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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.

AN UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR.—There died recently a man whose bright thought and inventive genius has benefitted millions of people who have never so much as given him a grateful thought. We refer to that aged inventor who many years ago invented and introduced the baggage check for travellers. His invention is now in use in all parts of this continent, and in many portions of Europe there are indications that the old world "lose your trunk" system will be discarded in favor of the more rational and modern method.

A RECENT VIEW OF CONSUMPTION.—Dr. Biggs, the Bacteriologist to the New York Board of Health, has for many years been making a study of the various forms of disease which are classed under the term consumption. He reports that during the past year there have been over 6,000 deaths from the disease in the City of New York, and he points out that if the popular idea was that consumption is a contagious disease the people would co-operate with the health authorities in endeavoring to stop its progress. He claims that no epidemic of cholera, fever, or small pox would be so fatal in so short a time, and he dwells especially on the fact that the disease does not die out in the course of time as do the above named maladies, but that the mortality in the ensuing years is more likely to increase than to decrease. Dr. Biggs does not believe that consumption is hereditary, although the liability to contract the disease may be so. He claims that it is mildly contagious, and that all who now suffer from the disease have contracted it from some person whose constitution is already affected. Dr. Biggs believes that the disease in many of its earlier forms is curable, and that if the public would but co-operate with the health authorities that the disease might be stamped out within the limits of one generation. He suggests the establishment of consumptive hospitals, in which by means of properly graded wards it would be possible to repair patients in the early stages of the disease from those in whom the disease has made further progress. These hospitals to be effective should be made compulsory to all persons affected with the disease, and every physician should be required to send to the Board of Health the address of every consumptive patient with whom he came in contact. By these means the disease would be isolated, the danger of infection would be checked, and the patients in the earlier stages of the disease would stand a better chance of recovery.

CHEATED YOUNG GIRLS.—A contemptible fraud has been perpetrated upon a number of young girls living in or near one of our Canadian cities, and it is but fair to give some account of the method employed, lest dupes be found for the same trick among our Provincial maidens. The plan was for a self-styled "employment firm" to advertise for applications from lady-type-writers. Hundreds of applications poured in and each girl was informed that if she would but enclose 25 cents in silver the address of a firm in need of her services would be sent her. The promise was then carried out. Each girl obtained the address of a genuine firm, but on presenting her application she invariably found that there either was no vacancy, or that if there by chance had been one that hundreds of applications for the position had already been received. The detectives at last, by a decoy letter, caught the miserable sneaks who were carrying on the fraudulent business, and if justice does not mis-carry they will enjoy a term or so of penitentiary life.

WHEN WINTER COMES.—The weather-prophets are shaking their heads over the weather forecasts for 1893-1894. Prof. W. H. Smith, of Montreal, predicts a cold, dry winter with an abundance of snow storms and the usual January thaw. The prognostications of local weather prophets are not unlike those of the acknowledged authority, although the conclusions are by no means based on similar premises. An aged farmer in New York State has noted a half dozen signs which, to him, are indicative of an exceptionally cold season. He dwells on the facts that the crop of nuts is unusually large and that the squirrels and chipmunks have laid in larger stores of these winter edibles, as proving conclusively that nature is providing for her changes during a coming bitter season. He notes that both partridges and woodcocks are coming close to houses and barns instead of keeping at a safe distance from the dwellings of human beings, and that the green frogs have already changed their skins. In the Province of Quebec similar observations have been recorded by observant farmers, and the conclusions of these natural wisecracks taken in connection with the official announcement would indicate that a period of bitter winter weather is not far removed.

THE LESSER ECONOMICS.—A shrewd old farmer who has been much exercised by the complaints from his neighbors of the hard times from which they were suffering, has been led into a few crisp statements as to the cause of the "so called" hard time, which, however, from his stand-point he is unable to see. He points out the wasteful policy of the people, who are content to buy their fenceposts, their wooden axe-handles and all the small but indispensable wood necessities of life, while at the same time they are content to allow the timber to rot on their uncleared lands. He asks why people should throw their ashes away and then complain that they must buy soap and axle grease? Why the manure should be let go to waste and the expensive guano used in its stead. Why it is necessary to buy winter vegetables when the seed and the garden plot can both be had in the spring, and lastly why the people who are paying for schoolhouses and for the salaries of school teachers should insist on losing the advantage of this investment by sending their children away to boarding school. It appears to us that the old farmer has got to the bottom of the matter, and that if there were but more like him among our Provincial agriculturists there would be fewer complaints about a condition of affairs which their own unnoticed extravagances have brought about.

MARRIED FOR TITLE AND MONEY.—Another text has arisen from which the frequent unhappiness of unions between the titled noblemen of Europe and the wealthy heiresses of America, may be preached. It is already a notable fact that the majority of such marriages are not happy ones. The husband who seeks to repair his shattered fortunes by getting his hand into the coffers of his father-in-law is usually a poor sort of a match who would not easily find a wealthy wife in his own country. On his marriage with the American heiress he is apt to patronize her on the question of "family," and he quite ignores the doctrine which is generally believed on this side of the water, that it is not notable ancestors but notable descendants which are wanted at the present day. The bait which he can offer of a title and of a cash is too often sufficient, and the girl finds herself in an alien life, cut off from friends and perhaps even the language of her youth. The Princess Colonna, the adopted daughter of John W. MacKay, is now petitioning for a divorce from her titled but rascally husband on the grounds of ill-treatment and of unfaithfulness. The petition will probably be allowed, but under the French law her husband can still claim support from his wife's estate, so that although the union may be dissolved, the one thing which the man thought indispensable to his marriage—the gold of the Bonanza King—will still be his. For his duped wife, who is the mother of his three small children, whose life has been despoiled of what should have been its happiest years, there can be but deep sympathy felt.

THE INDUSTRIOUS BELGIAN DOG.—There must be an immense lot of dog power going to waste in Nova Scotia when the number of dogs in the Province is brought up for consideration. In European countries where the dog is used as for draught or for tread-mill purposes, the animal has a distinct financial value quite apart from his breed. In Belgium the dog is rated as possessing 500 pounds of power which may be turned to account. Natives of Belgium on visiting America are invariably struck by the little attention which is given to the animal here. One expert asserts that there are no less than 7,000,000,000 pounds of dog power going steadily to waste.

PAPERS FOR PRISONERS.—The Chaplain of the Kingston Penitentiary is making an earnest appeal to the public to support him in furthering his efforts with the Minister of Justice to secure newspapers for the use of the criminals. He contends that the perusal of proper papers will have a civilizing effect upon the men, and that it will keep them informed as to the doings of the world at large, and that the result of this will be that not only will the minds of the prisoners be given proper occupation, but that when the term of sentence is up they will not go out into the world under the disadvantages which the newly discharged so keenly feel. It appears to us that the idea is a good one, and that the privilege of reading the papers might be made a valuable means of prison discipline.

NO RUBIES FOR SHAREHOLDERS.—If people would but consider before they risk their hard-earned money in wild-cat speculations in distant countries, there would be more money to be profitably invested in the development of home industries. The great Ruby Mine Company of Burmah is now about on the verge of a collapse, and thousands of shareholders who risked their money without looking closely into the nature of the enterprise, will find themselves greatly out of pocket. The shareholders have also the *comfort of knowing* that the native Burmahese laborers have alone made money out of the enterprise, for by paying a nominal sum they obtained the right to search for rubies in pockets which the company had abandoned, and they have been markedly successful in their search. It is hardly probable though that the bursting of other and similar oriental bubbles will deter the foolhardy speculator from his love for putting his money into well-sounding investments.

THE BERING SEA SEALERS.—The commissioners who will have to decide some of the nice questions arising from the Bering Sea Arbitration will need to be clear-headed men. The claims of our own Pacific sealers already amount to over a million dollars, and under the terms of the *modus vivendi* for 1892 and 1893, the Government of the United States is bound to make good all just claims. It has now to be decided whether the sealers are to be compensated for the value of the seals which they have not caught, or whether the fact that though shut out from Bering Sea they have been without inconvenience profitably engaged in the seal trade elsewhere, is to be considered. A goodly array of arguments on each side can be shown, and we cannot wholly sympathise with the sealers who claim, that although they are in pocket because of the arbitration restrictions, yet it is still the duty of the United States Government to make good what might under other circumstances have been a loss of a million dollars.

QUACK TREATMENT.—We have no doubt that our Provincial cattle-owners suffer an unnecessary loss each year by the death of valuable animals, and it is our firm conviction that this death list might be greatly shortened did our people but understand more (or less) of the principles to be employed in treating diseased animals. Too often when sickness is shown the owner attempts to treat the animal himself, and in nine cases out of ten he styles the disease by the all-embracing term "inflammation" and doses with aconite. When the animal dies he is confident that the treatment was not at fault, although he is still in doubt as to what special organ was the seat of the disease. It is not wonderful that so many animals perish each year, the victims of this cure-all or kill-all treatment, but the chief cause for surprise is rather that even a small percentage of the animals recover, notwithstanding the treatment. There is an economy in employing a good veterinary surgeon which our people are sometimes slow to grasp.

AN ISLAND PRINCIPALITY.—The simplicity of Republican life does not always satisfy the more ambitious adopted sons of the Goddess of Liberty, but it is seldom that an ordinary citizen makes a demand for a kingdom in which he may be the monarch of all the surveys. The Bawn Harden Hickey, of New York, is, however, one of the latter ambitious souls, and he has arranged to have a compact little nation of his own. He proposes to purchase the island of Trinidad the lesser, which is now almost uninhabited, with some of the gold which his father-in-law, the famous John H. Flagler, laid aside out of the profits of the Standard Oil Trust. Intending settlers for the island will be carefully selected, and a money qualification will be required. Each settler who subscribes for ten bonds in value of \$200 each is entitled to transportation to the island and to maintenance for one year from the date of arrival; but the whole bargain may be nullified if the settler is not amenable to the laws of the island. The form of Government is to be that of a principality under military dictatorship, and insubordination or crime are to be declared punishable by immediate banishment. It is quite possible that the amateur ruler may succeed in his self-appointed task, for after all there are plenty of small nations ruled by men of capital and enterprise to be found both in the United States and in Canada.

GLADSTONE OR ROSEBERY.—The conclusion of the miners' strike in Great Britain may be considered as a signal triumph for Lord Rosebery, under whose direction the quarrels between the capitalists and laborers have been adjusted. The Government, as a Government, has no right to interfere in a labor dispute, unless serious disturbances arise, and in no case has a British Government ever interfered in the settlement of a labor trouble. A valuable precedent has therefore been made, notwithstanding the unofficial character of the Governmental work. Lord Rosebery, whose popularity is great with both laborers and capitalists, assumed a unique position, and in doing so he risked what might have been an insult to the Government which he belonged. Fortunately, his interview was timely and in no sense obnoxious to the people, and his scheme for alleviating the prevalent distress by causing the wage-earners to work was accepted as an excellent solution of the difficulty. The question now is, to whom does the credit of the settlement of the dispute belong—to the Gladstone Government or to the personal popularity of the clever Foreign Minister.

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.—There is far too much cigarette smoking among young lads in all parts of our Province. This attractive and deadly form of poison is forever tempting our young people who do not realize how vile and poisonous a thing is the cheap cigarette. The material of which they are made consists of nothing more nor less than the mud-covered, water-soaked cigar ends and stumps which are found in gutters. In all large cities there are scavengers whose duty it is to collect this material for the manufacturer of cheap cigarettes. To this choice material is added much foreign matter, and enough opium and toona bean to disguise the mixture. This flavoring is not unfrequently known as "Havana flavoring." The cheapest form of wrapper is then procured, and the majority of warranted "rice-paper" will be found on examination to be common paper bleached white with the third poison of the cigarette, arsenic. Cigarette smoking is decidedly on the increase. It is undermining the health and morals of the coming men of Canada, and in justice to their coming manhood, some steps should be taken to remove the temptation from our midst. It will probably take Acts of Parliament, stringent civic regulations, and the co-operation of the better class of citizens; but the evil is already so great that only the most vigorous measures will be found effectual.

DEATH ON THE FOOT-BALL FIELD.—An English athlete who does not believe in cultivating muscle at the expense of human life has some very vigorous things to say about the recent craze for the stirring game of football. In order to render his arguments the more effective he has backed them up by statistics on the sport which embrace the deaths recorded between the months of September and March of last year. He styles his list roughly but graphically as "the butcher's bill." No less than twenty-six young and promising men met their deaths in the game during that period, and in the majority of cases the deaths were horribly painful, the victims lingering for a few hours in indescribably agony. Those whose necks were broken or who died from sudden heart failure are to be esteemed far more fortunate than those who received fatal internal injuries, or who were kicked during the scrimmages until it was impossible to preserve the vital spark. The compiler of this record was unable to obtain the set of statistics which would have greatly increased the list of fatal accidents. This list would have dealt with those who died from the effects of injuries received on the fields, and it is probable that it would not have been shorter than the list of direct deaths. Manly and vigorous as the sport may be, these statistics may detract a little from its popularity, and the words of an aged divine may be echoed in many parts of our Dominion—"From battle, murder and sudden death," or from the combination of all three, the game of foot-ball, "Good Lord deliver us."

HEALTH PRECAUTIONS.—In two villages in the State of New York the health authorities have been attempting, without success, to prevent the spread of that scourge of children, diphtheria. The disease made its appearance about two years ago, and it is owing to the carelessness of the then health authorities that the present state of affairs exists. A young lady, a Sunday-school teacher in one village, died of diphtheria in New York, and her body was taken to her home for interment. Many beautiful floral tributes were sent to her parents, and after the wreaths etc. had been allowed to remain in and about the coffin, the flowers were distributed among the children of the Sunday-school. Almost immediately the disease showed itself in a dozen homes, and as the cases increased the disease assumed a most virulent type. In one family thirteen individuals are now suffering from the disease, and in many more the vacant chairs of the children are a sad reminder to the parents of the visit of the unwelcome guest. There should be no false sentimental feeling about diphtheria. It is the duty of the individual as well as of the community to prevent the spread of the disease, and all conditions that will tend to keep the disease in check will receive serious consideration. Hundreds of fatal cases of diphtheria have resulted from kissing the lips of dead persons, and in each case where diphtheria is contracted, there is a liability that the disease will again spread. The distribution of the flowers in the present instance was an absolute cause of disease, and the morbid sentimentality which allowed the distribution to be condemned. When people learn to co-operate with the health authorities and to listen to the mandates of common-sense, there will be less need for the Press to reiterate the well-known but little practised rules of health.

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Midnight Dyspepsia.

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the Stomach to Healthy Action.

CHIT CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

TWO STROKES OF THE CLOCK.

A youth and maid in twilight sat
And softly talked on subjects that,
In youth and twilight, never seem
Amiss.
For him, 'twas love's young dream;
For her, 'twas—well, she could not say;
She could not determine her heart that day.
And his heart grew heavy as lees of wine;
For the clock in the hallway had just struck
"Noin!"

Some hours had pass'd,
And still the youth
Would not abandon hope, in truth,
He pleaded on with tireless zeal
And all the strength of love's appeal.
Till, faintly dawning in her eyes,
The light of pity he descries;
For he know full well that his labor was done
For the clock in the hallway had just struck
"Won!"

Boston Woman—Oh, I do so love the fields on our New England farms,
New York Girl—Why? Boston Woman—Because they are so cultivated.

Pat (with toothache)—"I'll take a bit uv that tooth powder av yo place,
Wan uv them dentist fellows pulled a tooth for me wanco, but I'm after tryin-
blastin' on this wun."

A lonely spot on a dark night—"Would the gentleman be kind enough
to assist a poor man? Besides this loaded revolver I have nothing else in the
wide world to call my own."

ONE TRIUMPH OF CIVILIZATION.—A merciful custom demands that a
man sit at one end of the table and his wife away off at the other, so that she
can't pinch him or step on his foot every time he says something before
company that he shouldn't.

AN ADVANTAGE OF STRABISUS.—Scribbler—I say, doctor, what's this
swelling at the back of my neck?

Doctor (probably an Irishman)—Oh, it's nothing serious, but I should
advise you to keep your eye on it.

RAILROAD RUMBLE.—"What time," asked a lady with an armful of
bundles, "does the next train leave?"

"It leaves on schedule time," responded the affable and accommodating
ticket agent.

And the lady repaired to the waiting room with the remark that she
didn't know it left so late.

TOO FRIENDLY.—Some men will insist upon making very inappropos re-
marks. Jaggs met Baggs the other day. They were warm friends, and
Jaggs was lauding his wife to the skies.

"I fairly idolize her," said he.

"So do I," says Baggs; and now he is wondering why Jaggs hit him
and the atmosphere is so frigid whenever they meet.

An illiterate young man once got a friend to write a letter for him to his
sweetheart. The letter was rather prosaic for a love letter, and he felt that
an apology was due his sweetheart for its lack of tender nothing. It was
as follows:—

'Please excuse the mildness of this here letter, as the chap wots 'ritin'
it is a married man, and he says he can't bide any softing; it allus gives him
the spezzums.'

IN PHILOSOPHY—Instructor—Cadet A, you may define a sonorous
body.

Cadet A.—A body which may be made to ring, sir.

Instructor—For example?

Cadet A.—A bell, a pitcher, a napkin.

Instructor—A napkin, Cadet A. Explain yourself, sir.

Cadet A.—Why, Tiffany, when I was a plebe, made a napkin ring for me.

TRAGIC.

There was a pretty girl
And she had a pretty curl.
Which gracefully her forehead did environ,
But on one eventful day,
She lost it, so they say,
Because she couldn't find her curling iron.

There was a young man in Bellairo
Who said: "When I was at the faire—"
So they jumped on his neck,
And left him a wreck,
With his heels sticking up in the aire.

BIRDIE WAS DISAPPOINTED.—"Miss Birdie, do you know that you have
robbed me of my peace of mind, that on your account I cannot sleep?" said
Dudley Canesucker to Mies Birdie McGinnis, Dudley being a boarder with
the McGinnis family.

"This is so sudden; however, you had better speak to my mother, Mr.
Canesucker," replied Birdie, simpering.

"Speak to your mother! I thought it was you who banged that horrid
piano in the parlor until one o'clock every night."

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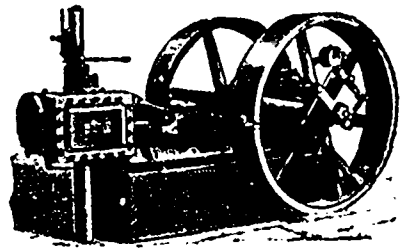


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This work is an invaluable book of reference and handy for the household, being a compendium of thousands of new and valuable recipes and suggestions on hygiene, medicine, business affairs, travelling, the workshop, laboratory, house, kitchen, garden, stable, etc. The regular selling price is 35c.; it is worth one dollar.

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The book will be forwarded free of postage. The offer is a most liberal one and should secure a large increase in the circulation of that old established and excellent newspaper.

HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

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

The art palace at the world's fair grounds at Chicago is to remain standing and to become a museum of natural history.

What are you using for your cold? Try Johnson's Anodyne Liniment it's wonderful.

A movement to encircle the earth with a girde of religious conventions in the 1900th anniversary year of the Saviour's birth is assuming a definite shape, with headquarters in Pittsburg.

PRIZE SHEEP.—Henry McKedzie, Pictou County, has lately imported some Shropshire sheep, prize winners at the World's Fair. Some of them being also winners of sweepstakes in Scotland.

A FINE FARM.—K. S. Eston, of Couch St., Cornwallis, has sold his farm for \$14,000. So says the *Kentville Advertiser*. And still there are people who say the bottom has dropped out of farming. Farm right and it will pay.

WELL-DESERVED PRAISE.—W. D. Dimock, secty. of the Canadian Commission at the World's Fair, has received a commendatory letter from the commissioners for his zeal and hard work in connection with the Canadian exhibit.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL DEAD.—Prof. John Tyndall died on Monday at his house in Haslemere county, Surrey. He has long been ailing. Recently his vitality decreased steadily. His death was hastened by a severe cold. He was 73 years old.

THE EVANGELINE NAVIGATION COMPANY.—This company have taken off their steamer for the winter months. They are having the *Evangeline* overhauled, repainted, etc., and will resume the daily service early next spring. This line has become very popular with tourists.

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

	Week Previous	Weeks corresponding to		
	Dec. 1 week.	1892	1892	1890
United States	298	358	268	321
Canada	30	39	35	27

EARTHQUAKE.—Quite a heavy shock of earthquake was experienced over a considerable area of this Canada of ours a few days ago. At Montreal and Ottawa its visit, though short and harmless, was decidedly alarming. The event should cause us to be duly mindful of the immunity of this country from any of the natural phenomena that bring disaster in their wake.

FOR SEVERE COLDS

GENTLEMEN.—I had a severe cold, for which I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I find it an excellent remedy, giving prompt relief and pleasant to take.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.—The Governor-General will have a trained choir from his household in the new chancel recently erected at Rideau Hall.

Positive economy, peculiar merit and wonderful medicinal power are all combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it. Hood's cures.

ROOT HOG OR DIE.—A farmer at St. Mary's, Guysboro Co., recently slaughtered a hog less than two years old. He received from a neighboring merchant in exchange for his pork ten barrels best family flour.

Harry Townsend of New Glasgow got a letter from Germany this week enquiring if he could get a forest of oak to buy in Nova Scotia, and if so the writer would send out a ship and a crowd of men to take the timber over to Germany.

SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT.—A young girl in Onslow, adopted daughter of J. B. Black, is supposed to have been drowned on Wednesday last on her way home from school. The last seen of her was near the North River Bridge where it was supposed her hat may have blown off into the river, and in trying to get it she missed her footing and was carried away by the swift current.

GOVERNOR OF NEW BRUNSWICK DEAD.—Lieutenant-Governor Boyd died very suddenly at his home in St. John on Sunday night last. He attended church in the evening, but took suddenly ill soon after his return and died about midnight. Mr. Boyd was perhaps the best beloved and most popular man in New Brunswick, and the whole Dominion will sympathize with his province in the loss it has sustained.

Other Cough Medicines have had their day, but Putnam's Emulsion has come to stay because its so nice and so good.

A N. S. PALACE.—The splendid mansion built for Professor Bell, of telephone fame, at Baddeck, C. B., is now complete. The Professor is enthusiastic over the great ability displayed by Rhodes & Curry in the completion of the job. Every detail was carried out by this firm to perfection, and masonry, carpenter work, plumbing, painting, etc., etc. leave nothing to be desired. An American contractor is said to have warned Mr. Bell that no Maritime Province contractor could complete the work, but on an examination of the job, frankly acknowledged his mistake. The mansion is situated on an eminence commanding a splendid view of mountain, island, landscape and lake.

FATAL CALAIS FIRE.—The Pettigrove house, Calais, a large hotel, together with two small houses were destroyed by fire at an early hour Tuesday. The Calais and St. Stephen's fire departments did what they could to stop the fire and save the inmates, but in spite of all exertions two lives were lost. Several guests were badly hurt by jumping from the third story windows. The two men burned to death were Peter Kennedy, of Aberdeen, Scotland, and J. Moore, of St. George, Charlotte county, employees of the granite works. Moore is a young man and is the principal support of his mother, since his father committed suicide a few years ago. It is feared that William Armstrong, one of the injured, will die.

UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY

Cannot be disputed, and the case is yet to be heard from in which Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has failed to perform a perfect cure. This with painless and rapid action and freedom from annoyance during use. The great corn and bunion cure stands unrivalled. Sure, safe, painless. Beware of frauds offered as substitutes for the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston proprietors. Use no other.

THE YOUNG DYNAMITERS.—The three young men, Mercier, Pelland and Demartiny, accused of conspiring to blow up the Nelson monument, appeared before Judge Desnoyers Saturday for their preliminary investigation. Ex Premier Mercier, Aid. Beauseloff and Lomer Gouin appeared for the defence. Detective Lafontaine and Constable Southergill told the story of the arrest. Dwight Brainsard, an expert from the Hamilton Powder Company, told what the effect of the explosion would likely have been. Although the statement had previously been made that the explosion would have caused widespread destruction about the square he made the statement Saturday that the dynamite would have only destroyed a portion of the monument. The case was adjourned till next Saturday.

RUSSIAN MASSACRE.—The *Vossische Zeitung* publishes a despatch from Kovno, capital of the government of that name in Russia, stating that the imperial authorities recently ordered the local authorities to close a Roman Catholic church at Krosche, in the government of Knova. With the purpose of preventing the order being carried out a large number of Roman Catholics occupied the church day and night. Finally a body of troops headed by the governor forcibly entered the church. A fight resulted in which twenty persons were killed with swords and a hundred were wounded. The others in the church fled to escape the wrath of the Cossacks who pursued them. While the Roman Catholics were attempting to cross a river many of them were drowned. Several hundred Roman Catholics have been arrested and will be tried by court-martial.

CHRISTENED ON THE FERRIS WHEEL.—One of the last occurrences on the Ferris wheel was the christening of two children of Mr C R Rhodes of Chicago on the last day of the fair. It was done without the knowledge of the company, which protested against such notoriety. The mother carried a christening bowl wrapped in paper and her two-year-old boy. A young woman took up a bottle of water in a shopping bag, and bore the three-months-old girl in her arms, and the officiating reverend gentleman, Dr D F Tox of Chicago, for once discreetly concealed his Bible in his overcoat pocket. Thus they passed the unsuspecting guard. The small boy was christened Harold Wheeler Rhodes as the car reached the top on the first trip. The name of Ferris Rhodes was bestowed upon the girl as the wheel reached the turn on the second trip.

LIFE IS MISERY

To many people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial.

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GOOD BUSINESS.—The Bank of New Brunswick announces a dividend for the half year at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum.

VICTORIA GENERAL HOSPITAL.—Dr. J. A. Arbuckle has been appointed senior house surgeon of the Victoria General Hospital, and Dr. M. W. McAulery junior house surgeon.

HOOB'S PILLS cure all liver ills.

WRECKED SHIP JASON.—On Tuesday afternoon the ship Jason, of Greenock, was wrecked off Nauset, Mass., and only one man, Samuel J. Davis, saved out of a crew of twenty-six.

STRUCK BY A LOCOMOTIVE.—James Farrell, of Parisboro, an employee at the car works at Amherst, was severely injured on Tuesday through being struck by a locomotive. He received two severe wounds on his head and had three ribs started. It is feared he has sustained eternal injuries.

BANQUET TO THE MINISTERS.—The liberal-conservative associations of Halifax and Dartmouth, having learned that the Rt. Hon. Sir John Thompson and Hon. Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper will visit the city before their return to Ottawa, have tendered those gentlemen a banquet, which they have accepted, to take place at the Halifax Hotel on Monday evening, December 11th.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.—The Canadian Gazette, in a leading article, commends Sir John Thompson's elevation to the Imperial privy council, says his presence in London would be of the highest advantage to the members of the judicial committee by increasing their usefulness in dealing with Canadian questions that come up for decision. The Gazette hopes that this advantage will, in the interest of Canada, not be long denied, and says that Sir John will best honor the privy council by serving his native country, where men of such high principle, keen insight and sound judgement are needed.

HAVE NEITHER FOOD NOR FUEL.—Reports from western Kansas indicate a great deal of suffering. A blizzard has swept the barren plains, where hundreds of families are without fuel to keep them warm. James Willis, of Cheyenne County, says hundreds of families in the north-western counties are destitute of fuel and the necessaries of life. The blizzard drove many families into the villages, where they were allowed to keep warm around the stoves in the stores. Others are trying to keep warm over fires made from the twisted buffalo grass and dried manure from stables. Mr. Willis says the situation is serious for many people if they do not get immediate aid.

CITIZEN TRAIN COMING BACK DUMB.—"Speech is silver, but silence is golden," said George Francis Train yesterday, "and I'm going to relapse into silence again. For fourteen years I refused to speak to a man or woman, and I'm going back to New York next week and in Madison Square resume my old occupation of silence. I have had a good time in Chicago. I have lived at the Palmer House and had a nice room on the first floor, counting from the top of the building. Five hundred servants of the hotel have been at my beck and call. The mullage pot, pen and ink and stationery have been supplied me, all for \$1 a day. When I am hungry I go down to a lunch room and get a plate of wheat cakes and a cup of coffee for fifteen cents. I am happy and have solved the problem of living."

BRAZIL.—A despatch to the Exchange Telegram Company confirms the report that Admiral Mello has left Rio with a part of his fleet to intercept the vessels which President Peixoto expected to reinforce him. There was desperate fighting between the rebel ships and the forts at the entrance of the harbor which remain loyal to the government. The fire of the forts, the chief of which is Fort Santa Cruz, was so well directed that the rebel ships had great difficulty in crossing the bar, and only did so after Admiral Mello's flagship had been severely damaged. The impression prevails that the rebel admiral intends to make an effort to capture the two ships on their way to Rio de Janeiro from New York, and he is reported to have expressed the opinion that he can engage them from several points at once at long range, and either shell them into submission or blow them up before they can reach Rio de Janeiro. The admiral has taken with him a number of fast steam launches for use in the expected battle. Admiral Mello is said to be more concerned about the fast torpedo boats purchased at Ebling, Germany, than he is about the vessel's fitted out in New York.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—On Monday the President's message was sent to Congress, and proved an elaborate address of much force, marked by the honesty and strong common sense which are the strong points of Mr. Cleveland. As to foreign relations he says that while not free from perplexities they have brought no embarrassing situations that will not yield to the spirit of fairness which, joined with consistent firmness, characterizes a truly American policy. On the Hawaiian problem he is emphatic that a great wrong was done by the unseating of the Queen by aid of U. S. naval forces, and recommends her reinstatement. He also recommends the conclusion of reciprocal extradition treaties with those countries which at present have no treaties. On the currency question he gives no uncertain utterances and states "it would be wise to give the President general authority to invite other nations to such a monetary conference as that of Brussels whenever there should be a fair prospect of accomplishing an international coinage agreement." Other recommendations were the reorganization of the army, the increase of the navy, pension reform, etc. He approves of the new tariff bill as embodying the pledge of the Democratic party, and hopes that Congress will pass the bill and not allow selfish local issues to interfere with the general welfare. He advises strict economy and reduced appropriations to meet the hard times, and intimates that the revenue will be augmented by additional internal revenue taxes, including a small tax upon incomes derived from certain corporate investments. This will lift the burdens from the poor, and the wealthy corporations paying the extra tax will hardly feel the considerable revenue secured in this way.

RIGHT KIND OF MILLIONAIRE.—The Royal Victoria hospital, the gift of Lord Mount Stephen and Sir Donald Smith to the City of Montreal at a cost of \$1,250,000, was opened on Saturday with great eclat by Lord Aberdeen. R. B. Angus, president of the governing board, read an address to his excellency, and during Lord Aberdeen's reply it came out that Mr. Angus had donated a further sum of \$250,000 to aid in the good the Royal Victoria has in hand.

MYSTERIOUS FIRE AT SEA.—The steamship Europa of the National line, which arrived at New York on Thursday, reported having a mysterious fire at sea at 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening. Capt. Robinson, the master of the vessel, was extremely mysterious in talking about the fire, and when first questioned stated there had been none. He subsequently admitted there had been a small blaze in hold No. 5, which had been smothered with steam. "It only burned a cask," he added. "What was in the cask," was asked. With that the gruff old sailor became as furlous as if there had been a mutiny aboard, and with many hot words declared he did not know. Among the crew it was said there were chemicals in hold No. 5, and if the little blaze had not been quickly extinguished, that the cask and others might have united to blow the ship clear out of the sea.

200 TARS COMING EAST.—Next week a special C. P. R. train from Vancouver will reach here with about 200 time-expired tars from the Pacific squadron on their way home via Halifax. The train will consist of five cars and a cooking car. An equal number of men will be sent west from Halifax to take the place of the homeward bound men.

Advertisement for Shiloh's Cure, featuring a bottle illustration and text: "A DOSE OF THE GREAT SHILOH'S CURE. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee."

BALED HAY.

Any person requiring PRESSED HAY, before purchasing elsewhere, should send to J. C. MALONE & CO., THREE RIVERS, P. Q., for quotations in Car lots. Address J. C. MALONE & CO., P. O. BOX 351.

HALIFAX STOCK EXCHANGE.

These quotations are furnished by J. C. Mackintosh, Banker and Broker, 166 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S. Dec. 7.

Table of stock exchange quotations with columns for 'Par of Share', 'Buyer', and 'Seller'. Includes entries for Bank of Nova Scotia, Bank of B. N. America, Merchants Bank, Union Bank, People's Bank, Halifax Bank, Bank of Yarmouth, Exchange Bank of Yarmouth, Com. Bank of Windsor, Acadia Fire Insurance Co., Halifax Fire Insurance Co., Eastern Assurance Co., N. S. Marine Ins. Co., E. C. Sav's L'n Co., N. S. Telephone Co., Halifax Gas Light Co., Dam. Coal Co., N. G. C. I. & R. Co., N. S. S. & P. Co., Halifax & Nfld. S. S. Co., Canada & Nfld. S. S. Co., Yarmouth S. S. Co., Coastal Steam Packet Co., H. & Lunenburg Steamship Co., Acadia Sugar Refinery Bonds, Dom. Cotton Co. Bonds, Dom. Cotton Co. Stock, Bras d'Or Lime Co. Bonds, Starr Manufacturing Co., Rhodes, Curry & Co. Ltd., St. of Canada Marine Ry. Co., N. S. Furnishing Co. Ltd., McDougall Distillery Co. Bonds, Dartmouth Electric Light Co.

SKODA'S GERMAN SOAP, "Soft as Velvet," "Pure as Gold," that tells the whole story. Most highly medicated soap ever made. Try one cake. It is elegant. At all Druggists. Price, 25 cts.



FRANK C. MORAN.

"I Itched Intensely!" A TERRIBLE SKIN DISEASE Of Eight Years' Standing "PERFECTLY CURED" BY Skoda's Ointment and Discovery.

LEWISTON, ME. GENTS:—I wish to inform the suffering through you that SKODA'S GERMAN OINTMENT and SKODA'S DISCOVERY will cure the worst skin disease to be found. This statement may seem strong, but I think a true statement of my own case, will convince the most skeptical. For some eight years I have had a terrible skin disease from which I have suffered untold misery. I have tried physicians of repute and about all the so-called "skin cures," but the result was failure. My body was covered with white scales. I itched intensely, and when I would rub or scratch the scales off, burning and stinging sensations such as only those afflicted as I was may know, tormented me. My skin was so dry that my elbows, knees, hands, etc., would crack open so badly that they would bleed freely. My scalp was so that I could not comb my hair, and had to keep it clipped close to my head. I have now used a half dozen bottles of SKODA'S DISCOVERY and about eight ounces of SKODA'S OINTMENT. The result is I am PERFECTLY CURED. My skin is soft as an infant's. Instead of torment I have sweet sleep at night, and a good head of hair. FRANK C. MORAN.

Guaranteed with Every 6 Bottles.

SKODA'S OINTMENT, the Great German Skin Cure and Finest Cosmetic made in 3 ounce tubes. Price, 50 cts. Try a tube. SKODA DISCOVERY CO., Wolfville, N.S.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS, Mild, Safe, Efficient. Far superior to any pill. For Headache and Liver Complaint nothing can equal these Tablets. With the DISCOVERY they cure Rheumatism. 50 in a box only 35 cts.

Advertisement for Catarrh Remedy: "This Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Genuine Clearance Cash Sale.

G. M. SMITH & CO.

Offer their entire Large and Superior Stock during November and December at
SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH.

We wish to give our Customers and Patrons this special advantage previous to our removal to new premises on Barrington Street, in January next.

A TREASURER-TROVE.

Come, Grand sire, I have you out at last,
And you may drop your Puritanic scowl!
If you were more than palat and canvas now,
I'd nudge your formal ribs, despite your frown
That oft has checked my gayety and vow
No jollier lover ever signed.

To think
That you should scribble rhymes to Prudence Patience,
Priscilla, Chloris, Phyllis, and a score
Of primo enchantresses, were past belief.
Had I not ample proof of it. This roll
Of tell-tale papers, that I found today
In a neglected curious old press,
Gives evidence that in your bosom burned
A love like mine. Here's one inscribed to Phyllis,
And I will read it. Come, prepare to blush!

*I look upon the heavens high,
And lo the heavens are blue;
I look into my true love's eye,
And find the azure hue.
They say that Heaven is there above,
And yet in view I peer.
But when I look upon my love
I know that Heaven is here.*

How's this: How's this? My grandmother's were gray!
Her eyes were gray, for I remember them!
And here are many verses more than praise
Eyes brown, and black, and golden hair,
And all well rhymed, and smooth. Good sir,
No more beneath your frown, with nimble fingers,
I'll count sweet syllables that whisper love,
But these, with altered names, I'll copy out
To send to those who toss my heart in play.
Good sir, for this rich legacy I thank you!

THE PORTRAIT.

Her hair was a golden brown,
The photograph makes it black;
You may take the portrait out if you will,
You'll find a lock at the back.

Her eyes were a living blue,
And through their splendor rare
You could gaze right into her soul, and see
The feelings that sported there.

Why did we part? God knows!
It may be that she and I
Love still with as true and tender a love
As we swore in the days gone by.

To see a mighty rift
In a mountain, who would think
It was rent in twain by a tiny rill
That had trickled in at a chink?

Needs but an angry thought,
Or a light word lightly spoken,
And a mountain of love may be rent in twain,
And the chain of life be broken.

UNPARDONABLE.

'Forgive him!' exclaimed the great orator. 'No, sir! There are some things that a man never can forgive. If it were only an ordinary quarrel, I could forgive him; if we had had a stand-up-and-knock-down fight, I could forgive him; if he had slandered me, I might forget it, but some things a man cannot forget, however hard he may try.'

'Did you have a political argument with him?' asked the great politician.

'No; we're both on the same side of the political fence.'

'Both fall in love with the same girl?' inquired the young lover.

'No; he never knew the girl I married.'

'Tried to beat you by underhanded means in some business transaction possibly,' suggested the business man.

'Never. I never had any business dealings with him. I'll tell you what it was though. I was making a speech one night—it was the effort of my life—and he was present. I had worked in a little heroic and come to the pathos. I could see that I carried the audience with me as I told the little story I had interpolated to illustrate the point I was making. There was hardly a sound in the vast auditorium. I could see that the people were hanging on every word, every syllable that I uttered. And at that moment, the very moment of my triumph—'

'Well?' asked all the others together as he hesitated.

"At that moment this man yelled 'Loudor!'"

DO NOT GROW OLD.

Do not grow old—there is too much to lose;
The world has need of all these precious things—
This fresh young face, these eyes like woodland springs
This shadowy hair which every zephyr wooes.

These subtle graces, all these hues,
This voice like echoes from melodious strings.
Do not grow old—there is too much to lose;
The world has need of all these precious things.

—Dr. Frederick Peterson.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

How the Son of an English Clergyman Became an Eastern Potentate.

The life of the first Rajah, Sir James Brooke, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., L. D., reads like a romance such as Stevenson or Verne might write. His was a wild, restless nature that in his youth made him dissatisfied with the quiet of his English home, and with the even tenor of the days about his father's vicarage. He entered the English army, and was dangerously wounded in leading a charge against a detachment of natives in India. He gave up his commission and retired on a pension about the time he reached manhood.

A long and nearly fatal sickness did not quell his thirst for adventure. He had hardly regained his strength when he started out to explore India, Malaya and China. He wrote a valuable journal of his wanderings, and returned home fired with the thought of exploring the then unknown islands of the Pacific. The sight of the millions of acres of rich, untilled land that were embraced within the boundaries of some of these islands populated by a race of peaceful, indolent beings, and claimed by no European power, raised in his mind dreams of a great East-Indian Empire.

The death of his father left him with a property worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In spite of the protests of his friends, he very soon proceeded to fit out a small schooner, manned and armed it, and sailed for Singapore, and thence to the northwest coast of Borneo, landed at Kuching, on the Sarawak River, in 1838.

A field of conquest and a hope of empire at once dawned upon him. The province of Sarawak, a dependency of the Sultan of Brunei, was governed by an old native rajah, whose throne was menaced by the fierce, head-hunting Dyaks of the interior. Brooke saw his chance, and cast his fortunes with the weak but rightful ruler. After many marches with his little crew and an army of natives through the almost impenetrable rubber jungles, and after many hard-fought battles, the rebels were dislodged from their forts and order was restored. The young general then interposed between the combatants, and protected the defeated from the revenge of the victors, thereby winning the gratitude of the former and the confidence of both sides.

The Sultan conceived a great liking for Brooke, and finding that his native rajah could not rule the province, he arranged that Brooke should become Rajah of Sarawak, as an independent ruler.

Upon his accession to power, Rajah Brooke set about to reform abuses and build up the country. He abolished military marauding, did away with every form of slavery, established courts, missions and school houses, and waged fierce war against head-hunting and piracy.

Head-hunting was a remarkable and extraordinary custom of the native Dyaks. They strove to secure heads to decorate their houses, much as the American Indian longed to go hunting for scalps. It was an ancient custom.

Piracy had been for a century the curse of the Java seas, but Sir James Brooke knew that the future of his kingdom depended on its suppression. Every island of the harbor swarmed with pirates. They lived in big towns and had fortresses and cannon. They were stronger than any of the native rulers, and, knowing this, defied them. Brooke began with the feeble towns, conquering one after another, then burnt them, and took possession of their swift outrigger canoes, increasing his forces from the very pirates that he was exterminating, and so worked relentlessly on. Combined with the great qualities of a fearless fighter, he had the noble faculty of winning the goodwill and approval of his foes to such an extent that all through the struggle they fought half heartedly, knowing the while that they were really fighting against the people's good.

At the end of nine years the last pirate stronghold was taken, and the victor felt free to return home, pay his friends a visit, and solicit missionary aid to civilize the country.—*October St. Nicholas.*

AN ARCTIC HOUSEWIFE.

Mrs. Peary, the wife of the explorer, who is now in the Arctic, will this winter keep house in a dwelling such as no white woman ever before occupied, probably since the world began. It is only 33 feet long by 17 feet wide, but it is built of the very best material. The uprights are two-inch planks, outside of which is placed tar paper, two-ply, then a sheathing of matched boards, on top of which is another layer of three-ply tar paper. The entire house is painted with tar. Inside comes another layer of paper, then more sheathing, which is put on at an angle of forty-five degrees and runs opposite on the opposite sides of the house, in order to more securely brace it. Inside of all this is thick red flannel to keep the occupants warm. On the roof is a glass dome shaped like a hot house, and made of hot house sashes, with very thick glass. Under this dome and even with its ceiling is another glass layer making it perfectly wind proof and comfortable, however cold it may be outside. On the whole, although she can't be outdoors very much, Mrs. Peary will be snug and comfortable in her Arctic dwelling till the long Greenland-winter is past.

It is the first cold snap of wintry weather that is most keenly felt by the thinly clad, barefooted little Arabs who crowd about Park Row, the Bowery, and the various city squares, and the cold days and freezing nights of last week put them to all sorts of odd shifts to keep warm. Along Park Row and in the streets about Chatham Square they collected paper, wood, straw, anything that would burn, perhaps breaking up a barrel or two for fuel, and built fires beside the curb, around which they clustered in picturesque groups. After the kind-hearted policeman's sense of duty was strained to the breaking point and he had reluctantly dispersed them and extorted the fire, another fire would spring up around a convenient corner, and thus the succession of flaming bivouacs went on through the night in the heart of the metropolis.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TOO HASTY.

Prof. Blackie was lecturing to a new class with whose personnel he was imperfectly acquainted. A student rose to read, his book held in his left hand. "Sir!" thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand!"—and as the student would have spoken—"No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!" The student held up his right arm, ouching piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I have no right hand," he said. Before Blackie could open his lips, there arose a storm of hisses, and by it his voice was overborne. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt, and put his arm around the lad's shoulder and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast. "My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the class room—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was over-rough? I did not know—I did not know!" He turned to the students, and with a look and tone that came straight from his heart, he said: "And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown I am teaching a class of gentlemen." Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Blackie learned.—*Argonaut.*

THE PORTER'S MISTAKE.

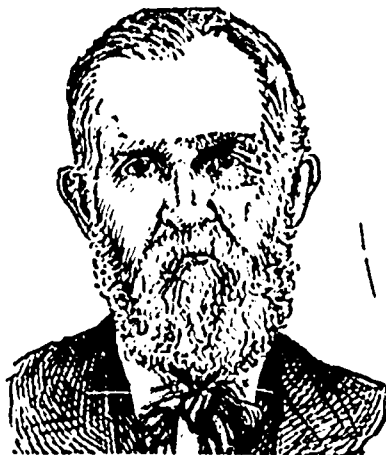
A travelling man named Edward Dickenson occupied a sleeping car and desired to leave the train at Syracuse. Calling the porter, he said; "I wish to get off at Syracuse, I am a sound sleeper and want to be put off at Syracuse, asleep or awake. Now, here's a dollar, but don't forget me." "All right, sir, you'll come off the train sure," was the reply. The travelling man settled down to peaceful sleep. At last, waking with a start, he glanced at his watch and found Syracuse must have been passed an hour ago. Hastily dressing, he searched the car in no pleasant mood and found the porter at last with one eye closed and one arm tied in a sling and presenting a demoralized appearance generally. "Here, you black scoundrel!" he exclaimed, "why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?" The porter gave a terrified glance at the gentleman as he said, "For de Lawd's sake, who was dat man I put off at Syracuse?"—*Oalifornia Review.*

SENATE PAGES.

Many a time as I have sat in the gallery of the Senate, I have seen a senator call a page to him, say something in a low tone of voice and then return to his work of writing or reading or listening, while the boy would hurry away and come back soon laden with a volume, a bill or a report. I have marveled that such little fellows could carry an errand of that kind, orally given them, in their heads long enough to perform it aright. The other day I was disillusionized. I was in the document room of the Senate when a page entered with the hop, step and jump, which among pages is always indicative of serious business on hand. He called out in a loud, rasping voice, "I want the report on the opening of the cherry tree cowlick." "The opening of the—what?" cried the clerk in astonishment. "The 'cherry tree cowlick,'" repeated the boy. "Who wants it?" "Senator Blank," naming one of the members of the senate committee on public lands. I ventured to suggest to the clerk the possible solution of the riddle, and a report on the opening of the Cherokee outlet was given the boy, who ran his eye over the title. "Oh!" he exclaimed, as he sidled through the door leading into the corridor "it ain't 'cherry tree,' is it? It's Cherokee." I wondered what you were all laughing at.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

THE MAHAMMEDAN PARADISE.

The Mahammedan paradise is a fairy land. To enter it the believer must cross seven bridges, at each of which he must answer questions relating to his past life. Having crossed the bridges he is at the entrance. There are thirteen doors. The first act is to take a bath, which gives to the body great brilliancy. This abode of delight is built of bricks of gold and of silver held together by a mortar of musk. Four oceans soothe the senses—one of water, one of milk, one of honey, one of wine. Waves of perfume envelope them, so powerful as to be noticeable five hundred days' march away. Lastly came the castles of the hours—seventy castles with seventy rooms, containing seventy state beds and seventy tables ready set, and in this castle 1,680,700,000 hours. This to each of the elect. He himself has seventy robes of green brocade embroidered with rubies and topazes. Great Prophet! Let us all be Turks! "You've frozen your ears," is a common remark. Batho in Johnson's Anodyne Linctment.



Mr. Harvey Heed
Laceyville, O.

Catarrh, Heart Failure, Paralysis of the Throat

"I Thank God and Hood's Sarsaparilla for Perfect Health."

Gentlemen. For the benefit of suffering humanity I wish to state a few facts. For several years I have suffered from catarrh and heart failure, getting so bad I could not work and

Could Scarcely Walk

I had a very bad spell of paralysis of the throat some time ago. My throat seemed closed and I could not swallow. The doctors said it was caused by heart failure, and gave medicine, which I took according to directions, but it did not seem to do me any good. My wife urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, telling me of Mr. Joseph C. Smith, who had been

At Death's Door

but was entirely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. After talking with Mr. Smith, I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken two bottles I felt very much better. I have continued taking it, and am now feeling excellent. I thank God, and

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and my wife for my restoration to perfect health." HARVEY HEED, Laceyville, O.

HOOD'S PILLS do not purge, pain or grip, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.



Weakness Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

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HUGGINS' GOLDEN SYRUP.

BOTANICAL. CURES NERVOUS DEBILITY. MALE OR FEMALE. Hundreds of bottles sold. Sent, expressage prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00.

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LYONS' HOTEL, KENTVILLE, N. S.

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE RAILWAY STATION.

EXTENSIVE improvements having been completed in this house it now possesses 32 Bed Rooms, 1 Ladies' and 2 Gentlemen's Parlors, Sample Rooms, Billiard Rooms, Hot and Cold Baths. This house is conducted on first-class principles, and it will be found, outside of the Queen or Halifax Hotels, equal, if not superior, to any in the province. Livery Stable in connection.

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DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant pine syrup. PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Emporium, OPPOSITE HALIFAX CLUB.

FALL GOODS NOW OPENING.

Scotch L. Wool Shirts and Drawers. Rural Wool Shirts and Drawers. L.ama do do. Boys', Youths' and Men's Sizes. New Ties, Scarfs, Collars and Braces, ALSO— Boys' Sailor Suits, Boys' Nap Whitney Reefers, Girls' Reefers,

All imported goods and best stock.

FREEMAN ELLIOT.

JOHN PATTERSON,

Manufacturer of Steam Boilers, For Marine and Land Purposes

Iron Ships Repaired.

SHIP TANKS GIRDERS, SMOKE PIPES and all kinds STEEL IRON WORK ESTIMATES given on application.

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THE TAILOR,

Is showing an extra fine line of Goods suitable for the coming season.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Halifax Printing Co.

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By the best Tailoring Skill Military and all the latest prevailing styles put up at Short Notice. A splendid line of samples to select from. Full instructions how to measure, and samples sent free to any one outside the city.

J. E. PARKER, Agent, 111 Granville St.

COMMERCIAL.

Trade generally throughout the Dominion plods along in the usual style without the development of any new features worthy of note. In most lines of staple goods a fairly satisfactory distribution is reported, and the consumptive demand shows a healthy condition as compared with former seasons.

It is not wise nor advisable to attempt to ignore the fact that there is a depression in trade generally in this Dominion. The depression does not obtain in this country to anything like the extent that it has in the United States and in England, still it is undeniably here. Yet there is no reason for alarm. The trade of the country is slightly indisposed, but there is no chronic disease, and the present indisposition is largely on account of the conditions that are affecting the commercial interests of the world at large.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW OF HENRY CLEWS AND CO., NEW YORK, December 2, 1893.—"Stock Exchange interests still continue buoyant, but neither decidedly active nor excited. The prevailing mood is that of expectancy, but without any common effort to force the improvement anticipated.

The advance publication of the Wilson Tariff Bill, as agreed upon in Committee, has enabled Wall Street to form its first impressions as to the bearings of that important subject of legislation. The industrial stocks most conspicuously reflected the effects of the bill; and that group exhibited a general decline, followed however by an early recovery consequent upon over-sales, and due in part also to previous intimations of the changes of duty having caused 'short' sales which were covered on the bill being made public.

Wall Street, however, has at the moment two other occasions for a waiting policy. The utterances of the President's message, expressing the attitude of the administration upon points of policy about which there is some conflict of opinion in the majority policy, is looked for with more than usual interest; and, should the document commend itself to the public opinion, it might prove to be an important contribution to the recovery of

confidence from the shock it has lately suffered. The prospects of currency legislation also are watched with deep interest; for it is felt that, notwithstanding the present large accumulations of idle money in the banks, another twelve months might quite possibly see it all distributed and new supplies needed; which, as matters now stand, there is no trustworthy means of getting. The plan now under consideration provides for note issues upon conditions that would insure security, elasticity and redemption without pledge of bonds, is gaining in interest, the more so as it appears to be receiving support from high banking opinion, and it is understood to be regarded favorably by the Administration.

Outside the foregoing factors dependant on new legislation, the situation continues to steadily improve. From all parts of the country reports show a gradual recovery in the state of business. The reduced condition of stocks of goods is forcing buyers into the markets, and though purchases are made cautiously the volume of trade is assuming much larger dimensions. The exchanges of the Clearing houses are gaining largely upon those of late months, and the banks are extending their discount operations. The manufacturing interests now better understand the conditions under which the new tariff will place them, and are therefore more free to resume work in response to the increasing demand for goods. The industrial interests are also finding relief in the reduction of wages called for by the changed conditions of trade.

DRY GOODS.—The change to cooler weather has helped trade in woollens and other heavy dry goods. All that is now wanted to give a healthy impetus to the movement of general lines to country points as well as shipments of produce is a good, heavy fall of snow. All the large dry goods, millinery and furnishing goods establishments are decorating their windows with attractive goods, in anticipation of the coming holidays, and some of them make excellent displays. Grade C of grey cottons have been sold to wholesalers with a five per cent discount during the past month.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour dealers report local trade fairly good, outside of which there is little or nothing doing in this market. Since our last report prices have been fairly steady, and although there are no immediate signs of strength, yet there is good reason for the supposition that prices have reached bottom. Navigation has practically closed on the great lakes and the St. Lawrence and the winter rates are now in effect. A fair local enquiry is noted and prices are firm in face of light stocks. Mill feed is firmer, especially bran and shorts. Supplies here are light. In Boston flour is firmer and some trade is noted, but generally at old prices. Still millers are not now selling except for all-rail shipments at the advance in freights. Quotations are the same. Cornmeal and oatmeal are steady. In England there is not much enquiry for wheat and corn is quiet but steady.

PROVISIONS.—The local provision market does not show any special change, but is fairly steady under a quiet demand. There is a fair movement in pork at quotations. Mess pork is easier in tone and Western is offered lower. Catmeats and lard are unchanged. Dressed hogs are coming in more freely and range from \$7 to \$7.50 per 100 lbs. In Boston pork provisions are quiet and unchanged. There was a good trade in beef and the market is firm. Cattle are higher in the West and the shippers of beef want more money. Quotations are the same. Mutton and lambs are dull with the market over-stocked. Hog arrivals are beginning to be large, having been three times as many last week as they were in the corresponding

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week last year. Turkeys and chickens there are in large supply, and prices are easy—in fact quite as low as they are here.

BUTTER does not furnish any extensive movement in this market. The quantity offering here is not large and sellers are not urgent, being satisfied with the quiet jobbing demand that they experience which nets them full figures for their goods. There is practically no change in the butter situation. The tone, however, is firm and rather favors sellers. Good dairy is reported scarce and is in good demand. New roll butter from points west of Toronto is expected to arrive in a few days, but will cost, it is said, about 24c. In Boston butter was in rather better demand with more selling, but quotations are not changed.

CHOCOLATE.—Business in chocolate has lapsed into its usual winter quiet, after what is claimed to have been a very satisfactory season's operations to both manufacturers and shippers—values from the opening having steadily advanced, notwithstanding that the output was larger than any previous year. It is understood that in this Province very considerable quantities are held back for later shipment. Holders are not trying to push sales, as they look for an improved demand within a few weeks and prices in the meanwhile are steady and unchanged. In New York, according to the Journal Bulletin, one or two exporters are looking around for fancy late made chocolate, though we do not hear of any actual sales in that direction, but the above, with continued strong country advices encourages holders in their confidence, and highest grades are held quite firmly with holders in no hurry to urge matters. Slender grades, full cream and part skim continue quiet, and general tone weak and irregular. The Liverpool, G. B., cable quotes 54s.

EGGS.—The local egg market is firm decidedly. Fresh stock is scarce and commands 20c. to 21c. in case lots. Ordinary ranges from 18c. to 18c., and limed, for which there is never much enquiry in this market, 14c. to 16c.

GREEN FRUIT.—On account of a liberal supply oranges have dropped 25c. to 50c., and since the decline an active demand has sprung up. Lemons are also lower, and an increased demand is reported for the better grades. Other kinds are not wanted. Cape Cod cranberries are not receiving much attention on account of their becoming soft. The domestic are the most favored at present. Apples are steady and in good demand. Quite a few have been shipped to the States and some to England, but most holders seem to prefer waiting till later on before making large shipments, being convinced that values will continue to enhance as the winter advances. Practically the only Canadian grapes are the Catawba, and there is not much doing in them.

DRY FRUITS.—The activity in this line continues to be the feature of the trade. Valencia raisins are still in good demand with prices steady. Selected off-stalk is scarce, and it appears to be very doubtful if any further shipments will arrive here this season. The supply of layers, however, seems to be ample. Currants are very firm in sympathy with the tone of strong advices from the primary market, to which reference has been frequently made in this column for several weeks past. A few new Elome figs have come to hand and met with a good reception, but prices are somewhat easier. New dates received are also going out nicely.

SUGARS.—There has been no further change in sugar since the decline noted in our last, but buyers are undecided what to do in consequence of the repeated slumps that have occurred. On the whole, trade is dull and lifeless, and devoid of any special feature except it be a scarcity of bright sugars at from 4 1/2c. to 4 3/4c. Raw sugar, according to advices, is likewise depressed in London and elsewhere, and the market is dull in consequence of all these depressing conditions. Willett and Gray, New York, in their Weekly Statistical, report that the tendency of the markets for raws, both at home and abroad, have been towards lower prices, evidently because of a disposition to discount the effect of the large surplus of cane sugar and beet crops for the present campaign. The beet, and the Demorara, Brazil and Java cane crops are now available, and in another month the large crop of Cuba will begin to appear in the market. European beet countries evidently appreciate the situation that they are in with a large excess beyond requirements, and there was scarcely a day of this week that did not make a decline of 1/4d. in prices. The New York market naturally weakened on any pressure to sell and, with comparatively small business, Centrifugals and Javas declined 3-10 per lb to 3c. for 96° test, the lowest point touched since January 1891. The future of the sugar situation has not yet been grasped by anyone, and is full of surprises no doubt. Larger crops, smaller consumption, tariff changes, general business depression, labor troubles and strikes, all have bearing on sugar, as it is of universal use. The situation regarding refined sugar is even more serious than that of raws, for the foreign refiners in their anxiety to market their surplus crop by exportations and get the bounty which goes with such exportations, are already crowding shipments this way of granulated sugars which will come into competition with American. Sales of German granulated have been made this week at 4c. per lb. delivered at New York. This is 1/2c. below the American price at the opening of the week and 1/4c. below the closing price. It can easily be seen what a serious matter this will prove to be before the end of this campaign year.

MOLASSES.—For genuine Barbados molasses values are steady in tone, for none of it can be had at concessions. In Montreal some stock is offering at low figures, but it is claimed in this connection that some old Trinidad is being put through a mixing process and being sold as Barbados.

TEAS.—This has been a very quiet week in teas. Advices from Japan state that the settlements up to the 8th October are many thousand piculs short of those of the corresponding date last year. Indians and Ceylons are in demand here, and orders are being taken for China Congous.

COFFEES.—There has been a little green Rio coffee on the market this week, but most of it seems to have been wanted to fill previous orders. The outside markets have ruled irregular.

FISH.—The local market remains about the same as before. Stocks on

hand are considerably lighter than is usual at this time of the year, and they are being constantly reduced, as all steamers sailing to the West Indies and many going to United States ports take larger or smaller consignments, and those left aggregated more than comes in. Some very large mackerel have been taken during the past week along the Cape Breton and P. E. Island coasts, but the quantities secured were small. Enough herring are also being taken for bait requirements, but not enough to make up shipments. In Toronto the fish trade was dull during the week, and prices remain as before. Quotations are:—L. brad'er herring \$1.50 per bbl.; Shore do. \$2.75; Dighy do. 11c. to 12 1/2c.; salt mackerel 10c. per lb. At Montreal the fish market has furnished a business of a satisfactory kind. In pickled fish herring have met with a good demand, with sales of shore fish at \$4.50 to \$4.65, while Labrador have sold as high as \$5 to \$5.25 per bbl. in round lots. Green cod is offering in fair supply, but dry cod is scarce. Quotations are:—No. 1 C. B. herring \$5.50; No. 1 Newfoundland do. \$5; No. 1 green cod \$5 to \$5.25, Labrador salmon \$14 to \$15 per bbl; No. 2 mackerel \$12, flanagan haddies 7c. to 8c., Yarmouth blasters \$1.10 to \$1.50 per box; haddock 3 1/2c. to 4c. In Boston the demand for dry and pickled fish is generally quiet. In mackerel the market is quiet and an easier feeling prevails. The codfish market is quiet as mentioned above, but the holders of cargo lots are still very firm, with the idea that the supply is small. In herring the market is quiet and very little changed. The Newfoundland herring fleet, just sailing, consists of 75 vessels. At Gloucester receipts have been lighter in all departments since our last report, the mackerel season closing with a total catch of 41,394 sea-picked barrels. Prices are practically unchanged. A Barbados circular dated Nov. 17 quotes:—The market quiet on cod and pickled fish Newfoundland medium cure \$21; large lotting \$22, herring \$2.50 for round and \$3.25 for split; salmon \$1.50 for bbl.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.—WHOLESALE SELLING RATES.

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

GROCERIES.

Table listing various grocery items such as Sugars, Tea, Molasses, Biscuits, and their respective prices.

BREADSTUFFS

There are no changes to note in the markets.

Business was fairly good last week seems a little quiet this week.

The weather has been somewhat against it.

Flour.

Table listing various flour types and their prices, including Manitoba highest grade patents, High Grade Patents, etc.

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Table listing various fruits such as Apples, Oranges, Lemons, and their prices.

O. H. Harvey, 12 & 10 Sackville St.

FISH.

Table listing various fish types such as Mackerel, Herring, Salmon, and their prices.

PROVISIONS.

Table listing various provisions such as Beef, Pork, Lard, and their prices.

BUTTER AND CHEESE

Table listing various butter and cheese types and their prices.

SALT.

Table listing various salt types and their prices.

SECOND CLASS TO EUSTON.

(Concluded.)

'Eleanor,' gasped my uncle, with rather ashy countenance, gazing at the sparkling jewels, 'how—how did that cage come into your possession?'

'Then the whole truth dawned on me, and I eagerly related how I came to make the acquaintance of the artless Mrs. O'Toole, and how she had made me wear her shawl, appropriating my own valuable scarf, and forced the cage upon me with the solemn injunction never to let it out of my hands for a moment until I had delivered it into her sister's keeping on my way from the railway station.

'I see through it all; it's as plain as a pike-staff!' burst in Mr. Willoughby, scowling stealthily, while a rather cynical smile dawned on the detectives' countenances. 'You have been made a regular cat's-paw of, Miss Holmes. The little thief must have seen and recognised me at Chester, or have received some intimation of my presence from her accomplices, then, believing naturally that the station was swarming with detectives, cleverly adopted the plan of making you—whose appearance would be a protection against the suspicion of any but a hot-headed, mole-eyed idiot like myself—convey her plunder to safe quarters in London, where, we all know, the city once reached, it would be lost forever. By Jove, it was a stroke of genius! I have never heard anything like it! And to think, Colonel Clark, that but for your outburst of—of—hem!—righteous indignation it would all have remained undiscovered? Miss Holmes would have calmly handed over the cage to Mrs. O'Toole's agents in Cook's Court!'

'All's well that ends well,' I whispered to my uncle, who, poor man, seemed quite dazed by the extraordinary adventure! 'Had we not better be going? I do not want my breakfast, uncle Ned!'

'So a few minutes later a four-wheeler was bearing me westwards at last. And that, my dear girls, is the true and faithful account of my famous journey from the North Wall to Euston in the year eighteen hundred and— and—we won't mind the decimals!'

Here Mrs. Sackville shook her pretty blond head and gazed with rueful retrospection into the fire, as if she were recalling an incident contemporary with the Reform Bill or Battle of Waterloo, which made us all laugh.

'But surely that is not all? Your adventure must have an epilogue of some kind. The thieves were captured, were they not? Surely you did not let Mrs. O'Toole escape with your lace scarf?' broke in two or three of the party.

'Alas, neither Mrs. O'Toole, nor my scarf, nor any of the parties connected with the robbery were ever even faintly traced! For, when the police besieged 23, Cook's Court, they found the place deserted, the seizure and examination of my property having probably got wind there before I left the station. They escaped, every one.

'What a shame! Well, now, about Mr. Willoughby. Did you ever see him again?'

'Mr. Willoughby? Let me see. Did I ever see him again, Kate? Yes, I think so—four or five times before we left town,' answered Mrs. Sackville, half stifling a yawn. 'He called, you know, to try to induce my uncle to forgive him.'

'Well—and did he?'

'Not for a long time—months, years. He followed me—I mean my uncle, you know—down into Devonshire that summer.'

'And eventually he was forgiven?'

'Eventually—yes, as—as well as I can remember.'

'Mrs. Sackville,' suddenly cried the young lady called Kate, who had conducted the examination, 'you married the man! Willoughby was your husband's name before he came in for his uncle's estates. I remember perfectly—Herbert Willoughby. Oh, what a slyboots you are! You actually married him, and were going to let us off without the cream of the story! Shame, shame!'

'And the diamonds you wore at the fancy-ball last night, which every one was talking about,' broke in three or four voices eagerly, 'were the very ones you carried from Chester to London?'

'They were,' assented Mrs. Sackville, reviving a little as the gentlemen came trooping in. 'I—I married him for them!'

J. P. SMITH.

FOR PASTIME.

'So Garde Ruthven is expected home this evening?'

Ada Hemsworth broke into a long silence with this sentence, a silence made only more dreamy hitherto by the sound of the river falling far down among boulders and bracken and brambles at the foot of the slope.

'Yes—aren't you glad?' her sister Maud makes answer. Maud has not been idle all this sunny afternoon, though Ada has. Beside her stands a great basket of blackberries, which she is now complacently regarding as she draws off a pair of purple-stained gloves.

'Glad!' Ada echoes, with an absent glance over the wooded hollow below them, where the river runs in its shadowy gorge. 'Why should I be glad? What is it to me?'

'Your own cousin!'

'I have never considered Garde as my cousin—I mean, not as one of my particular cousins. He always seemed to belong to you.'

'Oh, that is because you used to snub him, Ada! Do you remember how you used to quarrel when he came home in the vacations?'

'He was a horrid boy—so desperately downright and sober! I could not put up with him.' Ada shrugs her shoulders with a grimace. 'He used to say he liked a girl to be a girl, not a tom-boy; but he was not going to charge me.'

'Well, you agreed to differ afterwards,' Maud says quietly. 'You did not quarrel so much before he went to New Zealand.'

'Because he was not paying any attention to what I did,' Ada laughs—'he was too much taken up with you. I tried to horrify him, but he took no notice whatever of me. You're his style exactly, Maud, and it was a shame of you to give up writing to him.'

'Where was the use of it?' Maud answers demurely. 'Mother thought it foolish, and cousin Margaret might not have liked it.'

With a half-smiling face Ada looks curiously at her sister.

'What a matter-of-fact little thing you are, Maud! I don't believe there is a grain of romance in your composition. Why, that would have made me keep on writing to him! But you are just like Garde, realistic to the core.'

'It is the best thing to be,' Maud asserts, getting up and shaking the ruddy blackberry leaves and husks from her dress, and setting her hat straight upon her head. 'Come, Ada, it is six o'clock, and cousin Margaret will be in a fuss about tea to-night.'

Ada gets up too, and looks round her with the dreamy, rapt look still in her eyes. She neither shakes out her dress nor straightens her hat, but she picks up her little dog and tucks him under her arm, and turns away towards the entrance of the lane which leads to home. Maud follows with the basket.

It is an autumnal evening—golden sunshine on golden stubble-fields, a gleam of scarlet and orange here and there among the trees, ripe blackberries on the bronzed and purple briars, ripe red clusters on the hedges, here and there a tangle of honeysuckle and glittering green ivy, here and there a bough or bramble burning with hectic crimson, and over all a deep blue sky without a cloud.

In the slanting sunshine Ada walks down the quiet lane. Maud follows her. They do not speak to each other, they have said all they have to say to each other for the present, and Ada stares straight before her, and Maud walks with her eyes on the ground. Ada wears a white cambric dress, rather crushed and blackberry stained, and a white muslin hat pulled well down over her face. She goes along with her chin in the air, but that may be because otherwise she could scarcely see where is going. Maud has on a neat brown-holland dress and sailor hat, with a brown ribbon round it. The faces of the two are not unlike, but Ada's large light-blue eyes deepen into violet in Maud, and Ada's fleecy fair hair, gathered up anyhow, darkens into golden brown in her sister's plaits and curls.

The lane leads down into a hollow, and the hedgerow thickens into a wood. Fallen leaves lie thick underfoot, and almost as high as the little gate Ada turns to open. Farther on there is a great farm-gate, beyond the hedge of clipped beech. Going in at the smaller entrance, the girls find themselves in a kind of covered passage, twenty or thirty yards long, with a wall and roof of thick leaves which almost exclude the sun. At the end of the passage is a glass door.

'I'm not going in yet,' Ada exclaims, suddenly facing round.

'Oh, you'd better come in! We must get ready for tea.'

'You're not going to dress for this young farmer!'—with an accent of supreme scorn.

'No; but I must get those stains off my hands and brush my hair. I suppose you've no objections to that?'

'Objection! But your hair is as neat as two pins; and what are your hands compared to mine?' And Ada stretches out two violent-stained hands—very pretty hands, for all the ill-usage—with a great diamond blazing on the third finger of the left one.

'What would mamma say to you if she saw you wearing your rings out in the woods?' Maud ejaculates.

'I always forget. Indeed ornaments of any kind are thrown away here. I am getting awfully tired of this, Maud. I think we ought to end our visit at once and go back to town.'

'Back to town in September, Ada! And to go back in such a hurry! What would cousin Margaret say?'

'I don't care what she says. I'm frightfully bored here.'

'But it is doing you so much good, dear. You look ever so much better than when we left London,' Maud remonstrates.

'Scarcely—in one week there could not be much improvement. It just proves that I was right and mamma was wrong. There is nothing in the world the matter with me.'

'Yet you looked bad enough.'

'Oh, that was all those dances I went to, and that! Of course one does look rather done-up after a London season.'

'I did not look done-up.'

'Oh, you never put yourself out or get excited about anything! And you're about right. Besides, it was my fifth season and only your first.'

HOW TO GET A "SUNLIGHT" PICTURE.

Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrapper bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man?") to Lever Bros., Ltd., 43 Scott St., Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market and it will only cost 1c. postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

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'As if that would make any difference!'
'Of course it would make a difference.'
'Well, I'm going in now. You'd better come.'

But Ada turns back and goes out again at the little gate. Maud opens the glass door. Within is a low, wide passage, still darker than the alley, with quaint old-fashioned prints in black frames on the walls. At the end of this, and running at right angles with it, or rather in the form of a T, is another and longer passage, with a wide-silled window looking into a garden. To the right is the door of the sitting-room, and other doors are along the passage. On the left is the kitchen, all alight now with sunshine streaming in through the wide, low window from the rick-yard, with the glow from a huge fire in the deep chimney, with refractions from silver and glass on the well-spread tea-table drawn up to the window, with the beaming face of cousin Margaret cutting up plum-cake at the dresser.

'Just in time, Maud,' she smiles benignly. 'Garde has come—and I've sent him up to his own old room. Run and take off your hat, for I've made tea, and the chickens are being taken off the spit.'

Maud does as she is bidden, and smooths her hair at the little black-framed glass in her quaint little room, wondering whether her cousin's four years of exile have changed him very much. He has written to her several times since then, but people's letters seldom show the changes in themselves—certainly not the outward changes—which strike one so much after long absence. She wonders, too, with a little heart-beating, whether he will think her changed, and as pretty as she was at fifteen. For Maud has a very pretty face.

She does not change her brown-holland dress—it looks as neat and nice as possible, with its linen collar and crimson tie. She had a neat little figure too, prettily rounded. So she twists her long curls round her fingers—whereon no rings glitter except one little garnet hoop, a birthday present from her cousin long ago—and looks at her round roseate cheeks and soft violet eyes in the glass, and smiles complacently at the reflection which even the green shade of the little mirror cannot mar.

Then she goes to meet her hero.

He is in the kitchen, standing in the middle of the floor, talking to his mother—a tall, strongly-built young man in dark-blue serge, with his blue stockings and knickerbockers, and dark wavy hair parted in the centre of his head. He has a very dark, sunburnt face, with a dark moustache, and a pair of keen, brown eyes.

He has a full view of Maud as she comes down the passage. He meets her at the door, and, taking her hand, stoops to kiss her just as he used four years ago. Maud feels at home with him in a moment; the four years are as a dream that is gone—as a shadow when it departeth.

'You're not a bit changed,' Garde says, looking down at her with laughing eyes.

'And you're not changed either—at least, not much,' she answers, looking up at him.

'Where's Ada?' cousin Margaret asks, glancing up from her plate of plum-cake.

'She went round to the farm-yard, I think. We came back together just now from the high pasture.'

'She's with the boys,' cousin Margaret supposes, not without reason.

Ada is with the boys. They are all in the great dusky barn at this moment, where the air is sweet with the smell of grain, and the walls are lined with the great piled sheaves and heaps of golden-brown wheat. The boys are trying to make a little wiry-haired terrier fetch a rat from behind the threshing-machine, and Ada watches with interest, prepared to decamp, if the rat is caught, before anything sanguinary happens. With her big hat awry, and Fun in her arms, she stands at gaze, with Fred at her side, and Jack and Charlie urging on the terrier. Outside is the sunny farm-yard, with women milking five sleek cows in one corner, and horses drinking in another, and ducks and geese and hens and pigeons quacking and cackling and cooing in the low sunshine, and the dairy door open, showing a glimpse of cool flagged floor and great round shallow yellow pans full of milk and cream.

The terrier is evidently not clever at catching rats. Three or four other dogs are excluded from the affair, and sit or stand outside the barn door, with deep interest depicted in their faces, for what is going on within.

'I see the rat quite plainly!' Charlie shouts. 'He has got partly under the machine, only his red head is visible on the father side, between the machine and a pile of sheaves. If I had a gun, I could shoot him in a second.'

'Run for the gun, Jack!' Fred cries excitedly. Fred is a lathy lad of nineteen, who will yet be a fine-looking man, if he does not stoop so much. A little drilling will do him all the good in the world.

Jack runs for the gun only too willingly. Ada does not object to see the rat shot, though she would object to see it worried, so she waits the issue calmly, standing in the barn door.

'Boys—Ada—you're all to come in to tea.'

It is Maud's voice, and Ada turns to look at her. She is standing just outside with—whom? The forgotten cousin! Ada, with instinctive coquetry, bethinks her of her own appearance and shudders.

'Well, Ada!' Garde Ruthven says, going to her and holding out his hand.

She shakes hands with him rather nonchalantly, because she knows appearances are against her, and she does not want to make up for them by warmth of manner.

(To be Continued.)

THE MOST EXCELLENT REMEDY.
DEAR SIR.—I have suffered greatly from constipation and indigestion, but by the use of B. B. B. I am now restored to health. I cannot praise Burdock Blood Bitters too highly; it is the most excellent remedy I ever used. MISS AGNES J. LARSON, Hagerville, Ont.



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MAIL CONTRACTS.
SEPARATE SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 19th January, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, three times per week each way, between Dufferin Mines and Salmon River; and twice between Carroll's Corner and Elmadala, under proposed contracts for four years from the 1st April next.
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the terminal Post Offices of each route, and at this office.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
Halifax, 1st Dec'r, 1893.
CHARLES J. MACDONALD,
Post Office Inspector.

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DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS

All communications to this department must be addressed directly to the Checker Editor, Mr. W. Forsyth, 36 Grafton St.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. D. McINNIS, Molega, Queens.—Your favor criticising Game 238 is received with thanks. We are specially pleased to hear from you for several reasons:—That your observations are quite correct; that you are a newcomer and therefore welcome, as you are thus added to the list of Nova Scotia checkerists whom we know.

It is a matter of regretful surprise that checker players and students of the game in the various sections of the Maritime Provinces do not oftener communicate their observations, for they may be always assured of a warm welcome.

Mr. Innis remarks as follows:—"In game 238, 'Bristol,' after moves 9-15, 22 18 are made, black goes 15-31, and white moves from 24 to 6. The next move by black should be 13-22. It would have been an easy victory for black had this move been made after 24 6, instead of 1-10, which any ordinary player might have avoided."

JAMES RENNIE, Mail, Toronto.—Will you kindly ask Mr. Dickson to fulfill his promise made to our Mr. Forsyth, before the latter left Toronto, to send him a copy of the first fifteen games of his match with Mr. Kolly.

SOLUTION.

PROBLEM 359.—The position was: black men 5, 11, 13, 20, 23, 25, king 8; white men 9, 10, 14, 19, 21, 31; king 2; white to play and win.

GAME 240—"BRISTOL."

Recently played between Messrs. P. Harraber of Halifax, (black), and W. Forsyth (white)—the latter playing blindfold.

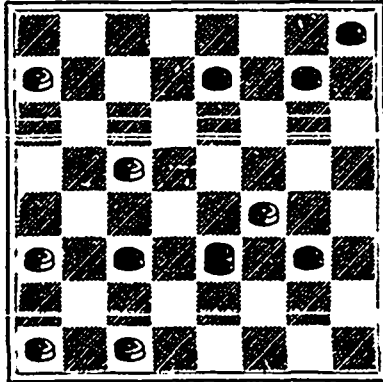
Table with 4 columns of numbers: 11-16, 14-17, 16-23, 22-26, 22 18, 21 14, 18 14, 17 14, 8-11, 10-26, 8-11, 26-31, 25 22, 31 22, 14 7, 8 11, 10-14, 9-14, 1-5, 12-16, 22 17, 18 9, 27 18, 14 10, 7-10, 5-14, 6-5-23, 6-15, 17 13, 22 18, 7 3, 11 27, 3-7, 14-17, 11-16, 31-24, 24 19, 18 14, 3 8, 30 26, 16-20, 11-16, 16-19, drawn, a.29 25, 14 9, 25 21, 4-8, 7-10, 17-22, 26 22, 23 18, 21 17

The student may easily see that here black had before him an opportunity for a series of exchanges which would have resulted in taking ten men—five for five—off of the board, but, as this would not have eventuated advantageously to him, he wisely avoided the manoeuvre.

Probably black had a win from this point, but, if so, Mr. H. failed to find it. We will be pleased to see the win if any of our readers will hunt it up and forward it to us.

PROBLEM 361.

Sent in for competition for the Liverpool Mercury prizes. Black men 4, 7, 8, 22, 24, king 23.



White men 5, 14, 19, 21, 29, 30. White to play and win. The editor of the Mercury says: "The idea cannot be called new, but the setting brings the problem well within the limits of probability, and to have due regard to veracity as requested. We should say our competitor has succeeded in making a decent little problem."

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MINING.

Mineral samples sent to Post Office Box 425, Truro, accompanied by a fee of one dollar, will be submitted to a preliminary examination and alight test of contents. The results will be communicated to senders of samples, and if full assays are deemed advisable, they will be notified and instructed as to amount of fees to be remitted.

MINING OUTLOOK.—There is a continued demand for good gold mines, and the working mines are in nearly all instances coming up to the expectations of their operators. In other minerals, especially coal, iron, copper and lead, there is a disposition to invest, and this has largely been brought about by the placing of the first three minerals on the free list in the new United States tariff; while the duty on lead ore has been reduced from \$30.00 per ton to 15 per cent on the lead contents of the ore.

MONTAGU SYMON-KAYE SYNDICATE.—This property, under the management of Mr. Alfred Woodhouse, F. G. S., managing director, has been placed in a fine condition to yield future dividends. One hundred tons of quartz crushed yielded 95 ozs. gold, and large ore reserves have been opened up.

SALISBURY COMPANY.—Mr. Geo. H. Nissen, M. E., took charge of the Salisbury Co. as manager on Wednesday week last, and a rich strike of gold has since been made on the Skerry lead. Some thirty tons of quartz have been taken down, all showing gold well. The lead ranges from 8 to 18 inches in thickness, and an immediate increase in the mining force will be made to work the mine up to its full capacity.

SMITH VS. HYDE.—The case of Smith vs. Hyde and others in regard to claims on gold areas at Preston has been carried to the Supreme Court. The case was recently argued before the Mines department, and was decided in favor of the defendants.

CAPE BRETON COAL FOR FERRONA.—The iron works at Ferrona, Pictou county, are about to try the experiment of using Cape Breton coal, a shipment of 2,000 tons having been contracted for. The transportation of a train of coal cars from the mines to Ferrona will occupy two days, and eight gondolas can be transported across the straits on the barges at one trip. The Intercolonial Coal company, it is said, cannot supply the demand just now, and as Springhill is not considered suitable for all purposes at the works, the experiment of trying Cape Breton coal is to be made. It is calculated that the superiority of Cape Breton coal will more than offset the increased cost of transport.—Chronicle.

MOLEGA MINING ITEMS.—Mr. R. R. McLeod has sold the Ballou property to Boston parties, retaining an interest himself. The price, it is understood, was no great advance on the claims made by Mr. Ballou upon the old company, and his subsequent expenses. The property has been inadequately prospected, and the development falling short of reasonable plans. The new lead cut this summer by Mr. Ballou has not been worked to a depth to certainly determine its character; it has pinched with depth, and the indications point to a lead that "rolls out and in," but very likely a paying lead all the while. The work under the new management will continue the west shaft on the new lead to an additional depth of 100 feet, and on that level cross cut to the south to reach the McClair and other leads in this northern belt. The mill will run enough to crush the quartz from the shaft and no more. This work will be pushed forward with air drills as rapidly as possible.

Caledonia Mine.—The work on this abandoned property is carried on by Mr. F. B. Murchie, under Mr. R. R. McLeod's direction. Thus far the prospect is fairly favorable. And the hope is that pay ore will be found in quantities to warrant larger operations.

We are pleased to notice that Mr. R. R. McLeod has succeeded in selling the Ballou property at Molega, and that work will be resumed under his superintendency. Mr. McL. is an experienced gold and silver miner and geologist, and returns to his native county with a lot of experience. Mr. McLeod has been the means of developing several properties in this vicinity. But for his recent efforts the Queens county mine at Whitoburn would not be running. The Fisko Block would not have been worked all summer at Molega, and the Caledonia mine would be idle, and the Ballou hung up, for he was afraid to work it. In all his work not a man has waited for his pay; not a man has been paid in anything but cash.—Gold Hunter.

THE JEFFREY ASBESTOS MINE.—Just as we go to press we learn that this well known property is on the eve of being transferred to a joint stock enterprise with a capital of \$350,000. The mine is situated a short distance from Danville Station on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway, midway between Montreal and Quebec, and has been worked continuously for many years, recently under the ownership of Mr. W. H. Jeffrey, of Richmond. The annual output has been in the neighborhood of 1,500 tons of all grades, but this year we understood 2,000 tons will be produced. It has been carefully and systematically opened up, is equipped with ample accommodation for a good force of miners and a suitable working plant, while the product owing to its fine fibre has gained a high reputation among manufacturers of asbestos goods. We understand that the reason for this step is largely the

great age of the owner, who is now close upon eighty-six years of age. The property, which contains 75 acres, has proved a highly remunerative investment to the present owner, and there is no reason why it should not continue to be so if operated by a syndicate properly administered on a reasonable capitalisation.—*Canadian Mining Review.*

PICTOU CHARCOAL IRON Co—At a meeting of the board of directors of the Pictou charcoal iron company, held at the Vendone hotel, Messrs Jas. D. MacGregor and M. H. Fitzpatrick were elected members of the board. Subsequently Mr. MacGregor was elected president. D. R. Grant finding that his growing mercantile business at Bridgeville required his whole time, tendered his resignation as secretary-treasurer, and A. C. McDonald, of Pictou, was appointed in his place. This company having secured the celebrated Grant property of Bridgeville, spent some \$80,000 in erecting the necessary plant extensive enough to produce fifteen tons of charcoal pig iron per day. This iron received certificates of merit from the most important consumers of that class of iron in Canada, it being superior to any iron produced or imported heretofore. After the furnaces had been in operation some months the company discovered that it was necessary to secure additional capital in order to carry on the work successfully. The matter was placed in the hands of G. R. Chisholm, of the Merchants' bank, Pictou, who successfully disposed of \$50,000 of the company's stock assuring immediate resumption of the work on a sound financial basis. We congratulate the company in having associated themselves with men of high financial standing and well known business ability, and also Mr Chisholm on the business tact displayed in manipulating the affairs of the company. The country around affords a large supply of wood, of which the company will consume about fifteen thousand cords yearly for charcoal purposes. The ore is apparently inexhaustible and of superior quality. Without doubt the company have bright prospects ahead, and the shareholders are to be congratulated on the speedy resumption of the work.

EDISONIAN MONEY.

A new solution of the silver problem has been offered by Thomas A. Edison, the electrician. In an interview he said:

"The hankering after gold and silver is largely traditional. People allow themselves to be governed by the old ideas on the subject of coinage, formulated at a time when national credits exist and currency would be only taken at an intrinsic value. What we need is a new standard of value. I think that the best dollar could be made out of compressed wheat. You take a bushel of wheat and squeeze the water out of it, and then compress it into a hard cake the size of a silver dollar and stamp the Government mark upon it.

That would represent actual value and labor performed, and then you could eat a dollar, for when you wanted to use the wheat, all that would be necessary would be to put your money to soak. We should then have the bushel of wheat as a permanent unit of value, which all farmers would appreciate, and the currency of the country would represent actual worth and labor performed. Both gold and silver could then be dispensed with and the present bimetallic problem solved. Our currency, moreover, would be as good as gold or silver in foreign exchanges, for our wheat goes to all the countries of the world.

In all this talk about metal for coinage, I am surprised that no one has suggested iron. Iron is the most precious metal. Gold is of no use, or silver either. Man kind has no use for either gold or silver, but iron could not be dispensed with. If the people would only give up this foolish, traditional, hereditary hankering for gold and silver, these metals would not be worth the price of old lead, and would be kicked aside by civilization.

The human race, on the other hand, cannot dispense with iron. Iron must be produced to keep pace with consumption, or its price will steadily rise. The demand for iron is steady, and will never cease. Therefore, why not issue treasury certificates on iron? This is the greatest iron producing country in the world, and our output amounts annually to more than the output of both gold and silver. Instead of loading up the treasury with these useless metals, and, as people would want bills of large denomination to accompany the wheat dollar, why not buy iron and steel instead and issue treasury certificates upon that?"—*Engineering Journal*

ALASKA TREADWELL MINE.—The Alaska Treadwell mine, which has been a remarkable instance of success in working a great body of low grade gold ores at a profit, will probably have its milling capacity increased by the addition of one hundred stamps, and will then have no less than 340 stamps at work. The manager reports that the ore reserves are nearly 1,800,000 tons. The London directors are now making arrangements for the addition.—*Engineering Journal.*

ALASKA—*Alaska-Treadwell Gold Mining Company*—An interim report, issued by Mr. Hamilton Smith, managing director in London, covering the five months of the company's fiscal year from June 1st to October 31st, shows that during that time 100,502 tons of ore were crushed, yielding in bullion \$356,227. The expenses for the same time were \$122,227, leaving a profit of \$234,000, against \$168,477 for the corresponding period in 1892, and \$186,1708 in 1891. Mr. Smith's report says: The net profit for the first five months of 1893-4 is considerably larger than for any five consecutive months in the previous history of the mine, but the most encouraging feature is the large percentage of profit from the bullion yield, being 66 per cent; the average percentage of profit to yield from 1895 to 1899 was 46 per cent; this improvement is due to more perfect appliances. Since 1890, all improvements, dead-work, and, in fact, every expense, have been charged

each month to working expenses. The superintendent attributes increased yield for present year to rather better quality of ore taken out from the new deep 110-ft level. On May 15th, 1893, the superintendent estimated that there were 1,768,000 tons of average ore in sight, above 110-ft. level, besides a great quantity of poorer ore. In the coming year it is proposed to sink and open up to the 220 ft level; should the ore be found at this depth of the same size and value of that higher up—and which now seems probable—additional reserves of, say, 1,800,000 tons will be shown. The superintendent advises the erection of 100 new stamps thus increasing the stamps to 340; the directors are now considering the best method of carrying out this suggestion.

IRON MINERALS IN FRANCE.—The imports of iron minerals into France in the first seven months of this year amounted to 854,614 tons, as compared with 928,204 tons in the corresponding period of 1892, and 724,182 tons in the corresponding period of 1891. In these totals Spanish iron ores figured for 217,853 tons, 256,086 tons, and 241,067 tons respectively; and German iron ores for 559,966 tons, 574,416 tons, and 423,111 tons respectively.

THE COLLIERIES OF THE NORTH PACIFIC.

C. OCHILTREE-MACDONALD IN LONDON COLLIERY GUARDIAN.

It is creditable to the system of mining in Great Britain, that the men who initiated and developed the coal industries of the North Pacific should have directed their aims upon the basis of the systematic tuition obtained in our collieries. Those collieries, it appears, turn out something more than coal—they produce a peculiar class of engineers. These are not always so exact as some of their foreign and more academic contemporaries, and, as far as I have observed, do not convey such consuming zeal as Prussian or Belgian scientific engineers, but the men who have graduated in the British collieries act with a unique self-reliance, insight, inventiveness and easy confidence which render them extremely invaluable in the coal fields of the Georgian Straits. Far away as these collieries are, it is not easy to appreciate the value of these emigrant engineers to the empire, but upon their shoulders, so to speak, rests much of the onus of providing with fuel the

(Continued on page 16)

THE CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM.

An acid which exists in sour milk and cider, called lactic acid, is believed by physicians to be the cause of rheumatism. Accumulating in the blood it attacks the fibrous tissues in the joints, and causes agonizing pains. What is needed is a remedy to neutralize the acid, and to invigorate the kidneys and liver that all waste will be carried off. Hood's Sarsaparilla is heartily recommended by many who it has cured of rheumatism. It possesses just the desired qualities, and so thoroughly purifies the blood as to prevent occurrence of rheumatic attacks. We suggest a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla by all who suffer from rheumatism.

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15 "	5 "	692

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Stanley Street, St. John, N. B.
August 1, 1890.

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and **MORNING TONIC.** TRY IT.

A Cure for all Diseases resulting from a Disordered State of the Stomach and Liver and Impurities of the Blood.

steamers of the North Pacific which link together China, Japan and British North America, the great city of San Francisco, the rival armaments of the Pacific, and, in short, practically every grate, furnace or stove which has proved the advantages of true over the inferior brown or lignite coal of the western Americans. The "find" of the Scotch engineer Dunsmuir, of the vast basins of coal on the east shores of the island of Vancouver, is an instance of what the home collieries have done in training men for the colonial coalfield, and the eye that detected patches or "crops" of coal in the surface rocks around Nanaimo Harbor late one Saturday evening in the autumn of 1869, undoubtedly—as has been admitted—owed its penetrative skill to long years of patient training in the schools and pits of North Britain. Claims were immediately staked off, and the adventurous Scot started the nucleus of what are now the Wellington collieries.

In considering the British Columbian collieries it is necessary, as hinted above, to consider them in their relation to a "sphere of influence," the radius of which embraces the Orient and Pacific states, down to the Californian Gulf. The coal for export is shipped from Nanaimo, Departure Bay and Comex, principally to San Francisco and other ports in California; Alaska (U. S. A.); the Hawaiian Islands, China and Japan per the steamships of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The progress of the industry under these, added to the home markets, is seen by reference to the following comparative table:—

	Output Tons.	Export Tons.
1888	489,300	365,714
1889.....	579,830	443,675
1890.....	678,141	508,270
1891.....	1,029,097	806,479

Home consumption -1887, 99,000; 1891, 202,697.

It is important to note that the industries are by no means exempt from competition in the principal foreign markets of California, and in order that this may be clearly understood I introduce the competitors, with the precise volume of competition, to consideration:—

Imports of Foreign Coal into California.

	Tons. 1888.	Tons. 1889.	Tons. 1890.	Tons. 1891.
Australasia.....	271,612	408,000	153,920	275,490
England and Wales.....	126,167	32,890	53,374	200,777
Scotland.....	10,680	12,727	1,490	34,225
Eastern States, per rail and water	30,118	18,950	32,701	42,237
Puget Sound.....	568,948	372,514	450,762	393,163
Coos Bay and Mount Diablo.....	81,194	87,600	74,210	90,684
Japan.....	13,808	1,340	13,250	20,506
Cannal Bay.....	—	—	—	1,200
Alaska.....	—	—	—	150
British Columbia.....	345,681	417,904	350,388	517,477
Other imports.....	211,598	11,805	123,312	160,810
Total.....	1,659,806	1,363,762	1,253,407	1,736,729

These figures indicate that the the Australasian competition does not seriously increase in volume. The explanation of this, in part, is that the physical economy and geographical positions of the Australian coalfields negatives, and always will negative, any very sturdy attempts at exportation on a large scale. In other words, the Australian coal can scarcely be handled profitably outside a given parallel of latitude, of which California is the approximate northern limit. To a certain extent this applies to Australian grain, and a good deal of misconception and financial loss may be obviated by adapting Antipodean enterprise to these natural intercommercial laws. The position of Great Britain as a competitor to the British Pacific provinces is hardly more favorable. As the figures teach, the volume of British exports to California cannot exceed much more than a quarter of a million tons. This is because coal will not repay the long voyage into the North Pacific, and the only reason that any British coal is sent into California at all is the comparatively lucrative return freights that the large crafts employed in the European "Frisco" trade are able to obtain. As far as the exports from Eastern North America are concerned, it will be observed that the Vancouver collieries do not suffer any competition therefrom worth particular reference. It appears to consist chiefly of anthracite from, say Pennsylvania, but in view of the activity of the Canadian anthracite mines east of the Rocky mountains, very little time will elapse before this competition is so weakened as to be of no importance whatever. Two other interesting competitors of the British mines are Japan and Alaska; the latter is, of course, of no more importance than as a sign of the times, indicating the spread of activity of races towards the Arctic circle in preference to the unexploited and genial provinces of South America, the former offering some increased evidence of the self reliance of the Asiatics, who have driven Great Britain and America step by step out of the Japanese Archipelago. But in spite of these competitors the Vancouver mines rule the markets. The mines are being worked with vigor and unprecedented energy, with immense capital, and although rather serious differences disturb the harmonious relations of masters and men—to an extent, it should be explained, that does not prevail in the Atlantic coalfields—the collieries of the North Pacific, without any stretch of imagination, must be termed great in the higher sense. The great impediment of the complete monopoly of the Pacific markets, which is the constant aim of the Vancouver operators, is the absence of fiscal reciprocal relations between America and Canada. Your readers will recollect that this is also the explanation of the fact that to-day Nova Scotia is shut out of the 1,000,000 tons market of the New England States, and the policy of injurious tariffs on such produce as can be exchanged is thus called in question. When once the duty on Canadian

coal is removed, there is no competition that the Pacific collieries cannot overcome in two seasons, and under such conditions, quite irrespective of other markets, the California market of 1 to 3 million tons of coal per annum is theirs.

Work and Wages in the Pacific Collieries.—As I have remarked, serious differences between employers and employees form a feature of some importance in these mines. This is owing, I believe, to the presence of Chinese labor in and around the pits, and the high cost of living. The number and earnings of the men are as follows:—

Nanaimo Collieries.—Value of plant £70,000 (5 pits); 1,377 whites, 10s. to 14s. 6d. per day; 46 boys, 4s. 2d. to 8s. 4d.; 87 Chinese 4s. 2d. to 5s.; miners average 12s. 6d. to 21s.

Wellington Collieries.—Value of plant £30,000 (4 shafts); 324 whites, 10s. to 14s. 6d. per day; 33 boys, 4s. 2d. to 8s. 4d.; 100 Chinese, 4s. 2d. to 6s.; miners average 12s. 6d. to 18s. 6d.

East Wellington Collieries.—Value of plant £20,000; 156 whites, 10s. to 14s. 6d. per day; 9 boys, 4s. 2d. to 8s. 4d.; 23 Chinese, 4s. 2d. to 6s.; miners average 12s. 6d.

Union Collieries.—Value of plant £20,000; 270 whites, 10s. to 14s. 6d. per day; 15 boys, 4s. 2d.; 200 Chinese 4s. 2d. to 5s.; and 100 Japanese, 4s. 2d. to 6s.; miners average 12s. 6d. to 18s. 6d.; pushers and drivers 10s.

The coal is generally wrought at contract terms, and the actual monthly earnings of the average miner varies from £20 a month in a high seam to very much less in the low 2½ ft. seams of some of the pits. The working day is eight hours. The mines are examined every morning from 3 a.m. to 7 a.m., and the "mine boss" of each shaft is compelled to telephone his report to the colliery office. Shot-firers enter the pits at 7 a.m., "riding" at 3 p.m. Robourite is used in preference to ordinary blasting powder, and is manufactured on the spot.

Accidents in the Pacific Collieries—In some instances the precautions against accidents include periodical deputations of workmen, who examine every part of the principal mines, with the assistance of the necessary appliances specially furnished by the managers for that purpose. This instils into the men some higher sense of the grave responsibility which rests upon them as miners, and furnishes them with a practical insight into the control and management invaluable to them in the ordinary routine of a colliery. Notwithstanding this, all the incidents that occurred in 1891 happened while the men were in their places, fully one-half being by falls of rock and coal, thus suggesting a discreditable recklessness and disregard of careful roof-propping.

Coal Cutters—Of course the mining appliances of these collieries are orthodox, but in one instance I find that electrical coal-cutting is being introduced, i.e., in the Union Mine. A Jeffreys electrical cutter plant, consisting of four cutters connected by heavy wires with the dynamos (at bank), is used for undercutting in the 5 ft. to 8 ft. seams. At work the machines stand end on to the "face" at regular distances apart, each fitted with toothed cutter bars set to cut 4 clear inches, and in five minutes a cutting 3 ft. 3 in. by 6 in. by 4 in. is made, after which the coal is brought down with shot. Apparently the maximum daily results of these machines is undermining to the extent of 90 ft. long by 6 ft. in, and, as a whole, they prove a valuable adjunct to the economic working of the mine.

Some progress has also been made in the allied art of electric pumping, and tail-rope haulage by compressed air is also being adopted. As a rule, it may be stated that the industries are energetically prosecuted, and prejudices in favor of orthodox mining are, if anything, less active than in other parts of Canada. As to whether there is opportunity for further capital investment, I would like to explain that so long as the tariff is permitted to retard the pronounced American preference for Canadian coal, investments in Vancouver coal should be very cautiously entered into. Although there are only four collieries, it would appear that the output of these is sufficient to supply the adjacent markets in all its demands, present or prospective. However, so rapid are the developments upon the mainland, more especially in the region of Kest-nay Lake, that it is not safe to predict the prospects of the western collieries for more than a very limited period. But it appears that, as far as tonnage is concerned, there is some opening for colliers. At times mines have been stopped for want of craft to take the coal from the wagons, and it is evident, the market for coal being on the upward grade, that craft such as frequent the waters of the North Pacific Ocean for the purpose must very soon be increased either in number or size.

Now the circumstances of the rise and progress of the Pacific collieries are also the circumstances of the decline of the higher prosperity of the British pits. But the energies of those whose judgment the miners are accustomed to accept as prudent are not in the direction of the dissemination of these facts and illustrations among British colliers. My own experience of the British miner is that, approached in his dispassionate mood, he is ready to listen to and able to accept these true explanations of the decline in prices of his staple industry. Instinctively he appreciates the logic of the argument and the force of the illustration, and were it not for the counteraction of certain extremists, he would, as a rule, be prepared to join issue and work more harmoniously with the operator of the mine. Another unique though unavoidable feature of these colonial pits presents a striking analogy to a certain period of the decline of the Roman Empire, when aliens were introduced into the Roman armies and taught the art of war so successfully that they were ultimately able to subvert the very empire, the prosperity of which they priorly defended. This is practically the case with us. In our mines we educate to splendid perfection a race of engineers, who set willfully forth into the uttermost parts of the earth and initiate the industries which necessarily supplant our own. This, however, is merely the evolution of industries, and reflects the greatest possible lustre upon the enterprises of Great Britain,

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AN AUCTIONEER'S STORY.

MUCH EXP. SURE BROUGHT ON A SEVERE ATTACK OF RHEUMATISM.

Bed-fast for Weeks at a Time—His Trouble Aggravated by an Outbreak of Salt rheum—An Experience of Interest to Others.

From the Stayner Sun.

There are few people in Simcoe County who do not know Mr. Thos. Furlong. For twenty-eight years Mr. Furlong has been a resident of the county, and for twenty-two years has been a travelling agent and an auctioneer, and it is safe to say that he is just as popular as he is well-known. In a business of his kind Mr. Furlong is naturally exposed to all kinds of weather, and the result has been that for some years past he has been badly crippled with rheumatism and has suffered great pain and inconvenience. Happily, however, Mr. Furlong has found a release from this suffering, and his recovery has excited so much interest in and about Stayner, that 'The Sun' determined to secure the particulars of his cure and give them for the benefit of others. When seen with regard to the matter Mr. Furlong expressed the greatest willingness to make public the particulars of his cure in the belief that it might be of benefit to some other sufferer.

'You are of course aware' said Mr. Furlong, 'that my calling subjects me to more or less inclement weather, and this was the main cause of my suffering. Some nine years ago I felt the symptoms of rheumatism. I did not pay much attention to it at first, but gradually it became so severe that it was with difficulty that I could hobble around, and my business really became a burden to me. I consulted several physicians who did all they could for me, but without giving me any relief. During a part of the year I was bed-fast for weeks at a time, and as the remedies I tried did me no good I began to believe that there was no cure for me, and you will readily understand how despondent I was. To add to my distress I became afflicted with salt-rheum of the hands, and had to keep my hands covered with cloths from one year's end to the other. I had read of some remarkable cures of rheumatism by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,

and at last I made up my mind to try them, though I must admit that it was with a doubting heart, for I had spent a great deal of money for other medicines without obtaining any benefit. However, they say that a drowning man will clutch at a straw, and it was with much of this feeling that I purchased the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before that box was all gone I experienced some relief, which warranted me in continuing the treatment, and from that out I steadily progressed toward complete recovery.

I have used in all eight boxes with the result that I am to-day free from pain and ache, and not only did Pink Pills relieve me of the rheumatism, but they also drove out the salt-rheum, and as you see to-day the hands which had been covered with cracks, fissures and scabs are now completely well. This splendid result is due entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you may be sure that it gives me the greatest pleasure to warmly recommend them to others.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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[FOR THE CRITIC.]

THE STORY OF TWO OF THEM.

"Then, craving leave, he spake
Of life, which all can take and none can give,
Life which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,
Even the meanest, yea; a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak, and noble for the strong."

This is a short story to be read to the children, if their mother approves and if the oldest sister doesn't object. Therefore it is told in words that are simple and of few syllables.

Once upon a time there lived a young bird. This bird knew nothing but joy and singing. She had seen the beautiful green leaves when she first awoke to life and they had become part of her life, together with the golden, shimmering sunlight, the dark forest pool, and the strange, soft, wavering shadows of that place. Sometimes in the night, when the other birds were asleep and the great forest was quiet, this little one would take her yellow head from under her wing and find the world covered with darkness. Black shadows, gleaming sparks, flitting hither and thither (she thought they were bits of the sunshine trying to get home) and away, up, up, through the tree tops, the marvellous shining stars. She heard the night wind moving among the branches, and it was as sweet music to her ears.

Sunshine, flowers, rippling water, the strange night wind, her own voice tuned to happiness and filled with joy, these made life and the world. O, happy bird! But this was not all. There came to her the heaven of love. Perhaps it was a real heaven. Perhaps she was only "making believe." It is more comfortable to think that way sometimes.

"He is such a brave, handsome lover," whispered the little bird. "His voice is the cheeriest in all the forest. He loves me," and she put her head under her wing that none should hear her as she chirped his name.

Marvellous, beautiful, blessed beyond all imagining, was this joy which had come to her. Being a bird she had no name for her happiness, but the rapture of it thrilled her heart and broke forth in clear tumultuous song. A psalm of praise. A chant of limitless joy. Higher, higher, higher, her voice throbbing with intensity of passion, and through it all there ran a solemn strain something akin to the night wind and comprehended not by the joyful singer. O, happy, happy bird.

The nest was built. All the old birds said that it was a credit to the builders and its construction beyond all criticism. "It will soon be more than a nest," chirped the lover, "it will be our home. A little more lining and it will be soft enough. The day has been too short."

And next to this came the mystery. The old birds were silent for many days and flitted timorously round the deserted nest. "Where have they gone?" queried the young ones.

He had a handsome cage, had the lover, and when he called and implored his lost love, everyone said he had a most wonderful voice. But this story is not long enough and words are not sad enough to translate the heartbreak of his song.

His mistress was a pretty, gentle girl. "You dear bird," she would say, "You bright, beautiful bird, I love you for your own sake as well as for the giver's. When I go away," here she blushed and her eyes shone, "when we go away you must come, too. And the bird in his cage sang aloud, for something in this girl's voice reminded him of the forest and the empty nest and of the one who helped him build it.

Now, the pretty girl was ready for a ball, and she danced into the room to show her new dress. I can't tell you how it was made or what it was made of, because I am not learned in these things; but it was black and filmy with a shine and gleam of yellow. She was dressed to represent something. The bird in the cage saw the night shadows and the moonlight of the forest. And in her hair—among the little curls—was nestled something soft and yellow.

Close your eyes, O, little prisoned bird for there are some things most pitiful to see.

"Something must have startled him," they said. Startled him? Yes, startled him so that his wings were broken in their frenzied beating against the bars; startled, so that the cry he gave touched them with something very like fear, it was so human; and when they took him from the cage, that strange spell which takes the breath and motion from all living things was upon him.

Yes, something had certainly startled him.—MARY E. FLETCHER.

SAM AND BECKIE.

They were New Englanders and were talking about their old friends and neighbors in New Hampshire, and particularly about "Sam."

"Sam," said the elder of the twain, "was in many respects different from the rest of the boys. You remember whom he married? When the old man, his father, found that he was shying around with her, he called him one day into the barn and said:

"Sam, d'ye intend to marry Beckie? Sam never said a word, so the old man said: 'Me boy, ye know all about them. I can't tell ye nothing. Ye know how the sisters have turned out, and not one of them is now living with her husband.' Sam was as mum as a pantomime, and just as soon as he was ready him and Beckie got tied.

"They lived on a farm, and everything went on smoothly for about a year, and it came to hog butchering time. Sam got ready to have the usual party for the occasion, and just as he was sharpening up the knives Beckie came out and said: 'Sam, I'm going home.' Sam protested in his quiet

way, but it was no use, so he said he'd got a man to row her across the pond. It was about half a mile over. She said: 'No, you don't; ye'll row me yourself!' Sam told her he couldn't, and Beckie fired up and said: 'Then I'll drown myself.' Sam said he'd go with her if she wanted to do that, so the boat was got ready, she got in and they rowed out till the water was twenty feet deep. Then Sam stopped and said: 'Well, Beckie, this is a good place for you to drown yourself!' She didn't open her mouth. He waited a while and then said: 'Come, Beckie, I'm in a hurry to git back.' She never looked up. Sam put down the oars, caught hold of her and pitched her in. She grabbed for the boat, but he wouldn't let her get near it. When she was almost done out she said: 'Sam, let me in that boat and ye'll not hear anything from me out of the way.'

"So he pulled her in and they went back home. She changed her clothes and entertained the guests. They are now nearly eighty and you never saw a happier old couple. I don't think they ever spoke of that duckin' since the day she was goin' to drown herself."—*Times Siftings*.

THE RETURN.

THE POOR AND HUMBLE SUITOR OF THE PAST HAD A FAVOR TO REQUEST.

'You do not know me!'

The speaker was a man in the very prime of life, his weather beaten face bronzed and burrowed by exposure under the fierce heat of a tropical sun, and as he stood with easy grace before the president of the great railway company into whose presence he had been admitted he represented the very type of those men in whom physical courage blends with personal beauty, and to whose unflinching spirit there is no obstacle to the accomplishment of their purpose. The distinguished man whom he addressed paused for a moment to look with deep scrutiny into the face of the stranger, and then, thoughtfully leaning back in his chair, he replied briefly:

'No, sir; I must say that I fail to recognize you.'

'You do not remember,' replied his visitor. 'The beardless youth of 10 years ago, the poor and obscure clerk, who, guided by the purest and deepest love that ever found its passionate utterance in the breast of man, sought your daughter's hand, and whom, sir, you rudely repulsed and drove in scorn from your house without one ray of hope and with all the light gone out of his life? Little did you dream, sir, when you sent me forth alone on that dark and rainy night of the fierce spirit you had aroused, for I come of a race where the indomitable puck of the Puritan still lives and which has never yet acknowledged its master.'

'Humiliated, but not utterly crushed, I set out to gain the fortune that you coldly informed me was the price I must pay for my love. I left the humble roof that had sheltered me, I bade goodby to home and friends and in distant climes I sought for the gold I had sworn to gain. With tireless energy I trod the unbeaten paths of far countries. In the jungles of the east I have tracked the deadly tiger, and stricken with disease I have lain for months tossing upon an obscure coast in India. Never once my undaunted purpose flagged, until finally in the mines of Brazil I found the thing that I had so long sought. I labored as no man ever labored before, and now, sir, I stand before you rich beyond the dreams of avarice, not as the humble and abashed suitor of a decade ago, but as the proud representative of millions.'

The look of recognition that came into the aged face of the older man had suddenly given place to a deadly pallor, and as the speaker ceased he sank back in his chair utterly overwhelmed.

'Alas, sir,' he murmured, as with a despairing gesture he seized the hand of the youthful millionaire, 'alas, Mr. Caxton—I believe that is the name—I fear it is too late!'

'Too late!' repeated the other. 'Too late! Why?'

'Yes,' interposed the old man. 'Weary and worn with hope deferred, my poor daughter, whose loving heart stood the test of so many years of waiting for your return, has succumbed. Last week she was married.'

A look of intense relief came into the travel-stained face of his listener. 'You mistake me, sir,' he said, kindly laying his hand on the shoulder of the other man. 'I am sincerely glad that your daughter has married, and I trust she has done well. That, sir, was not the object of my visit.'

'Not the object of your visit?' repeated the venerable railroad man, his hand trembling slightly as he passed it over his forehead. Then, recovering his composure and resuming his businesslike air, habitual with him, he said, 'Then may I ask, sir, what you came for?'

'Certainly,' replied the hardy traveller and representative of millions. 'I wanted to ask, sir, if, in view of our former relations, you couldn't waive a point in my case and accommodate myself and family with passes through to Chicago.'—*Tom Masson in Truth*.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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