

Provincial Notes.

YARMOUTH.—We have no social gatherings to chronicle this week, nor are we likely to have until Lent is over. We are, however, looking hopefully forward to a number of festivities after Easter.

Several weddings are in prospect, two of our young ladies being about to leave us, and assume the onerous duties of "minister's wives." Of course they are leaving Yarmouth, as it is a well-known fact that, with one or two exceptions there are no eligible men here, these exceptions are armed so strongly with O. B. that the girls "pass by them as the idle wind which they respect not."

The Presbyterian Congregation have at last decided on a successor to Mr. Rogers, and have extended an almost unanimous call to the Rev. E. D. Miller of Lunenburg. A man well-known for his genial character, able and effective preaching, and diplomatic tact. The church is to be congratulated on their choice.

Yarmouth is to have a newspaper. We are wondering whether it will copy *OUR SOCIETY*, *Mercury* and *Progress*. We already have almost daily papers; some of which are devoted almost exclusively to Patent Medicine and Government Ads. However, "there is always room for one more" in everything, and as spring advances and people begin to wash their windows, build new pig sties, kill pigs of abnormal size, and carry sundry and divers articles to the editor's table, there will be no lack of interesting items for friends abroad, not to mention the hungry souls who are looking forward eagerly from week to week for their literary (?) pap. We had the pleasure lately of perusing quite an exclusive little sheet from which we take the liberty of quoting the following items, which though not exactly society items may perhaps interest some of the learned Pedagogues who we have not a doubt, scan your paper in search of edifying news, and if these do not suit them they must indeed be hard to please.

(Rockville), Mr. John Smith has recently shingled the seat of his pants, which is quite an improvement to our village.

The second, presumably an ode to the return of spring, appeals to all our finest sympathies. Its rhythm is like the music of an Æolian harp and runs thus:—

"Tis midnight, and the setting sun.
Is rising in the wide wide West,
The rapid rivers slowly run;
The fog is on his downy rest,
The pensive ghost, and sportive cow,
Hilarious hop from bough to bough."

The *Mercury* evidently wants to fight with somebody, though it does not exactly like to call them out. It probably thinks that in newspapers as well as in clubs, "There is none that's so useful and suiting its ideas, as those that exist by disputing." The remark overheard on the street, of the lady who didn't want "Society" because there was no fight in it, reminds me of a remark made here by a lady, who said "she always liked to read the T-S because there were such horrid things in it, but of course no one believed any of them." With your everchanging society, matchmaking mammas, and scores of eligible men, there should be enough gossip for half a dozen papers like *Mercury* and *OUR SOCIETY*. Christianity would have been at a standstill years ago, had not men like Paine, Ingersoll and many others of that stamp, compelled its adherents to take up the cudgels against them in its defence. Even the wisest of men enjoy a little gossip and nonsense now and then, and in fact society would be nothing without it. The principal object (perhaps not expressed, but understood) of reading clubs, sewing circles, clubs, etc., is gossip, though each member would be horrified to hear it embodied in so many words, or rather in that one word. And as "competition is always the life of trade," so *SOCIETY* and *Mercury* will only stimulate each other: what one does not find out the other will, and so long as they are flavored with what Sir Henry Drummond calls, "The greatest thing in the world," they will find a welcome in every home.

TRURO.—Hon. J. W. Longley paid us a flying visit on Saturday last while here he was the guest of Dr. J. B. Hall.

Mrs. Hodson, of Amherst, is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. B. Cummings.

Mr. J. Miller, of the Bank of British North America, returned to St. John on Friday last much improved in health.

Mrs. Henry Blair entertained quite a number of young people at whist on Thursday evening.

Dr. Stuart, of Pictou, was in town on Friday visiting his friends at "Raven's Craig."

Mr. Seymour E. Gourley has purchased the handsome house of Mr. D. B. Cummings. Everyone is on the *qui vive* to know who is going to love, honor and obey. Mrs. Grundy knows all about it, but she is not going to tell "how the organ got into the kirk, or show anyone the way Grandma danced the minuet."

Our very popular doctor, W. S. Muir, anticipates leaving very soon for England for the purpose of attending a course of lectures in London. He will be absent some months. We wish him a pleasant time and a safe return, "for he's a jolly good fellow."

The young ladies were particularly sad at the departure of Mr. D. Holmes of the Merchants' Bank. But we know there is little use in mourning departed joys, and therefore gladly welcome Mr. Dimock, who fills the vacant place. I feel assured that with such a popular bank manager as Mr. M. Dickie is, our new friend will find this the best bank and the nicest place he has yet been in.

Drs. Campbell and Yorston returned from England last week where they have been taking a special course in one of the medical colleges in London. Both young men are looking hale and hearty. Dr. Campbell will remain a few weeks at his home in "Roseland," and then proceed to Montreal to resume his practice.

WINDSOR.—The sharp March winds at the beginning of the week gave us one more hard evening at the rink on Tuesday. Many availed themselves of the opportunity, and the ice was crowded. I have not witnessed so many falls in the rink this winter as occurred on this evening. The ubiquitous small boy was the cause of many, but it was the small boys evening, for was there not to be a mile race for boys under fourteen? At about 9.30 p.m. the skaters were ordered off the ice, and took their stand in the gallery and on the encircling benches, while the snow was swept off and prepared for the race. During these preliminaries the four competitors skated round amid the admiring plaudits of the audience. If there had only been an emperor there, one could well imagine these sturdy little chaps coming before the imperial party, and with uplifted caps and reverent attitude uttering the *Ave Imperator! munituri salutant!* But as no emperor was forthcoming—the highest official present being the band-master—they refrained. At length the signal was given, and our four heroes started off at an impossible pace. Alas! one man fell in the first round and retired from the contest. The other three held on their course nobly till there was another fall, but this little fellow was up again in a moment and pluckily followed his now distant brethren. From this time the sympathy of the spectators was with this struggling knight—Bendler by name. Encouraged by the cheering shouts of the onlookers he spurred and obtained second place, and was pushing Master Ralph Smith very hard for first place when the goal was reached. Master Smith was thus declared victor of the hardly skated contest. During this race the enthusiasm of the onlookers ran very high, and the remaining portion of the evening seemed very tame and uninteresting.

Mrs. Russell, with her three children, left Windsor last week on a visit to her sisters in Toronto and Paris, Ontario. Her little daughter Evelyn had a nasty fall a short time ago and broke her arm. She is fortunately recovering rapidly, and was able to undertake the journey. Mrs. Russell intends being away for about three months.

Rev. F. W. Vroom, Professor of Divinity at King's College, conducted both services at Kentville on Sunday last, on account of the continued ill health of the rector of that parish.

Lent term closes at King's College at the end of this week. The Collegiate Boys' School and Edgell break up for the Easter holidays on Wednesday of next week.

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