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THE CRITIC:

A Maritime Provincial Journal.

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HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 11, 1891.

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

EDITORIAL NOTES	3, 4
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Chit-Chat and Chuckles.....	5
News of the Week	6, 7
Chess	7
Poetry—One Seaside Grave	8
Afterward	8
Book Gossip	8, 9
Edison's New Method	9
Industrial Notes	9
Commercial	10, 11
Market Quotations.....	11
Serial—A Detective Success	12
Heartsease	12, 13
Mining	14, 15, 16
Draughts—Checkers	17
City Chimes	18

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It would be interesting to know why a letter addressed to Rev. Hugh McMillan, posted in Bermuda on the 26th of November, should be found lying among a lot of car sweepings near the Narrows Bridge on December 1st. It may have been by accident that this happened, or there may have been gross carelessness or worse on the part of the railway postal authorities. The letter was found by Mr. T. C. Connor, contractor, of Moncton, N. B., who kindly took the trouble to mail it again. It was of considerable importance, and contained a cheque for a sum of money. In the ordinary course of events this letter should have come to Halifax via New York by rail, but by some mischance it failed to reach its destination. In view of the importance of having the mails strictly inviolate, this case appears to call for investigation.

A man, who must certainly have been madder than a March hare, entered the office of Russell Sage, the many-times-a-millionaire, in New York, last Friday, and demanded \$1,200,000. Failing to obtain this rather large amount of booty, he threw to the floor a bomb, which demolished the building and killed five people, including himself, and injured five or six others. The man is supposed to have been H. D. Wilson, an escaped lunatic, but there is some suspicion that he belonged to a gang of organized bomb throwers, pledged to kill all monopolists. A man named D. Southwick has since been arrested on suspicion of having had some connection with the affair, but we think it is most likely that the man who threw the bomb was insane and committed the deed on his own account. At any rate, if this was an organized attempt to terrorize millionaires, it has proved a failure, for Russell Sage appeared to be the least injured of all the occupants of the room, and the crank himself paid the penalty of his crime with his life.

The question as to the liability of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association for the \$10,000 life insurance policy effected by the late James Maybrick in favor of his wife Florence, now in jail under life sentence for causing her husband's death by administering poison to him, has been settled. The judges of the Court of Appeal in London, on Monday, decided that the Association is liable for the payment, provided the wife does not profit by it. This decision is most important, as it establishes a precedent in law effecting life insurance. It will appear to most people as just and equitable. Maybrick effected the policy, and he could not prevent the

manner of his death, therefore, it would be unfair that his heirs should be deprived of the benefit of the provision he had made for their comfort. Mrs. Maybrick, if she committed the crime for which she is imprisoned—which many people doubt—would naturally be shut out from the enjoyment of the money, but it would not seem right that the insurance company should reap any benefit from the crime. It would be different if a man committed suicide, for that would be perpetrating a deliberate fraud on the insurance company.

The course pursued by Newfoundland towards the Canadian fishermen has resulted in the putting in force by the Dominion Government of the clauses of the customs act levying duties upon fish imported from Newfoundland. The formal proclamation to this effect was signed by the Governor General on Tuesday. This is Canada's first return blow for the unfriendly treatment received from Newfoundland, and it probably means only the beginning of the fray. The breach between the Dominion and the Ancient Colony has been slowly widening for some time, but it now promises to become irreparable. It is not improbable that Newfoundland will now impose discriminative duties upon all Canadian products, and that in return for privileges granted to United States fishermen, the United States will abolish duties upon Newfoundland products, and thus direct the tide of trade away from Canada. The turn affairs have taken is much to be regretted, for complications may arise out of this bait question which will seriously embarrass the empire. It is a not-to-be-contemplated contingency that Newfoundland should ever transfer its allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. Britain would not allow it, and if any serious tendency towards such a move were noticeable, she would make bare her arm in short order.

The Presbyterian denomination in the Lower Provinces has had very sorrowful news from its missions in the New Hebrides. Rev. Joseph Annand writes from those islands that some time ago Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Laurie, missionaries, lost a child, which so preyed upon Mrs. Laurie's mind that she became crazy, and had to be removed to Australia—a task that was accomplished with difficulty. Another lady, Mrs. Segget, wife of a missionary, became insane and committed suicide by hanging. The third tragedy is the most terrible of all. A young planter who had been married but two days, went with his partner in business from the small island on which Mr. Annand lives to an adjoining one to engage in his regular occupation. A commotion was observed on the beach of the island during the day, and when help arrived it was found that bushmen from the interior had come down and killed the young bridegroom and two natives, whose bodies they carried away for a cannibal feast. These sad incidents in the lives of the missionaries will serve to awaken deep sympathy for them. The Gospel has done much for the natives of these islands, and while brave men are found willing to carry on the work it will not fail. Mention was made of the sad news in all the Presbyterian Churches of the City on Sunday. Much sympathy is felt for the Mission Society.

The story of the financial wreck and break down of the health of Cyrus W. Field, the famous originator of the Atlantic cable system, illustrates most forcibly the instability of fortune. Mr. Field entered a mercantile house at the age of fifteen, and by his ability and perseverance in business was enabled to retire with a fortune at the age of thirty-four, and devote himself to the accomplishment of an object on which he had set his hopes—the laying of a cable across the Atlantic. A Canadian electrician, Mr. F. N. Gisborne, it is said, made the first suggestions which led to the formation of a company for the purpose of establishing a telegraph line from the American Continent to Newfoundland, and thence to Europe. A number of prominent American capitalists were associated with Mr. Field in this venture, and several attempts were made to lay the cable, but they failed of accomplishment. Mr. Field then went to London and organized a new company, subscribing one fourth of its capital himself. Both the British and United States Governments were induced to aid the enterprise by ships and other means, and the third effort to lay the cable proved successful. Communication thus established lasted only three weeks, and affairs looked rather hopeless. This was in 1858, and it was not until 1865 another expedition was fitted out, and the *Great Eastern* started to lay a cable. The first attempt by this monstrous steamer was a failure, but in the following year she managed to connect the old and new worlds by the slender tie which has, in a manner, annihilated space for us. It took twelve years of incessant toil, and the penalty of crossing the ocean fifty times before this result was achieved, and Mr. Field was acknowledged to be a benefactor to the world. Honors and fame were his, but now he is overcome by trouble. The death of his wife, the failure and insanity of his son, and his daughter's illness, together with his own impoverished state, form a sorrowful setting to the latter end of a life that has been exceptionally useful to his fellow men.

The announcement is made that Canada is to have a monthly magazine. The *Dominion Illustrated*, which has been a welcome weekly visitor, and has done much good work since its first publication, is to be changed to a first-class monthly, such as our literateurs will be glad to contribute their best work to, and which will be a credit to Canada. The cry has often been raised that we have no magazine that can compete with the great United States publications, but we hope this reproach will now be permanently removed, and that the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* will be a success from the word go. It will be under the same management as the weekly, with Mr. Edwards as head editor.

Political speechifying has been rampant on both sides of the Atlantic of late. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone have been "going it" at conventions and elsewhere, and party feeling runs high. On this side of the Atlantic a good deal of the talking has been done by Canadian leaders in the United States, which is really a very strange state of affairs when we look at it closely. Would it not appear odd if Mr. Gladstone betook himself to France to talk about the affairs of Britain, or would we take much interest in an American politician, even Blaine, Harrison, Cleveland, or the famous William McKinley, were one of them to come to us with long stories about their country—if they would do such a thing? Why cannot our public men deliver their messages to our own people when they feel called upon to deliver themselves? There is always some excuse for these excursions abroad, but they do not convey a sense of fitness to the minds of home-loving people.

An alderman of Philadelphia who conducts a successful private business, boldly asserts that under existing circumstances it is impossible to conduct the affairs of the city on a sound business basis. In the *Forum* for October he gives many illustrations to prove his assertion, of which we give the digest of one. Says Alderman ——"Realizing the advantages of open squares or breathing places in the growing part of the city, I recommended the council to purchase certain large vacant properties; at the same time pointing out that by locating on each an open square or small park the contiguous land could be laid off into building lots and sold at such an advanced price as would enable the city to pay for the square out of its profits. The matter was referred to the Recorder, who advised the council that the city could not go into land speculations, and thus the patriotic idea was thwarted." What is true of Philadelphia is likely to be true of Halifax, and this will probably account for some of the transactions of the council which the public have regarded as unbusiness-like.

Our wealthy bluenoses who purpose making benevolent and public-spirited bequests should take a warning from the outcome of the will of the late Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, and so arrange their affairs while living as to insure the carrying out of their purposes after death. Mr. Tilden was a lawyer of high standing, but in the making of his will he secured the assistance of the best legal talent to be obtained in New York, thus hoping to make his last testimony full and secure. He bequeathed the magnificent sum of \$6,000,000 towards the foundation of a free public library, but despite his own care and that of his friend, the heirs discovered a flaw in the will, and the courts have just decided in their favor. One of the heirs, who, under this decision, is entitled to \$3,000,000, has decided to allow two-thirds of the amount to be appropriated in accordance with the expressed wishes of Mr. Tilden. Had the testator, while still living, donated \$6,000,000 towards a public library, he would never have missed the same, and he would have had the personal satisfaction of seeing that his money was applied in such a manner as he desired.

The experiment made by the United States people in forming cavalry troops and infantry companies made up of Indians, appears to be meeting with success so far as civilizing the braves is concerned. They are said to make good soldiers, learn the drill readily, and are obedient, and have in a marked degree that *esprit de corps* which is necessary to turn uniformed men into soldiers. This illustrates the truth so often spoken, that the characteristics of individuals or tribes need only to be guided and directed to make them of use to the public instead of a menace. The Indians are naturally warriors, and when hostile to the United States are a troublesome problem, but this fighting instinct turned into other channels by the pale faces becomes of value. It would be useless to try and crush out instinct, and to civilize the Indians by main force, but when once taken into the confidence of the nation and made part of its fighting organization, they realize that civilization as demonstrated to them is worth looking into. Secretary Proctor hopes that when the Indian troopers have served their terms and go back to their tribes they will preach civilization. It is to be hoped so.

The Manipur affair, which has grown faint in the memories of many of us, has again been brought prominently before the notice of the public by the striking off the names of two officers concerned, Captain Boileau and Captain Butcher, from the army list. Full reasons for this severe course are not given, but it is hinted that they were guilty of cowardice in the retreat from the Residency, in which Mrs. Grimwood joined. The whole affair appears to have been a blunder from the first, for Mrs. Grimwood, in her book, states that her husband considered the Senaputty as the most reliable as well as the ablest of the Manipur princes, and it was against his advice that the fatal effort was made to treacherously capture him. The Government of India is coming in for a good deal of blame in connection with this blundering, and although the officers who have been dismissed their regi-

ments may have acted in an unsoldierly manner, their punishment does not seem to do all that is called for. Whatever mistakes they made originated in mal-administration, and the entire disaster should receive a thorough investigation. Captain Boileau, it may be added, has an excellent record, and his friends are unable to understand why he should be cashiered.

A London paper, speaking on the subject of the surplus of women in the matrimonial market in England, makes a mistake in indicating Canada as a field for those who cannot find husbands at home. We have quite as many, if not more, marriageable girls in this part of Canada than there are husbands for, and other things being equal it is rather better for our young men to select their wives from among their own countrywomen, than take even the choicest from among those left over after Englishmen have had the pick. There are quarters of the globe, we believe, where there are not enough women to supply the men with a wife each, and a short time ago *The Popular Science Monthly* and *Goldthwait's Geographical Magazine* contained articles on Poland, or the custom of one woman having several husbands. It is up north somewhere, if we remember rightly—Baffin Bay or thereabouts—where this custom is still in force, so if there is truth in it, we could have no possible objection to the English surplus shaping its course for that place. We have little anticipation of the lorn fair ones taking a fancy to the climate or the inhabitants, so they will have to seek some other and more congenial outlet. It would be a good thing if this matter could be adjusted exactly right, so that there would be a mate for everyone, but it is a delicate matter to interfere with and must perforce be left to manage itself.

The *Toronto Globe* would squelch all our hopes of a Nova Scotian winter port at one fell swoop. Last week it discussed the matter in a very off-hand way, and dismissed all our claims, on the ground that geography is against us. The *Globe* is needlessly severe in saying "the case serves to illustrate a curious weakness of the Maritime people—their unwillingness to look facts in the face when the facts are disagreeable." We object to this superior tone on the part of the *Globe*; Maritime people are not at all behind their compatriots of the Upper Provinces in good sense and ability to distinguish between justice and injustice. We will never be able to agree with the *Globe*, however, that Canadian railroads are compelled to build up inland territory at our expense, and to give Canadian ocean ports the go-by in favor of United States ports. Of course there are difficulties about procuring a fast steamship service between Canada and Great Britain, but they can be got over if the right means are taken. Canada cannot at first undertake to compete with such steamers as the *Teutonic* and others running to New York, but if we had a suitable line established there would not be much trouble about securing sufficient passengers and freight. The travelling public will go by the best route, and there is no reason why a Canadian route should not come near enough to perfection to secure all the traffic it needs. Halifax is a port with immense possibilities, and even if it be "childishness," as the *Globe* assumes, for us to continue "to keep on clamoring year after year," we have no intention of giving up asking for our rights.

London has been experiencing the excitement of a sensational divorce suit brought by a lady of rank, Countess Russell, against her husband, Earl Russell, on the ground of cruelty of an extreme and extraordinary nature. The hearing of the case was begun on December 1st, and has attracted great attention. According to evidence given by the Countess, her noble lord compelled her to do menial offices, frequently told her to "go to the Devil," and reproached her in the coarsest manner, because she had no children. His ill-treatment of Lady Russell appears to have been brutally persistent, and according to the reports of the affair in court he treated all the Countess' recital of her injuries as a joke, and hid his face in his hands and laughed. Lady Russell is a beautiful woman, and had, as her leading counsel, Sir Edward Clark, Solicitor-General. The Earl, who is only twenty-six years of age, very plain and "washed out" looking, was defended by Mr. Lockwood and Sir Charles Russell. The latter, in concluding his presentment of the case for Earl Russell, declared that the petitioner was petulant and nervous, with an exacting temper, and he ridiculed many of her statements as gross exaggerations. Surely such things as these are no excuse for a man's cruelty to his wife, however much they may annoy him. The disgraceful disclosures made by the plaintiff regarding the relations between her husband and Professor Roberts, were such as to drive ladies from the court room—where by the way, they had no business to be. The fact is that the early training of Earl Russell was of a sort that would not be likely to produce the best of men. His father, Viscount Amberley, directed in his will that his children, among them the heir to the Earldom, won by his father, the celebrated Lord John Russell, were to be brought up to disbelieve in Christianity, and now we find that his infidel training is not doing itself much credit. Of course there are Christians, more's the pity, who have disgraced their faith in the same way, but there is little doubt that if the obligations of Christianity were altogether removed, we would suffer far more from immorality than we do now. Infidels who abandon Christianity of their own accord are in a very different position from those who are brought up without any regard for religion. The former are usually thinkers, and act from conviction, but the latter have no standard, and do right or wrong as they feel inclined. The summing up of the evidence by Judge Baite took place on Friday last, after which the jury returned a verdict for Earl Russell. There will, of course, be nothing to prevent the Countess leaving her husband at any time, but she will have no claim for alimony.

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach to Healthy Action.

K. D. C. Acts Like Magic on the Stomach.

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CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

I am the Chrysanthemum,
I know I'm yellor,
And sometimes yellorer;
But I am in it
Just the same.
I am aware I'm built
Somewhat
After the pattern of a mop;
But yet
I am an efflorescent epitome
Of the great American spirit
Of got thar.
For I struck this country
A stranger
Without a cent
And no capital,
Except my blooming shaps.
But I stood straight up
And held my head high,
And do yet.
And to-day myself
And my descendants
Are in the floral 400.
And the more
Frills
We develop
The more we're admired.

—Indianapolis Journal.

The Banker's Daughter.—He—Didn't my note come to you in time yesterday? She—No; I never received it. He—Strange! I wonder where it went? She—Oh, I remember hearing papa say something about a note of yours going to protest yesterday—whatever that is.

THE POET.

He sings the sunrise hues of red,
The joys of early dawn,
And yet he never leaves his bed
Till twelve o'clock each morn.

"What is your name, little girl?" asked a gentleman of a five-year-old maid. "Mildred Amy Boylos, sir." The next day the same gentleman saw the child again, and for want of something better to say, asked her name once more. "It's the same now as it was yesterday," replied the little girl, stiffly.

PROCRASTINATION.—"Did yer father lick yer, Jimmie?"
"Yep."
"Did yer put the jography in yer pants?"
"Yep."
"Then what ye're cryin' fur?"
"Ah—h—h—I didn't have time to put my pants on—boo-boo!"

A FRAGMENT.

Only an old, old wall, yet doth it form
A picture, in itself complete,
Where trailing wreaths of ivy creeping o'er
And hanging down, their graceful tendrils meet
And intertwine.
And here and there are little tufts of moss,
Seeming more emerald green
In contrast to the old grey stone:
With grass and golden dandelion the summit crowned,
While deep-wooded wal'f-w-r- fill the air around
With fragrance. Who shall say,
"Only an old stone wall, there is no beauty there?"
The soul that seeks for beauty find, it ove-^{vw}rrro
London Public Opinion.

Persons with a strong instinctive tendency to contradictions are apt to become unprofitable companions. Our thoughts are plants that never flourish in inhospitable soils or chilly atmospheres. They are all started under glass, so to speak; that is sheltered and fostered in our own sunny consciousness. They must expect some rough treatment when we lift the sash from the frame and let the outside elements in upon them. They can bear the rain and the breezes, and be all the better for them; but perpetual contradiction is a pelting hail-storm which spoils their growth and tends to kill them out altogether.

It is related of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen that when they first visited America, several years ago, they had a funny experience with a folding bed in a Chicago hotel. It was the first contrivance of the kind they had ever seen, and a servant explained its mysteries to the Countess. During the night, however, their bell in the office rang a long call for assistance, and a chambermaid who was despatched to the suite of rooms occupied by the lordly pair, found the noble Earl, clad in a hastily donned dressing gown, frantically endeavoring to extricate the fair Countess from the jaws of the bed, which had closed on her unexpectedly. The Earl regarded the episode as a good joke, and afterward sent to Chicago for a dozen similar beds for Aberdeen Castle.

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. This woman has tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun. Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure'll come. But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a guaranteed remedy in the nearest drug store.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Mild and effective.

INTENSE SUFFERING!

Mr. William Buchanan, 24 years engineer in the Cunard Steamship Company's service, 8 St. John's Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool, Eng., writes: "I suffered two years of agony from an affection in the head which six physicians pronounced incurable.



They were divided in opinion as to whether it was acute neuralgia of the head or rheumatic affection of the brain, but all agreed that I could never recover. In my paroxysms of pain it needed two and sometimes three men to hold me down in bed. When at death's door,

ST. JACOBS OIL

was applied to my head. It acted like magic. It saved my life. I am well and hearty, and have had no return of the trouble."

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I obtained a diploma at the HALIFAX BUSINESS COLLEGE during the winter of 1889, and feel amply repaid for the time and money spent there.

I would recommend all who wish to acquire a knowledge of book-keeping to place themselves under Mr. Frazee's instruction. They will find him a very efficient and painstaking teacher, and the course of study such as will give them a thorough knowledge of the subject.

G. W. COLE,

Bookkeeper at A. Robb & Sons, Amherst, N. S.

OR PARTICULARS WRITE TO

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119 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

Sir John Macdonald's law library was to be sold in Toronto on the 9th and 10th insts.

Digby's new Conservative paper, the *Canadian*, is to appear to-morrow for the first time.

The estimate for school expenditure in Halifax for next year amounts to almost \$100,000.

Point du Chene, N. B., had a \$15,000 fire on Sunday. It was most disastrous to the village.

The Halifax Retail Grocers' Association has decided that no more Christmas presents will be given to customers.

All denominations in Manitoba will soon be asking for free schools. The Episcopalians are asking for them now.

Judgment was delivered in the Guysboro election case on Tuesday, when D. C. Fraser was sustained in his seat.

On Tuesday evening next a public meeting will be held in the Academy of Music to consider the Atlantic mail question.

St. John *Progress* came to us last week as a twenty page paper, which we presume may be taken as a sign of prosperity.

The election of J. A. Gillies, Conservative, a member for Richmond, has been set aside on account of bribery by an agent.

Much interest is being taken in the state of the fire department in this city. It appears to need a competent paid head very badly.

A formal order in Council has been passed confirming the dismissal of Arnoldi, Senecal, Bronskill, Talbot, Dionne and Bradley.

The annual meeting of the Commercial Travellers' Association was held on Wednesday evening. T. C. Allen was elected president for the coming year.

Moir, Son & Co's new building is to be completed by May 1st. The structure will be considerably larger than the old bakery destroyed by fire last spring.

Parrsboro experienced a severe fire on Nov. 30th. Two or three stores were destroyed. It is strange that a place like Parrsboro should have no fire apparatus.

A man named Daggat was arrested at Digby a few days ago for indecent assault on a little girl. He is married and has a wife living in another part of the province.

Wolfville is talking strongly of having a system of electric light put in. Annapolis has everything ready for starting its electric light shortly. The towns are keeping up with the spirit of the age.

The Provincial Rifle Association held its annual meeting in the Halifax Hotel on Monday, when the usual business was transacted. A vote of thanks was passed to Premier Fielding for continuation of Government grant towards the funds.

The bluejackets on the transport train from Vancouver to Halifax are expected to arrive to-day. The troopship *Tyne* arrived ahead of time on Monday with the relief crews for the war ships *Champion* and *Pheasant* of the Pacific squadron.

The Nova Scotia Improvement Company has sent a letter, through its solicitor, to the Board of City Works proposing to make a residential district in the southern suburbs, and asking for a complete understanding on the subject of taxation, etc.

The adjourned meeting of the Merchants' Tax Reform Association was held in the City Hall committee room on Tuesday afternoon. It was fully representative, and after discussion the report of the committee was unanimously adopted, and will be sent to the City Council.

Jewish Rabbi Maurice Schmullovitz, of Philadelphia, is going to take up his residence in Halifax, and conduct religious services for the members of the Jewish faith in this city. He will also superintend the killing of meat for them, which is an important office among the Jews.

The Valley Telephone Company has completed a successful month's business, and intends to extend its line through the valley, from Granville and Annapolis to Hantsport, thence to connect with the N. S. Telephone Co's line. Upon the completion of this link there will be telephone communication between Yarmouth and Halifax.

The Christmas number of the Halifax *Mercury* made its appearance last Saturday. It has some pretty, but not new, illustrations, and is well printed. The number is an improvement on the midsummer special number, and the picture of Mr. Fielding, Premier of Nova Scotia, will certainly be prized by that gentleman's many admirers.

Those interested in the customs and history of the people of Asia will gladly hear of the course of lectures shortly to be delivered by Rev. G. J. Bond, of Brunswick St. Methodist Church, on his recent travels in Palestine. The series will consist of five illustrated lectures, and while interesting and instructive to all, will prove especially so to Bible students.

We have the pleasure of acknowledging two calendars, large and small, both of useful proportions, from E. F. Doyle, agent of the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford. Messrs A. & W. Mackinlay also deserve our thanks for one of Carter's Ink perpetual calendars, and two useful office cards showing the Sundays in 1892. Messrs. Mackinlay are agents for Carter's Inks.

Grip's Comic Almanac fully comes up to the expectations concerning it. One of the most amusing features is the monthly private memorandum of the editor, doctor, politician, student, lover, Chicago widow, school boy, society man, cattle drover, lodge crank, agitator and householder. There is lots of fun in it, and as the small sum of ten cents only is asked, everyone will be able to afford a copy. Grip Printing and Publishing Co., Toronto.

The contract between the Commercial Cable Company and Siemens Bros. for the management of the steamer Mackay Bennett has expired, and the Cable Company now assumes direct control of the steamer. This necessitates some changes in the staff, some of the officers going home to England, while others remain on the ship. Former Chief Engineer Schenk becomes captain, and Captain Hicks, with a majority of his officers goes home.

The drill shed on Spring Garden Road was very badly damaged by fire on the night of Thursday of last week. Owing to the blundering of the policeman who struck the alarm the firemen were unable to discover where the fire was, and all out was sounded. This caused a delay of about half an hour, and meanwhile the fire was gaining great headway. When the firemen finally got to work it had done a deal of damage, and it was with difficulty they could fight it because of the dense smoke which filled the building. Cartridges exploding frightened many of the spectators away, but there was fortunately no powder stored in the building. There was no insurance on the building or the arms stored in it. The banners of the North British Society were damaged by water, and those of St. George's Society were burned. The latter were uninsured. Some of the officers lost heavily.

On Monday morning the Halifax Creamery Co. made us a present of four glass jars of milk, each holding one imperial quart of a splendid quality of the lacteal fluid. The staff of THE CRITIC took kindly to the contents of the jars, and only one was left to set for cream. This method of delivering milk is as far ahead of the old tin can as the electric light is ahead of tallow dips, and we hope it will be generally adopted by all milk dealers. The wagon in which the jars are carried to customers is quite sumptuous, being heated by an oil stove in cold weather so the milk will not freeze. The inside is lined with shelves and is capable of containing between four and five hundred bottles. A fine pair of iron greys are attached to the wagon, which is a creditable turn-out in all respects. To judge by the samples of milk submitted to us, we should say the customers of the company are fortunate in obtaining a superior article, such as would scorn the imputation of adulteration or depreciation of any kind. The wagons of the company were built by DeWolfe, Son & Co., who are also building two sleighs for use when the snow arrives.

We are in receipt of a copy of the Christmas *Dominion Illustrated* which is a magnificent issue, entirely the product of Canadian skill and enterprise. It is ahead of any Christmas issue ever brought out in Canada, and will be highly appreciated both at home and abroad. The supplements are four in number; chief of these are two large reproductions of oil paintings—one "A type of Canadian Beauty," by Mr. J. W. L. Foster, of Toronto, the other "The Young Recruits," by Mr. C. Patterson, of Montreal. Both of these will greatly please the general public. Another supplement also in colors, is an eight page series of comic sketches of the trials and mishaps of a corpulent English sportsman while hunting in the woods, away back in the French Canadian country. A fourth is a photogravure showing all the universities of the Dominion, printed on a large sheet of heavy paper suitable for framing. The number itself is a beauty. It contains 40 pages of stories, poems and articles from the pens of some of our most brilliant writers. Almost every page contains an exquisite illustration, printed in colors; no less than five different tints are used in the press work of the volume. Altogether the issue is a superb one and Canadians should feel proud of such a national contribution to the Christmas literature of the year.

The Congress of the United States met on Tuesday. The Democrats have 236 representatives, the Republicans 87 and the Farmers' Alliance 8, with one vacancy.

President Harrison's address to Congress dealt with the Bering Sea seal fishery question, and stated that terms satisfactory to Great Britain and the United States had been agreed upon for its settlement. The address also stated that provision should be made for a joint demarcation of the frontier line between the United States and Canada. The need of a powerful modern navy was also spoken of, as well as other reforms.

Dr. Welti, President of Switzerland, has resigned.

It is stated that the Archbishop of Canterbury will make a tour of the United States and Canada next year.

Dom Pedro, ex-emperor of Brazil, died in Paris on December 4th. The last words of the ex-emperor were expressive of love for Brazil and wishes for the welfare of the country. The funeral was held on the 9th inst.

Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, on Friday last proposed to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, and was accepted. The marriage will probably take place at an early date.

London is now excited over another divorce suit. Florence St. John, the actress, is asking for release from her husband, Marius, on the grounds of adultery and cruelty. Sir Charles Russell is counsel for Miss St. John.

British politics are lively just now with speeches from leaders. Lord Salisbury spoke at Birmingham on November 24th, and Mr. Gladstone made a reply at Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, on the 28th. Of course they are attracting a great deal of attention.

Mme. Caroline Poff, the only Belgian female journalist, and the senior member of the Belgian Press, died on December 1st aged 81. Since 1835 she has been editor of the *Journal de Bruges* and also wrote largely for the Brussels papers. In 1886 the whole Belgian press banquetted her on the occasion of her golden wedding with journalism, when the King made her a knight of the Order of Leopold. It was an unprecedented honor for a woman, entitling her to a military funeral.

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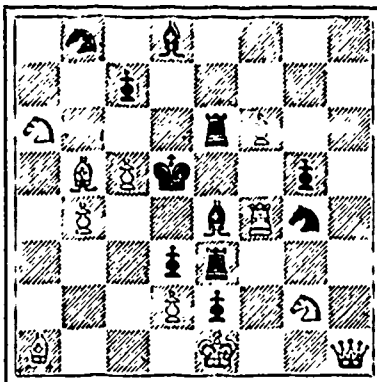
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HALIFAX.**

Halifax Printing Co.,
161 Hollis St.
Halifax.

CHIESS.

Solution of Problem 94, P to K4.
Solved by C. W. L.

PROBLEM No. 95.
"Et Spero at timo." First Prize
two mover in Sussex Tourney.
From *Montreal Gazette.*
By Rev. R. J. Wright.
Black 10 pieces.



White 12 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME No. 96.
An Interesting Attack.
The following game illustrates a popular sacrifice occurring in the Vienna Opening, or in one form of the King's Gambit Declined. It was played in the Copenhagen Chess Club last August:

(Vienna Opening)
H. Seyboth. White. H. Ruben. Black.
1 P to K4 P to K4
2 Kt to QB3 Kt to QB3
3 P to B4 B to B4
4 Kt to B3 P to Q3
5 B to B4 Kt to B3
6 P to Q3 B to KKt5
7 P to KR3 B tks Kt
8 Q tks B Kt to Q5
9 Q to Kt3

Introduced by Blackburne against Andersson in the Vienna Tournament of 1873, (continued Q to K2. 10 K to Q1.)

Kt tks P ch
Buriillo won a fine game in the New York Tournament against Tschigorin, who castled here.
10 K to Q sq Kt tks R
11 Q tks P R to KB sq
Steinitz gives K to Q2! 12 P tks P, P tks P. 13 B to KKt5, R to KKt1. 14 Q tks P ch, Q to K2. 12 B to K6 ch, K to B3 and should win.
12 P tks P P tks P
13 R to B sq B to K2
14 B to R6

The *Nationalist* (notes by H. Krause) advocates 14 B to KKt5, Kt to Kt1! 15 B tks P ch, K to Q2. 16 Kt to Q5 with the advantage.
14 Q to Q3
15 Kt to Kt5 Q to Kt3

Our Danish contemporary prefers
16 B to Kt5.

Castles
17 B tks R B tks B
18 Q tks P Kt to Q2
19 Q to B3 P to QR3
20 Kt to R3 B to Kt5
21 Q to B sq Kt to K4
Black has indeed turned the tables.
22 B to Q5 P to B3
23 Kt to B4 Kt tks Kt
24 B tks Kt Q to Q5
25 K to K2 P to Kt4
26 B to Q5 B to B4
27 R to B6 Q tks R
28 Q tks B Q tks P ch

White resigns. A neat little partie.
—Baltimore *Sunday News.*

GAIN ONE POUND A Day.
A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,
SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND \$1.00
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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND \$1.00
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S. S. PREMIER
will sail from HALIFAX for BOSTON TUESDAY, Dec. 15th, at 10 o'clock p. m., and every Tuesday evening thereafter. Returning will leave Savannah Pier, Boston, every Saturday at noon. The Premier will be the fastest steamer between Halifax and Boston.
Saloon admissions.
Through Tickets for sale at Stations Intercolonial Railway.
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WEDNESDAY EVENING, Dec. 16th,
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In a most Refined and Pleasing Programme.
13—BEAUTIFUL LADIES—13 | 4—VERY FUNNY END MEN—4
The Most Elegantly Costumed, the Most Refined Burlesque, Grandest Stage Settings, and Most Perfect and Complete Organization to-day in America. Everything New, Bright and Sparkling.
Prices to Suit the Times: General Admission 25c. Reserved Seats 35c.
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(Directly Opposite Railway Station.)
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That is six doors south of Duke St,

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A Bottle of Choice Perfumery,
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A Pair of Spectacles, in Gold Frames, for your
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A Bottle of Nisbet's Cocoa Cough Cure, to stop
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100 " " 25.....	2,500 00
200 " " 15.....	3,000 00
500 " " 10.....	5,000 00
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999 " " 5.....	4,995 00

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S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,
81 St. James St., Montreal Canada.

ONE SEASIDE GRAVE.

Unmindful of the roses,
Unmindful of the thorn,
A reaper tired reposes
Among his gathered corn;
So might I, till the morn.

Cold as the cold Decembers,
Past as the days that set,
While only one remembers
And all the rest forget—
But one remembers yet.

—Christina G. Rossetti

AFTERWARD.

There is no vacant chair. The loving meet—
A group unbroken—smitten. Who knows how?
One sitteth silent only. In his usual seat
We gave him once that freedom. Why not now?

Perhaps he is too weary and needs rest.
He needed it too often, nor could we
Bestow. God gave it, knowing how to do so best.
Which of us would disturb him? Let him be.

There is no vacant chair. If he will take
The mood to listen mutely, he it done.
By his least mood we crossed, for which the heart must ache.
Plead not nor question! Let him have this one.

Death is a mood of life. It is no whim
By which life's Giver mocks a broken heart.
Death is life's reticence. Still audible to him
The flushed voice, happy, speaketh on, apart.

There is no vacant chair. To love is still
To have. Nearer to memory than to eye,
And dearer yet to anguish than to comfort, will
We hold him by our love, that shall not die.

For while it doth not, then he cannot. Try!
Who can put out the motion or the smile?
The old ways of being noble all with him laid by?
Because we love he is. Then trust awhile.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

BOOK GOSSIP.

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has taken as the subject of her story, "The Lady of Fort St. John," the important epoch in the history of Acadie, when Marie de la Tour was left in charge of Fort St. John and bravely defended it with her small garrison against D'Aulnay de Charnisay until a traitor within her walls sold her to the enemy. The bare historic facts have been very much enlarged upon, and a considerable plot is made use of in working out the narrative. A number of interesting characters are introduced who give life and color to the scene. Not least of these is Le Rossignol, who, although her introduction is needlessly abrupt and unexplained, and whose diminutive size and long flights on the Swan are calculated to tax our credulity, is yet made to play an important part in the tale. The style in which the book is written is quaint and attractive, and the dialogue is interesting and bright. Some little slips in matters of detail we observe, such as the calling of the bit of ivory used in playing the mandolin, a "disk." We never heard of a circular spectrum being used for the purpose. As far as the personality of the heroine herself is concerned, we are amply satisfied with the picture Mrs. Catherwood has made to live before us. She is the sweet, brave woman such as we have always thought of, womanly with all her ability to command in time of war. A touch of pathos beside the main tragedy of the story is given in the hopeless but pure love of Edalwald de Born for his lady. The death of de Charnisay in the quicksands, as described by Le Rossignol, and his calling for help, "until the tide's horses tramped him under," is one of the finest pieces of writing in the book. For a story of which the key-note is tragedy, the filling in is remarkably bright, but we cannot say that local color is one of its strong points. The wonderful tides of the Bay of Fundy, of which everyone has heard, are referred to a few times, but otherwise there is little to show where Fort St. John was situated. By the way, as Le Rossignol was a woman, would it not have been better to have given her the feminine, La Rossignol, as a name? Taken as a whole the story may be called decidedly good, and it will doubtless find many appreciative readers, especially in this part of the world. It is not a great book, such as we would like to see founded on some incident connected with our history, but it is interesting and well written. The dedication rather puzzles us, for the book is inscribed to "two Acadians of the present day; natives of Nova Scotia, who represent the learning and gentle attainments of the new order: Dr. John George Bourinot, C. M. G., etc., clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, and Dr. George Stewart, of Quebec." Why are they Acadians? Dr. Stewart, editor of the Quebec *Morning Chronicle*, was born in New York city in 1848, and afterwards removed with his parents to St. John, N. B., where he was educated. Even this move would scarcely entitle him to be called an Acadian, unless he were of direct descent from those who were known as such in old time. Dr. Bourinot, a Cape Bretoner by birth, comes nearer, but still we think it a flight of fancy to designate him as an Acadian,—although we are proud to have his learning and gentle attainments referred to in the dedication. The story is published in neat style by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. It has been one of the chief features of the *Atlantic Monthly* during the past year, and is consequently well known to the readers of that excellent magazine.

By all means the most fascinating novel we have read of late is one with a title which sounds unfortunate—"An Utter Failure." Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris, author of "Rutledge," is the author, and she has given us a

story at once graceful, strong and sad. There are one or two bright spots of true humor, and others of deep pathos, moving the reader to laughter or tears. The scene is laid partly in Italy and partly in the United States, and the story turns upon a marriage between an Italian count and an American girl, who was visiting in Italy. This union turned out unhappily, and ended after many years of misery on the part of the wife in a separation. The descriptions are beautiful; the story is evenly balanced, and the interest absorbing to the end, which is sad but peaceful. The moral appears to be not to marry aliens, for when the first glow of love's young dream is over the terrible diversity of habits and thoughts will work havoc. One is not so sure after all that Rachel's life was an utter failure. There are different ways of looking at it. D. Appleton & Co., New York; price \$1.25

D. Appleton & Co. announce: "A Text-Book in Psychology," translated from the German of Johann F. Herbart.

The delightful autobiography of the famous artist Jules Breton appears in a superb *édition de luxe*, accompanied by twenty plates, reproducing Breton's most notable paintings of French peasant life, and including "The First Communion" and the "Evening at Finistere."

A new novel by the popular English author Rhoda Broughton, written in collaboration with an American, Miss Elizabeth Bisland, is to be published immediately in the Town and Country Library. The title is a "A Widower Indeed," and the book is described as one of much interest and force.

A beautifully bound illustrated edition of the charming story "Coletti," by the author of "Straight On," is to be published immediately by the same house. There are thirty-six clever illustrations by the French artist Jean Claude, and the book will appear with the luxurious accompaniments of wide margins, gilt top, rough-cut edges, and specially designed and novel cover.

Dr. Edward Eggleston, whose remarkable novel, "The Faith Doctor," has promptly entered upon a second edition, is one of the oldest contributors to *The Century Magazine*. He began his work for it by writing the literary notes for the first number, and furnished its first short story. It was called "Hulda, the Help."

The following tribute to the work of an American magazine is contained in the report of the Secretary of the Interior of the United States just submitted to Congress:—"Your attention is also requested to the paper contributed by Mr. John Muir to the number of *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine* for November, 1891, entitled 'A Rival of the Yosemite—the Cañon of the South Fork of Kings River, California.' It furnishes maps of this section and is illustrated by most admirable engravings of the wonderful scenery there existing. The engravings are chiefly from the pencil of Mr. Charles D. Robinson. These gentlemen, as well as the editors of *The Century*, especially Mr. Johnson, have taken a great personal interest in the forest reserves in California, and are worthy of great consideration, both from their experience and intelligence. The magazine article mentioned advocates the extension of the Sequoia National Park so as to embrace the Kings River region and the Kaweah and Tule Sequoia groves. The boundaries are there set forth. The subject is recommended to your favorable consideration and action."

This month brings the Christmas numbers of the magazines, which are always welcome guests. The *Century* holiday number is a work of art, and full of the spirit of Christmas. Pictures and poems celebrate the event of the month, and among them we find the following.—The cover comes first, being a new and special design, drawn by George Wharton Edwards, and printed in gold on brown and white. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the painting of "The Holy Family," by Du Mone, a young American artist, who presents in this picture an original conception of the subject. The number also contains engravings of modern pictures relating to Christmas as follows:—"The Arrival of the Shepherds," by H. Lerolle (with a poem by Edith M. Thomas); "The Appearance of the Angel to the Shepherds," by P. Lagarde; "The Annunciation to the Shepherds," by J. Bastien Lepage; "Holy Night," by Fritz Von Uhde, and a Madonna by Dagnan-Bouveret, accompanied by a poem by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, entitled "An Offertory." Quite appropriate to the season also is Mr. Stillman's article on "Raphael," accompanied by Mr. Cole's engraving of "The Madonna of the Goldfinch," made especially for this number, and three other examples of Raphael's work—the *Aeneas* and *Parnassus* groups from the Vatican, and the portrait of Maddalena Doni. Relating to the season also are four stories: "The Christmas Shadrach," by Frank R. Stockton; "A Christmas Fantasy, with a Moral," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, "Wulfy, A Waif," a Christmas sketch from life, by Miss Vida D. Scudder, and "The Rapture of Hetty," by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote; the last dealing with a Christmas dance on the frontier, and illustrated by a full-page drawing by the writer. There are many other illustrated articles of general interest contributed by known writers, making the number of special value. Published by The Century Co., New York.

EDISON'S NEW METHOD.

Referring to the recent published interviews with Mr. Edison concerning the improved system of street-car propulsion, a general and wide spread impression seems to have been created that the new method is to entirely supersede the present trolley system. This is absolutely not so.

Mr. Edison has devised this new system for loads of heavy traffic in large cities where the expense of the original installation is warranted by the traffic, and where the trolley system will not be permitted. For instance, the new system would not be applicable, in a commercial sense, to long roads operating less than 50 cars simultaneously. It must therefore be understood that outside of the large cities the best system that can be advocated is the trolley.

In order to have a better understanding as to just what this new system is for large cities, we are furnished the following information by Mr. Edison: The overhead system is entirely dispensed with.

The present cars, trucks, tracks and road-beds as now in use are retained with certain changes in the joints and cross-ties.

The power furnished by 1,000 volt generators is distributed to reducing apparatus placed in boiler plate manholes at intervals varying in accordance with the number of cars required to be operated. At those various reducing points the current is transformed from 1,000 volts to a 20 volt pressure and connected direct to rails of track. This limit of 20 volts is fixed in order to prevent any effect of the current on horses.

The economy of current is about the same as present system of trolley.

The car motors being wound with uninsulated copper bars, and the pressure current being so low, there is entire freedom from burning out armatures, as water can be poured on the armature without any ill effect.

The problem of producing a perfect rail joint and the picking up of heavy current through a mud-covered rail has been solved in a practical manner. The road at Mr. Edison's laboratory is a quarter of a mile long with a six per cent grade and very short curves. It is operated successfully when the whole of the rails are buried in mud, and also in dry sand.

Mr. Edison is arranging to have the system placed in practical operation on a heavy traffic road in a large city, probably New York, to demonstrate its practicability. This will be done during the coming year.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

We would invite your attention to the advertisement in this issue of this now famous box metal, for all kinds of machinery journal bearings, from a root cutter to a threshing machine, or from an electric light machine to the largest engine ever built. Some firm has been busy in circulating printed matter calculated to damage the reputation of Copperine and thereby build up their own, which is not considered good practice. The best article will take the trade. "The survival of the fittest." Copperine is not unknown to many of the largest machinery owners in this section. Everybody says it is a good box metal. Its manufacturer says it has no equal. Messrs. Ogilvie & Co., of Montreal, have used it a few years past. Just lately they ordered, built by Messrs. Wm. & J. G. Gay, of Toronto, one hundred and fifteen flour machines, stipulating that every box was to be made of copperine. They would use no other metal. The Montreal manufacturers to a man say it is the best they have ever used, and they have tried all the latest contrivances. Copperine took the diploma at the St. John, N. B., Fair last year, and again this year, as well as the diploma from the Montreal Fair. We are safe in saying that copperine is one of the best metals to be had at any price, and withal is the cheapest.—*Com.*

At the annual meeting of the Kerr Vegetable Evaporating Company, Ltd., held at Kentville about three weeks ago, the business was shown to be in a satisfactory condition. A margin of profit was made, notwithstanding the heavy capital expenditure.

THE SPOOL WOOD INDUSTRY.—The American Bobbin, Spool and Shuttle company are making preparations for next season's work. They intend erecting a mill in the Sugary and work is going on chopping down the birch and sawing it into four foot lengths. The company has an office in town, alongside the Sutherland & Croaghan store.

Mr. Chas. D. Manny (for a long time manager of the works at Glead, Maine,) assisted by Mr. John Russell, formerly of the Russell Spool Works in Newcastle, will have immediate charge of the practical details of manufacturing at the mills at the Sugary and Ox Brook.

Mr. Wm. E. Skillings, secretary of the company, was recently here overlooking the ground and expresses himself as greatly pleased, not only with the chance to operate and the general good quality of the wood, but also with the cordiality with which he was received on every hand.—*Advocate.*

HUMPHREY'S MILLS, MONCTON.—The grist mill of J. A. Humphrey & Son, Moncton, is capable of grinding fifty bushels in one hour, and ground 3,000 bushels in one week this fall. The grain was brought in by farmers in the vicinity. The woollen mill now gives employment to 57 hands, and in the three mills they employ from 80 to 100 hands. They take wool in exchange for cloth. Large quantities of wool is sent them from all parts of the Maritime Provinces and Quebec. Their cloths are handled by the principal wholesale and retail dealers in the Dominion. During the past spring they added fifty per cent to their former capacity. Their mills are about two miles from the I. C. R. railway station at Moncton, and there is a siding of the I. C. R. and Buctouche & Moncton Railway within a few yards of their carding mill. From the time the wool enters the mill until it is ready to come out in cloths, it passes through twenty processes, and it is a profitable hour that is spent in watching the manufacturing of cloth.—*Moncton Transcript.*

Those who do not visit Pompeii every time they travel upon the continent are surprised at the changes which are noticeable since last they looked upon the excavations of this most wonderful city. Recently two important additions have been made to the buildings which tourists are permitted to visit. They are the temple dedicated to Augustus and the women's baths which certainly, for thirty years, have been used for the storage of objects of art. The latter is the only building in Pompeii in which are preserved intact, without any restoration, the ceilings of the rooms, and the pavement of the topidarium is also intact. In the temple only one object—but that of great value to art—is preserved, the altar on which sacrifices were offered up.—*The Chicago Graphic.*

COMMERCIAL.

With the cold wave of last week dealers generally hoped for some improvement in business, but these hopes met disappointment, as a spell of warm weather set in which has continued till the present writing. Under its influence the frost which had partially entered the ground was driven out, and roads and fields and forest lands resumed the swampy appearance that has characterised them generally for the past six or eight weeks. This has, to a very unsatisfactory degree, stopped the progress of trade throughout this Province. Until really hard weather sets in and drives farmers indoors or on the roads, no marked increase in the volume of business can be expected. Still, local business generally has been fairly good, and while there is not much, if any, actual increase of traffic, there is unabated confidence in business for the winter and spring.

Remittances in all lines continues to be extremely slow and unpromising. Careful enquiry shows that this is a very general subject of complaint, and that the difficulty of making collections very seriously hampers the course of present business. Old accounts, such as interest on mortgages, bills for agricultural implements and farm stocks, etc., etc., are being pressed so that, despite the heavy yield of last summer, and the fact that good prices have and do rule, the majority of farmers find themselves, so far as the control of ready cash and the consequent power to freely supply themselves with articles necessary for use, practically no better off than they were during the previous two or three years when the result of their labors was poor. Farmers are being forced to pay off their more pressing claims and to defer their payments to storekeepers to a later date. A portion of the community, such as money-lenders, etc., is reaping the benefit in the meantime. Yet, on the whole, there is an increasing feeling of confidence in the future, and most of our wholesale merchants anticipate a better spring trade than has been experienced for years. The prospects are also favorable for an ample supply of money to carry on the increasing trade of the country at reasonable rates of interest and discount. This, coupled with the fact that this Province is full of fruit, hay, butter, cheese and other articles that we export, and for which there is a constant and increasing demand abroad at good remunerative values, augurs well for our commercial future.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW OF HENRY CLEWS & Co., NEW YORK, December 5, 1891.—“Again a week of marked dullness and of some weakness of prices on the Stock Exchange. And yet, along with this, there are no conditions that can be considered sufficient to account for this state of things. The London market, which in a certain sense may be said to be a branch of ours, has shown a healthful and, according to despatches, even a ‘cheerful’ tone, and is only waiting for the signal from this side to start up an active ‘bull’ movement; and yet this attitude has no encouraging effect on New York. The Bank of England is rapidly increasing its reserve and is expected to soon reduce its rate of discount to 3½ or 3 per cent. The Continental bourses have shown a marked recovery of confidence; and at Paris, Berlin, Madrid and Vienna, there is no longer any apprehension of financial trouble. Following the visit of M. de Giers to the governments of France, Germany and Italy, there is a cessation of disquieting political rumors, and hopes are entertained that some way has been found of establishing, at least for the time being, more harmonious relations among the divided powers.

All this improvement in the financial and political affairs of Europe, it would seem, ought to be attended with some response in this market; and in the foreign markets there really has been a marked recovery in the prices of nearly all securities except American; but they have remained stationary because New York has been neither active nor buoyant. On this side the Atlantic the influential factors have been favorable to securities, whether viewed from an investment or a speculative standpoint. The banks are still increasing their reserves and are becoming anxious to employ their funds on time engagements. New enterprises are being floated, and apparently with success. The railroads show increasing earnings, both gross and net, and yet they have received only a comparatively small percentage of the year's agricultural product. The Fall trade, which has been held back by the exceptional mildness of the season, now shows clear symptoms of a very active demand for goods for the remainder of the season, and accounts from the interior leave no room to doubt that all the reviving effects of our great crops that have been hoped for are to be forthcoming.

What reasons then are to be assigned for the partially reactionary spirit that just now prevails in the stock market. On the surface nothing can be discovered beyond the failure of Field, Lindley, Wiechers & Co.; and that, it must be admitted, is an event which, if not from its intrinsic importance, yet from its possible involvement of members of the Exchange, and its connection with the sensitive issues of the Union Pacific, as well as from its sensational features, was calculated to arrest buying, if not also to encourage selling. The occurrence was a god-send to the ‘bears,’ who had largely over-sold the market and needed a pretence for attacking prices; and their consequent activity, together with the check upon buying, has been perhaps the main element in producing the disappointing market of the past week.

A stage of the year has now been reached when, in spite of favorable conditions, the market is not usually responsive to movements for advancing prices. In three weeks we shall be in the midst of the diverting influences of the chief holidays of the year. The period of taking stock, making up annual accounts, providing for interest settlements and making a variety of annual liquidations, is not a time for initiating a speculative campaign; and therefore, whatever may be thought of the legitimacy of a rise in stock values corresponding to the many-sided stimulus that now bears upon the Stock Market, it is not to be supposed that any important movement of that character is likely to appear until near the close of the year or at the beginning of

1892. During that interval, we may possibly witness some irregularity in the market. The ‘bears’ will need to exert all their skill and power to extricate themselves from their large ‘short’ commitments; and such temporary successes as they may have will afford opportunities for buying. On the other hand, it seems quite probable that outside happenings may preponderate on the favorable side. The improving tendency of affairs in the interior and in Europe, the effect of the crops upon railroad earnings, the growth of ease in money, and the return of gold from Europe are influences that are likely to continue to further develop throughout December; which may be expected to steadily prepare the way for a later movement towards higher prices, which it seems to be very generally conceded would then be legitimately due and likely to occur.”

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

	Week		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date			
	Dec 4.	Prev. week.	1890	1889	1888	1891	1890	1889	1888
United States	306	242	321	281	273	11240	9501	10653	9439
Canada	35	37	27	35	33	1706	1516	1517	1601

DRY GOODS.—The situation has somewhat improved, although merchants still grumble at the limited volume of trade. The fine weather has had a good effect on the retail trade, most of whom report doing a very fair business. Prices of all lines of cottons show a decided firmness which, it is claimed, results from the amalgamation of the various mills under one management. It is reported that in some cases repeat orders received from travellers now on the road will not be accepted and filled except at an advance. Samples of foreign goods for next spring's trade are now being received and will be completed by the end of the month. Orders for spring goods have shown some improvement lately, and prospects generally for the spring trade are unusually good.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—Business in pig iron has continued extremely quiet. There is no movement to note, nor is any now expected till after the turn of the year. Bar iron is also dull, though steady. A very small jobbing movement continues in tin plate, but terns and Canada plates are neglected. Copper and lead are dull and weak at unchanged prices. Zinc and galvanized sheets are steady.

BREADSTUFFS.—The local flour market does not show any activity except in a small jobbing way, and values rule easy although there is no actual change. For oatmeal there is a very moderate call and the market rules quiet without change in prices. Beerbohm's cable reports wheat quiet, but there is a Continental demand; corn inactive. In Chicago, notwithstanding lower cables and generally bearish news, wheat accomplished an advance of about one point. Corn was steady in sympathy with wheat. The receipts have been liberal and a great part of it was new corn. Oats were dull but firm. At New York wheat was stronger and gained 1c. to 1½c. In St. Louis, Toledo and Duluth, it was firm and strong.

PROVISIONS.—There is not a big local trade doing in pork, but dealers are satisfied and look for an improvement as soon as the country roads are in a better condition. Western pork is quoted lower in consequence of lower prices in Chicago. There was no change in the Liverpool market. In Chicago the provision market has ruled dull and weak with occasional slight dashes for strength. The hog market there was 5c. to 10c. lower. The cattle market was slow and the sheep market steady.

BUTTER has been arriving at this market very slowly during the week. Some dealers assert that certain Nova Scotia jobbers and farmers are holding back their stocks of late makes of butter, and of eggs, poultry, etc., in anticipation of realising enhanced prices in two or three weeks when the holidays are here. If this is the case they are quite likely to overstep the mark, as prices, especially for butter and eggs, will probably rule lower as soon as these reserves are thrown upon the market. A few hundred packages of Eastern Nova Scotia and Cape Breton butter have come to hand per vessels and have been placed at 16c. to 18c., and some small lots of fresh country butter have also been received and sold readily at 22c. to 23c. The supply of this is quite inadequate to fill the demand. Canada townships butter of fairly good quality brings 18c. to 19c. A small quantity of very choice Canada fall creamery is held here by one or two parties and readily brings 22c. to 24c., but the owners look higher. A Montreal report says:—“The butter market does not show any improvement in the way of business, and aside from the jobbing demand the outlet for stock is small. Some enquiry was noted, however, from the Lower Provinces which may lead to something, while there is some chance for business in Western dairy for shipment when holders are reasonable.” A London correspondent writes:—“Although the market is a decidedly dull one, the Danish official quotationists refuse to go down another peg, and buyers are leaving this brand alone. There is something rotten in the state of Denmark. Normandy and Brittany are easier and purchasable at 3s. to 4s. less money, while American and Canadian run up to 104s., with plenty of demand thereat. Our Danish friends must look out. This week their rival is again in the field, the first arrivals of Australian having been placed at rattling good prices, running up to 116s. per cwt., with exceptionally choice parcels topping 124s., which is all owing to the splendid condition in which it arrived. Canada, beware! Do not let the Australians teach you a lesson to your ruin. Canadian shipments are certainly improving, but they could still further improve with advantage.”

CHEESE.—There has been no change in the local cheese market, though a slight upward tendency is observable. For Antigonish factory cheese 10½c. to 11c. may be quoted for July and August makes and 11½c. for September. Good Canadian, of which little is offering, is held at 10½c. to 11c. In Montreal the market does not change. The trade in New York are agitated over return shipments of stock from England, but it can hardly be anything important. In London “Cheese is a firmer trade, though there is no change in prices to report, buyers seemingly not being inclined to pay the extreme rates demanded. Prices have a long range, but the 60s. level is not

A DETECTIVE SUCCESS.

(Concluded.)

"Not rendered me a service!" ejaculated the merchant. "You have made the remainder of my life happy, have made my home cheerful, and given me a chance of repairing a wrong which I have regretted all the more bitterly, perhaps, from my never speaking of it."

He went on to promise me the best of clerical situations; yet with this there mingled a regret at such a man so throwing himself away, and in his florid speech I at last saw something which looked like the solution to what had been puzzling me. The *dénouement* in Kensington Gardens was due to my friend, the messenger, who had given a palpably exaggerated account of his interview with me and my utterances. This being told to a clerk, was by him detailed to the manager, losing nothing, it is probable, in the repetition. This gentleman had felt it his duty to inform Mr. Fyles, who had at once taken a cab. The rest I knew.

I may mention, however, that Bill Jemmett had nothing to do with the interview, as his trip to Kensington Gardens had really been with the two ladies whom I saw depart and return. I learned afterwards, too, that the blotting-pad, with its "St. J— Pa—k," was a real clue, as Mrs. Fyles had written to her son, making an appointment there.

I have omitted all Mr. Fyles' praises and expressions of wonder at my marvellous ability—an ability which the reader can appraise at its true value. I was paid by a cheque which almost shocked my diffidence and modesty, while a handsome present from Frank and his mother showed that they, too, shared the merchant's delusion. Naturally enough, in doing this they took what might be called the opposite view, and thought I had worked in their behalf; they actually apologized for a momentary doubt of my friendship and my honor. To this day I am not certain what they thought of my detectivenesship.

I was appointed to the office of a certain large company, with an intimation that if I ever were in any trouble, I was not to hesitate in applying to Mr. Fyles. I do not think the merchant ever had his eyes opened to my unintentional imposture—or, rather, to his blunder. Poor Frank was ordered to Cornwall as the only chance of prolonging his life, but he died in two years. Mr. Fyles wrote to me when this happened, and said he had to thank me for the peace and serenity which were his, in spite of his grief.

I might have remained as much in the dark as Mr. Fyles as to how or why I came to have such greatness thrust upon me, but for a brief conversation I held with my landlady. I was married to Bella before I entered on my new situation, a fortnight's grace being allowed me by influence of the merchant—who was a director—so left my apartments, and when I saw the landlady to "square up," she said:

"It is very odd, isn't it, Mr. Jones, that there will be a Mr. Jones again in the rooms? I have let them to a gent who travels in the wholesale leather way."

"Very odd, indeed," I agreed. "His name is Jones, is it?"

"Yes sir," she returned. "And what makes it stranger, you know, is that the gent who had the rooms before you was named Jones as well; so there are three Joneses all of a row, as some people say."

"Oh, that is strange!" I ejaculated, more surprised than the good lady dreamt of.

"Yes sir," she went on; "the first party was one that you must often have heard of before you came here, I know. Why, he was Mr. Jones, the famous detective, who was talked about so much; and his picture was in the *Newgate News*, and all. I thought it was very strange that I should have another Mr. Jones when he left—and now here is another!"

I don't know what became of the famous Jones, but I now understood clearly enough, how Mr. Fyles came to see me, and if the famous one should ever come to hear of this adventure, it may be some consolation to him to know that even his celebrity was not tarushed in my hands.

THE END.

HEARTSEASE.

The meadow behind the keeper's lodge lay basking in the hot June sunshine. In the wood beyond the air was cool and sweet, and the graceful birches quivered gently in the faint breeze, which stole in and out, playing hide-and-seek among the leaves. It was a pretty wood, with features characteristic of those situated upon the "Moss." Almost level, it was crossed and re-crossed by innumerable dykes, on whose margins the ferns and bracken, luxuriant in the moist, absorbent soil, attained the perfection of growth and beauty.

It was like a glimpse into fairy-land to gaze down one of those ferny vistas traversing the whole length of the plantation, where the birches and larches arched over the feathery banks, spanned here and there by rude bridges formed out of the trunks or limbs of former generations of forest dwellers turfed over, affording a tempting, though frequently treacherous mode of transit; the soil being so light that an unwary step was likely to entrap a stranger into the cool brown depths below.

Between one side of the meadow and the wood a field of springing barley stretched, which would indeed have blocked the way between, but for two narrow paths which had been mown, running at right angles from their common starting-point beyond the fence.

A girl was standing by the gate, her eyes fixed anxiously upon one of the exits from the plantation, from which a little group of people were emerging, who made their way slowly and carefully between the barley.

The shadow of apprehension upon the watcher's face deepened, a nervous flush sprang to her cheeks as she advanced a few yards to meet the extemporised litter and its stalwart cautious bearers.

The young man who was the object of all this care met her hurried enquiry with a cheery, if half- rueful smile.

"It's the humiliation I think the most about, Rose. Fancy one of the Alpine Club contriving to break his leg on the Moss! It's all the fault of those abominable bridges, fit for nothing more substantial than a rabbit to run across."

"That's about all they are intended for, Mr. St. John," remarked the keeper dryly.

"I know the place is hardly public," replied the other with a groan. He was suffering horribly, and only his indomitable pluck enabled him to resume with an attempt at raillery: "Call me a trespasser at once, Stevens! I know that's in your mind. I brought all my ill-luck upon myself, you think."

"No, no, sir; not that. Only the wood not being a thoroughfare, those who go through do so at their own risk."

The keeper's tone was more cultivated than might be expected in a man of his class. His sons were fine handsome lads, with a fair amount of education supplemented by good deal of promiscuous reading during the long winter evenings, when the snow lay deep and untrodden in the deserted fields, and the wind, whistling shrilly through the leafless trees, made the ingle-nook seem but the cheerier.

"He can't be moved for five or six weeks," remarked the surgeon carelessly, a couple of hours later.

The question of convenience, or the reverse, was not within the speaker's province; he did not feel called upon to trouble himself upon the point.

Mrs. May—Aunt Anne, as she was called in the household—was not the woman to raise any objections. She was quite able and willing to act as nurse, and was full of motherly concern, more especially roused as the invalid had no female relative in England to summon to his aid. He had been known to the family for some years, his grandfather residing at Mosslands, a country seat a few miles distant. Admiral St. John had been on bad terms with his former heir, Vincient's father; but, at the latter's death, he had seen fit to summon his grandson to the old home, and formally install him in the position which had become his.

Vincient had knocked about the world in those years during which he had been a stranger to Mosslands. He had mixed with all sorts and conditions of men, and had grown careless of class distinctions and prejudices, which perhaps accounted for the fancy he had developed for the family at the Lodge. He had often ridden over since the day when he first came across them while shooting with a party from Lord Marley's. Rose, the only girl, was gentle and refined in manner for her rank in life. She had little knowledge of the world, and seldom penetrated farther afield than the small market-town, except once or twice a year when some need beyond the common caused her aunt to visit the great centre of commerce, fifteen miles away, with Rose to keep her company. The two would return wearied out, bewildered with the noise and confusion which formed so strong a contrast to their own quiet fields and silent woods.

If anyone had hinted to Vincient St. John the possibility of danger arising from his interest in pretty Rose Stevens, he would indignantly have repudiated the idea. He was no libertine; he had never wilfully wronged a woman by word or deed during his six-and-twenty years of happy, light-hearted existence. But there was none to warn him, as the days of convalescence went by, that the intercourse which had enlivened and amused his days of enforced inactivity was becoming dangerously, perilously sweet to the emotional nature of the girl whose secluded life had kept her so innocently ignorant of the ways of men.

To Vincient it seemed only a fit issue of the kindness he had received under the keeper's roof, that he should further by every means in his power his children's laudable aims at self-improvement. The lads were manly, self-respecting fellows, and his interest in them was sincere; it was no fault of his that Rose, the only one at home in the daytime, had more opportunities than her brothers or her cousin Edmund of availing herself of his help.

There was no one in the household sufficiently acute to observe the dangerous softness in the girl's eyes, the feverish glow so often flushing her cheeks; still less to suspect the restlessness which flattered her heart in those odd half-hours of leisure when Vincient kept her a willing prisoner at his side, while he enlightened her as to his own views on historical problems, or led her into the realms of modern travel or scientific research. Once or twice he had lightened these drier studies by readings from the poets or the drama. That his kindness might awake any tender feelings in that innocent heart would have seemed to him as little probable as that she herself might become a disturbing element in his own life.

Mr. St. John had a vague idea that Rose was virtually, if not actually, engaged to Edmund May. Aunt Anne, being a widow with two small children, had come to her brother's assistance at his wife's death. One of her sons was now married, and the other had resided with him since the event.

Vincient had never been seriously in love. Indeed, in his own mind he doubted the possibility of such a catastrophe overtaking him. Therefore, he had the more readily acquiesced when the Admiral had given him to understand that he was expected to select his cousin Justina as the future mistress of Mosslands.

He had no especial liking for Justina above any other girl of his own circle; but she was handsome and well-bred, fairly amiable, and, he flattered himself, devoted to him. In reality, Justina cared for little else than her own ease and comfort, and the security of her future, otherwise uncertain

Once upon a time she had held different ideas, but she had apparently failed to obtain the love of the man upon whom she had secretly lavished all the better feelings of her heart, and her womanly vanity, sorely wounded, was appeased by Vincient's proposal at this crisis, and this blinded her to his coldness. She indeed pictured him as infatuated by her beauty and grace, and this conviction rendered her complacent and satisfied. She had little depth of character, and no fixed sense of duty, but possessed sufficient superficial cleverness and tact to render her a favorite of the Admiral's whom she always contrived to please with pretty manifestations of affection. She was in Italy with him just now.

The summer days drifted on. Vincient's convalescence had been slow. Somehow he had not cared to unduly hasten the time when he would return to the dull, halt-shut-up house at home.

Everything needed to enhance his comfort had been sent over from Mosslands, and two or three times a week the old housekeeper brought well-laden baskets of dainties to tempt the invalid's appetite.

Mrs. Reed saw nothing on these occasions to excite her suspicions or distrust, or her code of loyalty might have rendered her a dangerous visitor by overpowering her good nature. Perhaps any mischief might have been averted if Vincient had enlightened the inmates of the Lodge concerning his relations with Miss Chandos. That he had not done so was purely a matter of chance. He had none of the feelings of the proud and happy lover looking forward to a blissful union with the woman of his choice; it was not his nature to look very far ahead, and no time had as yet been suggested for the marriage to take place.

It was a lovely idyllic season, that summer of Vincient's accident. The meadows around the cottage were strewn with purple, velvety heartsease. There were pleasant shady corners, where the trees overhung the hedges, for the invalid to rest under a while when he became able to make slow progresses, with the help of a crutch and a hand on some willing shoulder, to enjoy the sweet balmy air and the odorous breath of the pines from the woods around.

Edmund May was lingering by his cousin Rose's side at the spot where she had waited for Vincient to be carried past at the time of his accident. The barley, which had then been green, shone golden in the August sunshine.

There was an anxious, wistful look upon the lad's countenance. It was a good face, honest and straightforward in expression, with kindly brown eyes, and a frank and winning smile which won people's hearts, and drew them involuntarily towards its owner. Edmund, however, was not smiling now. It had begun to dawn upon his mind during his recent visits that Rose had changed towards him.

There was no definite engagement between them; but, as long as Edmund could remember, the world had held no other earthly divinity for him than the pretty, dainty maiden who sat amongst the heartsease by his side, looking down at the tiny flowers with a far-away look in her eyes.

How little he had seen of her lately! he thought. Sometimes not more than a fleeting glimpse during the brief stays which he had been able to spare from his employment on another part of the estate. However he had determined to put an end to doubt, and speak to Rose of his long-cherished hopes. He had followed her out into the field determined to try his fate.

It was a most inopportune moment, had he only known; but he was as yet utterly unsuspecting, unconscious. He threw himself on the grass at the girl's side, a strange shyness oppressed him, a curiours hesitancy. More than once words rose to his lips and died unsaid.

Hardly mindful of what he was doing he gathered some of the heartsease which grew ready to his hand, and with loving fingers, which were trembling with the repressed feeling surging at his heart, arranged them in the folds of his cousin's gown. The velvety blooms nestled against the girl's white throat, and she woke out of her dream and looked up with a low, tranquil smile. Suddenly she sprang lightly to her feet.

"Stay a moment, Rose, I want to speak to you," cried Edmund, startled into action at the prospect of the opportunity he had sought slipping through his fingers.

But Rose, with a woman's true instinct, had grasped the state of affairs, and was determined if possible to avert a crisis; although not so very far back the dreaded words would have been differently regarded.

"I have idled too long as it is. Aunt Anne will be wanting me, I know," she cried hurriedly, the color rushing into her cheeks, and drawing her gown out of his detaining clasp, she sped across the meadow in the direction of the cottage like a hunted hare.

Edmund made no attempt to follow her. There was something in her manner which might have served to check a bolder lover, and the very ardor of his love rendered him timid and diffident of speech.

He watched the slight figure out of sight, and with a heavy sigh he rose and turned into the plantation. He was in no mood to face the world just then. There was something soothing in the cool, straight alleys of the wood which calmed his ruffled feelings for a while.

His vague distrust, his incipient unhappiness, were destined to receive a sudden impetus, however, when, emerging from the shelter of the trees, he came upon Vincient St. John and Rose slowly pacing along that pleasant way between the waving barley.

Involuntarily he paused. Neither of the two seemed in the least conscious of his approach; there was a certain awkwardness in the situation, and the lad's heart was sore besides.

Rose had refused to stay with him on the plea that her time was precious, but was leisurely sauntering by the side of this comparative stranger, who had no longer any actual need of her help—or to Edmund assured himself somewhat bitterly—with no signs of haste or unwillingness in her mien.

(To be continued.)

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ARMY AND NAVY DEPOT.

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Meet and Chandon, Perrier Jouet, L. No. 1 and Gold Lock, B and B. Perrier, extra.

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Pale Sherry, Amontillado, Old English Port, Newfoundland Port.

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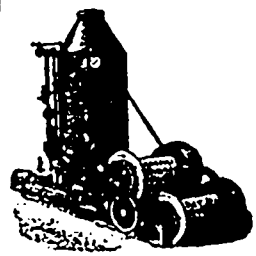
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MINING.

The gold mining outlook is very promising, as large capitalists in London and elsewhere are turning their attention this way. Already a most important sale has been made to a London syndicate, and the same parties have several large properties in treaty with the prospects of soon completing their purchase. The properties have been judiciously selected by mining engineers thoroughly posted in gold mining, and are not to be used for stock jobbing operations, but are to be worked scientifically and practically on a large scale, and there is every justification in saying that so worked success is assured in advance. The combined Annand, Rose, British, American, et al, properties, already purchased, are well known as large gold producers, the Annand alone being well worth double the purchase price, so that the syndicate, in their first venture, have made a good bargain, and have properties that will pay handsome dividends. There has here been no buying of a "pig in a bag," as the properties have a record obtained by actual mining which places them in the front rank as paying mines. Starting under such favorable conditions the syndicate are bound to be satisfied and to want other properties. Assured of ready purchasers for really good mines our local miners will be stimulated to renewed exertion, and undoubtedly many properties as valuable as those already sold will be opened up and gold mining will flourish as it never has flourished before.

MOUNT UNIACKE.—An accident occurred on the Queen property, fortunately unaccompanied by loss of life or bodily injury, but which will cause a vexatious and expensive delay in the prospecting now going on. A scaffold fell carrying with it into the shaft a large amount of rock and material which will require some time to remove. Good quartz had been struck previous to the accident and the prospects are excellent.

The Alpha Company has resumed work under new and able management.

Work on the other properties in the district is progressing favorably.

SOUTH UNIACKE.—The Thompson-Quirk mine still continues its phenomenal yield, and it is reported that the neighboring property, the Withrow, is about changing hands at a good figure.

LAKE CATCHA.—John Anderson is receiving large returns from his property, and the prospects of increased yields in the future are good as the mine opens up well.

The famous Oxford mine was sold at New York last week under foreclosure of a trust mortgage given as security for a bond issue of \$30,000.

What the property realized or who were the purchasers we have not yet been informed, it is generally understood, however, that the sale will free the property from some shareholders who would not pay assessments, and that hereafter the mining work will be vigorously prosecuted.

The total Nova Scotia yield of gold according to the official returns furnished by the Mines Department for the first six months of 1891, i e, up to June 30th last was 10,650 ozs. 11 dwt 6 grains from 18,156 tons 18 cwt quartz crushed. The average per ton is good, but 180,000 instead of 18,000 tons of quartz should have been crushed.

CARIBOU.—Work in this district is now principally confined to the Herbert Dixon mine, which is a fine paying property.

At Moose River Mr. Arthur McGregor continues prospecting on the Montreal Company's property and crushing with their water power mill.

MOOSELANDS.—The Mooselands Gold Mining Company, managed by Mr. J. G. Stenshorn, has not been making any returns of late, but we understand that the prospects are good.

Mr. Arthur Haro is doing considerable prospecting and is meeting with success.

TANGIER.—Work in this once noted district is confined to prospecting by Messrs. Barton and Murphy. No one understands this district better than they, and in all probability they will develop something of value.

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

District.	Mill	Tons Qtz. crushed.	Ozs gold.
Uniacke.....	Phoenix.....	109	139
Lake Catcha.....	(October) J. Anderson.....	75	56
Molega.....	Molega Mill.....	110½	216½
Salmon River.....	Dufferin.....	700	151
Gold River.....	Neptune.....	16	2½
" ".....	A. Hisler mortared from 1 lb. float rock		2½

MOUNT UNIACKE.—71 tons quartz from the Alpha property crushed at Phoenix mill yielded 139 ozs. gold.

BEAVER BANK.—Andrew Wood, Alfred Peverill and John Ellis took up 10 acres at Beaver Bank on Tuesday last.

FINANCIAL STATEMENTS BY MINING COMPANIES.—Some time ago certain of the English mining companies operating in other countries, adopted the plan of publishing monthly statements of their earnings and expenses; and now almost all the important Anglo-American companies follow this custom. In some cases weekly statements of production are made, but in all, the returns, made up from estimates at the mines, are cabled promptly at the

close of each month. It is to be regretted that more American companies do not follow this excellent custom. The number of those that do so can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Indeed, among those whose shares are listed on the several stock exchanges of the country, there are many which do not make even yearly statements. By some of the exchanges, companies are required to make monthly reports, but in nearly every instance the intent of this regulation is evaded, an account of the developments in the mine, which is doubtless unintelligible to many shareholders, being given, while absolute silence is preserved concerning the financial condition of the company, which all parties concerned are most interested to know. The great majority of American gold and silver mining companies do not make even such statements as these, and the ignorance of many shareholders concerning the properties in which they are interested, displayed by the frequent queries which we receive, is surprising. So long as this policy is pursued it will be impossible to induce the Eastern investor to look upon a gold or silver mining enterprise as an investment, and not as a mere speculation, and business will be dull at the mining exchanges. The preparation of such estimates as are made monthly at the mines owned by English companies occupies no time and involves no labor worth considering, and the stockholders in American public companies should feel that they have a right to similar information.—*The Engineering and Mining Journal.*

The mill at the North Brookfield mine has been running about fifteen days and nights. There are about 150 tons of quartz now out, giving the mill more than it can handle. The quartz maintains its former rich appearance.—*Gold Hunter.*

THE LOOKOUT PARTY AT BEDFORD CATCH THE GOLD FEVER.—Tiring in their search for deserters and of spreading the scarlet fever amongst the fair and buxom domestics of the picturesque little town of Bedford, the men forming the lookout party grew weary and were anxiously waiting to be relieved. Last week, however, there was a startling change in their demeanor, listlessness gave place to animation, and many long secret and earnest consultations were held. One of their number on his long and weary prow in the neighborhood of Moir's dump and further along the road towards Halifax turned off the main road on to the old Bedford Road and followed it up back of the Cullen homestead. There was a steep ascent, and from its cleared summit the view over the cove and basin with its well wooded banks was superb. The only sound was from the mill below, where buzzing saws and a creaking water wheel denoted active enterprise. Near by a silvery stream flowed swiftly but noiselessly on its downward course to the cove, while an old apple orchard, with gnarled trunks and leafless branches, showed that icy-handed winter had already been at work. But the sentinel had no time for sentiment. The ascent was a vantage ground from which unseen himself he could watch the road below and pounce upon any suspicious passer. Seating himself on a rock near the brink he narrowly watched approaching trains and the passengers who alighted from the train at the dump, but nothing rewarded his vigil. Stooping to drink from the brook, a glittering object attracted his attention. He fished it out and lo and behold it was a rock fairly glittering with gold. He searched further and the whole bank was filled with the glistening metal—he had found a bonanza, and visions of unlimited beer and tobacco floated before him. On his return to quarters he took his comrades into his confidence, and showed them the rich samples. At once the gold fever seized the whole party, and they determined to do a little mining on their own account. They were not skilled in mining it was true, but they were perfect at drill and noted drillers, and the change from picket to pick axe duty was only a slight one. So early last Sunday morning as many men as could be spared from duty proceeded to the scene of operations, carefully concealing sundry drills, picks and shovels from the eyes of prying passers. The "better the day the better the deed" was their motto, and they worked away vigorously all day, taking no heed of the passing time or the warring church bells, and by night fall they had safely sacked some hundred weight of the precious metal. Then under cover of darkness they safely returned to quarters fairly staggering under the weight of the plunder. The men on duty had a smoking meal ready for them with a liberal supply of grog, and while the good things were rapidly disappearing before their voracious appetites an old retired amalgamator dropped in.

After much deliberation it was decided to show him the ore and he was told of the rich find. A large sample was laid triumphantly before him, but instead of being astonished the old man simply blew a scornful whiff from his pipe and muttered, "that ain't no gold, that's rock speckled with mica and ain't worth a d—n."

In this, however, he was wrong, as the air became suddenly sulphurous

with blasphemy, and by the time it had cleared not a trace of gold fever could be found amongst the lookout party.

Verily "all is not gold that glitters."

SMITHFIELD, GUYSBORO COUNTY.—Some years ago galena ore carrying considerable silver was discovered at Smithfield, Guysboro County, and we have often wondered why it had not been further prospected. It is now being opened up by a Colorado company—so it is reported—and a lead of rich ore has been struck, fine samples of which have been sent to Halifax.

The same quality of ore has been found at Smithfield, Colchester, and very extensively developed, proving an immense ore body to exist. By a strange coincidence the ore in Guysboro County is found on the Smith homestead. Henry Smith, a son of the owner of the Guysboro farm, settled at Smithfield, Colchester, and it is on his farm some four miles from Middle Stowiacke that galena ore is found to exist in such large quantities. The two places are miles apart, but Smithfield, Guysboro County, is almost due East of Smithfield, Colchester Co. The ore deposits run east and west and crop up at different places between the two Smithfields and to the west of Smithfield, Colchester County, so that it is not improbable that work will prove that there is a long stretch of country extending almost across the Province which abounds in galena ore. Thus in addition to iron and copper smelting works there is the probability of lead smelting works being soon erected in this Province, and as galena ore is found in Cape Breton and in the Western Counties, the industry should prove a lasting and very remunerative one. At any rate there are already two Romeos in the field.

SHERBROOKE.—Prospects are a little better in the Sherbrooke gold district. The Blaikie Gold Mining Company are working on the old "Röckville" property. They have opened a small vein lead which shows very good gold. Mr. Willis, the treasurer of the "Sutherland" gold mining company, is in Sherbrooke. It is not yet known whether he intends starting work this winter or not. Though a small property, the "Sutherland" has been very little prospected. About 150 ounces of gold were taken out of the "Sutherland" lead in February, March, June and July, 1890. Since then very little work has been done. A Company has been formed to work the areas formerly owned by the Coburg Company of Ontario. The mine has not been worked for nearly twenty years, and (as far as can be ascertained) the lead is from eight to ten inches thick and good for seven or eight penny weights in the bottom of the shaft.

THAT CHRISTMAS MONEY.

In the next few weeks people will talk Christmas more than all other subjects combined. And very many will count their pennies to see if they will go around. And some will realize for the countless things offered for sale, "that money talks." Yes, and many a poor tired clerk will wish that they too could talk back. To give unselfishly, without thought of return, is the true Christmas spirit; but how many times, oh human nature, will the thought occur this month. "Now, if I make so and so a Christmas present, wonder if I will get a return next year." The growing Christmas present custom comes hard among certain classes, who do not always have plenty of ready money; among farmers and people near towns, who keep poultry, the egg supply is a great source of Christmas money, because prices are always very high at this season. If the old hens will only shell out the eggs now, think many a mother, I can soon get back all the money taken for Christmas. The surest way we have heard of to get it back is this—E. A. Hubbard, of Hatfield, Mass., says, "About one year ago I sent \$5.00 for six cans of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay, and in January my 28 hens laid 29 dozen eggs. I have sent \$5.00 this year for six more cans and the Farm-Poultry monthly." Certainly that Christmas money came back in short order. Mrs. Warren Delano, Hampden, Me., said recently to the manufacturers of this wonderful Powder: "I send \$6.00 for Farm-Poultry two years, and six large cans of Sheridan's Powder. It is the very thing needed. Last winter my hens did so poorly I almost lost heart, but this year 50 hens have cleared me \$125.00. All for a little courage and Sheridan's Powder, her hens paid her more than double the average allowed per hen, so that her Christmas money returned manifold. Husbands, a word to the wife is sufficient; make your wives a Christmas present of six cans of Sheridan's Powder and take no other. For 50 cents L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send two 25 cent packs; five packs for \$1.00; or for \$1.20, one large 24 pound can of Powder, postpaid; six cans for \$3.00, express pre-paid. The best poultry paper—Farm-Poultry, one year, and a can of Powder, for \$1.50.

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a full thousand of which are caused by disordered Stomach—"Dyspepticure" acts like a charm. Weakness, headache and fretfulness from heat of the day or too much play; sour stomach, pains, sleeplessness and many more troubles are quickly and pleasantly cured by "Dyspepticure;" for babies up to six months give 2 or 3 drops in a teaspoonful of water, larger children in proportion.

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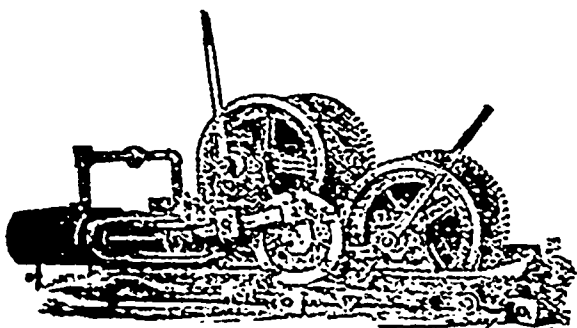
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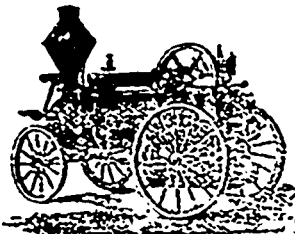
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Chemical Laboratory, Dalhousie College,
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**WOODILL'S
GERMAN BAKING POWDER,**

and have subjected same to Chemical Anal-
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Fresh, Wholesome Materials, properly pro-
portioned. This Baking Powder is well
suited for family use, and has been employed,
when required, in my own house for many
years.

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

MINING.

A COLLIERY TO TALK ABOUT.

From the Journal and News.
(Concluded.)

A visit to the place in which the pillars are being taken out affords proof that the system followed is a wise one. A balance, say 400 by 500, is taken at a time. The distance between say No. 7 balance and No. 6 is four hundred feet. At a point fifty feet from No. 7 a cut is made, and the coal worked toward No. 7. It is not possible, owing to the pressure on the roof, to get in every case the coal clean out to No. 7, but what the men are forced to leave is a comparatively small quantity. After this fifty foot cut has been completed the men come back and take a new cut of fifty feet, until the whole is worked out. The drawing of pillars is dangerous work as a rule, and yet in the Drummond colliery no fatal accident has occurred at pillar work, nor in fact has any fatal accident occurred to a miner when working his coal during twenty years. This is a wonderful record. Though the Drummond colliery has been in operation for a quarter of a century, there is still abundance of coal. As we trail out we are shown three balances, 400x500 feet each, of coal, none of which has been touched; this is exclusive of the slop pillar some 600x500, which will not be taken out till the mine is all but exhausted.

A run through the airways gives an idea how the mine is ventilated. In the main airway there is a stiff breeze. A novice would think this a waste of wind, but it is all necessary. It has lots of work to do to free the mine from gas made in the new workings, to carry off what backs down even against the strong current from the old workings, and to resist the pressure in these old workings which but for the strength of the air would force gas into the working faces. The airways have in the past, on accounts of falls, been a source of trouble, but now all seems to be in sound condition due to painstaking management.

As we ride upward at a fair rate of speed, the smallness in circumference of the wire rope as compared with those in use years ago is noticeable. This does not look like a wire rope, for no strands are visible, but like a piece of solid steel; yet it is a wire rope, one of Sir George Elliot's make, lock coil—very thrifty, as good as new, though in use 18 months. R. E. Dawson, of Stellarton, represents the makers, and though the first cost of the ropes is greater, he is succeeding in introducing them at a number of the collieries.

If the works underground are characteristic of prudent and skilful management, the overground workings indicate that the one who supervises all, Mr. Fergie, has the qualities which go toward successful management, viz, fidelity to details. Improvements and additions are noticeable on every hand. The bank head has been raised and extended and new screens built so that coal may be handled quickly. It may be necessary in a couple of years to put a further addition to the bank head to allow of fifteen or twenty boxes being hoisted at a time. This is the only way to make up for the greater depth the mine must through time assume. But for present requirements the space on bank head suffices.

The new engine house, a substantial brick affair, is the best without doubt in the Province. Nor is the exterior the only point to be admired. The inside is in keeping with the outside. When finished, with wainscoting to a height of five feet, it will be a model one, which a tasty engineer may make a thing of beauty.

The engines are now and powerful. The cylinders are 28 inches in diameter, with a six foot stroke. They are double, with double drums and all necessary bracing gear. The machine shop is well equipped. All repairs are done at the works. Then there is the stonemason, the carpenter's shop, the lamp-house and other buildings. One small building in particular demands notice. This is a building into which the men can enter and take comfort on rainy or cold mornings while waiting to get down the pit. This betokens on the part of the management a desire for the comfort of their workmen. At not all the collieries is this desire manifest, and some managers might take example by Mr. Fergie.

A new car shop is being erected in which the coal-hoppers will be repaired. Attached will be a saw-mill equipped with upright, circular and jig saws.

Next, the the coke ovens, some twenty in number, but not all at this time heated. The demand for coke is chiefly local. More blast furnaces are required in the county before a market for all the coke that can be made can be obtained. The Drummond colliery coke is bright looking, and considered by those who use it a superior article.

And last, a visit to the Fan House. How smoothly the engine works; all but noiseless. But for a slight crackling of heated grease, no sound is audible, and for sixteen years day in and day out, with only short stoppages of ten minutes, except on one occasion, has the engine made its revolutions on which so much depends. And for sixteen years, with a break of some five months, has the same engine-man been in attendance. Much depends on the fan, and while much relied upon, it is not the only means used for circulation of air in the mine. Should accident occur there is a steam jet, inspected periodically, ready to be set in motion which will set 17,000 feet of air per minute in circulation.

All the improvements noticeable cost much money, and this year there may be small dividends. Next year if the Directors show push on their part the shareholders should receive a handsome return. The colliery is thoroughly equipped for a big output. Two hundred thousand tons should be handled next year with ease. This year the output will fall behind last year by twenty thousand tons—last year's shipments, however, were exceptional,—but this is no fault of the management, but due in part to the standing of a steamer and the delay in sending forward the new engines.

It lies now with the Directors to show what they can do. New blood has been infused into the board. Mr. Angus of C. P. R. fame is a director, and being full of push he will no doubt infuse his fellow directors with that of which he has a stock.

Though much has been done, there is to be no halting. An additional lift in the mine will be begun at once. A drift is to be cut to the No. 2 seam some seven hundred feet in length. This will test the Scott pit coal at a depth of three thousand feet on the angle. It is confidently anticipated that at that depth the coal will be of excellent quality, as the deeper the Scott pit went the coal was found to improve. By continuing the drift 400 feet further the third seam will be struck. At the crop out of this seam the coal is nine feet thick, five feet only being really good, but it is thought that if a drift be cut it will be found to be all of excellent quality. There may not be so much coal in Pictou Co. as some imagine, but of the coal that is, the Intercolonial Co'y have a large share, say two square miles of coal or sufficient to last for fifty years.

Hamilton L. Morrow, M. P. P. writes:— Being troubled for years with sick headache, I was induced by the solicitation of a friend to give your K. D. C. a trial, and so those similarly afflicted I would say "Go and do likewise." Its effect is almost magical and the relief from even one spell of sick headache is a boon that can only be appreciated by those who have suffered from that scourge. Doubtless your K. D. C. is the remedy for Indigestion.

Boylston, N. S., May 20th, 1891.

The Confederation Life.
Toronto.

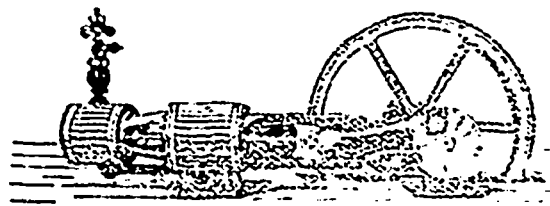
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DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GLENOAK, Ont.—Will mail you a reply before Christmas.

SOLUTION.

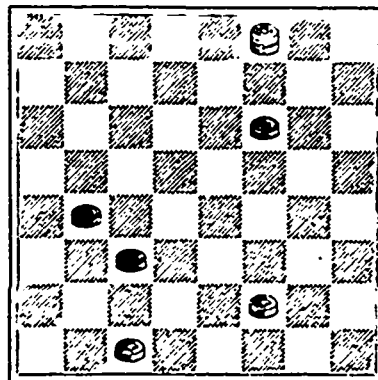
PROBLEM 251—The position was:
black men 6, 9, 10, 15, king 23;
white men 7, 13, 16, 17, 24, 28;
Black to play and draw.
10—14 23—27 13 6 27—9
17 1 drawn.

GAME 129—Second Double-Corner.
Selected from Denvir and Bradt's new book on the "Second Double-Corner" opening.

11—15	4—8	6—10	7—11
24 19	26 23	25 21	14 10
15—24	8—11	10—17	5—9
28 19	31 27	21 14	10 7
8—11	11—15	19—23	9—13
22 18	18 11	18 15	7 3
11—16	7—16	2—6	*13—17
18 14	25 22	27 18	
9—18	3—7	6—10	
23 14	22 18	15 6	
10—17	16—19	1—17	
21 14	23 16	18 14	
16—23	12—19	17—22	
27 18	29 25	32 27	

* This brings us to the following position which we submit as PROBLEM 253.

By James Lebadie, ex Champion of Canada. We wonder who is champion now.
White men 27, 30, king 3.



Black men 11, 17, 22.

White to play and win.

We consider the above an instructive position and commend it to our checkerists.

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Hardware all Sell It.

CITY CHIMES.

The concert given by the Young People's Dramatic Club in St. Mark's Hall last evening was well attended. The performance consisted of vocal and instrumental music, recitations and readings, and concluded with an amusing comedy entitled "The loan of a lover," and a comical farce "Wanted, a clerk." These were well put on, and the Young People are to be congratulated on the success of their entertainment.

The organ recital and sacred concert to be given this evening at the Church of the Redeemer promises an entertainment worthy of a good audience. The quartette choir of this church, assisted by the organist, Mr. W. F. Compton, is well able to furnish a musical treat, and the programme provided for this evening's concert is very attractive.

The Red Cap Snowshoe Club held its annual meeting at the Halifax Hotel on Tuesday evening, and among other matters of business decided to have a dinner at Bedford, on the occasion of their long race during the coming season. Those among their lady friends who had been hoping to hear of a ball this year as last will be disappointed, but the boys themselves evidently prefer the dinner.

The ladies of Chalmer's Church held a very successful bazaar yesterday afternoon and evening. Notwithstanding the frequency of these festive occasions just now, there appears to be no lack of patrons for each, and the energetic workers who devote time and skill in furthering the success of such gatherings well deserve the liberal support and encouragement which is generously accorded them. The ladies of Chalmer's Church had a fine display of fancy work as well as useful articles yesterday, and many pretty gifts were secured in anticipation of the holiday season.

We neglected to record last week a matrimonial event of interest to a large circle of friends of the contracting parties, so we will try and make good the omission now. On Wednesday the 2nd inst. Mr. Thomas J. Payne, the popular manager of John Silver & Co.'s establishment, pianist of the Orpheus Club and organist of St. Andrew's Church, led to the altar Miss Jean Taylor, daughter of Mr. William Taylor. The auspicious event took place in St. Andrew's Church, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. D. M. Gordon. A large number of wedding gifts testified to the popularity of the happy couple, who left after the ceremony for a tour in the United States, followed by the good wishes of all their friends.

Zera Semon is still attracting large crowds every evening, and the old Lyceum building is quite too small to accommodate all the clever wonder-worker's patrons. The H. Price Webber Comedy Company was the principal attraction last week and the first part of this, and the evident appreciation of the immense audiences which have greeted this combination at each performance is the best proof of the success of this feature of Zera's entertainments. Next week the Professor will introduce another novelty company, The Jockey Minstrels, consisting of sixteen musicians dressed in jockey costumes. This will be something quite new for Zera's admirers, and will probably draw large houses. As we have before remarked, Zera's resources appear to be unlimited, and he never allows the interest of the public to flag.

A rumor has been floating through town to the effect that the Exhibition Skating Rink will not be opened this winter. Now while we have still a faint hope that this is merely rumor, we fear it is only too true. How deeply the faithful frequenters of this place of winter festivity will regret this state of affairs can scarcely be expressed, and we feel sure it will prove a great drawback to the enjoyment of many. The gay crowd assembled, the merry music of our military bands, the glassy surface tempting all lovers of this delightful sport, has always rendered our skating rink an attractive feature of the winter season, and many pleasant memories of afternoons and evenings spent there come back as we recall the days that are no more. The boys and girls are loud in their expressions of disappointment, and unless we have an unusual amount of outdoor skating in store for us this winter, the sport will languish and the shining steels be consigned to disuse. But as we before remarked, we hope that this lamentable state of affairs will not be realized, and that those who have the matter in hand will reconsider their determination, and afford us as usual this pleasant meeting-place for the indulgence of the most invigorating sport of our Canadian winter.

The ladies and gentlemen who so faithfully devoted their time and energies toward the management of the St. Augustine Bazaar, of which Rev. Mr. King was chief promoter, must feel indeed gratified at the bountiful success with which they met. The fair opened on Tuesday afternoon with a grand display of fancy and useful articles of all descriptions which were very satisfactorily disposed of. The spacious building was wholly devoted to the different departments of the bazaar and presented a busy scene. Downstairs there were stalls containing toys, fancy work, articles of clothing, kitchenware, etc., etc., while upstairs was displayed an abundance of beautiful work and desirable gifts for young and old. The fancy work tables were loaded with dainty goods, and prices, as bazaar prices go, were reasonable. The flower booth was very prettily arranged, and was quite an addition to the fine effect of the tastefully decorated building. The refreshment tables were well worthy of patronage, and the supper room across the hall, where "five o'clock tea was served from four to six-thirty," was deserving of the large share of attention it received. The Leicestershire band played during the afternoons, and in the evenings concerts, in which many leading amateurs

took part, formed an attractive feature of the Fair. The ladies in waiting were prettily and becomingly attired, the fair attendants at each booth wearing distinctive costumes. Blouses of pink distinguished one band of busy maidens, while other groups wore heliotrope or blue; others looked charming in dark gowns, with light caps and aprons. The effect was very pleasing, and bright eyes and happy faces evidently proved not a little attraction. The novelties written by the Rev. W. B. King, entitled "The Singing Child," met with a ready sale. The Bazaar was liberally patronized, and the highest expectations of the most sanguine must surely have been fully realized. The St. Augustine Mission is a deserving object, and the efforts of the friends interested have been well directed.

Delightfully pleasant weather has been our portion this week. Sunday was much like a day in early autumn, and it was hard to realize that the calendar's face was showing "December 6th." The sun was bright and warm and the wind blew softly and gently all day. Monday was not so propitious, but the heavy rain storm which raged well into the evening was followed on Tuesday by sunshine. So the year wears away, and within a few weeks will, as the old quotation runs "vanish in the chinks that Time has made."

The Orpheus Minstrels are busy practicing for the grand entertainment they are to give this month. This concert will prove very attractive, and probably will be well patronized.

The programme of the winter series of entertainments in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association which has just been arranged, will, without doubt, prove very attractive. We notice among other interesting features that Mr. Robie Cogswell is to occupy one evening with an address, taking for his subject, "The Practical Modern Uses of Electricity Demonstrated." Mr. Cogswell is well fitted to impart much valuable information on this subject, and as this science is one of practical interest, especially among the young men of to-day, the lecture room of the Association will surely be filled on the occasion. J. C. Mackintosh is to devote part of one evening to a "Business Talk to Young Men," and Dr. Chisholm has promised to deliver a short Medical lecture on another evening. These events, with monthly gymnasium competitions, and several musical and literary entertainments, compose the series, which is well worthy of the extensive patronage of members of the Association and their friends.

Now that tea-meetings and bazaars are raging, every day seems to bring one or more of these entertainments to the notice of the public. On Tuesday next the ladies of St. Andrew's Church are to hold a sale of fancy goods and will serve a rainbow tea. This latter will be something new in Halifax, and will doubtless add to the high reputation these ladies have already earned for the excellent repasts served at like entertainments in days gone by. Starr St. Free Baptist Church has also decided on Tuesday the 15th as the day for its annual tea meeting and concert. The ladies of this church have spared no efforts to provide a first-class entertainment on this occasion, and have secured the co-operation of several well-known amateurs of the city to take part in the concert, thus ensuring a pleasant evening to all who attend.

The concert held last Friday evening at St. Paul's Church was largely attended and much enjoyed. The church was filled, and the audience appeared to thoroughly appreciate the excellent music rendered. Miss Madeline Homer sang very sweetly and won many new admirers. The anthems rendered by the choir of the church were listened to with pleasure, and were indicative of careful training. The organist, Mr. William J. Hutchins, gave some very fine exhibitions of his skilful playing, and contributed largely to the success of the entertainment. Mr. Hutchins is a zealous musician, and brings out the finest tones that the instrument is capable of producing. The congregation of St. Paul's was very fortunate in its selection of an organist when it secured Mr. Hutchins' services, and this gentleman is to be congratulated on the success of last week's musical recital as well as of former similar occasions.

Last evening and to-night the Academy is the centre of attraction for all who appreciate true music. The Fisk Jubilee Singers, from the celebrated Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn., have won a high reputation in Europe and America, and Halifaxians are indeed favored in the opportunity given them to hear these sweet-voiced musicians. Those who were fortunate enough to be present at the entertainments given by the Fisk Singers in Halifax some five or six years ago will call to mind the delicious harmony and sweet melody which were so enjoyed by the audiences, and will surely not fail to avail themselves of this opportunity to again listen to these exquisite songsters. The ladies and gentlemen in connection with the Sailors' Home of Halifax, under whose auspices these concerts are given, are deserving of many thanks from our citizens for their zeal and enterprise in providing music-lovers this rich treat.

The first concert on the programme of the winter course of entertainments in connection with the Church of England Institute is announced to take place in the Institute Hall on Thursday evening next, the 17th inst. The excellent entertainments of this character furnished on former occasions warrant anticipations of a delightful evening. The committee of management are sparing no pains to ensure the success of this concert, and those who appreciate good music, etc., should not miss this event. The season tickets for the Church of England Institute are very reasonable in price, and the course of entertainments is well arranged.