

best advantage. It is said that annexation is not likely; and I can well imagine that the Government is not at all anxious to be obliged to annex any more of the frontier line than it is absolutely forced to do. The usual proceedings will take place—fines, hostages, and evacuation of the territory—and then, as soon as our backs are turned, and they have had a little rest, down will come the Hill-men again, and again we shall have to punish them, and so on *ad caput*.

Provincial Notes.

TREBO.—I believe there was quite a "tempest in a tea-pot" over my last correspondence, and as the best place for a racket is in a Tennis Club, no offence could be taken. I was not aware of the terrible commotion until I read the Secretary's letter in the sensational *Mercury*. It is too bad I offended so many people and I cannot tell what they took umbrage at. Was it because I alluded to some of our colored ladies who might be induced to join. Well! I would like to know why anyone could object to that. Take for instance the chaperon of the party, Mrs. Sarah Connolly, she would be an ornament to any club. I am certain if this lady were living in Halifax *The Mercury* would devote a column and a half descriptive of her queenly height, her affable manner, her magnificent appearance, her ever open doors, etc., etc. Did I make a mistake in saying the aristocratic door had been opened? I feel badly to know they are not open "wide enough" to allow your humble servant to enter. I will take our good carpenter Wilson round these "doors" some dark night with a yardstick to measure. If he cannot push me through I will employ the "Light-Head"-ed writer to find some blue blood.

Some twelve or fourteen ladies and gentlemen drove to North River on Monday last, on a fishing excursion. I did not hear how many fish they caught, but I know they drove home by the "pale moonlight" and ended up the day with a dance at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Hyde.

A very quiet but pretty wedding took place on Monday evening. Miss Agnes Blair, daughter of our esteemed townsman J. K. Blair, Esq., was married to Mr. J. Miller of the B. N. A. Bank. The bride looked lovely in a handsome dress of heavy white satin, trimmed with pearl embroidery. The little maid of honor, Miss Ina Blair looked very sweet in white silk and a pale green sash, carrying a bouquet of white roses and maiden hair fern. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents. Among them being a case of solid silver, the gift of her uncle in England.

A number of Halifax people were in our midst this week. Among them I noticed Mr. Jarvis, inspector of the Merchant's Bank, also Messrs. E. Smith and Lawson.

The "Grand Floral Concert" for the benefit of Victoria Park on Tuesday evening was a great success. Great credit is due Miss Ettie Smith, who so ably managed the whole entertainment. The children all did their parts so well and looked so pretty it would be indeed hard to select any chorus as being the gem of the evening. But, certainly, the effect of the Buttercup and wild flower chorus was especially sweet and pretty. The garden flower chorus was almost perfect. A large audience was present. It being in aid of our pretty Park, our town turned out in full force.

ARICHA.—The Canadian Naval officer is of no social importance, but the advent of a cruiser into a Cape Breton port causes quite a stir. It is the lobster fishermen and packer who are particularly interested in the visits of the cruiser—and not without cause. The duty of the valiant commanders of a fishery cruiser is not to make war on American fishing vessels, but on Canadian lobster smacks. One can imagine himself on board a Canadian ship-of-war while entering a harbour. All hands are mustered on deck, and told to be in readiness for deadly combat. The look-outs are doubled, and every precaution taken to prevent surprise in the event of an attack.

Presently a boat is seen with one occupant, under single reef main sail (I mean the boat not the occupant), moving suspiciously towards the shore. All is activity on board the cutter. The long boat is launched and manned with armed men, and chase is immediately given. At length the suspicious craft is overhauled, having come to a wharf and the grim-visaged commander of the cutter leaps agilely into her and demands of the occupant the nature of the boat's contents. When told she contains lobsters, a warning is given to his boat's crew to be prepared for an attempt at recapture, and then the wearer of the gold lace stoops down among the moving mass of crustacea and with a nine inch rule and a stern countenance proceeds to measure the length of a tail-slapping lobster. "Eight inches! Men, count these fish. Seventy-five. Here, smack you are fined \$75.00 and this boat is hereby confiscated." Fancy the late Charlie Quway stooping to play the spy on a poor half fed lobster catcher! yet he in his lifetime commanded a cruiser. But there are Commanders and commanders.

Mrs. Peter Campbell gave a children's party on Thursday of last week.

Our local parliamentarians have ventured home, looking a little more spruce than when they left.

The shore fishermen have been doing remarkably well, since the season opened. If this continues we can look for good times and a number of marriages in the fall. SARDINE.

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