot the ship there to-night."

"Do it, and the thousand pounds shall be yours, ay treble that, my child."

The vessel was speedily put before the wind, when with lightning-like rapidity, it shot through the mad water—on, past rugged cliffs and half-buried rocks; now barely grazing a huge crag, then trembling fore and aft, as its keel scraped a hidden ledge; while the storm-tossed sea swept the deck.

With pallid faces the crew secured themselves to the rigging to keep from being washed overboard, and silently awaited the crisis, knowing only too well that the fate of all lay in the hands of the brave girl-pilot.

"Starboard—quick!" came in a clear, ringing tone.

"Ay, ay, starboard it is."

"Hard a port!"

"Ay, ay, hard a port it is!"

"Steady—so!"

"Steady—"

Sudden and startling, high over the storm's surge and roar, rung out shrill, maniacal laugh—louder, fiercer, and more terrible in its import than had been any of the frantic ravings of the madman, whose wild cries blended so fearfully with the tempest's howling din. Then, by a dazzling flash of lightning, the startled men saw that the maniac had suddenly broken from his fastenings, and the blood went curdling through their veins, as they saw him, his madness increased by his freedom, bound forward towards

holtsman, with arms outstretched, as if he would grind the man to atoms with the giant power of his insane wrath.

Unconscious of the now and deadly peril menacing him, the man at the wheel was bending all his energy, and concentrating every thought, to accomplish the difficult task of guiding the ship.

So quick, so sudden, no man could avert his doom; and for him to fail was to consign the ship to instant wreck upon the rugged crags and reefs that were rising thick and fast on every hand, as the rocky passage became more fearfully perilous.

Crack! The sharp, ringing report of a pistol rent the roar of the elements, and old Casper Sturm, the mad pilot, with a wild death-shriek, sprang into the air and fell upon the deck dead! shot by his own daughter.

"Starboard—quick!" shrieked the young girl-pilot.

"Ay, ay, starboard it is."

"Hard a port!"

"Ay, ay, hard a port it is."

"Steady—so."

"Steady it is."

An ominous roaring, scraping sound, and the ship lunged fearfully, threatening to go to pieces, as she shook from stem to stern; then, with a mighty effort she righted; and, free once more, sailed gladly out into the placid water of Wildmore Harbor—safe at last.

An exultant shout went up from officers and crew, as the cruiser rode gallantly into the harbor; and in ecstasy of joy they lavished praises without bounds upon their fair preserver, who, when danger was over, was nearly inconsolable with grief for the terrible fate of her father.

But, with the words of sympathy and kindness from her friends, she finally recovered her self-possession enough to tell how, having heard this wild cry, and seeing the mad act he was about to commit, which would have consigned all to a speedy doom, she had suddenly thought of the pistol that had been taken from him at the time of his capture and given to her, when, without an instant's hesitation, she had fired, and with what truly seemed a miraculous shot, saved the ship, by taking her own mad father's life. A justifiable deed, and in keeping with her heroic conduct throughout that fearful ordeal.

* * * * *

When Lord Edgar returned to his house, he was accompanied by Edith Sturm, the orphan, who, by her gallant conduct and heroism had not only gained his favor, but had even his heart's best love; and, ere three years had passed, she became the honored Lady Edith Vane, of Vane Hall.

OUR COSY CORNER.

The *Modern Priscilla* for September gives such a dsinty description for furnishing a bedroom that we give our readers the benefit of it. This magazine is replete at all times with useful suggestions, and can be obtained at 92 Market Street, Lynn, Mass., at the reasonable price of 50 cts a year. An inexpensive and prettily furnished bedroom in a house at Lenox has the floor covered with cream-white and green matting which has a pattern of alternate white and green blocks. This matting, of excellent quality and of the seamless weave can be bought for 50 cents a yard, and is a yard in width. A dado of the same matting surrounds the walls which are tinted a pale green. The dado is fastened on with small brass-headed nails. The iron bedstead is painted white and covered with a spread of white scrim muslin lined with pale green cambric. The pillow shams are the same. There are bed draperies of the scrim unlined and drawn back by ribbons of green satin. The window-shades are of cream-white linen, fringed. Long, narrow wooden boxes painted green, stand upon the window ledges filled with flowering plants and vines, which climb on the inside of the window. One or two cream-white Japanese goat rugs, in size 6 x 3, are laid upon the matted floor. These rugs are inexpensive and have a charming effect. The furniture is of pine wood, painted a pale green, and on the tables are scarf-like covers of scrim lined with green. A pretty little cane sofa has a cushion covered with green, flowered chintz, and the rocking-chair has similar cushions tied on by green satin ribbons. The heavy doors have been taken off and in their place are latticed doors painted green. The commonplace white mantel has been painted a green color to match the doors, rather darker than the rest of the room, and is draped with scrim lined with green and caught up in the centre with green ribbons, making two graceful festoons. Some simple ornaments stand upon the mantel, over which hangs a pretty water color framed in white and gold. In front of the fireplace stands a small screen of bamboo lattice work, lined with green. This room is charming from its simplicity, freshness and good taste.

SANDWICH DRESSING.—Two raw eggs (yolks), one half cup vinegar, one half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons sweet cream, one tablespoon made mustard, one tablespoon melted butter. Beat the eggs well, then add salt, mustard, vinegar, cream, and lastly the melted butter. Put in a tin over hot water, and boil till thick and creamy. This dressing can be kept for a long time and used for any kind of meat.

CHINESE VEAL.—Two pounds of veal boiled until tender enough to pick to pieces; season with salt and pepper and the juice of two lemons. Then pack in a mould in which has been placed slices of hard boiled eggs; pour over it as much of the liquor as the meat will absorb. Slice when cold.

SNOWFLAKES.—Beat to a cream two cups of sugar and one of butter, then add one cup sweet milk. Mix two teaspoons baking powder in three cups of flour, and beat to a stiff froth the whites of six eggs. Add flour, then the beaten whites, and flavor with rose or almond. Bake immediately in patty pans in a quick oven.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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2 ft. 6 in. x 2 ft.

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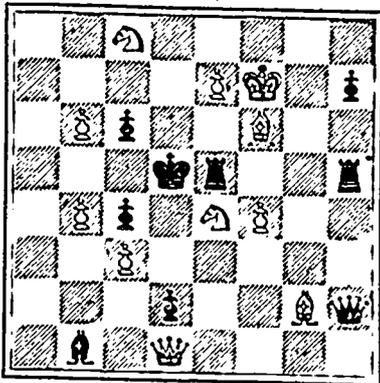
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The proprietors of THE CRITIC offer two prizes—to consist of books on Chess—to those subscribers who shall send in the greatest number of correct solutions during the current year. No entrance fee required.

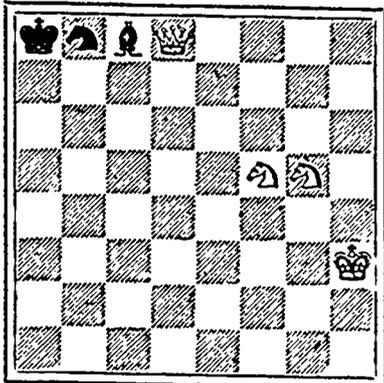
Solution to Problem No. 104.—K to B6. Solved by C. W. L., J. W. Wallace and Mrs. H. Mosley.

PROBLEM No. 106.
Baltimore Sunday News
BLACK 9 pieces.



WHITE 11 pieces.
White to play and mate in 2 moves.

PROBLEM No. 107.
By E. D. Bruce, Shelburne, N. S.
BLACK 3 pieces.



WHITE 4 pieces.
White to play and mate in 3 moves.

GAME No. 87.
Played in the Breslau Tournament.
Queen's Gambit declined.

WHITE	BLACK
J. H. Blackburne.	Herr E Schallop
1 P to Q4	P to Q4
2 P to QB4	P to QB3
3 P to K3	B to B4
4 Kt to QB3	P to K3
5 Kt to B3	Kt to Q2
6 P takes P	KP takes P
7 B to Q3	B takes B
8 Q takes B	KKt to B3
9 Castles	B to K2
10 Kt to K2	Castles
11 Kt to Kt3	R to K
12 B to Q2	P to QR4
13 B to B3	B to Q3
14 Kt to Q2	P to QKt4
15 P to Kt3	P to R5
16 Kt to B5	B to B

Black retains possession of this diagonal, and White gains nothing by his last move.
17 P to B3

Weakening his centre very much

18 Kt to Kt3	P to Kt3
19 B to Kt2	P to Kt5
20 B to B	P to R6
21 R to Q	P to B4
22 Kt (Q2) to B	R to B
23 P takes P	Q to Kt3
24 K to R	B takes P
25 Q to K2	Kt to K4
26 P takes P	P to Q5
27 B to K3	B takes P
	Kt takes P

Beautifully played, giving Black the best of it both in position and forces.

28 B takes B	Kt takes B
29 Q to KB2	QR to Q
30 R to Q2	Kt to Kt5
31 Q to Kt	Q to KB3
32 QR to Q	K to Kt2
33 P to R3	Kt to K7!
34 R takes Kt (best)	KR takes R
35 R takes R	Kt to B7 ch
36 K to R2	R takes P
37 R to QR8	Q to B5

This renders the White pieces, except the Rook, entirely powerless

38 R to K8	P to R4
39 R to K4	Kt takes R
40 Q to Q4 ch	K to R2
41 P to R4	Q to B6
42 Q takes Kt	R takes P ch
43 K to R3	Q takes Q
44 Kt takes Q	R to QKt7 wins.

Gazette.

DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

The proprietors of THE CRITIC offer two prizes—to consist of books on Checkers—to those subscribers who shall send in the greatest number of correct solutions during the current year. No entrance fee required.

THE TEAM MATCH—HALIFAX VS. SHUBENACADIE.

This event came off according to arrangement on Thanksgiving Day. The teams were as follows:—Halifax—Frank Hamilton, Wm. Forsyth, Samuel Granville and Peter O'Hearn; Shubenacadie—Mr. Lynch, G. O. Forbes, Mr. Fish and Mr. Wickwire. It was arranged that each player of the Halifax team should play two games with every member of the opposing team. After playing five games Mr. Hamilton was obliged to retire, having to take the train for Halifax to keep an important engagement. Mr. Forsyth of Dartmouth took his place and played the remaining three games of Mr. Hamilton's series. The scores were as below:—

Hamilton 2, Wickwire 0, drawn 0.	Hamilton 2, Fish 0, drawn 0.
Hamilton 1, Lynch 0, drawn 0.	W. Forsyth jr. 0, Lynch 1, drawn 0.
W. Forsyth jr. 0, Forbes 2, drawn 0.	W. Forsyth sr. 0, Fish 0, drawn 2.
W. Forsyth sr. 2, Forbes 0, drawn 0.	W. Forsyth sr. 2, Wickwire 0, drawn 0.
W. Forsyth sr. 0, Lynch 1, drawn 1.	Granville 0, Forbes 1, drawn 1.
Granville 1, Wickwire 0, drawn 1.	Granville 1, Fish 0, drawn 1.
Granville 0, Lynch 0, drawn 2.	O'Hearn 0, Lynch 2, drawn 0.
O'Hearn 0, Forbes 0, drawn 2.	O'Hearn 0, Wickwire 1, drawn 1.
O'Hearn 0, Fish 0, drawn 2.	

To summarise, the Halifax team won 11 games; the Shubenacadie team 8; and there were 13 drawn games. The result was a genuine surprise to all parties; Mr. Hamilton taking the lead by winning every game that he played. Mr. Forsyth, though making a creditable score, did not play in his best form. Mr. Granville did exceedingly well, his games being the best contested of the match. Mr. O'Hearn was evidently out of sorts and did not come up to the expectations of his friends. The Halifax players went to Shubenacadie expecting an easy victory, but they found their work well cut out for them. If a return match should be arranged we would be pleased to have it come off in Halifax and suggest the 1st of January as a suitable day for

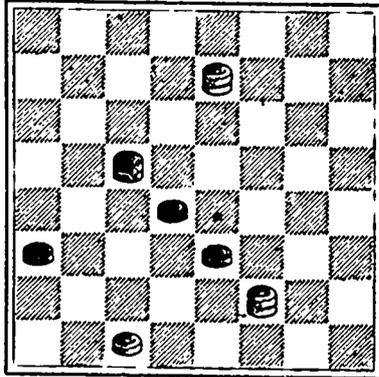
it. All concerned put in a very enjoyable day. This will be a memorable event to Nova Scotia players, as it was the first team match that ever took place in this Province so far as we know.

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM 140—The position was:—
Black men 2, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 21; white men 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 30, 31; white to play and win. This is how Mr. Mosley wins game 31.
30 26 26 10 19 12 27 24
21—30 80—25 25—21 w. wins.
22 18 24 19 31 27
15—22 11—15 21—17

PROBLEM No. 142.

By J. A. Kear, Bristol, England.
Black men 18, 21, 23, king 14.



White man 30, king 7, 27.
White to move and draw.

GAME XXXV.
"ALMA."

Played in the recent team match between Messrs. Lynch and Granville, the former moving first.

11—15	6—9	18—25	9—13
23 19	26 22	29 22	4 8
8—11	9—18	6—9	15—24
22 17	24 19	23 18	27 23
3—8	15—24	7—11	24—27
26 23	22 15	15 10	23 19
11—16	4—8	11—16	27—31
17 14	28 19	19 15	22 18
9—18	5—9	16—19	31—27
23 14	25 22	15 11	18 15
16—23	1—6	8—15	27—24
27 11	32 27	18 11	19 16
8—15	9—14	12—16	24—19
31 26	30 26	11 8	16 11
10—17	14—18	16—20	19—16
21 14	26 23	8 4	10 7

drawn.

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LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth.....	\$5,000	\$5,000
1 Real Estate worth.....	2,000	2,000
1 Real Estate worth.....	1,000	1,000
4 Real Estates worth.....	500	2,000
10 Real Estates worth.....	300	3,000
30 Furniture Sets worth.....	200	6,000
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