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# THE CRITIC:

A Maritime Provincial Journal.

DEVOTED TO

Commerce, Manufacturing, Mining and Agriculture.

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HALIFAX, N. S., MAY 30, 1890.

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## THE CRITIC,

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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 exercising their own judgment, and after exercising the same as to what is to appear in our columns, we shall leave the rest to their intelligent judgment.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is not considered probable that Lieut. Stairs will visit Halifax this year, owing to the difficulty of obtaining long leave. Lieut. Stairs has been appointed Adjutant to the Engineers at Aldershot, a post hitherto not held by anyone under the rank of Major.

One of the numbers of our staff, who has just returned from a vacation trip to Boston, had the pleasure while there of being a guest at the meeting of the New England Woman's Press Association, held in the Parker House on Wednesday, May 21st. In another column may be found an account of the proceedings, which will be of interest to many, more especially our lady readers, in whom we would like to arouse an interest in what women are doing in newspaper work.

Some alarm is felt as to the manner in which working men would spend their leisure hours, should the eight hour movement be generally adopted; but it must be remembered that the reduction of labor hours from twelve to ten per day has led to a steady improvement in the mental status of the working classes. Even with the longer hours great intellectuality has been attained, as witness the achievements of Burritt, the blacksmith, and Hugh Miller, the stone mason, and who will dare say that with greater leisure there will not be a still more marked uplifting of the toiling masses.

The irrepressible Mr. Wiman has appeared at Waterloo, Ontario, where, if despatches are to be relied upon, he made a speech advising the electors of the Dominion to vote the Liberal ticket as the best means of securing unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. If the Liberals are so foolish as to adopt Mr. Wiman as a champion they are likely to meet with a Waterloo defeat, as the arguments used by him to advance his pet scheme in Canada are the opposite in many respects to those used for the same purpose on the other side of the line. The Dominion Government has done all that it honorably can do to secure reciprocity, but all its overtures have so far been rejected by the ruling powers in the United States. The outcry in a portion of the press of the Dominion for reciprocity at any cost only weakens the chances of obtaining it, as it strengthens the opinion in the States that the advantages are entirely on the side of Canada, and furnishes the opponents of the measure with a strong argument against negotiating any reciprocal treaties with the Dominion.

It appears to us that the European war cloud which has supposedly been hanging about ever since the Franco Prussian struggle, is a sensational myth, and is likely to disappear without serious damage. At least this is the opinion of Von Moltke, who, at the ripe age of four score and ten years, declares that the next European war will be a war of the people against Emperors, Kings and Statesmen, which being interpreted, means the setting up of European Republics. Von Moltke may be able to look back for nearly a century, but whether he is far sighted as to what is yet to take place will have to be left to posterity to decide.

Very many references have been made in our daily contemporaries to the new City Hall, in which some irresponsible nameless persons have come in for a large share of blame, owing to the alleged unsuitability of the building for the purposes of Civic government. Last week the City Hall was formally opened by an extensive "At Home," given by His Worship Mayor McPherson, and the public were given an opportunity of sitting in the Aldermanic chairs and testing the comfort of the wooden lounges in the cells of the Police Station; and the public have come to the conclusion that, notwithstanding the adverse criticism of faddists, Halifax has now a commodious and elegantly furnished City Hall, of which any city might justly be proud.

The citizens of Halifax united in August of last year in carrying out a most successful Summer Carnival, and every Halifax citizen felt a justifiable pride in the result. The attractions of Halifax were made known to many thousands of strangers, and the reputation of the city was changed from one of supposed sleepiness and inactivity to one of wide-awake enterprise. So far, so good, but when we dance we should pay the piper. \$1,500 of unpaid bills from the Carnival account are now in the hands of the committee, and the treasury is dollarless. For the credit of the city an earnest effort must be at once made to settle all outstanding, and whether this be done by private subscription or by the City Council, it should be done promptly and heartily.

Stanley's protest against the aggressive attitude of the Germans in Africa has drawn out a reply from the Marquis of Salisbury, who treated the latter's remarks "in a bantering manner," and gave assurances that the interests of England in the dark continent were being looked after. Care had to be taken that injustice should not be done to the various trading companies now operating in Africa, and due respect paid to treaty rights. All these matters require time to enquire into, but a satisfactory solution of the difficulties would soon be arrived at. The Marquis of Salisbury's prompt reply to Stanley proves the great popularity of the latter in England, where his utterances have put the leader of the Government on the defensive, and forced him to "rise and explain."

Nova Scotia's freedom from destructive storms is readily becoming noteworthy. Not since the Saxby gale has there been a storm of any magnitude, while our less fortunate neighbors to the south are continually suffering from blizzards, floods, water-spouts, electrical storms and hurricanes, and the loss of life and property from these causes alone is simply appalling. Our fortunate situation in regard to the great air currents constantly circulating around the globe is the easily explained cause of this immunity, as storms frequently start from our coasts, or have spent their fury before they reach us, proving, as far as atmospheric disturbances are concerned, that we are in a pleasantly neutral position. Not the least of the blessings of life in Nova Scotia is the feeling of perfect security from loss or damage by any great convulsion of nature.

The rumor that Prince Albert Victor of Wales has returned from India with a determination to marry his cousin, Princess Mary of Teck, in defiance of the Queen, who says very positively that he shall never have his wish while she lives, seems to be bringing things to a climax in the Royal family. It is stated that the belligerent Prince has made a suggestion as to a settlement of the important question, which his perplexed relatives eagerly welcome. It is to the effect that if he be allowed to marry the lady of his choice, he will waive his right, as eldest son of the Prince of Wales, to the Throne of England, provided ample allowances are settled upon him. In view of the fact that Prince George is much stronger, mentally and physically, than the heir presumptive, it would seem to be a good idea that he should have the preference, but if reports are true, the Princess Mary of Teck does not reciprocate the affection of her Royal lover, in which case, if the lady has a will and a wont of her own, Prince Albert Victor may prefer to keep possession of what he already has, rather than transfer his right of succession to his brother. The Princess of Wales is said to take the part of her eldest son in this matter.

When the United States bought Alaska from Russia, the purchase was not regarded as likely to seriously effect the interests of British America, but it is now very generally admitted that the British Colonial Office would have been wide awake had it secured this territory for Canada.

The Behring Sea difficulty is but one of the many complications that may arise in which the interests of Canada and the United States are at variance, but happily these difficulties are in a fair way to be amicably settled, as the claim of the Government at Washington to jurisdiction over an extensive arm of the ocean is practically admitted to be untenable.

There is now every probability that a fast Atlantic Service to Montreal and Halifax will be established next year—(why always next year?)—as it is stated that the Government are now trying to make arrangements to establish a line with a speed of seventeen knots per hour. This is a come down, but anything would be preferable to the present disgraceful service, for which, by-the-bye, the Allans have again secured a subsidy of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. What a patient and long-suffering community!

The *Empire* of the 9th inst. says "Sir Adolphe Caron has once more shown his regard for the militia of Canada by promptly acceding to the request of the deputation of military men who waited on him to ask for free ammunition for the matches of the Canadian Military League." No doubt Sir Adolph Caron did right, and we have a high appreciation of our contemporary, but does not the *Empire* put the matter somewhat grandiloquently? What is Sir Adolphe there for but to show his regard for the militia of Canada?

The people of Massachusetts, more particularly in the Hub, are much excited over the enforcement of the new liquor law, which prohibits the sale of liquor over counters or at bars, but allows the sale of intoxicating drinks when served with food. This has led to the dealers adopting the expedient of lunch tables, at which long prices are charged for crackers and cheese, while the accompanying drink is given gratis. Such legislation is but burking the question. We should either have complete prohibition or an effective high license. Any middle course is unsatisfactory.

We are pleased to see that the philanthropic spirit which has inspired so many benevolent undertakings in Halifax is being evinced in other portions of this fair Province. At Canso, which is now very generally resorted to by bank fishermen, an effort is being made to establish a Seamen's Rest. Mrs. C. H. Whitman is at the head and front of this movement, and that her efforts may be crowned with success will be earnestly desired by persons taking an interest in those that go down to the deep in ships. The lady named will be grateful for any contributions that may be sent to her.

The tariff bill in the United States has passed the house and been sent to the Senate, where it will likely be somewhat amended. It is bitterly opposed by all but the most ultra of protectionists, and by its passage the Democratic party is pretty certain to capture the country at the next Presidential election. Moderate protectionists attack the bill on the ground that it is too sweeping and only in the interest of trusts and combines. They argue—and we think wisely—that over-protection will lead to a complete revulsion of popular feeling and the final introduction of a free trade policy.

Lower California, which during recent years has been a Paradise to English and American speculators, is just now the cause of much excitement among speculators. This section of California is under the Mexican Government, but the speculators, realizing that annexation to the United States would create a boom in the country, have organized a rebellion, avowedly for the purpose of establishing a separate Republic, but really to carry out their annexation project. The immediate outcome of this move has not been satisfactory, but that Southern California will sooner or later form a part of the Union may be regarded as a certainty.

Lieutenant-Col. Wainwright, who for the past two years has filled the position of Associate Editor of THE CRITIC, has removed with his family to Assiniboine, N. W. Territory, where he intends to settle. This gentleman is a remarkably strong writer, and his high sense of honor and courtesy never allowed him to use his journalistic pen in any way derogatory to the profession; and, as our readers well know, he was a writer well calculated to spread the gospel of patriotism, and to instil a strong faith in the country which he had adopted as his home. We are pleased to state that Colonel Wainwright will still continue to write for THE CRITIC, and his many friends in Halifax will be glad to hear that in his new home he is surrounded by relatives and friends where his genial sociability is fully appreciated.

If there is any truth in the report that the Czar of Russia has announced that in case of a Franco-German war Russia will remain neutral, there is every probability that the peace of Europe will remain unbroken. The great powers of Europe have of late years been straining their resources and piling up taxation in their great preparations for war, but it now looks as though wiser counsels have prevailed, and that Emperor William, who it was feared would prove a fire brand and plunge Europe into a bloody war, is in fact a peace-maker, and has turned his attention towards the amelioration of the burdens that bear down his people. It was generally understood that France and Russia had formed an alliance with the ultimate intention of destroying the German Empire, and war seemed inevitable; the recent utterances of the Czar, however, disprove this, and assure the peace of Europe, as France will hardly attack Germany single-handed.

The blare of the political trumpet is hushed, the Government is sustained by a handsome majority, and the Opposition claim increased strength. The struggle for power has been a determined one, but now that the battle is over, let the "dead past bury its dead," and let us have a rest from the never ending jars and jangles about unimportant trifles; and irrespective of party, let bluenoses bend their energies and devote their brain power to searching out new avenues for the employment of our people. The development of our great natural resources, and the building up of Provincial industries, these offer a field for enterprise and for patriotism which our brainy men should grasp. Politics should not be a deterrent to business.

One of the measures before Parliament in which Halifax was deeply interested was the completion of the Short Line, but the supplemental estimates when brought down made no provision for this necessary work. The magnates of the Canada Pacific seem to have adopted a dog-in-the-manger policy, and, while unwilling to complete their own Short Line to Halifax, have determined to resist the claims of the Grand Trunk for a subsidy. They were aided in this by the halting policy of representative bodies in this city, and as a consequence there has been another year's delay. Since the adjournment of Parliament the Directors of the Termiscouata Road have waited on the Government and urged their claims for a subsidy, but a despatch says the influence of the Canada Pacific was paramount, and the Government gave no encouragement to the scheme.

Stanley, who is now being deservedly lionized in England, has given vent to some wholesome indignation, touching the apathy with which the German aggressions in Africa are viewed in England. Portugal was brought up with a round turn the moment it was discovered that one of her officers was interfering with British territory, and a naval squadron was sent to the Tagus to remind the truculent populace of Lisbon that a great power like England was not to be trifled with. Germany, on the other hand, is fast usurping authority over the interior of Africa and over territory that by discovery and prior occupation rightly belongs to England, and yet no decided steps have been taken to check its aggressive and unwarranted course. It is to be hoped that Stanley's utterances will have the effect of rousing the English Government into taking some decided action.

The eight hour movement has become too powerful to be successfully resisted, and in many parts of the world the demands of labor have been conceded, and eight hours have become the admitted limit for a day's work. Without touching on the merits of the question there is one phase of the movement that is interesting, and that is the proof that it affords of the power of organization. The laborers have been thoroughly organized for the struggle, while capital, which is nearly always selfish, has been divided, and as a result labor has won an easy victory. Should the capitalists of the world form as complete an organization as the laborers, there is no doubt on whose banner victory would perch. Labor should remember this, and not push for unwise concessions which, in the end, would result in its discomfiture. In the present instance brains and muscle have gone hand in hand, and capital has been defeated.

The easy victory which the Liberals won in the late Local Elections should furnish food for reflection to their opponents. One thing is certain, and that is that Premier Fielding has secured a hold on the hearts of the people that makes him a hard man to beat, no matter what policy he may adopt. But there were other causes for the defeat of the Conservatives, and not the least of them was the action of the Dominion Parliament in increasing the duty on flour and beef, while giving the Maritime Provinces nothing substantial in return. Nova Scotia was justly entitled to an increase of the coal duty, and failure to get this must have had a great effect on the miners of Cape Breton County, where the leader of the Opposition was beaten by an overwhelming vote. Some of the measures passed at Ottawa this session were very unpopular in Nova Scotia, and as a result the Opposition entered the electoral race heavily handicapped.

We are always ready to receive and make use of ideas which are suggested to us, no matter what the source, so that they be likely to benefit our readers and our country. It is greatly to be desired that a spirit of loyalty and patriotism should be early inculcated in our schools, and that it is being done is becoming daily apparent, as witness the purchase of a flag and staff by the pupils of a Bridgetown school recently. A flag that now waves over them and reminds them every time they see it of what a glorious empire they form a part. The particular suggestion we have in mind at present is the school regiment system in use in the United States, by which the boys are taught to love their country from (at least) the time when they are able to carry guns. The annual parade took place in Boston on May 16th, and was witnessed by thousands of admiring parents, sisters, cousins and aunts. The review took place on the common and was certainly a pretty sight, the weather being perfect, the common in all the beauty of early spring, while bands furnished music and banners floated in the air. Could not something on the same line be instituted in Canada with good results, or is our volunteer militia sufficient to meet the needs of our national life? Our country, which stretches from ocean to ocean, with its splendid resources and glorious climate, is worthy the love of its sons and daughters, and how better could such a feeling be promoted than by making soldiers of our school boys? It gives them an interest in the affairs of the country as well as being an additional incentive to activity in study, the military honors being closely connected with success in school work. The pride taken by the girls in the advancement of their own or other girls' brothers is a sufficient guarantee that they are interested and patriotic. We would like to see the school regiment system introduced into Canada.

WIT CHEAT AND CHUCKLES.

"LOVE IS ENOUGH."

The groom was loving, the bride was fair,  
Her eyes met his with a witching air;  
She was tender and meek as a maid should be,  
And she had no more sense than a babe of three.

"Youngster, beware!" the old man said,  
"We've tried the pass"—but he shook his head,  
He shook his head oracularly;  
"In marriage, 'Love is enough,'" quoth he.

Breakfast at home. How strange and sweet  
But something was wrong with the things to eat;  
Something was queer in coffee and tea—  
"Nay, give me a kiss instead," said he.

Dinner at home—but he could not eat,  
O rawish potatoes! O kiln-dried meat!  
"You've left out the taste from the soup," moaned he.  
"I'll make it all right with a kiss," smiled she.

Supper at home, and he could not eat,  
O bread like putty! O mush of wheat!  
O slimy pickles! O tea of tan!  
He rose from the table a starving man.

Alack, what aileth that bridegroom now?  
He stamps and roars as he knits his brow,  
"Go home to your mother, and say from me  
That love is not nearly enough," quoth he.  
—*Good Housekeeping.*

When a girl elopes with her coachman some other man is saved from getting a mighty poor wife.

"That the way of the transgressor is hard I agree;  
And no wonder—it's tramped so heavily.

"I am surprised that they leave that Venus in so public a place as the library." "Yes, they ought to move her in to the ball-room where she would not be so conspicuous."

O'Flynn (reading a death notice): "Poor Jim! It says he left a wife and two children." Mrs. O'Flynn; "Och, ye might know that. He was too mean to iver take thim anywhere wid him."

She: "Indeed, it's not an easy thing for a girl to get a husband." He: "Why, a pretty girl can make her choice of four out of every five men she meets." She: "But it's the fifth that she wants."

Doctor Squills: "There is nothing serious, sir; your wife has merely bitten a little skin off the end of her tongue." Mr Henpeck: "End of her tongue! Great Scott! I didn't know there was any end to it."

Know Him Well.—Friend—"How did you come to know Scudder so well? is he a member of your church?" Rev. Mr. Knotem (of Chicago)—"Yes, but that has nothing to do with it. He got me to marry him now and then."

"Has it not struck you, Herr Lieutenant, that for the first week or two one baby is as like another as two peas?" "Donnerwetter, Fraul-in! if that is so, I feel immensely flattered at the thought that I resembled you once in my life time!"

The Empress of Austria is the best housekeeper among European royalties. She employed fifty cooks—twenty-five men and twenty-five women. She pays strict attention when in Vienna to the details of her huge household and is a very clever manager.

Food for thought.—Rev. Mr. Winkwunk—My hearers, I shall have to ask your indulgence for a few minutes. I forgot my manuscript and have sent my little boy for it. His son (coming in)—Mama couldn't find the writin', but here's the book you copied it from.

Helping him out.—The young man (argumentatively)—But don't you see, Miss Bessie, that when you reason in that way you are only begging the question! The young woman (blushing beautifully)—I am sure, Mr. Peduncle, I—I didn't intend to—to beg you to—to ask me any question! (Sudden mustering up of courage on the part of the bashful Mr. Peduncle and agitated propounding of question Miss Bessie had been waiting to hear.)

A purist writes to The Boston Transcript criticising the phrase, "It would seem." "Say 'it does seem,' and have done with it," is his doctrine. "What a poor, stiff and starchy thing our grand old mother tongue would be if we were to lop off every word and phrase that the word cranks object to," comments The New York Tribune. It would seem to be their mission—there, we have used the phrase objected to, and what's more, we will work it in every chance we get.

The original British tar who nailed the colors of old England to the mast was Jack Crawford, a seaman on Admiral Duncan's flagship the "Venerable." It was at the battle of Camperdown, in 1797. The enemy had shot away the vessel's ensign, when Jack climbed the mast with another and nailed it to the mast with the butt end of a pistol. A bronze statue has just been erected to his memory in Sunderland, his native place, and Lord Camperdown was among those who participated in the ceremony.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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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.

H. M. S. *Bellerophon* is expected to arrive at Halifax on Monday next.

Mr. Rykert has been re-elected for Lincoln, Ont., by a greatly reduced majority.

Lady Stanley of Preston left Liverpool for Canada in the *Sardinian* on the 21st inst.

Ten thousand dozens of eggs were shipped from Minnesota to Winnipeg in one week recently.

The resignation of Rev. Robert Laing as pastor of St. Matthew's Church took effect on Tuesday last.

General Middleton is reported as stating that he has not resigned and has no intention of resigning.

The Legislature of British Columbia has been dissolved. Nomination takes place to-day and polling on June 13th.

The wires for the street lights in Sackville N. B. are strung, and as soon as the lamps arrive from the factory, the town will be illuminated.

Captain Hill has resumed command of the S. S. *Halifax* after a short vacation. He looks extremely well after his trip to the North-West.

Mr. Gurtridge, of Gaspereaux, has recently cleared \$5 and \$3 per barrel on a lot of apples sent to England. The fruit was principally the Nonpareil.

The ship *Oneida*, Captain Anderson, was wrecked in Behring Sea on April 26th. Seventy Chinamen were drowned and 45 white men, and 33 Chinamen escaped.

June 4th the Cornwallis Valley Railway Company expect to run cars from Kentville to Kingsport, on the occasion of the launching of Mr. Burgess' new ship, the *Kings County*.

The Norwegian bark *Eora*, which recently arrived at Parrsboro from Buenos Ayres in charge of the mate, lost her captain and one man from small pox during the voyage.

The new British gunboat *Thrush*, recently completed at Greenock, sailed on May 22nd to join the North American and West Indian squadron. She is under the command of Prince George of Wales.

The Zeffie Tilbury Company will open in the Academy of Music on Monday evening. They are very highly spoken of. Jay Hunt, the comedian, so well known in Halifax, will accompany them to this city.

The annual meeting of the Royal Society opened at Ottawa on Tuesday. Professors C. G. D. Roberts and Wesley Mills were elected members. It is expected that Principal Grant, of Kingston, will succeed Abbe Casgrain as president.

A list of 56 inmates of the Longue Pointe Asylum who were burned to death in the recent fire, has been submitted by the nuns. A temporary building for the asylum is being erected, and it is expected will be ready for occupation in September.

The following gentleman have since our last issue been declared elected to the local Legislature. In Hants, Allan Haley, D. D., in place of Adams McDougall; in Inverness, Hon. D. McNeil and John McKenzie; in Pictou Messrs. MacGregor, Cameron and Grant. This completes the ticket.

The parishioners of the Rev. Dyson Hague at Brockville, Ont., made their pastor the recipient of a gold watch and a purse of money on his leaving for Halifax to take charge of St. Paul's Church. Mrs. Hague was presented with a handsome gift of silverware. Mr. Hague preached his first sermon as rector of St. Paul's on Sunday last.

The annual closing exercises of Mount Allison College, Sackville, took place during the past week. A very large number of visitors were present and Sackville was in holiday attire for the occasion. Programmes of special interest in connection with the various branches of the University were prepared and satisfactorily carried out.

Queen's birthday honors have been bestowed this year on Justice Johnson, of Quebec, and Justice Pinsent of Newfoundland, who have been made knights. Col. Gzowski of Toronto has been made Knight-Commander of St. Michael and St. George, and Mr. Griffin, Deputy-Postmaster-General, a Companion of the same order.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week a dolls show and sale will be held in the Church of England Institute. Dolls of all kinds, great and small, and all prices, will be there to give pleasure to the little ones, and the mammas will find that their comfort has been thought of too, as afternoon tea will be provided. On Tuesday and Wednesday the show will be open from 4 to 6 o'clock, and on Thursday from 4 to 10 o'clock. As the proceeds are to be devoted to the new Church of England Hospital, which is an object worthy of all the assistance that can be given it, it is to be hoped that a large sum of money will be realized.

Newfoundland matters continue in a state of unrest. The ancient colony has sent a letter to the Queen, which in no uncertain tone demands the removal of the French lobster and canning factories, and denounces in vigorous language the *modus vivendi* between England and France. The steamer *Harlow*, which arrived at Halifax on Wednesday night, reports that a great deal of excitement prevails at Bay St. George, in consequence of the Commander of a French warship at that port on the 23rd inst. ordering British subjects to remove all their fishing gear, nets, etc., from the water, otherwise his men would remove them. They were promptly taken away by the owners, as it was feared the French would destroy them,

The Messrs. Allan have built and put on the service between London and Montreal a new steel steamer called the *Brazilian*, making the third Allan liner on this route. She was built at Glasgow and only came off the stocks a few weeks ago. The *Brazilian* registers 2,084 tons, and possesses all conveniences for carrying freight and a few passengers. Capt. White, formerly of the *Nestorian*, is in charge, with Mr. Donald Black as first officer.

The pupils of Acadia Seminary have given a series of entertainments during the past winter, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, interspersed with readings and recitations. The admission was fixed at the low sum of 10 cents, as making money was less the object than to give pleasure to the public and exhibit the successful training of the school. The Seminary has at present 83 scholars, 51 of whom are boarders; the students attending Acadia College number 180.

St. John has been startled by a murder. A man named Samuel Torrie and some others had been drinking in Torrie's house, when shortly after midnight two men, named Scott and Watson, rapped at the door and asked for a drink of water. This was refused and one of the men drew a knife and stabbed Torrie to the heart. The men have been arrested. The coroner's jury have found a verdict of wilful murder against Theodore Watt for stabbing Torrie and found Wm. Gray an accessory.

Fletcher Harper, a member of the great publishing firm, is dead.

George Francis Train completed his trip around the world on Saturday last, in 67 days, 13 hours, 3 minutes and 3 seconds.

The city of Coolidge, N. M., has been almost entirely destroyed by fire set by tramps. If the tramps are caught they will be lynched.

The steamer *Thingalla* has put into New York with her bow, stem, and bow plates stove in above water, from a collision with an ice-berg.

Forty thousand immigrants have arrived in New York so far this month. Whether immigrants of the class who are flocking to the United States will prove a benefit to the country is a question.

A man named John Connors, known as "Jack the Ink Slinger," has been arrested in New York. He has during the last few months been in the habit of throwing ink at people in the street, and many ladies have had valuable costumes ruined. He is thought to be crazy.

Bismarck has postponed his intended visit to Rome until the autumn.

The pilgrims who have visited the Pope recently carried to His Holiness about £30,000.

The Marquis of Leville is going to be married to Mrs. Frank Lealie. The marriage will probably take place next month.

The *News* says Stanley's wedding will take place in Westminster Abbey, and that if he makes any further expeditions his wife will accompany him.

The operation for the restoration of the sight of the Shah's wife has resulted favorably, and her attendants are busied in making her surroundings attractive when she is allowed to emerge from her darkened room.

Large numbers of respectable young English women are being shipped to Queensland, Australia, at the expense of the Queensland Government. They are kept free of cost after landing until proper employment is obtained.

The wedding presents to Miss Clara Ward on the occasion of her marriage with Prince de Caraman Chimay, in Paris recently, were of great magnificence, including several diamond necklaces and other articles of personal adornment.

General Sir Daniel Lyons, G.C.B., the chief compiler of former Field Exercise Books, and who was for six years Deputy Quartermaster-General in Canada, has been appointed Constable of the Tower. The General, whose services have been at all times valuable, is 76 years of age.

The Irish members of Parliament have raised a subscription among themselves for a wedding present for Mr. William O'Brien on his approaching marriage with Mlle. Raffalovitch. The wedding will take place next month. M. Raffalovitch is not, as has been said, a Greek financier. He is a Russian Jew.

The Victoria, Australia, Parliament was opened by the Earl of Hopetown, Governor of the colony, on the 22nd inst. He congratulated Parliament upon the prosperity of the country and upon the rapid strides towards federation which, he said, was near. This proved the growth of the feeling towards a common Australian nationality.

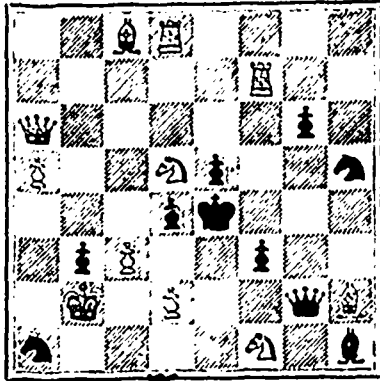
Mrs. Langtry has astonished society by the way in which she amused herself and guests one night recently at a supper at the St. James Theatre. At three in the morning it was proposed to run races around St. James' Square, and lively times followed. The proceedings wound up at six o'clock, when Mrs. Langtry distributed prizes to the winners of the races.

Fuller reports from Austria, where a photographer named Veress recently hit upon a discovery of photography in color, show the event to be more important and definite than it was at first thought. Specimens both on glass and on paper have now been exposed to the light for three weeks and are in no way affected. The colors obtained range from a deep clear ruby red to a light orange, and there is also a brilliant French blue; but thus far no suggestion whatever of green, no variations of blue and no approaches to violet or brown. The Viennese professors are much impressed by the discovery, and are confident that we are on the eve of a revolution in camera work.

**CHESS.**

Solution to Problem No. 22, Q to Kt8. Solved by C. W. L.

Corrected diagram of problem No. 21 (first prize in Pen and Pencil) published in CRITIC of 16th inst.  
BLACK 10 pieces.

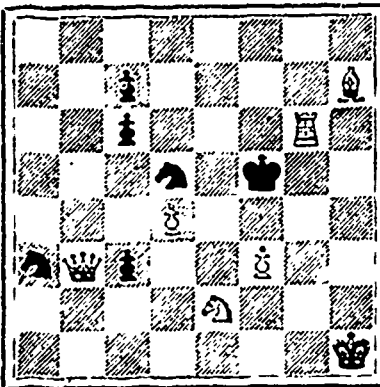


WHITE 11 pieces.  
White mates in two moves.

J. W. W.—Solution not correct. please try again.

**PROBLEM No. 23.**

Second prize in Pen and Pencil.  
By W. Gleave, London.  
From Montreal Gazette.  
BLACK 6 pieces.



WHITE 7 pieces.  
White mates in two moves.

**GAME No. 24.  
GIUOCO PIANO.**

- |                |               |
|----------------|---------------|
| <b>WHITE</b>   | <b>BLACK</b>  |
| Col. Wolfe.    | Genl. Frink.  |
| Halifax.       | Rhode Island. |
| 1 P to K4      | P to K4       |
| 2 Kt to KB3    | Kt to QB3     |
| 3 B to B4      | B to B4       |
| 4 P to B3      | Kt to KB3     |
| 5 P to Q3 a    | P to Q4       |
| 6 B takes P b  | Kt takes B    |
| 7 P takes Kt   | Q takes P     |
| 8 P to B4      | B to Kt5 ch   |
| 9 Kt to B3     | Q to Q2 c     |
| 10 Castles     | B takes Kt    |
| 11 P takes B   | Castles       |
| 12 K to K sq   | P to KB3      |
| 13 R to K3     | R to K sq     |
| 14 B to R3 d   | P to QR4      |
| 15 Q to K2     | P to QKt3     |
| 16 Kt to R4 e  | B to Kt2      |
| 17 Q to R5     | B to B sq f   |
| 18 Kt to B5 g  | P to Kt3      |
| 19 Kt to R6 ch | K to R sq     |
| 20 Q to R4     | R to K3       |
| 21 QR to K sq  | B to R3       |
| 22 P to R3     | Q to RK sq    |
| 23 P to B4     | P to KKt4     |
| 24 P takes KtP | P takes P     |
| 25 Q takes P   | R to Kt3      |
| 26 Q to R5     | Q to Kt2      |
| 27 Kt to Kt4   | R to KKt sq   |
| 28 R to K4     | R to Kt4      |
| 29 Q to R4     | B to B sq     |
| 30 P to Q4     | B takes Kt    |
| 31 P takes B   | P takes P     |
| 32 P takes P   | Kt takes P    |

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| 33 B to K7 h  | R to KB4 i     |
| 34 R to KB sq | R takes R ch   |
| 35 K takes R  | Kt to B4       |
| 36 P takes Kt | Q takes P ch j |
| 37 K to K sq  | Q to Kt8 ch    |
| 38 K to Q2    | R to Kt7 ch    |
| 39 R to K2    | R takes R      |
| 40 K takes R  | K to Kt sq     |
| 41 Q to B6    | Q to Kt7 ch    |
| 42 K to K3    | Resigns.       |

**NOTES.**

By C. W. LUNDY.

- a P to Q4 is the generally adopted move.
- b P takes P would be better, the Bishop being too well posted to risk exchange.
- c A cramping move putting QB out of play. B takes Kt ch and retaining Q to her sq would perhaps give Black some advantage.
- d This B is now inactive until near the end, when, however, it turns the scale in White's favor. B to Kt2 seems preferable.
- e Why not P to Q4 i
- f This is not a good move, Kt to K2 is better.
- g Well done! This breaks up black's pawns.
- h The winning move, admirably played!
- i R to Kt3 obviously the better move.
- j Useless, White's pieces were too well posted

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**LIST OF PRIZES.**

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

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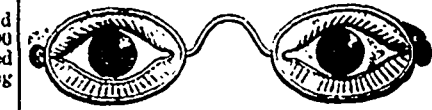
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(Graduate of New York Optical College.)  
**136—GRANVILLE STREET—136  
HALIFAX, N. S.**

## A SPRING SONNET.

Upland and dale from winter's clasp unbound,  
 Have burst, full-robed and palpitant with life  
 To fresh creation—sweet as flute or fife,  
 Bird-notes are blending with the far off sound  
 Of bleating flocks—All things—the verdured ground,  
 The budding hedgerows, soft south gales are rife  
 With breath of spring. Earth like a fruitful wife  
 Lies flushed and smiling with her new birth crowned.

Love! can it be so many years, and long,  
 Since we, with youth and spring, joined hands together?  
 And like all merry things, trilled out our song,  
 And tossed the future, far, as winds a feather?  
 Ah, could we hush some thoughts that swell and throng,  
 Our hearts were blither in this glad May weather.

M. J. W.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE IN BOSTON.

## THE WOMAN'S PRESS MEETING.

The Parker House, Boston, was the scene of a merry gathering of lady newspaper writers and their friends of both sexes on the afternoon of May 21st. The large room in which the meeting took place was well filled, about two hundred members and guests being present. Through the courtesy one of the members of the Association, THE CRITIC'S representative was enabled to enjoy the hospitality of the club, and to meet with many talented and earnest workers who have won name and fame in America.

The affair was quite informal. Those ladies who came from their homes to the meeting were attired, some of them, in demi toilet, square or V shaped neck with elbow sleeves, and those busy ones, who came direct from work, wore street costume. The gentlemen were nearly all in evening dress.

The meeting opened at 4 o'clock, Miss Catherine L. Conway in the chair, supported by Mrs. Sallie Joy White, President of the Association, at her right.

As the subject to be treated of was music, it was very appropriate that the first number on the programme should be a song, which was followed by a paper on "The influence of women in music," by Mr. Elson of the Conservatory of Music. Mr. Elson said that if he should attempt to speak of women as composers, his address would be very short, but that women as inspirers and interpreters of music had from the earliest ages of history been conspicuous. He spoke of Sappho as the earliest poet and musician, for in those days music and poetry were inseparable. Deborah, Miriam and other women of sacred history were also referred to, although he did not consider that they could be strictly called musicians. Coming down to more modern times, Mr. Elson told us stories of famous composers whose greatest works were inspired by some fair divinity, but he also took the romance out of many stories which have been believed by many to be authentic, although when looked into, one must admit that they have a highly improbable sound.

The troubadour of France and the minnisinger of Germany were pointed to as examples of the influence of women. The first named celebrated in detail the charms of the particular fair one, telling of her eyes, hair, lips, hands and feet etc., but the minnisinger praised in general the virtues of the female character, on a much loftier plane than that which the troubadour of France could aspire to. Here Mr. Elson illustrated the difference by rendering several songs, to which he played his own accompaniments. Mr. Elson thinks that with the more earnest attention now being given to music, for music's sake, and not merely for amusement or profit, by women, and a determination to learn all that can be learnt of the divine art, that we may yet produce great female composers, but of this the future holds the secret.

Mr. Elson's address took an hour to deliver, but so interesting was it, with songs agreeably sandwiched in, that no one could believe an hour had flown.

After two songs by a lady, the meeting again became informal and I was introduced to Mr. Elson, who told me he had never visited Halifax, but that he had had three pupils from there. I said I hoped for the credit of my country that they were good specimens, and he replied, "indeed they were," so I felt that if I could manage to conceal my own ignorance of musical matters, my country's credit would be all right.

I then had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Kate Tamnatt Woods, the authoress, and writer of "Letters to Beth" in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and also Miss Newton, a bright young lady from New York, one of the officers of the famous woman's club, Sorosis.

Such a merry meeting as it was, every one seemed determined to make it pleasant for others, especially for the stranger within their gates. The meeting was adjourned to the corridors and another parlor, for the number of members and guests present made it necessary to divide them at tea time, which was very near, and the Parker house had so many entertainments going on that they were obliged to set the tables in the room we were in.

The beautiful high tea was done ample justice to, and after the inner man—and woman—were satisfied, we all proceeded to a larger room where the literary entertainment took place.

Mrs. Sallie Joy White presided in the happiest manner over this part of the entertainment, which was in the highest degree interesting. Poems were read by Miss Mary E. Blake, Miss Winslow, Mr. Oscar Fay Adams and Mr. Henry O'Meara. Miss Blake's and Miss Winslow's poems were on the same theme, but quite different in expression. They were both witty, and set forth very amusingly what would be done with the men in the sweet by-and-bye, when the fairer sex obtain their rights. Considering that "gentlemen's day" does not come very often, and that they were in the power of their hostesses, perhaps it was scarcely fair to seize the occasion to poke fun at them. Some of them looked rather blank as things struck them hard, but most of them joined in the laugh against themselves, which was of the most

good natured tone possible. The president made some witty and timely remarks on the situation, and said she had no idea that the destiny of the man was assuming such an alarming state, she had thought it was taking care of itself.

Mr. Adams' poem was in a minor strain, being suggested by the grave of Jane Walsh Carlyle, which he visited some little time ago. Mr. O'Meara's was also of the same kind, only he had chosen the grave of the mother of Washington to pour his libation on. It was rather singular that the ladies and the gentlemen had gone in pairs, as it were, and certainly without any fore-knowledge of each other's subject. Several other readings and recitations were given, and Mr. Elson supplemented his kindness of the afternoon by singing a small group of folk songs, which delighted his hearers.

I have left to the last to tell of what was to me the most interesting feature of that delightful entertainment. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe spoke to us, and when she arose to speak the whole audience showed the love and respect in which she is held, by rising too. Mrs. Howe is a sweet faced elderly lady, and when her soft voice uttered such kind words of counsel to the young and active sisters all around her, and wished them every success in the wide field of usefulness open to press workers, there was deep silence in the room. Mrs. Howe compared the women writers to the Sibyl, taking the events which occur every day and weaving from them in the loom of thought a precious net, and she suggested to the Association that an effort be made to sift and preserve the most valuable articles from our newspapers and magazines. That many people do this for themselves is well known, but Mrs. Howe's suggestion if acted upon systematically would give to the public a unique collection of gems.

The entertainment was brought to a close at 9 o'clock by singing "Auld Lang Syne," led by Mr. Elson, and the members of the Press Association dispersed to their various offices or duties in connection with them.

I trust that CRITIC readers will be interested in this necessarily short and contracted account of what women, so near us, (little more than a day's journey by the S. S. *Halifax*) can do, and are doing. The work being done by these ladies is a most important one, they are foremost in doing good, and make all the use possible of their positions as writers to aid those whom misfortune has overtaken. Boston can point to them with pride and say they have done well. THE CRITIC'S representative wishes the Woman's Press Association of New England to know that the kindness received at their hands is thoroughly appreciated, and thanks them heartily for the pleasant hours spent with them.

C. F.

## THE BLOODY SHIRT.

*A Phrase that may have sprung from an Incident in Scottish History.*

A short time since my attention was attracted to an inquiry in the *Louisville Courier Journal* as to the origin of the popular phrase "The Bloody Shirt." The answer given to the query ascribes it to the recent period of reconstruction. Contrary to the prevailing belief, this political weapon was forged and effectively used long before any difference had arisen between certain portions of the United States, and before, in fact, a union of states existed.

The incident which gave the expression birth is to some extent legendary, and is related by Sir Walter Scott in the preface to his novel "Rob Roy," and briefly is as follows:—The clan MacGregor possessed lands and flocks which excited the cupidity of their less fortunate neighbors, who, by force and other methods, gradually despoiled them of their property, and drove them from their homes. The clan, thus impoverished, resisted the encroachments upon their rights, and in the frequent collisions that occurred used every temporary advantage they gained cruelly enough. Their conduct, which was perhaps not unnatural under the circumstances, was studiously represented at the capital as arising from an innate and untamable ferocity, for which the only remedy was extermination.

These suggestions resulted in the proscription of the clan by act of the privy council at Sterling, and permission was given certain powerful chieftains to pursue the MacGregors with fire and sword, and all persons were prohibited from affording them meat, drink or shelter. As might be expected, civilization progressed very slowly during this period, and the MacGregors, feeling all the severity of the law and none of its protection, became wilder and more lawless than ever. As the legend runs, two men of the clan MacGregor, overtaken by night, asked shelter from a dependent of the Colquhouns, and, on being refused, retired to an outhouse, seized a wedder from the fold, and supped frugally off the carcass, for which they offered payment. The laird of Luss, hearing of this enforced hospitality, caused the offenders to be apprehended and summarily executed.

To avenge this act the MacGregors assembled to the number of several hundred, and marched toward Luss. Sir Humphrey Colquhoun received early notice of the raid, and assembled an army of superior numbers to meet them. A battle took place in the valley of Glenfruin (Glen of Sorrow), where, encouraged by the prophecy of a seer, and aided by a superior position and skillful generalship, the MacGregors were victorious, pursuing the enemy furiously, and mercilessly slaughtering all who were unable to escape.

This battle and the fury of the proscribed clan were reported to King James VI in a manner most unfavorable to that unfortunate clan, and, more strongly to impress that impressionable monarch, the widows of the slain to the number of several score, dressed in mourning, riding on white palfreys, and each bearing her husband's bloody shirt upon the point of a spear, appeared before the king at Sterling, and demanded vengeance upon those who had made their homes desolate. By act of privy council A. D. 1613, the old acts against the clan were revived, and others of the greatest severity enacted. The bloody shirt had unquestionably accomplished its purpose.

**DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS**

G. O. FORBES, Shubonacadio.—Your valued favor of the 23rd instant is at hand, and its contents are duly noted. The Halifax team trusts that the Shubonacadio players will be able to meet them as suggested on the 21st proximo.

C. R. GATES, Halifax.—Your solution to Problem 167 is the best that we have received. If you will call or send to our Checker Editor's shop, 36 Grafton Street, the prize that you have won will be delivered to you.

**SOLUTION.**

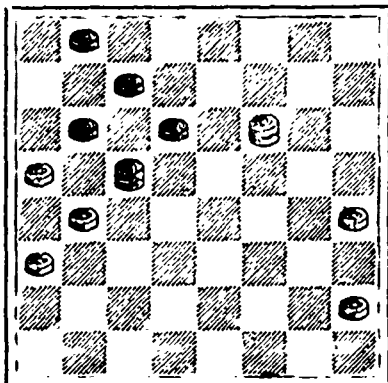
PROBLEM 167.—The position was: black men 1, 6, 9, 10, 11, 15; white men 13, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 28; black to play and win.

15-19	19-23	26-30	26-23
20-16	15-11	8-3	22-18
11-20	23-26	30-2	23-14
18-15	11-8	3-8	8-11

This forms Problem 169 as follows:  
a With the exception of Mr. Gates all other solvers failed to see the value of this move. It leaves an interesting position to which we call the attention of our readers.

**PROBLEM No. 169.**

Black men 1, 6, 9, 10, 20, kg. 14.



White men 13, 17, 21, 28, kg. 11.

Black to play and win.

**GAME LVII. Kelso.**

This game was played between Sergt. Muir and W. Forsyth.

10-15	8-11	11-15	14-17
23-18	18-14	26-23	21-14
7-10	10-17	15-24	10-17
27-23	21-14	28-19	8-3
3-7	9-18	2-7	7-11
32-27	22-8	31-26	3-8
15-19	4-11	9-13	11-16
24-15	25-22	19-16	22-18
10-19	6-10	12-19	17-22
23-16	29-25	23-16	26-17
11-20	1-6	10-14	13-22
26-23	25-21	16-12	27-23
7-10	5-9	6-10	20-24
20-26	23-19	12-8	8-12

Drawn.

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Stock of SPRING & SUMMER Goods Complete.

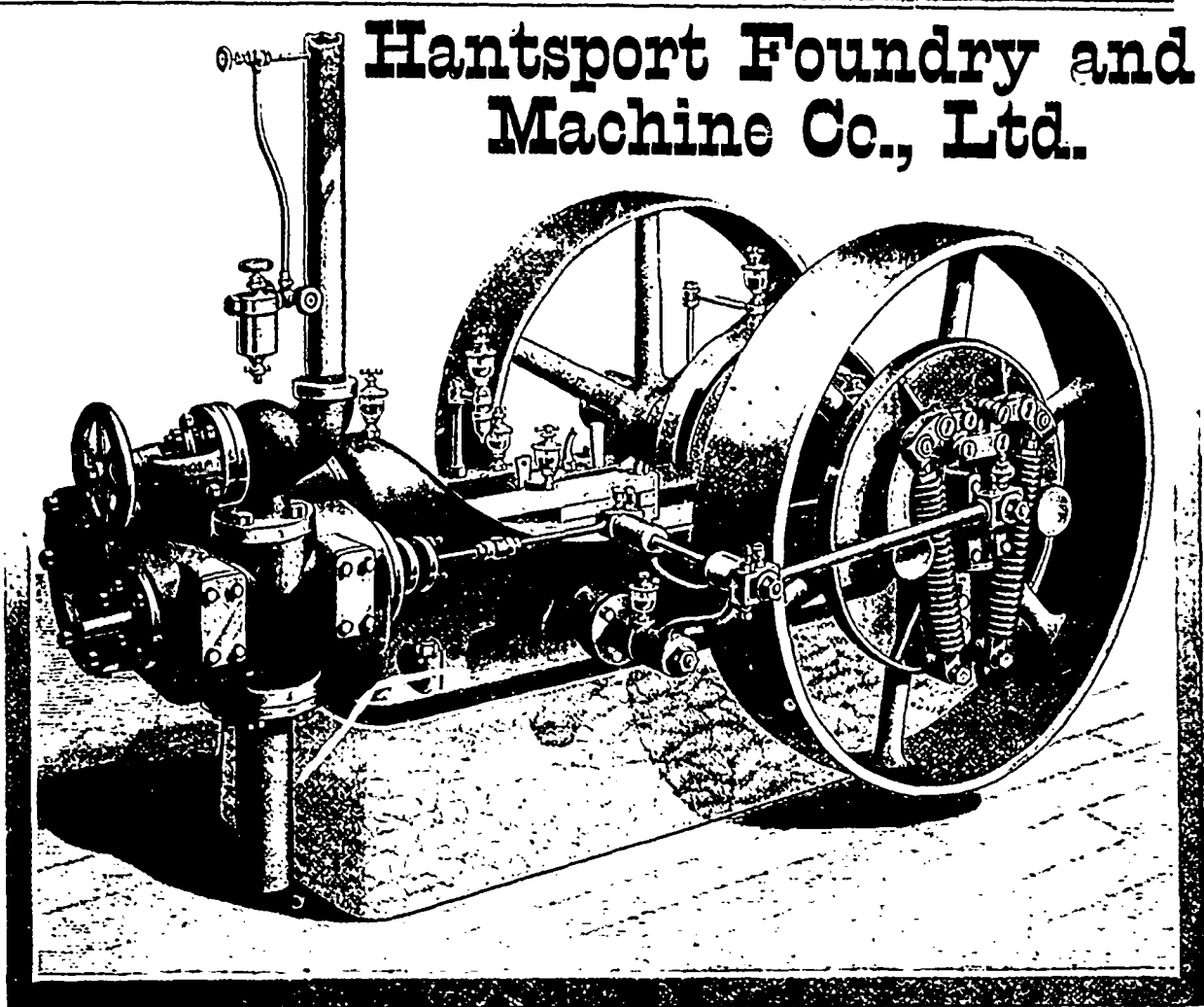
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**FELT HATS,** in all Fashionable Colors.

From the celebrated houses of LINCOLN, BENNETT & CO., CHRISTY & CO., TOWNEND & CO., and BLAIR.

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Ladies', Men's, Boys' and Children's STRAW HATS, TWEED and CLOTH CAPS, Etc., TRUNKS, VALISES and ENGLISH SOLE LEATHER GOODS.

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**IMPROVED ELECTRIC LIGHT ENGINE.**

Automatic and Plain Slide Valve, Horizontal and Upright Engines and Stationary and Portable Boilers for Stamp Mill, Saw Mill, and all other purposes; Steam Pumps, Kennedy Injectors, High and Low Water Alarms and Centrifugal Pumps, Water Wheels, Portable and Stationary Circular Saw Mills, Lath Machines, Shingle Machines, Cylinder Saws, Heading Turners, Planing Machines, Circular Saws and Arbors, Belting, etc.

All Machinery best of its class. Write for Prices, stating what you wish.

**ADDRESS, H. F. & M. Co. HANTSPORT, NOVA SCOTIA.**

**TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!**

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

**CONSUMPTION,**  
SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon Wrapper: at all Druggists, 60c. and \$1.00.

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Is the Largest, Safest, and Best Furnished and Most Comfortable Passenger Steamship ever placed on the route between Canada and the United States

Sails from Noble's Wharf, Halifax, every Wednesday Morning at 8 O'clock, and Lewis Wharf, Boston, every Saturday at 12 O'clock.

Passengers by Tuesday evening's trains can go on board on arrival without extra charge.

Through Tickets to New York and all points West.

Baggage checked through from all stations. Through Tickets For Sale by all Agents Intercolonial Railway.

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**Chipman Brothers,** HALIFAX.

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**JOHN PATTERSON,** Manufacturer of Steam Boilers, For Marine and Land Purposes. **Iron Ships Repaired.** SHIP TANKS, GRUBBERS, SMOKE PIPES, and all kinds SHEET IRON WORK. ESTIMATES given on application. 408 UPPER WATER STREET, Halifax, N. S.

For Coughs and Colds, Catarrh, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Scrofulous and all Wasting Diseases,

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St. Andrews, N. B., 4th Oct., 1869. MESSRS. BROWN BROS. & Co. Being very much reduced by sickness and almost given up for a dead man, I commenced taking your **PUTTNER'S EMULSION.** After taking it a very short time my health began to improve, and the longer I used it the better my health became. After being laid aside for nearly a year, I last summer performed the hardest summer's work I ever did, having often to go with only one meal a day. I attribute the saving of my life to **PUTTNER'S EMULSION.** **EMERY E. MURPHY,** Livery Stable Keeper.



## CITY CHIMES.

The Fisk Tennessee Jubilee Singers gave two very enjoyable concerts in Orpheus Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Good audiences were present and the sweet music of these Southern singers was thoroughly appreciated, nearly every number on the programme being *encored*. Miss Gatewood, whose voice is very rich and powerful, took the leading parts and pleased her audience greatly. The occasional drops indulged in by the basso were somewhat amusing, as the voice sounded like the rumbling of thunder under the platform, and rather surprised the listeners. The voices of the company blended perfectly in chorus and make very soothing music. The Tennesseans were under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and it is to be hoped that a satisfactory sum of money has been realized.

The Edith Ellis Comedy Company has been playing in the Reform Club Hall, Dartmouth, during this week to large audiences, and their performances are highly appreciated. Next week the company appear in Truro, and during the summer will continue their tour of the Provinces, returning to Halifax in September or October, when they will open in Orpheus Hall after it has been re-furnished with opera chairs. Miss Ellis is pretty and vivacious, and those who spend an evening at her entertainments will certainly be pleased.

The law students of Halifax have clubbed for the purpose of training themselves for professional work. A mock court has been established, juries are to be empanelled, criminals tried according to law and sentences pronounced in accordance with verdicts. The move is a good one.

Building in Halifax during the coming summer promises to be very brisk. The corner stone for the new hall for St. Mary's T. A. and B. Society has already been laid. A \$20,000 building is shortly to be erected by the American order of Odd Fellows, and substantial additions are to be made to the School for the Blind and Pine Hill College.

Last Saturday, being the anniversary of the birthday of that gracious lady who has for 52 years ruled over us, was as usual a public holiday. Queen's weather prevailed, and out door sports were indulged in by a large number of people. A salute of 21 guns was fired from the new battery on the citadel, and all the troops in the garrison lined the ramparts and fired a *feu-de-joie*. Several private picnic parties were off in the woods having a good time, and the day generally seems to have enjoyable and quietly passed. The reign of Queen Victoria has been one of marked prosperity and advancement for her people, and we with all other good subjects wish that her life may be prolonged for many years to come.

Harkins, with his 5th Avenue Company, has been attracting large audiences at the Academy of Music during the present week, giving two performances of the "Golden Giant," and a like number of "Jim the Penman." These plays are decidedly sensational, but they are free from the vulgarisms which too often disgrace popular drama. The Company is strong throughout, and the parts are well sustained, but the characteristic rapidity of speech of those born in the neighbouring Republic, makes it difficult at times to catch the dialogue. This and to-morrow evenings the company will give the melodrama "The Unknown."

## COMMERCIAL.

In general trade rules quiet at the moment, although the improvement in the weather has created a fair but cautious movement. Buyers throughout all branches of trade are still actuated by that cautious spirit which has characterized them all along, and this, with the fact of an unsettled feeling about values in some lines, induces purchasers to hold off more or less in a general way. Reports from the country indicate that traders there are not doing a very active business, and that considerable stocks of winter goods are being carried over, so that care has to be exercised. Travellers complain that they are making poor trips. We cannot see what else they had to expect. They start out earlier with each succeeding year, and if they secure large orders the country dealer must be in a sense going it blind, for he certainly cannot gauge his course so far ahead. Payments this year are not as good for the season as they were last, and it is acknowledged that more customers are being carried over for the necessity of the thing than for a considerable time previously. However, the feeling is on the whole hopeful, and it is believed that by judicious action the dangerous features of the situation can be nullified, while most people seem satisfied that a healthy movement is in progress, although it is of limited dimensions.

Owing to the expectation that the McKinlay tariff bill, which has now passed the House at Washington, would become law, the egg trade of Canada has become thoroughly demoralized ever since the commencement of the season. So much so that Canadians have allowed United States dealers for sometime past to buy up large quantities on grounds which the former virtually monopolised before the McKinlay bill was framed, because they knew that, after a duty of 5 cents per dozen was imposed on eggs going into the United States, the outlet for the large surplus which this country produces would be virtually cut off. In anticipation of all foreign supplies being cut off American buyers have been as busy as bees storing all the eggs that they could collect at their various centres. Advices from Boston and New York state that all the room available in the principal warehouses is full, and that private storehouses have been brought into requisition. The same is said to be the case in Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Buffalo, Cincinnati and other large centres. One Boston firm alone has stored in its own ware-

house 100,000 dozen Canadian eggs. The question now is what the result will be if the McKinlay bill goes into force. The value of eggs exported from Canada to the United States was last year \$2,156,725. If this large traffic be entirely stopped it will mean one of two things—a serious curtailment of production, or a considerable drop in prices here. The latter is doubtless the most probable.

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

	Week Prev.		Weeks corresponding to			Failures for the year to date.			
	1890	1890	1889	1888	1887	1890	1889	1888	1887
United States..	186	51	140	139	107	4627	4909	4388	4401
Canada.....	28	16	19	22	17	764	753	781	537

DRY GOODS.—Nothing striking is presorted by this branch of trade at the moment and trade is rather quiet than otherwise. The volume of transactions is undeniably much less than it was last year at this season. Yet a fair trade is moving, and the restriction is mainly due to the fact that dealers who have had to carry over a large stock of last spring's purchases are determined that the same shall not happen to them again, especially as they have, as a rule, considerable fall goods unsold. Consequently every one is guarding against overbuying. It is, therefore, likely that the flock of travellers who have already started out with their early fall samples will all have the same story of non-success to tell. This fact cannot be looked upon as altogether unfavorable. It is in fact rather the reverse. Dealers will not have the expense of carrying a heavy stock over a season, returns will naturally be more prompt, and wholesale houses will not be put to the strain that some of them are now undergoing of bolstering up of necessity customers who are more or less shaky. Buyers have about all returned from the other side, and they seem to agree that the firm position of woollens is maintained on the whole and that, when the first cost of the goods and the present temper of customers are considered, everything will have to be sold at a very small margin of profit.

IRON, HARDWARE AND METALS.—The iron market continues to rule easy on the whole and, in most instances, concessions are made to effect sales, when the prospective order is really worth considering. Pig iron rules rather lower, and to accomplish the sale of anything like a round lot resort is had to considerable shading. During the past few weeks a fair amount of business has been accomplished, but chiefly in small-sized lots and to arrive, as very little iron is in stock here just now and little or no new has actually come to the market as yet. Copper is steady, while tin-plates and lead pipe rule easier. Taken on the whole the market for the former is moderately active, and importers seem to have considerable orders on hand, but, generally speaking, they will not take hold of more than is necessary for their immediate wants. Reports from American markets state that manufacturers appear pretty busy with stocks well worked off, and the indications are that the market in some sections, as at Pittsburg for instance, is telling slightly in sellers' favor.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour is quiet and firm with a good steady jobbing business in progress. Prices are maintained all round on the whole and there is no change to mention. Beerbohm's cable reports:—"Wheat steady but very dull; corn quiet but firm as to price." At New York the earlier options of wheat declined half a cent, while later options showed an equivalent advance. In Chicago wheat has ruled nervous and irregular. The tendency seems to be upward owing to converted bears buying largely on the strength of unfavorable reports of the condition of crops in Missouri and Kansas. The Cincinnati *Price Current* has helped the upward movement by publishing an article which stated that winter wheat has not improved since the beginning of the month. At St. Louis wheat advanced  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. to  $\frac{3}{4}$  c. There was a further advance of  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. to 1 c. at Toledo in the price of wheat, but corn was dull.

PROVISIONS.—The local provision market is still without feature. There is a fair hand-to-mouth trade doing, but no large lots are moving. At Liverpool lard declined 3d. At Chicago prices were nominally unchanged, though the tendency throughout the entire line has been in favor of lower figures. It is believed that considerable shading is being done there to effect sales.

BUTTER.—This market has continued to rule easy, and there is an evident willingness on the part of sellers towards concessions to buyers in order to keep stocks down. Consequently there has been no great accumulation of new stock, which has so far been of fodder make chiefly, though grass stock has begun to come forward in small quantities. There is no doubt that the certainty that the receipts of new will constantly increase during the summer months has its influence on the minds of farmers and others who have held over last season's make of butter for the chance of a possible increase of values which has not been realized.

CHEESE.—Cheese continues about steady, but there is nothing particular doing in it just now. Country advices show no change in the position, the inclination being in favor of accepting any fair offer.

FRUIT.—The fruit market is fairly active on the whole with a moderately good jobbing movement in progress, especially in fresh imported fruits, such as bananas, oranges, etc. In dried fruit business is moving along quietly in a small way, and small lots are arriving from time to time. The feeling is firm, especially in raisins of which stocks are light. Advices indicate also a scarcity of Sultanias, as the new crop is reported to have suffered considerable damage. Currants are firm at quotations, and we hear of several fair-sized lots changing hands at figures at which they could not probably be replaced.

SUGAR.—Stocks are at present very light in the hands of country merchants and jobbers, and the refiners are looking forward for a good business. Prices are very firm, but buyers show no special anxiety to stock-up hurriedly.

MOLASSES.—There has been no movement of importance in molasses. A private cable from Barbadoes quotes the market there strong and active, and

it would doubtless cost more to lay stock down here than it could be bought on spot.

**TEA.**—Low grade Japan are very scarce. Orders are coming in freely for new crop, the first consignment of which, via Vancouver, is expected in a few days. Low grade blacks are also very scarce, and other grades are up 1/2 d. per lb. on the other side. Pangoos are also selling freely for future delivery.

**COFFEE.**—There is nothing new to note concerning coffees. Prices continue to be quite unsettled, and no definite basis on which to prognosticate their future will be obtained for some little time.

**FISH OILS.**—In Montreal steam refined oil is in good demand at advancing prices, sales there of round lots having been made at 52c., an advance of 4c. since the opening of the season. In jobbing lots sales have transpired at 55c. Newfoundland cod oil is very dull there under small enquiry, and prices are quoted at 35c. to 37c. Cod liver oil is very quiet.

**FISH.**—There is nothing special to note this week concerning the local fish market. We can only refer to that business in this line is more than dull—there is really nothing doing in either receipts or shipments. Several small lots of makoil have been taken during the week, but they have all gone into consumption as fresh fish—the quantity not being large enough to encourage packing either in ice or in pickle. Our outside advices are as follows:—Montreal, May 28.—“Although the market for the season is virtually over, there is still a limited enquiry for dry cod, and prices are quoted at \$4 to \$4.25.” Gloucester, Mass., May 27.—“We quote new Georges codfish at \$5.25 to \$5.50 per qtl. for large and \$4.50 for small; bank \$4.75 large and \$4.25 small; shoro \$5 to \$4.25 large and small; cured cusk \$3.50 per qtl.; hako \$2.37 1/2; haddock \$2.50; heavy salted pollock \$2.25; English cured do. \$2.75; Labrador herring \$5 per bbl; med. split \$4.50; Newfoundland do. \$5; Nova Scotia \$4; Eastport \$4; split shoro \$4.25; round do. \$3.50; round Eastport \$4.25; pickled codfish \$6; do. haddock \$5.”

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**Fine Harness and Collars.**  
CARRIAGE & LIGHT HARNESS to Order a specialty.  
Horse and Stable Furnishings, Whips, Riding Saddles, Bridles, &c.  
Cor. Argyle and Buckingham Sts., Halifax, N. S.

**DOLL'S SHOW & SALE,**  
AT C. OF E. INSTITUTE,  
June 3, 4 & 5.

Dolls, Candies, Afternoon Tea, &c.

Tuesday, 4 to 6 o'clock—  
(St. Paul's and St. Stephen's.)

Wednesday, 4 to 6 o'clock—  
(St. George's and St. Mark's.)

Thursday, 4 to 10 o'clock—  
(St. Luke's and St. Matthias.)

ADMISSION 10 CTS.  
TICKETS AT BOOKSTORES & INST. FUTE.  
Proceeds for Church of England Hospital.

**Knowles' Bookstore,**  
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Cor. Granville & George Sts.

TISSUE PAPER FOR ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS  
ALWAYS ON HAND.  
MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED.

**New Books.**—Syllin, by Ouida; Miss Ludington's Sister, by author of Looking Backward; also, Doctor Heidenhol's Process, by same author; Speaking of Ellen, by Albert Ross; the Penny Come Quicks, by Baring-Gould.

**HANDY BOOKS.**—Masonic Ritual in Cipher, \$2.50. Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Practice, 25c.

**TOWER'S**  
AMERICAN OIL CLOTHING,  
HATS, Etc.

The Subscriber wishes to inform the Trade that he has now on hand a FULL and COMPLETE STOCK of the above Celebrated Goods. They are Superior to any other OIL CLOTHING sold in this market, and prices quite as low.

An Inspection of Goods Solicited and Prices Furnished to the Trade on Application.

**JOHN P. CHETWYND, Agent,**  
HEAD YOUNG AND HART'S WHARF.

**Tea, Tea, Tea.**

ARMY AND NAVY DEPOT.

We have just landed a choice lot of

**TEAS,**  
including ORANGE PEKOE,  
ASSAM PEKOE, and  
SOUCHONG and CONGO.

Our 35c. and 40c. Blends are worth testing.

—ALSO—  
LOAF, GRANULATED & MOIST SUGARS  
PICKLES SAUCES, TINNED MEAT  
AND SOUPS, GREEN PEAS, TOMATOES,  
BEANS, ASPARAGUS, &c,  
STILTON, GORGONZOLA, GRUYERE AND  
PARMESAN CHEESE, MUSHROOMS,  
TRUFFLES, &c., AND ENGLISH BISCUITS,  
in every variety, by best makers.

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**THE DOMINION PAINT CO.**

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**MARINE PAINTS**

AS BELOW  
ATLANTIC ANTI-FOULING COMPOSITION  
for Iron Ships.  
MOSELEY'S COPPER PAINT, for Wooden  
Ships.  
LIQUID MARINE BLACK PAINT,  
GREEN  
SEAM PAINT, a Perfect Substitute for Rosin.  
Also,—Black and Bright Varnish, Roofing Pitch,  
Tar, &c. Quality guaranteed equal to anything  
manufactured.

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# Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill in Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills. One box sent post-paid for 25 cts., or five boxes for \$1 in stamps. 30 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.



The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for Dr. J. H. Johnson & Co., 23 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

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Street cars for and from all Railway Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this Hotel every five minutes.

### MARKET QUOTATIONS.—WHOLESALE RATES.

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

#### GROCERIES.

<b>SUGARS.</b>	
Cut Leaf .....	7 1/2 to 7 3/4
Granulated .....	6 1/2 to 7
Circle A .....	6 1/2
White Extra C .....	6 1/2
Standard .....	5 1/2 to 5 3/4
Extra Yellow C .....	5 1/2 to 5 3/4
Yellow C .....	5 1/2 to 5 3/4
<b>TEA.</b>	
Congou, Common .....	17 to 19
Fair .....	20 to 23
Good .....	25 to 29
Choice .....	31 to 33
Extra Choice .....	35 to 36
Oolong, Choice .....	37 to 39
<b>MOLASSES.</b>	
Barbadoes .....	37 to 38
Demerara .....	40 to 41
Diamond N. ....	48
Porto Rico .....	36 to 39
Cienfuegos .....	33
Trinidad .....	31
Antigua .....	33 to 35
Tobacco, Black .....	38 to 44
Bright .....	42 to 58
<b>BISCUITS.</b>	
Pilot Bread .....	3.15
Boston and Thin Family .....	6 1/2
Soda .....	6 1/2
do in lb. boxes, 50 to case .....	7 1/4
Fancy .....	8 to 15

#### PROVISIONS.

No change in value, but the proposed duty is not yet established.

Beef, Am. Ex. Mess, duty paid .....	12.50 to 13.00
Am. Plate .....	13.00 to 14.00
Ex. Plate .....	15.50 to 16.00
Pork, Mess, American .....	16.50 to 17.00
American, clear .....	18.00 to 19.00
P. E. I. Mess .....	17.00 to 17.50
P. E. I. Thin Mess .....	14.00
Prime Mess .....	12.50 to 13.00
Lard, Tubs and Pails, P. E. Island .....	12
American .....	11 to 12
Hams, P. E. I., green .....	8 to 9
Prices are for wholesale lots only, and are liable to change daily.	

#### HOME AND FOREIGN FRUITS.

Apples, No. 1, per bbl .....	5.00
Oranges, Valencia, per case .....	10.00
Lemons, per case .....	4.50 to 5.00
Cocoanuts, new, per 100 .....	4.50
Onions, Egyptian, per lb. ....	4
Bermuda, per crate .....	2.75
Dates, boxes, new .....	5 1/2 to 6
Raisins, Valencia, new .....	9
Figs, Klème, 5 lb boxes per lb. ....	11
small boxes .....	10 to 12
Prunes, Stewing, boxes, new .....	6
Pineapples, per doz .....	2.50
Bananas, per bunch .....	2.00 to 3.00
C. H. Harvey, 12 & 10 Sackville St.	

#### BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Nova Scotia Choice Fresh Prints .....	25
in Small Tubs, new .....	22 to 25
Good, in large tubs, new .....	20
old .....	10 to 15
Store Packed & oversalted .....	10
Canadian Township, new .....	10 to 20
old .....	8 to 10
Western, tolls .....	17
old .....	7 to 10
Cheese, Canadian, new .....	11
Antigonish .....	none

#### BREADSTUFFS.

Nothing new to report, quotations remain unchanged.

<b>FLOUR.</b>	
Manitoba Highest Grade Patents .....	6.16 to 6.70
High Grade Patents .....	5.50 to 5.75
Good 90 per cent. Patents .....	5.30 to 5.45
Straight Grade .....	5.10 to 5.15
Superior Extras .....	4.90 to 5.10
Good Seconds .....	4.60 to 4.70
Graham Flour .....	5.00 to 5.25
American Supr Extras, in bond .....	4.35 to 4.40
American 90 per cent, in bond .....	4.00 to 5.00
Pillsbury's Best, in half bbls. ....	3.48
Oatmeal .....	4.30 to 4.40
Rolled .....	4.40 to 4.50
Kiln Dried Cornmeal .....	2.50 to 2.70
Rolled Wheat .....	5.00
Wheat Bran, per ton .....	18.00
Shorts .....	20.00
Middlings .....	22.00
Cracked Corn including bags .....	24.00
Ground Oil Cake, per ton .....	35.00
Noulee .....	24.00
Split Peas .....	3.75 to 4.00
White Beans, per bushel .....	1.55 to 2.00
Pot Barley, per barrel .....	4.00 to 4.50
Canadian Oats, choice quality .....	45 to 46
P. E. I. Oats .....	45 to 47
Hay per ton .....	10.87

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

#### FISH FROM VESSELS.

<b>MACKEREL.</b>	
Extra .....	14.00
No. 1 .....	13.00
2 large .....	12.00
2 .....	11.00
3 large .....	11.50
3 .....	11.50
<b>HERRING.</b>	
No. 1 Shore, July .....	3.25 to 3.50
No. 1, August, Round .....	2.50
September .....	2.50
Labrador, in cargo lots, per bl. ....	3.00 to 3.25
Bay of Islands, Split .....	none
Round .....	none
ALBACORES, per bbl .....	3.00 to 3.25
<b>CODFISH.</b>	
Hard Shore .....	4.25 to 4.50
Bank .....	4.00 to 4.25
Bay .....	4.00 to 4.25
<b>SALMON, No. 1 .....</b>	18.00 to 19.00
<b>HADDOCK, per qtl. ....</b>	2.75 to 3.00
<b>HAKE .....</b>	2.00 to 2.25
<b>CUSK .....</b>	2.00 to 2.25
<b>POLLOCK .....</b>	1.50
<b>HAKESOUNDS, per lb. ....</b>	12 1/2
<b>COD OIL A .....</b>	2 1/2

Printed by Halifax Printing Co.,  
161 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

## A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER V.

"Mad! I tell you she's mad! She must be! Just read that letter! Uncertain what her movements may be when she leaves Thornwood, which will not be at present—pshaw! Has written to excuse herself to the Cardews on the twelfth—such folly! Meandering about down in that hole with a lot of old women who toady her for the sake of what they can get! But there—I wash my hands of her and her affairs! She is past my help, or anybody's else's, thanks to her obstinacy! She might be one of the richest women in London if she chose! Bah—I have no patience with such tomfoolery!" And with an angry jerk Colonel St. Aubyn flung a letter across the breakfast-table to his wife.

The end of July had arrived, and the London season was virtually over. Goodwood was a thing of the past, and every one was seized with a desire to leave London as speedily as possible. Only a few stragglers, delayed by a late Parliamentary session, were left in town; and among these was Colonel Godfrey St. Aubyn, always unwilling to leave the post of duty to which his constituents had appointed him.

The weather was intensely hot, and the dull sunless haze peculiar to the London streets had such a sultry effect that even Mrs. St. Aubyn, cool and phlegmatic as she usually was, fanned herself gently with the *Morning Post*, as she stretched out her hand to reach the letter that had so roused her husband's ire. She would have been vegetating peacefully at St. Aubyn's a month before, but had been detained in town by the important advent of a son and heir to her daughter Isabella, the Dean's wife.

"Perhaps she may change her mind," remarked Mrs. St. Aubyn, in a so thing tone, as she glanced over and then methodically refolded Lady Oliver's offending epistle. Thinking that it was her mission in life to act as a moral buffer to her better half's irritable temper, she was always ready with a set of stock phrases which compromised nobody. "Olive, remember, is like nobody else. I should not be in the least surprised myself to see her in town twenty-four hours after that letter was written. You observe she makes some allusion to a village concert that is to take place in the schoolroom; perhaps when that is over—"

"Allusion to a fiddlestick!" growled the Colonel. "And, as to changing her mind, when did you ever know Olive do that except when she ought not? I knew what it would be! I was certain of it as soon as I heard that she had sent old Gregson about his business—getting some fool of a fellow down there to turn her head with his new-fangled ideas and to help her to lay out money she'll not see again on a place that has never brought in half what it ought, and never will, as long as she has the management of it! If she has the good of the estate so much at heart, why can't she go to Scotland and wear her new gowns, and marry a man who could rebuild Thornwood three times over if she wished it, and indulge her in every feminine whim and folly? A great deal more profitable than buying new-fangled farming implements which she can't afford, and allowing herself to be deluded into going in for a silo and onsilage, and Heavens knows what outrageous absurdities besides!"

"I should not wonder in the least if Olivia never married," remarked Mrs. St. Aubyn, placidly, collecting her papers and letters, preparatory to moving away from the breakfast-table. "Of course she is quite young still—only twenty-five; but she has struck out such a very independent live for herself that—"

"On the contrary, I think it more than probable that the worry and anxiety she has always caused us ever since she was placed under our care will culminate in her uniting herself to some one of whom it will be utterly impossible to approve!" interrupted the Colonel snappishly, pushing back his chair and ringing the dining room bell. "At any rate, although my guardianship over her has virtually ceased, I have no intention of leaving her ladyship entirely to her own devices without some remonstrance. For instance, that visit to the Cardews is one that positively must be paid! One of the best houses in Scotland, and Sir Hugo so very touchy and particular! It might lead to a breach between ourselves; and their dinners are indisputably the most *recherché* in town. I shall write—I will go—No, I must think it over. My boots, John!"

Ascending the steps of his club about half an hour later, Colonel St. Aubyn encountered his friend Mr. Muggeridge, attired with his usual faultlessness, an exquisite half opened rosebud adorning his button-hole, a pair of delicate gray gloves covering his great hands.

"Mornin'!" he said, nodding affably to the Colonel. "Just in time to give me your opinion of my new team! I'm going to drive little Christine from the Ecstasy and her sister down to Greenwich for a whitebait dinner. A seat for you if you care to come."

A perfectly-equipped four-in hand, drawn by spirited thorough-bred chestnuts with diamond roses at their ears, was coming slowly along St. James' Street as he spoke, and drew up in front of the club.

The two men went down the steps to examine the horses. Mr. Muggeridge, laying his hand on the near wheeler's flank, and expatiating on the animal's perfections and the price he had paid for him, received a fluke of foam from his clanking bit upon his spotless gray glove. The soap-boiler deliberately pulled off the damaged article, and, dropping it in the gutter, proceeded to draw on one of another pair which he had produced from his pocket. He then climbed up to the driving-seat of his coach, gathered up the reins in workman-like style, and bent down graciously for a last word with the Colonel, who had somewhat stiffly declined the invitation to join the party at Greenwich.

"Well, ta-ta, St. Aubyn! Meet somewhere next month, I dare say. By-the-bye, have you any messages for your cousin, Lady Olivia Desmond? I shall be down in her part of the world to-morrow—going for a four days' visit to Sir John Twisden, who is a great friend of mine, and thought of driving over to call on her. Thornwood is the name of her place, didn't you say?"

"By all means come and look us up, my dear fellow!" responded the Colonel, seized with what he considered a sublime inspiration. "I am going to run down to see her myself, oddly enough—business and so on, you know. Let me see! To-morrow will be Wednesday. Suppose you dine at the Manor on Thursday! Quite *en famille*, you understand? Lady Olivia can't provide you with a French *chef* out in the wilds, but I am sure I may promise you a welcome. Don't forget—Thornwood on Thursday at seven o'clock sharp! We keep early hours in the country. Tell Twisden he must spare you. I won't detain you now!" and, with a nod and a smile, Godfrey St. Aubyn once more ascended the club steps, and repaired to the reading room, where, under cover of a sheet of the *Standard*, he proceeded to think over the arrangement he had just made.

The Colonel felt thoroughly convinced that he had done quite right in inviting Mr. Muggeridge to Lady Olivia's house on his own responsibility. He was always exceedingly averse to abandoning a preconceived idea; and, having once decided for himself that a marriage between his cousin and the millionaire soap-boiler was a consummation to be ardently desired, he refused to believe that Lady Olivia would not eventually agree with him. He thus continued to dwell in a fool's paradise, which nothing would persuade him to leave, and into which he contrived unfortunately to induce others to follow him. In telling Mr. Muggeridge some weeks before that Lady Olivia had rejected his suit, he had yet conveyed the idea, more by his manner than words, that the case was not one in which a patient lover need despair. This view was readily accepted by the soap-boiler, who, like most *nouveaux riches*, put a fictitious value on his own possessions, and was too ignorant of his own very serious shortcomings to take them into consideration for a moment.

"A telegram for you, Olive!" shouted Sydney Irvine, running into the village schoolroom at Camersham on the day following that on which Colonel St. Aubyn determined to pay a visit to Thornwood Manor.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and Lady Olivia, Miss Vallance, Mrs. Irvine, Miss Graham, the Doctor's sister and her niece, all the Rectory children, and three or four of the eldest girl scholars belonging to the school were busily employed among heaps of evergreens and flowers making wreaths and garlands to decorate the room. A temporary stage had been erected at one end, and on this stood the mistress of Thornwood, intent on fastening huge sunflowers here and there upon a long thick garland of laurel and ivy, evidently intended to hide the unsightly iron rod upon which the red cloth curtains were already hung, and which stretched right across the ceiling.

"A telegram for me?" she cried wonderingly, opening the orange-colored envelope which the boy handed to her.

Childlike, he lingered at her side while she glanced over its contents. "What is it? Nothing to take you away from us, surely?" he asked anxiously, quick to note the expression of annoyance that clouded Olivia's face as she read the message. "Not that you could go, could you, with all the decorations to finish, and the concert coming off to-morrow?" he added, in a tone of innocent self congratulation.

Lady Olivia thrust the telegram into the pocket of the large holland apron that protected her pale pink cambric gown, and patted with a smile the curly head that was leaning so confidently against her shoulder. Sydney Irvine was her godchild, and indisputably her pet among the Rectory children; a perfect understanding existed between the oddly-matched pair.

"Don't be afraid, Syd. Wild horses should not carry me off till to-morrow night is over," she said lightly, bending to select another sunflower from a large basketful at her side. "But, as a matter of fact, the mountain having refused to go to Mohomet, Mohomet has decided to pay a visit to the mountain." Looking up and catching Miss Vallance's eyes fixed inquiringly upon her, she shrugged her shoulders with a pert *moue*. "You need not look so horrified, you dear old Val! I have called Godfrey St. Aubyn worse names than that before, and, if he will intrude where he is not wanted, he can't expect one to receive him with much effusion," she remarked rather sharply.

Poor Miss Vallance, rebuked, turned diligently to her employment, which was stitching gigantic scarlet calico letters, to form the word "Welcome!" on to a background of white linen.

"My dear, I did not know—you have not told me that you were even expecting your guardian," she remarked in a reproachful tone.

Lady Olivia stepped off the stage and, creeping softly behind her chaperon, kissed the old lady's plump cheek.

"I beg your pardon! I didn't mean to be cross, and make you spoil 'Welcome' without a 'c,'" she whispered penitently, suppressing a laugh at Miss Vallance's error. "But it is rather tiresome of him to come here just when we are all so comfortable and happy; and he always grumbles and disapproves of everything I do. Of course I have not told you I expected him down. I didn't expect him—and I cannot think what ill wind has blown him this way; but, at any rate, he says I am to be sure and send some one to meet the 6.45 train, if convenient—so I suppose he will put in an appearance presently."

"Well, he will make another for our audience to-morrow," interposed Mrs. Irvine, winding a long piece of string round an immense bunch of ferns and foxgloves which her daughter Lucy was holding for her. "It will be the grandest concert we have ever had in Camersham, thanks to

you, Olive, my dear. Writing to ask the Twidens to dine first and bring any one they liked with them was a capital notion; and old Sir John is only too pleased to have an opportunity of hearing himself sing 'John Peel.' It will put the Clothing Club fund right for next winter—indeed we might be able to spare something for— More foxgloves, Lucy! Not another in the basket, did you say? My dear, how unlucky! I must have a second bouquet to match this one."

"You'll have one in a few minutes, mother," broke in Sydnoy. "Mr. Grantley has ridden over to Ferny Dell to fetch some. I heard him promise Olive plenty of them by five o'clock—didn't he, Olive? I believe he knows every leaf and flower in the whole neighborhood, although he has lived here only three months; I never knew such a fellow for remembering and finding out things. I wonder if everybody in Australia is as sharp!"

"There is no doubt he is a man quite above the common run of stewards," observed old Miss Graham condescendingly. "Septimus declares he is the most amusing companion he has met with for many years."

"That is what Mr. Irvine tells me. He says he is surprised at Mr. Grantley's being satisfied to remain in such a quiet out-of-the-way nook as Camersham," chimed in Mrs. Irvine, cutting and sorting evergreens with great vigor. "Of course there can be no doubt that he must have met with some great reverses; but still it is not every one that can face misfortune with such a cheerful, uncomplaining spirit. It was a great piece of good luck for you, my dear Olive, his answering your advertisement so promptly. The Rector considers Mr. Grantley has a wonderful head for business, and says that he seems to throw himself into the management of affairs down here with as much interest as though they were his own."

"I think Mr. Grantley is a person who puts his whole heart into what ever he undertakes," said Lady Olive calmly, with scrupulous care placing another sunflower in position.

"So he does. Why, what pains he must have taken to make the choir-boys sing those old madrigals and part-songs we are to have to-morrow night!" rejoined Miss Graham, who prided herself on her knowledge of music. "I never heard anything go better than 'Tell me, Shepherds,' did at the rehearsal yesterday."

"Ah, but none of them are so pretty as 'Dandirly Dan'—only he won't teach the boys that!" remarked little Hilda Irvine mysteriously. "You know Mr. Grantley's nickname out in Australia was 'Dandirly Dan.' He was singing the song over and over softly to himself the other day, when he was showing me how to build a log-hut in the garden, and I asked him why he had not taught it to the choir for the concert, because the tune was so pretty; but he shook his head quite gravely, and said it wouldn't do."

"Probably the words were unsuitable. My dear Hilda, when will you learn not to ask questions?" interposed Mrs. Irvine primly.

"But they weren't—they were as easy as anything!" exclaimed Hilda eagerly. "Just listen!—"

'Dandirly, Dandirly, Dandirly Dan,  
He shall marry her—he's the man:  
He shall marry my lady  
When the leaves are green.'

She sang the refrain of the old song in her shrill childish treble, breaking off suddenly at the last word, for the schoolroom door opened and Philip Grantley appeared on the threshold, a great bundle of ferns and foxgloves in his arms.

"There he is himself!" she cried, running wildly towards the steward. "Mr. Grantley, why wouldn't you teach the choir-boys to sing 'Dandirly Dan'? And didn't you tell me you were always called 'Dandirly Dan' ever since you were a little boy out in Australia; and, when I asked you if 'my lady' meant Olive, you said—"

"Hilda, if you are not quiet this minute you shall go home to bed!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Irvine, in great discomfiture at the personal turn which the conversation had taken.

Miss Vallance, mild and indulgent to a fault as a rule, glared at the offending child with an expression that, if looks could kill, must have annihilated her on the spot. Fortunately neither of those most concerned in Miss Hilda's ill-timed interrogatories appeared much affected by them. Lady Olivia, conveniently deaf, was in deep consultation with Graham's niece about the length of the wreath intended to conceal the curtain-rod; while Philip Grantley, depositing his bundle of flowers and ferns on the side of the stage, took up the child in his arms and tossed her in the air till the very rafters rang with her shrieks of delight.

In the meantime the lovely August afternoon waned slowly. The golden sunshine shone through the little green lattice-panes of the old schoolroom; the air within was heavy with the breath of late summer and early autumn flowers, the aromatic scents of fresh-cut pine, yew and fir branches. The wreaths and decorations which were to convert the bare whitewashed chamber into a fairy bower on the following night were all finished. The festoons and garlands, and a whole row of gaudy chinese lanterns, sent for from town by Lady Olive, were to be hung in their places early the next morning by the village carpenter. Mr. Irvine looked in from a vestry meeting to note the progress of affairs and fetch his wife.

Lady Olivia put her last sunflower in position, and, with a sigh, rose from her seat reluctantly, scattering a shower of green leaves and twigs out of her lap. Watching her narrowly, something in the expression of her face puzzled Mr. Grantley a good deal just then, although he could read her moods as easily as a book. Apparently she had no intention of gratifying his curiosity, for, contrary to custom, her eyes fell before his as he stepped forward to help her off the stage.

(To be Continued.)

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SALE OF THE SILVER GLANCE CLOSED IN PARIS, FRANCE.—The *Herald* has much pleasure in making the above announcement, and further that this excellent property will be placed under vigorous development at an early date. The Silver Glance has been most favorably reported upon by Capt. T. Trethewey of the Silver Mountain Mine, and by Messrs. Sewell, Rothwell and Roland, civil and mining engineers, and is as a matter of fact highly spoken of as being among our promising ventures in the new silver district tributary to Port Arthur, and immediately on the new line of the Port Arthur, Duluth and Western Railway. Among the local directors are: A. R. Lewis, Q. C., S. J. Dawson, M. P., and His Worship the Mayor, with other prominent names. The working capital is £60,000.—*Albion Herald*.

It is reported that a rich gold mine has been discovered in the south of Ireland, and already the most sensational stories are rife as to the value of this auriferous deposit. No particulars as yet are forthcoming upon the subject. The mine is said to be in the neighborhood of Skibbereen. Skibbereen and the surrounding districts figure prominently in the famine records of Ireland, and even at the best of times this part of the country presents a depressing picture of decay and poverty. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the report referred to should occasion a good deal of excitement.

The American Zinc Lead Company has been organized in Portland, Me., with a capital of \$500,000. The officers are: President, J. Q. Bennett, Boston; Directors, J. Q. Bennett, Henry L. Millis, C. J. Whitmore, Herbert Nash, W. H. Whitmore, Geo. E. Parker, Wm. B. Sewall, all of Boston; Treasurer, Herbert Nash, Boston; Clerk, L. W. Bates, Portland; General Superintendent, F. L. Bartlett, Portland. The purposes of the corporation are for manufacturing zinc lead pigment under the patents of F. L. Bartlett. The Company having purchased all the patents of Mr. Bartlett, large works will be erected in Colorado for the purpose of smelting ores of zinc, lead and silver. The Portland Smelting Works have been running under these patents for the past two years, and the demand for the paint produced has been and is now largely in excess of the capacity of the works. Eight patents have been granted Mr. Bartlett, covering the treatment of ores in all stages. The novelty of the processes consists in being able to take the ore as it comes from the mine, and in one continuous operation convert it into a pure zinc lead pigment suitable for all purposes where white lead is now used; at the same time about all the gold, silver and copper is saved in the same operation. Plans have been drawn up for the erection of a plant in Colorado covering 3½ acres of ground, and capable of turning out two carloads of pigment finished daily. Mr. Bartlett will leave Portland shortly to superintend the erection of the works. We are officially advised that the location will probably be made at Colorado City or Denver, with branch works in Leadville and in New Mexico. The stockholders are well known Boston business men.—*Engineering and Mining Journal*.

**DIVIDENDS PAID BY MINING COMPANIES DURING APRIL AND FOR THE FOUR MONTHS ENDED APRIL 30, 1890.**

Dividends paid during past four months have been as follows:—

	No.	April.	Per Share.	Since Jan. 1.
Atlantic Co.....	1	.....	1 50	\$ 60,000
Aspen M. & S. Co., Colorado.....	1	20,000	20	40,000
Badger S. M. Co., Ontario.....	2	.....	75	37,500
Boston & Montana, Montana.....	1	.....	1 00	125,000
Candelaria, Mexico.....	1	30,000	25	30,000
Caledonia, S. D.....	1	8,000	08	8,000
Cœur d'Alene, Idaho.....	1	20,000	04	20,000
Calumet & Hecla Co., Mich.....	1	.....	5 00	500,000
Central Co., Mich.....	1	.....	1 00	20,000
Calliope, Col.....	4	10,000	04	40,000
Champion, Cal.....	1	.....	10	10,000
Con. Cal. & Va., Nev.....	3	54,000	75	162,000
Cortez, Nev.....	1	.....	30	60,000
Daly, Utah.....	4	37,500	1 00	150,000
Derbec Blue Gravel, Cal.....	1	10,000	10	10,000
Don Enquipe, Mexico.....	1	.....	03	33,750
Franklin, Michigan.....	1	.....	2 00	80,000
Granite Mountain, Montana.....	4	200,000	2 00	800,000
Hecla Con., Montana.....	4	17,500	2 06½	62,500
Homestake, Dakota.....	4	12,500	40	50,000
Hornsilver, Utah.....	1	.....	12½	50,000
Kearsarge, Michigan.....	1	.....	2 00	100,000
Little Chief, Col.....	1	.....	05	10,000
Little Ruoe, Col.....	2	10,000	04	20,000
Montana, Montana.....	2	39,600	15	100,266
Mammoth, Utah.....	4	40,000	30	120,000
New Guston, Col.....	1	50,000	50	50,000
Napa, Q. M. Co., Cal.....	1	10,000	10	10,000
Ontario, Utah.....	4	75,000	2 00	300,000
Osceola, Mich.....	1	.....	1 00	50,000
Oro, Colorado.....	2	20,000	35	35,000
Pazzler, Col.....	4	2,500	.....	12,000
Parrot, Montana.....	1	.....	.....	18,000
Quincy, Mich.....	1	.....	3 00	120,000
Quicksilver, Cal.....	1	.....	1 50	64,360
Silver Mines of L. V., N. M.....	2	25,000	10	50,000
Tamarack, Mich.....	2	120,000	6 00	240,000
<b>Total.....</b>		<b>\$811,600</b>		<b>\$3,565,711</b>

—The Financial and Mining Record.

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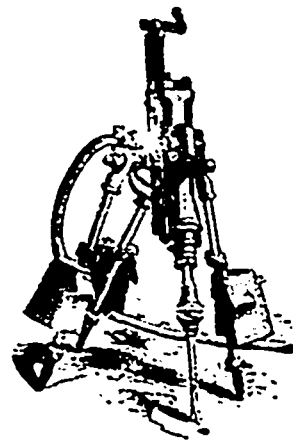
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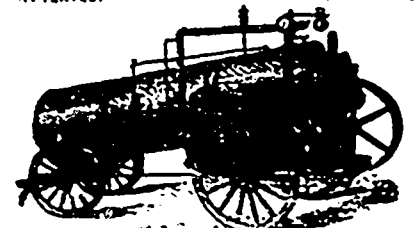
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HALIFAX, N. S.

**BY PHONOGRAPH.**

Tom Douglas was young, good-looking and would some day be well-to-do; but above all was scientific. His passion for science first became noticeable when he began to learn chemistry in the fourth form at Halstone school. Tom and all his class fellows were deeply taken by the weird and unearthly odors, the terrifying explosions and the miraculous bursts of subaqueous fire which appeared at the will of Mr. Stubbs, the science master. Indeed they endeavored persistently to emulate their tutor's exploits; but even the tutor's performances were presently eclipsed by his promising pupil. Tom. The boy had a perfect genius for explosions, so that it soon became necessary among the others, during the two or three hours they spent each week in the laboratory, to give up any little enterprises of their own, and simply keep an eye on Tom's movements. It was usually worth their while, for he rarely failed to do something marvelous.

When the end of the term came, and the youth arrived at his home in Dulberry, he set off at once on a tour of inspection round the home premises. A small building, which belonged to the gardener, and was used by him as a storehouse for seeds, flower pots and other things appertaining to his craft, struck his fancy. He found no difficulty in persuading his too complacent parents to make this room over to him; and notwithstanding the murmurs of Sandy, the gardener, it was emptied of its horticultural contents, fitted with benches, shelves and a fireplace, and generally rendered habitable.

Chemicals also, and all kinds of apparatus were ordered from London. Had his friends not been altogether ignorant of chemicals, they would have noticed that the chemicals which Tom ordered, and for which they blindly paid, were chiefly the kind which go to make up explosions. Almost as soon as the laboratory had been fitted up the goods arrived from London. On the first day nothing of note was seen or heard, Tom being too busily engaged in arranging and admiring his treasures to begin experimenting with them. Soon, however, the household began to listen in mild toleration to the loud explosions which, at intervals of about an hour, were constantly heard from the direction of Tom's laboratory. They were not quite so tractable, however, when the embryo chemist grew tired for the moment of noises, and turned his attention to the production of unpleasant odors. But even then the boy was quite safe from interruption. They were not likely to attempt to approach the source of odors by which they were already almost stifled; whereas Tom revolved in the malodorous products of his experiments, and behaved, in an atmosphere reeking with the most abominable gases, as if he was once more breathing his native air after a long and painful period of exile.

His love of science grew stronger, if not a good deal more rational, as years passed by. At last, when he went up to Oxford, another room was added to his den. This was furnished after the manner of the average undergraduate's rooms, and here he kept his personal property and did most of his reading. Like most science men, he was fond of novels, and of these this room soon contained an extensive and catholic collection. But the course of true love never did run smooth, and at last Tom Douglas discovered that there was one thing which, struggle as he might to ignore it, was beginning to interest him far more than any of the sciences to which he had hitherto devoted himself. His father's brother had many years ago emigrated to California. Almost immediately he had married, but after a few years of hard struggle against poverty, his wife had died, leaving him a little daughter, Dora. Tom Douglas was in his fourth year when he heard from home that his unknown uncle was dead. His father had received a letter some months before, saying that Dora would soon be alone in the world.

She would be quite rich—for success had come to her father when it was too late to save his wife, and now the dying man begged his brother to become her guardian and offer her a home. Mr. Douglas had at once consented, and Dora arrived in England shortly before the commencement of Tom's last long vacation; so that when he arrived in Dulberry she had already been there a week or two. The cousins became very good friends, and it was the image of a sweet, girlish face, blue eyed and a little sad, which occupied Tom's mind, and caused him to neglect his science work almost entirely.

At the end of the "long" he went up to Oxford once more, in order to take leave of his friends and formally to take his degree, for at the end of the previous term he had gained a "first" in honors chemistry. The brief absence from Dora was so utterly painful to him that he became aware of the fact that he was really very much in love with her. Of course he ought to have known it before; perhaps he had done so, but at least he had never acknowledged it to himself. At any rate he made haste to get back to his home.

When he returned to Dulberry he carried with anxious solicitude a box, which appeared to contain something at once very fragile and inestimably valuable. Dora had taken a great interest in his scientific studies—or rather he had revived for her benefit his boyish interest in explosions. After lunch, therefore, he told her that during his absence he had spent a few days in town, and there had secured a scientific wonder which she must examine.

He took the box under his arm, and they went together to his sanctum in the garden. Arrived there, he opened the box and took out a piece of mechanism which, he said, was a phonograph. He showed Dora how a thin plate of mica, moving with the air vibrations caused by the voice, set in motion a small stylus of steel, and how this stylus marked out its vibrations on a thin cylinder of smooth wax, which by a screw arrangement was caused to move at once in the direction of its length and around its axis. Then he shifted back the cylinder into its original position, so that the point of the stylus rested at the beginning of the little channel which it had already marked out on the wax.

Finally, turning the screw again, he set the cylinder in motion, and the

style, travelling along the line it had traced thereon, vibrated as it had done so in the first instance. By this means the mica was once more set in vibration, and, as it communicated its vibrations to the air, the original sounds were once more produced.

Tom tried to persuade Dora to sing a song, but the presence of that silent recorder made her nervous, and she was content with listening to the repetition of some trite and rather disconcerted sounds of his own.

The next few days passed not quite happily for Tom Douglas. He was in love with Dora, but he did not dare to tell her as yet the secret which was, nevertheless, betrayed to her keen sight by his every word and action. He spent a good deal of time alone in his study, and amused himself after a rather silly fashion with the phonograph.

One day he had gone off on a visit to some friends, and Dora was feeling lonely and a trifle weary. Her cousin had begged her to borrow any of his books if at any time she wanted to read, and she went down to his study to get one. As she went, she was thinking of him, and wondering why he still hesitated to ask her the simple question, which she would gladly answer—the question which he was constantly asking himself, and to which his love and his humility both gave different answers. She had chosen a book, when her eye fell on the phonograph lying ready for use on the table. Now that she was alone, she thought it would be rather pleasant to try how her own voice sounded.

She had read lately in one of the newspapers that people had no idea of what their voices sounded like; and she rather wondered whether her singing, of which she was inclined to think highly, was really so good as she imagined. Filled with dread lest the unflattering phonograph should prove to her that her voice was harsh and unpleasant, and not quite decided as to what song she would try, she began to move the treadle which set the cylinder in motion. What sound was that which fell upon her ears? Her cousin's voice was speaking to her; and after a moment of blank astonishment, she listened with a quiet smile, as though Tom were standing before her in the flesh and saying what the phonograph now said for him.

This is what she heard: Dora, darling, I have loved you since the day when I first saw you. I have longed to tell you every day since then, but have always been afraid. Will you try to love me just a little?" The voice lapsed into silence.

With a sudden gladness Dora saw what had happened. Her cousin had also wondered how his voice sounded to others—to her—and especially how the question would sound which he so longed to ask. Well, the voice struck her as awkward; constrained, and quite unlike the cheerful tones to which she had become accustomed; but the words—

At that moment she heard her cousin's voice at the other end of the garden. He had returned home unexpectedly, and was chatting with the gardener. He would be here presently, no doubt.

In a moment she had once more set in motion the cylinder of the phonograph, and bending over it spoke a few words in a low, clear voice. Then she lifted the cylinder back into its original position, and stepped quickly into the next room—the laboratory.

In a few minutes she heard the conversation between Tom and the gardener cease. The young man came quickly down the garden and entered his sanctum. He flung his hat and walking stick upon a chair, and then the phonograph struck his attention. He moved towards it, and stood looking down on it, with his back towards the door of the room whence Dora was eagerly watching him. Then he began absent mindedly to put the treadle in motion. Once more the phonograph spoke, and as it did so Dora moved silently forward and stood in the open door of the laboratory. "Dora, darling, I have loved you ever since the day I first saw you. I have longed to tell you every day since then, but have always been afraid. Will you try to love me just a little?"

Tom heard these words, and then, before he had moved his foot from the treadle, the phonograph spoke in another voice: "Why should you be afraid to come and ask me when you know?"

It was Dora's voice, and even while he wondered at this marvel he heard the same voice speaking again. "Tom!" said the voice, and turning he saw his cousin standing with half parted lips and laughing rosy face only a yard or two away from him.

"Dora," he cried, "you have learned my secret!"  
Dora moved towards him and hid her face in his shoulder. Then, as he raised and kissed it, she whispered, "Yes, Tom, long ago."

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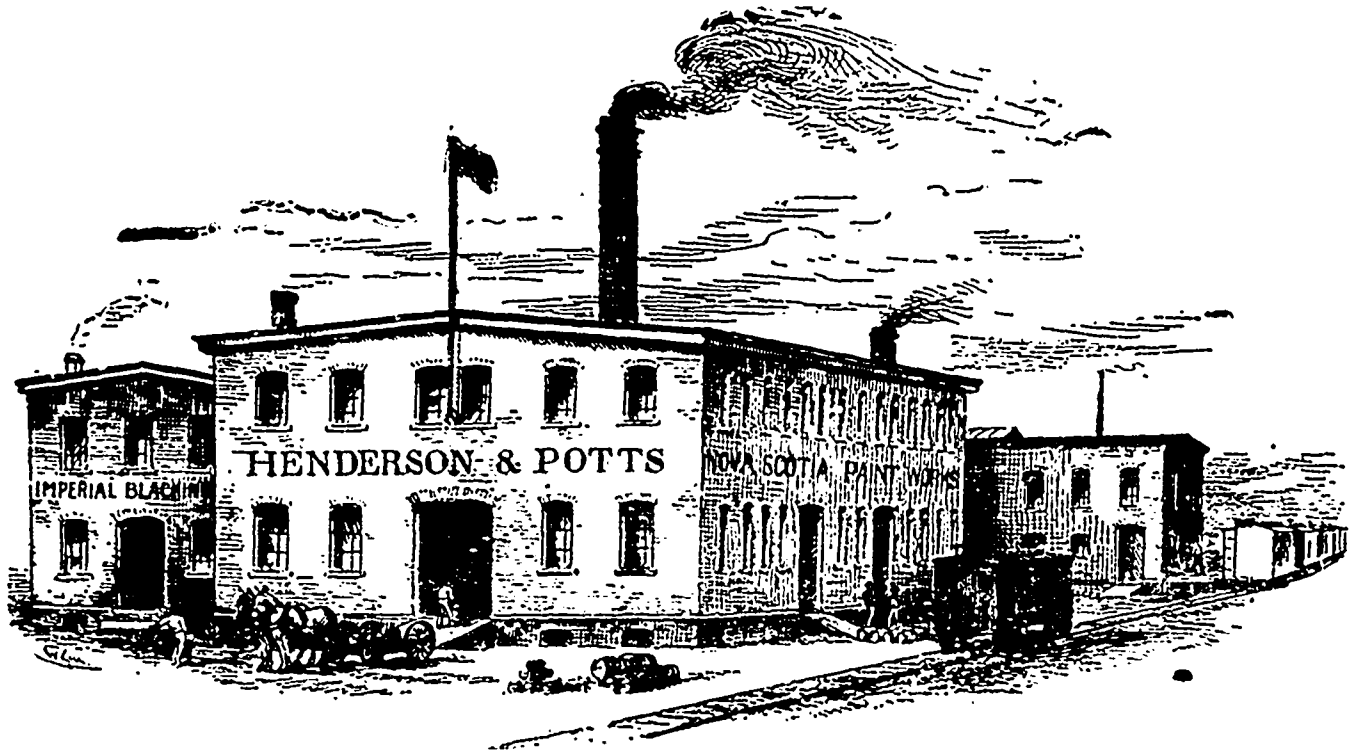
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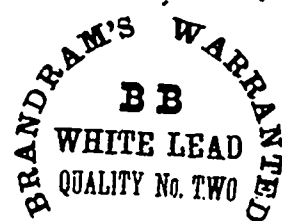
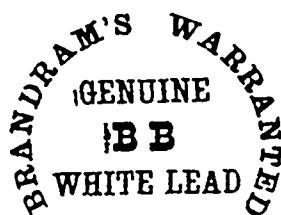
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