

## Provincial Notes.

**DARTMOUTH.**—The changes made by time and death are suggested by the removal this week from off its broad foundations of what was the finest old house in Dartmouth. Around it in its palmy days bloomed the choicest of flowers. Tall, stately trees brought even from the old country surrounded it, shadowing it with every variety of foliage. Behind it, in the valley, a fountain threw its spray a hundred feet into the air. Over the fair lawns strolled, many a time, the dancers, when the halls of the old house echoed with all kinds of sweet music. Or they sat out on the balconies and looked upon the lovely view of Halifax harbor and the sea.

This was more than a quarter of a century ago. The house was built the fall of about the year 1848, and afterwards another storey and a new roof were added. In its best days the estate was valued by its hospitable owner, at thirty thousand dollars.

And now the house is sold, on condition of its removal for less than three hundred dollars. The lofty trees are being cut down for firewood. Near the site of the old house a low unprepossessing school house has been built, which for some reason or another has been compared to a Chinese laundry. At any rate the building has given general dissatisfaction. It has a poor appearance, is situated under the hill, and appears to have waste room. It and the portion of ground on which it stands, have cost nearly nine thousand dollars. Every vestige of the house and grounds, as they formerly stood, is being rooted out.

Superstitious people say that a blight now rests on the old domain. It is stated that the last heir, before taking a farewell of the old halls on the eve of departing to a distant country, on bended knees invoked the curse of Heaven upon house and lands, and all thereafter to be connected therewith. To the romantic the fall of this house might suggest Poe's weird tale of "The Fall of the House of Usher," or even Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables."

At the annual Easter Monday meeting of Christ Church Messrs. E. M. Walker and J. G. Foster were elected church wardens. A resolution was passed expressing the sincere regret of the parish at the retirement from the wardenship and control of the Sunday-school of Mr. Lewis Parker after seventeen years continued work in the latter capacity. Mr. Parker will hereafter reside in Rockingham. A lively discussion on the question of free seats resulted in the matter being shelved for a year.

Mr. Malcolm Morrison has purchased the house and property of Mr. Parker in Dartmouth.

Mr. J. W. Allison is in New York, and is expected back on Wednesday.

The Rev. Mr. Smallman will officiate in the Baptist Chapel during the next four months.

We hear that the pastor of the Presbyterian Church is soon to leave Dartmouth.

**YARMOUTH.**—I wonder how many of your correspondents will begin this week with "Now that Lent is over we may hope, etc." Well, I will not anticipate them, for really it has been almost as fruitful a topic as the weather, and now that it is over, (Lent I mean, not the weather) of course we are all glad even though we do have to "scratch" for a new idea. I suppose the Sun danced, as it always does on Easter morning, but for reasons that will easily be understood we were not there to see it. The day was lovely, and appropriate services were held in all the churches. Trinity Church was beautifully decorated with Palms, Easter, roses and lilies, and the choir, always good, quite excelled itself. The Rector, Mr. Almon, leaves next Monday for his new parish, he leaves a great many warm friends behind him.

Miss Isabel Bingay, who has been attending the Art School in Boston all winter, has gone to Baltimore to spend the Easter vacation with her friend Miss Stone.

Mrs. L. B. Murray and Miss Marian will leave about the middle of April to spend the summer at Mrs. Murray's home in London E. They will be much missed by society people here.

Masters Leslie and Frank Killam, who are attending the Worcester School of Technology, are home for the Easter vacation.

The Easter sale this year by the ladies of the Trinity Church, will be held in the building known as the Yarmouth Hotel. They promise a very fine display of useful and fancy articles, which will no doubt, please the ladies, while for the sterner sex who are not influenced by trifles will be provided a tempting bill of fare, in the shape of a "High tea."

Mr. J. D. Dennis, of the late firm "Viets & Dennis," has begun work on the rebuilding of a handsome store, on the site of the old one, which he hopes to have completed by the early autumn.

**CHARLOTTETOWN.**—It is not to be expected that there should be much to say as to social doings or public events this week. There are few if any arrivals or departures to chronicle during the weeks between winter and spring, when crossing to the mainland is so uncertain and unpleasant that no one comes or goes who can possibly avoid doing so. Engagements or marriages are rarely announced or consummated. Lent and amusements naturally cease; so as Holy Week proceeds and Good Friday approaches, a natural quiet falls upon all things and nothing happens calling for reporting to OUR SOCIETY.

The usual extra services are being held in St. Dunstan's, St. Peter's and St. Paul's Churches, and on Good Friday the Methodists fall in line, and their two congregations uniting, worship together in the "Brick Church." Easter is anticipated in the invitations issued for a Ball at Government House on Easter Tuesday. It is to be an inclusive gathering from town and country, of society officials, and others old and young who usually appear at the large balls at Government House. One thing is pretty certain, there will be no stinting or withholding of anything likely to add to the comfort of the guests. We may judge from the last ball given, when the Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston were here last autumn.

Ex-Senator Howlan has been sent to London to consult with Douglas Fox, engineer of the proposed tunnel, by the Local Government at the suggestion of the Board of Trade.

A very sensible letter "As Others See Us," signed by "Rex" appeared in one of our daily papers a few days ago, and further letters are promised by the writer. They will probably be as welcome as the first one if they prove to be as true to life as it was. The style is a pleasant contrast to the late Tom Trim's vulgar nonsense. The attainment in the Art of "cutting" as practised so universally here, is faithfully analyzed, and the way strangers are greedily taken up, after and as suddenly "dropped" if they prove to be adventurers, well described by "Rex." One part of the letter is devoted to OUR SOCIETY and its constituents, and as there is so little to say to day, the part of the letter in question describes so truly the condition of society in most Colonial towns, I append it instead of further original matter, feeling sure it will interest your readers:—

"In these days—when the American ideas of position and equality are mingling so much with the English ones of what is the thing on this Island—I must say that Society has got to be an unexplained thing. To be a member of it, whether fitted by means and position or otherwise, seems to be the aim and object of nearly everyone in this small place. There is, we know, too much innate politeness and good nature among the people who constitute the first ones of Charlottetown, for them to hurt anyone's feelings by letting them know that they are, in a certain sense of the word, interlopers. But we see the very people who have managed, by hook or by crook, to get into a position in which they are so evidently out of place—when we see those people turn round and look at those they have come from, and pose as superior to those who in no way their inferior—then, I should say, it is about time that real society people should show them their proper place, if it is even to the extent of vetoing them out of society altogether. We have no reference to those who, by their ability, perseverance and model behavior, have risen from the ranks and are now honored and respected alike by those in society and out of it. But I mean those individuals who—to use a vulgar expression—by cheek and untiring perseverance, have pushed themselves into a class they do not suit, and who in no way suit them. There seem to be two grades of people which are decided rivals with one another just now, and they are the two—real, genuine, sterling worth, and real, genuine, sterling worth. The Americans have a word which is peculiarly adapted for use in regards these aspirants from nowhere to society, and which is more expressive than elegant. It is gall, and it expresses a deal, albeit decidedly vulgar, which perhaps makes it more suitable. Now, these people I refer to, have, some of them, plenty of brains and instead of being content with being leaders in their own minds are willing to accept any sort of a position in society, and have their minds made up when they get it, that after a while they will put things into their own hands, and they work pretty hard to gain their point. Another thing—these people are in every case the most