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OUR SOCIETY

A WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., JUNE 26.

No. 30.



PROFESSOR GEORGE LAWSON.

PROFESSOR GEORGE LAWSON, Ph. D., F.I.C., F. R. S. C., was born in 1827 in Fibeshire, Scotland. He is a graduate of Edinburgh University, and performed several important functions during the ten years of his connection with that great University. For instance, he prepared and completed the catalogue of the library of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and was afterwards, with Sir Wyville Thomson, Secretary of the Royal Physical Society. In 1858 Dr. Lawson accepted the Professorship of Chemistry and Natural History in Queen's University (Kingston, Ont.), which he relinquished in 1863 to take the Professorship of Chemistry and Mineralogy at Dalhousie College, which he still holds, together with the position of Secretary to the Provincial Board of Agriculture.

Dr. Lawson is a Fellow of several Scientific Soci-

ties in different countries, and has contributed a large number of important papers to their transactions. Canadians are deeply indebted to his efforts in the advancement of scientific, and especially botanical, knowledge and appliances, and have shown their recognition of his ability by electing him President of the Royal Society of Canada.

At a meeting held in Edinburgh 33 years ago, on the eve of Dr. Lawson's departure for this country, one of the speakers said, "We do not know what the Canadians may think of you, but we want them to know what we think of you here." And so they presented him with a handsome piece of plate with an inscription saying what they thought of him. And only this week some of his Canadian students at Dalhousie presented him with a spectroscope and a scroll that tells plainly enough what they think of him.

Canada seems to value Dr. Lawson as highly as Scotland did, and so, we are sure, would any other country on earth.

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The Concert at the Church of England Institute on Tuesday drew a crowded room in spite of the beastly weather. We missed Mr. Sobieski's name from the programme, which was cast as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

- 1.—Quartette
Mr. Wiswell, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Norman, Mr. Blois.
- 2.—Song. "What Will You do Without Me,".....*Tito Mattei*
Mr. Hutchins.
- 3....."Bolero, Merce diletti amiche,"..... *Verdi*
(I Vespri Sicilliani)
Miss Louise Laine.
- 4.—Song. "The Diver," *Loder*
Mr. Norman.
- 5.—Violin Solo. "Barcarole," *Spohr*
Miss G. Tremaine.
- 6.—Duet. "I feel thy Angel Spirit," *Graben-Hoffman*
Miss Laine and Mrs. Taylor.
- 7.—Piano Solo. "La Sylphe," *Pachmann*
Miss Morrow.
- 8.—Song. "'Tis better so," *Watson*
Mr. Gillis.
- 9.—Song. "My Lady's Bower," *Hope Temple*
Mrs. Taylor.
- 10.—Song. "The Rose Song," *Smart*
(From King Rene's Daughter),
Miss Louise Laine.
- 11.—Song. "The Distant Shore," *Sir A. Sullivan*
Mr. Hutchins.
- 12.—Quartette
Mr. Wiswell, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Norman, Mr. Blois.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

In collecting our reminiscences, we feel inclined to start off with Miss Morrow and Mr. Hutchins;—Miss Morrow, because hers was one of the most successful piano solos we remember hearing at a mixed concert.—a good selection, perfectly played. Why Mr. Hutchins comes second it is more difficult to explain, except, perhaps, that we had already some impression of the other performers while we had none whatever of Mr. Hutchins, and went for the express purpose of getting one. And we got it:—Mr. Hutchins has, and deserves, a high place in our musical world, for he is a fine organist, and we welcome him cordially. But considered impartially as a Tenor, we do *not* think Mr. Hutchins deserves two numbers in a C. E. I. Concert programme, and we are not at all sure that he deserves one. At any rate, it is hardly judicious to include two tenors of such different grades, as Mr. Hutchins and Mr. Gillis in the same programme.

Probably this is the last time we shall hear Miss Laine sing this season, but we shall not forget her, even though it be many seasons before she comes again.

Such musical impressions as are gained in a small city like Halifax are as a rule weak enough, and easily effaced; but we venture to think that Miss Laine's rendering of the selection from Verdi and 'O Hush thee, my babe, (given as an encore to *The Rose Song*), will remain long in the recollections of those who remain in Halifax. We are already wondering when our favourite will visit us again, and hoping she will keep Tuesday's programme and give us the same old songs again as a *souvenir*.

Mr. Norman has a very good voice,—*very good*; in fact, one of our best bass voices, but wanting in style. A couple of months with a first-class teacher would place him in a different class altogether. Mrs. Taylor sang "My Lady's Bower" admirably, and did her part well in the duet with Miss Laine.

Miss Gladys Tremaine, too, played a very important part in the evening's entertainment, both as soloist and accompanist. The Quartette is good, but we would suggest that the performers would do well to increase their number, and make themselves the nucleus of a regular male voice choir. A strong men's choir with one or two good falsettos can produce effects quite out of the reach of mixed choruses, and would be very popular if once organized.

The Halifax girls are not the only Nova Scotians who carry off naval officers as husbands. We have just received an announcement of the marriage of Miss Harriette Blanchard, youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. F. Blanchard of Truro, to Captain J. G. Jones, R. N., of H. M. S. Malabar. The wedding took place at St. Mary's, Alverstoke, the Hon. and Rev. Allan Brodrick officiating.

The closing exercises of the School for the Blind took place on Monday afternoon and drew a large and influential meeting, in spite of the many other holiday attractions. It tells remarkably well for Halifax that such Institutions as the School for the Blind are *never* neglected. Among those on the platform on Monday were Mr. W. C. Silver, Principal Anderson (of the Prince of Wales' College, Charlottetown), Rev. Dr. Partridge and Rev. Mr. Adams. The class exercises were very interesting, and gave clear evidence of good work and excellent discipline. The prizes given were as follows:—

Literary Department:

- 1st prize—James Upham, of Prosser Brook, N. B.
- 2nd prize—Freela Kaulback, of New Germany, N. S.

Junior Division:

- 1st prize—Martha Robinson, of Glengary, N. S.
- 2nd prize—George Steele, of Stewiacke.

Musical Department.

- 1st prize—Stephen J. Harivall.
- 2nd prize—Isabella Durham, of Springhill.

After the distribution, Mr. Silver presented Mr. Montague Warren with a handsome cornet, the gift of the pupils and officers of the Institution. Mr. Warren is a graduate of the School, and is now doing well as a piano tuner; his career throughout has reflected great credit on the School that trained him, and the present pupils in that school are not behind hand in recognizing his ability and perseverance.

After several speeches from the visitors, and a farewell chorus from the choir, the assembly dispersed to inspect the buildings, and all agreed that they had spent a pleasant and instructive afternoon.

The *Canadian Queen's* latest competition is proving highly interesting to readers as well as to competitors. The prize is for the best dinner menu, whole cost for six persons not to exceed \$1 50. We would like to point out one great flaw in the conditions of the competition;—no allowance whatever is made for the fact that the prices of luxuries vary greatly in different parts of this continent. For instance, a Haligonian house-keeper can't attempt anything much in the way of desert, while a Californian can put down such items as fresh peaches and apricots 10 cts., white and red grapes 12 cents, etc.

Looking over the menus published so far, we cannot help feeling that if as much skill were shown in cooking the dinners as is shown in cooking the prices, any one of them would serve well enough. For instance, one housekeeper puts down chicken (for six people, mind you) 25cts., cream 5cts., bananas 15cts., 6 eggs 5cts., and so on. Now, our cookery editor, who knows something about these matters, says he could eat all the chickens, cream, bananas and eggs that can be bought in Halifax for 50 cents single-handed, and would be ready to do a beefsteak on top. Of course, the menu in question is not sent from Halifax, but we contend that it is unfair to expect Halifax to compete with places (if there be any) where such prices as the above hold good. The adjudicators will need to be pretty clever men to make allowances for the various conditions of plenty in different parts of the American continent.

Mrs. Frank Doull gave two parties this week, one on Monday for the young folks, and one for children on Tuesday; both thoroughly successful in every way.

The Wanderers have arranged a match with the Regiment for to-morrow, and will in all probability send a team up to Truro on July 1st.

A presentation was made to Professor Lawson on Wednesday under circumstances of more than ordinary interest and perhaps importance. Dr. Lawson has for some time conducted an evening class in Chemistry, the members of which have made great progress, and have been for some time seeking about for a means of expressing their gratitude for the patient way in which the Doctor has devoted his time and energy to their advancement. They at length decided on taking the Doctor by surprise with a presentation, and with this view imported a handsome spectroscope from Brownings (London), and awaited their opportunity. On the pretext of wishing for help in carrying on their studies through the vacation, members of the class at last got the good-natured professor—who is always ready to help anyone—to be present at a meeting, when Mr. Gordon, with a short prefatory address, presented the spectroscope, together with a MS., which reads as follows:

HALIFAX, N. S., June 24, 1891.

PROFESSOR LAWSON, L.L. D.,

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.:

We the undersigned members of your evening class of Chemistry, being desirous of expressing our appreciation of your kindness in establishing an evening class of Chemistry, thus giving us the benefit of your wide experience and thorough knowledge; while we are assured that the manner of recognizing your kindness most pleasing to you would be the showing ourselves sincere in trying to profit by your efforts, yet we hoped that you would be good enough to honor us by accepting a small tangible indication of our esteem for you personally, as well as for the great care and patience which you displayed in our instruction; but above all, for the thorough spirit of cheerfulness manifested through the whole season.

We now ask you to accept this spectroscope, trusting that you may find it useful in your profession, and that you may be long spared to confer your gifts of learning on this your adopted country.

WILLIAM GORDON,
ROBERT S. FAIRGRIEVE,
JOHN SANDBERG,
ALEX. McCOWAN,
JOHN A. WILSON,
R. GAUL.

ROBERT BRIMS,
JOHN E. BURNS,
SAMUEL R. FRAME,
CHAS. W. WEST, C. E.,
E. DAVIDSON,

Dr. Lawson's reply was pithy and humorous. He failed to classify the present performance. Surprise parties were common enough in Canada, but invariably of one of two classes: either when the *surpriser* is informed beforehand of what is going to take place, and has an opportunity of making an appropriate speech, or where he is *not* provided with any particulars beforehand, but does not have to make a speech, because he finds himself the only one present at the meeting. Wednesday's presentation belonged to neither class, but was unique.

The Toronto *Empire* is great on the subject of the International Cricket match. Talking about the Halifax players it says:—

"Henry is too well known to require any remark. His record on previous internationals and his grand form throughout the English tour of 1887 alone were sufficient to give him a place of honor. This year he is batting in stronger fashion than ever and will likely be chosen as captain of the eleventh."

"In the other three names from the sea comes the surprise. They are practically unknown in Ontario cricketing circles. They are players however, of tried ability, stationed on military duty at Halifax, and are said to be great trio. Stockwell is credited last year with an average of over 80 in English matches, while Kaizer ranks still higher. Bengough's batting is said to be of the Stonewall order."

What Kaizer's average may be is not stated; perhaps the figures run too high to be even guessed at, but we should have thought 80 a pretty good all-round respectable average, and can

only hope Mr. Stockwell will sustain his reputation during his stay in Halifax.

On Saturday Mr. Leigh's XI sustained a defeat at the hands of a Garrison and Navy team, captained by Mr. Barnes, R. A., the Naval contingent being small, certainly, but very useful. Mr. Barnes XI scored 76 and 29 for 5 wickets, while Mr. Leigh's XI made only 47. For the former, Sergt. Farley made 29, and Mr. Stockwell 17 in the 1st innings, and Corp. Hopkins 14 (not out) in the 2nd. On the other side Mr. Leigh's score of 19 was the only one that ran to two figures.

Perhaps, or the whole Mr. Dawson's bowling was the most noteworthy feature of the match.

We hear that two of the Wanderers have been asked to play in the International match against the United States, and we hope that, for the honour of Halifax, they will both be able to get away.

Lady Watson has invitations out for one of her usual and charming afternoon entertainments for to-day (Friday). The weather is hardly what one might expect or look forward to for such an entertainment.

One of the most noticeable personages at the races, and certainly one most admired, was Mrs. John Miller, the bride from the States. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are staying at the Waverley, and intend, we believe, to enter into all the Halifax gaiety, when that gaiety takes place.

There was a report about in the early part of the week of the engagement of an officer recently arrived here and one of our most charming young ladies, but we hardly think it can be true, and only give it for what it is worth.

The Rev. T. C. Mellor has gone to New Germany, Lunenburg County, for a few weeks change and rest; his place in Dartmouth being temporarily filled by Rev. Mr. Parry.

Mr. and Mrs. Dæring left on Wednesday for Chicago, and intend to spend about a month away from home.

Mrs. M. Wallace gave a very successful tea at her house on Morris St., on Wednesday, to meet Miss Laine as a farewell before her departure for Charlottetown on Friday, (to-day).

THE RACES.

WE SPOT THE WINNER IN EVERY EVENT.

If our readers followed the "tips" that we gave in our last issue and backed them accordingly—they must be now rolling in riches proportionate to their bets, for our choice without one exception was the winner in every race.

Monday was a dreary day, cold and blowing hard from the south-east. A bad day for the spectators but a good day for the horses when they once got warmed up. The attendance was good considering the weather, and people, in spite of these circumstances, seemed to enjoy themselves.

MAIDEN PLATE FOR PONIES.

Mr. G. Wales'	"Twinkle,"	131 lbs.	Mr. Willis,	1.
Mr. John Ryans'	"Leprechaun,"	154 lbs.	Dr. Jones,	2.
Capt. Jenkins'	"Mazappa,"	142 lbs.	Mr. Morrow,	3.

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Wonderful to relate in a half mile race they got off the first time. Leprechaun leading having also the advantage of the rail, but at the south-east corner Mr. Willis brought Twinkle up and collared the rail half way up the back stretch and increased the lead from that point, Mazeppa running well on the outside. Turning into the straight the Boston pony had a good lead and easily retained it and won hands down, Leprechaun a bad second and Mazeppa a worse third. Time, 1.03 sec.

THE SEASIDE PURSE.

Mr. McMonagle's	"Stag" (6 years)	124 lbs.	McManus,	1.
Mr. McMonagle's	"Ida Gray" (aged)	121 lbs.	Barry Woods,	2.
Mr. Gilchrist's	"Zeolite (aged)	121 lbs.	Collins,	3.

As we prophesied that this was an easy race for Stag, the pace at first was very slow, but after they passed the half-mile, they quickened somewhat, and at one time it looked as though Ida Gray might win, but Stag maintained his lead and won with the greatest of ease, by about two lengths. Yoelite was never in the race.

THE PONY CUP.

Mr. Jack's	"Mignonette"	161 lbs.	Owner,	1.
Mr. Wale's	"Twinkle"	138 lbs.	Mr. Clinch,	2.
Mr. McGowen's	"Tramp"	119 lbs.	Capt. Alexander,	3.
Capt. Jenkin's	"Rowdy"	153 lbs.	Mr. Morrow,	0.

Every one remembers the excitement there was about this race last year, when Mignonette with Mr. Morrow up defeated the Tramp with Dr. Jones up, by about half a length. The adherents of Mignonette always said that she won easily and had lots to spare, while those of the Tramp maintained that if she had the pole she would have won. Events this year seem to show that the former were right, and the latter wrong. This season the backers of the Tramp consoled themselves with the fact that Capt. Alexander who had the mount was a thoroughly experienced jockey, and that Mr. Jack the owner of Mignonette had determined to ride himself. But as we said last week Mignonette was our choice. For it would be difficult to find a racing pony so near a horse as is the daughter of Gen. Ewell and Lady Green. Twinkle started at a short price as well, but the fact of her small size was against her. Rowdy, although a good pony for half a mile, was not in it.

Twinkle got off first, and made the running for some time, but about the stand Mignonette seemed to take the bit in his mouth, and clear off with a tremendous burst of speed, taking the lead, and retaining it throughout. At the stable turn it looked for a moment as if the grey would run wild, but somehow she did not, and won easily by almost four lengths. Capt. Alexander on Tramp thought there was no second money, being a cup, and did not ride out. Mr. Clinch therefore easily passed him, and scored brackets for the little chestnut. But for this The Tramp would have easily been second. Rowdy finished a few lengths behind Time, 1.30.

JUBILEE PURSE.

Mr. R. Wilson's	"Golden Maxim" (aged)	Mr. Willis.	W. O.
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A walk over is always a sad thing to see at any race meeting but more so at this particular one, when no Halifax horse could be found to be entered in this race against the St. John man. Shame on Halifax and all her sporting fraternity!

RIDING GROUND CUP.

Mr. G. R. Wales'	Yorktown (aged)	144 lbs.	Mr. Willis,	3.
Mr. Barnaby's	Emeline (aged)	140 lbs.	Dr. Jones,	0.

It was a pleasure to see that this was not to be a walk over as was expected at one time. After some difficulty in getting the mare off, they managed to make a start. Emmeline rapidly took the lead and led for the first three-quarters of a mile, when Mr. Willis having gradually brought the old veteran up, passed the mare easily, and took the pole, where he remained till the finish. The mare ran wonderfully well considering who she was running against, and showed better form than she did last year against Dr. Hopkins' Sirocco. Time, 3.02½.

Mr. Jacks'	"Mignonette,"	177 lbs.	Owner,	1.
Mr. McGowans'	"The Tramp,"	162 lbs.	Capt. Alexander,	2.
Mr. Barry's	"Boodler,"	144 lbs.	Mr. Willis,	3.
Mr. Ryans'	"Leprechaun,"	140 lbs.	Dr. Jones,	0.
Capt. Jenkins'	"Mazeppa,"	140 lbs.	Mr. Morrow,	0.

The result in this justified the handicapping to a nicety. It was a very pretty race to watch, and a most exciting one at the finish. Capt. Alexander got the game little bay off at a rattling pace, and made the running, making in our opinion a great mistake. If he had only saved the mare a little, we think the result would have been different. Mignonette ran to catch up, and she did but by very little. She showed wonderful speed under such heavy weights, and proved that she is the very best pony ever seen on the course here, with perhaps the exception of The Wasp. Boodler ran gamely for second place, beating Mr. Ryan's little black by half a length. We said last week that no matter what weight Mignonette would have to carry, she was our choice.

THE CITIZENS' PURSE.

Mr. Wilson's	"Golden Maxim" aged.	Mr. Willis,	1.
Mr. McMonagle's	"Iea Gray,"	Wood,	2.
Mr. Wales'	"Yorktown"	Mr. Clinch,	3.
Mr. McMonagle's	"The Stag"	McManus,	0.
Mr. Gilchrist's	"Zeolite,"	Collins,	0.

Mr. Robinson's Hopewell was scratched having gone lame in training and Emeline having cast her off fore plate in the cup could not run. A false start in a two mile race is not often seen, but in this case we had many of them, though why Mr. Spellman did not let them off is difficult to make out. When they did get off, Barry Wood on Ida Gray was left at the post, but this was entirely his own fault, as he had not made the least attempt at starting. The Stag and Maxim started off to make the running for their stable companions. Yorktown ran badly, seeming to go very stiff, whether it was that he caught a chill after his race with Emmeline or not; anyhow he was not going in his own form. The position remained the same till about the 1½, when "Barry" let Ida Gray go, and she came along well, passing her stable companion, and trying to have a go at Maxim, but she could not do it. Mr. Clinch did his best on Yorktown, but could not reach Ida Gray, although he disposed of The Stag. Willis finished easily on Maxim, and was really never pushed. Wood rode an excellent race, but delayed too long in tackling the St. John mare.

This closed a meeting which can be called fairly successful. With the exception of the Suburban no horse won with difficulty and certainly no race was won by riding. The best ridden race of all was the race Wood rode on Ida Gray. Mr. Willis did some good work, but all his winning mounts had little or no call for his superior skill and judgment. We were very pleased to see Mr. Peter Clinch back once again, he has been an absentee since 1887, let us hope that he will not desert us so long again. He is a good sportsman and it is a pity there are not more like him in this country. Mr. Morrow was extremely unfortunate in his mounts finishing in all his races in a most unusual place for him—last. But he certainly did wonders with the material that he had and if Mr. Barry's pony had not been lame and therefore scratched, we fancy he would have been able to pilot the scarlet and black to victory in one if not two races. Mr. Clifford Jack made his first appearance on the turf both as an owner and a rider. We congratulate Mr. Jack on his victories and only hope that he will always have as easy a mount and as good a pony.

Halifax has nothing to boast of as regards these races. St. John or Boston took all the horse races and one of the pony races, leaving us only two races out of seven. It is a pity—a thousand pities—that more is not done for horse racing in Halifax. With a garrison the size of this one, one would think there would be some sporting characters amongst them. We cannot call to mind any race meeting ever held here when there was not a pony, a horse, or a rider belonging to the regiment stationed here, till the meeting held on Monday. In the old days every race would have eight and ten entries, and everybody who owned a pony would put it in the races, just for the sport of the thing, and many good races these were.

It was a pity the management were not more strict as regards colors. It made it very difficult and perplexing for the spectators.

THE CRICKET OF THE FUTURE.

BY W. G. GRACE.

There is more cricket played to-day than has ever been played since the game began, and the number of good players is increasing yearly. England, Australia and America keep sending out fresh recruits, and soon India and the Cape will attract notice with representative elevens. Everything points to a forward movement, and when the champions and veterans of to-day lay down bat and ball, their hearts will be gladdened by the sight of younger players worthily maintaining the prowess they themselves displayed in days gone by.

County cricket, now the backbone of the game, will pursue the even tenor of its way, and will create greater interest and excitement than ever. The cry from this and the other county, that there is a dearth of local talent, is nothing new. Nearly every county has uttered it at some time or other; but in the history of all of them, the first glimpse of sunshine broke through the clouds just when they seemed darkest. Surrey is at the top of the tree to-day, but it had many years of uphill work to go through, and there is hardly a first-class county which has not had the same experience. In '76 and '77 Gloucestershire was at the head of the first-class counties; in '86 and '87 it was at the bottom, but it is now coming up again, and it would be rash to prophesy that in '96 it will not again be at the top. It is the same with the minor counties. Derbyshire, Warwickshire, and Somersetshire have all had their ups and downs, but it is difficult to say which will have pride of place three or four years hence. The County Cricket Council, in my opinion, is almost sure to come to life again, and despite all the mud that has been thrown at it, will do useful work. There are minor points to be settled for the good of county cricket, which the Council alone can do thoroughly and satisfactorily.

The birth and residential qualification demand consideration, but we can hardly find fault with those counties, who, being richer than their neighbours, keep a sharp lookout for promising talent, and spend their money freely to obtain it. Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire and Lancashire have a larger field to draw from in the matter of local talent than the counties of the south, and for the most part are in as good financial positions to cultivate it. I readily grant that it is not pleasing to find out, when too late, that a future Briggs, Sharpe or Lohmann has been allowed to leave the county of his birth, and become a thorn in its side in after years. But it is a mistake which is often made. A law might again be passed giving each county the right of first claim upon the services of every player born in the county, the claim to be made at the beginning of each season; but this would seem a poor incentive for counties to spend thought and money in developing the talent of players who otherwise might never have become first-class.

Another important point to be considered is the appearance of consistent slow scorers, whose chief desire is to stand well in the averages, and the effect this may have on the welfare of the game. It is not too much to say that if it extend much further the game will lose some of its interest for the spectator. Playing a defensive game to save a match is a widely different thing to merely keeping up one's wicket in the hope of being not out, and thus showing up well in the averages at the end of the season. In the former case the game benefits, in the latter the individual only. The public will not go to watch men blocking and playing with their legs all day long, causing matches to be drawn that might have been won by a little more spirited play. The sooner county committees realize this, and act on it, the better for their own interests and those of the game: the old enthusiasm for a spirited and dashing innings is still as strong in the hearts of spectators as it ever was; perhaps stronger, since it is more seldom roused. There is just the possibility of being a very scientific batsman, and yet being wanting in the spirit of a true sportsman. It is the same with regard to bowling: maiden over after maiden over may keep down the runs, but it is the plucky bowler who does not mind risking

something and being hit, who is of most use to his side, and does most for the game.

The future prospects of the game in Australia are very bright. That country has always been blessed with exceptionally good bowlers, and there can be little doubt that future teams will uphold the reputation of those which have preceded them. Lord Sheffield's team, which in all probability is going out at the end of the present season, will be the twelfth which has visited Australia, and will be quite worthy of the old country, and we may almost depend on Australia sending a team here in 1892 or 1893, the equal of any team that has ever visited England. After that, I think, there will be a rest for some years. So far the teams, which have come and gone, have been more or less arranged by individuals; in the future they will be managed by the different cricket associations, and the interests of the game will be the chief consideration. The history of English teams in Australia has shown us the wonderful progress the game has made in that country. But although our best eleven has very rarely gone out there, the matches played against odds have been greatly in excess of those played against eleven a-side. I believe that this will soon be reversed, and it is not improbable that in the near future Australia may win two out of the three representative matches generally played.

Everything points to the professionals keeping the upper-hand of the amateurs now. Occasionally, as in the past, an amateur will shine out for a year or two and turn the tables in the Gentlemen v. Players contest; but it is pretty safe to predict that the Players will have the better all-round team, and win most of these matches in the future.

The laws of the game are about as perfect as possible. The l. b.w. question will always be a vexed one, and no alteration which can be made with regard to it will stop the grumbling of the batsman or bowler. The law empowering the captain of a side to declare his innings at an end works well in a match lasting three days; but in one day's matches it has done more harm than good. Too often, two or three batsmen get all the runs, and, not unfrequently, the same players have to do most of the bowling. The result may be victory; but it is very barren honour for the rest of the eleven. A repetition is sufficient to destroy their love of the game, and discourage them for good.

Twenty-five years ago a carefully prepared ground was the exception, and not the rule; but now, in every first-class county, there are two or three good grounds. In the future, these grounds will be improved, as far as possible, and their number will continue to increase. In fact, good grounds are now springing up all over the country.

It has been suggested to me that golf is likely to prove a formidable rival to cricket, and, certainly, to the lovers of our national game, the hold golf has taken in England in the last few years must be of more than ordinary interest. While it was played principally in Scotland, and was confined, more or less, to players of advanced years, cricketers only gave it a passing thought; but now that it has crossed the border and taken a firm footing in their midst, they cannot help considering the effect it is likely to have on cricket. It will not do to say that golf holds out no attractions to cricketers, for it has come under my own notice that a few first-class cricketers have suddenly given up the game which they had followed with enthusiasm from boyhood, and identified themselves with this new and powerful claimant for their affections, just as closely as they ever did with cricket.

Wherein lies the charm of golf I know not. So far, I have only looked on at the game. I am more concerned with its possible influence on my own particular branch of sport, and here I do not think there is much occasion for anxiety. Everyone will remember the doleful predictions which were uttered some ten years ago when lawn tennis became so popular. Well, the number of lawn tennis players has increased yearly without lessening the number of cricketers. The American baseball invasion was another scare which lasted for a short time, but it has had no effect on cricket.

Golf, in spite of the charms ascribed to it, will not affect the future of cricket, although it may deservedly take a firm hold among us.

It is very difficult to tell how cricket will be played at the end of the next century. When we reflect on the trifling changes that have taken place in the last 50 years, it appears probable, that although some alterations may be made in the laws, they will not be such as to materially affect the game. I firmly believe that in 1991 cricket will be played as it is to-day, and that it will for ever retain the title of our national game.

HOW "LOP-SHOULDERED BILL" MADE A MISTAKE AND LOST THREE FINGERS.

Now and then you will find a man who will bully and fight at the same time. Such a chap was "Lop-Shouldered Bill," as we called him in Montana. He was ugly, quarrelsome and a braggart, but he would have fought ten men as soon as one. For two years he had a revolver where he could drop his hand on to it in a second, and the half dozen chaps who were looking to get the drop on him had to keep on waiting. One day, however, Bill's shooter got out of repair and he gave it to a miner to be fixed. Instead of waiting for it he wandered down to a saloon where the hard 'uns congregated, and it wasn't a quarter of an hour before he set out to pick a fuss with a new arrival. He just ached to kill somebody, and when he nettled the stranger into "talking back," he reached for his gun to pop him. His gun wasn't there. When Bill realized it he turned as white as snow, thinking his time had come. The stranger had drawn on him, you see, and he carried a wicked look in his eyes.

"Well?" he asked, as Bill raised his hands.

"I haven't any gun."

"I see. Leave it somewhere?"

"Yes."

"Very careless of you. I've got the call."

"You hev."

"You are a bad man, and I ought to shoot you through the head, but I don't like this cold-blooded business. Hold up your right hand and spread out the fingers."

"Stranger don't do it."

"Either that or I'll put six bullets into your heart! Spread!"

Bill held up his right hand, and three reports followed each other like the ticking of a clock. Each finger was shot off at the first joint.

"That'll do," said the man as he lowered the weapon. "You can't pull trigger with nothing on that hand, and before you can learn to shoot left-handed some one will bury you."

He went out and away, and Bill sent for a doctor and sat there and cried like a boy. Next day he left without a word to any of us, and we always believe he jumped off Horse Cliff into the creek, which was then on a flood.—*New York Sun.*

ISRAELYSIAN.

Said the Prince to the Baron, "I once had a dream,
Of the Heav'n of the Jews, and, though strange it may seem,
'Twas the squalidest place that I ever was in,
Full of dirty old fellows all smelling of gin."

Said the Baron, "Your Highness, that is, no doubt, strange,
But I, too, had a vision one day upon 'Change,
Of the Heav'n of the Christians, but before I begin it,
I may say that, though clean, there was nobody in it."

In spite of the fact that Dr. Koch's discovery hasn't been exactly a paralysing success, the inoculating business is on the increase. The boy of the future is going to have a lively time; and it will be a sad day for the scientists when, after they have had every kind of lymph in the market pumped into him to keep him fresh, they hear that he has been knocked into eternity with a cricket stump.

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LACROSSE.

UNIONS VS. WANDERERS.

The Wanderers' Lacrosse team journeyed on Saturday to St. John in order to again try conclusions with New Brunswick's representative team, their opponents on the 25th of May here, the Unions of St. John. A hot afternoon in the train was followed by a hot evening. Some whiled away the time with books, others slept and still others adopted the amusement so cleverly illustrated by Mountjoy Walker in his whistling solo "Gone, gone, gone!" At 11 p. m. the train rolled in to St. John station, and there, despite the lateness of the hour, numbers of the Unions were found to bid their opponents welcome, greetings were exchanged, cabs obtained and soon the party was within the hospitable doors of the "Dufferin," where, during the two following days, the proprietor, Mr. F. A. Jones, and his genial assistant (McCaffrey of the Unions, a keen Lacrosse player,) did all in their power for the welfare of the team. Sunday was passed in various ways. One stalwart athlete walked out to Rothsay in the early morning and, despite the heat, returned on foot in the evening. Another spent the day on a yacht belonging to Arthur Thompson and Jack McDonald of Halifax, both of whom are attached to the St. John agency of the Bank of Montreal. Others visited friends in the city, and the balance were taken by the Unions for a drive in the country.

The weather, which, up to Monday morning had been superb, then commenced to look threatening, but with the exception of one or two trifling showers in the morning, no rain fell during the day. About eleven o'clock the team visited the Shamrock's ground, where the match was later to be played, and required some valuable experience of a decidedly peculiar ground, without which they would have been sadly handicapped in the afternoon. Soft spongy turf from which the ball would hardly rebound, a loose cinder track with clinkers as big as a walnut, a rough board fence with supports inside, and long grass growing between the track and the fence, all of them inimical to good play and conducive to danger, combine to make the Shamrocks grounds unsatisfactory from the standpoint of Lacrosse at least, and it is to be hoped that some of these defects may be remedied before the Wanderers have to play there again.

The morning was stiflingly warm, so after some desultory practice, the team returned to the hotel and, having done justice to the Dufferin menu, retired to their rooms where a gentle siesta occupied the time until three o'clock. Half an hour later both teams were at the grounds ready for play. While the attendance at the game could hardly be said to have been enormous, the Wanderers were glad to learn that no such audience had previously assembled to witness Lacrosse in St. John. It was not only exceptional in point of numbers, but also from the presence of so many ladies, of whom a number were recognized as being well known in Halifax society.

Play commenced shortly after half past three, the Umpires being, for the Unions, Mr. McPherson, and for the Wanderers, Mr. A. G. Cunningham, while Mr. Alljo of Montreal officiated as Referee. It may be remarked in passing, that the decisions of all three gave absolute satisfaction.

Within a few minutes after the commencement of play, the Unions scored, the Wanderers defence not having settled down to their work. McFarlane was the lucky man, and the friends of the Unions were jubilant. After a few moments rest play was resumed and the Wanderers' at once showed that they meant business. A few passes up and down the field, a smart run and an unsuccessful throw for goal from Henry which sent the ball back of the goal into the corner of the fence, a clever throw in front of goal from Stewart, a quick motion of the stick from Middleton, and the game was placed once more on even terms.

For the next hour and three quarters the play on both sides was one of the most determined character, and the fate of the game was for some time in the balance, but before long the superior run-

ning and staying powers of the Wanderers won the second victory as they had won their first. The Wanderers second goal was also scored by Middleton, who caught a rapid, but not accurate, shot at goal from Fuller, and put it through the posts like lightning. In the few remaining minutes of play no further score was made, and the Wanderers were left victors by two goals to one.

Too high praise cannot be given to the Wanderers defence team. Cassels at goal, Simpson at point and Oxley at corner point distinguished themselves over and over again. McIntosh and Metzler at outside defence did useful and timely work, while at centre, Wallace, Grierson, Tracey and Middleton seemed absolutely tireless, covering in their excursions the whole length of the field, and rendering it almost an impossibility to keep them covered. No matter where the ball was, there you were almost certain to find one or more of this indefatigable quartette. Of the play of the attack field, Fuller, Stewart and Henry, too much cannot be said. All three were more or less under the weather, otherwise the score might easily have been more largely in favor of the Wanderers. They were moreover rather handicapped in having nearly always to contend with more than the usual complement of opponents.

For the Unions McGee at goal played a remarkably fine game, as did also McLeod at point, the throwing of the latter being especially brilliant. Bartsch at cover-point worked hard and successfully, and J. S. Esson and Armstrong at outside defence often proved more than a match for their nearest opponents. The Unions attack was also weak. McCaffrey, McFarlane and Dr. Esson showed up well at times, but they were practically powerless, after their first goal, in the hands of the Wanderers defence.

Many hard knocks were given, and received, for the most part good humouredly, but the criticism must in all fairness be made that the home team on the whole was guilty on occasions of unnecessary roughness. This is not said with any intention of disparaging the Unions, they were fairly beaten, and frankly admitted it, and it would ill-become a Wanderer under the circumstances to exhibit any spirit of bitterness or spitefulness, but the criticism is made with a view of preventing a repetition of the subject of offense, which, if allowed to pass unnoticed, and not protested against would inevitably tend to render the game unpopular with spectators, and undesirable for players. People will not watch, and athletes will soon avoid a game which is likely to result in comparatively serious injury to those engaged in it, and while these remarks are called forth by the game of last Monday, they are not intended for the then competing teams alone, but for all exponents of the game whose eyes may chance to rest upon these lines. The game is rough enough even if properly played, and cuts and bruises are almost inevitable. Let it be the aim of every Lacrosse player and lover in the Maritime Provinces to render the game as free from danger as possible, and let every player sink petty revenge and mere personal feeling in the nobler endeavour to elevate our national game, and make it such a pastime that every true Canadian may point to it with pride.

The history of the final acts in the Wanderers' excursion to celebrate their city's Natal day in the neighboring provinces may be given in a few words. A drive to the hotel, baths, dinner, an evening largely given to celebration of the hard won victory in such various manners as suited the dispositions of the various excursionists, the train at eleven o'clock, the battle refought, bed, well-earned repose, Windsor junction, rain, North street, and the resumption of "the common round, the daily task," are incidents which will long remain in the memories of those who experienced them, but as to which others can feel but little interest. O. G.

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Vol. I.

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1891.

No. 30.

NO DOUBT many of you have seen "the Doctor's" book on *Cricket*, issued by that enterprising Bristol publisher, Mr. Arrow-smith. If by any chance any of you, who love our national game, have not seen it, you should get it at once. An orator was once defined as "a man who has something to say and knows how to say it." This is Dr. W. G. Grace's position in regard to cricket, and so his book is interesting, alike from a personal and a practical point of view. Illustrated by capital portraits of past and present cricketers, and some valuable reproductions of old pictures and engravings, and replete with historical and statistical information regarding the game most dear to Englishmen, the book is all that such a book should be.

We do not think that W. G.'s article on cricket, written for one of this week's Monthlies, has reached Halifax, so, as it is short and to the point, we take the liberty of publishing it this week, feeling sure that it will be of great interest to all who take even a passing interest in the game.

AMONG those who won distinctions for Canada by their exhibits at the Jamaica exhibition we notice a few of our regular advertizers; for instance, Messrs. J. A. Leaman & Co., took a Silver Medal for Canned Beef; and Messrs. Brown & Webb took Bronze Medals for Fruit Syrups and Emulsions of Cod Liver Oil, and had Honourable Mention for their Orange Quinine Wine.

JULY 1st will be another fete day in Windsor. The annual sports of the A. A. A. in that town will be one of the largest meetings ever held in the Maritime Provinces. All the chief towns are sending up their best men. Halifax will be represented by Henry, McIntosh, Grierson, and probably some others. The list of prizes offered is phenomenal, and is itself enough to excite something like enthusiasm in athletic circles all over the Province. The arrangements, under the superintendence of the president, Mr. William Curry, all point to a successful day both for competitors and for visitors.

THE young people of the Starr St. Free Baptist Church intend giving a musical and literary entertainment on Tuesday evening next, the proceeds to go towards defraying expenses of repairs, etc. The entertainment will be held in the church, commencing at 8 o'clock. Stipendiary Motton will preside, and several popular amateurs will take part in the performance.

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DAIRMOUTH. - The society of the King's Daughters gave an entertainment, consisting chiefly of tableaux in Reform Club Hall, Dartmouth, on Friday evening last. Although the Hall was not filled there was an unusually large audience for Dartmouth, and it might be said with not very much reservation that "everybody was there." Tableaux seem to be popular in Dartmouth judging both from these exhibited by the King's Daughters and those, more than two months ago, by the committee for the Christ Church Organ Fund, in Christ Church School room. There was perhaps on Friday evening no tableaux so good as "The conservation of Palaski's banner," in the school room, but taking it altogether the tableaux were more effective in the larger Reform Club Hall with the loftier stage and good footlights. There was a severity about the decoration of the proscenium the other night which might have been improved.

The programme was divided into two parts each containing six tableaux. The first, entitled a "Gala day in the sunny South," represented by quite a number of young ladies in fancy costumes, was very bright and pleasing. The second tableau, "A dangerous game" was rightly called so, for the two young people, when the old lady was so likely to see them. "The marriage of Henry sixth and Margaret of Anjou" was a burlesque, intended to show the absurdity of the marriage of the small, young, weak-minded Henry with the tall, masculine, overbearing Margaret. In the "Pastoral without words," we could distinguish Miss Nellie Dustan as the fair country lass who accepted the attention of the handsome squire, rather than those of the warm hearted rural chap. Sixth on the list came "Market day in Halifax," which for originality and realism was deserving of first mention. There were women from Preston with the inevitable clay pipe, and from Chezzetcook and Lawrencetown. Behind the dark skin we could recognize familiar faces. And there were fair purchasers as well.

Part second opened with a variation of the programme representing seven marble groups of statuary. The effect of the apparent white marble against the crimson curtains behind was excellent. The Fates, Ceres, Nun, Nell and her grandfather, and The Princess in the Tower. There were too many groups for the stage, however, and it was impossible to understand them all during the short time the curtains were drawn aside. "Walls have ears" resembled "a dangerous game" only the threatened danger was realized. The ninth entitled "Hope" was a very pretty tableau. Miss McNab represented Hope, surrounded with flowers and clothed in white. Why Hope rather than Faith or Charity for instance was not clear. The tenth tableau, a burlesque like the third, was entitled "Edward's arm in the hands of his medical advisers." Dr. Milson as the king certainly had a terrible wound. His advisers were bad looking men. The "Three little maids from school," Miss Howe, Miss McNab and Miss McKie reminded me of Pitty Sing and her two sweet companions. The last tableau was entitled "Good Night." Mr. Arthur Williams introduced the different numbers of the programme rather briefly but clearly and gracefully.

Between the different tableaux there were musical selections. Mr. "beiki" sang "Of thee I am thinking" and was encored. Later on he favoured the audience with three selections entitled "Celeste," "Two Maidens" and "Boston Cats" and lastly his whistling of Rubenstein's Melody in F, was very excellently done. Mr. Cameron and Mr. Ward furnished two duets the former playing the flute and the latter the autoharp.

The credit of the undertaking is chiefly due first to Mrs. Henry Creighton the president, and to her husband, and Miss Sterns, the Misses McNab, Mr. McRoberts and Dr. Milson; but all the members of the society assisted. The total receipts for benevolent purposes will amount to over seventy dollars. QUILL.

Mr. Rufus Somerby's entertainment has been crowded all the week; there seems no end to the people who flock to see Prince Tynymite and the other wonders on show. The latest novelty is the Paper King, whose ingenuity is really remarkable. He alone is very well worth going to see.

English Jottings.

So our French neighbors are emulating the example of perfidious Albion by seizing certain pictures in Paris; but not at the suggestion of Mrs. Grundy or the Vigilance Society. Oh, dear, no! The Vigilance Society, in the matter of morals, is an unknown quantity in the gay capital. The seizure of two pictures was ordered by the Government, because they were of such political significance, tending in the one case to offend the too delicate susceptibilities of the German Government; in the other, those of M. Jules Ferry.

As to the painting which gave, or might have given, umbrage to the Kaiser's people represented William I. of Germany on horseback, carrying off two fair women (Alsace and Lorraine) and trampling France under foot, I fail to see where the danger of diplomatic interference comes in, unless it be through the possibility of the flame of hatred felt by the French being fanned by the exhibition of such war-like paintings. But then, look at the way the Germans treat all things French in their own country. There is nothing sufficiently despicable or contemptible, that they do not show off in their galleries, theatres, circuses, or shop windows clothed in French garb. But then, you see, they are the victors, and poor froggie the vanquished.

Young Grant, now Major Grant, has not only received the Victoria Cross, the highest mark of distinction awarded to British valour, but has made a double leap into a captaincy, with rank of brevet-major. The young fellow certainly deserves all he can get, and will, no doubt, have a command before many years. It is certainly worth quoting here an extract from a letter to his mother, which might be headed, "A Spoilt Breakfast:

They opened a wild fire and bolted as we attacked their left flank, but then we found ourselves in a bit of a hole, for 30 or 40 were in a corner, behind a wall 6 ft. high, over which they were firing at us. I had my D. B. 16-bore shot gun and six buckshot and six ball cartridges, and as they showed their heads over the wall they got buckshot in their faces at 20 yards. When my 12 rounds were fired and the Goorkhas also doing considerable damage, we rushed the wall, and I dropped one through the head with my revolver, and hit some more as they bolted. Next day I had 30 minutes' leisure to go all round my fort, and found I had only 50 rounds per man, enough for one hour's hard fighting, and only 25 for Martini's. The men had orders not to fire a shot till the enemy were half way across the open adjoining compounds, but the enemy declined to cross the open. I picked off a few who showed their heads from the east corner, where I spent the rest of the day, the men smoking and chatting, and at last took no notice of the bullets cutting the trees a foot or six inches over their heads. Thus the day passed, the enemy retiring at dark, and we counted our loss—two men and one follower wounded, one by shell, one pony killed, two wounded, two elephants wounded, one severely, and my breakfast spoilt by a shell, which did not frighten my boy, who brought me the head of the shrapnel which did the mischief—I will send it home to be made into an inkpot, with inscription—and half my house knocked down.

If the gallant young Major were to come over now, I believe his reception by the people would equal any ever given to England's greatest heroes.

The death of Mr. Long, R. A., makes a vacancy amongst Academicians that will not easily be filled up. He was not a great artist, but he as a man of original conceptions, and what he did he did rather characteristically than well. He followed no traditions but his own. To me his work always seemed stilted and unreal. He was more of an antiquarian than an artist, and his pictures might be taken as undoubted authorities on the architecture and costumes of the places and periods with which he dealt. But in spite of the immense pains which he exercised in order to get his work correct, he never seemed to touch the secret of inspiration in his pictures. They lacked life and passion almost in proportion to their precise accuracy on all matters of form and detail.

Even though Mr. Edison has not yet, put his wonderful invention, the phonograph, into the markets of New York and London; here he is, startling the world with another, still more ingenious, more complex, and more delightful machine. It has been baptised by the name of the "Kinetograph." This is neither more nor less than a means of bringing before one, not only the reproduction of any sound (like the phonograph), but also actual reality before the eye. With the phonograph, we sit at home in our arm-chair and listen to the opera; with the kinetograph, we are practically present, as every movement and gesture of the artistes is seen. Most of the theatres in Paris will shortly be in communication, I hear, with not a few private-houses and various hotels and restaurants. Hostesses in London drawing-rooms will doubtless receive this as a boon in these days, when after-dinner singing, amateur theatricals, and *pas seuls* are nearly played out. They have only to ask their guests which play they would like to see, and James will bring up with the coffee Mr. Irving, in *The Bells*, Mr. Charles Wyndham as David Garrick, &c. This, if only properly managed, pecuniarily, should be a good thing for the proprietors of theatres. Those people who, from motives of delicacy, do not like to appear at music-halls will now be able to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

A story which come from Constantinople reminds of a similar one in the life of Queen Elizabeth. The Sultan, it is said, was suffering much from toothache, and the dentist, having inspected the royal patient's teeth, declared that one of them must be drawn. In order to give the Sultan nerve, a negro was brought to his room and had a tooth extracted. Sambo bore the operation so very badly that it had just the opposite effect to that which was intended, and the Sultan, thinking the remedy worse than the disease, declined to submit himself to the forceps. A little later the faulty tooth again made itself felt. Again the Sultan sent for the dentist, and again he replied that the tooth must come out. So a second negro was summoned and underwent torture. He squalled louder than the first, and a second time Abdul Hamid declined to be relieved through such an ordeal. The attacks of toothache continued to recur, and the latest information is that eight negroes have been operated upon, but the Sultan has not.

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The principal Exhibition this Spring is worth visiting; I saw it under favourable conditions it is true, for the temperature registered 70 in the shade, and the sun was in an obliging frame of mind. Under such circumstances it is very pleasant to sit out in the really pretty grounds at Chelsea and listen to the band, although, it must be confessed, that those of the party to which I belonged, who had been visitors to the great Shows at South Kensington during past years, thought regretfully of Lieut. Dan Godfrey and his merry men, for the Exhibition Band is not quite all that might be desired. But the Sailories is a delightful place to spend a few hours in, even if one is not enthusiastically interested in guns, ancient and modern (from a queer "peterara" of the time of Edward IV down to the huge model of that exceedingly doubtful weapon, the 110 ton gun), torpedoes, and other engines of destruction. The models of ships are all delightful, from those of the old three-deckers, the veritable "wooden walls" of England, to the beautifully finished models of the latest additions to our fleet, to be found in Lord Armstrong's Gallery. There is something that makes the heart of even the most unsentimental and phlegmatic of Englishmen throb with a certain patriotic pride, as he wanders through the galleries named after our greatest Admirals, and sees the relics of scores, ay, hundreds of glorious British victories, from the wooden Cap of Liberty taken from the mast head of the French frigate *Cleopâtre*, captured off Ushant in the year 1793, to the bullet which deprived England of her greatest hero. A couple of hours can be profitably spent examining the pictures, amongst which may be found several fine Vanderveldtes, and a set of portraits by Sir Peter Lely, which gain an additional interest from the fact that they were mentioned by gossiping Mr. Pepys.

Public interest seems to centre chiefly in the full-sized model of the *Victory*, but to one who is acquainted with the old ship herself as she lies peacefully at her moorings in Portsmouth Harbour, the imitation article is somewhat disappointing, and the ghastly wax-work representation of Nelson's death in the cock-pit is decidedly in bad taste, although it may be appreciated by a certain section of visitors. The mock battle on the diminutive lake between two model ironclads partakes of the ludicrous, although the crowd watches it with the greatest interest. The two little vessels wobble round the pond in a positively comic way, popping at each other in a futile sort of manner, but the destruction of the torpedo boats, and the blowing-up and surrender of one of the ships is quite realistic on a small scale, and much delights the on-lookers. The best part of the Exhibition in my opinion is the cutlass drill gone through by seventy-two Blue Jackets from H. M. S. *Excellent*. Sturdy

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brown-faced fellows they are, and they march past to the tune of *Nancy Lee* with a swing and regularity pleasant to watch. After their cutlass drill is over they bring out three brightly polished guns and unlimber and fire them with the greatest speed and precision, replace imaginary broken wheels, and then, supposing themselves to be forced to retire by the enemy, they disable and unmount their guns and retreat to the furthest corner of the arena where they pose themselves picturesquely on the wheels, &c. They finally "limber up" at the word of command with the same alacrity and march off the ground. A very good lunch is obtainable for two and sixpence in the "gun room," and still better in the "ward room," and the "captains room" for rather more money, while tea and light refreshments are to be had at the famous sign of "The Old Blue Posts."

All London is still raving about the "play without words" at the Prince of Wales's, and this very pretty theatre is crowded nine times a week with an appreciative audience. It is undoubtedly a wonderful piece of acting, and, although Mdle. Jane May is the greatest favourite with the London play-goers, I think personally that the performance of M. Courtes as "Pierrot" *pire*, and Mdle. Zanfretta as the fascinating *blanchisseuse* are equally meritorious. Judging from what I hear we are likely to be surfeited with dumb-show plays before long. Amongst others Miss Norreys has one entitled *Moonflowers* in preparation, but I very much doubt whether any English Company can hope to rival the representatives of *L'Infant Prodiges*, for the Gallic nation is naturally given to much gesture, whereas gesticulation of any kind is entirely foreign to the average Briton, and his attempts at pantomime are stiff and inexpressive.

POLY.—Fruit stains of long standing on white goods, or fresh stains that refuse to yield to ordinary treatment, may be removed by dipping into a very weak solution of chloride lime, and spreading in the sun or on the grass, if possible, to bleach. As soon as the stains disappear, rinse thoroughly, as the lime is apt to injure the fabric. Use soft water both in making the solution and in rinsing afterward.

COOKIE.—Boiled eggs, to slice nicely, should be put over the fire in cold water, and should remain fifteen minutes after the water begins to boil, and allowed to cool in the same water. If cooled by dropping them into cold water they peel smoothly.

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Sporting Notes.

On Monday the Wanderers sent a fairly representative XI up to Windsor; this fact in itself should lead us to predict an energetic season, as it is not often the Wanderers get away from home. The weather at Windsor was very fine, but the ground was simply atrocious, and put an effectual stopper on anything like bold play. The Windsorians were rather inclined to chuckle when the visitors went out for a total of 33, but some of the oldsters had a pretty good idea of what would happen when Leigh and Cahalane took the ball, and the sequel showed they were right. Windsor got out for 32, and the Wanderers did much better in their 2nd innings, scoring 79 against Windsor's 38 for 8 wickets.

For Windsor, Fleming and Courtney deserve special mention; both played a good game and did excellent service both with bat and with ball. Courtney cut short Allison's innings with magnificent catch.

For the Wanderers' McIntosh played in splendid form, and Allison did good work with the bat. Moren, too, knocked up 11 in the 2nd innings in good style, and made a brilliant catch in the long field. Leigh and Cahalane did rapid execution with the ball, the former taking, in the two innings, 11 wickets for 28 runs.

The scores were as follows:—

WANDERERS.

1st Innings.	Total.	2nd Innings.	Total.
W. Leigh, c E. Dimock, b Flemming..	2	c E. Dimock, b Courtney.	1
E. P. Allison, lbw, b Worsley.....	17	c Courtney, b Worsley ..	11
M. Johnstone, run out.....	0	not out	9
McIntosh, run out.....	2	b Flemming	25
T. Cochrane, lbw, Fleming.....	1	retired hurt	0
T. Cahalane, b Fleming	5	c Courtney, b Flemming..	4
C. Burns, b Worsley.....	2	c Kinnear, b Flemming...	7
L. Kenny, b Fleming.....	0	c Shand, b Flemming ...	0
A. F. Moren, c E. Dimock, b Fleming	1	c Courtney, b Flemming..	11
S. Lawson, C. Eville, b Worsley.....	1	b Worsley.....	3
A. Taylor, not out.....	0	b Worsley.....	1
Extras.....	2	Extras	7
	33		79

WINDSOR.

1st Innings.	Total.	2nd Innings.	Total.
Holmes, c Leigh, b Leigh.....	0	c Allison, b Leigh	0
Shand, c McIntosh, b Cahalane	0	did not bat	0
Fleming, c Mackintosh, b Leigh	6	s Mackintosh, b Leigh....	17
Geldert, b Cahalane.....	1	b Cahalane	3
Courtney, c Leigh, b Leigh.....	0	not out	10
Kinnear, s Mackintosh, b Leigh.....	2	b Cahalane	0
E. Dimock, c Moren, b Leigh.....	1	b Leigh.....	1
C. Eville, c Lawson, b Leigh	5	did not bat	0
Worsley, c Leigh, b Cahalane.....	2	b Leigh.....	1
F. Dimock, run out	8	lbw, b Leigh.....	0
J. Lynch, not out.....	2	lbw, b Leigh.....	3
Extras	2	Extras	1
	32		38

The cricket match between the Kent Wanderers and the T. G. R. C., on the grounds of the latter, Windmill road, Dartmouth, yesterday morning, resulted in a victory for the Kent Wanderers by a score of 80 to 63. The top score of the match was made by Geo. Crathorne, who by good play put up 24 runs.

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With the assistance of a competent resident Master, Mr. Bradford will continue with about a fortnight's break—to take private pupils both in town and at the Arm. Two or three more non-resident pupils can be taken if arrangements are made at once.

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Two centuries ago the French Abbe, De La Salle, founded the Society of The Brothers of the Christian Schools. He worked more for our day than his own. This is proved by the fact, that from some two hundred members, this society has grown in numbers to fifteen thousand, and has taken root in every part of the world. The Brothers are a teaching body, laboring especially for the poor. They do not confine their labours however to any particular class of society, but conform themselves to the age in which they live, being "all things to all men, in order to win all to Christ." Their costume is the simplest that can be conceived. A plain black robe reaching to the heels, a white flowing collar that denotes their teaching profession, and a mantle in cold weather forms their complete outfit. Fashion is a fickle dame, but it brings no change to the Brothers.

As they usually work in the class-room, and seldom go abroad, it is quite possible that they may labor for some time in a city, comparatively unknown by a great number of the inhabitants. But opportunities occasionally arise which cause their work to be made known, and on such occasions an answer is given to the very pertinent question,—“What kind of men are these?”

The Oratorical Contest which took place in the Academy of Music May 28th, under the auspices of his Grace Archbishop O'Brien was just such an occasion, when hundreds of our best citizens assembled to witness some of the fruits of the Brothers' work. The "contest" received the stamp of public approval, there was but one opinion expressed concerning the Christian Brothers as educators: it was, that they were acquainted with the secret of success. Rev. Brother Joseph, the Director of La Salle, when questioned as to "How he obtained such magnificent results?" modestly replied. "Because we give all our time to the work of teaching. To attain success in it is our sole object—our only ambition. We study the character of the child, and endeavor by every means to develop the "man" according to the measure of the age and the fulness of Christ." We leave nothing undone to prepare our students for a life of usefulness. But we permeate all that we do with Christian instruction, for knowledge without morality is vain."

In view of the fact that the "contest" had created a live'y interest in the public mind, it was not astonishing that the "Academy" should be filled last Wednesday week, with the best people of this city, to witness the Closing Exercises of La Salle. His Honor, Gov. Melachi B. Daly presided. The Archbishop was present. U.S. Consul Frye and Spanish Consul Lluich, were there. Also Attorney General Longley, Superintendent of Education Allison, Stipendiary Magistrate Motton, Speaker Power, and Journalist Cahan, who constituted the jury of judges for the final oratorical contest; and many other prominent gentlemen representing pulpit, bench and bar.

Mr. Harry Hanson waved his baton on time, and the 63rd. Regt. Band played E. lipse which ushered in the evenings exercises. The lingering echoes of this selection frolicked with the June breezes, that stole through the half-opened windows of the gallery, as the curtain rose; and the rustle of programmes was lost in the steady tread of a hundred marching feet that responded to little Archie McDougal's command. They sang a welcome song, and immediately after the applause that followed, "ten little tots" came forth and recited "When We Are Men." They retired amid applause to give way to the junior Calisthenic class who gave an exhibition with dumb-bells. The audience was impressed with the harmony of the movements; twenty boys were a unit in the performance of every action, and every action was calculated to develop the physical man. They finished by forming a

tableau which was applauded. Next came the dialogue "Whose Turn" by which Archie McDougal gained more laurels, and Arthur Salterio and Joseph Murphy gained favor with the audience. The French dialogue "Une Bonne Leon" was very interesting to those who understood the language, and the acting was relished by those who did not. Edward Powers and John Murphy were the central figures, while the bright eyes, and pure articulation of Master Ternan were noticeable features. Harney Schulze recited "Two Little Kittens with nice emphasis and discretion." He was encored. As he retired the Senior Calisthenic class marched on, twenty strong, armed with Indian clubs. Before they commenced their movements they did some very good marching. Their swaying was very graceful, forming one of the best features of the programme. As they filed off, the orchestra played a selection in which mournful notes prevailed. It was a fitting prelude to an oration to Sir John A. McDonald, by Robert Emmet Finn. The audience listened to it with profound attention. Master Finn showed great self-possession and spoke of the late Premier's qualities as a scholar, a statesman and a patriot, with pathetic eloquence. As he finished the introduction he was encouraged to proceed by—Here! here! and applause. In a few brief, but well-rounded sentences, he gave good reasons why all true Canadians—irrespective of party—should cherish the memory of Sir John A. McDonald. He said:—His memory will be recalled by the hum of increased industry, and the "din of traffic" that will result from the various enterprises of great "pith and moment" whose existence are due to the genius of his practical intellect." His closing words in which he referred to Lady McDonald were very touching. We give a short quotation: "Messages of condolence have flashed to her from near and far, for he whom she loved with the deepest affection was known to all, both gentle and simple, as one whose life had been identified with the dearest interests of humanity—the building up of a nation that God has blessed." The orator was twice recalled, and received a beautiful floral offering. He won his laurels grandly. After an overture by the orchestra, the quarrel scene from "Julius Caesar" was enacted by Master James D. Lanigan and R. E. Finn. Lanigan made an excellent Brutus, fiery but not furious; and Finn gave an evidence of his versatility by vividly portraying the choleric Cassius.

The solo and chorus "Mottos" sung by Master Markley and choir, with orchestral accompaniment, was charmingly rendered. "The Charge of the Irish Brigade," a concert recitation by the junior oratory section was well received. The stage was then given up to the "Infant Athletes," little tots of some half-a-dozen summers, who were togged out in sailor suits, and armed with rings that were gaily decorated with colored ribbons. Their appearance was hailed by rounds of applause.

Continued in our next.

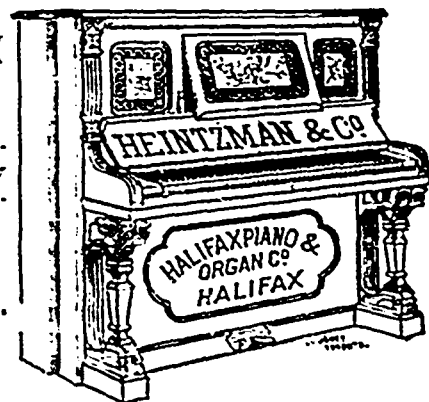
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FISHING.—No. VIII.

In reference to my remarks in a former article on split cane rods. I have had the pleasure of seeing a selection of very good ones at Mr. T. J. Egan's; though this is the first season that Mr. Egan has shown any fishing tackle for some years, it is evident he has not forgotten how and what to buy. The rods he has on view are exceptionally well finished, and though they do look very light, will, with ordinary care, land any fish one is likely to come across. Also, I can strongly recommend a boy's rod, of which Mr. Egan makes a specialty, and which he sells at a very reasonable price.

At the end of this article I have given the names and description of two more flies, which I trust may be of use to my brother anglers.

And now I would give a few hints as to "Casting." The first thing a beginner has to learn is, how to cast overhand; he should commence with a short line, say about 12 yards, and being able to make a good cast with that, gradually lengthen the line, when with perseverance he will soon be able to cast from 20 to 25 yards, which for general purposes is as far as is wanted. To make a clean cast overhand it is necessary that the line should be lifted right out of the water, and that it should be thrown back, behind the angler's back to its fullest extent, before making the forward cast. If this is not done the chances are the fly will be cracked off, or else line and fly will fall all in a heap together. In a proper cast the line should be thrown clean out, down and across the stream at an angle of 45°. As soon as the fly touches the water the rod should be held at an angle of about 10° down stream and it should remain in that position till the fly is about mid stream, when the point should gradually follow the fly until the completion of the cast: by this means the fly will have a more natural appearance, and owing to its slow rate of progression every fish in the pool will have a fair chance of seeing it, and if one rises will most likely be well hooked. There are many good fishermen who advocate casting straight across stream, saying that many more fish are risen; this may be so, but I maintain that more are killed by casting down and across. Always strive that the fly shall commence to "fish" directly it touches the water, to bring this about, a foot of line may be taken in with the hand through the rings when the forward cast is made, which will straighten the line, and the fly will work at once. When the overhand cast has been perfected, the beginner may begin his lessons in casting underhand, which it is most necessary he should learn. This of course wants a great deal more practice than the overhand, and requires a rod with a more powerful top, to accomplish it successfully. Great care must be taken that the whole of the line is clear of the water before attempting to cast. To learn how to cast underhand, can only be attained by practice, and every angler has many opportunities of bringing it into use.

There are great diversities of opinion as to how a fly should be worked. Some fisherman shake their rod, as if they wanted, as it were, to saw the water, which is to a very great extent labour in vain,—for this reason, that if you have an ordinary length of line out, the action of the point of the rod does not affect the line at the distance the fly is working. Of course fishing with a very short line this might answer, but the fact is that in a stream there is no real necessity to work the fly at all, the action of the water being sufficient.

To prove this, it is necessary to watch men fishing with that invention of the evil one, a cross line, where the flies are all but stationary, and after watching salmon rise at them, I am sure any one would be convinced that there is no necessity to work the fly. The most deadly method is to hold the point of the rod well down, allowing the fly to sink as deep as possible. If the fly is worked at all it should be in dead water and then only by a slow up and down movement of the top of the rod. The proper way to fish a pool is to begin at the head moving down stream about a step between each cast, always being careful that the former cast is completed before making a new one. One very bad habit young fishermen are liable to get into is, having taken the one step down-

ward, and made their cast, they without seeming to notice it take two or three more steps onward.

When a fish has risen at a fly, it is best to wait say half a minute before trying him again, the angler being careful to remain stationary. Should he not rise again after two or three throws, a smaller fly might be tried: if this should prove unsuccessful the fish should be left for 15 or 20 minutes, the angler remembering before leaving the spot, to make some mark whereby he will know the exact place again. If when fishing a pool several fish rise, but are only pricked, it is a sure sign that the fly is too large, and the pool should be fished over again with a smaller one.

There are different methods of striking a salmon. Some good anglers say "strike a rising fish from the winch, without the line being touched." Others again, "it is necessary to strike with the line held tight between hand and rod." I personally think that the line being held tight between hand and rod, the fish will hook himself without any need of striking, and I feel convinced that with salmon, striking is a mistake. We all know that the salmon has wonderful power of ejecting what he does not think is good for him, and therefore those who advocate striking, have some show on their side, saying as they do, "get the hook fixed as soon as possible." But again, how would this work when a fish comes open-mouthed at the fly? By striking them you defeat the object you have in view. Another argument in favor of not striking is that a fish having risen a trifle short, the fly being allowed to go on its regular course, he will be more likely to come again than if the fly had been suddenly snatched away from him. The young fisherman may make his mind easy when he sees a salmon leisurely following a fly that he is not going to catch him, for in following, the salmon, before he knows it finds himself in shallow water, gets scared, and is seen no more. After all, these methods of striking are only practiced by individuals—one may be as good as another, so that it will be as well for the beginner to try them all, and judge by the results. In my next I will touch on playing the salmon when hooked.

Salmon Flies: The "Durham Ranger." The best of bright flies, if not made too large.

Tag: Silver twist and light yellow silk. *Tail:* A topping and Indian Crow. *Butt:* Black herl. *Body:* Two turns of orange silk, two turns dark orange seal's fur, the rest black seal's fur. *Ribbed:* Silver lace and silver tinsel. *Hackle:* A white coch-y-bouddu dyed orange. *Throat:* Light blue hackle. *Wings:* Four golden pheasant's tippets overlapping, enveloping two jungle fowl, back to back. *Cheeks:* Chalherm. *Horns:* Blue Macaw. *Head:* Black Berlin wool.

The "Beaufort moth." The most useful fly for evening fishing on any water.

Tag: Gold tinsel. *Tail:* Golden pheasant topping. *Body:* Bronze peacock herl, rubbed with gold tinsel. *Hackle:* *Throat:* Red cock's (throat hackle only). *Wings:* Two small white hen feathers. *Head:* Peacock herl.

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JAMES SCOTT & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS
117 & 118 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.**Provincial Notes.**

CHARLOTTETOWN.—The most important event of the past week was the death of Judge Peters at his residence, "Sidmount," on Saturday morning, after a long illness. Judge Peters was born in New Brunswick, but has lived in this Island for the past fifty-three years. In 1848 he was appointed Master of the Rolls and assistant Judge of the Supreme Court, which offices he resigned early this year as already noticed in your columns. Judge Peters died in his eightieth year, leaving three sons (Mr. Thomas Peters, of St. John, Hon. Fred. K. Peters, Premier of P. E. Island, and Mr. Arthur Peters,) also two daughters, of whom the elder is the wife of Edward Bayfield, Esquire. Mrs. Peters was a daughter of the late Sir Samuel Cunard (Bart.,) and died in August 1885. The body of the deceased Judge was buried in the cemetery of St. Peter's church.

Parliament which adjourned April 23rd, re-assembled on the 17th instant.

The Redpath Concert Company gave one of their excellent concerts here last Monday.

Mr. F. Parker Carvell is visiting Cape Breton.

In the "progressive" lawn tennis tournament las Saturday, the King prizes were won by Miss May Delbrisy and Mrs. Leith E. Brecken, who have carried off more prizes than any other two players in our club. A new club house, consisting of a central apartment for general purposes and dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen is to be built at once in the park close to the tennis courts.

The Chief Justice and family have gone into residence again in their new home where extensive enlargements and alterations have been made, making the place one of the handsomest in the city.

We hear that many ladies and gentlemen will attend the classes at the new gymnasium.

As I write, refreshing rain is falling, after a long season of dry weather, which threatened, if continued, to scorch our crops, gardens, and lawns.

The dust in Charlottetown is proverbially terrible; this summer in spite of the long continued dry weather, the nuisance has been very well kept under by constant watering of the streets by watering carts, under control and direction of Councillor Beer. Probably no man in Charlottetown has as many benedictions showered upon him as this same gentleman.

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WANTED.—Three good general servants to live in Halifax. Also a competent housemaid. Apply Editor Cambridge House.

PIANO FOR HIRE:—Fine Semi-grand Piano for Hire for 3 or 4 months. No reasonable offer refused. Apply Editor.

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FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.—1 Handsome Chickering Square Piano, Rosewood Case; 1 Upright Piano in Ebony Case, Fischers, New York, 18 months in use; 1 Wanzel C. Sewing Machine, Walnut Case; 1 Wheeler & Wilson's Cabinet Sewing Machine, Walnut Case. Apply at this office.

WANTED.—Situation as Cook. Thoroughly competent.

LAW AND MEDICAL PRELIMINARIES.—Mr. Walter Leigh is taking private pupils for the autumn examinations. Apply Cambridge House.

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