

And here I will make my readers a present of an invaluable receipt. It is for waterproofing all cloth or woollen materials. I daresay I ought to make a charge for this, but I feel so confident that those who make use of it will provide me with so many dishes of fish to criticize, as to amply repay me for any magnanimity.

Remember I do not say this will make the clothes actually waterproof, but apparently so to keep the under garments practically dry.

“Dissolve sugar of lead and alum in *rain* water, one ounce of each to a quart of water. When settled down draw off the clear (with a syphon is the easiest way), put the articles of clothing in it, and leave for twenty-four hours, then dry in the open air. For a day or so your olfactory nerves may be a little shocked, but the smell soon wears off.

WALTER LEIGH.

Provincial Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—We are sorry that there has had to be a delay in mentioning the success of the Lawn Tennis Club entertainment on St. George's Day. It is now too long a thing of the past to receive an extended notice from us. It must suffice to briefly outline the facts.

In the Fan Drill, the twenty-four ladies made a charming brigade, and executed the various movements with such grace and precision as to elicit continued rounds of applause.

The following ladies took part:—Mrs. Malcole McLeod, Mrs. H. James Palmer, Mrs. Arnaud, Mrs. A. B. Warburton, Mrs. James Warburton, Mrs. J. R. Brecken, Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Bartlett, and the Misses Russell, Barratt, Hensley, Beer, Lollie and Amy Brecken, Rosa and May DesBrisay, Mary and Ethel Palmer, Lottie Strickland, Belle Newberry, Maude Ball, Annie Weeks, Blanche Haviland and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

These ladies were divided into two companies, the one wearing light blue dresses, Zouave jackets and caps, the other red. Captain Weeks must have felt fully repaid for all his labour of drilling his Amazons by the complete success of their public appearance.

At the last moment Mr. Watson kindly consented to preside at the piano in place of Mrs. Mitchell, who had been seized with *la grippe* on the previous day.

The performance of the play “*Esmeralda*” occupied the remainder of the evening.

Mrs. Blanchard as the heroine was faultless, Dr. Blanchard excelled as Mr. Rogers, as did also Mrs. Percy Pope as the old man's ambitious wife. Mrs. Malcolm McLeod in her role of Nora Desmond, Mrs. Bartlett as her sister Kate, and Mr. Arnaud in the character of Mr. Esterbrook, interpreted their several parts with ease and singular success. The audience gave repeated expression of its appreciation of Mr. Bartlett's faithful impersonation of “*Dan Hardy*.” The minor parts of Jack Desmond, Drew the Speculator and the Marquis were well acted by Messrs. Harrison Carvell, Earnest Ings and Captain Weeks, respectively.

To Mr. Percy Pope is due all praise for the excellent setting of the play, the careful and laborious training, and the tasteful scenic arrangements which combined to make this the best amateur performance ever seen in Charlottetown, and superior in many ways to the majority of the dramatic representations of troupes visiting the Island.

We understand the entertainment was financially satisfactory.

The day after the performance ten good photographs were taken of the ladies of the Fan Drill, by Mr. Lewis, Queen Square.

Mr. Richard Goff and Miss Higgs were married on St. George's day and departed on a visit of four months duration to Great Britain and the Continent.

Our next item forms a sad contrast. It is now no news that the venerated Roman Catholic Bishop of this diocese, died suddenly

at Antigonish, on Thursday the 30th ult., that his remains were brought home for interment on the following day, and that on Sunday last, after imposing rites and amid throngs of respectful and saddened lookers-on, his funeral procession wended its mournful way from the cathedral to the railway station, whence it proceeded by train to St. Peter's Bay, where the body of the venerable prelate was laid to rest in the stately church built years ago by himself for his last resting place. Bishop MacIntyre will be missed as a citizen by all classes of the community, as much as by his own people as their Bishop.

Henry Longworth, Esq., died on the 25th ult.

Before these jottings reach you it is probable that the Hon. Senator Haythorn will have passed away at Ottawa, the telegrams of to-day giving no hope of his recovery.

There is much sickness prevalent here; your columns would not suffice to give a full list of the sufferers from *la grippe*, but we are glad to see Dr. Jenkins out again and the Hon. E. J. Hodgson, Master of the Rolls.

We welcome home Miss Ball, who is looking much better than was anticipated after her illness.

Mrs. Boulton, wife of Captain Boulton, R. N., who was at one time on the staff of the survey Steamship “*Gulnare*,” is visiting the Island for the benefit of her health.

WINDSOR, May 4.—A small but very pleasant walking picnic took place on Saturday last. Mesdames Lawson and O'Brien kindly acted as chaperons, and under the patronage of these two popular ladies, the afternoon could be naught but successful. The primary object was to gather Mayflowers, and the objective point was the beautiful woods surrounding the romantic Fall Brook. I do not think the woods will miss the Mayflowers that the young people picked, but nevertheless, there was *some* evidence of their labors displayed in their bunches on their return to town in the evening.

The “*Merry wives of Windsor*” are now making their husbands and sons bewildered and uncomfortable by the intricacies consequent on the truly feminine process of house-cleaning. Several households have already passed through the trial, and their respective residences look greatly improved by the Spring “*fixing-up*.”

I regret to announce the death of Mr. W. McHefsey, who was so long and favorably known in Windsor. His funeral took place on Thursday the 30th ult., and was numerously attended.

YARMOUTH.—Hon. L. E. Baker and Miss Baker left for Ottawa Monday, *via* St. John.

Mrs. Grey of Annapolis is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. D. Ross.

Mr. Will. Moody, formerly with W. H. Doane, but now with Jordan & Marsh, came home on Saturday to attend the funeral of his mother which took place Saturday afternoon and was largely attended.

Yarmouth is to have a celebration on her birthday, the 9th of June. Quite a sum of money has been subscribed towards it already, and we understand the committee in charge intend making it a day to be remembered. It will be one hundred and thirty years since our forefathers and foremothers landed on Cape Forchu.

Mr. Charles Doods went to Boston Saturday night on business.

Salmon are plentiful in the Tuskent River, and are selling at ten cents a pound. Trout too, seems very willing to bite. Two enterprising disciples of “*Walton*” left town Saturday evening and returned Monday morning, with over 90 speckled beauties. Caught on Sunday? Oh no, of course not. The small boys around the lakes seem to have better success with their “*spools of thread* for fishing lines, and bended pins for hooks,” than those who buy expensive fishing gear and think they have reduced trout fishing to a fine art.