

Our Society.

Vol. I.

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1891.

No. 24.

New exchanges this week are the *Chignecto Post* from Sackville, N. B., and the *Weekly Windsorian*, from Windsor, N. S. We have taken a pretty good sporting yarn from the *Post*, it is nothing very wonderful, but carries the stamp of truth. The *Windsorian* has made an excellent start, with a large page devoted almost entirely to reading matter. News of all kinds are carefully compiled from the leading American papers. The clippings are good, certainly, but even the most bigoted Yankee maniac will acknowledge that there are English papers that compare favorably with the American, and that Canadians might be expected to take some passing interest—we cannot expect more—in English affairs.

By the bye, one of the charges lately brought against us by a Halifax writer in a provincial paper is that we are "So English, you know!" The words are simple enough, but the context is meant to be sarcastic. However, we are ready and willing to plead guilty to the charge. We are English—very English—and we intend to remain so. English-Canadian, or Canadian-English, matters not, but always English. We work here, and we vote here, and our keenest interest is with those among whom we earn our bread and cheese, but we cannot forget that there is an "old country," and that we are still citizens of the empire. More than that, we should like to see our Canadian politics running on the lines of the old country politics,—with more patriotism and less corruption. And with those who are content with nothing that is not either a copy or an echo of something American, we have little in common. We do not expect them to appreciate our effort or to notice our opinions, and we do not cater for their support.

We would commend this last paragraph to the society writer who quotes against us the old fable of the old man who, in trying to please everyone, ended up by pleasing no one. Please notice, dear Gaseous, that there is a slight difference between trying to offend no one, and trying to please everyone. We have already mentioned one class that we do not try to please, and there is—sad to say,—yet another, the class who do not care to read anything that is not *spicy*, who revel in double entendre and facetious remarks at other people's expense, who love the little side-hit and long for tit-bits and personal and family history, the publication of which brings no good to the public and bitter mortification to the individual. This class we do not try to please; and if we offend them it is possibly by not supplying the artificial food they crave for.

On the other hand, we have always been to the fore in defending individuals against what we consider the unfair attacks of

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others, and we have not failed to point out abuses in matters civic, social or military, and to do our best to suggest remedies. And the line we have taken we mean to pursue, improving all the time. The original project of illustrating articles on local topics will be carried out before many weeks, and other improvements are on the *tapis*. In the meantime we are quite satisfied with the class we do please, which includes many loyal Canadians in the West Indies, the United States, and the old country, whose number is always on the increase, and who often go out of their way to express their satisfaction.

A CRICKET ROMANCE.

Two lovers went to the cricket game
One afternoon. They say
He was a "crank;" she had never seen
Professional players play.

He faithfully tried to explain it all,
She tried to understand;
But the more he talked, the less she knew
Why he thought the game was "grand."

He cheered, he danced, he yelled "Hi! hi!"
She calmly looked about,
And if anyone made a boundary hit,
She asked if the man was out.

She tried her best to keep the score,
But when the game was done,
He found that whenever a miss was hit,
She had given the man a run.

It dampened his ardour to have her say:
"Why doesn't the umpire bat?"
And each question she asked diminished his love,
Though he wouldn't have owned to that,

Till at last she asked in a guileless way,
"Which eleven's playing now?"
He broke the engagement then and there,
And now they don't even bow.

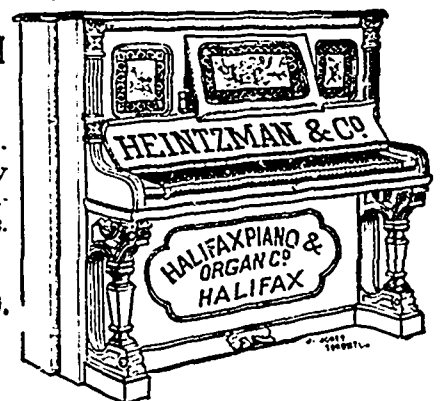
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