

"Did you hear," said a friend, one day, "that Street, the tailor, has been found in a well in Argyle-street?"

"Yes," was Doyle's answer; "but did you hear how they made the discovery? An old woman, after drinking her tea, *got a stitch in her side*, and she swore there must be a *tailor in the well*."

One day, in the House, the subject of pickled fish was being discussed, and ultimately degenerated into a mere squabble about unessentials, which became unprofitable and monotonous. To put an end to it, Doyle rose, and declared that all the pickle had leaked out of the discussion, and there was nothing left but *tongues and sounds*.

Some wag, about this time, had wickedly inserted an extra B into the label over the door of the Barrister's room in the Halifax Court House. The original sign was "Robing Room." After this mutilation it read "*Robbing Room*," and there was great indignation among the members of the bar.

Doyle was commenting on the incident among his brother lawyers, and innocently remarked that "*the sting was in the other B*."

On one occasion, in the House, some member had made a most furious personal attack upon Howe. The member was of such small account, and his attack so ribald and witless, that Howe found it difficult to notice him in terms sufficiently contemptuous. But it happened that the member was excessively foppish in appearance, and was especially proud of his whiskers, which he had adjusted in the most elaborate style. When Howe came to refer to his speech, he said the honorable gentleman reminded him of a story he had heard of a man who had died in some eastern country where it was the law that no person should receive religious burial according to the rites of the country unless some one would come forward and bear testimony to his possession of some good quality. This unfortunate lay dead, and no person seemed disposed to offer

any testimony to a single virtue. It was becoming very awkward for the authorities, when, at last, a barber was brought, who testified that the departed had "*a fine beard to shave*."

James B. Uniacke was one of the conspicuous figures in the pre-confederation days. He was a gentleman of distinguished presence, of education, culture, and fine professional training. He was naturally identified with the party of privilege at the beginning, but being possessed of a broad mind and a generous heart, he ultimately became associated with Howe in the struggle for Constitutional rights. It is to be noted that although belonging to one of the oldest and best families in Halifax, and always regarded as a most agreeable and brilliant social figure, he was for a long time socially ostracised from the instant he left the Tory party and associated himself with Howe in the work of securing popular government.

Mr. Uniacke was Attorney-General and Premier of the first Liberal Government, formed in Nova Scotia in 1848. Several anecdotes have come down to us in connection with Mr. Uniacke. One of the best is associated with John Young, the author of the celebrated letters which appeared in the *Acadian Recorder* in 1818 and subsequent years, signed "*Agricola*," and which first stirred the people to an active interest in agricultural matters. He was himself a practical farmer, and the father of William and George R. Young, both of whom were distinguished personages in the political life of the Province. The former was for quite a time leader of the Liberal party, and became Chief Justice in 1861, and was knighted ten years later, and died in 1887.

Mr. John Young had imported some thoroughbred cattle from England, and a discussion took place in the House of Assembly on the subject of fancy stock. Mr. Uniacke made some remarks in regard to Young's imported cattle. He said they were very ugly