

free from slack, and which was well suited to the widely-separated bars of the grates then in use. It was also found that Nova Scotia coal, when piled in immense heaps and exposed to the weather, was liable to spontaneous combustion, and considerable loss was thus experienced. This last difficulty is now easily overcome by piling the coal so that the air can circulate through it. The prejudice in favor of Welsh coal has now largely disappeared, and by the introduction of grates with closer bars the people have found that the Sydney coals, which are preferred, are easily managed and give entire satisfaction. The Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk are giving heavy orders for coal, and this, with a greatly increased demand for home consumption, is likely to cause a boom in the Nova Scotia coal trade this season. Prices are also likely to be higher, which should make mining more profitable. Interviews with other dealers in Nova Scotia coal fully confirmed Mr. Fairbanks' views, and demonstrated the wisdom of the N.P., at least as far as the coal trade is concerned. I am under obligations to Mr. Fairbanks for many favors, not the least pleasant of which was a cozy lunch to which he invited me at the Metropolitan Club. I also had some delightful glimpses of home life in Montreal, which caused me to return to my hotel—I am almost ashamed to confess it—with a decided attack of homesickness.

How people put up with the discomforts of even the best hotels when they can avoid them, I cannot understand. The hotel I am stopping at is an excellent one of its kind, and all that is possible is done for the comfort of its guests. But it is the guests that prove the nuisance. It is now one a.m., and about an hour ago two travellers arrived and were given a room near mine. They tramped through the halls and up the stairways with their creaking boots, talking at the tops of their voices and must have awakened every sleeper in the house. Then they undressed, pounding their boots on the floor, all the time talking loudly, and finally turned in with a crash that must have tied the bedstead in its every joint. Their lungs were very powerful, and now that they have fallen asleep, one of them is snoring in a manner that reminds me of the fog horn on Sambre Island. I have heard all kinds of snores, but this one, for power, beats them all. A snorting tug towing a heavy load is a good comparison, and how I am to sleep is now the question that agitates me. I once flattered myself that I never snored, but a little incident at Yarmouth disabused my mind. The hotel was crowded and I was given a bed in the same room with a well-known Jew of Halifax.

"Does you ever schnore?" was his question as I retired.

"No," I answered. "Never."

"Vell, dat vos good, because I can't sthand schnoring. But I gives you fair warning dot I wakes you up if you pegins."

"All right," said I, and turned over and was soon sound asleep.

I was just having a horrible dream about falling from an interminable height, when I was rudely awakened in time to catch my own last vigorous snort, and to discover my Hebrew friend, with wild staring eyes and hair almost on end, standing over me.

"Wake up, wake up, mine God in Himml man, if you never schore vat you calls dot."

So one by one our little conceits are taken from us, but if I thought I snored like my neighbor in the adjoining room life certainly would not be worth the living.

ADIOS AMIGO.

ORPHEUS CONCERT.

The enjoyable concert given by the Orpheus Club on Thursday evening attracted as usual a large but not a critical audience. During the singing of the solos decorous silence was observed in the audience, but while the choruses were being sung chatty *tele-a-teles* were here and there carried on, while the effect of Schumann's Concertstuck, which was, so far as we could hear, admirably rendered by Miss Wylde and Mr. C. H. Porter, was in many respects completely destroyed by the audible conversations which were in progress at the time. In the name of Orpheus we protest against ladies and gentlemen, many of them the acknowledged leaders in society, countenancing, encouraging and participating in the hubbub which almost invariably takes place in Halifax during the performance of instrumental music. Some persons appear to listen in breathless silence to the singing of a song by an indifferent singer, while the first note in a piano solo is taken as the signal for a general conversation. In English and American cities when cultured people gather to listen to such a concert as that given by the Orpheus Club, they go to listen, to admire, or mayhap to criticize, but their appreciation of good music and their respect for the performers prevent them from imagining that they are attending a five-o'clock tea. Some Halifax ladies and gentlemen may think we are too severe, and that we had better criticize the concert—not the audience. This we will do, but we feel confident that the common sense of the community will support us in frowning down that which has come to be in Halifax—simply unbearable. The Club was evidently in grand trim at its last concert, singing with spirit and confidence. Of the three choruses from the Redemption, the first, "Unfold Ye Portals Everlasting," was rendered by far the best, although the unison passage in "The Word is Flesh Become," was sung with great power and precision. The part song, "The House that Jack Built," is a very pretty composition, and the club in its first performance rendered it admirably, which its repetition as an encore fully demonstrated. Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion" is a glorious composition, and should certainly be repeated at the club's next concert. Throughout the performance of *Lauda Sion* Miss Phelan sustained her part with apparent ease, the rendition of her solo was excellent, and the music was well adapted to her silvery voice, which, though not strong, is always sweet and tuneful. In a quartette sung by Miss Phelan, Miss Bligh, Mr. Gillis and Mr. Boak, several discords were observable, although in other respects

the singers were evidently, so to speak, in musical "touch" with each other. Of the soloists we should say that Captain Rawson sang with expression, but his articulation was imperfect. Miss Gussie Taylor sang much better than on her last appearance, but some of her tones were decidedly off color. Mr. A. C. Edwards sang well. Mr. Gillis rendered his song most acceptably, his tones being beautifully clear and resonant, and his expression good. Mrs. Taylor's singing of "The Day is Done" was both beautiful and pathetic, entitling that lady to even more applause than she received. Mr. J. R. Currie's voice was evidently not at its best, but the finished manner in which he sang his solo in a measure compensated for the lack of resonance in his generally resonant voice. Taken altogether the concert was the best of the season, the popularity of the soloists, the variety of the selections, and the high class of the compositions, all combining to make the concert thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. C. H. Porter as conductor, and Mr. T. H. Payne as accompanist, performed their respective parts in a most satisfactory manner. The Orpheus Club has done good work during the present winter, and we trust for the sake of Halifaxians that the organization will be classed as perennial.

OUR COSY CORNER.

To clean silver, first wash to remove all the grease from the silver, then rub with a woollen cloth wet with ammonia and whiting, and polish on the chased and filigree parts with a tooth brush. It is nice to clean glass windows and all kinds of glass ware.

To clean old lamp-burners, wash and boil them in ashes and water, then rub them with oxalic acid, then dry and polish with fine coal ashes, and they will be clean and bright. Wash the wicks and dry. Many times the burners are condemned when only the wicks are at fault.

Bronze.—Bronze is a mixture of copper and tin, and sometimes lead, the proportions of which vary somewhat, but are usually nine to one. It is often adulterated with zinc, but when this is the case the surface honey-combs on exposure.

GOLD LIQUOR.—Mix bronze powder with gum water; a little spirits of wine will make it keep better. The proportions are easily ascertained by trial. Pieces of glass may be put in the bottle to assist in shaking up the heavy powder, which settles at the bottom.

Handsome lamps are used even in houses where there is gas. They are of porcelain, brass or bronze, with fancy shades.

The smaller the room the lighter should be the furniture and the decoration of the walls. A large room should have heavy furniture, and the walls may be dark.

OLD DOMINION SAUCE.—Bring the juice poured off from the can of peaches to boiling point. Dissolve one tablespoonful of cornstarch in half a teaspoonful of cold water, add to the juice and boil two minutes. Then add a small teaspoonful of sugar, and if wine is not objected, one glass of sherry or Madeira. The sauce may be strained, but does not require it. In all cases where wine is mentioned as flavoring, it is of course optional, many persons regarding its use as sinful. Education or conviction will govern here as elsewhere. In most rules where wine is specified as flavoring, the juice and grated rind of a lemon will be, so far as sweet sauces are concerned, a pleasant substitute.

SOME USES OF AN EGG.—For burns and scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish than collodion, and, being always at hand, can be easily applied. It is more cooling than sweet oil and cotton, which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. The egg is considered to be one of the best of remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on these organs, so enable nature to resume her healthful sway over a diseased body. Two, or at most three eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and, since egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise and the quieter the patient is kept the more rapid and certain is the recovery.

TO KEEP PRESERVED FRUIT.—In order to keep preserved fruit in condition it is necessary that the jars be air-tight, and that they be kept in a cool, dark place. Atmospheric air is "extremely insinuating," and it will penetrate even by microscopic openings, and thus injure the product of labor performed in the torrid summer days in a kitchen with a temperature considerably over 100 degrees. The top of every jar with a screw or rubber fastening should be sealed with bottle wax. Jelly glasses should be secured with bladders, or with paper dipped in white of egg and pressed about the glass without a wrinkle.

Many persons take the precaution to wrap every glass jar or tumbler in paper, and then pack each of them in sawdust or sand, so that they will not be affected by light nor by atmospheric changes. The closet in which preserves are kept should not be damp nor should it be in close proximity to the kitchen. In winter the temperature must be a degree or two above freezing point. It is always well to keep preserves in a closet by themselves, so that it need only be opened when necessary to store each new addition of jars. Thus the atmospheric changes are reduced to a minimum, and the fruit will remain in good condition.