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# OUR SOCIETY

A  
WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 24

No. 21.

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**M**R. GEORGE TRACEY, of the Wanderers' A. A. Club, is probably the possessor of more Athletic Prizes than any other amateur in Canada, and is certainly one of Canada's most distinguished athletes. His first appearance in a public competition was at the Bankers' Annual Regatta in 1883, when he rowed in the W. A. A. C. four, and secured his first prize for the single scull race. In the same year he won the Wanderers' 3-mile walk, and in the following year brought the local record for the half mile down to 2-10. Mr. Tracey was the winner of the first prize for half mile at the Wanderers' annual games in five successive years, 1881-85, and of the quarter mile in 1886-7-8; winning the Maritime Provinces Championship at half mile in 8889, and at quarter mile in 1888. Among others prize won in this

city were several for different branches of gymnastics, the mile, 1000 yds, half and quarter-mile at the Queen's Jubilee Games, and half and quarter-mile at the Carnival Sports of 1888.

By his performances away from home, Mr. Tracey has brought great credit on the Halifax Athletic world, and indeed on Canada as a nation. In 1886 he won the 600 yards in the games of the Olympic A. C. of New York; and in 1887 won the half-mile Championship of America at the M. A. C. Grounds, New York City, winning it again at the Detroit A. C. Grounds in 1888. At Travers Island, in 1889, Mr. Tracey again ran for the championship, but his chance was spoiled by an unlucky collision with another runner.

Last year he was unable to compete, but we hope to have another victory to record this summer. Mr. Tracey's time for the half-mile is within a fraction of a second of 2 minutes.

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## Society Notes.

It is somewhat surprising that in an enlightened country like Canada, such a relic of barbarism should be perpetuated. To one philosophically inclined, there is food for reflection in the idea of taxing a dog. Does the collector ever think that by his request to pay at once to save the cost of a summons, he is inciting men to wilful and cold-blooded murder; not of human beings, certainly, but of beings who beat many humans in consistence and general integrity of character. Even the kinder-hearted recipients of the notice are often impelled—by the greatest of all evils, want of coin—to turn certain hitherto sober and respectable members of their family adrift in the streets, to become mere loafers and pilferers, highwaymen and thieves.

We are not going to indulge in a vegetarian tirade against the slaughtering of animals. Some animals are still wild, and we treat them as we would wild men; if it is out of our power to instruct them how to behave decently, we shoot them down in self-defence. Others are tame—very tame—and uncommonly good to eat; these we educate to enjoy the most fattening food, and to acquire a good flavor; and when the season comes that their flesh is at its prime, we kill them and absorb their strength into our own systems. Others are neither savage nor succulent, but are by nature domestic and affectionate, and highly intelligent. Among them the dog comes first, endowed with keen perception and a sensitive conscience. In his youth he is quite as susceptible of educational influences as any human, and if properly trained develops into a most faithful companion, brave, honorable and obedient, always ready to confess a fault and accept his punishment without a murmur. In fact, a carefully trained dog—of high or low degree—presents a character that would make a hero if endowed with a biped carcass.

And yet, in an enlightened country,—a country which has shaken off the trammels of antiquity—and with them, many of the beauties that make the Old World lovely, in an enlightened country like Canada, those who are humane and benevolent enough to find board and lodging, we can't say clothing, *gratis* for their canine friends, are asked to pay so much per annum to the Government in addition. We beg to protest,—make a note of it; *Our Society* protests at last, most emphatically.

Of course it is not the collector who is to blame, it is the benighted government he represents, and we fear very much that no change of Government that is likely to take place for a century or so will prove more enlightened in this particular.

The *St. John Globe*, evidently struck by the flourishing condition of our society papers, argues that "Society and Sweldom in Halifax must be in a blooming condition." Commenting on our vain endeavor to describe ourselves as a record of "Society and sports," the *Globe* asks under what heading the Easter Services are to be placed. We might say in reply that it is a peculiarity of Halifax that both society men and sporting men are supposed to take a passing interest in the Easter Services at our churches. But we don't want to be caustic, and will content ourselves with thanking the *Globe* for what is a very kindly notice of our little sheet.

A short letter appeared in *Progress* last week on a subject which has lain dormant for some time in the public prints, but which is a constant topic of conversation and discussion among the townspeople. The question whether the presence of the military is a commercial advantage to the city or otherwise is a decidedly old one, and we would like to hear the opinion of leading townsmen on the subject. Perhaps an authoritative settlement might go far to stop the murmurings of those who fancy themselves injured or slighted by the presence of their rivals in uniform, and who are so ready to state as a foregone conclusion that things would go better without them. On the other hand there are some few who do not hesitate to say that in the old times when more than one regiment was quartered here, people were perceptibly better off and trade brisker in consequence.

Without venturing to go so far as this, we do not hesitate to say that we think it would be a very heavy blow to trade generally if the garrison were removed.

In coming to this conclusion, we are influenced by two facts, which might be called characteristics of this city; the first is the scarcity of ready money generally, and the second is the fact that those among the permanent residents who have made their "pile" do not as a rule spend it here. Both these tend to bring about the same result,—a pressing need for the importation of ready money. It is precisely this need that is filled by the military. We do not think we are at all beyond the mark in estimating the pay of officers alone at \$100,000 per annum, not counting private incomes. Even supposing that only one half of this sum is spent in Halifax, it forms a considerable item, as no part of this money is made here. And when we consider the amount spent by the non-coms. and privates, and the sums paid for transport, and the amount of civilian labour incidentally employed by the Government, we are inclined to think that it would take years to recover from the loss of such an enormous promoter of business.

The body of St. Luke's Cathedral last Sunday morning was a perfect flower-garden; one pew in particular with a coat of green paint would have passed well enough for a window flower-box in full blossom. Coming in from the barren outer world, with no sign of spring except in the sunshine, the effect of this blaze of gold and yellow was strange. No one would have felt the least bit surprised if the organist had struck up the well-known air "Tit-willow." However, no outburst of any kind occurred till after the congregation had reached the front steps, when a quiet and gentle, though simultaneous, chorus arose among the male part,—“The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la.”

We fail to see anything so highly "sensational" in what is called the "Story of the Halifax Militia Troubles," and we are glad to find someone with a level head advising the public to "Hear the other side," as the only account given so far is obviously one-sided. Of course no one can blame a newspaper for obtaining information about the proceedings of the court of inquiry, but some one connected with the business is open to very serious censure for giving that information, which was supposed to be strictly private and known only to a few officials. And in the service it has always been regarded as a grave breach of professional etiquette to provide any paper with details of military information. On the military side of the question, however, we prefer to say nothing: the results of the enquiry will be public property before long, and will probably be very different from what the public have been led to expect.

On the other side, however, we have a perfect right to speak: and we consider it abominably bad taste, and at the same time bad policy, to parade an officer's private affairs before the public. The whole thing looks uncommonly like a *ruse* to divert the attention of the public and of the officials from the point at issue, and to create a prejudice against an officer by considerations which have no right to any place whatever in the discussion. And this view of the situation is borne out by the fact that several other statements have appeared in the public prints, which must have struck any unbiassed observer as deliberately planned with the same object.

The officer in question has our entire sympathy, and we can only hope that the results of the enquiry will be speedily published, for his satisfaction as well as for our own.

There is very little business done without canvassing, and when it comes to anything in the shape of an election, the result seems to depend simply on the amount of skill and funds—brought to bear in support of the "cause." Even when this is thoroughly understood, it is rather amusing to read in the papers that "The city collector has obligingly posted in his office the list of voters in all the wards (except ward 5, where there is no contest), for the convenience of all interested parties." Any particular man's vote is almost as well-known in advance now-a-days by the "persons interested," as the amount of insurance he "carries" is to the agents of the various companies.

The guests at the fifth sessional dinner at Government House, on Tuesday last, were:—

Hon. W. S. Fielding, M. E. C.	Mr. F. Laurence, M. P. P.
Hon. Geo. Murray, M. E. C.	Asst. Clerk H. of A.
Hon. Geo. Whitman.	Sergt. at Arms.
Hon. Thos. Dedge, M. L. C.	Mr. Vizard, R. N.
Hon. J. McNeil, M. L. C.	Mr. Stubbing, R. N.
Hon. J. Mack, M. L. C.	Lt. Col. MacShane.
Hon. H. H. Fuller, M. L. C.	Major Reader.
Hon. John Robichau, M. L. C.	Lt.-Col. Humphrey.
Hon. Mr. Drummond.	Canon Madden
Mr. Morrow, M. P. P.	Rev. Owen Jones.
Mr. A. Comeau, M. P. P.	U. S. Consul Frye.
Mr. J. A. Fraser, M. P. P.	Mr. George Troop.
Mr. R. Hunt, M. P. P.	Mr. Piteaithly.
Mr. Jas. MacGregor, M. P. P.	Mr. A. G. West.
Mr. A. Wallon, M. P. P.	Capt. Taylor Wood.
Mr. A. Drysdale, M. P. P.	Rev. Dr. Foley.
Mr. J. McPherson, M. P. P.	Major Gordon.
Mr. C. Chisholm, M. P. P.	Sir John Reid.

It is wonderful how engagements accumulate on Thursdays. Yesterday was simply an impossible day for those who like to see all that is going on. There was the St. George's Society Parade in the morning, the Dalhousie Convocation in the afternoon, and the final C. E. I. Concert and Mr. Mountjoy Walker's Benefit in the evening.

We are sorry to think that we shall have no more of these very pleasant concerts at the C. E. Institute this season. Last night's performance went off very well; the programme had few numbers, but all good ones, and well selected. The programme was as follows:—

Quartette—Greeting to spring		Strauss.
Lyric Quartette		
Song—Looking back,		Sullivan.
F. C. Sobieski.		
Song—Hagar in the desert		Bordese.
Mrs. Lear.		
Trio—I Naviganti,		Randegger.
Mrs. Lear, Messrs. Sobieski and Blois.		
Song—Angels' whispers		Daly.
Mrs. Tremaine, with violin obligato by Miss Tremaine.		
Piano Solo—Les adieux de Paris,		Hammell.
Herbert A. Logan.		
Song—Voices of the words,		Rubenstein.
Mrs. Lear.		
Song—Last night,		Krughoff.
O. Blois.		
Serenade—Dorine pure.		Scudari.
F. C. Sobieski.		
Song—In an old garden,		Hope Temple.
Miss Sharp.		
Duett—Nina		Guercia.
Mrs. Lear and Mr. Sobieski.		
God Save the Queen.		

Mr. Porter's Benefit Concert has been postponed till the 30th of this month. We understand that this is to be quite one of the events of the season—as indeed it should be—and that a large number of seats have already been booked.

We omitted to record last week the departure from the city of Dr., Mrs. and the Misses Fitch, who have gone to Wolfville for the summer. Miss Fitch it will be remembered took a prominent part in organizing the "Fan Drill" entertainment a few months ago—her success in these matters is well known. We hope we shall have Dr. Fitch and his family in Halifax next winter.

Rumours are afloat that we shall shortly have another amateur dramatic performance. As the Saturday evening writers say, we can say no more at present, our life would not be worth a minutes purchase were we to divulge what we know.

The discontinuance of the direct mail service to England does not necessarily imply that the mails will take longer to reach their destination. The service *via* New York is more reliable than, and for Halifaxians, quite as expeditious as, the direct service, even in the winter when this is the port of departure and arrival.

The seventeenth annual report of the church of England Institute lies before us. We observe that during the year ending January 31st last there was a net gain of 45 members and in the ladies Auxiliary 16, making a total of 61. The minimum annual subscription has been increased from two to three dollars, by this means it is hoped that the financial standing of the Institute will be placed on a firmer footing. The balance sheet shews that the Institute just paid its way last year, leaving a balance in hand of \$1.61. It appears however that \$206.50 of the present year's income (subscriptions paid in advance) has been made use of. In addition to this there are out-standing liabilities on the years working of \$543.98 making a total of \$750.48, against which there are \$101.64 assets. It is with the view of meeting this deficiency, and to prevent it becoming annual, that the minimum subscription was raised from \$2 to \$3.

An account by an eye-witness is given in a London paper, of the following amusing episode, which occurred at a banquet given to the Czarewitch at the Government House, Madras, less than a month ago, an incident which, however, is not without its more serious aspect, inasmuch as it draws attention to the atmosphere of constant suspicion and alarm which is breathed by the highest circles of Russian Society.

The Czarewitch and his suite were seated at the banquet when suddenly a bottle of sodawater on the verandah burst with a loud report, and in a shorter time than it takes to write, the Heir Apparent of the Russian Empire and all his suite had started to their feet and, drawing their swords half out of their scabbards, prepared for the worst; thoughts of treachery, treason, and bomb-shells being apparently suggested by the mere sound. On learning the simple cause of the disturbance, the expression of terror and alarm on their countenances gradually subsided and gave place to looks of such serio-comic ludicrousness as are easier imagined than described. The whole event sorely tickled the risible faculties of the English present, which politeness compelled them to restrain, but it never seemed to suggest itself to anybody but the Russians that any danger was to be apprehended from the report.

The diners at the Attorney-General's on Monday last, were Hon. L. E. Baker, Mr. F. B. Crofton, Mr. M. Dwyer, Dr. Farrell, Hon. H. H. Fuller, Hon. S. H. Holmes, Hon. A. G. Jones, Hon. G. H. Murray, Hon. D. McNeil, Lieut.-Col. Rolph, and Prof. G. D. Roberts.

An Assault-at-arms will be held in the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening next, by the Gymnasium Committee of the 63rd Halifax Rifles. Among other interesting events will be a boxing competition for points, open to city and military professionals.

To-night and tomorrow night the Academy is occupied by Atkinson Cook's Minstrels.

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**DALHOUSIE DEGREE DAY.**

Bright speeches, enthusiastic applause and good natured chaff were the characteristics of the Dalhousie convocation of Thursday. The Academy was full to overflowing with students and their friends, and on the stage were the anything but victims who were to receive the degrees, the faculty and some distinguished personages. The stage looked somewhat sombre, owing to the rest of the house being light and the stage somewhat dark, and the utter absence of flowers could not but be noticed. However, the bright coloured hoods, the white of the B. A., the blue of the B. L., the scarlet and white of the M. D., and the scarlet of the M. A. not to mention the gorgeous scarlet and orange of the D. Sc. Lond., made many a bright spot in the somewhat dark-hued stage.

Principal Forrest opened the proceedings with an address which was short and to the point. We hope that his official position is not as insecure as his somewhat elevated position on the stage looked. When the graduates came forth and received those mystic letters for which they have been striving for so long, the three lady bachelors, if that is what they are to be called, looking remarkable well in their long, flowing robes and graceful hoods, came in for a large share of the applause, especially Miss Baxter who took a gold medal. All honour to the sex of which they were the representatives.

A goodly number of B. A.'s., a smaller number of L. L. B.'s. and a still smaller number of M. D.'s., they all looked pleasant and happy but somewhat shattered by the recent ordeal of examinations that they have passed through. Mr. Weldon the beau of the law school, addressed the graduates and gave them much fatherly and friendly advice. What a wonderful and glorious place this would be if the advice that students receive on graduation were carried out. The prizes and medals were then presented and the ceremony was greatly assisted by our students in the audience, who indulged in horrible and diabolical noises.

Then Mr. McLean stepped forward and read the valedictory address to the arts graduates. There is one thing about Mr. McLean and that is that he has no mean opinion about the abilities of the class of '91. Long may they continue to merit that opinion. He regretted that they had taken no interest in athletics during their course, and this is a subject of great regret, for a B. A. ought to mean a bachelor of athletics as well as a bachelor of arts.

Mr. McNeil who is a brother of the Hon. D. McNeil, one of the members of the govt, gave a powerful and eloquent valedictory to the L. L. B.'s. He showed considerable oratorical powers and also wit of a high order, his references to the Legislators were capital, and we hope at no distant day to see Mr. McNeil in that chamber and to hear him once again. He was somewhat severe on the Faculty as regards dancing at the "at home" and brought in a quotation from this paper that was much appreciated by the students.

Mr. John F. Stairs was next called upon and addressed the students on the subject of the advantage of a college training. The Rev. Dyson Hague gave what was undoubtedly the finest effort of the afternoon, in a stirring and spirited lecture one might say to the graduates. He spoke of the great advantages of athletics in college training and hit the graduating class somewhat hard on that subject. After a few remarks by the Lieut-Governor the proceedings ended.

Altogether it was most successful, but wanted a little more life and a little more collegiate surroundings. It seems a pity that the convocation could not be held in the college, but I suppose there are good reasons for it not being so. And it seems a pity that there could not be more ceremony and state about a function of this kind. Altogether what there was was most stately and impressive. All the speakers urged the necessity of Halifax people taking more interest in Dalhousie, so they ought to, but then Dalhousie ought to be more of a university and less of a high school; this could be accomplished if there were established a residential college and university ideas and customs were carried to their full extent.

Degrees were conferred on the following students.

- |                 |                     |
|-----------------|---------------------|
|                 | B. A.               |
| Baxter, Miss A. | McMillen, F. A.     |
| Brehaut, J. W.  | McNaughton, Miss E. |
| Cox, G. H.      | Magee, W. H.        |

- Goodwin, Miss E.
- Grierson, J. A.
- Hugh, D. D.
- Jordan E. J.
- Kennedy, J. S.
- McCurdy, J. F.
- McGlashan, J. A.
- McLean, J. B.
- McMillan, C. E.

- Moore, C. L.
- Morash, A. V.
- Munro, C.
- Oliver, A. C. L.
- Robinson, C. B.
- Stairs, H. B.
- Thompson, F. W.
- Tupper, J. W.
- West, T. F.

L. L. B.

- Allison, E. P., B. A.
- Cahadane, T.
- Congdon, F. H.
- Davidson, J. McG., B. A.
- Fairweather, S. L.
- Logan, H. J.
- McDonald, A. J., B. A.

- McDonald, J.
- McNeil, A., B. A.
- Paton, V., B. A.
- Ruggles, N. C.
- Shaw, A. E., B. A.
- Wickwire, H. H., B. A.
- White.

M. D., C. M.

- Hamilton, C. A.

- Johnson, J. W.

M. A.

- Grant, D. K., B. A.

- Crowell, Rev. E., B. A.

B. L.

- Muir, Miss Ethel.

- Montgomery, John.

The following students have taken their Degrees with Honours ;

Classics.—First Rank, J. W. Brehaut.

Mathematics and Mathematical Physics.—First Rank, Miss Agnes Baxter.

Mental and Moral Philosophy.—First Rank, D. D. Hugh. Second Rank, E. J. Jordan.

English and English History.—First Rank, J. W. Tupper.

The following were awarded Degrees with General Distinction :

First Rank—C. B. Robinson.

Second Rank—C. L. Moore, A. C. L. Oliver.

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## FISHING. No IV.

Before commencing to speak on Fly fishing, I think for practical purposes it would be better if I spoke *seriatim* of the articles we use for the purpose of catching fish in this—or any other—way. The remarks I make in any of my articles, are really practical, and being so I shall be only too willing to answer any questions of that nature,—through the correspondents' columns—but I do most distinctly bar any argument with a pure and simple—Simple in two renderings of the word—Theorist. Of all Theorists, the Fishing Theorist is the worst.

To return,—Firstly, experience has taught me that there is more done in respect to catching fish, by the hook, than by any other part of one's gear. I hear some one smiling audibly, and saying to himself "of course there is, how the dickens could he catch them without it?" I am satisfied! He has had his little joke, but let me just remind that adle pated young man t'at I am now taking the paraphernalia of fishing *tout ensemble*. Hooks have gone through more radical changes as regards make and shape than any other part of the angler's gear. I have a sort of idea that the first hook I ever saw was represented in bone. I did not happen to be about just at the time it was in use, but still during my experience this improvement has been so great, that now I fail to see how any further improvements can possibly be made on the last issued pattern. For this the fishing community at large are greatly in the debt of Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell, the best practical fisherman England has ever produced. No doubt but that with a large fortune at his command, he is in a position to catch more fish than his less fortunate friends, but there has never been a man who spent his time and money to such an extent for the good of the brethren of his craft. But to return to the hook. There can be no doubt, but that the metal eyes now in use, are far away ahead of the old way in which we attached the gut to the hooks. The fact is by using the eye loop attached to the hook without any extraneous aid, in the way of waxed binding, which wax there is no doubt, will wear off after a certain time, thereby allowing the binding to loosen, which is sure to happen when the biggest fish is on. Taking this view, I would advise the use of those hooks with the eyes *turned down*. The preference I give to the eyed hook, as against the "lapped on" one, is more patent in Salmon than in Trout fishing.

All Salmon fishermen know full well that their fly bill is an item in their year's expenditure, and each fly they lose is something out of their pocket, and also they know that if they preserved their flies, as I have recommended in a former article, they would last for two or three seasons, whereas by using the old fashioned attachment they often have no fly to preserve. There can be only one set off against the above advantages for this method, and that is the attaching the gut to the eye. There are so many knots known to fishermen, that this objection amounts to really nothing at all. It may seem a very trivial matter whether a hook has a *turned up eye* or one that is *turned down*. But there is after all a great deal in this; Mr. Pennell shows not only practically, but also mathematically, that you can strike a fish with greater success, by the latter: for this reason, that with the former the line could not be exactly in the same level with the shank of the hook, while with the latter it would be in exactly the same plane.

As to the best shapes of the hook to use, it is very difficult to give an idea on paper, but there is one of which I would say to my readers "Beware," and that is an exaggerated "hog-back," a hook beloved of makers, and one which causes the use of many bad words by the users. Theorists will tell you this selfsame "hog-backed" shape abortion "has wonderful holding power." Practical fishermen retort "what on earth is the good of that, if

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**BRUNSWICK ST.**

you don't hook your fish?" Very true this is too, forgiving all this holding power, it lessens the chance of fairly hooking, while the chance is that you only just prick your fish. Again with a *very* round bend you stand all chances of hooking your fish, but then another difficulty arises, "can you keep him there?" Thus it is the happy medium between these two hooks that you want to strike, for the two objects you have in view are in the first place to hook your fish, and secondly to keep him there.

Next in importance to the hook comes the gut. One standard rule by which to select, is to pick out the *longest, roundest and most transparent*. In the present day it is a very difficult thing to get a cast which combines all these qualities: even in London, you have to pay an awful price for such a one, but still it must be remembered that should you be lucky enough to become the possessor of one that "fills the bill," then by taking ordinary care of it, you need not want another for seasons, for the breaking *dead weight* of such gut should be from 12 to 16 lbs. Might I here suggest that not one-third of my readers really know from whence this *good gut* emanates, "Would it," in the language of that Attorney-General—I forget his name—who appeared in the famous Tichborne trial,—“Would it surprise you to hear that it is to the otherwise insignificant silk worm we owe this commodity?" Yet it is a fact.

I am very much afraid that we in Halifax will have to content ourselves with a much inferior article. There are so many different knots to be tied, that in these short articles, and without diagrams it would be useless for me to attempt to describe even one, so I leave that entirely in the hands of the experimenter. The question has often arisen, should gut be stained or not? I, myself, think it should, though I fear I am running contra to more experienced men than myself; but perhaps having found this staining so useful in coarse fishing—that is for roach, perch and pike—in England, I may be prejudiced. One reason I have for staining is that with new gut there is a certain amount of glitter, but this can also be counteracted by rubbing it lightly with fine emery paper, which will effectually take off the gloss. For the length of the casting line I should advise about 3 to 3½ yards, for the double handed rod with three flies, as used in the large rivers of Scotland and Ireland. But I have always considered it nonsense to fish with more than two flies, therefore the cast may vary in proportion.

Two flies are far more easily worked, and you stand a far better chance of their both being in the water at once, but still at the same time in a large lake, fishing from a low boat, a first-class man may be able to use three with success. From the gut we get to the line. This question has been so thoroughly threshed out by far abler men than I can ever hope to be, that I can only give my personal opinion, to be taken for what it is worth. It seems to me that the question simply becomes is it to be hemp or silk. For my part I have found them answer equally well, given the same dressing, and the same perfect make and shape; and by shape I mean that they should both taper thicker from the end to the point which will come nearest to the top of the rod, when making a cast. This taper will consist say in a salmon line of about 15 yards, it then should taper back again about the same

distance till it joins the main or back line. One word as to this back line: be sure it is really smooth, as with a good fish on, one that gives you a good deal of play, the friction with the rings will be such as to render your line useless afterwards, and may cause you to lose your fish. I find I have no more space, and must leave the rod and flies to be used for salmon, and my remarks on trout fishing for my next article.

Just one word more as to gut and the difficulty of getting the best. The very best, of extraordinary strength, has sold wholesale for as much as £7 per 100 strands, this being now paid even in Marseilles, from whence it comes. A writer in the *Field* says, "Thirty years ago there could be bought a superior gut, now unobtainable, owing to the extinction of the silk worm that produced it." In choosing your gut, to prove it is equally round and not flat, roll it between your fingers and thumb, then if is not round the defect can be discovered at once.

WALTER LEIGH.

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[SAMUEL HEY IN JUDGE.]

She can peel and boil potatoes, make a salad of tomatoes, but she doesn't know a Latin noun from Greek;  
 And so well she cooks a chicken that your appetite 'twould quicken, but she cannot tell what's modern from antique,  
 She knows how to set a table and make order out of babel, but she doesn't know Euripides from Kant;  
 Once at making pies I caught her—Jove! an expert must have taught her—but she doesn't know true eloquence from rant;  
 She has quite a firm conviction one ought only to read fiction, and she doesn't care for science, not a bit;  
 And the way she makes her bonnets, sure is worth a thousand sonnets, but she doesn't yearn for "culture," not a whit;  
 She can make her wraps and dresses till a fellow fast confesses that there's not another maid half as sweet;  
 She's immersed in home completely, where he keeps all things so neatly, but from Browning not a line can she repeat.  
 Well, in fact, she's just a woman, gentle, lovable and human, and her faults she is quite willing to admit;  
 'Twas foolish to have tarried, so we went off and were married, and I tell you I am mighty glad of it.

Tales about Barnum are all the go now, and the following from one of his ringmasters, is about as good as most of them:

"I remember one occasion in particular when we had pitched our tents at a large town in Pennsylvania Barnum came round the first night as usual before the performance, and found the sacred bull stretched on the ground."

"Dead, hey?" remarked Barnum

"As a coffin nail, sir," replied the keeper, "cholera I take it."

"Send a man for that bull we saw two miles back here. The "Great and Only" isn't going to fall short of sacred bulls in a cattle district like this.

"At that moment a man came up and observed in a business-like way, 'The monkeys have pulled all the fur off the rabbits; snatched 'em regular bald-headed.'

"Put them in a separate cage, and label them "From the ruins of Pompeii."

"All right, sir," replied the man, "but what are we to do for dromedaries? The stock's running low, and we've advertised that big lot."

"Barnum tore a leaf from his diary, and handed him the following memorandum, with the order:

"Put a blanket on the horse that went blind yesterday, and tack this on him in a conspicuous place." The following is what the man read:

"NOTICE, the hump usually found on this dromedary has been absorbed as nutriment; is expected out in a few days."

"Yes, Barnum had large resources." And the ex-ringmaster solemnly contemplated the wreaths of smoke from his pipe as they rose into the ambient air.

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## Provincial Notes.

WINDSOR.—We have had some considerable changes lately in the personnel of our local banks. Mr. Harry King has gone to St. John and Mr. Evill has taken his place in the bank of the Halifax Banking Co., and Mr. Reginald Lawson has left the Commercial Bank of Windsor, and gone into the Bank of Nova Scotia at Halifax.

Miss Miller, daughter of the headmaster of the Collegiate School, has returned home from Upper Canada, where she has been residing the last few years, and is, we understand, to be in Windsor sometime.

Miss Forbes of Halifax spent Sunday last in Windsor

The great event of last week was the second concert of our Philo-harmonic Society on Friday evening, April the 17th. All the elite of our town turned out and a good many of the other inhabitants besides.

We presume it was this latter class who were requested to restrain their conversation by the Conductor. It certainly was annoying to hear whispering and chatting, interspersed *gratis* among the songs and musical solos of the programme. The Society was assisted by Messrs. Phillips and W. Butler, both I think from Halifax. The Clarion solos and duets were certainly excellent, but they were a little too long and a duet of these instruments is scarcely the sweetest for a hall like that of our Reform Club. In my judgement, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Emerson sang the best of the evening, both of whom were enthusiastically *cueored*. The piano solo—"La Cascade," by Miss Hensley, was beautifully rendered, and she kindly responded to the wishes of the audience by playing another piece equally well. There were about fifty performers on the stage, and the full chorus rendered several pieces in a highly creditable manner.—"Good-night, Good-night, Beloved," being especially fine. I thought that some of our old favorites were hardly at their best this evening, but as I am not a musical critic, my lack of appreciation may be entirely due to some defect in my own judgement. On the whole I think the concert may be deemed a decided success, and much credit is due to Mr. W. H. Watts for his painstaking labor as conductor of this Society. On such an occasion as this the want of a suitable hall is much felt in Windsor, and it certainly does seem a shame that we should not have what many towns, of less importance than we are, possess. Won't some public spirited citizen take the matter up and remedy our lamentable deficiency? The beautiful plants on the stage on Friday evening were a pleasing feature, and somewhat to atone for the shabby appearance of the hall.

Several Windsor people went over to the "Olde Folke's Concert" at Hantsport last week, but they brought back very qualified reports of the performance.

April, 21st 1891.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—A few hours after last week's items were posted, news came that Mr. Edward J. Hodgson, Q. C., LL. D., had been appointed master of the Rolls in succession to Mr. J. Peters, lately resigned because of failing health.

In the appointment of Mr. Hodgson, the Dominion Government has recognized the first claims of one of its most influential supporters, and the Supreme Court of Prince Edward Island has secured upon its back the pressure of our most brilliant orator, and a lawyer whose ability is recognized not only here but elsewhere, for Mr. Hodgson's reputation and status are far from being merely provincial.

Mr. Justice Hodgson has the hearty congratulations of his many admirers and friends.

The great event of the week was the political crisis reached last Saturday, why the Lieutenant Governor refused to grant a dissolution of Parliament and the Government resigned, whereupon His Honor called upon Mr. Fred K. Peters to form a government, and the Liberals are in consequence now in council, "Cabinet-making."

Mr. Peters will no doubt be chosen Premier and Attorney General, but the offices and honors in the present "tight" condition of matters political are of such doubtful advantage there will probably not be as much greediness in seeking for office as there usually is under more favourable circumstances.

Under-officials are trembling, for numerous aspirants are demanding recognition, and party merits go a long way to shut politicians eyes now-a-days against experience and ability. But such is life, and

as opposing political parties are alike bound to Fortune's wheel, one side must go down if the other go up.

Mr. Vinnicombe's Concert was badly attended last Monday, but those who stayed away were losers more than Mr. Vinnicombe, for it was a good concert. Some feared too much "fiddle and the bow" but no monotonous sameness rendered the concert tiresome. Most of the members were admirable, and the audience gave frequent evidences of their favorable estimation of the character of the performances.

The concert was under the patronage of His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Carvell, who sent Col. Irving, A. D. C. after the performance of Mr. Vinnicombe's solo, to present him with her bouquet of flowers, which honour he fittingly acknowledged.

Tickets for the Tennis entertainment have been sold by the members of the Club, and when on Monday morning at 9 o'clock the plan of seats was exposed in one of the drug stores, crowds were waiting to secure seats and have their tickets marked.

The entertainment next Thursday is certain to be *the* event of the season, and we hear that the several performers are well up in their parts, and as a whole cannot be excelled by amateurs.

Honorable Daniel Davies and Mr. Lewis Davies, M. P., are both out again after their attacks of *la grippe* which is visiting us, and troubling us all more or less severely.

We see Mr. Horace Haszard home again from Halifax, and Mr. F. Parker Carvell returned Saturday night in the "Stanley" whose welcome horn gladdened our ears again, after nearly five months of ice bound isolation.

A correspondent sends us the following: it is the summing up by the ever-popular "Dagonet" of the much-vexed question "Is marriage a failure?" and is nothing if not practical:—

SIR, —Marriage need not be a failure if certain precautions were taken by young couples at the commencement of their married life. The following rules if carried out would, I am sure, go far to make the institution a greater success than it has been:—

RULE 1. —Never under any circumstances let the wife introduce her husband to her mother.

RULE 2. —Never let the wife ask her husband for money, but always pay her bills out of her own private income.

RULE 3. —Never let the wife ask her husband where he is going or where he has been; and, at whatever hour of the night he returns, let him always find his wife waiting up, with his slippers ready and the spirit-stand on the table.

RULE 4. —Never let the wife ask the husband to come home to dinner at any fixed hour; and if he doesn't come at all, take no notice.

RULE 5. —Always have one or two pretty young lady friends staying in the house, in order that your husband may have someone to talk to.

RULE 6. —When the babies begin to coo, put them out to nurse until they are of an interesting age, and have left off crying. Then buy all their clothes yourself, and when they go to school get your papa to pay for their education.

RULE 7. —Never ask your husband to take you anywhere unless he offers to. Then be careful not to have a headache or to trouble him to get anything. If, after the play or the opera is over, he wants to go to his club, say "Don't bother to see me to the carriage, dear." Kiss him, and let him go. If he objects to the kissing, omit it.

RULE 8. —When your husband sees you, always wear a smile. Never be ill or out of sorts, and never fail to let your husband know that you consider it a very great honor to have married him, and that you are filled with a sense of your own unworthiness for such an exalted position.

The strict observance of these rules will enable many a wife who is asked "Is Marriage a Failure?" to reply with a large and triumphant "NO."

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**Our Society.**

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1891.

WE welcome a little sheet called *The Warden* from Arichat C. B., with the enticing motto, "Nihil est veritatis luce dulcius." We cannot say much for the printing or the paper, but there is a considerable amount of vigour in the tone of its contents, and most good things have small beginnings; so we would venture to predict that with anything like reasonable support, *The Warden* will live long and improve.

WE have had a large number of applications from servants with good references, and would be glad if more ladies would apply to us when without servants. Those we have supplied have had every reason to be satisfied, and where nearly every house-keeper is constantly worried by bad servants, it has gone much against the grain to turn good ones away. If some of our Boston friends would apply we could help them too, as many of the best girls decide to try their fortunes in the States, and no inducement will keep them here.

IN answer to our advertisement for lady-help and nursery governess, we had a surprisingly large number of applicants, all apparently well fitted for the post. Any lady applying at once might be suited with one of these.

OUR latest exchange is the *Ladies Bazaar*, from Toronto, a very nicely printed and well illustrated paper. The April number is particularly strong on children's garments.

*Society Notes—Continued from page 5.*

Mr. Mountjoy Walker had a crowded house last night. The performance consisted of the first act of *Erminie*, the second act of *Amorita* and the first act of *Olivette*. Mr. Walker himself was greatly in evidence, and was well received. During the evening bouquets were tendered to Miss Gussie Brosche, Miss Laurens and Miss Marie Bell, and the inevitable for Mr. Walker. Everything went without a hitch, and the large audience left the Academy at a late hour well satisfied with the fare that had been provided for them.

Mrs. Harvey had a small "at home" on Thursday evening at Bishopsthorpe, we believe it is the intention of Mrs. Harvey to have a similar informal gathering every week. Let us hope that more hostesses will follow her example.

Mr. and Mrs. Doering gave another Parlor concert on Tuesday night, to a small but very select audience, including Lady Archibald, Col. and Mrs. Ryan, Col. and Mrs. Worsley, Mr. and Mrs. Stairs Duffus, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lee, Capt. and Mrs. Clarkson, and others. Mr. Huestis was in splendid voice, and his duett with Mrs. Clarkson went particularly well. Herr Doering excelled himself in a wonderful cello piece by De Swart. Altogether a most delightful evening.

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On Tuesday Mrs. Grier, started a new and somewhat original form of amusement, in the shape of a hare and hound paper chase for ladies and gentlemen. The hares were Mrs. Grier and Mrs. Norman Lee, who led the hounds over some stillish country, through Belmont, Oaklands and Studley and back to Emscote. The Ladies kept up to a remarkable smart pace and finished in grand style. The first in at the finish were Miss Anna Stairs and Miss Kate Kenny. The hungry sport people enjoyed a bountiful tea at Emscote at the finish.

Mrs. John Duffus gave a large dance on Monday to all the young people, it was a most enjoyable entertainment, and many new and sweet gowns were worn. This being the first dance for some time every one seemed bent on enjoying and thoroughly carried out their intentions.

The annual general meeting of the members of the South End Lawn Tennis Club will be held at the Secretary's residence, 98 Morris street, on Monday next at 4 o'clock, for the election of officers etc. It is intended that play will commence at the earliest practicable date this summer, and with this view, the courts will be put in order as soon as the weather will permit. The out going officers are President, M. M. C. Grant; Vice-President, M. George Macleod; Committee, W. Thomson, W. A. Henry, and Mr. Chas. Twining, (Secretary).

Mrs. I. R. Hatton, South Park street, has sent out invitations for an "at home" on Tuesday afternoon.

The Commissioners' Examination of the pupils at the Halifax Academy takes place this morning. We regret that we go to press too early to be able to give a report this week, as these events are most interesting to spectators.

The "Social" given by the Chebucto Lodge of the Order of United Workmen, on Tuesday evening, was very well attended. Mr. O. Blois, the Master Workman, made an excellent speech welcoming the brethren and guests, and a good musical programme and refreshments contributed their share towards a truly "social" and enjoyable evening.

One of the guests at Mrs. John Duffus' dance on Monday evening dropped a lace handkerchief which she values highly, and was unable to find it. If any lady by mistake carried it off she will confer a great favor by returning it to Mrs. Duffus, who will restore it to the owner.

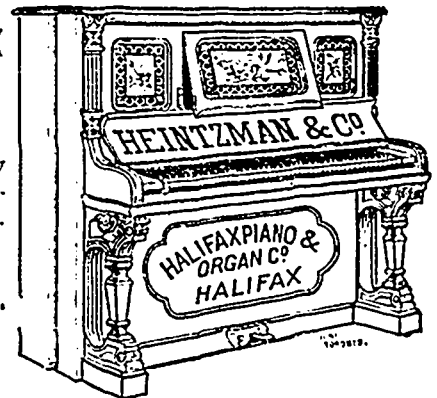
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### Answers to Correspondents.

The Editors will be pleased to answer any queries under this heading, but should the answers be required by post a fee of 10 cents must accompany the inquiry. All queries must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

**FISHERMAN:** We do not think the may-fly ever sleeps, or even rests. Its life lasts only a few hours, during which it flies about incessantly over the surface of the water.

Many fish do not sleep, though some do. Among the non-sleepers are salmon, pike, gold-fish and angler fish.

This is an old question, and some very careful and interesting experiments were made in London a short time ago, with the results stated above.

**PHILO:** Of modern languages, there is no doubt that English stands at the head of the list in extent of vocabulary. It has borrowed from all other civilised tongues, living or dead, and even from barbarous ones, and has coined for its express necessities many conglomerate, scientific, and other terms, so that whereas in the infancy of lexicography 20,000 words were thought to be the extreme limits a complete dictionary could reach, ordinary school dictionaries now boast of 100,000, while the great publications such as the "Encyclopædic," the "Century," and the "New English Historical" attain or exceed, 250,000, and its growth does not cease for a day. French and German may be counted as coming next. Going farther afield, Arabic is, of Eastern tongues, by far the richest in vocabulary. At the other end of the scale, many savage races have extremely limited vocabularies. Possibly the Bushmen have the poorest. Letourneau says they are unable to talk in the dark, their scanty speech having to be eked out with gestures. The Veddahs, of Ceylon have only words which express the simplest acts of their daily life, and the things they see around them. The Tasmanians have no adjectives, and are so far from any knowledge of abstract term that they have no word for "tree," though they have names for various kinds of trees. Peculiarly enough, the Chinese, with all their ancient though strange civilization, have a very limited vocabulary. Professor Whitney estimates it at 15,000 words. Being monosyllabic, it is inflexible, and permits no growth. Still, by the use of varied tones and accents, they are able to express many different meanings by the same word. This Huxley illustrates by the word *chow*, which may mean, according to tone, "ship," "stuff," "loquacity," "basin," or "flickering," each meaning being expressed in their idiographic writing by the addition of various lines in the simplest forms.

The first question asked in our columns was as to the history and whereabouts of the kingdom of Sedang. We were unable to give any but a brief and somewhat vague answer, but now, thanks to the same Liverpool correspondent, we have received full particulars, in the shape of an extract from an old number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We think it is sufficiently interesting to republish in full:—

"In the literary and artistic world of Paris, a few years ago there figured an eccentric personage named Meyrena, a man about town who was generally regarded as somewhat feather brained. He was always talking of his wonderful adventures and travels in unexplored regions. One fine day he suddenly disappeared. No one was much surprised, or took any trouble to ascertain what had become of him. Several years have elapsed. Meyrena reappeared as suddenly as he had departed, and became once more a familiar figure on the boulevards. Now, however, his recitals were more marvellous than ever. "You must understand," he would say to his friends, "that you are now conversing with royalty I am king of the Sedangs." Every one concluded that the poor fellow was mad, but, much to the general surprise, it was found that his story was partly true. Meyrena had succeeded in penetrating into some unexplored territory beyond Indo-China and after having lived for some time in the midst of a people known as the Sedangs, he had assumed a certain post of semi-regal authority. On returning to Paris he formed the audacious project of negotiating a treaty with the French Government, placing his pseudo-kingdom under the protection of France. As

may be readily imagined, his proposal was treated as a joke. Greatly discouraged, Meyrena returned to his dominions, and nothing more was heard of him till the other day, when a report of his death was circulated. No details were obtainable, and it was not until the arrival of the Indo-China mail at Marseilles that any particulars of this extraordinary career transpired. It appears that Meyrena had established himself on the Island of Troman, near Singapore, with a number of Chinese-Egyptians, an Englishman named Scott, and a Frenchman named Villeroy. They obtained their provisions from Singapore and from Epadse. Each member of the singular fraternity had his governmental functions clearly defined. Villeroy was Physician in Ordinary to the King; Scott was Minister of Public Works and Chancellor of the Exchequer, his budget being, in the outset at all events, a purely imaginary one. The proceedings led the British authorities to suspect that Meyrena was endeavoring to convert the island into a resort of pirates especially as his operations were coincident with certain turbulent outbreaks on the part of the Malays. It is thought that Meyrena committed suicide in order to escape from the embarrassments of his position. Both Villeroy and Scott had deserted him, and he does not appear to have derived any support from his so-called subjects, as according to the latest reports he was at the time of his death in absolute want.

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### The Ladies' Column.

It is not often we find the coming of age of ladies solemnly celebrated, but the other day Miss Amy Whitelock's majority was made the occasion of great rejoicings upon her estate at Cogden Hall, Swaledale. This young lady occupies the envied position of heiress in her own right, and she has evidently strong views as to the duty of hospitality, for she literally entertained the whole countryside on her birthday. There was a supper for the bellringers and choir, a tea for the children, a dinner for the aged, and a ball for the light of foot. In a word, it was a red-letter day, from which the canny Dales folk will count for many a year to come.

Everything is new, and the fashion columns in the various papers are growing long and tedious, bewildering rather than useful. Following my old tack, I will not endeavour to spin out a connected yarn, but just drop in a few jottings from all sources that may be interesting to my readers.

To make the very most fashionable bonnet now displayed by the New York milliners, take a large horseshoe of gold rope with the bowed end put forward, then put a smaller horseshoe of the same two inches behind the large one. Tie the two in that position with fine cord and make a bow knot of ribbons to go behind the second horseshoe. Other similar bonnets are made with two loops of gilt chain, two bands of gilt metal, or two plated half hoops of wire. If an absent-minded lady put on one of these bonnets and then went about asking if anyone knew where her bonnet was, no one could tell her.

Long waists are now in fashion, corsets are so cut and so worn as to suppress hips, and some successful ladies in tight garments have at last achieved the outside appearance of animated champagne bottles. Like the bottle in question, it is a wonder they do not go off suddenly; perhaps they uncork, or rather unlace, as soon as they get to the friendly shelter of their own rooms. For lovely woman cannot sit down comfortably in these long stays—not without nearly cutting her legs off, and legs are generally considered to be good standing orders in properly constructed women.

Drapery for mantelshelves has gone out of fashion, and a handsome length of brocade, edged with ball fringe laid on the slab, is substituted. Where there are handsome oak or marble mantelpieces this is an improvement. Large cushions still retain their popularity, and frequently an unused bed-pillow is covered and converted into a handsome sofa cushion. A favourite fashion is throwing a length of any brocade or embroidered material over couches and chairs, and plain cushions.

A very pretty and novel way of making a handkerchief sachet was shown me the other day. Its design is highly original, being made of a piece of coloured or white ribbon rather less than three inches broad and a yard and three-quarters long. The middle portion is doubled by being lined with a piece of the same ribbon thirteen inches long, and perfumed wadding laid between the two thickness. The ribbon is simply wrapped round the handkerchiefs and tied in a graceful bow at the top. The ribbon may be ornamented with flowers either painted or worked in silk according to taste.

Scarcely any millinery to be seen is suitable for the elderly lady who prefers dressing according to her years instead of fixing up young; and one remarked to me the other day that out of a dozen

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bonnets she had been turning over, not any would set comfortably on her head unless she previously piled on several guineas' worth of false hair; and that she did not mean to do. The middle aged *chapeau* is made to order, usually by a milliner who has decked the same head for years, and knows its weak points; but this work of art is never put in the window. Fashion declines to recognize any thing fabricated for anybody who owns to more than thirty-five summers. The only mother's bonnet she ever condescends to show to customers is meant for the type of woman who trims up as young as her own daughters.

There is a new *coiffure*, as pretty as most, which has lately come out under a fine-sounding name; but it is really shaped like a whelk, one of those interesting shells which finish off with a twirl. The hair seems to be dressed every way at present, and there is plenty of choice. With the front in a frizzly curl, the sides waved, and the back and top done up in loops, plenty of time and attention must be required to fix all properly and see that none is likely to drop off. It is so necessary to have a sure and certain foundation when spring winds blow, and bonnets are skewered on purchased plaits, instead of being tied under the chin with strings which would keep the whole superstructure from taking wing.

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## THE JEALOUSY OF MITRIDANES.

FROM BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERON.

In the country of Cathay, if we may give faith to the relation of certain Genoese mariners, and other persons who have visited those parts, there once lived a man of the name of Nathan, of noble extraction, and rich beyond belief.

Having his residence near to a great road, all people who travelled from the West to the East, or departed from the East to the West, were of necessity obliged to pass his abode, and possessing a noble and liberal mind, and desirous that his name should be famous for hospitality, with the assistance of some of the first architects of the country, he built in a short space of time one of the most magnificent palaces ever beheld, and furnished it in a most sumptuous manner with everything becoming a man of his high rank. Having moreover a numerous and beautiful family, his house became the seat of mirth and festivity, all persons both on their arrival and on their departure being treated with singular honor and respect, as though they were royal personages.

He persevered so long in this laudable course of conduct that his name was deservedly spread through the West as well as the East, and being now full of years, but nothing abated in his noble style of living, it happened that the fame of his hospitality reached the ears of a young man called Mitridanes, living in a country not very distant from his own.

This young man finding himself not less rich than Nathan, and becoming envious of his fame, resolved within himself, by his superior hospitality, to eclipse the liberality of Nathan. Having therefore erected a palace similar to that of Nathan, he opened his gates with the most unbounded hospitality to all comers, and in a short time became justly renowned for his generosity.

It happened one day as Mitridanes sat all alone in the court of his palace, that a poor woman entering at one of the gates, asked alms from him and received them, and returning by the second gate, again asked and again received, and so on successively to the twelfth gate; but returning for the thirteenth time, Mitridanes accosting her, said, "Good woman, methinks you are extremely urgent in your request," at the same time, however, bestowing his alms as before.

When the old woman heard these words, she exclaimed, "Oh, boundless charity of Nathan! I entered at the two-and-thirty gates of his palace, asking alms, and was never recognized by him, but received at each of them, and I am here arrived only at the thirteenth, and I am recognized and reprov'd." Thus speaking, without again returning to accept of Mitridanes' hospitality, she departed.

Mitridanes, when he had reflected on the words of the old woman, which added to the fame of Nathan and so much diminished his own, was seized with a sudden passion, and exclaimed, "Alas! when shall I only attain to the liberality of Nathan, for to surpass him I have no hope, when I am so far behind him in such trifling matters? Truly all my endeavors will be vain unless he be removed, which if his great age, or the coming of disease, does not speedily effect, I must perform with my own hands."

Then rising in this frame of mind, without communicating his intentions to anyone, he departed with a few attendants, on horseback, and on the third day, arriving in the neighborhood of Nathan's palace, he desired his attendants not to make him known, and to procure themselves food and lodgings, and wait for his return.

The evening now drawing on, he proceeded forward alone, and happened to meet Nathan himself near his own palace, who, in a plain dress, was indulging in a solitary walk for his recreation. Mitridanes, not knowing him, asked him if he could direct him to the residence of Nathan.

Nathan cheerfully answered, "My son there is no one in this

country who can instruct you better on that head than myself, and if it be agreeable to you, I will show you the way."

Mitridanes replied that he would in that case do him a great kindness, but that he wished, above all things, neither to be known nor seen of Nathan.

To this Nathan answered, "Your request in this respect shall be observed, since such is your wish."

Mitridanes then dismounting from his horse, and entering into agreeable conversation with Nathan, they proceeded together toward the palace. They were no sooner arrived there, than Nathan made signs to one of his servants to take the young man's horse, and, whispering at the same time in his ear, directed that neither he nor any of his household should discover him to the young man.

As soon as they entered the palace, he placed Mitridanes in a sumptuous chamber, where none saw him except the servants who were appointed to wait on him, and paying him the greatest possible respect and deference, he himself remained to keep him company.

Mitridanes being thus left alone with Nathan, although he held him in great reverence for his age, at length turned to him and asked him who he was.

To this Nathan replied, "I am, as you see, but a poor servant of Nathan, who have grown up with him from infancy, and am now like him well stricken in years; yet had he never bestowed any other advancement upon me than what you see, in which respect, how much soever other men may commend him, yet I have no cause to do it."

These words afforded some hope so Mitridanes that he might be enabled, by a proper degree of caution, to put in execution his wicked determination. Nathan now in a courteous manner asked him in return who he was, and the business which led him to the palace, offering his advice and assistance to the utmost of his power.

Mitridanes for some time debated with himself what to reply, but resolving at last to confide his intentions, with great circumspection he entreated his secrecy, and after that his counsel and aid, and then informed him who he was and the object of his visit, and communicated, without any pretense or reserve, his whole design to him.

When Nathan had heard this explanation, and saw the evil intentions of Mitridanes, he was sensibly moved, but with great presence of mind and an unaltered countenance replied:

"Young man, Mitridanes, was an honorable man, and I perceive that you are determined not to degenerate from him, having adopted so noble a system of hospitality, and I very much commend you for the envy you bear to the virtues of Nathan, for if there were sufficient of such noble deeds, the world, which is now most miserable, would soon become good and happy. The proposition which you have made known to me shall assuredly be kept secret, in which, though I cannot give you any great aid, I will yet communicate a piece of intelligence that may be of service to you. You must know, then, that about half a mile distant from hence there is a small wood, in which Nathan is accustomed to walk alone almost every morning, making it his recreation for a considerable space of time. It will then be an easy matter for you to find him there and accomplish your object. If you should succeed in slaying him, you may then return home without interruption, not indeed by the way you came, but by another road which you will find as you leave the wood, on your left hand, and though somewhat wild and overgrown with underwood, it will be a more and safer way to your house.

Mitridanes, when he had received this information, and Nathan had left him, secretly rejoined his attendants, and told them where to wait for him on the following day.

Early next morning, Nathan in conformity with the counsel he gave to Mitridanes, departed alone to the wood, the place appointed for his death. Mitridanes having risen, and taken up his bow and his sword, and mounting his horse, proceeded to the wood, where he saw Nathan walking at some distance all alone, taking his usual

recreation. Reflecting that before he slew him he should like to see him and speak to him, Mitridanes rode suddenly up to him, and seizing his bonnet, cried, "Die! wretch as thou art!"

To which Nathan answered only, "It is meet that I should."

Mitridanes, when he heard his voice looked upon his face, and immediately recognized him to be the same man who had received him with so much benignity and familiarity, and had counselled him so faithfully. Then his fury instantly subsiding, and his revenge turning into shame, he cast away his sword which he had drawn for the purpose of slaying him, and dismounted from his horse, threw himself in tears at the feet of Nathan, saying:

"Dearest father, I humbly confess your unbounded liberality, perceiving with what caution you have manifested your spirit to me: and God, who has had a greater regard to my duty than I have myself had, has at this moment of my utmost need opened my intellectual eyes, which wretched envy had closed, and the reader you have been to favor me, the more deeply do I deplore my transgressions. Revenge yourself on me, therefore, in whatever way you judge most suitable to my offence."

Nathan then raising Mitridanes from the ground, and kissing his cheek and tenderly embracing him, said:

"My son, with regard to your attempt to my life, whatever you may term it, there is no need for you either to ask or receive pardon, since it was not through malice, but a desire of being reputed more estimable than me, that you did it. Be assured therefore of my good will, and believe that no other man will love you with the affection which I bear toward you, justly appreciating the magnanimity of your wretched mind, which was bent, not on amassing heaps of money, as wretched misers do, but on spending it with liberality. Nor blush at having wished to become famous by my death, nor think that it excites my surprise. The most potent emperors and kings, instigated by the same feelings as yourself, have often slain, not one man only, as you wished to have done, but countless multitudes of men, and have burnt and destroyed cities in order to extend their dominions and perpetuate their fame. Therefore, when you designed to render yourself famous by taking my life, you did not contemplate anything strange, but only a thing of common occurrence."

Mitridanes could not receive this apology as any excuse for his own evil designs, but thanking Nathan for the kindness he had manifested, expressed his astonishment that Nathan should have assented to his plan, and plotted and contrived his own death.

To which Nathan replied:

"Mitridanes, I do not wish that you should feel surprised either at my advice or my disposition of mind, for it was my object to gratify you in what you were ambitious of effecting, as no one ever came to my house whom I did not satisfy to the utmost of my power in the way most agreeable to him: and seeing that you came here with the desire to possess yourself of my life, in order that you might not be the only person who every departed from me dissatisfied, I immediately resolved to give it to you, and now I pray and entreat you that, if you are still desirous of it, you will take it and satisfy yourself, as I know not how I could better dispose of it. I have now lived eighty years, and they have passed away in pleasure and happiness, and I know from the course of nature and the departure of my contemporaries, that I have only a short span of life remaining. I therefore consider it much better to give away that as I have been in the habit of bestowing my other treasures, than to keep it until it shall be rudely forced from me by nature. A hundred years would indeed

be a poor gift; how much less then are six or eight years, which are all I can expect! Take my life, then, I entreat you if, it be agreeable to you; for whilst I have lived, I never found any one else that was desirous of having it, and I know not when any one else may ask for it, if you do not accept of it; and if I should not find any one to take it, I know that the longer I keep it, the less value it will be of, and therefore, lest it should become, as the years go on, quite vile and useless, I pray you to accept of it."

Mitridanes, deeply blushing with shame, replied:

"God forbid, sir, that I should take so dear a thing as your life, and may God pardon me for my evil designs. Rather than diminish the term of your life, I would gladly, if it were in my power, add mine own to lengthen it."

"And will you then indeed add to it," Nathan smartly replied, "and oblige me to do that to you which as yet I never did unto any man, namely, rob you to enrich myself?"

"Certainly," said Mitridanes.

"Then," said Nathan, "you shall do as I direct. You shall remain a young man as you are here in my house, and shall have the name of Nathan, and I will go to your residence, and call myself Mitridanes."

To which Mitridanes replied, "If indeed I knew how to act like you, I would without hesitation accept your offer; but since it is very evident that my deeds would diminish the reputation of Nathan, and as I am not desirous to destroy in another that which I cannot myself obtain, I will not accept your offer; but, as you have worthily taught me, will live contented with my own condition."

This and much more agreeable conversation passed between Nathan and Mitridanes as they returned to the palace, where Nathan sumptuously entertained Mitridanes for many days, and encouraged him by every means in his noble spirit of newly awakened emulation.

Mitridanes, now wishing to return to his own house with his attendants, Nathan having bade him farewell, departed, having found by good experience that he could never hope to equal, much less to surpass, Nathan in liberality.

"Viva  Regina."

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NIGHT CLERK ON THE PREMISES.

TELEPHONE CALL 153.

## English Jottings.

The natives of India resident in London have decided to revive the London Indian Society, for the purpose of promoting social intercourse among our Asiatic fellow-subjects residing in this country and the discussion of public questions. The financial affairs of the Northbrook Club, which was established in order to bring Englishmen and Indians together, are again causing some anxiety. At the annual meeting, held a few days ago, under the presidency of the Earl of Northbrook, it was intimated that unless the number of members was very much increased, or funds were forthcoming from well-wishers, the club must cease to exist. The Northbrook Club is not quite a happy family, apart from its pecuniary embarrassments. Rightly or wrongly, there is an impression among the native members that, with some few exceptions, the bearing towards them of the Anglo-Indians in the club leaves much to be desired.

Mrs. Mary French Sheldon, known to the literary world by her excellent translation of *Salamambo*, recently started from England alone on an African exploration journey for material for a new book. The *New York Recorder* says of her: "Mrs. Sheldon is an American by birth, and is the great-great-granddaughter of Sir Isaac Newton. She was born in Pittsburg and was educated at a physician, which profession her mother practises. Mrs. Sheldon is not content with the African tusks which Stanley brought back to place at the feet of civilization. Her brooding eyes look further yet. She has set herself the difficult task of going deep into the centre of that far country, where by living with the tribes, bartering with them, and entering into sympathy with them in their home and family life she may feel the very heart-beats of the people, and then describe them sympathetically to the outside world. Her projected book is as yet without form except in so far as she expects to find material and local color beneath the burning skies and among the dusky sons and daughters of the Dark Continent. It will probably be a romance somewhat on the lines of Flaubert's *Salamambo*, and will doubtless trace the stream of its first inspiration back to the fountain of that remarkable work, of which she recently made the authorized translation. Stanley says that if any woman living can carry out such an expedition successfully, Mrs. Sheldon is the one specially fitted for the task, and he speaks with superior knowledge of her capabilities. He has presented to her his famous white cap, the one seen in all the late pictures of the explorer. He has also provided her further with letters and introductions. The woman who is going where no white woman has before set her foot is youthful in appearance and looks to be of frail physique. But she is one of those alert, wiry creatures who will 'make the wheels go round' by sheer force of will and character. Her financial backing is solid and secure, while behind the battery of her dark eyes is stored such a supply of nervous and intellectual energy as will without question make her one of the fittest to survive trials and tribulations. She will adopt no outlandish costumes or other similar barbaric ways. She goes forth among the savage hordes a free-lance, but still a gentlewoman, carrying with her the graces of the highest civilization."

A great deal of rot has been talked lately about the Prince of Wales and Sir Charles Dilke, simply because the Prince was seen one day last month riding with Sir Charles in the Row. The busy-bodies haven't stopped talking about it yet. Some say it was very rash of H. R. H., while others consider Sir Charles morally and socially whitewashed by the occurrence. Those who have any common sense were neither surprised nor startled. The Prince has been all along a friend and admirer of Sir Charles Dilke, whom he considers one of the best authorities on foreign affairs, as he is, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

A very Royal song is about to make its appearance. It is a romantic lyric for voice, piano and violin, and the words are by Princess Beatrice, the music by the Duke of Edinburgh, and the

sketches on the cover by Princess Louise. The Royal Family are by no means free from the lives of publicity in print, and as there is undoubtedly a great deal of musical and artistic talent among them, this combination may produce something really good. The advertisement by that enterprising paper, the *Strand Magazine*, of an etching by the Queen herself, took us rather by surprise, certainly it gave rise to a lot of talk as to the terms on which the etching was given to that paper.

By far the most interesting account of John Wesley that has yet appeared, is the little book lately published by Canon Overton. Its author may truly be said to possess, beyond any of his contemporaries, both the outward and inward call to take Wesley's biography upon himself. As he tells us in his preface, he is "a native of the same country, a member of the same University, on the foundation of the same College in that University, a priest of the same Church, a dweller in the same house, and a worker of the same parish." To all these outward advantages—which might have fallen to the lot of another—he can add a title of greater value and more peculiarly his own—namely, that he has notably been "a student for nearly twenty years of the Church life of the century in which John Wesley was so prominent a figure."

There is a long review of this book in the *Saturday Review*, in which it is hard to distinguish how much is Overton and how much Reviewer. "Canon Overton" says the writer, "does not come behind any Methodist in his love and reverence for John Wesley. But the extraordinary greatness of Wesley, and the debt which all English Christianity owes to him, are not things which need in our day to be preached to an unbelieving world. The tendency amongst Agnostic men and women of letters, as well as among religious orators, is rather to exaggerate than underestimate Wesley's glory and Wesley's miracles. Though Wesley himself did what he could to protect his memory against what he called "vile panegyric," there is no saint whose canonization so much needs to be qualified by the wholesome and rational interference of the *edoculus diaboli*. His faith and wonderful works are now too surely settled for any such official to succeed in erasing his noble name from the calendar.

The story of the separation from the Church is told at some length. Canon Overton states the relation of the leader to the led with considerate tenderness, by saying that "though John Wesley ruled his societies with absolute sway, he was himself singularly liable to be swayed by those in whom he had confidence."

The commentator's remark on Wesley's well-known words,—"I live and die a member of the Church, etc.," is significant. "Nevertheless," says he, "every speech and every sermon delivered at the recent "Wesley Centenary" was instinct with the most bitter and uncharitable hatred to the Church of England." We are sorry to hear it and indeed hardly credit it. Sensible men of both denominations get along well enough together, and manage to display a little Christian charity towards each other. It is the old, old story; the few most narrow-minded and bigoted on each side make more noise in the world than the many sensible ones, and keep the old sores raw for centuries.

Editor.—Here's a fellow sends me a story called "A sermon on the Mount." It begins: Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Stole the whole thing from Shakespeare.

Foreman.—It sounds more like Talmage.

Editor.—Well, he stole it, too. I'll write an editorial and show him up.



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**Provincial Notes.**

**ÆSOP UP-TO-DATE.**

TRURO.—Doctor. W. S. Muir entertained all the medical men at dinner on Friday evening. There were present. Drs. Bent, Page, Mackay, D. H. Muir, Rent, Yorston, Walker, also Drs. Stewart of Pictou, D. Campbell of Halifax and Hallet of Sydney. Dr. W. S. Muir accompanied by Doctor Stewart left on Saturday for England. We all joined most heartily with the choir of St. John Church on Sunday last in singing "For those in peril on the sea."

I am sure all our young people will be glad to know that the attractive and accomplished Miss Gliska of Halifax, is about forming a dancing class here. I would advise all our young men and maidens who wish to become proficient in "tripping the light fantastic" to join the class, as this is an opportunity no one should miss. The terms are very reasonable and Miss Gliska is considered the best teacher in the province.

Rev. Mr. Lutz who has been here for the last three months, left last week to take charge of the Episcopal Church in Amherst, in the absence of Rev. Mr. Harris.

Col. A. E. Curren of Halifax was in Truro for a few hours on Tuesday.

The concert under the management of Mr. G. B. Faulkner on Thursday evening, in aid of St. John's Church, was a very enjoyable affair and was deserving of a much larger audience. The cornet solo by Mr. Rosedale was excellent. Mr. Sobeski of Halifax, as usual, was most enthusiastically received, and his whistling song with auto-harp accompaniment, was fully appreciated. The ladies all did well, especially Miss L. Tupper whose sweet song with violin accompaniment called forth an encore. The "Skippers of St. Ives," sung by our departed medical friend, was greeted with loud applause.

Mrs. J. H. McKay gave a large and very pleasant euchre party on Thursday evening. About forty guests were present.

Mr. White, director of the rolling mill at Acadia Mines, spent last Sunday with friends in Truro.

Miss Hill, of Sydney, C. B., is visiting Mrs. C. McLellan, Queen St.

Mrs. A. W. McLellan, who has been spending some months with her son, Mr. T. E. McLellan, leaves on Saturday for England.

Mr. A. Burns, of Halifax, who has been a student at the experimental farm during the winter months, left for Ontario on Monday.

Rev. J. Robbins of the first Presbyterian, will preach in Halifax, at St. Matthew's on Sunday next.

Great preparations are being made for a childrens' floral concert, in aid of the new building. It is to take place early in May.

Mrs. N. V. Harris, of Amherst, is spending a few weeks in Truro, at the Maitland House.

The juvenile dancing class will meet this week at "Scrivelsby Manor." Last Friday evening the little ones gathered at the residence of Mrs. W. S. Muir to receive their first instructions from Miss Gliska.

I was glad to see Our Society come out in its new spring wrap. Just the fashionable shade of green tint.

"Mrs. Grundy" returned on Monday last from Halifax after spending two very pleasant weeks at the hotel Queen.

Mrs. J. B. Dickie, Prince Street, has issued cards for a large progressive euchre party on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Grundy.

LIVERPOOL ITEMS.—Mrs. A. W. Moore was disappointed in her proposed trip to Jamaica. Her physician at Halifax strongly advised her to avoid the excitement and climatic influences, so she returned to the quiet life of home in Liverpool instead.

Queen's County is losing one of the old standard families, the Nelys of Port Medway, who are going to the Pacific Coast, where Mr. Arthur Seely joins his brother in an important business, the latter has established at Seattle. The loss of a family so deservedly liked will be much felt by numerous friends in Liverpool as well as Port Medway.

Miss Lizzie McNutt has been very dangerously ill, but is now happily on the improving hand.

Miss Hattie Moore has returned home after a prolonged visit to Kentville.

The spring weather is very welcome.

A certain man had heard of the "Advent of Spring" which our contemporaries have been booming somewhat lately, and being a conscientious and worthy citizen he thought the glorious circumstance should be fitly celebrated. He hadn't any bunting to hang out, and he couldn't go on a big "bust" for just then he was sitting on a "keg" of the most pronounced type. After consulting his own particular private friend he decided that he would paint the fence between his little front-garden and the side-walk. With this fell purpose in mind, he went to the men who deal in such things, and for a consideration, became the owner of three pots of paint (common or garden paint, so to speak). Each was of the most striking and vivid shade of the colour he could lay his hands on. Secretly by night and alone, he decorated each stake of his fence, paying the utmost attentions to orderly and regular sequence in the colours.

The effect was superb. Passengers along the side-walk halted in their fevered rush after filthy lucre, or in their haste to reach the bonnet shops, held spell-bound, to gaze upon his handiwork, to gaze upon which was to admire. "Lady Jane" induced her friend to come all the way from Japan to give his "photography in natural colours" a chance.

Meanwhile the talented author of the idea took it all in, chuckled to himself visibly, and washed his hands in glee.

But alas! the end was soon to come. Two days later about four bells, there chanced to pass that way two simple minded honest Newfoundlanders "just out" whose gorge rose at the sight, and in whose nostrils the hated tricolor stank. They pulled up, and made for the owner of the fence, pointing out that the combination of colours was objectionable, in a manner that left no doubts as to their sincerity. What further took place at this interview will never be known. It is a secret greater far than any in the possession of a cabinet minister. All that we outsiders know is that the whole fence is a mediterranean blue.

**MORAL.**

Beware of Ivo's luring phrases; painting is an art that some people cannot appreciate.

**M. A. QUINN.**

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SCENE:—Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a Carbuncle.  
Mrs. SMITH:—Suffering, why he is delighted with it. He wears it in his scarf!

TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene. Sister, lemme see your ring.  
His SISTER:—Why Tommy?  
TOMMY:—I want to see if the galoot told the truth, when he said his heart was in it

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## "WEARINESS."

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In shine the mountain sparkled vast and hoar,  
The Cabin, underneath a rusty pine,  
A human nest in airy heights is hung,  
And Henri here alone from year to year  
A strange and solemn, whitened, bended man  
Beyond the cloudy mist that 'neath him flew  
Looked out upon the plain.

Voice from the cedar tree  
Out in the darkness  
Why hast thou haunted me  
Moaning on high?

The peasant seeking for his kine below  
Above him cast a rapid fearful eye  
Nor stopped to gaze upon the beauteous height  
Nor hark'd the mournful sound that ever came  
Adown the bushes, sad and faintly sung

Echoes the Wilderness  
Back to my crying  
"Weariness," "Weariness!"  
Ceaselessly sighing.

The tongue was strange and no one knew the air  
That from the lonely lips in silver fell.

Wind o'er the Singing Lake  
Murmuring sweetness  
Do thou her mem'ry take  
Back to my love!

A wierd and melancholy sound aloft  
In softened waving echoes o'er and o'er  
It mingled gently with the leafy whirl.

No daring youth e'er braved on high to climb  
The glittering slope on which the hermit lived,  
No erring hunter ever strayed so far  
Above the safety-covered prairie land.  
No hostile arrow 'gainst him ever sped  
No friendly face upon his bosom laid.  
Thus chastened, sainted, by his blasted life,  
The aged Henri daily poured his song  
Upon the tree tops, shiv'ring down, to chill  
The list'ner with its soften'd mournful wail.

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NOTICE:—Mr. Pearman of Woodill's Baking Powder Manufac-  
tory, has removed his office to No. 122 Hollis St.

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