

TRURO.—The Truro Lawn Tennis Club held its Annual meeting last week. All the old officers were re-elected. It does not do to be too exclusive in a small town like ours, and thus the Club thought it advisable to at last open the aristocratic doors and enlarge the number of players. Some of the lady players have gone to "lands far distant" others are soon to be taken for "better or for worse" therefore, the President, Mr. O. C. Cummings, handed in some eleven names for membership which have been accepted. Some of these new members are good Tennis players already, so we hope to hear a good report of the Truro Club. I hear another meeting is to be called as soon as Mrs. Sarah Connoley, Miss Jessie Byer, Bessie Paris and Hattie Morris, are anxious to join the ranks. The colors of the Club which are now yellow and blue, will be changed to black and white.

Mrs. Betts and Miss McKay of Wallace, are spending a few days with friends in town.

I believe some of our ambitious citizens have taken up with the offer *Progress* has made them, and are soon to be written up in the enterprising paper. The agent, Mr. E. O. Harrington, was here last week, and for the small sum of "fifteen dollars in his inside pocket," will write any one person or their business up. The more money, the bigger the puff. It is not a year since Mrs. Marie Wright, correspondent of the *New York World*, came down upon us like a "wolf on the fold," and the praises of our pretty town, said *one or two people* in it were sung—on Sunday July 20, 1890—not to the tune of Good old hundred, but *two hundred*. Mrs. Grundy does not aspire to the greatness of a Wright or a Harrington—knowing that the "heights of great men (or women) reached and kept, were not attained by sudden flight" but would be willing to write up Truro and everybody in it, if these liberal minded citizens would give our pretty town even one decent side-walk on Prince St.

Miss Laine of Halifax was greeted by a full house on Monday evening. Some of us have heard this talented lady frequently, and have never heard her sing better than she did on this occasion. All her songs were most highly appreciated, especially Gounod's difficult "Non destâirmi," which called forth a hearty encore, for which "Annie Laurie" was sung as only Miss Laine can sing it. This was the first appearance of the sweet songstress before a Truro audience and we fear it will be the last we shall hear of "I once had a sweet little doll dear," as Miss Laine is so soon to leave Halifax. The pupils part of the entertainment was as enjoyable as anything of that kind can be.

Senator McKay returned from Ottawa on Saturday, to remain a few days at home.

Rev. D. W. C. Dimock left for New York on Saturday, to be absent a few weeks.

Miss Louise McCully returned from New York last week, after an absence of some months, looking as if her sojourn in Uncle Sam's domains quite agreed with her.

Miss Parks, of Boston, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas McKay, Prince St.

Mrs. E. Tupper, of Amherst, is spending a few weeks with Mrs. G. P. Nelson, Pleasant St.

The *Truro Daily News* asks "What has become of the Dramatic Club?" Echo answers, "House-cleaning!"

Dr. E. O. Hallet, of Sydney, is spending a few days in town with his relatives.

SACKVILLE.—This pretty village on the Tartramar seems to have contracted an epidemic of chronic social lethargy, either from the protracted effects of the Lenten season, or from the effects of the unusual activity of the past winter. Within the past month there has scarcely been a single at home, or party, and with the exception of the reception at the Ladies' College, all has been a social blank. The B. & C. Club wound up its seasons meeting at Mrs. Estabrooke's parlours in the Brunswick House, and it will be heard of no more until Winter arrives, and if the Lawn Tennis clubs do not mature favorably, we will have a dearth of gaiety for the summer visitors.

The Band Concert brought together a full representation of our youth and beauty on Friday last. It would be hard to say which was the "starring" member on the programme. Mrs. Harrison's solo, Miss Landers' reading and Mr. Murray's solo, all were well given. Mrs. Harrison looked bewitching in a low cut pink silk and during her solo was greeted by a shower of flowers. Miss Landers read and looked charmingly, and Mr. Murray threw his whole Highland soul into "Scots wha hae." At the close Mr. Frank Black in a neat speech thanked those who had attended, for their presence.

Mrs. G. B. Estabrook and Miss Mimes, are confined to the house with La Grippe.

The principal topic for the village gossips, is the approaching marriage of one of Sackville's fairest young ladies with a retired sea captain, whose maturity in years is not a subject of doubt. It comes off in June.

A promising young clergyman studying here will shortly lead one of Charlottetown's daughters to the altar.

Mr. Martin Lane of Dorchester, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. R. P. Foster returned from St. John on Monday.

COPPERFIELD.

OUR VOLUNTEERS.

The 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers began work for the season, on Tuesday night. The regiment mustered at the Drill Shed at 8 o'clock, Lieut. Col. Humphrey being in command, and marched through Birmingham street, Morris street, Hollis street, George street, and Barrington street to the Drill Shed. The regiment is now, owing to the exertions of the officers up to full strength. To them, will fall the duty of parading at the closing of the House of Assembly in a few days time.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

She came into the room, where he sat alone, with a glittering knife in her clenched hand amid the folds of her dress.

Her face was white and drawn, and her eyes were wild and haggard looking.

He, the man whose name she bore, sat by the firegrate, deep in thought, and never heard the slippered footfall of the beautiful woman who now stood behind his chair with a strange cold smile upon her lips.

Suddenly, with a gasp, she cast the knife from her towards the bed of glowing coals, but it sank silently into a divan at the other side of the room.

"I cannot!" she moaned, wearily, "*I cannot!*" and she fell in a white heap upon the floor at his feet.

A pitying expression broke across the Gothic granite of his cheek, and he murmured in deep, tender tones: "What is it, my darling?"

But she spoke no word, only raised one white hand towards him, in which was clasped a lead pencil.

She had been trying to sharpen it, poor girl!

The End.

THE RISING GENERATION.—"So you've joined the Navy, Jack? I thought you were going to Sandhurst!" "Well, you know, I *did* think of the Army at first; but when I remembered that the death of Nelson had never been avenged that settled it."

It is reported that a policeman has just been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. People will now have the satisfaction of knowing where to find him when he is wanted.

"I had no idea," said the Fond Father, reading through his hopeful's public school bill for the first time, "I had no idea that studying was so expensive."

"No; and I don't study very much," remarked the lad in a truly sympathetic tone.