



SACKVILLE, N.B., has a historical society; Judge Morse, of Amherst, is president. The learned judge makes history quite a hobby, and has already delivered a number of interesting lectures upon the past of the Provinces; the establishing of a society for the purpose of research in a portion of the country which is full of the most engaging history, speaks well for the enlightened tastes of the people of the Isthmus, and promises fair for future entertainment of a very agreeable character. Judge Morse's pleasing presence and captivating eloquence are well-known as well without as within the profession, and the Society have chosen wisely in appointing the learned gentleman to preside over their proceedings.

The Academy of Music, Halifax, has lately been occupied by a dramatic company under the able and popular leadership of Mr. W. S. Harkins, an old-time favorite here; among other productions one that proved a great attraction was "Captain Swift"—the play that had such a successful run in New York lately, and which netted such handsome profit to its proprietor. On the 27th inst., a season of opera will open, when the company which has been entertaining St. John lately, will seek to amuse Halifax theatre-goers. The star is Miss Adelaide Randall, and the company includes in its repertoire a large number of modern popular operas. The pretty little Academy is never too hot for comfort, and in midsummer occur the most successful engagements; the large number of visitors from across the border, who are accustomed to nightly entertainment of some description, find the summer attractions at the Academy a simple and convenient source of amusement, and they form no small proportion of the audiences during the season; in fact there are not wanting cases where Americans visiting Halifax have heard for the first time plays or operas that have been most popular in their big cities during the past season. The acquirement by a syndicate, recently, of Maplewood, one of the loveliest estates on the North-West Arm, for the accommodation of summer visitors, will make Halifax still more desirable as a watering place, but among the other attractions the entertainments at the Academy are no mean factor.

Although it was hoped that something might occur to prevent it, the departure of Miss Louise Laine from our city is now a fact; the universal expressions of regret at this event testify to the popularity Miss Laine has attained during her stay in Halifax.

The second largest ship built in the Dominion was launched the 6th instant at the shipyard of Mr. C. R. Burgess, in Kingsport, N.S. The vessel's registered tonnage is 2,400—only slightly lower than that of the "W. D. Lawrence," the largest ship ever built in Canada, and which is now sailing under the Norwegian flag. The ship is happily named the "Canada," and her owners and all that belong to her are staunch believers both in her and her namesake. There is no more beautiful and thrilling sight in the world than the successful launching of a large and stately ship, and the passage of the "Canada" from her temporary abiding place to her proper element was a complete success in every sense of the word. Five thousand people came from all parts of the Western counties to feast their eyes on the beautiful proportions and appointments of the lovely craft, and although a great many were soaked to the skin by a thunder shower which passed over shortly after the event, nobody grumbled, for they felt they were more than repaid. No people build better ships or take more pride in them than Nova Scotians; and no one who has not experienced the feeling can appreciate the sensation of intense and hushed excitement that pervades everywhere and gradually increases from the moment when the first block is struck to the thrilling and uncertain moment when the first indication of life is perceptible in the towering monster, and everyone takes a gulp of breath which must last until the trying time is over, and the ship is riding easily far out from the "ways" and danger. Last year the elder sister of the "Canada" was launched from the same yard; she is called the "King's County" and is smaller by 275 tons.

The *Mercury* will issue a midsummer number about the

middle of this month, to be called the Summer Resort edition. It promises to surpass everything in the nature of a special number that has ever been issued in Halifax, which is saying a good deal. The illustrations will embrace Point Pleasant Park, the Public Gardens, the North West Arm, naval and other local sketches. A society novel, with local scenes and characters, will be contained in the number, and contributions will appear from the most prominent writers in the country, including an especially interesting article on "Historic Halifax" from the pen of Prof. A. Macmechan, of Dalhousie College. The cover is a particularly fine bit of work representing Halifax City and Harbor by moonlight. I have written in the future tense, but by the time this appears, it will probably be past.

The observation of Dominion Day in the loyal old town of Windsor was conducted in a manner highly satisfactory to those who had the details of the programme under their charge. The weather was unusually fine, and popular enthusiasm was keener than ever. Since the formation of the Windsor Amateur Athletic Association, a few years ago, a really high-class programme of sports has been executed yearly under their patronage; this year's programme was more attractive than ever and was carried out in a manner that called forth the greatest praise and delight. In the morning the Lawn Tennis Club distinguished itself by defeating representative clubs from Halifax and Kentville, the interests of the home club being entrusted to Messrs. Hensley and Dimock; it is doubtful if there is a stronger team in the Provinces than these two gentlemen. The proceedings of the day were brought to a close by a very agreeable promenade concert and pyrotechnic display. Windsor has now settled down into the rut of dullness which always prevails from the first of July to the beginning of October, when the College re-opens. I don't suppose there is any place in the world much duller than Windsor in the summer; why, a funeral there almost amounts to a dissipation.

This reminds me of something: "A shoe drummer for a Toronto house, says an exchange, called on a merchant and handed him a picture of his betrothed instead of his business card, saying he represented that establishment. The merchant examined it carefully, remarked that it was a fine establishment, and returned it to the astonished man, with a hope that he would soon be admitted into partnership." What it reminds me of is old Angus down in Cape Breton; his surname is that of seven-eighths of the people there; Angus got married once, and on introducing his wife to anyone, invariably presented her as "my contrivance."

Do you not think that this young scamp deserved something pretty dreadful?

On Sunday morning.—Miss Tavish—"Ah, Johnny, I have caught you with a fishing pole over your shoulder! I shall go and tell your father. Where is he?" Johnny—"Down in the garden diggin' bait."

A boy that makes his father dig all the the bait doesn't deserve to catch any fish.

Halifax has a parlour musee all to itself; it is in the Masonic Hall; you pay ten cents and go in, and see and

hear many unusual and interesting things. Chief among them, and by far the biggest attraction, though the smallest feature, is a human midget, who stands only thirty inches at full height above the sea level; he has a name as big as any other man—Dudley Foster—and is nineteen years of age. The advertisement calls him one of the salient features of the show, also the world's exclusive wonder; it is really wonderful how well he bears up under these epithets, combined with his title of Prince Tinymite. "You were born in Nova Scotia, I believe," an admiring spectator said to him the other day. "Yes," the midget who was feeling somewhat bored, replied, "but I could not help that." He speaks in a shrill piping voice which sounds far off as though he were speaking into a water pipe. He would make a profitable boarder at two dollars and a half a week. An educated monkey and a Punch and Judy show are among other features of the entertainment, it is not stated that they are salient, though I believe the monkey does dance; probably an educated monkey wouldn't stand the slight. On the night after the museum opened the management advertised, "During his (the midget) stay he has entertained thousands," which proves what a big business he is doing; the notice continued, "Never again will you have an opportunity of seeing so much for so little money," which will, no doubt, have the effect of bringing thousands more to be entertained.

The People's Bank of Halifax have opened a branch at Port Hood, the County Town of Inverness County. Inverness is one of the largest counties in the Province, and has hitherto been practically without banking facilities; consequently when a man wanted to buy a barrel of flour or some other domestic supplies in the stores, he usually had to drive a cow or a couple of pigs to town and get his goods in exchange for them; cash was a scarce article in the county, though there was plenty of produce to be exchanged for it. Now the men of Inverness may leave their cows and pigs at home, and proceed to town much more comfortably, with the miniature equivalent for stock in his pocket. In a few years improved railway facilities will have changed the entire face of the island of Cape Breton; but at the time of writing, in most parts of it, it is a good deal behind the times—well, Methuselah would just feel perfectly at home there.

Zola says that his novels have not been well translated in this country. He should remember Dr. Johnson's remark about a dog walking on his hands. "Sir," he said, "it is not done well, of course; but you are surprised that it is done at all."—*Boston Post*.

After listening to a parliamentary candidate's fervid appeal, at New Malton, a shrewd Yorkshire farmer was asked what he thought of the speech. His reply was simply:

"Why, I don't know, but I think six hours' rain would ha' done us a deal mair good!"



IN THE ACADIAN COUNTRY.