

Correspondence.

To the Editor of "Our Society."

DEAR SIR:

It has been my misfortune—not my fault—to become the unhappy possessor of a copy of a paper named the "Canadian Voice." If Canada really speaks through this organ, no wonder she wants assistance in her enterprises. The Canadian Voice may be in the opinion of its editor and of those who uphold its doctrines, a highly important journal—that is quite satisfactory—for if they were not satisfied, no other section of society would be. I notice in the issue before me, dated Jan. 31st, a couple of paragraphs reflecting on the management of the Halifax Hotel bar, and mentioning the names of the Messrs. Hesslein as being to a certain extent answerable for the decease of sundry members of the community. This is, on the face of it, an abominable slander on the character of two worthy citizens; men whose record will show a far cleaner bill of health, perhaps, than that even of the editor of the "Canadian Voice." It is a well known fact that newspaper men have the most gall of all men; but for the real essence of "cheek" give me the temperance apostle, who can deliberately—with malice aforethought—walk into such a hotel as the Halifax, canvass the proprietor for a subscription for his paper and hint that he would accept an advertisement if liquor was not mentioned; and then go away to print these articles. It is an honor to have a man of this calibre in our city, for we like to have the best of a class, but the man himself must perforce be a disgrace to journalism. How easy it is, and at the same time how mean spirited, to attack a man through a paper, more especially when, the author of the article is not worth "going at" from a financial point of view! Such writing as this will never do the temperance cause any good—far otherwise—people will begin to think that a cause which has to descend to lying and slandering, to get a hearing, must be weak. I do not advocate drinking, but I do advocate freedom, and why Mr. Bulmer or his myrmidons should have chosen the Halifax bar as a point from which to start their fairy tales, he or they only know. If they were to frequent scores of small shops in Water St. and take notes thereon, it would render the Halifax far more pleasant, and the society they would meet would be far more congenial to themselves. The editor of the Voice may be a power in the cause he espouses, but most assuredly he is not likely to be a power in any other sphere. We trust for the good of the cause of temperance that it is not so weak that it requires personal spite and ill feeling to carry it along.

Query? Has this attack anything to do with that fire alarm from Box 47? Yours, etc.,

TEMPERANTIA CUM GRANO.

TO TELL THE AGE OF A HORSE.

To tell the age of any horse,
Inspect the lower jaw of course;
The six front teeth the tale will tell,
And every doubt and fear dispel.

Two middle "nippers" you behold
Before the colt is two weeks old.
Before eight weeks two more will come,
Eight months the "corners" cut the gum.

The outside grooves will disappear
From middle two in just one year.
In two years, from the second pair;
In three, the corners, too, are bare.

At two the middle "nippers" drop,
At three the second pair can't stop.
When four years old the third pair goes,
At five a full new set he shows.

The deep black spots will pass from view
At six years from the middle two
The second pair at seven years,
At eight the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "nippers" upper jaw
At nine the black spots will withdraw;
The second pair at ten are white;
Eleven finds the "corners" light.

As time goes on, the horsemen know,
The oval teeth three-sided grow;
They longer get, project before.
Till twenty, when we know no more.

The Horseman.

ARMENIAN LULLABY.

If thou wilt close thy drowsy eyes,
My mulberry one, my golden son!
The rose shall sing thee lullabies,
My pretty cosset lambkin!
And thou shalt swing in an almond tree
With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee—
A silver boat in a golden sea—
My velvet love, my nestling dove,
My own pomegranate blossom!

The stork shall guard thee passing well
All night, my sweet, my dimple feet!
And bring thee myrrh and asphodel,
My gentle rain-of-springtime!
And, for thy slumbrous play, shall twine
The diamond stars with an emerald vine—
To trail in the waves of ruby wine—
My hyacinth-bloom, my heart's perfume,
My cooing little turtle!

And when the morn wakes up to see
My apple-bright, my soul's delight,
The partridge shall come calling thee,
My jar of milk-and-honey!
Yes, thou shalt know what mystery lies
In the amethyst deep of the curtained skies,
If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes,
You wakeful one, you naughty son,
You chirping little sparrow!

Eugene Füll.

SMALL BOY (to druggist)—I want some insect powder.
DRUGGIST—How much?
S. B.—I don't know, mother hasn't counted them!

HIGH TONED GOODS are what all want, whether they be in Society or not.

Cragg, Bros. & Co., - - - Corner Barrington and George Streets.

Are showing this Season the finest stock ever offered in Halifax of SKATES, FINE CUTLERY, USEFUL HOUSEHOLD NOVELTIES, &c.
Specially suited for the HOLIDAY TRADE. And at WONDERFULLY LOW PRICES.