



It seems as if many weeks had elapsed since I promised the letter that is to be written specially to my lady friends. Last time something occurred to prevent my writing it, and this time it must be again postponed, because there are several things which I wish to say upon other subjects, and I want all the space allowed me for the one matter, when I once start in upon it. Next time, without fail, expect the voice from the Maritime Provinces to the sisters in Upper Canada upon a subject which cannot fail to be interesting to every Canadian woman.

The papers here are full of politics, as is, of course, to be expected. We of the weaker sex are not supposed to be so intensely interested in the election and its outcome as our brothers who vote, but I expect many of us have more feeling in the matter and more influence than is popularly imagined. We, women, are Canadians as much as though we voted, and if we cannot use our influence for the good of our native country we are poor creatures. As long as we have any voice or mind left we will oppose the party who would make our glorious country but an insignificant part of the neighbouring republic. "No stars and stripes for us," say we!

I am an advocate of Temperance, most decidedly; every right-minded person is; (at all events if the temperance be spelled with a small t.) But the Charlottetown (Prince Edward Island) *Guardian* makes me feel that there is such a thing as intemperate Temperance. The paper is Scott Act and Total Abstinence from beginning to end, which has the effect of making it somewhat uninteresting, not to say tiresome, to the general reader. In my humble opinion, the position of editor of a paper should never be filled by a "crank," and a crank, albeit over a worthy subject, this editor most assuredly is. Sometimes we hail the *Guardian* with joy, for the face of our dear friend, Hunter Duvar, looks out upon us from its pages; then, indeed, is the paper interesting to us. Here is a charming bit of his, which I clip from a recent number:

KING SOLOMON AND THE DJIN.

BY J. HUNTER DUVAR.

Sunset befell in Judah's land,
And one last ray aslant the heights
Of Mount Moriah, threw a band
Of rose, and mingled with the lights
That with a steady lustre shone
From out the many windowed, grand,
High-built House of Lebanon
That proudly o'er the hill-clefts spanned;
And outlined where the Temple stood
Massive, gold doomed, a holy rood.
The King went down a golden stair
That gave upon the mountain's crown,



HON. WILLIAM JOHNSTON ALMON, M.D., HALIFAX, N.S.

And standing, with a pensive air,
Looked down upon Jerusalem town,—
Not in his robes and ermined stole,
But in a caftan coarse and spare;
When crept a djin out of a hole,
Dwarfish and brown and weird
And stood up with a ghastly grin;
And the King said, "What would'st O Djin?"

Up spake the elf; "Dread Jewerie,
Son of the Shepherd King, than thou
No king shines more resplendently;
No greater crown than on thy brow;
Thy caves with wealth flow to the brim;
Thy keels plough up the Ophir sea;
Thy thousand wives are fair and trim;
If thou art happy tell to me!"
Sighed Solomon and said, "All these
Are vanity of vanities.

Then the djin laughed, an eldritch laugh;—
"Why do men call thee Wise, O King?
Pride counts for half, and Care for half,
Nor comes Content with anything
Men are not wise; their ways are droll;
Let me get back into my hole."
Hernewood, P. E. I.

Miss Laine, the sweet singer, who has pleased the ears and taste of the Halifax music-loving public for the last few years, is leaving Nova Scotia to find a larger field for her talents; she will be much regretted and greatly missed in musical and dramatic circles.

The St. John *Progress* is sending a valentine to its contributors this year in the shape of a larger and more interesting edition of itself. The *Progress* ranks now among the leading periodicals of Canada; the paper and print are excellent and the reading matter exceptionally good. Our good friend, Pastor Felix, writes a column of charming literary notes for this paper each week; we always look first for his article. My thoughts seem to run on papers this week. While I am on the subject I must not forget to say a word or two of praise for our Halifax *Evening Mail*. Besides its comprehensive news columns it has lately added some interesting features in the contributed letters,—one by a clever individual who resides in Halifax, and signs himself "Wrangler," another from California, and two from New York. These last are so different in their styles, and both so amusing and edifying to the general reading public that of themselves they should largely increase the popularity of the paper.

Lent now holds sway here, as elsewhere. We allow ourselves no frivolity but the sewing circle, no dissipation but the drinking of afternoon tea. I tremble to think of the fearful reaction that will come with Easter!

The Identity of "T. P. B."

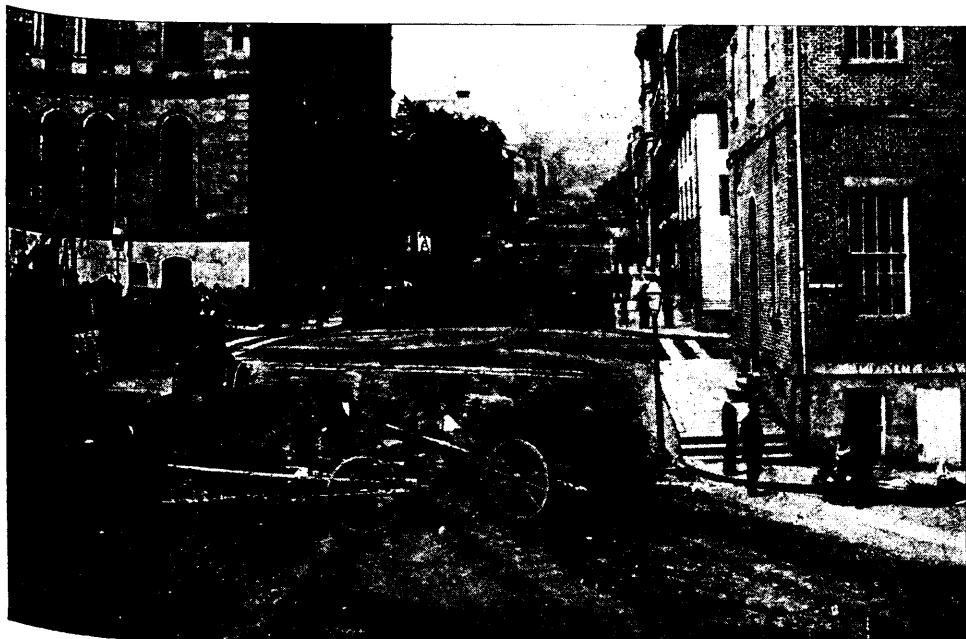
To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR, I have pleasure in answering part of the enquiries of your Toronto correspondent of date Jan. 30th, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED Feb. 14th: Thomas Pope Besnard (the "s" silent), called "T. P. B." by his intimate friends, was an Irish gentleman of good family and, I think, an officer, in one of Her Majesty's regiments. He had a passion for theatricals and for their management, in which, of course, he was never financially successful. He was a good amateur actor, particularly in such characters as Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Tom Moore in *The Irish Lion*, and a great favourite with the Toronto public. There must surely be many people there who remember him. He was at that time (1847) recently from the West India Islands, where, I believe, he returned, as the climate of Upper Canada severely taxed the health of his wife and daughter.

Very truly yours,

R.

Montreal, Feb. 24, 1891.



MARKET SCENE, HALIFAX, N.S.