

were treble what they are at present, we might find in the House of Assembly men of higher social standing than now occupy its benches; if they were one third of what they are at present, wealthy men might adopt politics as a profession from motives of honorable ambition. As the salaries stand at present, they are calculated to bring needy men into politics—a thing to be avoided if possible. To knock off two hundred pounds from a salary of £700 (currency) a year, would, to our thinking, be most impolitic. Cheapness may under certain circumstances be bought at too dear a price. However just and proper retrenchment may be when applied to a lavish, improvident expenditure, it may be most unwise when applied to a well regulated and already curtailed expenditure. There is in public affairs a true and a false—a comprehensive and a short-sighted economy, and it is unfair to taunt a public man for not practising a system of economy, the necessity for which has happily passed away. The Provincial revenue is not fixed like that of a private individual, but fluctuates according to circumstances which politicians cannot always control; any attempt, therefore, to prove that a scale of retrenchment laid down in one year, should necessarily be carried out twelve months later, must fail ignominiously. And the public service of the Province is not a thing to be tampered with in order to carry out a popular election cry. There can be no greater mistake than to look only at the cost of the public service, and not at the mode in which that service is performed; the service of the state ought not to be held up to the lowest bidder, and the best government is in the end the cheapest.

## BATHS.

Habits of personal cleanliness, like religion, philosophy, and the fine arts, were first born in the far east. The cardinal virtues of godliness and cleanliness marched forward hand in hand. Baths and Temples simultaneously arose in ancient Rome. Baths and Churches are equally open to the well-disposed in London, Paris, and New York. The baths of Diocletian and other Roman Emperors, have been retained in the memory of clean people from ancient times unto the present. It must, however, be confessed that the spread of daily "tubbing" has been rather in a north westerly than in a purely western direction. England and North America are cleaner countries than Germany, France, or Spain. Two hundred years ago, men and women of the higher classes, both in England and France, were content with at most one total ablution per week. Whether the cause of this partial cleanness was the scarcity of printed works in the English language, and a consequent ignorance of the habits of refined people in the ancient days, or not, we cannot say. A century or less past, however, a great change took place in England, and somehow or other no dressing room is now considered properly furnished in that country without its tub. That so wholesome a custom is spreading rapidly to the lower ranks of life is amply proved by the following: A widow evidently far removed from respectable society, advertised in a county paper, with a somewhat indecent haste, for a second husband. Amongst other requisites on the male side of the nuptial bargain, the following remarkable stipulation found place. "Daily immersion indispensable." What the good widow's motive may have been it is not for us to enquire, although it is highly probable that amongst others was the desire to avoid, as long as possible, the disagreeable necessity of advertising for a third husband. She looked probably at the daily immersion as a means of providing health for, and prolonging the life of her spouse. It is indeed the health giving properties of a bath which are its greatest recommendation; and besides this, is not cleanliness next to godliness? Such being the case, it is very sad to observe that this great north westerly march of

the washing tubs has received a rude check in the city of Halifax. The upper classes can take care of themselves, but are the great unwashed to go for ever unwashed? We can safely assert that there is no city in the civilized world of an equal size with this, so totally unprovided with public baths. Where are baths to be found for the hard worked operative, the loungers in our streets, or the stranger within our gates? Echo may either answer "where," or, if she have the face to do so, suggest "Lower Water Street," and this reminds us that we have exaggerated a little—there are public baths to be had. Elegantly and commodiously situated, facing one of the dirtiest parts of the harbor, stands a row of shed-like closets, whence a plunge into the outfall of a drain can be obtained cheap. This noble boon, moreover, can only be enjoyed in the summer time, a plunge even into a sewer at this period of the year being too shocking to the system to be either wholesome or agreeable. And what must strangers think of us? Summer visitors expect sea bathing and are conducted to the drain mouth. Winter visitors expect a warm bath, and the pipes of the only one in the town are frozen, or, to the great credit of the city, the one bath is occupied. And notwithstanding this lamentable deficiency we talk of Halifax as the future watering place of Canada—the favorite northern retreat of Southerners after the conclusion of the war. Since Southerners are in the habit of occasionally using cold water, they will not favor us long, and the Canadians will hasten back to their Lake shores comforting themselves with Mr. PETER LYNCH'S exclamation, "Why, they are like inland seas!"

Of course nothing can be done. Perhaps an American may come and turn our city into a watering place. Perhaps a Canadian company may come, but the bare idea of Nova Scotians doing anything to help themselves is out of the question. But now an awful thought strikes us. Perhaps if there were baths nobody would use them! Perhaps the pipes of the only bath in the city are often frozen because of lying idle for long periods at a time. If this be the case (but we scout so horrible an idea,) it is no use doing anything, and enterprise in such a cause were wasted, and public baths—pearls cast before swine.

## IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

No. 4.

*Scene. Interior of a railway carriage on the North Western Railway, England. The train is stopping at a station.*

*E—l of D—y is discovered reading the "Times."*

*A voice is heard outside. Now Conductor, are these the cars for London? Just fix up these rugs in a snug place—I guess I'm going through.*

*L—d D—y, aside. Ah ha! an American gentleman. I wonder if he will come into this carriage? Though not partial to Yankees or their customs, they are an intelligent people, and I may pick up some useful information. Oh, he is coming in. I will let him have all the talk to himself.*

*Enter Nova Scotian politician (perhaps a delegate.) Good day to you, Sir.*

*L—d D—y. Good morning.*

*N—S—. Cars are rather late. Do you know what time we reach the Easton dépôt?*

*L—d D—y. A journey of five hours I believe. Continues reading. A pause of ten minutes, after which, (aside.) He is not so communicative as I expected; perhaps he is not a Yankee after all. (Aloud.) There is very little news from America by the last mail.*

*N—S—. N—o not very much. Canada has adopted Federation, Sir.*