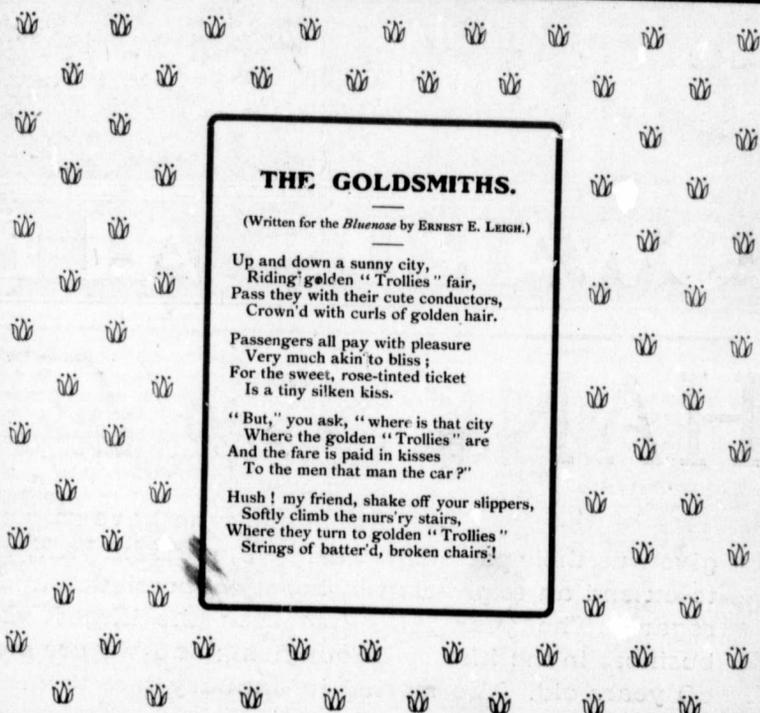


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VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, December, 29th, 1900.

NO. 13.



THE GOLDSMITHS.

(Written for the *Bluenose* by ERNEST E. LEIGH.)

Up and down a sunny city,
Riding' golden "Trollies" fair,
Pass they with their cute conductors,
Crown'd with curls of golden hair.

Passengers all pay with pleasure
Very much akin' to bliss ;
For the sweet, rose-tinted ticket
Is a tiny silken kiss.

"But," you ask, "where is that city
Where the golden "Trollies" are
And the fare is paid in kisses
To the men that man the car?"

Hush ! my friend, shake off your slippers,
Softly climb the nurs'ry stairs,
Where they turn to golden "Trollies"
Strings of batter'd, broken chairs!



Price Five Cents.



ALWAYS ORDER



**HALIFAX
BREWRIES
LIMITED.**

HOWARD'S ALE.

THANKS  

To the public who have so generously given us their patronage during the present year, we desire to extend an expression of hearty appreciation and kindest regard. The year 1900 has seen the largest volume of business in the history of our firm; and we are more than 60 years old. We started in January last to make 1900 a record year, but we had little hope that sales would reach their present proportions. We take it that our efforts to please the best people of this city and province, are appreciated, and we feel encouraged to continue along the lines we have followed in the past.

We wish all BLUENOSE people a very happy New Year.

M. S. BROWN & CO., JEWELLERS and SILVERSMITHS,
Halifax, N. S.



Halifax at the End of the Eighteenth Century.

When the good people of Halifax found themselves at the close of the eighteenth century, they must have felt that they had a great deal on which to be congratulated, both in regard to dangers passed, as well as present prosperity. Nearly fifty-one years had passed since Cornwallis had landed with his two thousand seven hundred and fifty-six settlers, and much hardship and many dangers lay buried in the half century. But all that was now over. The Acadians, who at first may have threatened the safety of the infant colony, had been expelled from their homes forty-five years before; and the Indians, a still more dreaded foe, had buried the hatchet with all due solemnity in 1760; the Revolutionary War, with all its possible dangers to the little city, had been concluded; England had lost her thirteen colonies, but Halifax had gained a large increase in her population, of just such a class as she most needed, through the advent of the United Empire Loyalists—those brave people who were true to their flag to be willing to live in a land where the Union Jack had ceased to wave.

True, England was again at war with France, but although all Europe trembled before the successes attending the French arms, under the directing genius of Napoleon, the English colonies in America were too far away from the scene of combat to be very much disturbed. Once or twice Wentworth had prepared his capital to resist French attack. Forts were built, local regiments were raised, and the press-gangs forcibly recruited for His Majesty's ships, but Halifax was left alone. French privateers did capture some ships bound to or from Halifax, but our local sailors, as well as Her Majesty's ships, kept our prize courts very busy in those days, and our city flourished, as indeed she has always flourished in war time.

I read a story the other day about a certain Captain Godfrey and his

ship, the Rover, and as this tale shows how true descendants our ancestors were of Drake and his class, I must wander from my subject long enough to tell it. Godfrey sailed from the little port of Liverpool, N. S., in command of the brig Rover. Her armament consisted of fourteen four-pounders, her crew of some fifty-five men and boys. She sailed south until she reached the Spanish main, and here she fell in with a Spanish schooner, the San Rilita, with an escort of three gunboats. The Spaniards must have thought they had a very easy prey for even without her escort the San Rilita was more heavily armed than the Rover, and her crew consisted of nearly five times as many men. The fight raged for three hours, and then the gunboats drew away, leaving the San Rilita, with an escort of three gunboats to her fate. They boarded her, and found fourteen men lying dead on her deck, and seventeen others disabled by their wounds. "We captured," reports Godfrey, "seventy-one prisoners including wounded." Most of the officers were killed. I suppose the Rover had not room for so many involuntary passengers, for Godfrey landed all his prisoners, except eight men, making them take their oath that they would not again bear arms against King George. As a reward for his exploit, our hero was offered the command of an English man-of-war, but he refused. Probably he found privateering as exciting and lucrative as his heart could wish.

I suppose it was partly due to the fear of French invasion that at this time, when England must have needed a great many soldiers in Europe, three regiments were still stationed in Halifax. One of these, the Royal Nova Scotia Fencible Regiment, had been raised here, but as all the commissions were given to Imperial officers, it was not as thoroughly Canadian as our present Provisional Regiment. The Duke of Kent was in command of the

Garrison, and he seems to have proved himself most affable, patronizing all the public functions of the day, and being on very friendly terms with some of the principal citizens. Halifax had other illustrious visitors in these days, for on October 20th, 1799, H. M. S. Porcupine came into port, bringing with her no less a personage than the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe), accompanied by his two brothers. Although they were considered prisoners on parole, they seem to have taken part in all the gaieties of the day, and years afterwards when Louis Philippe was King of France, he spoke of the kindness he received in Halifax.

At that time, with the large garrison stationed here, Halifax on Sundays must have presented a very gay sight. All the troops, engineers and artillery, as well as the three regiments, with bands playing and colors flying, marched off to service at St. Paul's or St. George's. But old St. Paul's was the fashionable church, for there worshipped the Governor and the General, the Admiral and His Honor the Chief Justice.

The old church, with its great square pews and three-decker pulpit, must have been gay with color then. The red coats of the soldiers, the blue and gold of the Admiral and his staff, and the gay dresses of the ladies (for need we doubt that all the youth and beauty of the town were there) must have lighted up the somewhat sombre old building.

The service of St. Paul's was dignified enough a hundred years ago. As the organ pealed out the notes of the voluntary, forth from the vestry stepped the clergyman, preceded by the beadle, clad in drab, faced with gold, and bearing a great silver-headed mace. The worthy escorted them to their place, and then marched with all due solemnity to the vestry.

The pulpit then was of the three-decker variety. The clerk occupied the lower part; above him stood the clergyman who read the service, and from the third and topmost division the preacher of the day, clad in the black gown, only disused in St. Paul's some ten or eleven years ago, probably gave his hearers a pretty big dose of sermon, for in those days there was no leaning towards mercy in the

of the discourses. After the service was over, we can imagine how everybody met everybody else, and discussed the last news from home and the newest scandals, while the troops were forming up again. Then His Royal Highness and His Excellency the Governor drove off in their respective carriages, and the upper ten bade each other au revoir, to meet again on the Commons that afternoon to see the troops go through their weekly drill before His Royal Highness Edward Duke of Kent.

MARCUS RIFE.

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PEOPLE.

IN THE USUAL SENSE of the word, society has been a cypher this week, Christmas having proved sufficient diversion in all circles. Dances, teas, receptions, and similar indulgences were forgotten in a series of congenial dinners and the good old-fashioned assemblies known as family reunions, all of a strictly private nature and hinging on the yuletide festivities. An unusually large number of old friends returned for the holidays, and the Garrison City extended them all a cordial welcome. In the majority of cases the visit was of the shortest duration, but nevertheless a visit of the most pleasant nature.

Mr. William Anderson, son of Willoughby Anderson, who has been a resident of the West for a number of years, is home from Seattle on a visit, accompanied by his wife. Harold Anderson, of Amherst, and Charlie Anderson, a student of McGill, also sons of Willoughby Anderson, are spending their vacation at home.

Allan P. Laing son of Rev. Robert Laing, is home from McGill for the holidays after a successful term's work. Mr. Laing is sustaining the reputation he made in winning a bursary of \$125 on his matriculation examinations.

Reginald Ritchie, son of Judge Ritchie, is spending the holidays at home.

A delightful event for the participants was the dinner given on Christmas day, at Wellington Barracks, by the officers of the R. C. A., to the married officers of the regiment and their wives. The mess room and tables were beautifully decorated, and due attention was paid to the time-honored observances of the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Jennison, of New Glasgow, returned home Monday, after a visit of some days to Mrs. Jennison's parents, Judge and Mrs. DesBarres.

Mr. C. H. Porter, manager of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, is paying a short visit to New York. Owing to his absence the special Christmas music for St. Matthew's was postponed until the Sunday following his return.

The committee of St. George's Lawn Tennis Club has decided to give the ball in honor of Lieut. John Oland on the fifteenth of January. The invitations will be issued next week.

Mr. John Curry, of Rhodes, Curry & Company, spent Christmas in Windsor.

Walter Romans, of the Union Bank, North Sydney; Reginald Milson, of the Union Bank, Sydney; Miss Hattie McLellan, of Amherst; Harry Thorne, Toronto, and Miss Blanche Pauley, Amherst, were among the young Dartmouthians who spent Christmas at their homes.

Harry Stevens returned to Sydney on Thursday, after spending a short vacation with his father, Ex-Mayor Stevens.

Louis Wood, of Campbellton, N. B., visited his parents on Fenwick Street during his Christmas vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Gandler left Wednesday afternoon for Toronto, the new field for Mr. Gandler's labors.

J. W. C. McConnell, of the I.C.R., has gone to Montreal, where he will spend New Year's.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Northup spent Christmas in Brooklyn, Hants County. Mr. Ernest Cochrane, Inspector of the People's Bank, also spent Christmas in Brooklyn.

John Strachan, a student of St. Andrew's, Toronto, is at home in Rockingham for the holidays.

Miss Margaret Cornelius, who left for New York about a month ago to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Elliot, is enjoying a thorough change, which, her many friends will be pleased to learn, will no doubt have a strong beneficial effect upon her health.

Miss Janie Wickwire is paying her sister, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, a short visit, and is receiving a cordial reception from a large number of young people in this city.

Gordon Creighton, a popular young Halifaxian, is home from McGill for the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. Jamieson, of Windsor, spent Christmas in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Jacques.

The engagement of Miss Elizabeth Flagler to Dr. George McKeen, of Baddeck, C. B., which was recently announced in Washington society by Miss Flagler, has given rise to comments in many papers that cannot fail to be more or less a source of annoyance to the many friends of the lady concerned. Miss Flagler's sojourns in this province have been distorted into periods of retirement as an explanation for the unfortunate accident she met with some years ago in the wholly involuntary shooting of a negro boy trespasser; whereas she is merely imbued, in common with many Americans, with the charms of

Nova Scotia, especially in rural districts. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that she should choose to make her home here. A host of Nova Scotian friends will be pleased to learn that the marriage will doubtless be consummated in June, and will offer Dr. McKeen, the clever Cape Breton practitioner, congratulations on this score.

Dr. B. F. MacDonald, of Taunton, Mass., is in the city accompanied by his wife. They are guests of E. H. Cunningham, Birmingham Street.

Mr. R. W. Wright, of Sydney, C. B., spent Christmas in the city with relatives.

The notice in last week's Bluenose concerning the tea given by Mrs. Smith to the Valentine Stock Company was somewhat indefinite owing to there being two Mrs. Smiths residing on Brenton Street. It should have read Mrs. Chas. E. Smith.

At a meeting held last Sunday evening at the Church of the Redeemer, the congregation unanimously decided to call Rev. Frank F. Eddy, of Oakland, Maine, to the pastorate. The call will in all probability be accepted, as Mr. Eddy discussed the question with the church members during his visit here when he officiated at several services. He is a good extemporaneous speaker, and a man of pleasing address.

Mrs. Curry, wife of Rev. Dr. Curry, of Pinehill left for Montreal on the Maritime Express, Wednesday afternoon. Senator MacKeen also left Wednesday for Upper Canada.

Prof. J. M. Lanos has gone to Weymouth Bridge on business. He will be absent a week.

The residence of Mr. John R. Creed, Hollis Street, was the scene of a bright home wedding on Wednesday morning, when Miss Sophie Creed was married to Stephen W. Mack, a well-known mill owner, of Maxwelton, Digby County. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. C. Chute, of the First Baptist Church. Miss Creed, sister of the bride, acting as bridesmaid, with Mr. Jason Creed in the capacity of groomsmen. The young couple are enjoying a trip through the provinces.

Among the popular bank clerks who have recently left Halifax for new centres is Mr. James Turnbull, who was in the employ of the Halifax Banking Company for eleven years.

Alderman Musgrave spent Christmas in Wolfville with his family.

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PEOPLE.

Bert Lambkin, of the Khaki ranks, is in the city spending the holidays with his father, J. B. Lambkin, assistant general passenger agent of the I. C. R.

Mrs. Drury and Miss Ethel Drury, of Kingston, Ontario, are the guests of Rev. E. P. and Mrs. Crawford, at The Priory, Queen Street. They will remain in Halifax until the arrival of Lieut.-Col. Drury from South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pearson are home from their wedding tour, having been called back suddenly by the illness of W. H. Covert, of Pearson, Covert & Pearson.

A rather novel change has been made by D. J. McLeod, who for some years past has been superintendent of education in Prince Edward Island. Mr. McLeod resigned this position, and is now in Sydney, where he will enter the hotel business.

A dance of a most thoroughly enjoyable nature was given Thursday evening by Mrs. William Black, South Park Street.

The concert celebrating the close of Dalhousie for the Christmas vacation, which occurred on Thursday, the 20th, was one of the most pleasurable held for some years. The programme was bright and attractive in every respect, and the audience was not slow in its appreciation of any number. Miss Lily Farquhar scored a genuine hit with her violin, playing with characteristic grace and accuracy of execution. Miss Maggie MacKenzie also achieved a triumph. She sang Mignon in a charming manner, and responded to a vociferous encore with "There, little girl, don't cry," irresistibly rendered. The rest of the programme was warmly received, and was of such uniform merit that further distinction would be invidious.

During the quiet of the present week a forecast of the social season has been taken by a few restless votaries of society. Everything points to an almost unprecedented rush of gaiety, in one form or another, toward the end of January and during February until Lent arrives, with its veto on the most pretentious functions.

Miss Zaldée Forbes, of Liverpool, N. S., who went to South Africa as nurse with the first Canadian contingent, will arrive in Halifax by the Roslyn Castle on the tenth of January. She will be met here and accompanied home by her brother and sister, Judge Forbes and Miss Tone Forbes, of Liverpool.

The Commercial Travellers of Halifax were At Home to their friends at Masonic Hall on Thursday evening, and I understand that everybody had a most enjoyable time. Music and smoke and the usual games were the principal features of the entertainment. A friend who attended gave me his copy of the programme and I noticed the names of such well known singers as D. C. Gillis, E. E. Leigh and W. H. Shute. The average commercial traveller is a good entertainer; it's part of his business to make himself agreeable to the rest of mankind. The city of Halifax has a very large number of men representing her wholesale houses—between three and four hundred at the present time. They go up and down the country in all sorts of weather and very often have to suffer considerable hardship. We think very little about these things when we see large dray loads of goods being sent to the railway station or to some steamboat pier, but if we did search so far we would find that the commercial traveller is the man who holds and builds the city's trade. He is a good man. Let us honor him.

CATRIONA.

ABOUT PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT BLUENOSES.

THE select group of Canadian novelists has recently been augmented by a new and brilliant personality in Miss Agnes C. Laut. The publication of "Lords of the North," Miss Laut's book, has resulted in considerable curiosity regarding an author whose vivid, energetic portrayal of the wild, adventurous life of voyageurs and trappers can scarcely be credited to a feminine hand. Though very young, Miss Laut has won an enviable reputation as a journalist. Beginning newspaper life as editorial writer on the Manitoba *Free Press*, her subsequent career is as follows:—

"Three years ago she left Winnipeg for New York, where the winter was spent writing for the *New York Sun, Post*, and newspaper syndicates. The next summer found Miss Laut in Quebec, reporting the International Conference for the *New York Post, Review of Reviews*, and the *Montreal Herald*. Thence she proceeded to the Treaty Shore of Newfoundland and Labrador, writing a series of articles which appeared in the *New York Herald and Post*, the *Montreal Herald*, and the *London Westminster Review*. Last winter Miss Laut spent in New York, and the past summer on the Pacific Coast, camping and exploring in the Rocky Mountains, articles from her pen appearing in the *Graphic*, Sir George Newne's *Traveller*, and other London and New York papers. While in Winnipeg, and during these frequent trips, the material embodied in *Lords of the North* was gathered.

WINDSOR NOTES.

The town is enlivened this week by the presence of a large number of visitors, many of whom are old friends and former residents. Among the latter are Mr. and Mrs. Claud Eville, of Truro, who with their children are visiting Mrs. Eville's parents at "Island Home"; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Rice, also of Truro, who are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Black; Mr. Walter Lawson, jr., of Middleton; Mr. Frank Moody, of Yarmouth, and Miss Rose Ousley, of Dartmouth.

Mr. Arthur Blanchard and Mr. Ralph Smith, two promising Windsor representatives at McGill, are home for the holidays.

Miss Findlader, of Newfoundland, is spending her vacation with her friend Miss Jennie Roach.

Mrs. J. W. Ousley is in Sydney visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Creighton.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Longley are receiving a warm welcome from their many friends in town. Mrs. Longley (nee Black) is a general Windsor favorite.

Mrs. Ryan, of Halifax, spent Christmas in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hensley's large circle of friends regret to learn that this popular couple are soon to take their departure, Mr. Hensley having been appointed manager of the Halifax Bank in Canning.

The late Lord Russell of Killowen was the victim, all through life, of endless rumors about his losses on the English turf, his losses at cards, and his consequent pecuniary embarrassments. Such statements came under his notice again and again, repeated by friends, and sometimes conveyed by more than hints in print. He decided to ignore them, and, in every sense of the word, could afford to do so. His will has now been offered for proof, and the gossips who used to say, on the best authority, that he was financed by a syndicate of Jews, will learn to their surprise that his savings from his professional income amounted to close on seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The Rev. W. C. Jones, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Sharon, Pa., has resigned, alleging as the reason that some members of his church slept during the services. He charges Deacon John S. Williams with sleeping fifteen out of the last sixteen Sundays. A few weeks ago the Rev. Mr. Jones detected Mr. Williams napping while he was preaching. The pastor at once cut his sermon short and dismissed the congregation.

Dennison Wheelock, a full-blooded Oneida Indian, has determined to engage in the newspaper business as his life-calling, and has taken a position on the staff of a Green Bay (Wis.) paper. He is a graduate of Carle University, and was the leader of the celebrated Carle Band while at school. He has been delivering Republican campaign addresses throughout the country.

A TRIP TO THE WEST INDIES.

By I. C. S.

FROM St. Kitts to Antigua is about six hours sail and during the winter months it is most unusual to find more than the slightest ruffle on the surface of the Caribbean. The trade winds blow continuously from the north east but seated in the lee of the deck-house in a reclining deck chair with a fragrant cigar and one's feet on the rail, the man who would fault his surroundings, will find no joy in nature, or this fair world of ours. The ladies of the party busied themselves with fancy work, reading or occasionally enjoying a short nap. Personally I put in the time between the two islands in going through a Leeward Islands Blue book for the year 1898, from which I found out that the total importations of flour for the year were 37000 barrels of which 35000 came from the United States and 385 from Canada. From the same source I learned that the total imports of Peas were 3000 bushels of which 2600 bushels came from the United States and 400 from Canada. The Leeward Islands also consume 95000 pounds of Butter of which 11000 pounds come from Canada; and 40,000 pounds of Cheese of which 10,000 pounds are from Canada. Mr. S. L. Horsford of St. Kitts told me that in his retail store he handled a thousand pounds yearly of the best Danish butter in one pound tins which he retailed at 48c. He also sells about 1800 pounds of Italian butter in pound and half pound tins at 38c and 20c, respectively. The whole island of St. Kitts consumes about 10,000 pounds of such butter as we can produce in Canada; the balance is a French butter called P. V. in kegs which retails at about 34c. per pound duty paid. Antigua is the seat of government for the Leeward Islands. Here reside the Governor and his official staff who of course add considerably to the social life of the place. Physically the island of Antigua was to me one of the least interesting, but the people are kind and hospitable and the few hours which I spent both going and returning were very pleasant indeed. Mr. MacDonald of MacDonald & Co., a firm well known to every grocery store in this province who has handled Antigua molasses, expressed himself as very considerably interested in the development of Canadian trade. His firm have at various times endeavored to develop a demand for Canadian flour but so far have not met with much success. He seemed to think that the fault was largely ours and that if Canadian exporters would undertake a study of the people's requirements and endeavor to cater to existing prejudices, they would eventually succeed in capturing a good sized portion of the trade.

The island of Antigua was discovered by Columbus in 1493 and he named it after a church in Seville called Santa Maria la Antigua. It was first inhabited by the English in 1632 and after an interval of British occupation was declared a British possession by the Treaty of Breda in 1667. The population of the island is about 36000 of which only five per cent. are full white. Sugar is the chief product and, as in the other islands, has for many years been somewhat unprofitable. The same story which one hears at St. Kitts is heard at Antigua and in all the other islands, with the exception of Trinidad and Grenada and these have given their attention to other industries. The decline of the sugar industry in the British West Indies is not entirely owing to the bounties given by European countries to producers of beet; there is a cause which antedates that. A century ago the sugar planters of these islands made money easily. Slave labor was in force and sugar prices were high. Occasionally the crops failed but the average returns were such as to ensure the proprietor of an estate a large income for the times. The result of this was that the money made easily went just as easily; success bred extravagant tastes and habits and a callous indifference to expenditures. Estate owners who at first were satisfied with paying a visit to their home in the old country once in five years, arrived at a time when they thought it necessary to spend at least three or four months every year and, after a while, many of them removed their families to England and left their estates in the hands of overseers. It was not an unknown condition in those days for an estate proprietor in a good year to make as much as \$50,000. The result was, as one so often sees it, they failed to stand success and when returns grew smaller and revenues fell off, it was found necessary to give mortgages at high rates of interest. To-day there are sugar plantations in a number of the islands with a nominal valuation of fifteen to twenty thousand pounds, which if assessed at their earning value would be worth about a fifth of that amount. From experiments made, it has been practically demonstrated by several plantations that the British West Indies can produce sugar cheaper than any of the beet producing countries of Europe and at current prices of the present year, if modern machinery were installed, there seems little doubt but a fair profit could be made. The difficulties that stand in the way are these:—(1) Uncertainty in the minds of possible investors as to what the bounty fed countries might do in the event of cane sugar from the West Indies becoming a serious factor in the world's supply, (2) the difficulty of obtaining land at a reasonable price from people who hold mortgages considerably in excess of the real value of the estate. The labor problem is perplexing but not insurmountable. In Trinidad and British Guiana some thousands of East India men who are brought

out under indenture are being utilized to advantage. In the island of Antigua the male laborer gets from 18c. to 25c. a day and it is said that the working man who can average such an income as this all the year round can live quite comfortably. There are thousands of acres of cultivable land in the Leeward islands which might be producing immense quantities of sugar, and if the time ever comes when Great Britain decides to adopt a scheme of preferential trade within the Empire, the main obstacles to the development of the sugar industry in her West Indian colonies will be removed. I was told by Mr. MacDonald of Antigua that a few years ago an agent of Sir Thomas Lipton was sent out to report upon the possibility of establishing a large sugar estate in that island. He looked the territory and the prospects carefully over and on his return to England advised his employer that he considered such an investment advisable providing the British Government would give some assurance that West Indian products would be given a fair fight for the British market. He argued, just as the West India committee have been arguing before the English Boards of Trade and special committee of the British government, that though it were possible for the manufacturers of sugar today to compete with German bounties, there is no assurance that, in the event of the output from the West Indies being enlarged, the German or French government would not immediately increase their bounties to a point which would make the cane production unprofitable.

While this question has very little direct interest to Canadians yet indirectly it is of the utmost importance. On the industrial prosperity of these islands hangs a market for immense quantities of such goods as Canada produces. When the West Indians have money to spend they spend it and when they haven't they are often compelled to go without such things as with us would be considered the actual necessities of life. We are selling the entire British West Indies and British Guiana about \$1,500,000 worth of fish annually, whereas under improved industrial conditions, we might sell them anywhere from \$3,000,000 worth upward; and as in fish so in flour, butter, cheese, lumber, furniture, and a hundred other things which we are quite capable of preparing to suit the requirements of the tropical trade.

I found the study of the industrial, social, and commercial conditions in the islands most interesting. It was new and consequently novel to me and my only regret as I went along from place to place was that the shortness of the steamer's stay precluded my securing as many notes as is necessary to a detailed and complete review of the situation.

In the next article I shall spend part of a day at Dominica, and the French Islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique. There happened to be a real live, red hot, revolution under way in the latter place; at the time of my visit, some thirty or forty men being shot by the Government troops. I will endeavor to tell about it as I go along.

I. C. S.

THE MAN ON THE STREET.

HALIFAX IS LIKELY to be disappointed after all with regard to having grain shipments go through our elevator this winter. The disappointment is due to the scarcity of cars, a condition which prevails not with the I. C. R. alone, but with nearly every railway. The C. P. R., I am told, have the same difficulty and could carry much more freight over their line to St. John. To overcome the difficulty the transportation companies are increasing their rolling stock. In the case of the I. C. R., in which we are most interested, the additional rolling stock under contract, includes 1,400 cars and upwards of 20 new locomotives. The management are justified in doing this because the "boom" is permanent. In other words the condition which would have made it possible to send grain to Europe via Halifax this winter, had there been sufficient rolling stock, will be present next year and the next and ever afterwards. So while grain has not come to Halifax for shipment this year, it is likely that large quantities will come next, for there is likely then to be the grain and there will be the rolling stock.

No doubt the fact that a large flour mill is to be built here interests people to a great extent. I understand that Halifax city is not to be favored with the actual presence of the mill itself, for that, I am told, is to be built at Tuff's Cove, Dartmouth, while the general offices of the company will be in Halifax. I do not think, however, that the city will lose greatly by having the mill on the Dartmouth side of the harbor, for, although that town is distinct from and independent of Halifax, yet as many Halifax business people live there and so much of the Dartmouth trade comes over to us, we are accustomed to regard the enterprising little town across the harbor almost as a part of ourselves. The location of the mill at Tuff's Cove will be a good thing, for it will develop the little community there into a larger one. The company will reap the benefit of a cheap site and easy taxation, while the neighborhood of the railway and the bold water of Halifax Harbor will provide efficient, easy and economical means of shipping. I have no doubt there are other minor advantages as well. By the way, I hear some talk of another new flour mill besides. I hope that before very long the shores of the harbor of Halifax will be the scene of many new industries.

I would not be surprised if Halifax would one day soon see a steel steamer

being built at the dry dock. A friend tells me that for several years the proprietors have been studying out plans and are nearly in a position to build a steel steamer at once. The installation of a couple of new machines would complete the equipment necessary for successful building. If that be the case, and provided the Government decides that a steamer to replace the Newfield shall be built in Canada, then Halifax will have a good opportunity to become a steel shipbuilding centre.

I suppose the majority of people who see the flag that sometimes floats from flagstaves in this city bearing the same devices as the shield in the crest that appears to the right of the title on the first page of reading matter in *The Bluenose*, consider the same to be the flag of Nova Scotia. I have heard some people call it the flag of the city of Halifax. This is a wrong idea. The cross of St. Andrew, with the shield bearing a lion rampant in the centre, is neither the flag of Nova Scotia nor of the city, but of the knights of Nova Scotia. This order dates its history away back to the days of conflict between France and England, when differences were fought out in the domain of our own fair province as well as in the old world. It was in 1625, I think, that Sir William Alexander, whose ambitions to establish a New Scotland in North America to support the dignity of old Scotia in the company of New England, New France and New Spain, led him to found the Knights Baronets of Nova Scotia, for which order the colors were selected that are familiar to Nova Scotians to-day, but, as it happens, have been attributed variously by a generation that has forgotten Sir William to the province and the city.

The man or the woman who looks across the harbor to the sombre, gray walls of Mount Hope must wonder what happiness enters into the life of the unfortunate inmates. Especially at Christmastide, when the heart of humanity is touched with a larger color of fellow-feeling it must be a matter of sympathetic curiosity to know whether or not it is Merry Christmas with the lunatics. I think I may be of service to people generally in telling them something about the life of the insane at Mount Hope as seen by an outsider whose privilege it was to be present on Christmas eve, when Santa Claus arrived in person and presented gifts to 200 men and women who had been taken out of the wards to receive the great, fat, magic man of the North

Fole. A great deal of pretty sentiment has been written about nurses, and I believe it is mostly true. Certainly I should say that the lady attendants of Mount Hope deserve credit for sympathy and kindness of heart, otherwise they would not have spent so much time and care and untiring devotion to putting a Christmas aspect on the quiet wards and in the chapel, where two huge, shapely trees were gaily decked with multi-colored things of beauty and all kinds of presents for the people under their charge. I might say the same thing of the male attendants, for they too did their duty in trying to make the festive season a happy one for their unfortunate charges. And the same may be said of the whole staff. It was a great occasion. For several days beforehand the preparations that were known to be going on were greatly elating the minds of the patients, and when Monday night came those who were thought sufficiently well to be admitted to the entertainment went forth from the wards on the tiptoes of expectancy. After a number of carols and patriotic songs, Santa Claus arrived. On his way from Dartmouth he had collided with an electric car and lost his reindeers, and was compelled to go to a livery stable and hire a mule. The mule being an obstinate beast—actually an attendant from the male wards dressed in a moleskin costume that covered him entirely, and wearing an ass's head—at first refused to go down the chimney, but at last, arriving on the platform through a door at the rear, dragging Santa in a sleigh behind him, began to act worse than an army mule in a stampede. He kicked at Santa with his hind legs, and pawed the ground with the hoofs of his fore feet. Then he jumped off of all fours, and landing on his fore feet, kicked high in the air with his hind legs, much to the amusement of the audience and the embarrassment and consternation of Santa Claus. Santa at length quieted down his obstreperous mule, turned him off the stage, and then addressed the audience, telling them how glad he was to get back again to Mount Hope from the frozen North, after which he wished them all a Merry Christmas and then proceeded to distribute the gifts. There were presents for every patient, for their friends had remembered them, and sent various remembrances which were given to them on this happy occasion. Before the patients were sent back to the wards Hon. Mr. Church, Commissioner of Works and Mines, under whose department of government the hospitals are placed, and who as the chief head of the institution was present, made some very happy remarks from the platform, complimenting the attendants who took a leading part in the programme. I think if any one of my readers had been there they would have had a different idea of the lot of the insane. And I may say that the entertainment Monday evening was only characteristic—though on a more elaborate scale—of what is done for them all the year round, for on Friday evenings there is alternately a dance in the ample sewing room or a concert in the chapel, and in every way the staff endeavor to make life pleasant for them and assist them on the road to recovery.

THE MAN ON THE STREET.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

IF INITIAL PERFORMANCES are to be taken as any indication, assured success in the matter of good attendance awaits the Truss Stock Company during their engagement in this city. Their opening on Christmas Day was marked by a crowded and appreciative house, both in the afternoon and evening, and their performances for the rest of the week have been well patronized.

The Truss Company cover a different field from the Valentine Stock Company. The repertoire of the former is chiefly comprised of recent popular London and New York successes to the exclusion of Shakespearian and heavier dramas. The players are selected to suit the repertoire, an essential consideration in the success of any troupe.

The plays presented this week fell in with the popular taste. In Arabian Nights—the bill for Christmas Day matinee and last night's performance—Kendall Weston scored a strong impression, but did not monopolize the honors, Virginia Warren coming in for the share the public is always ready to accord a clever soubrette. She was certainly a dashing circus girl.

A greater opportunity was given for the display of dramatic power in "The Ironmaster," the bill for Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The play abounds in situations calling for considerable emotional work. This was taken in a manner acceptable to the majority in all sections of the house. The parts of Philip Derblay and Claire de Beaulieu were in strong hands, personated respectively by Kendall Weston and Ella Harman, the audience testifying its pleasure Christmas night by giving the pair a warm curtain call at the end of the fourth act. Harry Gwynette was good in his humorous assignment and made an impression that will keep theatre-goers looking for this bright comedian at each performance.

There is a wide diversity of taste in matters theatrical, and different companies are responsible for different demands. Popular plays abundantly alive with vim and dash and humor will undoubtedly prove the most paying forte of the Truss Stock Company—just such plays as afford an evening of bright entertainment with plenty amusement. The bill for the present engagement shows a promising number of these.

"The Ironmaster" will be given this afternoon, and "Arabian Nights" this evening.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WINTER READING.

WITH THE CHRISTMAS EXCITEMENT sheathed and a goodly number of long winter evenings ahead, the reign of books fairly begins. Many people who have been holding their reading inclinations in abeyance when time was less propitious, and many who read nothing more than the local columns of the papers the greater part of the year, now settle down to read in earnest—the first for the mere pleasure the occupation affords and the latter for the purpose of "brushing up" and killing time. The all-year-round reader knows how to get the most for his time and money, but the average "winter reader" only considers the fact that a long looked for opportunity has arrived and starts in omnivorously. The result which the latter attains is inevitable. At the end of the winter months little or nothing has been gained, but a temporary suspension from the cares of a work-a-day world.

A judicious indulgence in modern novels is not pernicious. It is practically indispensable to anyone who wishes to be in any way conversant with general literature in which fiction plays such an important part. Taken in due order, however, and in the hap-hazard order in which one can get them from the lending library when demands are heavy, novels are responsible for a good deal of damage to the taste and mind of the reader whose time is limited. They stimulate no sense, and deaden all. Not long ago a confirmed invalid and constant sufferer, pointing to an array of novels of an absorbing nature, told a visitor that it was in this way she took her opium. She had read sufficiently to appreciate the opiate effect a well written novel of the day has on mind and body. The person who can rise from a novel—supposing it is one of interest—without having to make an effort to bring his or her mind immediately to the actualities at hand is a rare exception among "occasional readers." To get the best returns none but the constant reader can afford to indulge in novels to any extent. Other persons should choose their books as they would their domestics, taking none without good recommendations. In this way they will read the best books of the period, the books that their children will read after them.

Journalism forms the most profitable reading for the busiest people. This is beginning to be generally recognized. The world is not only moving, but is keeping up a lively pace, and no one wants to be out of sight of the game. Everyone wants to be in touch with "the signs of the times," and

these are to be found in the realms of journalism. Broad, clean dailies; bright, interesting weeklies, and the popular monthlies have become great educational factors and first class entertainers. The first two should be read—not for sensations—but for the achievements in science, art and literature; for the events that make history, and for intelligent discussion of home affairs. The same will be found in the magazines.

The charges of slipshod English that are brought against newspaper writers have not the same force to-day that they held a few years ago. The editorial departments of a number of dailies and weeklies are run on the standard maintained by the best monthlies, and everywhere there is a strong tendency toward the same end. Occasionally looseness and slight error creep in, owing to the pressure of newspaper life, but style and accuracy of diction are not always the most important considerations. The fact that the writer has something to say—that the man is full of his meaning—atones for minor discrepancies.

The private circulating library club is an institution whose usefulness can not be over-estimated. One of these clubs which came under the writer's notice yielded its members so much good at so little cost that it seemed like a chapter from Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." A number of families in a neighborhood paid in five dollars to a general fund. Part of this money was spent in subscriptions to weeklies and monthlies selected at a meeting of the club members, each member having three magazines come to him personally. The rest of the money was expended in the purchase of new books, selected in the same manner as the periodicals. Both were of course obtained at the reduced library rate. A perfect system of exchange was maintained, a small boy officiating as carrier once a week, and the community enjoyed an exceptional range of reading at no trouble and comparatively little cost. Clubs of similar nature are operated differently, but all successfully and with due appreciation on the part of the members.

Oliver H. P. Belmont, who has just secured an election to the House of Representatives from New York, announces the suspension of his illustrated political weekly, the *Verdict*, which he has been publishing for two years in advocacy of the Chicago platform doctrines. According to Alfred H. Lewis, who managed the weekly, the circulation got to be as high as 8,000 to 10,000. In spite of that the average weekly deficit did not go below \$250 a week. Mr. Belmont's loss is estimated to be about \$30,000.



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EXIT BLUENOSE.

WHEN THIS NUMBER the Bluenose finishes the last week of its life. When the sun rises on the new century the little magazine which started three months ago with a fair measure of enthusiasm will have ceased to exist, and the world of Bluenose people who have watched its birth and development will know it no more. The Bluenose cannot truthfully be said to have been a huge success, and yet it was not wholly a failure. It made many warm friends who have repeatedly expressed their appreciation of its efforts and from a financial standpoint it had also reached a condition which augured well for prosperity at no distant date. The reason for its discontinuance, may be given in one brief sentence, "Too many irons in the fire to ensure attention to all." Continued publication of the Bluenose would mean a sacrifice of other inter-

ests which have taken us some years to build up, and such a sacrifice it would not in our judgment be wise for us to make. We made a mistake in thinking that although our hands were already well filled with work, we could like the omnibus of story, make room for a little more. We acknowledge the error and feel thankful that the penalty is not heavier than it is.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BEFORE ANOTHER WEEK has gone we shall have left behind us the year 1900 and passed into the year 1901. This changing from an old to a new year is not an uncommon experience; for many that read these pages have become fairly well acquainted with "New Year" and its time-honored tradition of good resolutions. But this time we do more than ring out the old year and ring in the new; we ring the knell of the old century and ring a welcome to a new one. The Christian era is fast coming of age in centuries; it is passing out of its "teens," and we hail the twentieth century. Thus we enjoy a special privilege; for while we may yearly witness the coming of a new year, it is only once in a hundred that people are given the high privilege of seeing the incoming of a new century. On New Year's day we have a double-barrelled celebration.

The nineteenth century has been one of magnificent achievements, and the twentieth finds us in better preparation, competing more keenly, and in a general way more thoroughly fitted to progress than our forefathers were a hundred years ago. Great as the nineteenth century is and has been, we believe the progress that has been made during its fleeting years amounts to insignificance as compared with what we shall witness if we live long enough in the century which is coming and is near at hand. We have only to look at the things that are round about us to realize how great are the strides that have been made. The gentlemen who wrote editorials about the incoming of the nineteenth century and the passing of the eighteenth did so with a quill pen, but their successors of today use fountain pens, and typewriters make legible copies of the manuscripts for the printers; and they are not the old-time printers who set the matter up, but men who play it off on a little keyboard on a linotype machine. This is a single instance that quite naturally occurs to the writer from his own surroundings. Taking a broader view of life, we think of the things we had a century ago in place of the limited express train, the electric tram, the ocean greyhound, the electric light, the telephone, the wireless telegraph, the greatly perfected machinery that is in common use, and a hundred other things whose rehearsal would be wearisome, and we realize the strides we have made and the legacy that the nineteenth century be-

queathed to the twentieth, so much greater than that bequeathed by the last century to this one now fading away. A great century truly, but surely it must come to seem insignificant when compared at last with the century that is to be.

It happens that we are privileged to live at the transition time. It is a great privilege; likewise a great responsibility. In a sense the new century lies in our hands. It is a grand thing to have as much in our power, but equally solemn; for it all depends upon our ideas of life and effort. It is not likely that any movement will occur to retard the progress of the world, for competition, which is "the life of trade," is likewise the life of progress, and there is plenty of competition and there is going to be still more. Even if we are not all successes individually, the world will manage to get along better if we get along better ourselves. This, then, should be our watchword for the new year and the new century. Let every man do as much as he can and as well. The twentieth century needs men of well-rounded characters—men whose mental, moral and physical fibre is strong and lasting.

ON TRADE EXPANSION.

A RECENT WRITER in one of the large magazines expresses the opinion that the chief dangers to British trade come rather from within than from without. In other words, the thing that threatens the commercial position of the country is not competition as much as the unpreparedness of Britain to compete from lack of a knowledge of other countries' needs.

Because British merchants have insisted upon foreigners knowing English, and have not themselves taken pains to learn foreign languages, and because Britain has not developed a system of commercial intelligence as completely as other countries, such as the United States, for instance, it is difficult to keep up the business that former advantages have secured, and still more difficult to secure new connections. The country that approaches another on business in the language of the second, and has prepared itself beforehand by gathering information regarding its needs and its multitudinous conditions of trade, is in a far better position to do business with it than a third country that has not done these things. These suggestions put forth by the above mentioned writer are quite worthy of careful attention, not only on the part of the old country, but our own. To the south of us in the other American continent are large opportunities for business, but we do not cultivate a knowledge of Spanish nor do we inform ourselves fully regarding the market. There is no reason why we could not develop a profitable trade in South America, unless it is that we have enemies at home in our own persons rather than abroad in our competitors. Halifax is nearer Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, and other important cities in South America than New Orleans is, therefore we have one great advantage in our favor. Spanish would be a very useful study for Nova Scotians to take up, and might prove to be quite as practical as either French or German. It is because of their knowledge of Spanish that German travellers and agents have developed such strong relations between Germany and South American countries. This is an object lesson for us which teaches that to be commercially successful we must follow in the line of progress.

A PAGE FOR BLUENOSE CHILDREN.

DAISY'S STORY.

(Written for the BLUENOSE by L. M. MONTGOMERY.)

T was Auntie told me long ago—
So I think she's really to blame,
you know—
That if I could get to the rainbow's
end
I'd have all the money I'd want to
spend,
For there was hidden a pot of gold
To be had for the finding, so Auntie
told.

Well, I watched for a chance, and at
last one day
A great big thunderstorm came this
way;
And when it was over, big and bright,
The loveliest rainbow came into sight,
Shining and splendid, and high and
still,
And it dropped right down on Poplar
Hill.

I slipped away when nobody knew
A single thing that I'd planned to do,
And I thought how perfectly grand
'twould be
If that pot of gold should be found
by me.

I'd be ever and ever so rich, I guess-
ed,
And of course I'd give some to all the
rest.

But—would you believe?—as I hurried
on
Wasn't that horrid old rainbow gone!
What do you s'pose I felt like then
When I had to turn and go home
again?

I'm a big, big girl!—most eight—but I
Couldn't help it—I had to cry.
And everyone was so cross at me
For running away, and I had no tea,
For I'd spoiled my shoes and torn my
dress,

And got myself in a terrible mess.
Auntie scolded and mother said
I must be put right straight to bed.

I think they were dreadfully mean,
don't you?
When I meant to share it with them,
too!

But by and by I will try again,
For nobody'll punish or scold me then.
And some day when I'm grown and
old,
I mean to find that pot of gold.

LITTLE COQUETTE.

(From the *Youth's Companion*.)

COQUETTE WAS NOT a GAY
little girl, but a bright little
fox-terrier in San Francisco,
who had three, lovely puppies.

At the house next door lived a fine
large Maltese cat, at that time also
the mother of a fine family of two gray
kittens. These lived with their mam-
ma in a big basket under the ivy-
geranium hedge, which was all that
separated the two lawns, and was
easy to jump, as both Coquette and
"Malty" could testify.

Coquette's babies lived in rather finer
quarters; a big box lined with straw,
on the back piazza. One day when Co-
quette had left the box for a little
run around the place, just to keep up
her strength, something very tragic
happened. She came back to find Mad-
am Malty standing up on her hind
legs, looking over the edge of the box
with what Coquette thought at least a
very evil expression.

Quick as thought, Coquette seized her
by the nape of the neck, and giving her
two or three hard shakes, flung her off
the steps upon the ground, and then
stood, rigid with rage, waiting for her
to get up and be chased home! But
poor pussy never got up! Coquette
had done far more than she meant to
do, and pussy's neck was broken.

Coquette's master was watching the
affair; and he now saw her, looking
very sad and ashamed, go and smell
at the cat as if to make sure what she
had done. Then she slowly crept off
to her puppies. The master carried
away pussy's body, hoping she would
soon forget all about it.

But soon came a shrill, sharp mew-
ing from behind the hedge! Out jump-
ed poor Coquette, and after listening
nervously a moment, she bounded over
the hedge, and soon jumped back with
a kitten in her mouth. She tucked it
carefully among her own babies, and
then got the other.

Then all was quiet, and her master
tiptoed to the box and found the whole
family taking dinner together! So
good little Coquette adopted and
brought up the children she had made
orphans. Her master had a fine pic-
ture taken of her with her kitten
babies, and lucky it was he did so,
as you will see if you finish the story.
Coquette was finally lost, or stolen,
and no advertisement brought her
home.

About a year after, her master had
business in a distant part of the city
which kept him over lunch-time, so he
went into a restaurant for a meal. He
was greeted by a joyful little dog,
which he felt positive was Coquette;
but the proprietor was as positive she
was not.

The man said he had bought her at a
dog sae only a few months before.
Still her old master was sure, and she
seemed to know him well. They talked
and argued a long time, until at last
the proprietor said:

"I can prove it is not your dog, 10.
Pet"—as he called her—"has a trait no
other terrier dog ever had."

"What's that?" asked Master No. 1.
"She loves cats," said Master No.
2. "She cats with 'em and sleeps with
'em."

"That settles it!" laughed the old
master. "It is my Coquette, and I'll
convince you of it in less than an
hour."

"I'd like to have you," answered the
new master.

So the old master telephoned home
to his daughter to come to the place,
bringing with her the picture of Coquette
and her kittens. While they waited
for her arrival he ate his lunch, while
Coquette trotted back and forth be-
tween them.

When the young lady came, the dog's
joy at seeing her ought to have con-
vinced the man, but he hated to give
up. When Coquette sat on the lady's
lap beside the picture, the man had
at last to admit that she was the or-
iginal of the portrait.

Then came another strain upon Co-
quette's conscience when she was taken
away, for she loved both men, and
wanted to go with her old friends, yet
wanted to stay. She tried hard to
make the restaurant-keeper and the
cat come with them, and finally re-
luctantly went, leaving the man the
richer by her price, but the poorer by
one good friend. L. E. JOHNSON.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG SIDE OF THE BED.



H. Johnny Jones's bed is a
very funny bed.

On one side the sun shines
ever bright,

And the birds all sweetly sing, and it's
gay as everything.

But the other side is dark and drear
as night.

And when Johnny Jones awakes he
must care which side he takes,

As the rising bell is calling, merrily.

If the wrong side out he gets, all the
day he fumes and frets,

And is generally sent to bed without
his tea.

But if he jumps, instead, out the right
side of the bed,

Where the merry sun is beaming,
bright and hot,

He'll be happy all the day, at his
books or at his play,

And his mamma'll give him candy,
like as not!

—Paul West, in *Life*.

On Making Paper in Halifax.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BLUENOSE:

MR.—I HAVE READ with much interest your articles on making Halifax a manufacturing centre. I think an industry that should claim the interest of our people, and be started here at once (and the only surprise is that it has not been taken hold of before), is the paper manufacturing industry, in all its branches, and on a large scale. We have pulp mills in several of the counties whose output in the aggregate is considerable, and which is shipped to other countries for manufacture, to be returned to us at length in the shape of paper. This should not be so. We should make the paper ourselves, and not only for domestic trade, but for export. Having plenty of water power, paper mills could be economically operated for manufacturing wall, wrapping, printing and other papers; and I feel sure, if only a start were made, stock for such an enterprise would be quickly taken up by Halifax people. Thus there would be created work for many hands, besides good returns to investors.

A—WOULD-BE SHAREHOLDER.

Pulp and Paper Can, Ought and Will be Made in Halifax.

The above letter was received a short time ago, and because of the good suggestion contained therein, and the evident earnestness of the writer, we thought it well to bring the subject before the readers of The Bluenose. Accordingly we have interviewed parties interested in pulp manufacture, and present to-day an article that is based not upon sophistic theories, but upon the opinions of practical men. And when we say that pulp and paper can be profitably manufactured in Halifax, we give expression to a fact that is plain to every intelligent man who has investigated the subject. When we say that, such being the case, pulp and paper ought to be made here, we voice the sentiment of all progressive men in Halifax, who believe that we ought to turn our hands to whatever we can find for them to do. Finally, when we say that in all likelihood pulp and paper will be manufactured here before long, we repeat what we have heard from reliable sources during the investigation of the subject, but details of which we are not permitted to disclose at present; for we find that a number of Halifax capitalists have progressed favorably towards a point when they will be likely to commence active operations, negotiations for a site and timber privileges being about complete.

The Prospects For an Unlimited Market.

During the past twelve months the outlook for Canadian pulp has been greatly widened; for during that time the demand for pulp and paper has increased enormously and, we may say, been permanently enlarged. The great feature of the year in all businesses that have very much to do with paper was the paper famine. This event was not confined to one part of the world, for Europe and America both could have used more paper. In England it was particularly trying for a while, and it was at one time thought that the great English newspapers would have to cease publication for a time owing to lack of material to print on. By severe efforts they succeeded in getting the requisite supplies, but the scare had one good result for Canada. It sent English paper makers to Canada not merely to get pulp, but to erect mills. And the strangest of all strange things happened when these manufacturers overlooked the fact that Nova Scotia is several hundreds of miles nearer than Ontario, that shipment direct from this port is possible in winter as well as in summer, and that every advantage lies in our favor. They went to Ontario instead of coming to Nova Scotia. The reason for this probably lies in the fact that Ontario has been well advertised, whereas Nova Scotia has not. But our time is yet to come. The forests of the United States are almost stripped of suitable pulp wood, the demand for paper in the old country still increases, and in time our resources must become better known. Meantime local enterprise can establish pulp and paper works in full confidence that a market for their product will be found in the old country. The outlook indeed is exceedingly bright.

Favorable Conditions For The Industry in Nova Scotia.

There is hardly a point in all Nova Scotia where conditions are not favorable for pulp manufacturing, because there is hardly a place that is not in the vicinity of ample supplies of wood and near to shipping points. The pulp mills already in existence are well situated in both these respects. But taking the province as a whole, the same thing obtains though in varying degree. As Halifax is the point under consideration in this article, we shall not take up the province in detail. As we stated above, every part of the province is covered to some extent with suitable wood for pulp making purposes, and is near good shipping. Both these things are eminently true of Halifax. Lumber not only abounds in the near vicinity, but can be brought here easily by rail and water. Then when the product is ready to be shipped, a steamer is ready at almost any time to take it.

Some Conditions Particularly Favorable to Halifax.

These perhaps are the main considerations, but there are others that are quite important. In the first place, if we think of manufacturing pulp, we should not stop there, but consider how

we might manufacture paper too. Consequently it is wise now to retrace our steps a little and revise our ideas. Instead of discussing a pulp mill, let us consider the proposition of a sulphite fibre mill. In so doing we are getting nearer to the manufacture of paper, for in our own province we already produce the ground wood pulp that goes into paper, for in ordinary "news" at least 75 per cent. of the composition is the ground wood or filling pulp, and usually less than 25 per cent. of sulphite or chemical wood pulp. If we are going to manufacture paper, then, our best plan is to buy the wood pulp and make the sulphite, or form a company that would absorb the wood pulp mills. The pulp mills already in existence in Nova Scotia are well situated, being near water power, which is very economical for grinding purposes. In the manufacture of sulphite fibre steam is required for "cooking" and other operations, and for industries requiring steam Halifax may be considered a very economical place, water freights reducing the cost of coal almost to a minimum. Taking this factor into consideration, Halifax is an excellent point for the manufacture of the fibre, while Milton and Sissiboo are excellent points for the production of ground wood pulp. The best way of disposing arrangements for the manufacture of paper, then, is to build the sulphite mill here and import the pulp from the other provincial points. Other things which tell in favor of Halifax as a point for the production of sulphite fibre are the vicinity of iron pyrites and the ease with which we can get limestone. And even if Halifax were only as favorably situated as any one out of a hundred places in Nova Scotia for the production of sulphite fibre—a thing which is quite possible—there is one condition that favors Halifax, and that is that as soon as the fibre and the paper are made these products only require to be placed right on board a trans-Atlantic steamer for shipment. It isn't necessary to bring a steamer out of her course, nor is it necessary to send the product some distance either by rail or water to get the steamer. Halifax is a shipping point from which freights may go direct, a fact which weighs more in our favor than anything else. We are on the line of communication, so to speak, and that with reference to both continents.

A Word or Two About The Benefits of More Industries.

Only a little more needs to be said here with reference to the manufacture of paper, and that is its desirability. What we have said with regard to other industries applies equally to this. A paper mill such as might be started here in a small way, to grow with expanding trade and experience, would employ 150 hands, which would mean the sustenance of 100 families, whose trade would benefit several merchants and whose shelter would employ some of the vacant houses in Halifax. Perhaps one of the greatest benefits of manufacturing in this city would be in the last line mentioned, the filling of empty houses, (or during late years their number has grown alarmingly, and real estate in some parts depreciated correspondingly.

FOR THE WOMAN AT HOME.

COMPLIMENTS OF A KIND are such cheap commodities nowadays that it is quite a treat to meet with a genuine tribute of some value. My latest find in this connection belongs to the Bluenose mother, and I have the greatest pleasure in passing it on to its honored owner. An American woman who was visiting here but a short time ago exclaimed with admiration on the "army of children" there was in Nova Scotia. "Not in numbers," she said, "but in that combination of animal life and elfin spirits we so rarely find at home. Really, I sometimes believe we have no children in the States."

The remark was sweeping, but not without grounds. It is only necessary to recall the juveniles who flourished at our summer resorts last season to appreciate this. Many young members of society, at assemblies of grown-ups, conducted themselves with an obtrusive ease and utter lack of self-consciousness that would have put many belles of four or five years experience to the blush. A magazine writer not long ago, commenting on this subject, declared this new type of youngster made him feel positively "gauche." Their most objectionable features are the aggressive opinions they hold, and the manner in which they air them, taking whatever precedence of their elders they can get in this respect. The outlook for the girls is little short of appalling. What a painful revolution even cynics' ideas of "sweet sixteen" will have to undergo on the other side of the border if this state of affairs continues! Fortunately a like tendency on the part of young people is almost foreign here. This is in a measure due to the different social conditions prevailing in the province, but it is in a much larger measure due to the conservatism and the home-loving spirit of the Bluenose mother. A compliment of this nature should be one of the most gratifying that ever fell to the lot of woman.

Speaking of home, I wonder how many housekeepers own that book of kitchen poetry, the illustrated recipe album. I started one a year ago; and though sometimes in the spirit of elation consequent on an achievement in cookery of great artistic success I have been inclined to place this little volume before my Shakespeare, I have never in saner moments been willing to give it less than tenth or twelfth place on my list of printed treasures, such is my idea of its value. It is hand-made and yet machine printed, with the illustrations not only in clear half-tones, but many of them accurately colored. To look at the outside one would think it was merely a

leather covered book for unmounted snap-shots. The recipes are confined to those little dishes for luncheons, teas and late suppers that win the eye of the artist and the palate of the epicure on first acquaintance. Every formula was thoroughly tested in order to prove if it was a reliable and practicable concoction. "Tried and not found wanting" heads the table of contents. The recipes were culled from the pages of table magazines, or the culinary departments of home journals. The illustrations measure two by three—about the size of the average snapshot—and the directions are below in small type. Mrs. Rorer's columns of the Ladies' Home Journal for the past year will afford the most available source of supplies for the beginner of this valuable home-book. It is from the Christmas magazines that one gets the colored illustrations in exactly the same size as the reproductions from photographs. The Household for this month shows a number of these. Of course one can buy a cook book of this nature, but it is an expensive indulgence, considering that only one-tenth of the book will be adapted to one's needs. I am strongly in favor of the individual collection, to which additions can be made as experience teaches. Many people have the idea that these dishes are forms of extravagance, but such is really not the case. As an instance, I have in my collection a recipe—amended and improved—for fruit jelly at the merest cost—such a jelly, too, that even connoisseurs regard its disturbance almost as an act of vandalism.

After all, it was not the person who had the knack of gift-making down to a science who scored at Christmas. Away and ahead of this individual, exalted as was her position, was the modest, graceful woman who understood the knack of receiving. She cannot really be described, because her charm was of that very dangerous species which evades words. But was not her soothing thanks, her pretty appreciation, her genuine pleasure, the very stimulant that tired, anxious Christmas workers needed in order to bring them to the level of the general jubilation? It isn't everyone who carries a calloused nature for other people's likes and dislikes. Indeed, the considerate, unselfish spirit of benevolence never took more palpable shape or stalked abroad more boldly. But misfit gifts were unavoidable, and it was more especially when one of these came that my Christmas girl shone above her fellows. Not that she was a better actress, or more adept in the use of conventional gloss, but sole-

ly because she possessed that wondrous alchemy—a generous, happy nature.

I wonder how many of us are going to turn over so much as a dog's ear on a new leaf! The New Year is always responsible for a good deal of sentiment and a spasmodic bracing up of our moral fibre. We review the past fondly and decide to make the best of the future. "New Year ebullitions," the cynical reader calls them, and slaps them to the credit of the school girl. But the action is somewhat hasty. The figure of young time standing on a new era, with the old century dropping in the "rag-bag of the past," as the philosopher Tous Les Toits has it, is a picture with which to conjure reminiscences and resolutions. It is impossible to speak for the men, but any woman who will witness this change with prosaic placidity of mind has long since parted with—well, I won't say youth, but with the "long, long thoughts" that keep a woman young, no matter how many lines age has marked on her face. Happily retrospection brings the error sheet of the past to the majority. Little is said of it, but it is the case nevertheless. And then the resolutions follow—a generous array. I am not sufficiently optimistic to claim that the average resolution has more than a precarious existence. The fate of the snowflake on the river awaits many good intentions, but it is encouraging to know that some live for a long period of usefulness. Once a good resolution is broken it should not be abandoned. The wise individual picks up the pieces and continues on her way, knowing that a broken purpose is better than no purpose at all.

THE HEMPIE.

Hostess—"Why, Mr. Smith, I've hardly seen you all the evening! Now, I particularly want you to come and hear a whistling solo by my husband." Smith (whose hearing is a trifle indistinct)—"A whisky and soda with your husband? Well, thanks, I don't mind if I do have just one!"

"And you say you have made a fortune by your pen?" said the earnest young man with the literary look. "Yes, sir," replied the comfortable person; "and I deserved it; it is one of the best fountain pens ever put on the market."

Reward of merit: Nellie—"Gracious! How do you manage to knit so much in so short a time?" Ninette—"Every time I do ten rows, I give myself a chocolate cream."

His total eclipse: The Cynic—"Ah, poor man, he's gone over to the silent majority!" Jones—"Dead?" The Cynic—"No. Married."

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

THE CRAZE FOR BICYCLING as an amusement seems to have run its course in the United States, and the machine is now used mainly for purposes of utility. The Washington Post notes that society in that city has well-nigh given up the use of the wheel. The fact is the more notable because Washington is, of all American cities, best adapted for cycling. It has miles of well-shaded streets, paved with smooth asphaltum, and most of them are without heavy grades. Moreover, as is well known, it is "a city of magnificent distances," and accordingly there are almost all kinds of inducements for using the machine both for pleasure and for business. Nevertheless, the Post notes that at present the wheel is hardly ever used for pastime, and is now employed chiefly as an article of utility to get clerks and workmen to and from their business, and occasionally to carry former bicycle devotees to the golf links. The New York Times notes in that city "it has been evident for some time that the craze was over. The bicycle is still seen, and upon the boulevard, in considerable numbers, though not in the interminable lines that formerly made the wheel parade a Sunday wonder." In Philadelphia a similar condition of things is noted. During the month of August of this year only 40,037 bicycles entered Fairmount Park, while the number for August last year was 91,968. The decline in cycling as an amusement does not in any way imply a deterioration of the wheel as a useful machine. It was never so speedy or so convenient as now, and will remain a valuable help to workmen and to all persons who live at a distance from their places of business.

Harry Vardon, the world's greatest golfer, has decided to take up his abode in the United States. Vardon will tour the California resorts this winter, although reports thus far have had him returning to his green at Ganton, England, for the holidays, and suggesting that his return to this country next summer is doubtful. He will spend three months in California, and on his return East will probably appear in matches on courses there, and then leave for England for the purpose of closing up his affairs there. Vardon's decision is not surprising. His tour of the Florida resorts last winter, his matches played in the East, followed by his visit to Chicago in July, and finally his victory in the open championship of the United States at Wheaton over a field which included J. H. Taylor, the British champion, as well as the best Scotch-American experts, is a record of which he has reason to be proud.

The Shah of Persia left behind him, at Buda-Pesth, 1,500 cases filled with his purchases in Europe, and 106 cycles, which are to be sent on to Pretoria. The cycles are intended for his courtiers. Before leaving Hungary a check for \$500,000, issued by the Imperial Bank of Teheran, was cashed in Buda-Pesth. This is the fourth

check of the same amount which his majesty cashed. It is estimated that apart from the jewels brought from Persia for presents, the journey will have cost the Shah's private purse \$2,500,000. The Shah bought a quantity of false jewelry in Vienna for presentation to the ladies of his household.

Dawson to-day presents a marked contrast to the Dawson of 1898. Then no one except possibly the judges on the bench wore a white shirt. The town was thronged with miners, packed on back, prospecting for gold. The streets were veritable mudholes. Now people dress much as they do in the greatest cities in the world; a man with a pack on his back is an unusual sight, and one can walk the town over with polished shoes and not have them soiled. It does not appear like a mining town, but rather a thriving commercial centre. It was crowded during the summer. Electric railways are promised by 1901, and public schools have been opened and are well attended. The output of gold has been increasing, in spite of the fact that the average values of the gravels worked have been steadily declining, the richest mines having been worked first. But the cost of working has decreased, and properties may be profitably worked now that would not have yielded gains two years ago.

The London papers record the death of Julius Lipman, nicknamed "Leather Apron," a cobbler, who in 1889 fell under suspicion of being "Jack the Ripper." He satisfied the police of his innocence, but the stigma never left him. His business gradually disappeared and he went to another neighborhood, where he took to drink. He died of neglect and semi-starvation. The advent of an American circus to the German town of Aix-la-Chapelle produced a genuine sensation, according to Consul Brundage. The bill posting was a revelation, the erection of the tents an astonishment, and when the circus arrived not a workman went to the factories and their spindles were idle.

Great hopes have been excited in medical and scientific circles in England by the opening, as recently reported in this journal, of the cancer research laboratories in the great Middlesex Hospital. For many years individual workers have been collecting facts as to the fatal malady, but so far the problem of the causation of it has eluded discovery. After much consideration of ways and means, the authorities of the Middlesex Hospital have been able to establish laboratories which will be entirely devoted to the systematic investigation of this disease.

By the united work of the churches and of the grand jury in Chicago something may be done for the reformation of that city. Spurred on by an emphatic charge from Judge Gibbons, the grand jury has begun its prying into municipal secrets. Not only will the Police Department be investigated, but those higher in authority than the Superintendent of Police will be subjected to close scrutiny. There is more than a suspicion that illicit relations exist between city officials and the owners of gambling-houses and dives. Meantime, the direct work of reform is proceeding un-

der the direction of an interdenominational committee.

In the year 1806 the British man-of-war *Busy* foundered, with all hands on board, while on a voyage from Halifax to the West Indies. Among the crew was the acting-master, Matthew Hutchings. At the date of the disaster a sum of 135 pounds was standing to his credit with the Admiralty, and so it might have stood for ever had not his next-of-kin discovered the fact exactly eighty years after the disaster. Still, it was no simple matter to get the money. A correspondence with the Admiralty followed, which lasted thirteen years—from 1886 to 1899. At length the Admiralty thought that they saw their way to pay out the money. But here the Court of Probate intervened. True, the man must by this time have been about 140—but there was the leading case of *Methuselah*—and evidence of his death must be produced. This has just been done, to the satisfaction of the Judge, and there is now some prospect of the heirs getting their money—in a year or two.

There was a very distinguished assemblage in the Military Casino, in Vienna, the other evening, to hear a lecture on the South African war by Gen. Ratzehofer, President of the Military High Court of Justice. After commenting upon the remarkable transport feat accomplished by the British, the General said that he considered the Boers the ideal soldiers, into which military instructors tried to convert the ordinary European recruits, but that they were not easily led in great masses, and were better adapted to guerilla warfare than military operations on a large scale. The British troops, he said, were almost the very opposite of the Boers. They took no interest in the object of the war, and their degree of training greatly varied, while their defects were not compensated for by free initiative or by personal qualities. Indeed, in his opinion, the English soldier manifested but little of the superiority of his race, while he was very exacting in his requirements. They had, however, excellent officers who were inspired by a spirit of enterprise and reckless daring. The consequence was a lack of tactical foresight in the leading of the troops, who failed to carry out their task, owing to the heavy losses among their leaders. In the opinion of Gen. Ratzehofer, the campaign in South Africa would produce no change in military science, but would merely constitute an addition to the experience acquired in 1866 and 1870. It had once more shown military experts that the training of infantry was the most important task of all, and that the value of an army was to be estimated precisely by that of its infantry. The English were at a disadvantage in guerilla warfare. It was only in the attempt to surprise the enemy by night marches that they displayed any tactical initiative. But even in those manoeuvres they were not particularly successful, some of their attempts ending in complete rout. In conclusion, Gen. Ratzehofer said he did not expect that there would be any genuine reorganization of the British army now any more than there was after the Crimean war or the Indian Mutiny. Any move in the direction of compulsory service was out of the question.

THE "OTHER FELLOWS."

HERE IS NO SUCH THING as a division of the realm of boydom into upper, middle, and lower classes. All boydom is not divided that way. There are simply two classes, the "Haves" and the "Havents," or, if this classification is to be preferred, the "Can Haves" and the "Can't Haves." If the latter is chosen, it is the simplest and the most indicative of the future of the two classes; for when you set the "Can't Haves" adrift in the world they will either starve or become "Haves." It isn't in the nature of the human animal, even in his early life, to starve if he can help himself: accordingly the "Can't Have" transforms himself into a "Have" as quickly as possible, with this distinction marking him as different from the "Have"—so born—that while the latter lives at home, he goes to jail if caught. Boys are to a great extent democratic, and this is the only distinction there is to be drawn between them, and it can only really be affirmed of extremes; for there are shadings to a point where it is difficult to say whether a boy is a "Have" or a "Havent." But these are the two kinds of boys, generally speaking, both kinds growing up to youth and manhood. If they are going to grow up the right kind of men, they must be handled in some way by some authority. Being different, they must be handled differently.

In Halifax there has not existed until recently any means of handling the "Havents" or the "Can't Haves." The Y. M. C. A. has conducted a very successful institution for the "Haves" in the Boys' branch and by means of it has tried earnestly to do something for the other class. The efforts have obviously failed. While boys are democratic in spirit, there is a point where their democracy breaks down. While the "Have" is willing to associate with the "Can't Have," the latter is, by the nature of environments of such a character and disposition, that he can't make himself agreeable to the "Have." Accordingly when they are mixed the feeling between the classes commences to develop, and while the "Have" finds the "Can't Have" a disagreeable companion, the other feels that he is out of his element; and a good effort fails.

It was in recognition of this fact that Mr. Hugh Miller, formerly an active member of the Halifax Y.M.C.A., but now a missionary in Corea, endeavored to do some personal work for the "Can't Haves" by themselves. He made their acquaintance, learned something of the character of the homes in which they lived, and endeavored to supply a means lacking at home to

bring these boys up in the way they should go, so that when they should become old they would not depart from it. His investigations found that the "Can't Have" is frequently a boy whose parents and several brothers and sisters call two or three poorly furnished rooms, home; that there are no pleasures in his home life, and that it doesn't require much guessing to find out where he is ultimately to obtain his pleasures; that from early morning to late night he is on the streets learning little of morality and not having trained within him the power to distinguish between right and wrong. Mr. Miller found that these boys had not only little training of the power, but a great temptation to do the wrong in order to possess what was withheld from them by poor parentage, thus making it little wonder that there exists a large colony of bad boys, starting in life with elemental badness and having it intensified by all the influences of a bad environment. In order to do these boys some good he tried to get as near them as possible, and tried to bring them near to him. In this way he had, before he left for Corea a small but unorganized following from the ranks of the "Can't Haves."

When Mr. Miller went away his work was taken up by Mr. T. E. Clay. This gentleman had had some experience with boys, but he was now introduced to a class that he had to study with especial care. It became apparent to him that it was an easy thing for a mob of boys to become master, and if he was to do them any permanent good he must be master himself. The boys therefore needed discipline to make them understand order and obedience. To effect this he organized them into a brigade and commenced drilling them at the Armories, being assisted by a soldier friend. In this way he has attracted quite a number of boys, for there are 250 enrolled members of the brigade and fully 300 to 400 have come within his influence to some extent.

These boys are drilled at the Armories every Saturday evening, when they may be seen by any visitor. And the discipline is doing them good. These boys are the "Other Fellows." Why they are so called will at once appeal to readers as a desirable statement, and we give it as it has been given us by Mr. Clay. Shortly after Mr. Miller went away, Mr. Irvine, who is prominent in Y.M.C.A. work among boys, asked Mr. Clay to address a meeting at the Y.M.C.A. building one Sunday afternoon. At that time the Boy's Branch was publishing a paper

called "Our Boys," afterwards changed to the "Halifax Boy;" and Mr. Irvine being accustomed to call them "Our Boys," suggested to Mr. Clay, when the latter asked him what he should speak about, "Suppose you speak to 'Our Boys about the 'Other Fellows!'" "A good idea," said Mr. Clay, and he did address them on that very subject. But the phrase "the other fellow", appealed so to his imagination that he gradually worked it into a name for his own organization of boys, which he thenceforward called the "Other Fellows' Brigade." And the other fellows have advanced so far now that they publish a small paper too, and call it "The Other Fellow."

Further study of them besides his already large experience taught Mr. Clay that mere drilling and a regular meeting at which to address the boys is not sufficient to rescue them from the degradation the "other fellows" are liable to fall into. There must be personal contact with the boys, personal talk and personal interest. There must also be something to supply what the home fails to give. If home is not enjoyable to the average "other fellow," he will seek out a place that is; and with the knowledge that a street gammon picks up at all too tender an age, and the facilities that are at hand to enable him to go straight to the devil, it is not hard to see what will happen. It is necessary, then, in order to make a good citizen out of the "other fellow," to have someone who can constantly associate with him and study his particular needs, and it is necessary to have bright, attractive quarters somewhere away from his home environments, where there will be uplifting influences always at work. In short, it is necessary to have an institution for the use of the street boy, and a secretary who will devote his entire time to his peculiar needs. For this Mr. Clay is working. It will not cost a great deal at the start. He has obtained a suitable place on Granville Street, where rooms can be fitted up at an initial expense of \$200 and a yearly rental of \$300. Until such time as will be necessary to get the sympathy and confidence of the public, Mr. Clay will give his spare time entirely to the work, and supply the place of secretary as far as the necessary limitations will permit. He has an excellent man in mind who will act as janitor of the rooms for the consideration of rent and \$5 a month—a man who has other work to make his income sufficient for his needs, and has an excellent influence for good. The recent concert has put the "Other Fellows" in possession of some

funds, which, with the gifts of friends, put them in a position to make a start. Mr. Clay hopes that in a short time people will come to understand the full significance of the work and assist him to get an active secretary and funds for some other purposes in connection with the institution.

From reading the above the reader may perhaps have gathered the idea that all the "Other Fellows" are bad and come of bad stock. Such is not the case. Many of the boys have the elements of good within them, and their parents in many cases are "poor, but honest"—poor, and compelled for that reason to live in a neighborhood where their children have the opportunity to make an early acquaintance with insidious vices. It is to preserve the good as well as to rescue the bad that Mr. Clay carries on this work. But there are serious problems that he sees away in the future. Few of these boys are likely to amount to a great deal, lacking as they do in facilities, opportunities, and, in some cases, in mentality. And their name is legion. Trades to-day do not require as many boys as formerly, so that the great surplus of young humanity gets leave to run idle a great part of his time. There comes to be a larger proportion of our population that in its early life does not get inured to habits of industry. In this city, the trade or the occupation of a laborer are the usual alternative, and the latter does not offer any steady prospects. What shall we do with this surplus? It's a great problem, and if it can be solved we shall get rid of a great deal of crime. Mr. Clay sees the solution in following the example of certain social measures quite familiar in England. Every year, he points out, hundreds of boys are brought into this country and scattered on farms, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They are taken from the slums of the great cities of Great Britain. Isn't it absurd, argues Mr. Clay, that we should go to England for a supply of boys when they are running wild on our own streets? It's no use having these boys around growing up into men with little to do. We want to get them away as soon as possible. It's good for the boy and the community that we should. The best way to solve the problem is to take a leaf from the books of Bernardo and Mid-dlemore, and educate the boys for agricultural work. In order to accomplish this he considers with favor the establishment of a farm near Halifax where boys can be taught the operations required of farm hands. One year at the farm would give a boy sufficient training to make him useful. Then ship him West. He'll get away from bad associations, then, and have an opportunity to grow into a normal man, which will be good for him. He won't be growing up on the streets and in the dens of Halifax, which will be a good thing for us. In this way we will make men and have less commission of crime. The illustrations of juvenile offense that we have seen recently ought to preach the desirability of such a consummation. A farm that would meet all needs can be had near Halifax for a moderate sum, and it would quickly be self-supporting. Not being a school of correction, boys would go to it more readily, and their parents, no matter how disinterested they might actually be in their children's welfare, would be more likely to stand in the way of the effort to make men out of their boys. When the large-hearted people of the city are heard from it will be possible to start this good movement. This, however, is a scheme whose fulfillment lies a little farther in the future than the institution referred to, which must be the first step.

Wagner According To "Billy Baxter."

VERY NOW AND THEN an obscure book, written by an obscure writer and printed by an obscure publisher, leaps mysteriously into public favor. Such a volume is "Billy Baxter's Letters," by the late William J. Kountz, Jr. It is composed of five little sketches, issued originally by the Duquesne Distributing Company to advertise a certain mineral water. The demand for these effusions was so great that the author, Mr. Kountz, received thousands of friendly letters applauding him for his humor, and many flattering offers from the leading comic weeklies, the metropolitan dailies, and great advertisers throughout the union. He declined them all, being primarily a business man, and carrying literature only as a side-line. On August 18, 1899, the promising young humorist died after a short illness, at the age of thirty-two. As a last tribute to his memory, his brother, George McC. Kountz, collected the sketches and printed them in a modest little booklet, which, after running through many editions, remains one of the best-selling volumes of the day.

The sketches are written in up-to-date slang, in the form of personal letters, and are even more amusing than George Ade's popular "Fables in Slang." The letters are entitled "Out Hunting," "One Night," "In Society," "In Love," "In New York," and "Johnny Black's Girl."

From "In New York" we quote the following account of Billy Baxter's visit to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where he saw Wagner's Walkure.

"Jim, should any one ever tell you that grand opera is all right, he is ether trying to even up, or he is not a true friend. I was over in New York with the family last winter, and they made me go with them to 'Die Walkure' at the Metropolitan Opera House. When I got the tickets I asked the man's advice as to the best location. He said that all true lovers of music occupied the dress circle and balconies, and that he had some good centre dress-circle seats at three bones per. Here's a tip, Jim. If the box-man ever hands you that true-lover game, just reach in through the little hole and soak him in the solar for me. It's coming to him. I'll give you my word of honor we were a quarter of a mile from the stage. We went up in an elevator, were shown to our seats, and who was right behind us but my old pal, Bud Hathaway from Chicago. Bud had his two sisters with him, and he gave me one sad look which said plainer than words, 'So you're up against it, too, eh?' We

introduced all hands around, and about nine o'clock the curtain went up.

"After we had waited fully ten minutes, out came a big, fat, greasy-looking Dago with nothing on but a bear robe. He went over to the side of the stage, and sat down on a bum rock. It was plainly to be seen, even from my true lover's seat, that his bearlets was sorer than a dog about something. Presently in came a woman, and none of the true lovers seemed to know who she was. Some said it was Melba, others Nordica. Bud and I decided it was May Irwin. We were mistaken, though, as Irwin has this woman lashed to the mast at any time or place. As soon as Mike the Dago espied the dame it was all off. He rushed, and drove a straight-arm jab, which, had it reached, would have given him the purse. But Shifty Sadie wasn't there. She ducked, side-stepped, and landed a clever half-arm hook, which seemed to stun the big fellow. They clinched, and swayed back and forth, growling continually, while the orchestra played this trembly Eliza-crossing-the-ice music.

"Jim, I'm not swelling this a bit. On the level, it happened just as I write it. All of a sudden some one seemed to win. The broke away, and ran wildly to the front of the stage with their arms outstretched, yelling to beat three of a kind. The band cut loose something fierce. The leader tore about nine dollars' worth of hair, and acted generally as though he had bats in his belfry. I thought sure the place would be pinched. It reminded me of Thirsty Thornton's dance-hall out in Merrill, Wis., when the Silent Swede used to start a general survival of the fittest every time Mamie the Mink danced twice in succession with the young fellow from Albany, whose father owned the big mill up Rough River. Of course, this audience was perfectly orderly, and showed no intention whatever of cutting in, and there were no chairs or glasses in the air, but I am forced to admit that the opera had Thornton's faded for noise. I asked Bud what the trouble was, and he answered that I could search him. The audience apparently went wild. Everybody said 'Simply sublime!' 'Isn't it grand?' 'Perfectly superb!' 'Bravo!' etc., but merely because they really enjoyed it, but merely because they thought it was the proper thing to do. After that, for three solid hours, Rough House Mike and Shifty Sadie seemed to be apologizing to the audience for their disgraceful street brawl, which was honestly the only good thing in the show. Along about twelve o'clock I thought I would talk over old times with Bud, but when I turned his way I found my tired and trusty comrade 'Asleep at the Switch.'

"At the finish the woman next to me, who seemed to be on, said that the main lady was dying. After it was too late, Mike seemed kind of sorry. He must have given her the knife, or the drops, because there wasn't a minute that he could look in on her according to rules. He laid her out on the bum rock, they set off a lot of red-fire for some unknown reason, and the curtain dropped at 12.25. Never again for my money. Far be it from me knocking, but any time I want noise I'll take to a boiler-shop, or a Union Station where I can understand what's coming off."

❁ A Department of Inspiration. ❁

Sketches of Two Men Who Rose From The Condition of Penniless Boys To Be The Possessors of Great Wealth.

I.—Henry Villard.

TWO MEN who had been masters of the great forces that controlled the early development of the Pacific Coast died almost simultaneously in New York on November 12th. Both were conspicuous examples of the possibility of young and poor men becoming the possessors of immense wealth. Henry Villard and Marcus Daly began life in the United States without friends and without means, and Villard alone had the advantage of a good education. Strange to say, the great railroad financier began his career under an assumed name. He was born Heinrich Hilgard. His father, Gustav Hilgard, was judge of the supreme court of Munich at the time the son came to this country in 1853: "It was not originally intended that he should emigrate to America, but circumstances—it is hinted in the shape of boyish university escapades—brought it about in 1853. The nineteen-year-old boy landed without means, and after various experiences in New York was stranded in Chicago. Thence he was taken by an uncle, who had established himself on a farm at Belleville, Ill., and given a home. He left soon, and for several years his relatives lost sight of him. It seems, however, that after ineffectual attempts to interest himself in law, his clear bent toward journalism led him to study English with great care. He corresponded for German papers, meantime, and became acquainted with Horace Greeley. By 1858 he was writing for the Tribune under the pen-name of Henry Villard, which soon entirely superseded his baptismal name. Later in life he thought of resuming his rightful family name, but there were many reasons which made the change unwise. It would have caused interminable complications in the many enterprises in which he was interested. His wife, who was Miss Fannie Garrison, only daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, opposed his making the change of name for reasons of sentiment. The associations with the name Villard were too dear for the wife to surrender."

He tired of journalism, and his natural bent of mind inclined him toward the study of finance. In 1871 he went to Europe, where he formed a connection with Frankfurt and Berlin bankers, and returned in 1873 as the representative of the Ger-

man bondholders of the Oregon and California Railroad Company. This resulted in his being made president of that corporation in 1875. With the aid of German capital he also gained control of the Northern Pacific, and was elected its president: "The masterly stroke by which he succeeded consisted in the formation of a new company, the Oregon and Transcontinental, which should acquire a controlling interest in both the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and construct a full system of branch lines subsidiary to the two main trunks, to guard against rivalry and foster local traffic. His mode of procedure was to buy the stock first and to form the company afterward. The buying he began privately on his own account in December, 1880, and in February, 1881, feeling assured of ultimate success, he invited some fifty persons to subscribe with himself to a fund of \$8,000,000, for an enterprise which he would disclose later. This so-called 'blind pool' was subscribed twice over in twenty-four hours—an extraordinary vote of confidence in Mr. Villard's integrity not less than in his ability. On the disclosure of his scheme, a second subscription of more than \$12,000,000 was made, and the total \$20,000,000 paid in money. In September, 1881, Mr. Villard obtained recognition on the board of directors, and was chosen president of the Northern Pacific. Thanks to the Oregon and Transcontinental Company, the completion of the Northern Pacific was now vigorously entered upon, and achieved in the summer of 1883, in the presence of a large number of invited guests—German, English, American—of distinction."

Reverses at last overtook him: "In September, 1883, just as the Northern Pacific Railroad was opened, with great festivities, the 'bears' of the stock market arranged an attack on the securities of the allied companies, and Villard, in the vain endeavor to support the properties, sacrificed his large fortune, and on January 4, 1884, resigned the presidency of the railroad. In nowise daunted by this great financial blow, he set about regaining what he had lost. He went to Europe, where he remained until 1886. Then he came back to the United States, and in a short time regained control of the Northern Pacific, and repaired his broken fortunes, but the panic of 1893 again occasioned a loss of most of his wealth, and led to his withdrawal from railroad management." In more recent times his connection with the Edison Electric Company had returned to him much of the fortune he had twice seen

swept away. Mr. Villard was a Republican, but not a partisan: "He shared in the hopes of the reformers of 1872, but refused to go with those who accepted Greeley as their standard-bearer. He was in general sympathy with the views and policy of the New York Nation, for whose editor, E. L. Godkin, he cherished a high admiration. In the spring of 1881, a conjunction arose which enabled him to serve three friends while lending support to independent journalism. Carl Schurz, after having been a member of Hayes's Cabinet, was practically removed from politics; Mr. Godkin was feeling the strain of the editorial conduct of the Nation, a struggling concern; Horace White, withdrawn from the Chicago Tribune and connected in New York with Mr. Villard's business enterprises, was ready to re-enter journalism. Mr. Villard accordingly effected, with a controlling interest, the purchase of the Evening Post and the Nation, and placed at the head the triumvirate just named, with explicit guarantees of absolute editorial independence of himself." The newspapers were the property of Mr. Villard at his death.



II.—Marcus Daly.

Marcus Daly, who came to this country a penniless Irish boy of eighteen, left twenty millions of dollars to his widow and four children. He was buried from a magnificent mansion which he had reared on Fifth Avenue, New York, and in which he had never lived. As a walf he found his way to the Pacific Coast: "He landed in San Francisco with about as much money as Ben Franklin took to Philadelphia. His objective was the mining country. 'I'd like a bit of work,' he said to a farmer near the city. 'Can you dig potatoes?' asked the farmer. 'I can dig anything,' said Daly, and he set to work with such vigor that in a few days he had the farmer's potatoes in the barn and some dollars in his pocket. As soon as he got enough money to pay his way, he was up in the mountains. He made the acquaintance of the famous syndicate, Mackay, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien, entered their employ, and worked his way to superintendent of the Comstock Lode. He did not share any of the profits of that famous property, but he studied the mine, and in a remarkably short time became an expert." Daly's plan for finding out the real value of the Alice Mine in Montana was a characteristic piece of work: "He went to Butte City, claimed to be looking for work as a miner, and ran up a bill for three

(Continued on page 20.)

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IN THE MAKING OF BOOKLETS, we have no rival in the Canadian field. We not only print them as well as printing can be done, but we assist our patrons by writing, designing, and even mailing the article.

OUR ASSORTMENT OF TYPE is extensive and varied, including all the newest faces; there is probably nothing just like it in the city; the very newness of the plant which is not over three months old, is a strong argument in its favour; absolutely everything from the smallest bit of type to the largest piece of machinery is new.

There is scarcely anything printable that we can't print. Our compositors are intelligent men. You can tell that by the work they do on the **MARITIME MERCHANT** and the **BLUENOSE**.

IF YOU HAVE ANY JOB WORK TO BE DONE, don't you think it would be well to see what we can do for you with the plant described above. At least come in and have a talk with us. **WE LIKE TO TALK.**

The **IMPERIAL PUBLISHING CO.,**

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Bedford Chambers,

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139 Hollis St.,
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More About The Proposed Monument.

THE CANADIAN IN KHAHI.

A Suggestion That a Bronze Figure on a Pedestal Should Embody This Idea.

THE BLUENOSE HAS HAD another excellent opinion on the subject of a "Khaki" monument. We are not permitted to mention the gentleman's name, but if we were, the public would at once recognize in him a man with the knowledge and artistic temperament that justify him to speak. He does not attach importance to an allegorical figure. Let it be the man in "Khaki," he says; the typical Canadian as he looked with his rifle in his hands and his face stern and determined, just as the real Canadians in Khaki appeared the day they went into Paardeberg. The participation of Canada in the Boer war signifies something, and we want to bring out the significance in the statuary, so that years afterwards we can see in it the very man that went for the Boers like a hero. The statuary should be the chief part of the monument. If there is any money to spend, it should be put into getting the best effect in bronze possible. A bronze can be made so expressive, and every detail brought out so clearly, even to the buttons, the straps, the wounds, the bandages. A bronze figure can be made to live almost, and that is just what we should have—a man in Khaki that will be full of life in the year 2000, and show our children of many generations removed how their fathers went to war, and in the act infused the whole country with an ardor that will be transmitted through the ages. A bronze figure cannot be obtained cheaply, but it will last forever. If we can have the work done in our own country, well and good; but we should not hesitate to send it abroad if there is any likelihood that in doing the work at home we should sacrifice our money and patriotism to an inferior effort. We should not hesitate in engaging such a celebrated sculptor for the work as Saint Gaudens or MacMonnies. It would cost something to do this, but it would be better to raise more money, even by governmental assistance, and have the work done right. This, of course, has reference to the statuary alone. The base, being simply a convenient place on which to stand the real monument, could be left severely plain, with bronze plates bearing the names of the heroes set in, one on each of four sides. Nova Scotia granite would do for this purpose first rate, and would give an air of endurance and strength to the whole monument.

We publish this suggestion, because it is really a very valuable one, and evinces excellent taste. All good opinions should be brought together and carefully considered. There is too much involved in the erection of the proposed monument, and for that reason we consider it seriously ourselves and publish the best opinions on the subject that we can get.

THE BLUENOSE'S SUGGESTION.

More About The Toronto Monument Whose Picture We Published.

FEW WEEKS AGO when The Bluenose instituted a campaign for a thoroughly artistic "Khaki" memorial, we published a half-tone engraving of a Toronto monument that had appealed to our fancy. At that time we did not know very much about the monument itself, nor very much about its designer, and in order to inform ourselves, appealed to friends in Toronto. Our informant tells us that we were mistaken in stating that the bronze figure was cast in Canada, and that such work is not done here on account of the limited amount to be done and the expensive nature of the plant necessary for it. But while the casting had to be made abroad, the modelling of the figure was entirely done in Canada and by a Canadian artist.

The sculptor was Mr. H. Allward, of Toronto. This gentleman had nothing to do with the rest of the monument, which was designed by the contractor, a stonemason, who engaged Mr. Allward to model a figure to surmount the pedestal. To this contractor the base was the essential thing, which is really a mistaken idea, for where a figure is used the rest is merely a setting for it. Making a figure to surmount a base is just like painting a picture to harmonize with a frame. The Toronto monument, then, was a case of turning things right about, with the result that the base is too high, the figure can only be seen at a distance, and it is impossible to have a closer inspection.

Although it is such a chaste statue and so graceful in all its lines, Mr. Allward is not satisfied with it, for the reason that he was not permitted to follow out his own ideas, but in the first place had to put the figure on a pedestal that was not suited on account of its height for a figure of any sort; and in the second place the committee, being men of farce rather than feeling, he was compelled to make radical alterations from time to time as work progressed. In this way he had to abandon his artistic conception of the work in some degree to meet the wishes of the committee. Our correspondents tell us that Mr. Allward could make a much more artistic figure to-day than when he made the one we have referred to, particularly if permitted to follow his own ideas without interference.

Some of Mr. Allward's more recent work includes large portrait busts from

(Continued on page 21.)

THE BLUENOSE.

A Journal of Progress particularly devoted to the Interests of Nova Scotia.

Published every Saturday morning by

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L. C. STEWART, *President and Managing Director.*
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One "Morris" Chair.	10	" "
One Reed Rocking Chair.	6	" "
One Elm Writing Desk.	8	" "

AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBIT.

A MEASURE OF THE FINANCIAL RESOURCES OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Capital of the Bank of England Dec. 31, 1899 \$86,047,935	Funds held by the Mutual Life Insurance Co. for the payment of its policies Dec. 31, 1899 \$301,844,538
Capital of the Bank of France Dec. 31, 1899 \$36,050,000	
Capital of the Imperial Bank of Germany Dec. 31, 1899 \$28,560,000.	
Capital of the Bank of Russia, Dec. 31, 1900 \$25,714,920	

J. A. JOHNSON,

General Agent,

HALIFAX, N. S

The Busiest . . . Place in Halifax.

Do you know where it is? You don't! Well, we will tell you. It is at the corner of Bell's Lane and Barrington St.—the store of H. W. WENTZELL & Co., wholesale and retail dealers in all kinds of Groceries and Food Stuffs. From 7 o'clock* in the morning until 10, 11 and sometimes 12 o'clock at night the bustle goes on. People from the north end and the south end, people from Lunenburg and Queens Counties, people from Pictou, Antigonish and other Counties, all intent upon getting good values for their money. That's why they come. We have not been in business half a century in Halifax, but we have been here long enough to prove that we can give consumers better value than they can get elsewhere. It is the volume of our trade that tells, and as long as people help us to keep up our sales to the present quantity, we will continue to sell our goods cheaper than other people. If you have not given us a chance as yet, do so now. Write us a letter and get our quotations. Telephone us, if you like; or, better still, come in and have a talk. We assure you we can show you where the advantage lies in giving us your trade.



H. W. WENTZELL & CO.,

Halifax, N. S.,
Sydney, C. B.

The Best Furs

Our Astrachan or Dog-skin Jackets are made of the best quality skins, all guaranteed at lowest prices.

In other Furs, we have Grey Robes, from \$6.50; large size Fur Muffs, \$1.00; Ruffs, \$2.00. Fur lined Coats, Gray Lamb Jackets, Electric Seal Jackets.



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LANE'S,
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Francis



NEW WHITEHALL.

Child's Morris Chairs, from \$1.75
Davenport Secretary, - 4.00
Elegant Doll's House, - 12.00

FRANCIS,
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Held Up by Robbers!

Express car broken into, safe blown open, \$50,000 in gold taken, robbers then went through passengers, taking watches, jewelry, etc., holding the train officials at the business end of guns, ready to shoot down the first to move. I then woke to find I had a night mare. In future I don't want any more night mares. I can get as good a horse as one would care to drive at

ROBINSON'S STABLES,
Doyle Street.

A Department of Inspiration.

(Continued from page 16.)

weeks board. The landlord became angry. He went up to Walkerville and told the mine-owners that he had a man loafing around at his place for whom he wanted work long enough to pay his three weeks' board-bill. They gave him the job and he came back and swore at Daly, telling him he was too particular about his work and too easy about his eating. He said he had got him another job, and that he wanted him to take it and stick to it. As Daly heard him say that the work was in the Alice mine his heart must have jumped, but there was not a change in his features, and he only said: 'Well, I will go and look at it.' It was the opportunity he had waited for, and he took his place as an ordinary miner in the Alice. He worked for three weeks, inspecting the property as he dug and mined, and at the end of this time he threw up his job and left Butte City. Six weeks later he came to the surface as manager of the property. The Walkers, at his advice, bought the mine, and they put him at its head."

Daly was only twenty-three years old when the stories of the riches hidden in the soil of Montana took him to that State: "Soon after he helped to form a mining combination composed of J. B. Haggin, George Hearst, Lloyd Tevis, and himself. Daly was the active, practical man. It was Daly who suggested the purchase of the Anaconda Mine, near Butte City, believing that it promised well in gold and silver. The mine was bought for thirty-five thousand dollars. Before long copper veins were struck. Today the Anaconda produces one-quarter of all the copper mined in the world. It employs ten thousand men and reduces four thousand tons of ore every day."

It was when Daly began to develop the Anaconda on an immense scale that the trouble with W. A. Clark originated: "Water was a necessity at the smelters of the Anaconda, and Daly was buying the water rights of Warm Springs Creek, and had got about seven-eighths of them for some small amount, when Clark quietly came in and bought the remaining eighth. When Daly sent his representative to buy Clarke's interest, he asked \$25,000 for it, which the representative refused to give and went away. Next day he came back to accept the figures, and Clark wanted \$50,000. Daly a day or two later sent his man back to pay the price, and then Clark wanted \$100,000. This was offered next, and Clark asked \$125,000, at which price, Daly got it. Daly swore to get even, and he made good his oath until illness robbed him of the power to fight." He waited year after year

My \$18 Suits.



I would like to see you in one of them. I am sure . . . you would

feel satisfied with yourself. I can give you your choice of a big range of cloths and will guarantee a fit or no pay.

P. J. HANIFEN,

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A Few Cut Prices.



8c.

will buy a tin of Canned Corn, Peas, or White Wax Beans, at our store, guaranteed fresh stock too.

9c. will buy a tin of New Tomatoes, and for 25c. we sell 3 lbs. of New Valencia Raisins.

Telephone 120.



W. E. CROWE & CO.,

Grocers,

Gottingen Street.

A CHICKERING Piano

would be a nice thing to give your wife.

Have you thought anything about it?

Too expensive?

Well then perhaps she would like a

**NEWCOMBE,
OR
MASON &
RISCH.**

The Emperor of Germany thinks the latter is a really delightful instrument.

If none of these suit her, then perhaps she would like a

BELL

and if not the "Bell," we have others. Please call and see us.

The
W. H. JOHNSON CO.,
Limited.
Halifax.

for a chance to strike: "In 1888 Clark decided that he would go to Washington as congressional delegate, Montana then being a Territory. He did not then fully realize the bitterness of Daly's enmity for him. He sent a delegation of friends to talk the matter over with Daly. The Republican candidate for the office was Thomas H. Carter. According to the story, Carter and Daly were conferring when the delegation arrived. Daly told Carter to step behind a curtain. The delegation made its talk in behalf of Clark, and Daly is alleged to have replied: 'I hate Clark from the ground up, but I am a Democrat first, last and all the time. I'll tell the mine bosses to see that the men vote to bury that little red-headed Irish son of a gun Tom Carter in the 'middle kettle of hades.' The delegation left delighted, and Carter left bewildered. Mr. Daly left for California the next day, and when election day arrived every man in the Anaconda mines voted for Carter, defeating Clark, who had counted upon easy victory."

Aside from Daly's copper mines and his war with W. A. Clark, he was best known through his magnificent racing stable. He literally ransacked the earth for high-class horses for breeding purposes. He purchased 47,000 acres in the Bitter Root Valley, many miles out from Butte, and established the Bitter Root Stock Farm, which has produced some of the greatest racers on the American turf. In the past fifteen years he spent \$4,000,000 on the place. The system of irrigation alone cost \$350,000. Seven hundred men are employed on the property, the cottages which Daly built for them forming a little village.

More About The Proposed Monument.

(Continued from page 18.)

life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Oliver Mowat, Sir George Burton, late Chief Justice of Ontario, and the Hon. A. T. Hardy, all of which are to be placed in public Government buildings. He is also working on busts of Sir Richard Cartwright and Hon. George Ross, and has recently finished a portrait statue, larger than life, of Dr. Oronhyatekha, head of the I.O.F., which cost \$4,250, and is now in the I.O.F. Temple in Toronto.

In speaking of the cost of the memorial referred to in the introductory paragraph of this article, our correspondents tell us that it was about \$7,500, just the sum that is being collected for our proposed "Khaki" memorial. Referring again to the picture of the monument which the reader saw in our issue of Nov. 24th, it is possible to get an idea of what kind of memorial we may have in Halifax. The great thing that the committee concerned in the selection of a design must do, is to settle upon a suitable one, and then give the sculptor full p'ay, so that he may produce his best work—that is, of course, assuming that we are to have a monument with bronze figure rather than a shaft or an arch.

Our Bargain Corner.

We have a
great variety of odd
pieces of

Furniture

.. that we have
cut down away be-
low cost to clear
them out.

They are all new
goods and are great
bargains.

We have placed
the whole stock in a
Bargain Corner in
our warerooms, and
if you will come in
and look through..
you will find many
interesting things at
prices that will please
you.

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HALIFAX, N. S.
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Wilson's Stove Store.

Hotel Ranges,

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in Copper, Galv'd Iron and Tin.

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IT'S EASY TO CATCH

A cold and it's easy to cure one if taken in time and treated with the right remedy. It is no trifling matter, though, if neglected. Pneumonia, Consumption and numerous other ills are but the consequence of neglected colds. At the first symptom of a cough or cold take

PARK'S Perfect Emulsion . . .

of Cod Liver Oil, a scientifically prepared and thoroughly reliable combination of Pure Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, with Guaiacol; perfectly emulsified so as to render it easy of assimilation and beneficial in action. The different ingredients being accurately proportioned, the dose may be graded to suit the age and condition of the patient. It is devoid of all obnoxious taste or smell. Children and invalids can take it with perfect safety and convenience.

Price 50c. per bottle, of all Druggists.

MANUFACTURED BY

HATTIE & MYLIUS,
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A TENDERFOOT EDITOR.

AT THE TIME WHEN the bright and shining light of the school of journalism went west and established the Dawn-Herald in a remote corner of Kansas, he was duly toasted by professors and classmates who predicted for him the most dazzling future. For a short time sample copies of the ideal sheet were used as models of the art of journalism; then there was a sudden hitch somewhere. The ably edited, patent-back newspaper came no more, and the dotting professors became a prey to the most painful doubts. Had the paper been seized for debt? Had the editor been lynched, or had he merely fallen a victim to lottery ads?

The editor himself did not see fit to disclose the real reason, which lay simply in the fact that he could no longer permit himself to be held up as a pattern to succeeding journalists.

His bold attack upon the cowboys after their raid, in which he denounced the outlaws and demanded restitution if the disabled cow did not recover, was entirely in accordance with the rules laid down by the chair.

His inquiry into the U. S. department of bug-ology and his able abuse of the Indian agents were masterly slings at the Administration; he was not surprised when the exchanges took them up. Probably there was a secret joy in playing the reformer; for he neither walked nor talked nor wore his hair as other men. Only one item was necessary to complete the sum of his satisfaction; he had not yet had the opportunity of rejecting a manuscript. That alone could raise his egotism to the sublime. It was some months before an occasion of this kind offered itself. It came in the shape of an ambitious poem which was written on one side only, on scented paper, in feminine hand. The first lines disclosed so much slumbering passion that the editor called in the boys from the composing room to share the treat.

"I call that rich," said he, as he finished a pathetic rendition of the poem, and enclosed it in one of the Dawn-Herald's envelopes; "there's all the warmth of Byron and Shelley, with an additional spice of the Sweet Singer of Michigan."

The boys so far from appreciating the huge joke actually betrayed some concern.

"It'll take all the nonpareil in the house," said one. "It'll crowd out the circus ad," said another. "I'd like to sit up with a sick friend," said a third.

"Well, don't you fellows feel a bit uneasy," remarked the editor curtly as he handed the MS. to the errand boy; "here, take this back to the Prairie Poetess—keep the stamps for yourself."



1900 "Ring out the old,
Ring in the new." 1901

Have you made your resolutions for the New Year?

Do you intend to increase your Life Insurance?

Of course you carry some now.

The 20th century can provide nothing better than a policy in the

North American Life.

All policies incontestable after one year. Free from vexatious clauses. Paid up, and cash surrendered values. Loans made after payment of three premiums.

Start the New Year right by insuring in the North American Life.

You can get a policy for \$1,000 for 5 cents a day. Larger amounts in proportion.

Can you do better than this in any first-class company?

The North American Life is the leading Canadian company.

Assets, - - \$3,500,000.

W. F. MACPHERIE,

Provincial Manager,

Metropole Building, HALIFAX, N. S.

... Our Lines of ...

Austrian Cameo,

Wedgewood,

Royal Worcester, and

Bohemian CUT GLASS

have been great sellers.



ROSBOROUGH & THOMAS,

174 & 176 Granville St.

W. & C. SILVER,
Cor. George and Hollis Sts.

You cannot find Gifts more Sensible
or Useful than those We Offer
for this Season.

HANDKERCHIEFS!

Thousands of Dainty Handkerchiefs, all at little prices
Cambric Handkerchiefs, ac.
Lawn Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, 4c.
Lawn Handkerchiefs, lace trimmed, 5c.
Linen Handkerchiefs, lace trimmed, 10c.
Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, . . . \$1.25 doz.
Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, . . . 1.40 doz.

FURS!

We offer special concessions for the next ten days.
This is the best opportunity you will have this
winter to secure a bargain in Furs.

Electric and Coney Collars, \$ 1.25
Sable Scarfs, 6.25
Coney Muffs,90
American Sable Muffs, 4-25
Raccoon Jackets, 29.50
Astrachan Jackets, 35.00
French Seal Jackets, 35.00
South Sea Seal Jackets, 175.00

Ladies' Gossamers!

Fine Cashmere Gossamers, \$3.25
Cashmere Gossamers, corded yoke, 4.25

200 BLACK and SATEN BLOUSES,
at Exceptionally Low Prices!

This is one of the greatest opportunities to purchase
a Waist at much less than real worth. Just
the thing to make a handsome Xmas gift.

Fine Black Satene Waists, \$.80
Handsome Corded Satene Waists, 1.15
Beautiful Silk Waists, 1.75
Silk Waists, corded and tucked, 3.50

Comfort

in being Well-Dressed!

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The wearer of a TOP COAT or
SUIT made by us can feel sure that he
is one of the best dressed men in town.
We make everything about the garment
satisfactory. Give us a trial order and
be convinced.

+++++

E. MAXWELL & SON,

Tailors,
132 Granville Street.

WALL PAPER

arriving daily at

HARRISON BROS.,

54 Barrington St.

"Why! don't you know that's Col. Posey's daughter?" asked the head compositor.

"Is it?" answered the editor; then noticing some increased anxiety on the compositor's face he added, "Well, tell her that the rejection of an article implies no lack of merit."

"In that case I'm off for a prolonged fishing tour, Mr. Editor," said the head compositor.

"You'll have to excuse me," said another.

"Why! why! What does this mean?"

"Well, I reckon you don't know the flavor of Colonel Posey's lead—I do."

"Pshaw! you don't mean—"

"I mean simply that the man don't live who has turned down any of the Posey tribe—that's all."

The editor reconsidered the contribution; he examined his text book on practical journalism and it offered nothing on the subject. He turned over half a dozen plans in his mind, but they all terminated in a most distasteful shooting affray. Meanwhile the force stood by with long faces, awaiting his decision.

"Maybe we better print part of it in the next number," he said meditatively, "and work the whole thing up from time to time."

"Yep, and the rest of 'em—"

"The rest of them?"

"Certainly," said the head compositor, the picture of despair. "I reckoned she'd break out afresh this spring and keep us humping for forty days and forty nights."

Silently the boys got out the case of nonpareil and went doggedly to work.

The prediction of the printer was more than fulfilled. Presently the office was inundated with a torrent of home-made verse. Worse than all, the impersonal nature of the poems changed to one of passionate appeal. The editor became the recipient of the most delicate sentiments. Bouquets, raspberry jam and keepsakes followed, which indicated with a certain exactness the direction of the writer's feelings.

The editor's own faultless rhetoric was well-nigh buried by the red hot lava of these poetic eruptions. The point of Christian forbearance had long ago been passed. There was only one avenue of escape. It was encompassed with many dangers, nevertheless he would try it. The next day he heaved the usual effusion into the street and awaited the result. But the Poetess simply took a more gloomy turn, sending a large extract of Poe, partly made over and accompanying it with some particularly tempting jell. It took more resolution than he thought he possessed, but he succeeded in throwing these also into the street.

The next day there was a weary tread upon the stair and a loud knock at the door. The abruptness with which the boys left the office somewhat alarmed the editor, but he managed to call the gentleman in and to make some casual remark about the early spring.



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"I want to see the editor!"
"All right, sir, see ahead."
"Oh, it's you, eh?" He had evidently expected to encounter a bigger man.
"I got something to say, pardner, and 'tain't exactly for publication. I reckon I oughter break it to you gently if I know'd how; but I ain't naturally over-flowery."
"If you allude to my article on—"
"No—but I don't." He shifted about in his chair uneasily. "I might jes' as well come to the pint right off and then you can git used to it in your spare time."
"Ah, if you allude—"

"'Tain't that I tell you—I jes' want to say I got a gal at home and she's lightning on poetry. Lawd, I guess if she didn't churn twenty pounds of butter a day she'd fill your whole paper twice a week."

The editor wished to himself that she had forty pounds of butter a day to turn out, but he added aloud that he admired her ease of composition and thought she ought to patronize the magazines by all means in place of a country bi-weekly.

"You're right, pardner, she ain't got her equal in these parts, and as her father I don't mind tellin' you, not wishin' to run in on you too much of a sudent, that she's jes' gone on you, that's all."

"On me? Well, I can't say I have any real objections." He was sorry he put it that way, for a moment after a peculiar, malevolent expression crept into the old man's eye which induced a very decided editorial chill.

"Young man!" said the colonel, in tones that were suggestive of crime and floral offerings, "we ain't the kind that can be trifled with—there never was a Posey that let her affection be played on. Them air emitions, sir, in her last poem, is disappointed love. I tell you they ain't no cooling nutmeg swindle about the gal."

"The poem in question," interrupted the editor, swallowing a lump in his throat, "is the natural product of smothered genius, the gift of song crying for expression, nothing else."
"You calculate so?"

"I know it."
"And 'tain't disappointed love?"
"Not a bit of it." The editor squared himself for a centre attack. "I seldom give advice, but let me implore you for the sake of her future readers scattered all over these states, not to let matrimony stifle the voice of genius."

The old man seemed touched, so the editor followed up the advantage of his position. Never before had he been so eloquent—never before did he throw so much feeling into his words as when he pictured a flattering future for the talented contributor in case she avoided the snares of Cupid.

The students of journalism should have heard him. After the last argument had been advanced the old man took the hand of the speaker and shook it warmly. There was a mist in his eye and a tremor in his voice when he said, preparing to depart: "Pardner, you're a square man—you deal in facts—I like your style." The editor felt a sting of conscience when he admitted the truth of the statement.

"You ain't a scared to speak out when you know it will cost you your stiddy contributor."

"It's for her good," the editor added with surprising resignation as he bowed the proud parent out.

There is now no column of poetry in the Dawn-Herald and no raspberry jam on the editor's desk; but a sample copy of the carefully edited bi-weekly is regularly mailed to the school of journalism.

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in the line of CLOTHING and FURNISHINGS of various . . . sorts can be had out of our extensive and thoroughly up-to-date stock at prices favorable to the buyer. For instance:

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NEXT WEEK IN HALIFAX.

SUNDAY:—At the evening service in St. Andrew's church Rev. Dr. Black will lecture on the Literature and Progress of the Nineteenth Century.

The following Christmas carols will be sung in St. Paul's at the evening service:—

"There Came Three Kings".....Smith
Alto solo—"Christmas".....Shelley
Miss Lithgow.

"Waken Christian Children".....Anon
Boys of Choir only.

Soprano solo—"The Star of Bethlehem"
.....Adams
Miss Osborne.

"Hail to the Monarch".....Marsden
"O, So Sweetly Are They Ringing"
.....Clare

Tenor solo—"Shout the Glad Tidings"
.....Hawley
F. Bennett.

Rev. J. W. Armitage will deliver a sermon appropriate to the departing century.

MONDAY:—A devotional meeting will be held at 8 o'clock in St. Andrew's church.

Watchnight service, conducted by Rev. Rural Dean Armitage, will take place at 11 o'clock in St. Paul's.

Rosedale will be the bill at the Academy of Music.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY:—"Rosedale" will be repeated at the evening performance and at Tuesday's matinee at the Academy of Music.

The bill for the remainder of the week, including Saturday's matinee, will be "Aristocracy."

✻ ✻

The Closing Century in a Nutshell.

This century received from its predecessors the horse; we bequeath the bicycle, the locomotive and the motor-car.

We received the goosequill, and bequeath the typewriter.

We received the scythe, and bequeath the mowing-machine.

We received the hand-printing press, we bequeath the cylinder press.

We received the painted canvas; we bequeath lithography, photography and color photography.

We received the handloom, we bequeath the cotton and woollen factory.

We received gunpowder, we bequeath lyddite.

We received the tallow-dip, we bequeath the electric lamp.

We received the galvanic battery, we bequeath the dynamo.

We received the nuntlock, we bequeath Maxims.

We received the sailing-ship, we bequeath the steamship.

We received the beacon signal-fire, we bequeath the telephone and wireless telegraphy.

We received ordinary light, we bequeath Roentgen rays.

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FOR IDLE MOMENTS.

Casey—"So the boss fired Cassidy for being drunk? And how did he know he was drunk?" Costigan—"Whoy, th' dom fool wint and fell six shstories wid-out hurting himself."

Her sole support: "Miss Stagestruck is starring now," said Collingwood to Throckmorton. "Who is supporting her?" "Her father."

Her method: Mistress—"Bridget, I hope you don't light the fire with kerosene?" Cook—"Divil a bit, mum! Oi wets it down wid kerosene an' loights it wid a match."

Nellie—"Charlie says I grow more beautiful every time he sees me." Maude—"If that's the case you ought to have him call twice a day."

Maisie—"Did you have a nice time at the trolley-party?" Daisy—"Oh, lovely! We ran across ever so many people I knew."

Mrs. Jones—"Don't trouble yourself to see me to the door, Mrs. Smith." Mrs. Smith—"No trouble. Quite a pleasure, I assure you."

Rivals: Little Hortense (proudly)—"My aunt, over in England, has armarial bearings." Little Robert—"Huh! I don't care. My uncle, down in Chester, has a chicken with three legs!"

At a fashionable ball a lady said to her partner: "Do you know that ugly gentleman sitting opposite to us?" "That is my brother, madame." "Ah, I beg your pardon; I had not noticed the resemblance."

Rev. Mr. Sainly—"I was sorry that I couldn't fill my pulpit last Sunday, but I hope you liked my substitute?" Mrs. Witherly—"Oh, yes; he was fine; and I told my husband that he little knew what he had missed."

Customer—"They say young Woodby is married at last?" Tailor—"Yes, he's been married some time; I helped to make the match." Customer—"That's interesting; how did you manage it?" Tailor—"I pressed his suit for him."

Too much: Gusher—"My wife has promised to wait for me at the gate of heaven, if she is the first to go." Flasher—"Tut, tut. You shouldn't be so revengeful as to make her wait through eternty, sniply because she made you wait while she fixed up sometimes."

Didn't Believe it Was Jefferson.

One of the passengers on a Broadway car on Friday night was Joseph Jefferson, the actor. Near him was a young man reading a newspaper. As the young man got off the car he said to the conductor:

"There's Joe Jefferson in there."
"G'wan," replied the conductor, "nothin' doin'."

"Yes, he is," insisted the young man.
"Whistle and call 'Schneider.'"

"Cert," said the conductor, and he let out a short, shrill blast followed by "Here, Schneider," in no mild tone.

The veteran actor glanced up and smiled. The conductor looked embarrassed. The other passengers wondered what was wrong with the conductor.

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