



John Green. Alf. Murphy. W. Burton. J. Herb. Crockett, *Col-Sergt.* Harry Henderson, *Corp.* Frank Murphy. Leon Henderson.
 Thos. W. Dean. Fred. Merritt, *Corp.* Fred. W. McNichol, *Sergt.* Frank A. Hea. Jas. L. Milligan.
 Fred Morgan. Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, *Capt.* Mr. Geo. Smith, *Lieut.* Geo. E. Crockett. Geo. Hatfield.
 Thos. Boyce. Harry Rawlins. Mr. T. A. Crockett, *Lieut.*
 Walter DeWitt, *L.-Corp.* W. Currie. Arthur E. King. J. Douglas Sinclair.
 Walter H. Golding, *L.-Corp.* Alex. M. L. Steen, *Corp.*

THE PIONEER CANADIAN COMPANY OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE, ST. JOHN, N.B.—See page 569.

Gossip from Nova Scotia

For the past weeks, and now, even more anxiously than before, our hearts have been, and are, all turned towards the spot where our loved and honoured premier lies ill unto death. With us, as I feel it must be all over the Dominion, party feeling and political animosities are all forgotten, merged in a hearty sorrow for one of the greatest and ablest men that Canada has ever produced. It is scarcely probable that recovery can follow this serious attack; even could it be so, it would not be the same Sir John, and we would fain have it, as he himself wished, that he should die in harness rather than linger with impaired intellect and physical debility to see others attempt for his beloved country what he himself is powerless to do. And yet, if it might be that he could be spared to be what he has been,—how heartily our lips pray for that happy ending to his present trouble.

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I am very glad to see that the young people of Halifax have started an amusement which brings them health as well as enjoyment, and has no after effects of lassitude or headache as, we must confess, has the popular and fascinating dance that lasts till two in the morning. "Hare and Hounds" is the present social departure of the young ladies of Halifax, and those really interested in the chase do a good deal of running across country, and win for themselves the meed of praise as conquerors in the game. Of course there are some of the young people who do not care for glory, and for whom Atalanta's accomplishment has little charm, and for these there are shady lanes and by-paths by which they can reach their destination without circumlocution or undue haste. Of course the hounds hunt in couples, each one of

the fair ones needing a strong arm to help her over difficult places. An occasional run over hill and dale for an afternoon is a pleasant variety to the somewhat fatiguing tennis, to which the lovers of sport devote themselves assiduously and almost exclusively. I once knew a young Halifax lady who would go to bed at 2 or 3 in the morning, after a night's dancing, be up by ten the next day, and play tennis with her brothers till luncheon time. Then she would dress for the afternoon, in her pretty tennis costume, and go to the courts in the Gardens, where all the fashionables congregate, and play game after game, walking home, towards dinner time, to her father's pretty country seat at the Arm. After dinner she would dress for another dance, and spend the night as she had the preceding. Of course my friend was a particularly strong girl or she would not have been able to stand such pronounced and constant exertion, also she was proud of her prowess in tennis, and deservedly so, and wished to keep herself in good practice. Dancing is certainly a most attractive and enjoyable kind of amusement, and in moderation is a healthy enough pastime, but I think if girls would make a rule of "going out" twice a week only, even in the gay season, it would be better for their physical well-being. If a girl is satisfied with a mere butterfly existence, and will take the hours in the sunshiny morning for the sleep that should have been taken from eleven till three, she may not be harmed physically, but if not, and she wishes to read, or study, or do any kind of useful work, this sort of thing will not do at all. Indulged in occasionally, a dance is a recreation, taken nightly it is an enervating dissipation, which renders one fit for nothing but novel reading and lounging on the sofa. Even my strong young friend might have been able to play tennis or rounders in the morning, and yet not do an hour's study. From personal experience I can state that, while one night spent in devotion at the shrine of Terpsichore would not incapacitate me for my mental labour on the following day, several nights spent continuously in this way made study an impossibility, and Miss Braddon or Hugh Conway the only reading for which I was equal. Take your pleasures with

moderation, my friends, and may "Hare and Hounds" continue to flourish as a social attraction.

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The Halifax papers have been very down on an individual who offended public taste by refusing to stand while the National Anthem was being sung in church, fault being found on both patriotic and religious grounds. For myself I think the man should be pitied for his obvious deficiency; he apparently has no soul and little brains; why should we find more fault with a lunatic that goes at large than with one who is incarcerated in Mount Hope Asylum? Another crank, whose crankiness is only a degree removed from insanity, is Mr. J. Ewing, Blaine's nephew, who refused to join in the toast to the Queen on the occasion of a public dinner at Vancouver. His own countrymen characterized his conduct as that of an ass. He explained his action (it was a lame explanation) on national and political grounds; our Halifax friend being apparently a loyal subject of Her Majesty had not even this excuse.

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Amherst is very much excited over the arrest of a well-known young Baptist parson, who, unfortunately for himself and a few others, has been toying somewhat extensively with the hearts of his fair parishioners. His responsibilities in the matter are undoubtedly grave, and the disgrace to his profession of his conduct and its consequences is a great source of grief and dismay to his colleagues and elders.

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Somebody ought really to pat my little friend, the *Critic*, on the back, to put it in a good humour, also in order to restore it to its sphere of usefulness; a critic that allows its spleen to get the better of its veracity, is, to say the least of it, unreliable. I was fair enough to admit that I had been misinformed in some minor detail of one article; I most certainly did not admit the correctness of the criticisms on my workmanship. She must not forget, this fair critic (for surely it is a lady editor who wields this illogical pen) the sacred character of her office.