

keep the floor covered with paint, and there will be no splinters I assure you.

Yes, the summer exodus has begun, Europe-ward and in every other direction. Those who cannot get away for the whole summer go for part of it, and try and make up for a short vacation, or for none at all, by comfortable living and an afternoon's outing now and then. One of our loveliest charities is the "Country Week," by which poor children and frail women from the crowded tenement districts are given a few days of sweet and wholesome living in the country or at the sea shore. Subscription lists are opened each summer to supply the means, and one gives as she can, five cents, or five dollars, or fifty, to make others' lives brighter.

Have you tried to improve the children's and your own appetite in the morning by having fresh fruits and berries for breakfast? A plain apple, when nothing else offers, you will find lends a relish to the rest of the meal. Then it is a mistake to give the children butter and sugar on their oatmeal. Serve it and the different wheat flakes and germs, palatably salted, with cream. A nice cold dish for luncheon or for picnics is pressed chicken. It is an especially nice way to prepare fowl that is suspected of not being very tender. Draw and singe, wipe well with a damp towel, put in a kettle and cover with cold water. Place over a moderate fire and simmer gently till the meat falls from the bones; add one teaspoonful salt when about half done. If the fowl is old it will take three or four hours for it to cool. When done take the meat from the bones, and cut it into small pieces, not over half an inch square. Put the bones and skin back into the kettle, and boil until the liquor is reduced to one and a half pints, then strain and season with salt and pepper. Mix this with the chicken, pour the whole into a square mould, put a weight upon it, and stand it in a very cool place over night. When hard and cold turn out the loaf, slice it and garnish with parsley.

With all the laughing that is done at the expense of fashionable women it is a matter of history that fashion leaders always dress becomingly. It is their blind followers who make themselves ridiculous. Women who set the fashion are leaving the coquettish big hats, modelled after those worn by French women nearly a century ago, to pretty maidens. Matrons and those whose faces are no longer youthful wear round hats or the stylish capotes and toques. Many of these are like nothing else in shape so much as like the bowl part of a flour scoop. But what with lace and flowers, and strings coming from the back, they make very attractive headwear. Gold tints in flowers and in the embroidered crêpes are exceedingly popular, and the lovely gray-green shades in ribbons are most in vogue. Kiss baby for me.

Yours devotedly,

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

SNAPS AND SCRAPS.

It is said to have been the extreme modesty of the new dignitaries which caused the recent installation of Dean Gilpin and Archdeacon Kaulbach to be kept almost a dead secret from the public.

Deans and Archdeacons are rare birds in the United States. During his travels there our late Dean Bullock was more than once mistaken for a ship, owing to the then celebrity of the luxurious river steamer the "Dean Richmond." On one occasion he came near losing his luggage, which the baggage master was about to discharge from a steamer on which the Dean was starting as a passenger. "I don't know what wharf *The Dean*, of Nova Scotia, sails from," observed the wide-awake Yankee; "but this here baggage belongs to her." The Dean himself used to tell this anecdote; but my recollection of it is a little dim.

I once heard an uneducated Yankee informing another that an archdeacon came next to an archbishop in the Church of England. It is truly an imposing title—"The Venerable the Archdeacon of So and So." It would avail much in the American matrimonial market, if archdeacons were fishers of women instead of fishers of men. Almost as much, perhaps, as the magnificent title of "Deputy Assistant Commissary General," which Sam Slick calculated would capture any girl in Onion County.

When the *Presbyterian Witness* spoke of the liberality of its denomination towards "Episcopalians and other dissenters," it was a neat retaliation for the bishop's use of an epithet which is unwarranted in this country. But was the bishop's letter intended for publication, and was it published with his full consent? If not, I must ask another question or two. Was its publication proper, in a journal that often constitutes itself a censor of morals and taste? And has Charles F. Murchison any relatives married in Nova Scotia?

In my humble opinion the Anglican bishop of this diocese is misconstrued by many. He will sometimes support his clergy in practising acts and forms which he does not personally believe in or which, believing in, he would not practise himself for fear of offending weaker brethren. He wishes to reserve his censure for dangerous sins and errors. He clearly does not believe in bossing his subordinates in matters not essential to salvation. He shrinks from controversy with any pastor who is producing the fruits of the spirit, whether his ritual be ornate or simple, and whether his views about the sacraments be high or low. Like his Master, he moves freely among sectarians and sinners, that he may have some chance of converting or reclaiming them. And, like his Master, too, he hates dissensions and loves peace. He is a Christian first, and an ecclesiastic afterwards. He belongs to no school; but, as somebody aptly, if flippantly, observed, he is High, Low, Jack and the Game.

The memory of that veteran and graceful writer, P. S. Hamilton, can hardly be as clear as of yore, or he would not persist in denying that Joseph

Howe was an imperial federationist—in all but the name, which was not in vogue in his lifetime. His Assembly speech of 1854 may not have been, but his London pamphlet of 1866 was distinctly a plea for imperial federation. He urged therein that all the self-governing colonies should take part in the imperial parliament, imperial defence, and imperial expenses. "I would proceed," he said, "to treat the whole empire as the British Islands are treated, holding every man liable to serve the Queen in war and making every pound's worth of property responsible for the national defence." Copious extracts from Mr. Howe's pamphlet were published in *The Critic* of October 12 and 19. With Mr. Hamilton's comments on the pooh-pooh policy of the *Chronicle* towards this great movement I am quite in accord.

Possibly Mr. Hamilton cannot understand a man's opposing Confederation, and yet favoring the larger scheme of imperial federation. Yet Howe may have been right in thinking the Confederation of British North America a menace to the coherence of the empire. Had not Yankee demagogues by their blundering aggressiveness forced Canada to look constantly to Britain for support, patriotism for the Dominion might by this time have well nigh choked patriotism for the empire. In Canadian eyes the half might have grown greater than the whole; and Canadians might have seen their only hope of unrestricted citizenship and a full national life in either independence or annexation.

In one respect, however, Confederation may have smoothed the way for the federation of the empire. It has supplied a working precedent of a general legislature for general legislation and local legislatures for local legislation, as Mr. Granville Cunningham has pointed out in his able letters to the *Week*. Should the colonies generally favor federation, this precedent may be extended to the whole empire. In this case the imperial parliament would have much fewer matters to debate, and the imperial government much fewer affairs to administer, than the British parliament and government of to-day.

The Wanderers and Socials have imported respectively a professional cricketer and baseballist. It has been suggested that the latter club should now import a cowboy from the Wild West to serve as umpire, and that this official should appear on the field in full fig, his Texas tooth-picks in his boots, his six-shooters in his pockets, and a repeating Winchester to lean on. Backed by such persuasive arguments as these, it is possible that some of his decisions might be acquiesced in by both sides; and it might prove needless for the club to incur the further expense of furnishing their umpire with a suit of chain armor.

The Yacht Squadron is about to erect a neat club house near Freshwater with accommodations for boating and bathing. If this association does not become still more ambitious in its scope, it may prosper permanently in its new premises, especially if the influx of summer residents continues to increase. Many men would join for the sole privilege of bathing whenever they may wish. But a rival is not needed to the W. A. A. C., or to either of the existing clubs.

Some young people hoped, naturally but in vain, to have danced at a recent ball, the substitute for a former party to which they had received invitations, but which had been unavoidably postponed. Much to the regret of the entertainers, however, some blundering occurred, whether in the Post Office or elsewhere, and some of the people who had been asked to the postponed party got their cards to its successor after the fun was over, while others (including the most distinguished guest of the evening) have not got theirs yet.

The entertainments of the hospitable 66th are always enjoyable. Their dinner to their retiring colonel, C. J. McDonald, on Monday was particularly so. It is hard to say whether the music, the menu, or the decorations were most to be admired. The new commanding officer presided with genial dignity. The prestige of the corps is safe under Colonel Humphrey.

A torchlight procession of boats, which Mr. Hamilton was the first to suggest, would make a picturesque feature of our Carnival. It would attract Americans much more than a baseball match, which, as Mr. Sumichrast observed in one of his delightful letters to the *Chronicle*, they can see far better in any of their own large cities. It augurs well for the Carnival that the press is adequately represented in the management by some bright young journalists. By allowing them their due influence in deciding on the programme their colleagues will secure the zealous aid of the press in advertising the affair. I trust the improved means of getting here are properly advertised—the Flying Yankee, the Yarmouth route, and above all the roomy and luxurious S.S. *Halifax*, with her cheery captain and her model staff of stewards.

SNARLER.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Mr. Charles McGinn, crier of the Supreme Court, has had important alterations and improvements made to his property, 137 Gottingen street, by Mr. Patrick Fahie. The ground floor has been converted into a handsome shop, which has been secured by Messrs. Gough Brothers, two enterprising and self-made men, who purpose carrying on a grocery and provision business there. The next story is occupied by the "Eclipse" billiard and pool rooms, where none but temperance drinks are dispensed, and which promise to become a favorite resort of the better class of young men. The upper flat will probably be occupied by a North-end social club. Gottingen street is fast becoming a regular business thoroughfare and secures much of the trade that formerly sought Granville and other central streets. The North-end generally is growing in population and in self-dependence.