



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

Gossip from Nova Scotia

REFERRED briefly last week to the Church School for Girls at Windsor. I see by the report of the Board of Trustees that everything connected therewith seems to be in a flourishing condition. A short extract from the report will show the satisfactory state of the institution:—

"The growth of the Church School for Girls has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. The school is but ten months old. When the foundation stone of the new building was laid, on the twenty-third of June, of the present year, the accommodation at our disposal was sufficient for twenty-seven pupil boarders and eighteen day scholars, with the requisite staff of instructors and domestics. At the present time, and within the period of four months, we are required to provide classrooms for seventy-eight pupils, and house accommodation for seventy-three inmates. When the present building is completed, before the close of the present year, all available space will be occupied by those now in the school and those seeking admission. The old and new buildings together will afford accommodation for eighty pupil-boarders, the lady principal and nine resident teachers, with ten domestics, aggregating one hundred inmates. If an addition of half the amount already subscribed, or about fifteen thousand dollars, could be made available, there is no apparent reason why the school should not be speedily filled with one hundred and twenty or more boarders (the buildings being extended according to the original plans) and pay a handsome dividend to shareholders." The Rev. C. Willis has been authorized to canvass the City of Halifax in the interests of the school: the shares being only \$5 each, there is no doubt that many will be glad to invest in what promises to be a most successful business venture. Nova Scotia has long wanted just such a school as this, and Windsor is undoubtedly the right place for it. Had it not been for the veto put upon the project by our late bishop, who did not wish any new scheme of the kind to interfere with the prospects of a then existing school in a neighbouring city, the plan of a girls' school at Windsor would have been put into execution years ago. Although Bishop Binney had, doubtless, good reasons for his action in the matter, we are quite sure that he would look with approval and pleasure upon the work now being carried on. This reminds me of the absence of our present bishop, whose health, we understand,

will not allow of his returning to his diocese before next spring. This is very much to be regretted, both on Bishop Courtney's account and also on that of his flock. Many works that he alone can perform must necessarily be omitted, besides heaping on our always hard working archdeacon labours too arduous for his performance, however great his willingness and competency. We most sincerely trust that the spring may bring back our bishop endowed with fresh vigour and energies equal to the duties of his calling, and that no cause may arise in the future to enforce so long an absence from his diocese.

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It seems to us that Mr. Edward Carter, of the *St. John Progress*, has both ambition for the success of his very good paper and the ability to make it all that he would wish it to be. We might make one suggestion to our clever friend, relative to the social letters from his various correspondents in the towns and villages of the Maritime Provinces. The descriptions of the costumes worn by the fair ones at the several entertainments described might, with much benefit, be omitted. It may be very pleasant to Miss Lena Smith to read that she was attired in pink challie at Mrs. Jones' "At Home," but it is scarcely entertaining to anyone else, and takes up space which might with profit be used for more generally interesting information. *Progress* is undoubtedly a capital paper, well edited, well printed, well selected. Mr. Carter has poetical instincts which crop out sometimes in his editorials; his description of a mass sung at the old Basilica in Quebec pleased me extremely; I will give it to you as written: "The singing was excellent, but it happened that day that the organist excelled himself. While the congregation kneeled he told the story of man's sin and sorrow. It seemed as the organ sobbed into silence, that hope was dead, that the fountain of tears must flow forever. Then came a low, sweet note that scarcely breathed itself out upon the still air. It seemed to flutter almost helplessly like a young bird trying its wings for the first time. Then it grew stronger, and other tones united themselves with it, and a gentle melody that spoke of peace pervaded the whole church, then silence, broken only by the third stroke of the silver bell which told that the Sacrament was accomplished. Suddenly a burst of harmony came from the organ loft, loud, full and strong, the prelude of a song of triumph which told of wrong made right, of the weak made strong, of love triumphant."

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There has been an extensive difference of opinion among some prominent business men of Halifax with reference to a safe manufactured by J. & J. Taylor, Toronto, which was injured in the late fire. The point at issue seems to be

whether or not the owner of the safe is right in congratulating the makers on the satisfactory resistance of the safe to fire or not. The participants in the dispute, who are carrying on an animated wordy war in the daily papers, do not hesitate to give each other the lie direct. Whether, as Mr. Neily states, the safe *did* stand the fire test admirably, or whether, as Messrs. Bateman & Sons aver, it proved inadequate to the occasion, Messrs. Taylor, safe makers, Toronto, are getting a good deal of free advertising. Speaking of safes reminds me of Mr. Warner's very successful venture in the way of quack medicines. Not many people, I daresay, are aware of the manner in which the much-invested-in "Safe Cure" received its name. Mr. Warner had for some years earned a fair livelihood by travelling as an agent for safes, but he pined for larger fame and more rapidly increasing dollars. He had a friend who, without being a regular practitioner, knew something of herbs and medicine, and to him he went. "Give me," he said, "a preparation of different substances which would be good for the kidneys and liver." His herbal friend accordingly did so, and Mr. Warner started his all in a venture which prospered beyond all his anticipations. He put all the money which he had managed to save in the days of his hard work into the preparation of this medicine (which was a matter of comparatively small outlay) and in extensive advertising. He called his medicine "Warner's Safe Cure," in remembrance of his former occupation, and because there was about the name a singularly appropriate sound. To-day Mr. Warner, who is a clever, shrewd man, and understands the public for whom he composes his advertisements, is enjoying the profits of the enormous yearly sale of his medicine.

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The professors of Dalhousie have disappointed the fair men and maids who have been looking forward to Munro's day with pleasurable anticipation, by deciding that there shall be no tripping of the "light fantastic" at their annual celebration. It seems a pity that the young people, who expect this diversion, should have their hopes thus dashed to the ground, but they must bear the fatal edict as best they can, and try to enjoy the reception as it *will be* rather than as it *was*. The authorities have their own way of looking at these things and, doubtless, have good reasons for their action in the matter.

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We are looking forward with pleasure to the Christmas number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*. We have no doubt that the number will be all that the public expect of it, and to us one of the pleasant features in the most happy and gayest time of the year.