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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

EDITORIAL NOTES	1, 2
CONTRIBUTED.	
Letter to Cousin Caryl	"Dinah Sturgis," 6, 7
Poetry—Sleep	"H. H. P." 6
MISCELLANEOUS	
Chit-Chat and Chuckles	3
News of the Week	4, 5
Two Heroes of Fiction.....	7
Industrial Notes	7, 8
City Chimes	8
Commercial	8, 9
Market Quotations	9
Serial—A Disgrace to Her Family.....	10, 11
Mining	12, 13
Mouale	14, 15
Chess	16
Draughts—Checkers	16

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"The exodus of French Canadians," says a contemporary, "to the United States during the present year is estimated all the way from 60,000 to 125,000." Assuming the population of Quebec to be 1,500,000, the lower of these rates if sustained for 25 years would leave that Province well-nigh destitute of inhabitants.

A curious recent feature in matters scholastic is that of several strikes of school boys in Great Britain for shorter hours, and the abolition of the practice of getting up lessons at home. Of course it is here and there made fun of, and here and there set down to the self-assertiveness of the rising generation. Nevertheless there is probably something in it. It is perhaps desirable that the learning of lessons should be superintended as well as the hearing of them. We have often expressed the opinion that there is too much cramming, and too heavy a stress on young brains in the carrying out of the usual scholastic courses in this country, and there is evidence that it is the same in Great Britain. In Canadian public schools the absurd complication which goes by the name of English Grammar is itself enough to bewilder young heads, with the result that the greater number of pupils neither speak nor write correctly or in good style.

The longest telephone circuit on the continent of Europe has been recently opened. The line is from Vienna in Austria to Leipsig, and every word could be perfectly understood and the voice recognized without difficulty. The distance between the two cities by rail is something less than 300 miles, but the telephone wires, instead of being carried along the routes of the railways, where the noise of passing trains was found to interfere materially with the working of the long distance instruments, are strung along the highways, where the results are found to be much better, and the actual distance on these routes is nearly 350 miles. A strange fact has been noticed in connection with this route. While the speaker at Vienna is heard with clearness and accuracy at Leipsig, and at all points along the route, as at Prague and Dresden, a speaker at either of these points is heard with much more difficulty at Vienna. The electricians of the company are as yet unable to furnish a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon. Why sounds travelling from east to west should be clear and distinct, while those travelling in the other direction are more or less blurred, remains a puzzle.

A country subscriber in sending in his subscription pays THE CRITIC the following compliment:—"I enjoy your paper—the breadth and variety of the information it brings, its concise, perspicuous and pungent editorials, and its general make-up." The gentleman from whose letter we quote has taken THE CRITIC for four years past.

A peculiar interest always attaches to the works of famous authors left unfinished at their death. A notable instance is Dickens' "Mystery of Edwin Drood," but one involving far stronger regret was Thackeray's "Dennis Duval," which promised remarkable historical points. Even as far as it went it gave the most vivid—and probably correct—account extant of the extraordinary action of Paul Jones' squadron with the Serapis and her defaulting consorts. Wilkie Collins, like Dickens and Thackeray, has left an unfinished story called "Blind Love," and seventeen out of twenty-four parts have been published in the *Illustrated London News*. There will not, however, be, as in the case cited, a field for conjectures as to how the author intended to finish, for Wilkie Collins has left behind him an elaborate synopsis of the plot of "Blind Love," and the facile pen of Walter Besant is to be the instrument of carrying it out.

"The man who fills his apple barrels with No. 1 at the top and No. 3 at the bottom, and sells them for No. 1, has just as good a right to a place in the penitentiary as the man who signs his notes with another man's name instead of his own."—*Exchange*.

"If such men were to be so treated we are afraid there would be a general depopulation of the apple-growing districts of Nova Scotia and an extension needed on the Dorchester Penitentiary."—*Moncton Times*.

"The above," says the *Kentville New Star*, "is a sample of the paragraphs which we frequently encounter in New Brunswick and other exchanges, and it is simply maddening that the honest men of Nova Scotia have to suffer from the odium brought upon the whole country by the tribe of swindling apple packers, rotten assignors and absconding debtors which seems to have cropped up in this country the past few years." It is indeed lamentable that the reputation of one of the best industries of our Province should suffer from the dishonesty of a few unscrupulous packers. We say "a few," for we cannot believe the fraud to be wide-spread. A little rottenness, however, soon pervades a mass, and even in the matter of reputation does incalculable mischief to the innocent and the honest. The suggestion of a stringent system of fruit inspection to counteract the evil would seem to be well worthy of serious consideration.

The eager identification of themselves on the part of many Canadian journals with the political parties they affect in Great Britain has always seemed to us forced and obtrusive. The politics of the old country are not our politics, the lines do not coalesce, and the impressions of the first English Statesmen on cis-atlantic affairs are often atmospherized—to coin a word—by the distance that proverbially lends a misty enchantment. Thus Mr. Gladstone draws the attention of English workingman to what he describes as "the love and enjoyment of freedom in the United States." It has been succinctly pointed out that this vaunted freedom is more noticeable in Fourth of July orations than in actual fact. "One important ingredient of freedom," it has been remarked, "as it is understood and valued by the people of the British Empire, is the freedom to make their own laws, to administer their own affairs, to regulate their own expenditure, to frame, maintain or alter their own policy, by means of Ministers responsible to them through their chosen representatives. As soon as these Ministers are no longer in accord with the will of the people as expressed by their representatives, another Cabinet which is in sympathy with popular opinion is called to power according to the constitution and practice of the United Kingdom and other self-governing members of the British Empire. The will of the people is the very basis of our system of government. It is very different with the Cabinet at Washington. Its members are not responsible Ministers, but mere dignified head clerks of departments, owing their accession to office and their maintenance to the simple pleasure of the President, upon whom they are dependent. And the President, who has more personal power than a governor, or even than the sovereign under our system, need not even be the choice of a majority of the people, as is indeed the case now with President Harrison, who secured only a minority of the popular vote of the United States. The majority of their people have no means of enforcing their views on questions of the day upon the managers of their public affairs. As to freedom of opinion, freedom of speech and freedom of action, there is certainly far less of either among our neighbors than there is in Canada. As to the condition of their working classes under the heavy hand of monopolists, there have been recent graphic accounts from the pen of a workingman of the situation of his fellows in Pennsylvania and other states." We shall resume this subject next week.

A fortnight ago we gave currency to what appeared to be an interesting item concerning the discovery of the body of General Lord Howe at Ticonderoga. It appears probable, however, that it was one of those mendacious inventions with which American pressmen seem to take such puerile delight in discrediting their profession, as a correspondent of the *London Daily News* asserts that the remains of Lord Howe lie buried under the chancel of St. Peter's Church, Albany. We have no means at hand of forming an opinion as to the truth or falsehood of either story.

It is probable that Mr. Evarts, Senator of the United States, has indicated the only true remedy for the threatening race trouble of the Southern States. Mr. Evarts has been devoting his attention to the menacing situation, and finds that no provision has been made for educating the negroes, and that since the civil war an entire generation has sprung up in the densest ignorance, while at the same time the race increases so rapidly in proportion with the remainder of the Southern population that it may at no very remote period become numerically the stronger. The crimes commonly committed by the negroes are mostly such as are natural to a people brutalized by ignorance, and their sensational and spasmodic religion seems to be inefficient as a check to low animal instincts. The outlook of such a population, armed with the ballot, and with many real or imaginary wrongs to avenge is a serious one, and Mr. Evarts probably suggests the only practical amelioration of the unpleasant prospect in saying that the education of the race has become a political necessity of the most urgent nature, and that the duty devolves on the nation as a whole.

It is no more than a logical sequence that the principle of excluding foreign competition, which has laid so firm a hold on the American mind, should commend itself to the railroad corporations. Accordingly, it is reported that these are preparing to make a strenuous effort against the rivalry of Canadian roads. Their plan of campaign is said to be so thoroughly organized as to give them very fair chances of success unless they are confronted by an equally well planned opposition. As the managers of the great Canadian lines are at least as astute and as able as their American opponents, the duel may not prove so unequal a fight as might be supposed. The American corporations contend that a railway is as much entitled to protection against foreign competition as a foundry or a cotton mill, and the contention is perhaps logical; but the logical theory will have to contend against the practical consideration of the vital importance of a cheap and rapid transport. In this interest New England is a unit against the railway men, and the Boston press urges communication with Detroit, St. Paul and other interested places in the American North-West with a view of organization to oppose their schemes. Against the united forces of the Canadian corporation and the New England men, with those whom they will probably rally to their standard, it is not unlikely that the American companies will have their work amply cut out for them.

In the death of the Hon. Alex. Morris Canada has lost one of the most single-minded of the Statesmen who have played prominent parts in her history. Mr. Morris' career, though it scarcely brought him so prominently before the public as those of some other politicians, was one of such long and varied usefulness as falls to the lot of few. His academic career gave token of literary ability afterwards proved by contributions of recognized value, but he soon directed his energies to the law under Sir John Macdonald, whose close friend he remained during his life. His peculiar tact and amiability pointed him out as the most fitting medium between Sir John and the late Hon. Geo. Brown, and identified him with the inception of Federation. As Chief Justice, and afterwards governor, of Manitoba, he will be ever associated with the construction of the law in that Province, and with a most popular and successful term of government, nor will his later career in connection with Ontario affairs be soon forgotten. Many years of ill-health impaired the vigor of speech of his earlier days, but the weight and soundness of his counsels were ever appreciated by those associated with him. Mr. Morris' kindly disposition endeared him to all who came in contact with him, and it is safe to say that the demise of no other Canadian public man could be felt with deeper regret or more affectionate remembrance. The deceased statesman was 63 years of age.

Every liberty-loving people rejoiced when, last year, the abolition of slavery was proclaimed in Brazil. It now, however, seems not unlikely that other consequences, not then clearly foreseen, may result from the liberation. It appears not improbable that the overthrow of the monarchical form of government and the establishment of a republic may be one of them. Emancipation, it appears, has not been viewed with unmixed satisfaction by the landed proprietors, whose interests have suffered by the unwillingness of the freed blacks to work for their former masters, while other laborers are not to be had. The spirited Crown Princess, to whose prompt resolution the emancipation was so largely due, has therefore incurred the enmity of the landowners as well as that of some other classes, and latent republicanism has been stimulated and increased. A general election took place in September, and resulted in a victory for the monarchical party partly due to their progressive programme, partly to judicious manipulation and partly to an impressive demonstration of military force. Notwithstanding this success, however, republicanism lives and grows, and it is thought by many that the Empire, liberal as it is, may not survive the demise of Dom Pedro, who can scarcely add many years to the fifty-eight during which he has occupied the throne. As the *Week* pertinently observes "a republic founded by men opposed to, or at least not in strong sympathy with the abolition of slavery, anomalous as it may seem, would not be without historic precedent on this continent."

The new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Henry Isaacs, will be the third Hebrew who has held that high office. The first was Sir David Solomons in 1854 and the second Sir Benjamin Phillips in 1865, and there are now in that city four Jewish aldermen, with a Jewish population of about 50,000, which is pretty good evidence that the ratepayers of London are not much influenced by either race or creed.

The Federation of the Australian Colonies, which, though it broke down a few years ago, has scarcely even lain in abeyance, as it has been almost constantly discussed in the Australian press and by Australian and English Statesmen, is again being brought into prominence. It is more than probable that on the reviva' of the agitation minor difficulties will disappear or be surmounted, and that a "Dominion of Australia" (if our antipodean relatives choose to adopt such a title for their federation) will spring into existence. Some American correspondents, who (by the way) scarcely comprehend the Canadian constitution, think an Australian Federation would be less dependent on Great Britain than Canada. The immunity of Australia from the influence of a contiguous powerful foreign nation no doubt does make a practical difference in the relative positions, and Australia, by reason of her island continental situation, is happily free from certain complications which are embarrassing to Canada. Moreover, nothing can now deprive a united Australia of the position of the greatest power of the South. Whether her independence lies in a not far distant future, or whether, once confederated, she will elect to continue on quietly after the fashion of Canada, under a Governor-General appointed by the Imperial Government, will probably be indicated with sufficient plainness before long. Her position affords some temptation to the assertion of independence, which will very likely strengthen with the increase of a native-born population, and if that sentiment should come to prevail, it is quite certain that Great Britain will interpose no obstacle to the realization of Australian wishes.

In our issue of the 18th ultimo we made some remarks on the proceedings, as reported in the Press generally, of a body of Pennsylvania adventurists in expectation of the immediate collapse of the world as it exists. An anonymous person claiming to be a member of the sect demurs to our observations in the following letter, which we print exactly as received:—

"Kingston, 28 Oct. 1889.

To the Editors of THE CRITIC,
Halifax, N. S.

DEAR SIR,—I wish you would call the attention of your readers that report made of yours last week's issue that adventurists was expecting the end of the world. I am astonished to see that after the great effort, the old of the so called Christian Church to tell the public that we as a body are Athes or Freethinker because we denied the existence of Hell and Heaven and believe that these world will have no end but be followed by another age the same as the where former ages but we fully deny any thing as the end of the world and hope you will give us fair play by let your reader know that we have no such and idea as the end of the world but a grander hope that at the coming of Christ on earth we will leave for ever which is the promise of Christ and also the fulfillman of is prayer. when he say thy will be done on earth as it is in Haven. Trusting you will give these your attentions I remain Sir, Yours truly

AND ADVENTIS OF MONTREAL."

We trust our anonymous correspondent will consider we have afforded him the fair play he desires.

A correspondent of the Boston *British American Citizen* who has recently visited Nova Scotia has given to that journal a column and a half of appreciative comments, from which it is a pleasure to extract the following: "But as to Nova Scotia, now fading so quickly from our view. The *Citizen* has given up much of its space to that fair Province of late, but it has been well worthy of the consideration. Nova Scotia is beginning to boom. That expresses the situation in a very few words. Only beginning, to be sure, but even the beginning of a new era is something momentous and suggestive of great possibilities for Nova Scotia. Like the drop of water that finally wears away the rock, the still, small voice that for years has incited the people to arise and shake off some of their lethargy for their own and children's sakes is at last apparently having its effect, and Nova Scotia is beginning to 'get a move on it.' The end of the present year will find it a long stride ahead of the last. The farmer folks have not ceased to complain about the lack of markets, and the mechanics have not yet become capitalists, to be sure, but the industrial and commercial spirit of the Province has received an impetus that augurs well for the future of the people. New railroads in all parts of the country, an important ship railway that will revolutionize coastwise traffic, and an immense dry dock that will serve as a magnet to every disabled monster of the deep, have all been started, completed or projected. The great mining interests of the Province have had new blood infused into them, and above all the annual and constantly increasing pilgrimage of summer visitors from the United States, who have come to exchange their money for rest and pleasure, has been greater than ever before. In consequence of all this. Nova Scotia may safely be referred to as 'looking up.' This is well. If it progresses in the same proportion for the next five years, and the iconoclasts who masquerade as politicians and statesmen do not pull down, by their machinations, what has been built up, the 'exodus' will be part of ancient history, and will go down the misty aisles of Time to join Evangeline and the scalping of the early inhabitants by the Indians." These free and impartial observations of an outsider should put to shame the wailings of our native pessimists about the "exodus" and such like themes, apparently so congenial to the unpatriotic political mind.

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

A BRIDE'S LETTER.

Dear Helen you will be surprised
To get a note so soon—the first
Bridal edition, unrevised—
And scribbled at my very worst.

I've but a pencil, as you see,
A leaf from Harry's diary torn,
And then I'm writing on my knee,
And feel a little bit forlorn.

We're on the train still. I'm alone;
Harry is in the smoking car
These last two hours. My time's my own;
But, Helen dear, how strange men are!

Three days ago—time quickly flies—
And yet it somehow seems like years
Since all the kisses and good-byes,
And all the trembling hopes and fears.

Of course he likes to smoke; but then
You always used to say, you know,
Women were different from men,
Ah yes, indeed! I find it so.

Most of my dreams seem disarranged;
Of course, I'm happy; only life
Looks, altered now the world is changed—
I can't believe I'm Harry's wife.

And yet I know I am, for here
(What tiny thorns one's wreath may mar!)
I'm sitting quite alone my dear,
And he—is in the smoking car.

All men are not homeless, but some men are home less than others.

An Irish sailor once visited a city where, he said, "they copper-bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet-lead."

Every man is the architect of his own fortune. And it is lucky for most of us that there is no building inspector around.

Fame is nothing more than the enjoyment of being abused to your face now, and being praised behind your back some hundred years hence.

A teacher asked a class to write an essay on "The Result of Laziness," and one of the bright but lazy boys in the class handed in as his composition a blank sheet of paper.

Father O'Flynn: "Tut, tut! Dhruunk again, Patsy? O'im ashamed of ye! Why don't ye soign the pledge? O'v'e done it meself!" Patsy: "Arrah, thin, p'r'aps in yer riv'rince's case it was necessary."

The Kind of Attitude.—"Mary," said her mother severely, "if I am not mistaken, I saw your head on George's shoulder. What sort of an attitude is that for a young lady?" Mary (ecstatically)—"Beatitude."

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed "because," she said "though I obey the fifth commandment and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am put to bed at seven o'clock."

He Knew.—Teacher (to class in Arithmetic)—John goes marketing. He buys two and a quarter pounds of sugar at 11 cents a pound, two dozen eggs at 16 cents a dozen, and a gallon of milk at 20 cents a gallon. What does it all make? Smallest boy (hugging himself ecstatically)—Custard.

Pupil—"Teacher, kin me an' Bill go an' get a pail o' water." Arkansas Schoolmaster—"There you go again. How many times have I got to tell you that it ain't good grammar to say me an' Bill?" Pupil—"What ort I to say?" Teacher—"Bill an' me. Can't I never learn you nothing?"

There is a rich family of the name of Lofting in England, the fortune of whose house was founded by such an apparently insignificant thing as the thimble. The first ever seen in England was made in London less than two hundred years ago by a metal-worker named John Lofting. The usefulness of the article commended it at once to all who used the needle, and Lofting acquired a large fortune. The implement was then called the thumbell, it being worn on the thumb when in use, and its shape suggesting the rest of the name. This clumsy mode of utilizing it soon changed, however, but the name, softened into "thimble," remains.

ANSWERS EXTRAORDINARY.—The London "Times" gives the following as some of the answers given at examinations held in some of the English schools,

"Who was Moses?" "He was an Egyptian. He lived in a bark made of bull-rushes, and he kept a golden carf and worshiapt braizen snakes, and he hot northin' but qwahles and manner for forty years. He was kort by the air of his 'ed while ridin' under a bow of a tree, and he was killed by his son Abslon as he was hanging from the bow. His end was poace."

"What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?" "He was the father of Lot and had ten wives. One was called Hismale and tother Haygur. He keptone at home and he hurried the tother into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at nite."

"Write an account of the Good Samaritan." "A certain man went down from Jerselem to Jeriker and he fell among thaws, and the thaws sprang up and chocked him. Whereupon he gave tuppins to the hoast and said take care on him and put him on his hone hass. And he passed by on the hother side."

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

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

Services were held in most of the city churches yesterday—Thanksgiving Day.

The Quarry Pond in Point Pleasant Park has been drained out and filled in.

Chief Justice Palmer of Prince Edward Island is dead. He was 80 years of age.

Mrs. Sophie Maclean, mother of the late J. S. Maclean, died on Thursday of last week, in the 91st year of her age.

A crop report just issued by the Manitoba Government estimates the average wheat yield for the season at 12.4 bushels per acre.

Alexis Ouellette, of St. Augustin, P. Q., a veteran of the war of 1812, died on the 28th ult., at the age of 100 years and 9 months.

The petition for repeal of the dual language section of the Territories Act has been adopted by the North-west Assembly by 17 to 2.

It is rumored that Lord Stanley, the Governor-General, will soon return home from the Pacific coast via San Francisco, Salt Lake City and Chicago.

H. K. Armsby, of Victoria, B. C., corroborates the statement that a constant stream of Chinamen is being smuggled into the United States through British Columbia.

The Dartmouth public schools are over-crowded, and the school committee recommend that the necessary steps be taken to provide three new school buildings next year.

The opening exercises in connection with the Presbyterian College, Halifax, took place in Chalmer's Church on Wednesday evening. A lecture was delivered by Principal McKnight.

T. B. Mack, who was tried for stealing a silver tea service from Mrs. Conway, and obtaining goods on false pretences from Harry Bleumenthal, has been sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary.

Fire was discovered in McNab's printing establishment—the top story of the Anderson building, corner of Prince and Bedford Row, shortly after six o'clock on Saturday evening. The damage is placed at over \$300.

The members of the city press visited the Protestant Industrial School on Wednesday afternoon and were very much pleased with the improvements made. We will give the subject of this beautiful institution a further notice at an early opportunity.

Delightful weather has enabled the farmers of Manitoba to do more ploughing and breaking up than has ever been done before. The year's work has been profitable, and twenty-five per cent. more land will be put under crop next spring than last.

The committee of the Halifax City Council appointed to consider the matter of securing a market site, have recommended the Council to obtain the fuel yard if possible, and to authorize the Mayor to re-open negotiations with the Imperial authorities to that end.

A Quebec despatch of the 24th ult. says that Bender, civil engineer of Montmagny, now in London, has cabled that he has succeeded in forming a powerful syndicate of English capitalists to build the Quebec bridge and a railway along the North Shore to the Straits of Belleisle.

A German settlement was started near Dunmore, on the C. P. R., a few months ago, when 25 families were located by the company and money advanced to them. It is now in a prosperous condition. The colony contains 400 persons of German extraction which will likely increase to 1,000 before next fall.

We have received an enquiry from England, as to the whereabouts of the children or grand-children of Mr. John Phillips, a shoemaker, who resided in Halifax in 1847. Any of our subscribers or readers who may know anything in reference to this family will confer a favor by communicating the same to the Editor of THE CRITIC.

The Sixth Fusiliers of Montreal are applying to the Militia Department for permission to adopt white facings instead of blue. This is the result of the visit of a team of the West Riding regiment to Ottawa in the summer, their broad white facings being much admired—all militia being royal have blue facings unless under special exception.

It is understood, says a late Ottawa despatch, that a new extradition treaty has been arranged between Great Britain and the Washington Government, and that in consequence of this the Weldon Act of last session will not be proclaimed by the Canadian Government pending the action of Congress upon the proposed treaty.

Says the *Island Reporter*:—"The picturesque locality of Eskasoni is reported to be terrified by three live 'Mohawks' who landed a few weeks ago in a round boat like a washtub, took to the woods and live by thefts from gardens, farms and fowl houses. They dress in primitive coats of skins, ornamented with typical Indian fringe, beads and warpaint, and carry fear to the hearts of the population generally, particularly after dark. We hope to have some thrilling particulars for next issue."

A deliberate attempt was made recently to wreck an Intercolonial train near Stellarton by placing a large piece of iron rail on the track. The engine of an accommodation struck the obstruction and a serious disaster was narrowly averted. It is to be hoped that the perpetrators of this deed will be captured and made to suffer for it.

The trade returns of Canada for the first quarter of the present fiscal year are most promising. The exports aggregate \$32,750,000, being \$5,500,000 in excess of the corresponding period of last year. The imports were \$31,500,000, an increase of over \$2,000,000 over the corresponding period of last year. The duty collected was \$6,400,000. The total trade shows an increase of \$7,500,000.

Says the *Yarmouth Times*:—"Mr. W. A. Godfrey yesterday showed us a vine of peanuts with well developed nuts attached, grown by Mr. H. E. Sabeau, at New Tusket, from seed sown this season. They are on exhibition in the window of Johnson's piano warerooms. This is the first instance of peanut cultivation we have heard of in Canada and shows new possibilities of our soil and climate."

The *Eastern Journal* tells the following pathetic story:—"With the approach of winter one will be able to rid himself or herself, as the case may be, from those pests of insects known as fleas. The place was alive with them this summer. One young lady discovered a nest covered with them. She tried to get clear of them by shaking her garments out of the garret window, and then 'the world was all a flea-thing show.'"

The baby giraffe recently born at the Cincinnati Zoo has since died.

Steel is being turned out of a Reading, Pa., mill which is said to be superior to the Sheffield product.

The evidence in the Cronin murder case is strongly against the prisoners, and goes to show that the murder was most brutal in its details.

The Behring Sea question is the first one that Mr. Blaine expects will be brought forward by the British Minister when they begin to consider diplomatic matters.

Thirty tramps have been captured and gaoled in Lebanon Valley, Pennsylvania. The country is over-run with tramps, and they are committing numerous crimes.

Two thousand Indians occupying the Wind River reservation, just south of the Yellowstone National Park, are in want and many will die of starvation before spring.

Lynchers who were about to work off a young man at Columbia, S. C., for killing his mother-in-law, first held "appropriate religious exercises," and "sung a suitable hymn" as he was swung aloft.

The gifts obtained for John Hopkins University this year amount to \$137,000, which will keep it running for the next three years, by which time it is hoped that its securities will yield sufficient for its support.

A Sioux Indian named Henry Hokixina Lyman, twenty-two years old has entered Yale Law School, and intends to practice among his tribe when he has been graduated. He entered on the recommendation of the Indian College at Hampton, Va.

Madam Albani is to sing in opera in the United States during the present season, and is to be supported by the great tenor Tamagno. She is to sail for New York November 24th. It is possible that she will appear in concerts after her operatic tour is finished.

The American squadron of evolution commanded by acting Rear Admiral Walker, and composed entirely of new war vessels, to wit: The *Chicago* (flag ship), the *Boston*, *Yorktown*, *Atlanta* and *Dolphin*, will get to sea about the 10th of November, bound for Europe.

A cruel trick was played upon a Bangor, (Me.), maiden recently. The damsel in question is fat, and sensitive regarding her avoirdupois; but a couple of young men determined to find out her weight, and succeeded. One managed to stop the rotund damsel on the town hay scale, and while they talked the other wretch weighed the pair. When the young man's weight was subtracted from the whole, 301 pounds were left to the credit of the girl.

According to all accounts the daughters of millionaires in New York spend thousands of dollars each year on their clothes. There is, however, one happy exception to this rule in Miss Helen Gould, daughter of Jay Gould. Her taste does not incline to gorgeous and Parisian fripperies, but to house-keeping, to keeping the poor and teaching music to several young girls who cannot afford to pay for lessons. She does a great deal of good in her quiet way and cares nothing for gay society or display of any sort.

It is said that Robert Browning contemplates a visit to the United States in the spring.

The floods in Italy, owing to the overflow of the Po and other large rivers, are subsiding.

Dion Boucicault has been ordered by the court to pay \$30 monthly alimony to his divorced wife, nee Agnes Robertson.

Lord Charles Beresford has been appointed to the command of the war-ship *Undaunted*, first-class armoured cruiser, 5,600 tons, 8,500 horse power.

Lord Dangan settled the breach of promise of marriage case brought by Phyllis Broughton, the burlesque actress, by the payment of £2,500 and costs.

The name of Archduke John has been struck from the Austrian army list. It is stated in Brussels that the Archduke will join the staff of the New York *Herald*.

A despatch to the news agency in the City of Mexico states that the revolution in Guatemala has ended in the triumph of the Government. All prisoners have been shot.

Nearly one thousand Russian Israelites recently arrived at Buenos Ayres. The Argentine Republic offers special facilities for emigration to the Jews who are expelled from Russia.

Advices from Port of Spain say the Venezuelans are very hostile to the English over the British Guiana boundary question. Outrages upon British subjects residing in Venezuela have been frequent.

A carpet factory in Glasgow was crushed on Friday last by the falling of a wall which was being built next to it. There were 140 girls employed in the factory, 30 of whom were killed. Twenty-nine bodies have been recovered.

The idea that imprisonment for debt has been abolished is incorrect. In England and Wales there are at present nearly 9,000 persons imprisoned as debtors, and if Ireland and Scotland were included the grand total would exceed 10,000.

Adelina Patti surprised the public last week by appearing at an Albert Hall concert in what was taken to be a yellow wig. It has since been ascertained that she became weary of being a brunette and dyed her hair a brilliant straw color.

Sweden has had her Christine Nilsson, and now Norway possesses a singer of absolutely the same name. The new and young Mademoiselle Christine Nilsson has a soprano voice shaded with a timbre similar to Luc-ca's, and sang with great success at Copenhagen lately.

In the Danish Rigsdag the Premier has given notice of a bill to abolish the tariff on coal, coffee, rice, tea, salt, raw iron and train oil; to reduce the duty on petroleum and to increase the duties on wine, spirits, beer, tobacco, fruit, asparagus, flowers, spices, cakes, cocoa, boots and shoes.

A cable from London, further elucidating the withdrawal of the Andersons from the fast Atlantic Mail service, gives it to be understood that the Government is not without hope that the matter may yet be arranged. There has been a misapprehension which the correspondence now going on may possibly remove.

The total foreign trade of Great Britain for the nine months of 1889, ending September 30, reached the enormous total of £539,113,000, or \$2,695,565,000. The total foreign trade of the United States for the same nine months was \$1,219,962,526, or less than half of that of Great Britain. In the United States the increase in the foreign trade of 1889 over 1888 was \$42,034,096. In Great Britain the corresponding increase was \$107,020,000.

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FOR THE CRITIC.]

SLEEP.

How sweet to sleep, when the day's task is o'er!
When nature bars the golden gates of light,
And all the world, lulled with the breath of night,
Lies hushed to dreams—By some Lethæan shore
Man sinks to rest, nor asks one blessing more,—
His freighted barque of memory, in sight
Of port, furls all her storm-torn sails, and bright,
Loved faces greet him as in days of yore.

But sweeter far, their hallowed sleep, on whom
Life's sun has set, who bravely strove to keep
The simple path of right; and through the gloom,
And shine dispersed rich seeds of love, to reap
A full, ripe sheaf, beyond the empty tomb
How blest their visions—oh, how sweet their sleep!

H. H. P.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.

*Dear Cousin Caryl,—If you are as fond of figs as we are, and especially now that the market is so plentifully supplied with fine fruit, you will welcome this addition to your list of puddings. Take three ozs. each of flour and bread crumbs, and two ozs. of finely shredded suet; mix them all together, and then add two ozs. of peeled and chopped apples, four ozs. of figs cut up small, and a tablespoonful of sugar, with just enough milk to make the whole firm, but not wet; press the mass closely into a well-buttered mould, and tie this up well in a cloth, leaving room in the mould for the pudding to swell; steam for three hours, and serve with wine sauce.

Figs, by the way, are laxitive in their nature, and are especially valuable where there are children because of the medicinal quality in so pleasant a guise. Of course you do not need to be reminded that rich puddings have no place in menus for little people. Let them eat their figs uncooked.

Anent the peculiar qualities of various foods it is quite worth one's while, indeed I believe it is every housewife's duty, to familiarize herself with them, else just so much possible value may go to waste.

For example, a supper of coarse, well-made bread, 24 hours old, sweet butter, stewed prunes, and fresh milk is a wonderfully pleasant exchange for a nauseous dose of pills. If persisted in in kind, though there may be variety almost *ad infinitum* in the details, wholesome, laxitive food is found to improve one's temper, not to mention complexion, along with one's health.

Prunes make such a nice sauce, and are so simply prepared they should be better appreciated, not to mention their wholesomeness *per se*. Good fruit is needed to begin with, next it should be washed in several warm waters, and then simply stewed slowly in water, with sugar to taste. To make a richer sauce, add more water and sugar in the beginning, cook a long time, and the result will be a preserve delicious as plum, which it much resembles.

Tapioca makes a delicious and wholesome dessert, and is cheap into the bargain where one has plenty of milk and eggs. Try this recipe for a pudding. Wash ten tablespoonfuls flake tapioca in warm water until perfectly clear. Put it into a dish with a quart of rich milk, and stand in a pan of water over a fire, stirring steadily until the milk thickens. A double boiler is just the thing for this process. Before removing from the fire add six tablespoonfuls fine sugar, and two of butter. Add, when these are dissolved, and after the dish is taken from the stove, lemon juice or extract lemon to flavor to taste. Stir in a little at a time (to prevent cooking in lumps,) four well-beaten eggs; pour the mixture into a buttered baking dish, and bake from twenty to thirty minutes in a moderate oven. The pudding will come out brown as to the top, and creamy and delicious as to the inside. To be eaten with or without thick sweet cream.

You ask about children being made household helpers. Yes and no, Caryl, I certainly think children should be taught the discipline for themselves, and the consideration for others that comes with learning to "pick up after themselves," as the saying is. Long before Hetty can understand why her hands should be slapped—supposing you are so foolish as to do that—for overturning your work basket, she will learn if you patiently but firmly make her restore everything to the basket, that the things belong there and not on the floor, that there is where you intend to have them, and a little but important lesson of obedience into the bargain. Older children can readily comprehend why they should do again what they have undone so far as they are able to do so, and Bob will be all the better, and you and the maid less weary, if he learns to hang up his own cap, brush the mud from his own rubbers, and so on. And he can "save steps" doing errands, and the like. Polly, too, should learn when she is old enough to throw open her chamber windows, spread the bed clothes to air, and to "pick up and put away," that housekeeper's bug-bear.

But do not get off the wise course on to unsafe footing. It cannot be Bob here and Polly there from morning until night without making drudges of the children and a cruel taskmaster of yourself. All work, you know, and no play. There must be genuine play, without a vestige of utility behind it some of the time, and that regularly. It is a fallacious doctrine, that if a child "is bound to be on his feet all the time he might as well be doing something useful"—meaning in the line of work. It is most useful and altogether important that the growing years of a child's life should be devoted to just that mental, moral and physical training that is going to introduce him or her later on to adult life as a splendid type of mankind or womanhood. Now if one has this sort of education in mind for her children, or those under her supervision, she surely is not going to stunt their growth or best possible development by giving them to do what they cannot do with safety to their little brains and undeveloped bodies.

There is all the difference in the world between children, and we are so apt to think them pretty much alike! But they are alike in having rights

to the best equipment for life in this world and that to come, that it is possible for them to get. And they do not get that if their little bodies are racked, for example, by being made nurses in chief to infants only younger than themselves, or automata for the discharge of every sort of commission from seed time till harvest, and from that till seed time again.

By all means have a "fad" of some description, it is the proper thing to have—I suppose it is another method of proving the reaching of one's soul toward individuality—but do something with more reason for being than that of collecting bottle corks, I pray you.

Hunt no further if it is merely a beautiful gown for the grand ball that you are in search of. Debutantes and young matrons are equally well dressed in the bewitching airy, fairy creations of silk-embroidered tulles, gauzes and nets. Pale blue gauze with satiny stripes under an overdress of pale blue gauze embroidered in silver is like a cloud dream, and white tulles, silver spangled, is a vision of loveliness.

Cora says to the winds with such extravagance, and to bid you wear a sheer wool in pale lomon made with draped bodice demi-train, and wide lash of china silk, and to spend what you save on your frock for something less fleeting, say the German edition of Henrik Ibsen's works, the Norwegian about whom all England is so excited just now. Lange's translations that I have are easy reading, in tolerably elegant German, and interesting as you please.

Practical Cora again says the average housewife finds no time to read, but that she owes it to herself and to her family to keep abreast of the age. She suggests lopping off a bit of unimportant work here and there in order to "make time." Work dresses and aprons can be made of seersucker, and thus cut off a not insignificant item of stitching and ironing, since seersucker needs neither. Spend all the time necessary, says the wise little preacher, to make the table linen look nice, but sheets and the like for common use do not need careful ironing. There is the family sewing that can be much simplified, and system can be attuned to fit any domicile, and so lighten labor, here a little and there a little, and one will have "made time" enough to make much heretofore crowded out easily possible.

Devotedly yours,

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

TWO HEROES OF FICTION.

The following extracts are from the satirical article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, entitled "The Hundred Gates; a Dream of Bad Books."

THE WOMAN HERO.

On the gate a man of middle age was seated, of striking appearance. He wore a pointed beard, and he was unusually handsome. His figure was athletic and graceful. It is always difficult to remember what anyone wears, but he left in my mind a general impression of expensive fur, diamond sleeve links, and great glossiness of boot. Raising my hat I apologized for troubling him, and asked if he could give me any information. He looked up, and threw away the cigar which he was smoking. In a languid voice he answered: "We are stock characters—out of books, you know—and we're turned out to grass for the present, and that's why we sit on gates. Fatiguing weather, is it not?" He paused to light another cigar. "Take my own case, for instance." "Thank you," I said, "I don't smoke." He took no notice of my remark, and I see now that I must have misunderstood him. "I am a hero," he continued, "the ideal man as imagined by the ideal woman. I have been wonderfully popular in my time. At present I sit here and practice the leading traits in my character—my consumption of cigars for instance." He flung away the one he was smoking and carefully selected another. He sniffed at it gently, smiled, and dropped it into the ditch. "I recognize you, sir," I said. "In most of the ladies' novels I think it is stated that you were educated at Cambridge or Oxford?" "Good old Cambridge College!" he interpolated. "Some of the books have given details," I went on. "Oh, details!" he interrupted. "I should think they did. I rowed in the May sixes shortly after I'd taken my Fellowship at King's. The fellows there eat ham pie and drink seltzer-and-hock. Such times! Learned men they are too, but cynical—very cynical. I remember when the old Regius Professor was coaching me for my Smalls, in which I took a special, sir, without work, he turned to me and said, with a bitter laugh, 'My motto's *Pro ego*, sir, *Pro ego*—pass the audit.' Splendid man he was, but always drunk! The enthusiasm he could awake in the young was wonderful. When he was raised to a bishopric they accompanied him to the station, shouting after his cab in the words of the ten thousand under Insanias: 'Thalassia! Thalassia! The Sea! the Sea!' The excitement of recalling old times was too much for him, and he tumbled off his gate. He lay on his back, murmuring faintly, 'Egus, ego, egum, egi, ego, ego.' I have no conception what he meant, and after picking him up and putting him on his perch again, I ventured to ask for a free translation. Before replying, he lighted and immediately threw away another cigar. "Ah!" he said pityingly, "you never had a classical education, you never were at Eton School. But you asked me, I believe, for a short sketch of my subsequent career. In after-life I frequently enter the army. She had refused me, you know, and my heart was broken. I did not know then, as I know now, that her only motive was that it would have cut the book short in the second volume if she had accepted me. They found my horse next morning in the stable, covered with foam from head to foot." "Poor old stable!" I sighed sympathetically. "All night long," he continued, "I had been riding in the old desperate, dare-devil way—Can you go on?" "I can," I replied. "The noble animal seemed to have caught the reckless, untamed spirit of its rider. Over the black moorland and through the flooded river you sped together in that fearful ride. With the first glimmerings of dawn

your resolution was taken, for your life was valueless." "Thank you," he said, "you've left out a page or two, but it will do. I ordered the army in order to die on the battlefield. She naturally became a sister of mercy, and found me delirious in the hospital. She nursed me night and day, moved softly about, pressed cooling drinks to my burning forehead—and all that kind of thing, you know. The doctor generally remarks that it is the nurse, and not the doctor, that is to be complimented on my recovery." "It is too true," I answered; "but you are not always in the army." "Oh, no; but wherever I am, I have much the same peculiarities. Wealth is one of them; hence an almost painful profusion of cigars. My strong emotions are another. I frequently push away my plate untasted, owing to strong emotions; my emotions are nothing if they're not strong. Just see me smother an oath in my beard." "Don't trouble," I said, "if it hurts at all." "Well, I have a small beard, and I take a large size in oaths, but I do want you to understand that my emotions are strong and take a great deal of repression. At such times I generally crush my heel into something, or gnaw my teeth or moustache, or curse a menial. You see that heel. It's been ground into the maple-wood flooring, into the rich tiger-skin on the carpet, into the wet sand of the sea shore, into the fragrant violets, into almost everything into which a heel can be ground."

THE ATHLETIC HERO.

"Stop a moment, sir. I am still as big, simple, light hearted, frank, buoyant, and boyish as ever. You really ought to know me." "I know you only too well," I replied, brutally, "and you don't interest me." "What!" he cried, "not interested in poor Jack, no one's enemy but his own, with an arm as white as a duchess's, and corded like a blacksmith's! You must be joking. Why, sir, I was playing football for England v. Wales the other day—a hot afternoon in June it was; I was half-forward, and we were being beaten, when I looked up and saw that the dear girl was watching us. It seemed to put new strength into me. I set my teeth hard, and with a cry of 'Julia!' plunged into the scrimmage, secured the ball, and bore it off in triumph to our own goal. I shall never forget it." "Tell me honestly," I said, "are you often as far gone as this?" "I am sorry to say," he answered, "that the public seem to have lost their taste for me in quite so strong a form. But I still exist. I still preach the great gospel of manliness." "What is that?" I asked. "Be strong. Knock your neighbour down, and love him as yourself." I noticed with considerable satisfaction that the apostle of manliness was secured to his gate by a short iron chain, so I took this opportunity of expressing my opinion of him. "I regret," I said, "that I must repeat my assertion that I am not interested in you. You have been done well, but of late years you have been overdone. I do not think much of your gospel, because I do not believe that the highest form of manhood is the affectionate bargee. I have also noticed some defects in your character. Your great point is your pluckiness: and yet you are not plucky. As you always knock your man down, it stands to reason that you never attack anyone who is superior to yourself. You are constantly standing up for the right, but your method is so abominably dull and monotonous that you make the wrong seem preferable. When you were treated idiotically I was amused at you; when you fell into better hands, I liked you; at the present moment I am exceedingly weary of you, sorry to have met you, and trust I shall never see you again. Good morning." His only answer as I moved away was a long low whistle. This is the way in which he habitually expresses surprise.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The Nova Scotia Steel Co., of New Glasgow, has declared a dividend of eight per cent. on both preferred and common stock on the last year's business. The aggregate profits of the year amounted to \$56,000.

BUILDINGS IN TRURO.—"It was predicted by some last spring that building operations would not be very extensive in Truro during the summer, owing to the scarcity of snow last winter, which interfered with getting out their logs and other lumber. Upon looking around and making inquiries we find that the facts of the case all go to prove that these predictions are not verified. The following buildings have been and are being erected in different parts of the town." The above is from the *Colchester Sun*, which goes on to enumerate and describe: besides a new engine house for the fire brigade; a hose, reel and ladder house; and a number of enlargements and improvements of existing buildings, thirteen new dwelling houses and stores, mostly the former, of various sizes and degrees of importance.

SHIPBUILDING IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The unexampled activity in the plaster trade and the increase in the demand of late for ships of large tonnage, has given an impetus to shipbuilding, which is the ring the hearts of thousands directly and indirectly connected with the shipping interest. At River John, Charles McLellan is preparing to build a big ship of 1,000 tons. At South Maitland William P. Cameron has a vessel of 1,000 tons on the stocks. At Maitland Messrs. McDougall have a barque of same tonnage well under weigh. At Avondale the largest ship ever constructed at that place is now nearing completion. As she now stands well up on the ways, her appearance is that of a vast ship of war; 230 feet keel, 45 feet wide, 25 foot depth of hold and 2,000 tons measurement. The builder, G. A. Knowles, is well known throughout the Province for the superior ships he has added to the marine of this country, and this, his largest achievement, will add another laurel to his well earned reputation as a contractor. On the opposite shore J. B. North has a monster ship on the stocks of over 1,900 tons, and before the close of 1889 several other keels will be laid.—*New Glasgow Enterprise.*

The firm of W. H. Schwartz & Sons, dealers in coffees, spices, teas and grocers' sundries, have acquired such a high reputation for the superiority of their goods that any package bearing their trade mark is known to be genuine, and the best that money can buy. Established in 1841, the business of the firm has acquired such proportions that, in addition to their extensive premises running through from Water to Barrington Streets, they also require a factory and steam mill which is situated on Brunswick Street. We have lately tested some of their pure spices, and can safely say that in quality, strength and freshness they are not to be excelled.

Electric Leather Dressing is the best thing yet invented for making leather water-tight, and it is particularly effective in keeping snow-water out. It is put up as a paste, just like blacking, but is not a blacking, as it goes into the leather at once and leaves the surface ready to be blackened and "take a shine" forthwith.—*Miramichi Advance*.

CITY CHIMES.

A farewell meeting to Rev. Mr. & Mrs. Morton and other missionaries took place in St. Matthew's Church on Tuesday. There was a large gathering of their friends, and a pleasant evening was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Morton will shortly leave for Trinidad.

Notice was given in Grafton Street Church on Sunday that a special Thanksgiving service would be given by the choir next Sunday evening. After what we have heard from Professor Powell and his choir a musical treat may be expected.

Admiralty House was again the scene of a most enjoyable dance on Monday night. The elite of the city were present in force, and dancing was kept up with spirit till a late hour. The Bellsophon sailed for Bermuda yesterday, so the festivities at Admiralty House are over for the season much to the regret of many Halifaxians, who have enjoyed the pleasant entertainments there.

The marriage of Miss Ella Shoff to William C. Haskett of Toronto, took place in St. Stephen's Chapel, at a quarter before six on Thursday morning of last week. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. G. Lancaster. The bride was attended by her sister Miss Josie Shoff, and Mr. Oscar Newman was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Haskett will spend a short time in Montreal before they proceed to their home in Toronto.

The principal event of interest in fashionable circles last week was the marriage on Wednesday of Miss Susan Morrow, second daughter of the late Robert Morrow, to Dr. Carleton Jones, son of Hon. A. G. Jones, M. P. The wedding took place in St. Stephen's Chapel, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. H. G. Lancaster. The service was full choral and the chancel of the chapel was beautifully decorated with cut flowers and plants. The bride wore a magnificent gown of white Indian silk, empire style, with veil. The chief bridesmaid, Miss K. Morrow, sister of the bride, was attired in an old rose and sage green satin dress with hat to correspond, while the other two assistants, Misses Anna and Hilda Stairs, cousins of the bride, wore dresses of white silk with sashes of old rose. The bride and bridesmaids carried bouquets of Chrysanthemums. The groom was assisted by his brother Mr. Harry Jones. After the ceremony afternoon tea was partaken of at the residence of the bride's mother, North-west Arm. The presents were numerous and many of them costly and magnificent. Dr. and Mrs. Jones have gone for a honeymoon trip through the provinces and will visit the principal cities.

If the City Council succeed in obtaining a site for a green market, and provide a building, what a change there will be in the Wednesday and Saturday morning aspect of Bedford Row and the sidewalks, which are now the only places for the market people to sell their goods. That the change will be for the better there is no doubt, though it is probable that many of those who have so long made free use of the pavements will object to paying for stalls in a building. "The old order changeth," and Halifax, if it ever means to come up to the times, must change the order of the green market without delay.

Mrs. and the Misses Keith gave an "At Home" on Wednesday, Nov. 6th, which was largely attended.

The Academy of Music has at length thrown open its doors, and Mr. McDowell's company have taken possession of the stage, and judging from the performance of "May Blossom" are prepared to give the public thirty-six evenings of solid enjoyment. The play of "May Blossom" is bright and attractive, full of interest all through, although rather lacking in special scenes. Miss Arthur as "May Blossom" carried out the part well, a gentle timid girl, yet brave and womanly when occasion required. Mr. McDowell himself needs no words of praise, his personation of "Uncle Bartlett" was capital, and it is safe to say that every character he takes will be as well sustained. Miss Vincent as "Deborah" produced much laughter, as did also those humorous characters "Tom Blossom" and "Owen Hatheway." Mr. Campbell Gollan as "Steve Harland" had a very difficult part to perform, but he managed to represent the despairing lover, the remorseful man, and the forgiving husband, in a masterly manner. Little May Durgan was sweet, so graceful and childish, she won all hearts. We are looking forward to future plays with pleasurable anticipation. This and to-morrow evenings "Gwynn's Oath" is being produced, while on Monday evening "Hoop-o'-Gold" will be put on and run for three nights.

The various associations and societies in the city have arranged very attractive programmes for the winter. The Church of England Institute programme from November 7th, 1889, to April 17th, 1890, is as follows:—Socials—First Thursday of each month at 8 p. m. Concerts—Third Thursday of November, January and March. Lectures—Third Thursday of December, by Rev. Dr. Bullock, Malta, "Il fiore del mondo." Third Thursday of February, by Hon. J. W. Longley, "The future of Canada." Third Thursday of April, by Prof. C. F. Fraser, "A quartette of lectures." Tickets for the course of concerts and lectures are fifty cents each, single tickets for the concerts twenty-five cents each, and for the lectures fifteen cents each. The socials are free to members, who may also introduce friends. The Y. M. C. A. winter programme is quite elaborate, and will no doubt prove highly attractive. It includes lectures on interesting subjects by several well known men, literary evenings, President's receptions, as well as talks on many interesting topics, in all making nineteen entertainments. The dates extend from November 19th to April 16th, 1890. Members of the Association are admitted free to each of the events, but those who are not members may obtain tickets from the Secretary, Mr. Theakston. The course opens on the 19th inst. with the President's reception, a musical evening.

COMMERCIAL.

There has been a fair degree of activity in a general way in commercial circles in covering invoices and job lots, and on the whole a healthy condition of affairs has prevailed. Orders from country buyers have not actually set in as yet, but the indications point to a fairly active and healthy trade all round this fall. With few exceptions all the branches of the jobbing trade speak of a satisfactory condition of affairs, and it would seem that the present season, as will be seen from our appended reviews, promises fairly satisfactory results.

The following are the Assignments and business changes in this Province during the past week:—Chas. H. Payne, Long Island, Digby, consent to Sarah C. Pyne, his wife, to do business in her own name; Digby Boot and Shoe Co., Digby, sold out to Chas. Mason; Murdock & Neiley, boots and shoes, Bridgetown, dissolved, Murdock liquidates the old business; Lawrence D. Shaffner, grocer, Bridgetown, admitted Neiley; D. McIsaac, barber, Dartmouth, succeeded by F. Coolen.

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

	Week		Prev. Weeks		corresponding to		Failures for the year to date.			
	Nov. 1.	week	1888	1887	Nov. 1	1886	1889	1888	1887	1886
United States..	251	190	220	207	213	9383	8294	7925	8525	
Canada.....	35	26	50	23	20	1328	1460	1076	1011	

DRY GOODS.—An appreciable effect upon the movement of goods into the hands of city retailers has resulted from the fine weather with which we have been favored during the past week, but there is scarcely anything to report in the way of actual business. As to conditions the feeling is firm on all lines of dry goods, and the tone of sources of supply strengthens the opinions of most merchants in this department of trade. In the British markets nothing but strength is heard of, and in woollen goods it is noticeable to the least observant. The price of raw material is high, and holders are independent, confident that the future supply cannot be any cheaper. A buyer recently returned from the other side states that there is great scarcity of goods suitable to the Canadian market, namely, the lower grade, on which prices are from 5 to 7 per cent higher, with holders very independent. On the higher grades prices are steady, but this does not affect the jobbing trade here, as business in them is confined to special orders, so that as time advances the anticipations for a firm market seem likely to be verified. The movement countryward is expected to set in as soon as the farmers are through with their ploughing and consent to move their produce. They cannot hold off much longer.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—We have to note intensified strength in this market with not the slightest signs of weakness in any direction. Advices from Great Britain quote excited and advancing markets—pig iron especially continuing on the upward plane, and other lines in proportion. On spot this feeling is reflected, and holders—and they are few who have stock to any extent—are independent in every sense of the word. The movement during the week has been a fair one, and all houses have been fully occupied in getting out their fall orders. Tin plate is one of the strong features, there being nothing to be had. With an advancing market abroad prices are very firm. The latest cable advices state that the market on the other side is in such an excited condition that makers have withdrawn quotations. To illustrate the unprecedented state of affairs in Great Britain we may affirm that a few days since when warrants were selling in Glasgow at 58s. 9d. Middlesborough iron advanced to 60s. 1d., an occurrence seldom if ever witnessed before, as Middlesborough has always been several shillings below Scotch warrants.

BREADSTUFFS.—The local flour market remains unchanged: The demand for small lots is fair, but no sales of any extent are reported. Prices have not notably changed here. Beerbohm's cable reports wheat quiet and nothing doing in corn. There is an active demand in England from France. French country markets are inactive. The Chicago wheat market has been stronger, and prices advanced ½c. to ¾c. Corn there was quiet and firm, except on the first option which advanced ½c. The New York wheat market was stronger, and prices advanced ½c. Corn improved ½c. to ¾c. Oats were steady. At St. Louis wheat was stronger, and prices moved up ½c. to ¾c. Corn and oats also slightly improved, especially for May options. In Toledo wheat was active and strong and prices advanced ½c. to ¾c. Corn was dull and oats unchanged.

PROVISIONS.—A fair amount of business has been transacted in local

provisions, and the market was fairly active and steady with a good amount of jobbing trade. The demand for pork in small lots has been good. In lard the demand has been fair under steady prices. Smoked meats have met with a good demand. In the Liverpool provision market lard was weaker and declined 3d. Pork, bacon and tallow were unchanged. The tone of the Chicago provision market was weak. Pork declined 12 1/2c. to 17 1/2c. Lard fell off 5c. Short ribs dropped 2 1/2c. to 5c. In the hog market there prices broke 15c. to 25c. The cattle market was fairly active and steady.

BUTTER.—The butter market continues quiet with a fair average movement in progress on local account, but no demand for export and no appearance of any. For choice the demand is good and the supply not too large, so that figures are firmly held. In other grades there is a quiet but steady movement at quotations.

CHEESE.—Little or nothing is doing in the local cheese market at present. Supplies are fully equal to the demand which is, as usual at this season, small. Factories are holding stocks in the expectation of realizing higher figures in the future than now obtained, but we think that they are likely to be disappointed, because English dealers show a remarkable apathy, and stocks on this side of the water are very large.

FRUIT.—The feeling in apples is firm, and the indications are at present that prices will not go much below present values, as the quality of stock coming forward is good. There has been a firmer feeling in fall stock owing to the fact that the market has been all cleaned up, and few lots are now offering. The receipts of winter apples have been larger, for which the demand both on local and export account has been good. There has been a strong tone to the market for dried fruit, and prices have been well maintained. The demand for Valencia raisins and for currants has been good and steady.

SUGAR.—Since our last review the sugar market has continued to rule very weak, and prices are decidedly depressed. Private cables early in the week from London quoted raw sugar weak but prompt at 11s. 1 1/2d., which is the lowest point reached since 1887. Later cables note an advance to 11s. 4 3/4d. for prompt, but there seems to be no heart in this apparent improvement, as the market there continues quiet. In New York the market for refined sugar has been weaker and granulated has declined 3/4c. to 7c. In sympathy with the above markets the tone of this market has also been weak, and granulated has scored a further decline of 1/4c. to 3/4c. Yellows have also ruled easier, and values have fallen off about 3/4c. However, there has been a steady demand for all grades of sugar for this season of the year, which is no doubt due to the fact that buyers laid in little stock in the busy months, and what orders have been placed were by buyers who are anxious for prompt delivery. This goes to show that stocks in the country are at a low point. The market, on the whole, has been fairly active with a good business.

MOLASSES.—The demand for molasses is good, and, as stocks in hand and to arrive are small, prices have a decidedly upward tendency. Holders are very firm, and look confidently for higher figures than quotations in the near future.

TEA.—No change has occurred in the situation of the tea market. The feeling continues strong, owing to the light stocks held here and the great scarcity of low grade Japan, for which a good demand exists, but buyers find it difficult to fill their wants. The market, on the whole, is quiet, and the volume of business accomplished has been small.

COFFEE has been well enquired for, and sales of some fair-sized lots are reported to have been made at quotations.

FISH OILS.—Our Montreal correspondent writes:—"The market for cod remains quiet. Newfoundland cod oil is quoted at 34c. to 35c. Steam refined seal oil is steady at 46c. to 47c. Cod liver oil is easy, Newfoundland being quoted at 60c. to 65c.

FISH.—The most important receipt of fish at this port during the last week was a cargo of about 6,000 qtls. of cod. We understand that a portion of this cargo was sold ante-arrival, but the larger part was unsold and will probably go into store on behalf of consignors. Arrivals of other fish have been small. Holders and buyers are apart in their views as to codfish. Mackerel continue to be flat, and there is no disposition shown by speculators to handle them. Nothing at all is doing in herring. Although the catch has been very small as compared with that of previous years, holders find it impossible to advance prices to a paying basis. Our outside advices are as below:—Montreal, November 4.—"The market is steady under a good enquiry for most lines, with the quality of the arrivals on the whole up to the average. Labrador herring are moving quietly with receipts free, but the demand is fairly good at prices ranging at \$4.75 and under. There is some inferior stock offering, and it continues slow of sale at \$4.20 to \$4.50. Cape Breton herrings are a shade easier under free receipts with the demand pretty good. In cod the receipts are fair, with prices steady under reports of a sound catch on the Gaspé and Cape Breton coasts. The demand is good. There has been some Labrador salmon on the market which has changed hands at \$22 the tierce, but the stock of it is very light. In other lines there is a good business, finan haddies and oysters being in good enquiry." Gloucester, Mass., November 4. "We quote now Georges codfish \$5 per qtl. for large, and small \$3.87; Bank \$3.87 for large and \$3.50 for small; large hand line do. \$4.50. Shore \$4.75 and \$3.50 for large and small. Old Bank \$3.50. New dry Bank \$4.75 for large and \$4.37 for medium; Nova Scotia do. \$4.50. Cured cusk at \$2.75 to \$3 per qtl; hako \$2.25; haddock \$2.62; heavy salted pollock \$2.25, and English-cured do. \$3 per qtl. Labrador herring \$6 bbl.; medium split \$5; Newfoundland do. \$5; Nova Scotia do. \$7; Eastport \$4; split Shore \$4.75; pickled codfish \$6; haddock \$5; halibut heads \$3.50; sounds \$12; tongues and sounds \$10; tongues \$8; alowives \$5; trout \$15; California salmon \$15; Halifax do. \$23; Newfoundland do. \$22." Havana, Nov. 4 (per cable via New York)

—"Codfish \$7.50; haddock \$5.25; hako \$4."

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

WHOLESALE RATES.

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

GROCERIES.

Table listing various grocery items like SUGARS, TEA, MOLASSES, BISCUITS, etc. with their respective prices.

BREADSTUFFS.

Market are steady in the West, and if the decline is checked, which it seems to be, our markets will right themselves and get into better condition. The probabilities are that we are seeing about as low prices as will obtain during the balance of this year. We make no change in our market quotations this week.

Table listing flour and breadstuffs items like FLOUR, Oatmeal, etc. with their respective prices.

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

PROVISIONS.

Table listing various provisions like Beef, Pork, Lard, etc. with their respective prices.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable wholesale house.

FISH FROM VESSELS.

Table listing fish from vessels like MACKEREL, HERRING, ALBACORE, etc. with their respective prices.

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

POULTRY.

Table listing poultry items like Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, etc. with their respective prices.

The above are corrected by a reliable victualer.

Table listing live stock items like Steers, Oxen, Fat Steers, etc. with their respective prices.

These quotations are prepared by a reliable victualer

LOBSTERS.

Table listing lobster items like Nova Scotia, Tall Cans, Flat, etc. with their respective prices.

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

HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS

Table listing various fruits like Apples, Oranges, Lemons, etc. with their respective prices.

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

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Table listing butter and cheese items like Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints, etc. with their respective prices.

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

WOOL, WOOL SKINS & HIDES.

Table listing wool, wool skins, and hides items with their respective prices.

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

LUMBER.

Table listing various lumber items like Pine, Spruce, Hemlock, etc. with their respective prices.

A DISGRACE TO HER FAMILY.

(Continued.)

This the young ladies found extremely useful, but it may also have accounted for their independence. They felt they were not bound to stay at home if they did not choose, and already Matilda began to talk of uncongenial surroundings, wasted talent requiring a larger sphere, and hinted at the delightful, artistic, and scientific society to be found in the Metropolis. But Maggie, being under age, was forced to apply to her mother for supplies, and perhaps it was for this reason that more sympathy existed between them than between Mrs. Brotherton and her other daughters. Anyhow, the two youngest of the family were her favorites.

Now Matilda, being a very superior person—at all events in her own estimation—disapproved of hunting, as an unintellectual and deteriorating pastime. She frequently declared that it made girls horsey and slangy, and robbed them of every feminine attribute. But Lily and Rose held entirely contrary opinions. They could ride well, and would have ridden still better had they not been so madly fond of jumping, that, whether hounds were running or not, they could never resist the sight of a fence, quite irrespective of the necessity of taking it. They were christened Rusher and Crusher by the Hunt, on account of certain dangerous propensities, which rendered it better policy to yield them precedence at every obstacle.

Geraldine also took kindly to the Chase, although her nerve was infinitely inferior to that of the twins. She only jumped on occasions, that is to say, when there was an admirer to be impressed, or kept in sight. The hunting field was a good arena in which to display her charms, and hunting men was quite as amusing, and every bit as difficult, as hunting foxes. In fact, the former required even finer tactics.

But horse exercise gave her a capital opportunity of letting her pretty figure, and still prettier face, be seen to good advantage. A close-fitting habit suited her fair, girlish style of beauty, and when she swayed like a sapling with every motion of the horse, when her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled, she had the pleasing consciousness of looking at her best.

Therefore Geraldine, Lily and Rose kept horses of their own, and hunted regularly twice a week, that is, if the animals were upright, and were not laid up with sore backs, the general fate of ladies' hunters.

Now Maggie, although the youngest, was far and away the finest rider of the Brotherton family. She seemed to possess, by instinct, what her sisters were vainly trying to acquire by practice. Jack was renowned for his nerve. At nineteen he was already one of the pioneers of the Hunt, no small distinction, considering the vast concourse attracted by the "Ripper" hounds, but he lacked Maggie's fine hands. Directly she got on the horse she and the animal were one; some subtle magnetic current existed between rider and steed which put them on good terms at once. With her thin arms, little red hands, and willowy form, she could control horses quite beyond the management of nine men out of ten. When asked the secret, she only laughed and said it was kindness and studying their ways. To see a horse struck or ill-treated rendered her mad, and she rarely liked the man, nor woman, who dealt not tenderly with dumb animals. She declared they were bad at heart, and perhaps she was right. For her own part she never lost her temper, and possessed an inexhaustible stock of patience, preferring to lose a run altogether than let herself be beaten by some raw four-year-old. When decently mounted, she constantly took a line of her own out hunting, having a wonderfully quick eye to hounds, and a heaven-born instinct for getting over a country. The "habitués" of the "Ripper" still record with awe and admiration how, two years ago, when she was only sixteen, she led every yard of the way in the great run from Whinboro' Gorse to Crackington Hill-side, a distance, as the crow flies, of nine miles.

But enough has been said of Maggie's achievements. Eleven people out of a dozen will be shocked by the statement, but Great Britain did not contain a more courageous, sporting, and gallant couple than the youngest Miss Brotherton and her brother. They were fresh, enthusiastic country types, at which dwellers in cities shudder and denounce as thoroughly empty-headed and objectionable. In the minds of many folk, horse and hound appear to possess a contaminating influence. They see no harm in parties and frocks, in dressing up, flirting, and gossiping away their neighbor's character; but they see an immense amount in real affection for beautiful, God-made creatures, in enjoying a healthy exercise and noting the varied effects of sky, and hedge, and pasture. Is it not possible that such things have higher teachings than shop windows, crowded streets, and hot rooms? We state no opinion, but merely ask the question. Women are no all unsexed because they go a-hunting.

Maggie—poor, untutored child, as doubtless the majority will regard her—was rendered supremely happy by Jack's magnanimous offer. Polecat and The Fizzer were both young horses coming in, and although Jack had hunted them with tolerable regularity all last season, when he was supposed to be imbibing vast stores of knowledge from a tutor, they were not yet quite finished performers. Indeed it could hardly be expected of them, for it took at least a couple of winters for a horse to know his business thoroughly in the "Ripper" country, where every class of fence was to be met with, from a rasping double oxer to a mere blind drain.

Nevertheless, they were both good, keen, natural jumpers, and only required a little more experience at awkward doubles and crampy places. When Jack, in the fulness of his heart, volunteered to place his steeds at Maggie's disposal, he was by no means insensible to the fact that she was the very person to give to their education the finishing touches required, and, by accidents, would by her riding materially increase their value. It was just possible that he might—well, he might be persuaded to sell them, if he got a good offer.

Up till now Maggie had never had the chance of mounting either Polecat or The Fizzer, but as the day for his departure drew nigh, and Jack had had his last gallop across Flatshire for many a month to come, he considered the time had arrived to give Maggie some important advice as to the best method of handling his treasures.

Jack was not singular in this.

Nearly every man who follows hounds possesses a firm conviction that he can ride his horse better than anybody else. It is a little weakness peculiar to hunting people, who flatter themselves by thinking that their steed would not have jumped such and such a place half so well had a stranger been on his back. They are under the impression that they have certain methods of their own, ways of squeezing, of lifting, even of jobbing in the mouth, which no other person could possibly imitate unless fully instructed. Human vanity is altogether an irresistible thing, and Jack had his masculine share of it.

So, one Monday afternoon, he and Maggie visited the stables.

They were quite faultless in their way, and rather larger and more important-looking than the house, which was an old-fashioned, red brick building, standing on the outskirts of a village, and close to a road. It went to the heart of this sporting brother and sister to see so many loose boxes standing empty instead of their being filled, as in the squire's palmy days, with great, fine strapping horses.

"Ah!" sighed Jack, for about the hundredth time, "when I am twenty-one, and come to my kingdom, I shall have these boxes full again. People jaw now-a-days about the expense of keeping hunters and so on, but I maintain there's not a single other sport that gives you so much fun for your money."

"Quite right, Jack," assented Maggie, with a nod of the head. "The only thing I wish is, that we could move on two or three years. It would be so awfully nice keeping house for you, when all the girls are married and out of the way."

"Yes, when they are," he answered, in by no means so sanguine a tone. "But I'm afraid it will be a precious long time before they succeed in finding four flats for husbands."

"Jack, why do you always speak so cynically? Somebody is sure to take a fancy to them sooner or later."

"Oh! yes, there was Mr. Sermon, only of course he had no money, and it would not do. But Geraldine need not despair with her beauty, and Lily and Rose are really very nice looking, if only they would not make such a noise and talk so loud."

"How about Matilda?" enquired Jack, sarcastically.

"Well, even she might find some old professor, or a widower, or a gentleman in ill-health."

"He wouldn't be in ill-health long. She'd soon worry him into his grave. No, no Maggie, I'm a pretty good judge of these things, although I'm only a minor, and I don't mind betting you a bob that the four Misses Brotherton will be Brothertons still on my return at the end of a year. You mark my words."

Maggie felt too down-hearted by this lugubrious prophecy to make any reply. She had a great respect for Jack's opinion, but at the same time was grieved to find that he held it.

They now passed into an adjoining stable, where Baines, the stud-groom, caused the rugs to be removed from Polecat and The Fizzer.

The former was a well-bred black mare, showing a lot of quality. Before the saddle, she was as nearly perfect as an animal could be, with finely sloping shoulders, a strong yet slender neck, and a lean, well set on head; but she was a trifle long in the back and weak in the loins, with hocks possessing somewhat curby tendencies. Jack knew, in his inner consciousness, that in a real fast thing, unless the "going" was very light, she required more nursing than was exactly pleasant. This knowledge had stolen upon him by degrees, and he considered it of too great significance to be fully revealed to Maggie, never imagining that without ever riding the mare she had long since made a similar discovery.

It was a bright October afternoon, and as the sun came shining in at the stable window, and sent long golden shafts of light gleaming down on the mare's satin coat, she looked her very best. Maggie went up to her, patted her beautiful neck, and gave her some sugar. She and Polecat were no strangers to each other in the stable, whatever they might be in the field.

As Jack stood and looked at his favorite horse and favorite sister, a queer kind of lump came into his throat. He gulped it down resolutely, and speaking in a more authoritative voice than he would have employed if sure of his own strength, said:

"Now, listen to me, Mag. It's no use my telling you you can ride, for you know it already, but that fact need not prevent you from taking advice—"

"No, of course not," interrupted Maggie, indignant at the mere imputation.

"Polecat is a sweet mare," he went on, glancing fondly at the animal. "Indeed, although I say it, who shouldn't, a sweeter one never looked through a bridle, but like most of her sex, she has her little peculiarities. For instance, if she tries to buck you off when you first get on, don't take any notice. Drop your hands, but don't leave go of her head, and sit firm. It's only play. There's not a bit of vice about her really, and when the hounds break covert, don't attempt to keep her back. She will be with them, at any rate until she settles down."

"Yes, I know," said Maggie. "She soon steadies after the first mile or two."

Jack shot a swift look at his sister. Could it be that she had guessed the secret, which he fancied no human being knew but himself?

"Keep her well in hand at the fences," he resumed, feeling an instinctive dislike to ascertaining the fact. "She's apt to rush at them when she's fresh, and sometimes takes off a little too soon, but that's nothing, and she'll

jump big enough to clear a house, if you let her head alone, and don't interfere with her mouth. She'll not stand being hauled at."

"Yes, Jack, I'll do my very best to attend to your directions. I've often watched Polecat going with you, and know that she requires quiet treatment."

"That's where it is. She is a hot, excitable sort of mare; but nevertheless she'll carry you like a bird."

As they shut the box, Jack added in his most nonchalant manner:

"By-the-bye, Mag, I was nearly forgetting to mention it, but ease her a little uphill, and over ridge and furrow. You see she's but a young thing yet."

"All right, Jack, I'll remember." But Maggie thought to herself that, whether Polecat were a young thing or an old thing, those hocks and that back would ever prevent her from being a good stayer or strong galloper.

After this they proceeded to visit The Fizzer, who was a stout, cob-like bay gelding, of an altogether different class. With his short sturdy limbs, round sleek barrel and placid eye, he looked like a regular old gentleman's hunter, not speedy enough for the fine, large pastures over which he was called upon to extend himself. Pace was indeed his weak point, and Jack was prepared to part with him, if Maggie could find a good customer. She promised to do her utmost, and after receiving an infinity of instructions as to the best method of showing him off, brother and sister quitted the stable, both saddened by the thought that it was the last time they should visit it together for a long while to come.

Jack was to start early next morning, and all that evening, Mrs. Brotherton, after the fashion of loving mothers and weak women, gave him a series of oft-repeated parting directions. When he kissed her and said good-night, he promised to be sure and remember his comforter and railway rugs, to wear the warm knitted waistcoat on board ship, that she had made for him, to avoid draughts, cold, and damp sheets, and above everything to abstain from drinking and evil company.

All of which injunctions he forgot before he was out of the house.

CHAPTER III.

OH! JOY. A YOUNG MAN.

The house seemed terribly dull without Jack. Mother and sisters missed his cheery voice and bright face, his masculine vivacity, and perpetual state of motion; but none mourned the lad's departure with such poignancy and sincerity as Maggie.

It seemed to her as if some joyous element had been suddenly withdrawn from her life, and even the near approach of the hunting season failed, in her brother's absence, to afford quite the same delight as usual. They two had been in the habit of riding so much together, and of spinning such yarns when the day was done.

He had only been gone a few hours, and oh! how blank everything appeared. She felt as if she could never reconcile herself to his loss.

The five girls, with their mother, were assembled in the morning room, which, when alone, they generally occupied. The clock had just struck six. A bright wood fire hissed and spluttered on the hearth, the crimson curtains were drawn, and a couple of softly shaded lamps gave an air of comfort and refinement to the apartment.

Mrs. Brotherton was lying on a sofa knitting. She was one of those women for whom knitting seems to have been specially invented in order to enable them to get through their lives with some semblance of usefulness and activity. She was seldom seen without a stocking for Jack in her hand. He ought to have possessed hundreds of pairs, only oddly enough they never appeared to come to completion. A constant dropping and picking up stitches, losing and finding of balls, and matching of wools retarded the work. For the rest, Mrs. Brotherton neither read, played, sang, nor drew. Her resources of self-amusement were extremely limited, and her greatest pleasure consisted in desultory gossip appertaining to the affairs of her neighbors. In fact, she was not an uncommon type of the country wear-to-do lady, whose intellect becomes deadened and senses stunted, through having little or nothing to rouse them.

Even Geraldine was infinitely better off than her mother, for she could take interest in trifles, and at the present moment was perfectly happy, trimming up a bonnet destined to appear in church on the following Sunday. Meantime, the twins were deep in a game of backgammon, over which they snarled like a couple of young puppies contending for a bone, and Matilda, the superior, was doing her very best to keep awake over a scientific book of great profundity. In order that her mind should not be disturbed by any physical uneasiness, she had chosen the most comfortable arm-chair in the room, and placed it right before the fire. The genial warmth, however, produced a lassitude of brain very nearly approaching slumber.

Presently the door opened, and the footman appeared, bearing a letter, which he handed to Mrs. Brotherton, and then retired.

Maggie jumped from her seat, and went over to her mother's side.

"Is it from Jack?" she enquired, eagerly.

"No, my dear, I wish it were," responded Mrs. Brotherton in a kindly voice.

"How could it be, you silly?" interposed Geraldine contemptuously. "when you know quite well that Jack has been travelling the greater part of the day, and even if he had written, the letter could not possibly arrive till to-morrow."

"It is too much to expect common sense from Maggie," said Matilda with great sarcasm. "She is one of those people who never think before they speak."

(To be Continued.)

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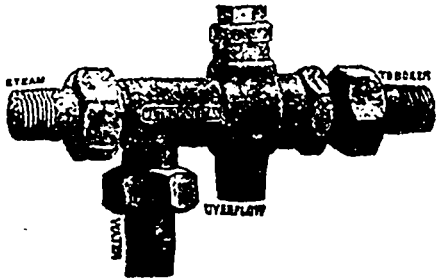
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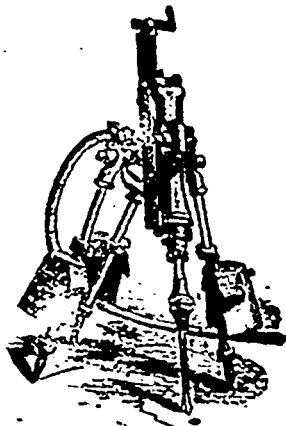
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MINING.

The Mineral resources of this Province are only now being developed. It is true that our coal mines have been worked for some years, but the total output in proportion to the immense quantity of coal that is known to exist is very small. In iron comparatively little has been done, and the same may be said of lead, manganese, copper and the numerous other minerals with which the Province abounds. The opening of new railroads has made accessible many rich mineral districts, but best of all a higher class of capitalists have now turned their attention this way and guided by competent mining engineers are preparing to invest large sums in opening up and developing our mines. A new era is dawning on the mining industry of the Province and everything tends to the conclusion that in the next five years great strides will be made in advance. In gold mining the improvement is most noticeable, the present year bidding fair to exceed all previous years in the amount of gold produced. Several sales of properties at high figures have already been effected, and others are now being negotiated; in fact the outlook is as bright as the most sanguine could desire.

KILLAG DISTRICT.—Now that the long looked for lead in this district has been found, Mr. Geo. Stuart and his associates are preparing to push mining operations, and with this end in view will increase their plant and machinery. There is now a five stamp mill on the property, and that number will shortly be increased to ten.

MOUNT TOM.—There has been some little excitement over the discovery of gold at Mount Tom, near Middle Musquodobait, and some old prospectors have taken up claims there.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.—A company to be known as the Boston Gold Mining Company have purchased from Messrs. McGuire, Wade & Co., for the sum of \$28,000—the eighty seven acres known as blocks C and A—adjoining the Molega Mining Company's property. Arrangements are being made for the erection of a ten stamp mill, and a number of men are employed in sinking one or more shafts on the Rabbit and Nine Boulders leads, which are continuations of those worked by the Molega Mining Company with such satisfactory results. Mr. F. K. Ballou, of Boston, one of the Forty-niner's, is the superintendent, and under his experienced management the property will be thoroughly developed.

MONTAGUE.—We were shown some very rich quartz taken from the Rose lead, which we were informed was only a fair sample of the vein. The yield from this lead will prove astonishing, and the lucky owners of the property have secured a veritable bonanza.

OLDHAM.—The property of the Standard Gold Mining Co. is being systematically worked, and the probabilities are that it will shortly be yielding rich gold returns.

BEAVER HARBOR.—There are rumors of important discoveries in this district, but we have no authentic reports in regard to them.

PRINCE'S LODGE.—Messrs. Archibald and Morrison are continuing their prospecting, and have so far met with every encouragement.

PICTOU COUNTY IRON MINES.—The contract to construct the 18 miles of railway, to connect the iron district with New Glasgow, has been let to Messrs. Oakes and others, and the work of opening up the immense iron deposits has been fairly commenced. It is hard to estimate the important results that may flow from these operations.

Near Brookfield, Colchester County, the deposit of limonite is being worked and the ore shipped to Londonderry. The seam is over 35 ft. wide and the quality of the ore good. A few miles east of this mine Messrs. Henderson & Potts of Halifax, are working their Baryta mine which is proving a very valuable property.

Since the opening of navigation the four stone quarries in Wallace and vicinity have shipped over 30,000 tons of stone. During the season 300 vessels have entered and cleared at the port of Wallace.

GOOD FOR MOLEGA.—Mr. C. H. Weston, a Chicago gentleman, has been spending the past week at the Molega Mines, and wishing to know the exact yield per ton of the well-known Rabbit lead, requested that a five ton test be made.

Accordingly, five and one-sixth tons of ore were taken from the deepest shaft, at a depth of about one hundred feet, crushed in a newly prepared battery, retorted and smelted, all under Mr. Weston's supervision, and gave the satisfactory results of 26 ozs., 17 dwts., 14 grs., or an average yield of about five and one sixth ounces per ton, and valued at \$533.83.

When we consider that up to July or August of the present year the yield from this lead was but two ounces per ton, also that the lead is increasing in thickness as well as richness as depth is obtained, we doubt if as good a showing can be made from any other mine in the Province.—*Liverpool Advance.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CAPE BRETON.—For years past quantities of gold have been washed from Middle River in Cape Breton, but attempts to find the leads from which it came proved abortive. Experienced prospectors entirely failed in the search, but recently a gentleman who was

connected with the Dominion Geological Survey has discovered the Long looked for leads, and has opened up a new gold district that bids fair to soon become one of the most important in the province. Three leads, one of them ten feet in width, have been discovered, and a company has been formed in Ottawa to thoroughly develop the district. One of the leads is gold bearing, but the others have not yet been proved. We expected to have a full description of the property in this issue of THE CRITIC but the facts have not yet come to hand.

The following are the official gold returns so far received at the Mines Office for the month of October:—

District.	Mill.	Qtz. crushed.	Ozs. Gold.
Uniacke.....	Phoenix.....	225	29½
S. Uniacke.....	Withrow.....	30	122½
Brookfield.....	Philadelphia G. M. Co.....	105	74
Salmon River.....	Dufferin.....	600	103
Esam Secum.....	Eureka.....	119	33½
Sherbrooke.....	Miners.....	330	57½
Sherbrooke.....	Goldenville.....	60	2½
Oldham.....	Oldham G. M. Co.....	115	114½

Continuing our extracts from the Report on the Mining and Mineral Statistics of Canada for the year 1888, we find that the production of Manganese in that year amounted to 1,801 tons, with an approximate value of \$47,944. This shows an increase over the year previous of 556 tons and \$4,286, due altogether to the production in New Brunswick. The output of Nova Scotia shows a decrease of 200 tons, and as only Nova Scotia and New Brunswick produced manganese during the year the increase in the production of New Brunswick is therefore 756 tons.

According to the report of the Inspector of Mines of Nova Scotia, the production is altogether from Tenny Cape and Onslow, and the reason of the decrease is the low price of the ore, which is usually of a very high grade.

The production is as follows:—

Tenny Cape.....	42 tons	\$2,120
Cheverie.....	6 "	240
Walton.....	18 "	1,100
East Mountsin.....	40 "	3,000
	106 tons	\$6,460

No. of hands employed about..... 30

The production is to a large extent that of the Markhamville mines which still continue to ship high grade ore, principally to the United States. Several small operators shipped from various points in King's and St. John counties, and prospecting and development work were carried on in the neighborhood of Sussex, King's County, and St. Martins and Quaco, in St. John County. A trial shipment of bog manganese was made from a deposit near Hillsboro', Albert County. The latter is suitable for the manufacture of steel, and as the deposit covers a large area, and is adjacent to the Albert Railway, there seems every probability of a large trade in this mineral being developed.

EXPORTS OF MANGANESE ORE DURING 1887 AND 1888.

Province.	1887.		1888.	
	Tons.	Value.	Tons.	Value.
Nova Scotia.....	578a	\$14,240	87	\$ 5,759
New Brunswick.....	837	20,562	1,094	16,073
Totals.....	1,415	\$34,802	1,181	\$21,832

(a) A certain quantity from Cornwallis should more correctly be classed as an ochre.

MICA.

Complete returns of the production of mica have not been received. The total amounts approximately to 29,025 lbs., valued at \$30,207. This shows an increase over 1887 of 6,942 lbs. and \$391. The increase is altogether due to the output of Ontario, that of Quebec being about 25 per cent lower than last year.

The production as reported to this office is for the last three years as follows:—

1886.....	20,361 lbs.....	\$29,008.....	Average price \$1.42
1887.....	22,088 ".....	29,816.....	" " 1.35
1888.....	29,025 ".....	30,207.....	" " 1.04

The increase in the quantity produced is no doubt due to there being a larger market found for a lower grade of mica; this will also explain the depreciation in the average price.

The exports of cut mica during the year amounted to 21,851 lbs., valued at \$21,127, all of which went to the United States. There was an exportation of 362,680 lbs. of ground mica with a declared value of \$2,436, the greater part of which also went to the United States. This will make a total exportation during the year of \$23,563, of which \$23,313 was shipped to the United States.

MINERAL PIGMENTS.

The production of mineral pigments in Canada during 1888 was as follows:—

Produce.	Tons.	Value.	Where Produced.
Baryta.....	1,100	\$3,850	Nova Scotia.
Mineral Paint.....	397	7,900	Que. and Ont.
Whiting.....	30	240	Ontario.

(To be Continued.)

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MOUSIE.

CHAPTER I.

"I could not have found a better name for her!" Brenda Lisle protested, as, in her dainty evening dress, she sat under the veranda outside the drawing-room windows. She was leaning her head against the heavy trails of passiflora climbing up and around one of the columns; sometimes lifting her dreamy gaze to the scarlet flowers drooping from above till they touched the masses of her raven hair; sometimes looking up into the thoughtful face of Sir Damer Wentbury, the young Baronet lounging beside her.

Claude Essilton, the Baronet's dearest friend, albeit only a struggling artist, surreptitiously drew forth pencil and sketch-book; for where could he have found a more charming subject for his pencil than Brenda Lisle, with her striking face and unstudied attitudes?

Yet he sighed as he dashed in his vigorous outlines, and could scarcely refrain from envying the Baronet, who might talk to her, walk with her, or keep his post beside her as long as he pleased, aware that with his fine ront-roll he was an eligible *parti* for wealthier maidens than Mrs. Lisle's pretty daughter; whilst he, Claude, had to climb to the top of the ladder before he must think of a wife at all.

"I could not have found a better name for her!" Brenda repeated. "The bright brown eyes, her sleek, satiny hair, and shy, quick movements, remind me irresistibly of a pet mouse Tom and Trot had in their nursery at Calcutta. And she is a singing mousie too, for she has the sweetest of voices—not powerful, yet fresh and joyous as a lark's."

"But how puzzled you look!" she added, laughing saucily at her silent companion. "Is it possible that you do not know whom I am alluding to?"

"Not the young lady who dined here yesterday?"

"And who talked you into a headache? No, no! my Mousie has nothing in common with handsome, self-sufficient Sarah Bellairs. She is not even beautiful according to the pink and white, blue-orbed, languishing beauty your sex always appreciates."

"There are exceptions to every rule, Miss Lisle. I do not admire blonde belles!"

"In the presence of a brunette," added Brenda, demurely. "Of course you could not be so rude as to disparage my few charms in my hearing. But Mousie is neither the one nor the other; she is not pretty enough to be painted," and her glance at Claude Essilton proved that she had detected his occupation, "nor attractive enough to win a train of adorers; but she is just Mousie; shy, sweet, and lovable; and I am delighted with her!"

"And who is Mousie?" the young Baronet queried.

"She has been here three days and yet you ask me that! She is a dear little cousin of mine of whose very existence I was ignorant till a fortnight ago. That is the worst of holding a colonial appointment—you grow up a stranger to your nearest and dearest ties!"

"The worst or the best?" smiled Sir Damer. "To own a host of relatives, who inflict themselves upon you at unseasonable times—feel affronted if you do not help them, and ungrateful if you do—does not always prove agreeable."

"I suppose not! but," and Brenda's voice took a lower, sadder tone, "yet, since our coming home it has cost papa a good many pangs—of course it was of him I was thinking, not myself—to learn how many old friends and valued connections have dropped into the grave or out of sight during the twelve years he has spent in India. He was very much attached to the sisters of my own mamma! (Sir Damer knew already that Brenda was not the daughter of the pretty, delicate, insipid little lady who sat at the head of Mr. Lisle's table, and did her best to spoil Brenda's frolicsome half-brothers); of these sisters one is dead, the other has become—peculiar. A girl—my namesake, and the image, papa says, of her sweet, young mother—is all that remains of an ill-starred marriage, and Mousie was pining under the tyranny of her spinster aunt, when papa swooped down upon the fortress and emancipated her."

Again Brenda laughed provokingly.

"She sat opposite to you at dinner. Oh, Sir Damer, witty and wise though the world acknowledges you to be, you are not keen-eyed enough to discover a woman's perfections unless they are pointed out to you!"

"I have no partiality for perfect women," was the gay reply; "I prefer one who lectures me or deserves to be scolded herself twice or thrice in every hour of the day. I certainly did catch a glimpse between the flowers in the *epergne* of my *vis-à-vis*, but I thought she was the governess."

"Because she lets Tom and Trot monopolize her? Unfortunately for herself she permitted those urchins to discover that she has stored in her memory all the fairy tales and wonderful adventures she has ever read, and they are always asking for more."

"There they are now!" cried Brenda, pushing aside the passion-flowers to glimpse at a figure in white flitting across the lawn with two rosy, shouting children in pursuit. "It is cooler out there than here. Sir Damer—Mr. Essilton—shall we go and rescue my cousin from her persecutors?"

"Don't call the darlings such frightful names, Brenda," Mrs. Lisle feebly remonstrated, but no one noticed her.

Nothing loth, both gentlemen sauntered with the young lady across the sward, enjoying the soft southern breeze springing up with the approach of twilight.

But long before they reached the spot where Brenda had seen her cousin pause and glance back at the house—perhaps to admire its prettiness, perhaps to wonder why no one craved her society but the children—Mousie and the boys had disappeared.

"They would not have thanked us for finding them," the artist observed; "Miss Menvyn confessed to me yesterday morning that she is so unused to society that it is a relief to steal away with the little laddies."

"Then you know my cousin, if Sir Damer does not," exclaimed Brenda, with the smallest possible *soupeçon* of zealous displeasure.

"Yes; she coaxed Trot to sit still while I painted at the portrait of the child Mrs. Lisle is so anxious to have. It was a happy hour, for we talked—"

"Yes?"

"Of you."

Brenda, with avorted face, walked away to where Sir Damer was parting the boughs of a tree to show her the deserted nest of a wood-pigeon. Whether she was angry or not Claude Essilton was not allowed to know, for while peeping at the nest she had caught the murmur of voices. Mousie was singing some curious but musical old ballad to her little companions, and guided by the sounds, Brenda made her way to the bank on which they were seated.

Was Mousie as charming as her brighter, more fortunately-placed cousin depicted her?

To the casual observer she was a bashful, silent, common-place little creature, who came and went so noiselessly that nobody noticed her coming, nor missed her when she stole away.

Yet others might have discerned how the lovely bloom on her cheeks deepened or faded with every fresh emotion; how eagerly she listened when the conversation took an interesting turn; and with what prompt good-nature she submitted to the teasing of the children; or waited on Mrs. Lisle; or flew hither and thither to fulfil any wishes of Brenda, whom she admired with genuine, unaffected sincerity.

Brenda signed to the young men to establish themselves on a rustic bench near the bank, on which she seated herself beside her cousin.

"Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes! silence, messieurs!" she cried, gaily. "Mousie is going to sing for us. 'Music sounds the sweetest,' etc., etc. Run away, children; you have had the monopoly of the minstrel long enough. To bed with you—to bed!"

But Mousie could be firm, in spite of her timidity. She had promised Mrs. Lisle that the little boys should return to the house at a certain hour, and must keep her word. Left to themselves they might loiter, and Trot's chest was delicate enough to cause much anxiety already.

Brenda was vexed; but she yielded the point gracefully.

"We will all go in, and when peace reigns in the household Mousie shall charm us in the veranda."

"I wish I could be sure that you do not say this simply from politeness!" Mousie surprised her companions by exclaiming, in the tremulous tones of great earnestness. "It is so little I can do to give pleasure that it would make me very glad if I could feel *sure* I amuse you with my singing!"

"My dear, simple-minded coz, you are the quaintest little puritan that ever lived! Don't you know that the chief end and aim of woman is to please herself?"

But though Brenda had laughed at her cousin she shielded her from observation till the tears that glittered on her eyelashes had been wiped away. Mousie had been so severely repressed by her strange-tempered aunt, so frequently assured that she was neither useful nor ornamental, that the milder *regime* at Mr. Lisle's handsome house and the petting of Brenda affected her strangely.

Sitting on a stool at her cousin's feet, with the moonlight streaming down upon her small pensive face, she sang her best. Her sweet fresh voice and old-world songs carried Mr. Lisle back to the happy days of his youth. Even Mrs. Lisle ventured forth to listen; the artist dreamed happy dreams; and Brenda sometimes sighed—sometimes smiled.

Everyone thanked the singer with effusion when she stopped—everyone but Sir Damer, who did not speak till he lighted her candle for her as she was retiring.

"You have done something more than amuse us, Miss Menvyn. Such singing as yours awakens feelings we are but too apt to forget."

"Thank you," responded Mousie, simply, "I shall prize my gift now; and when I go back to aunt Ursula, who does not like me to sing, I shall often recall the kind things you have all said to me to-night."

"Is this aunt of hers a tyrant?" Sir Damer hotly demanded, when she had gone out of hearing.

"Something like it," Mr. Lisle replied. She is trying to imbue her sister's orphan with her own ascetic tastes; and would have her believe that to be young and cheerful are bad habits, that should be shaken off as quickly as possible!"

"And she returns to such a woman!" exclaimed Claude Essilton. "Must it be?"

"Yes, I suppose she will have to do so," responded Mr. Lisle, rather dubiously. "I had great trouble in getting her here for a few weeks. Her aunt fears that we shall arouse in her that love of the world she is striving to subdue; and if she had seen this flighty daughter of mine, I don't suppose she would have trusted me with the care of Mousie at all."

Everyone smiled as Brenda swept her father a mocking courtesy, and danced away, reminded by Mrs. Lisle, as she went, that the dressmaker would call early on the morrow to take directions for the costumes to be worn at a fancy ball in the ensuing week.

Yet Brenda's face was grave enough when she reached her own room, and sat down before her glass to brush her hair.

"So I have raised myself a rival! This little inexperienced Mousie has a witchery about her that will win all hearts, and I must stand by and smile at her conquests."

"Am I unselfish enough to do this?" she asked herself presently. "To give up the hopes I was beginning to cherish, and know all the while that it was my own hand that knocked down my airy castles?"

"No, I need not make such sacrifices, and I will not. I like you, my little cousin; and I will be your very good friend all my life long; but you shall not stay here to rob me of my dearest treasure—the hope of becoming his lady and queen!"

CHAPTER II.

Brenda was standing with a book of engravings open before her when Mr. Lisle and his visitors entered the breakfast-room, and she blithely summoned Sir Damer and Mr. Essilton to her aid.

"Mamma has kindly offered me the use of her jewels, so I think I should like to have a mediæval costume of velvet and satin, and old lace and pearls; but the question is, which of the Tudor princesses shall I represent? Shall I be Marguerite or Mary? or shall I travel back to more remote times, and shine as Joan of Kent?"

"What will Miss Menvyn wear?" asked the artist.

Brenda started.

"My cousin! I had forgotten to enquire. I will go and fetch her."

Mousie looked grave when questioned.

"Will not my black silk do? I have not worn it many times."

"For a ball costume? Not unless you propose to appear as a nun. You must have something new."

"But it is impossible, Aunt Ursula only gave me money enough for my fare, she said my wardrobe was sufficient for my requirements."

For a moment her hearer was tempted to say no more, but let Mousie stay quietly at home with the children. She would not complain; she would not miss a pleasure she had never enjoyed. But the natural warmth of Brenda's heart revived, and a kiss was lightly dropped on Mousie's upturned face.

"All the aunts in the world shall not rob you of a peep into fairyland. Reste tranquille mademoiselle, and I will manage it. Send those tiresome children away and let Miss Bond take your pattern. She shall receive her directions from me."

"I have changed my mind," Brenda announced, on returning down stairs. "I have been seized with a new idea. Mousie and I will personate Spring and Summer, and now that the seasons are so variable there will be nothing incongruous in their being escorted by Autumn and Winter if you, Sir Damer, and your friend will garb yourselves in russet and icicles."

The proposal was carried unanimously, Claude Essilton instantly drawing an amusing sketch of the Baronet in the loose but not unbecoming garments of a reaper, whilst he wore the flowing robes and silvery beard of Christmas.

So the dresses for the young ladies were made, and Brenda was repaid for giving up her dream of regal splendour that she might purchase the simpler materials required for her cousin as well as herself.

Never had she looked more charming in the gold coloured gauze and many tinted roses that harmonized with her olive skin and raven hair; while Mousie, in draperies of palest green, looped with primroses and violets, was as fair a vision of May as anyone could wish to see.

"Aunt Ursula would not know me!" she exclaimed, when arrayed for the first time in her pretty costume. "Indeed I hardly know myself, and when I have left you, Brenda, and resumed the old life, these happy days will seem like a dream."

"Then you are not happy with your aunt?"

A shadow fell on the youthful face.

"I try to be. If she would only love me a little I think I could be more content."

"Hope on, hope ever," counselled Brenda, gaily, though her heart swelled the while. You will not always be subject to Miss Ursula's tyranny. The prince will turn up some day and carry you away from her."

Mousie blushed as she shook her head despondently. How could she expect that anyone here would remember her when she had gone away!—unless it were Tom and Trot—still her most zealous adherents.

The evening fixed for the ball had arrived, and Brenda, who had been detained to write a letter for her father, bounded upstairs to commence her toilette.

But first she opened her cousin's door to toss to her one of the exquisite bouquets Sir Damer's groom had just brought.

To her astonishment, Mousie, the ball dress lying beside her, was sitting on the floor, her face in her hands, her shoulders heaving with sobs, and an open letter in her lap.

"It's all over," she said, when she heard Brenda's exclamation. "Aunt Ursula has learned that I am invited to the ball, and writes to forbid. She is very angry, and I am to go back to her to-morrow morning!"

Brenda grew pale as marble; an evil spirit was whispering in her ear. When this girl has gone away he will return to his allegiance. He loved you first, he will love you again when she is no longer here to bewitch him with her baby ways and soft brown eyes.

But the color flushed into her cheeks, and with a proud, passionate gesture, the temper was defied.

"Don't cry so, Mousie, I will go and hear what papa advises."

But Mr. Lisle declared he had no other advice to give than that the little girl should obey her natural guardian. As long as Miss Ursula Menvyn supported her niece, she had a right to dictate to her.

"Then let us keep Mousie here, papa. She would be happier with us."

"Possibly, but I cannot afford it. You look incredulous, and I like the child so much that it will grieve me to part with her; but I could not have Agatha's daughter here in the role of a dependant. I should have to adopt her, to treat her in every respect as I do you; and living up to our income as we do, how could I take upon my shoulders such an onerous charge!"

"We would retrench."

"You might, Brenda, but your stepmother would not; so pray say no more about it."

Mousie had risen from her lowly seat, and was bathing her eyes when her cousin returned to her.

"That's my brave coz. Call back your smiles, dress as quickly as you

can, and banish all thoughts of slavery and taskmistress till to-morrow. I'll send Morris to help you as soon as I can spare her."

"Dear Brenda," and she was clasped in an affectionate embrace, "I thank you, but I must not go to this ball. Do you forget that Aunt Ursula has forbidden it?"

"She need not know—"

Mousie drew herself up with a scornful gesture.

"As if I would stoop to deceive her!"

And in silence her cousin went away.

"No, Mousie is not going with us," she told Claude Essilton when he sprang to meet her at the foot of the stairs. "And she leaves us to-morrow."

"Is it kind for us to go and enjoy ourselves while she stays home and weeps?" he queried.

"Ah! you propose to console her! Do so then, I will call her; and—and you have my best wishes for your success!"

But Brenda's hand was too firmly clasped to withdraw it.

"Are you in earnest? Do you not know that my heart was yours before I saw your cousin, and it is only my poverty that has kept me from telling you how dear you are to me?"

There was no time to say more, for Sir Damer came up to inquire why Miss Menvyn was not with her cousin, and Mrs. Lisle was begging them not to keep the horses waiting.

"I am sorry Mousie could not stay with us a few weeks longer!" she confided to the Baronet, in the course of the evening. "for I really think an attachment was springing up between her and Mr. Essilton. It would have been such a suitable marriage for both of them, don't you think so?"

But Sir Damer made no reply, neither did he appear at the breakfast table on the morrow to bid Mousie farewell ere she started on her journey. The children wept and clung round her till the last moment; Mrs. Lisle, in spite of a naturally selfish nature, shed a tear when Mousie kissed her, and slipped a pretty turquoise ring on her finger; while Claude Essilton was quite brotherly in his attentions. Only Brenda and her father were somewhat constrained in their adieux; not because they did not regret losing her, but because they felt somewhat remorseful and uneasy, lest, by giving the lonely orphan this peep into a happier life, they had but unsettled her, and made her present one harder to bear.

Mousie went back to her Aunt Ursula, and Claude Essilton, after an interview with Mr. Lisle, returned to London to work hard for the bride who was not to be given to him till he had won fame and prosperity.

Brenda was sighing over his first letter, and the lengthy separation that lay before them, when Sir Damer Wentbury came to her.

She felt considerably embarrassed, for her stepmother was incessantly bemoaning her folly in losing the chance of securing the wealthy Baronet, whose many excellent qualities would have rendered him such an acceptable son in law.

"Forgive me for disturbing you?" Sir Damer said, with a glance at the letter; "but have you any messages for your cousin?"

"For Mousie? Oh, Sir Damer! But her aunt will not let you see her!"

"I think she will," was the smiling reply. "I have been in correspondence with that lady, and she seems inclined to accept my offer to relieve her of the care of her niece. It will enable her to devote a larger portion of her income to good works, she tells me."

"And Mousie herself?"

Sir Damer squeezed Brenda's hand agitatedly.

"Give me your good wishes. If I do not win her I will leave England."

But the Baronet did not have to expatriate himself; and the winsome little lady who presides over his household, and whose portrait brought Claude Essilton commissions enough to warrant his marrying, is still, by those who love her, called MOUSIE.

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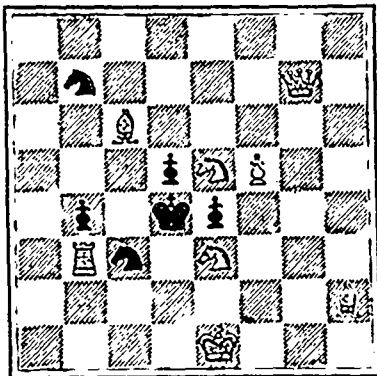
HALIFAX, N. S.

CHES.

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

Solution to Problem No. 103.—R to R sq. Solved by C. W. L., and Mrs. H. Mosoloy.

PROBLEM No. 105, From Montreal Gazette By W. E. Perry, Yarmouth, N. S. BLACK 6 pieces.



WHITE 8 pieces. White to play and mate in 2 moves. INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY Americans 29 1/2, Canadians 18 1/2, to play 12.

GAME No. 85. A LIVELY OFF-HAND SKIRMISH. Played at the Montreal Chess Club, June, 1889.

VIENNA OPENING. WHITE: R. P. Fleming. 1 P to K4, 2 Kt to QB3, 3 Kt to B3, 4 P to Q3, 5 B to K3, 6 P takes B, 7 B to K2, 8 Q to QB, 9 Castles, 10 P to KR3, 11 Kt takes P, 12 Kt to QB4, 13 R to B3, 14 Q to K, 15 Kt takes Kt, 16 Q to Kt3, 17 Kt to K5, 18 P takes P, 19 QR to KB, 20 Kt to Q3, 21 Kt(K2) to B4, 22 Kt to R5, 23 P to K5 (c), 24 Kt to B6 ch (d), 25 P takes Kt, 26 P takes B, 27 Q to KR4, 28 P to Q4, 29 R to B5, 30 QR to B4, 31 K to R2, 32 Q to Kt5, 33 R to QB5 (g), 34 R to KR4, 35 R takes P ch, 36 R to R 8 ch. BLACK: H. E. Bird. P to K4, B to B4, P to Q3, B takes B, P to QB3, Q to Kt3, Kt to KB3, Castles, Kt to R4(b), Kt to Kt6, Q to Q, Kt takes B ch., Q to Q, P to Q4, P takes P, B to K3, Kt to Q2, Q to K2, B to QB5, P to Kt3, B takes Kt, Kt takes Kt (e), P to KR4 (f), Q to Q4, Q to K5, Q takes P ch, Q to K8, Q to QKt5, K to R2, R to K7, K to Kt, Resigns.

NOTES.

- a To prevent the exchange of Bishop for the Knight. b A miscalculation, evidently overlooking White's 12th move. c A well timed advance, as it renders Black's position rather precarious. d Well followed up, White's attack on the black king's quarters is becoming dangerous.

o Were the King moved White plays Q to R4, &c.

f Perhaps the best defence at this point would have been Q to KR4, although even then he would have a bad game.

g Q to R6, followed, if Black plays Q to B, by R takes RP, wins at once, although the move made is quite good enough.—Gazette.

DRAUGHTS CHECKERS

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

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM 139.—Position was: black men 13, 14, 15, 20, 24; white men 7, 21, 22, 23 and 31. Black to move. What result?

24-28 I-7 11 24-27 14 17 7 3 II-32-27 26 23 13-22 28-32 11 9 25-22 23 14 3 7 27-25 9 14 drawn. 20-24 31 26 III 22-18

VAR. I.

7 10 28 24 21 17 31 26 32-27 14-18 a-22-25 22-31 10 28 24 19 19 15 15 29 27-25 25-22 13-22 drawn.

VAR. II.

b 14-17, 11 18, 17-26, 31 22 white wins. b This move, though unsound, was very tempting, because had White hurriedly taken the man offered, black would have won easily as follows:—21 14, 24-27, 11 18, 32-28, 31 24, 28-10 and black wins.

VAR. III.

27-31 31-27 27-23 22-18 23 19 19 15 15 10 14 9 drawn.

One of our ablest solvers sends in the following solution to this problem, which on examination we find to be unsound:

24-27 27-31 31-27 23-19 31 24 IV-2 7 23 19 drawn 20-27 *15-18 27-23 c 7 2 22 15 19 16

VAR. IV.

2 6 6 10 23-18 19 15 14-17 26-17 13 17 drawn. 21 14 10 14 18-14 31-26 17-10 10 7

* Only move to draw.

c The following play shows how White might have won from this point:—

7 3 V-13-17 8 11 18-22 27-31 22 13 27-18 7 10 3 8 31-27 11 7 w. wins.

VAR. V.

VI-15-18 27-24 20-16 19-15 22 15 8 12 19 15 10 6 31-27 24-20 16-19 w. wins. 23 19 15 10 15 11

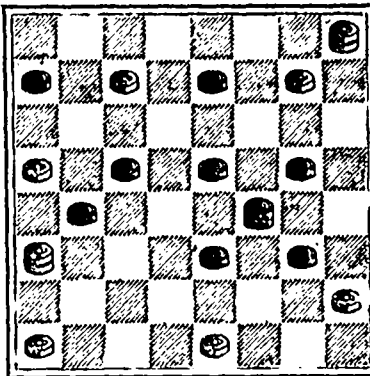
We had just finished the above correction, when it dawned upon us that, after all, there is a draw for Black, and we enjoyed a hearty laugh at our own expense. The following play illustrates it:—

VAR. VI.

15-19 31-26 26-17 17-22 23 16 8 11 11 15 drawn.

PROBLEM No. 141.

By Mrs. Annie Lyons, Sutherland, England. Black men 5, 7, 14, 15, 16, 17, 23, 24, king 19.



White men 6, 8, 13, 28, 29, 31, kings 4, 21.

Black to move and win.

It is not often that we have the pleasure of presenting a problem to our readers composed by a lady, and we venture to say that some of our solvers will find this a hard nut to crack.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

McDonald, Mahone Bay—Thanks for your solution to problem 138, which is very good as far as it goes, but we would like you to point out how White could win if Black had played 23-19 instead of 23-18 at the second move. Will you try your hand at 141? You will find it very pretty.

IN THE SUPREME COURT,

1889. A. No. 3083.

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

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

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

LAND,

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

Terms—Ten per cent at sale, remainder on delivery of the deed. DONALD ARCHIBALD, High Sheriff County of Halifax. WALLACE McDONALD, Solicitor of Plaintiff. Dated at Halifax the 29th October, 1889.

CHARLES MYETT, CARPENTER & BUILDER. Roofing & Jobbing promptly attended to. 11 ARGYLE ST., Halifax.

1889-FALL AND WINTER-1890.

COLEMAN & Co.

have completed their full stock of FALL & WINTER GOODS.

INCLUDING Gents Satin & Stiff Felt Hats, From the leading London Houses.

American & English Soft Felt Hats, in All Colors. Also, Youths', Boys' and Children's Hats and Caps in great variety.

CLERICAL HATS A SPECIALTY.

Our Stock of FURS have been personally selected in LONDON and MONTREAL, and we are now showing the finest articles in the following lines at fall prices:—

LADIES' ALASKA SEAL NEWMARKETS, LADIES' ALASKA SEAL WALKING JACKETS, LADIES' ALASKA SEAL SACQUES.

(ALL LONDON DYE.) Also, Ladies' Jackets in Baltic Seal & Astrachan A large stock of Bear Boas, Fox-Tail Boas, &c. Shoulder Capes, Collars, Muffs, Gloves, &c.

Our Fur Lined Russian Cloaks Are the latest Styles in shape and material, and all made to order.

GENTS' FURS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. ROBEES, FUR COATS, TRUNKS, VALISES, &c

143 GRANVILLE STREET, FURS ALTERED AND REPAIRED.

FOR

- Hair Brushes, FOR Tooth Brushes, FOR Nail Brushes, FOR Shaving Brushes, FOR Flesh Brushes, FOR Sponges, Bath Gloves, —OR— Fine Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, Drug-gist's Sundries, and Toilet Requisites of every description, come to the

ACADIA DRUG STORE, 155—Hollis Street—155, HATTIE & MYLIUS.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY.

Under the Patronage of Rev. Father Labell. Established in 1834, under the Act of Quebec. 32 Vict., Chap. 36 for the Benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D.

The 28th Monthly Drawing will take place On WEDNESDAY, Nov. 20th, 1889.

At 2 o'clock, p.m. PRIZES VALUE, \$50,000.

Capital Prize—1 Real Estate worth \$5,000.

LIST OF PRIZES. I Real Estate worth \$5,000 \$5,000 1 Real Estate worth 2,000 2,000 1 Real Estate worth 1,000 1,000 4 Real Estates worth 500 2,000 10 Real Estates worth 300 3,000 30 Furniture Sets worth 200 6,000 60 Furniture Sets worth 100 6,000 200 Gold Watches worth 50 10,000 1000 Silver Watches worth 10 10,000 1000 Toilet Sets worth 5 5,000

2307 Prizes worth \$50,000.

TICKETS \$1.00.

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent. Winners' names not published unless specially authorized.

DRAWINGS ON THE THIRD WEDNESDAY OF EVERY MONTH.

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Secretary, OFFICES—19 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, CA.