

B50  
B62

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**SATURDAY,**  
**December, 22nd, 1900.**

PRICE  
FIVE  
CENTS.



**A**  
**Merry**  
**Christmas**  
❧ TO ❧  
**Bluenose**  
**People**

Wherever they  
may be.



Be merry all, be merry all,  
With holly dress the festive hall;  
Prepare the song, the feast, the hall,  
To welcome Merry Christmas.



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A JOURNAL OF PROGRESS

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## \* \* VERSE FOR MERRY CHRISTMAS. \* \*

## A Christmas Twilight.

**T**HIDDEN by a damask curtain,  
Glad I watched the moments  
go,  
In the shadowy, uncertain  
Christmas afterglow.  
Came a footfall soft as summer's—  
How I joyed to hear it come!  
And my heart beat like a drummer's  
Tattoo on his drum.  
Fair she was, oh, blossom fair,  
Tripping down the hallway stilly,  
Heigh ho! but Margy's cheeks  
Were paler than the lily!  
From the chandeller above her  
Hung a spray of mistletoe,  
Leaning down as though to love her;  
Did she—did she know?  
But my muse will be betraying  
What I would not best repeat;  
There is much in that old saying—  
"Stolen fruit is sweet!"  
Fair she was, oh, witching fair,  
Eyes a-brim with merry folly;  
Heigh ho! but Margy's cheeks  
Were redder than the holly!  
—Clinton Scollard, in *The Christmas Puritan*.

## \* \* The Little Feller's Stocking. \*

**H**, IT'S Christmas Eve, and  
moonlight, and the Christ-  
mas air is chill,  
And the frosty Christmas holly shines  
and sparkles on the hill,  
And the Christmas sleigh-bells jingle,  
and the Christmas laughter rings,

As the last stray shoppers hurry, tak-  
in' home the Christmas things;  
And up yonder in the attic there's a  
little trundle bed  
Where there's Christmas dreams a-  
dancin' through a sleepy, curly  
head,  
And it's "Merry Christmas," Mary,  
once agin fer me and you,  
With the little feller's stockin' hang-  
in' up beside the flue.  
'Tisn't silk, that little stockin', and it  
isn't much fer show,  
And the darns are pretty plenty round  
about the heel and toe,  
And its color's kinder faded, and it's  
sorter worn and old,  
But it really is surprisin' what a lot  
of love 'twill hold;  
And the little hand that hung it by  
the chimbley there along  
Has a grip upon our heartstrings that  
is mighty firm and strong;  
So old Santy don't forgit it, though it  
isn't fine and new,  
That plain little worsted stockin' hang-  
in' up beside the flue.

And the crops may fail, and leave us  
with our plans all gone ter smash,  
And the mortgage may hang heavy,  
and the bills use up the cash,  
But whenever comes the season, jest  
so long's we've got a dime,  
'There'll be somethin' in that stockin'—  
won't there, Mary?—every time.  
And if, in amongst our sunshine,  
there's a shower er two of rain,

Why, we'll face it bravely smilin', and  
we'll try not ter complain  
Long as Christmas comes and finds  
us here together, me and you,  
With the little feller's stockin' hangin'  
up beside the flue.  
—Joe Lincoln, in *The Christmas Sat-  
urday Evening Post*.

## \* \* The Sign of the Mistletoe. \*

**W**HERE IS the Sign of the  
Mistletoe?  
Out in the hall, where the  
light burns low.  
There, in the shade of the Christmas  
tree;  
Here, with nobody near to see.  
What is the Sign of the Mistletoe?  
A sprig of green and some berries?  
No!  
Two red lips and a tilted nose;  
Two bright eyes and two cheeks of  
rose.  
How is the fare at the Mistletoe?  
The best there is in the world, I trow.  
And he who tastes it on Christmas  
Eve  
Would linger ever and never leave.  
What are the rates at the Mistletoe?  
For him who is given admittance—oh,  
'Tis only a matter (they say) of trade  
'Twixt lips of a man and the lips of  
a maid.  
Alas, at the Sign of the Mistletoe  
Sometimes reckonings foot not so.  
I stopped a moment (the crowd apart),  
I took a kiss, but I gave my heart.  
—Edwin L. Sabin, in *The Christmas  
Life*.

## \* \* Freddy's Christmas Fancy. \*

**T**HE snowflakes wildly fly,  
The snowbirds throng the bough,  
And, in my bulging stocking, I  
Have found a moolley cow.

Oh! Santy unto me  
Is very good and kind;—  
And yet I truly can not see  
How he can be so blind!

For though the sleighbell peals,  
And coasters romp in glee,  
This Christmas cow he's put on wheels  
That should on runners be.

R. K. Munkittrick.

# PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PEOPLE.

IT IS NOT on record that the athletic ambition of Halifax women ever went so far as to include football, though in consideration of the rush and crush prevailing between five and six in many of the stores, one can be pardoned for wondering if the most adept shoppers are not secretly qualifying themselves for a debut on the gridiron. However that may be, it is certain that many a doughty forward would pocket several valuable pointers if he would but watch an occasional scrimmage when every customer is trying to win the attention of a favorite clerk or saleslady. To see the fun to the finish one must take a crowded car at six o'clock. Some people are evidently unaware of the existence of the parcel delivery, or fear they would not be sufficiently conspicuous at this season of the year if they went home in orthodox fashion. Consequently all sorts of mysterious, sharp-nosed bundles keep poking into the ribs and eyes, and tilting the hats of the unoffending public to the accompaniment of suave and inane excuses. But someone says—"I'll wager my Christmas gifts it's a man—that anything is better than staying at home, and 'straining one's eyes into sewing sixty cents' worth of China silk to \$2 worth of lace, adding seven crocheted rings, eleven tassels and nine bows of two-inch ribbon at 12 1-2 cents the yard, thus making a gift that looks like thirty cents and the use of which can only be learned from a key." It is all very problematical to me. I am quite sure though that everyone should put up with everything, for this is distinctly the time of year when any sort of taste has a license to run riot.

An interesting communication bearing date stamp of the Yukon Territory has been received in this city from Mr. A. G. Cunningham, a well-known Haligonian, who is now filling the position of postmaster in Dominion, a place some distance from Dawson City. The entertaining nature of the letter is increased by the fact that Mrs. Cunningham (nee Belcher) and family are also in the north. Mr. Cunningham says that the temperature is frequently thirty-five below zero, but the children go out every day, and no one minds the cold. He keeps the customary string of dogs, which are put in harness for the juveniles. At present there are only five hours of daylight. This is not a busy month with the majority of Yukoners owing to the severity of the weather for mining operations. Reading is the principal pastime, but even this is somewhat limited owing to high prices. All ten

cent magazines are a dollar in Dawson, and a dollar and a quarter in Dominion.

Miss Florence Belcher, of Canning, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lewis Payzant, Jr., Dartmouth.

Lieut. Massey, of H.M.S. Quail, was in the city on Saturday last on his way to England. Mr. Massey only came on the North Atlantic Station in April last, and like so many other Englishmen who have spent some time in America, he has many regrets in saying good-bye. He came from Bermuda on the Beta, and went to England on the Tunisian.

Colonel and Mrs. Wilkinson have moved to the Lorne House, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Faught and Miss Bancroft, two American ladies who have been spending a few weeks in the Garrison City, are passengers by the Sylvia for New York this week.

Mr. W. H. Tapper, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, who has been in Halifax for the past five or six weeks, left for Newcastle, N.B., on Tuesday of this week, where he will remain for the next month in charge of the bank's agency at that place.

A most enjoyable tea was that given by Mrs. Smith, Brenton Street, on Tuesday afternoon, as a farewell to Miss Blanche and Mr. Everett King, of the Valentine Stock Company.

Mrs. J. T. Twining has returned from a pleasant five weeks' stay with friends in Boston.

Miss Jean Blanchard, of Truro, is spending the winter in Dartmouth with Mrs. H. D. Creighton.

Miss Snowball, of Chatham, daughter of Senator Snowball, is visiting Mrs. Winter, Inglis street. Her sister, who accompanied her to Halifax, sailed for England by the Tunisian and from there will proceed to Germany to pursue the study of music.

Mrs. Aubrey Blanchard, of Truro, will spend Christmas with Mrs. J. Walter Allison, Dartmouth. She will be accompanied by her daughter, Miss Nora.

Dr. Kendall, M. P. of Cape Breton, county, was in the city this week on his way to Boston.

Miss Lithgow, Morris street, gave two afternoon thimble parties during the past fortnight. Her guests on both occasions enjoyed the hours of semi-leisure spent in pleasant companionship, and the exchange of Christmas ideas, which is a conspicuous feature of these functions. Opportunity was not lacking for Miss Lithgow to

demonstrate her ability as hostess and this she did in a thorough manner, not a dull moment slipping in anywhere.

Among former Haligonians at Cornell university are Blanchard and Douglas MacIntosh, sons of the late John D. MacIntosh. The boys, in writing to a friend in the city, express themselves as greatly pleased with the Bluenose. Mrs. MacIntosh is with her sons, in Ithaca.

Miss Mary Smith, of Amherst, is the guest of her brother, Dr. M. A. B. Smith, Dartmouth.

Considering the season of the year, Windsor is enjoying quite a run of gaiety. On Saturday evening last the boys of the Collegiate school gave a delightful entertainment. The program consisted of two short plays, "Only a Ha'penny" and "Boots at the Swan." The acting was good, especially that of Masters Allan Curry and Donald Campbell. A pleasant evening was brought to a close by dancing and refreshments. The guests included a number of young ladies from the town and about twenty "Edgehill" students. Another pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation of a silver fish slice to Mr. and Mrs. Handsombody by the boys of the school. The principal and his wife are most popular with the students and the townspeople.

An affair of similar nature was the "At Home" given by Principal and Mrs. Smith last Friday evening to the Academy pupils. The guests thoroughly enjoyed themselves and took advantage of the occasion to present to their highly esteemed teacher a handsome writing desk as a Christmas remembrance.

On Tuesday evening a dance was held in the gymnasium of the Collegiate school under the direction of the Misses Kinnear. Everyone present enjoyed the affair immeasurably. The music was furnished by the Halifax harpers.

The many Windsor friends of Mrs. H. B. Tremaine are delighted to see her out again after her recent illness.

Miss L. M. Montgomery, who is a contributor to the story department of this issue of The Bluenose, will be remembered by a number of persons in this city who made her acquaintance during her residence here a few years ago as a student at Dalhousie. Miss Montgomery has been writing for some time, and has met with a success that holds considerable promise for her future. She is now a regular contributor to a number of American publica-



tions. Several poems from her pen have appeared at various times in the magazines edited by Frank Munsey, and "Current Literature" has reproduced some of her newspaper verses. Miss Montgomery will continue to contribute to The Bluenose.

The many friends of Mr. R. G. Allison will regret to learn of his death, which occurred at the home of his brother, Rev. T. B. A. Allison, of La Have, on Saturday last. Mr. Allison was well known in musical circles, having been organist of Trinity church, Yarmouth, for a number of years.

Mr. Hector Sutherland, of New Glasgow, returned home Friday, after spending some days in the city. He was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Bessie, who is a student at Mount St. Vincent.

Our young people who have been attending Edgehill and other educational institutions are home for the Christmas vacation, their bright presence adding no small element to the general holiday spirit. I hear a number of small parties are to be given in their honor by their young home friends before the schools re-open.

#### A BUSY STREET SCENE.

Congestion of Traffic on Water Street That Scored One Point in Favor of a Direct Steamer to Sydney.

The man who regards pessimistically the starting of a direct steamship line between Halifax and Sydney should have paid a visit to Pickford & Black's wharf on the day previous to the last sailing of the Harlaw for the season. It was certainly a sight to behold. Soon after seven o'clock the first team with freight for Sydney arrived, and then they followed in such rapid succession that by ten o'clock the line extended away out to Water Street and along past the Ordnance almost up to Simson Bros., north, and south as far as Duke Street and around the corner to Hollis Street. Where all the trucks and truck men came from was also a surprise. It seemed as though every horse and sled in the city were in that vicinity, and it must have meant a considerable delay in the shipment of goods to other places, as the teams were detained some of them for hours. A representative of The Bluenose, with the curiosity of his profession, took a walk down as far as the ship's side, and on every truck he saw boxes marked "Sydney" or "North Sydney"—in all some thousands of packages.

Of course the last trip of the Harlaw being the last one for the year, the quantity of freight was excessive, but everybody should realize that Sydney as a market is constantly expanding, and that while the trade to-day may not be quite large enough to support a weekly boat, yet in the course of twelve months or a little longer it will expand enormously.

We have just learned that Captain Farquhar is at work on a proposition to instal a weekly steamer service between Halifax and the above ports. The captain's ventures as a promoter hitherto have been most successful, and we trust he will be equally so in this.

## ✻ NEXT WEEK IN HALIFAX. ✻

**UNDAY:—THERE WILL BE** special music at the evening service in Christ Church, Dartmouth. The following selections will be rendered:—  
Magnificat .....Maunder in C  
Nunc Dimittis .....Maunder in C  
Anthem—"It came upon the midnight clear" .....Sullivan  
Contralto and tenor duett—"Angel of Light" ..... Coombes

Dr. Black will give the first of two lectures on Religious Life and Developments of the Nineteenth Century, at St. Andrew's, in the evening.

Rev. Clarence MacKinnon will continue his lectures on Twilight Reveries of the Century at the evening service, Park Street Church.

**TUESDAY:—The music for the Christmas service at St. Paul's is as follows:—**

Organ—Christmas Bells, Sir Geo. Elvay  
Hymn 78—"Hark the Herald Angels" ..... Mendelssohn  
Venite and Special Psalms—Chant Service.

Te Deum: Service in F ..... Jackson  
Jubilate: Service in E Flat ..... Simper  
Anthem—"There were Shepherds" ..... Simper

Kyrie: in B Flat ..... Pibrow  
Gloria Tibi: in D Flat ..... Garrett  
Hymn 77: "O, Come All Ye Faithful" ..... (Adeste Fideles)  
Anthem—"And the Glory of the Lord" (Messiah) ..... Handel  
Hymn 50: "Angels from the Realms of Glory" ..... Noel  
Organ Voluntary: Pastoral Symphony (Messiah) ..... Handel

On the following Sunday evening Christmas carols will be sung as below:—

"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.

At St. Mary's Cathedral the music at High Mass will be as follows:—

Organ .....  
Kyrie ..... Durand  
Gloria ..... Durand  
Credo ..... Durand  
Offertory ..... Novello  
Sanctus ..... Durand  
Agnus Dei .....  
Organ March .....  
At Vespers:—

Organ .....  
Domine ..... Lejeal  
Dixit Dominus ..... Lejeal  
Confitebor ..... Gregorian  
Beatus Vir ..... Gregorian  
Deprofundus ..... Gregorian  
Laudate Dominum .....  
Hymn .....  
Magnificat ..... Leprevost  
O Salutaris (Solo) .....  
Alma ..... Webber  
Tantum Ergo: Soprano Solo and Chorus ..... Aldega  
Divine Praises and Organ.....

The special music at Christ Church, Dartmouth, will include the following:  
Te Deum .....Maunder in B Flat  
Jubilate ..... Simper in E Flat  
Anthem—"Prince of Peace" ..... Clare  
Carol—Anthem: "Angels from the Realms of Glory" .....Maunder

At St. Patrick's Church there will be three choral services. The vocal numbers rendered at the first service, which takes place at six o'clock in the morning, will include the Adeste Fideles, Gloria in Excelsis (Mozart), and "Glory to God" (Corona). At the eleven o'clock Zangl's Mass will be sung with offertory "Venite Adoremus."

At Vespers and Benediction Emerig's Grand Magnificat in C will be sung, also Tantum Ergo, Senk. The soloists at the different services will be Mrs. Dr. Wash, Miss Meehan, Miss Murray, Mr. W. W. Walsh and Mr. Felix P. Quinn.

The Empire Rink will be open in the afternoon and evening. St. Patrick's band in attendance.

The "Arabian Nights" will be the matinee bill, and "The Ironmaster" the evening bill at the Academy of Music by the Truss Stock Company.

One of the prettiest of the many weddings which have taken place in Dartmouth during the past six months was that of Miss Ethel Miller, daughter of Principal G. J. Miller, and G. F. Pearson, son of B. F. Pearson, barrister, of Halifax, which was celebrated at Christ Church on Thursday afternoon. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion, and there was a large attendance. Promptly at 1.15 the bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her father. She wore a becoming tailor-made costume of brown broadcloth, with fancy collar of panne velvet and gold braid, brown velvet hat with gold trimmings, and carried a handsome bouquet of white roses and maiden hair fern. The bridesmaid was

Miss Clara Miller, sister of the bride. She wore a pretty tailor-made dress of green material, with gold braid trimmings and hat to match, and carried a bouquet of white roses and pink carnations. Miss Mazie Pearson, the maid of honor, was attired in a dress of white and rose Bedford cloth, and a hat of rose velvet. The groom was assisted by Mr. L. J. Purdy, of Halifax. The ushers were Messrs. F. B. McCurdy, F. M. Sade, J. C. Oland, Jr., and F. W. Miller. Mrs. B. F. Pearson wore a very handsome black broadcloth dress with white satin vest, and a hat trimmed with blue. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. Wilkinson. Mr. and Mrs. Pearson left on the maritime express on an extended wedding tour, after which they will reside in Sydney. The bride was the recipient of a large number of costly and handsome presents.

## OLD AGE IN NOVA SCOTIA.



IT IS A GOOD THING to say of a country that its people live to a ripe old age. It means that the life is natural; that climatic conditions are good, and conditions generally, favorable to happiness. We think that Nova Scotia is a country where the average length of life is equal, if not greater than the average in any other part of the world. How frequently do we read of people in all parts of the province who have not only reached and passed the allotted three score and ten, but have even passed the century mark. Yet often as we hear of them, there are very many that remain unknown to us. And where will one find rosy-cheeked girls or more robust and athletic young men than in this province of Nova Scotia. Our climate is reputed to be trying, yet our people seems to withstand it easily enough, and our robust young men and rosy-cheeked girls live to be hale and hearty men and women of ripened years.

The BLUENOSE believes that there are many people in Nova Scotia who are over a hundred years of age and would like to publish photographs and sketches of them. To-day we have pleasure in publishing a picture of Mrs. McLean, of Cariboo, Pictou Co., who is now 102 years old, and along with her, her daughter, Margaret, who is 80 years of age. Mrs. McLean came to this country when just two years old, so that she has lived in Nova Scotia right through the 19th century.

## THE LARGEST HALF-TONE ENGRAVING EVER MADE.

A WONDERFUL PICTURE has recently been placed on the Chicago market. It is the largest half tone ever made. It measures eight feet in length and two feet in depth but the man on the the chair in the reproduction on this page will furnish a more realistic idea of this engraving than its measurements can convey. It will readily be observed that the combined height of the man and the chair fall considerably short of the length of the picture.

The detail of the engraving is necessarily lost in its reduction. It shows Dowie, a religious zealot, surrounded by a host of followers, dedicating the ground on which their new Zion will stand. A magnifying glass will enable our readers to make out the concourse of people and even Dowie, the principal figure, on his stand.

The photograph was made on one negative and was printed on one sheet of photographic paper. The camera was a huge one, the largest, it is said, that has ever been seen in Illinois. To make the plate required one month with the greatest skill and care on the part of the engravers. Owing to the distinctions which belong to this picture, the BLUENOSE took the trouble of sending to Chicago for the accompanying plate which was made by Oscar E. Binner as also was the large cut of which this article deals. It is all the more interesting in view of the rapid spread half tone engraving has made within the past few years. This form of illustration has become a great factor in advertising lines and increases in importance every day as pictorial advertising increases in popularity. Business people who frowned on the ad. solicitor a few years ago now hunt out the same man. And it is scarcely enough to be merely an advertiser. Brightness and novelty must characterise the advertisement and it must be readable. If it will attract and hold the eye, so much the better. Such an ad. as this fills the demand and its holder reaps the harvest. That is the main reason why half tone engraving now plays an indispensable part in the world over which printer's ink wields such a sway. Dry goods houses particularly are using half tone plates to a large extent instead of cuts. The result as a whole seems more satisfactory. In the magazines half tone illustrations and designs in advertising are particularly prominent.



## Reminiscent of Mr. Everett King.

The Shakespeare Birthday Club Which  
Was Organized by Him and of Which  
He is Secretary.

WE have sympathised with Mr. Everett King's unhappy prince of Denmark; cordially hated Richard III as he portrayed him, and studied afresh his presentation of Shylock with mingled sorrow and wonder—wonder at the bitterness of the representative of a down-trodden race, wonder at such reasonableness and strong self justification. But Everett King, as organiser and secretary of a Shakespeare birthday club appears in a new role, this time on the stage of life.

Called together on April 23 1900 at Mr. King's invitation, authors, actors, poets, and critics met to celebrate the natal day of the Bard of Avon.

Mr. Randolph Hartley, the critic on the "New York Dramatic Mirror" who was one of the first members, thus writes of that memorable night:—

"A party of players and sympathetic souls gathered in this city, on the night of April 23, to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday, and to form a society to perpetuate its celebration among players and men and women of kindred spirit. The veteran actor, James Booth Roberts, the poet and humorist, Richard Lew Dawson, and the retired actor, Neil Gregory, came from Philadelphia. Besides these there were present Edmund D. Lyons, Walter Hartzell, Howard Girard Hall, Vaughan Kester, William F. Clifton, Helen Byron, Randolph Hartley, Amelia Rittenhouse, Horace Lewis and Everett King.

"A true Shakespearean feast was served, and a toast to Shakespeare was drank in wassail. Mr. Roberts delivered an impressive address, and read with splendid effect Hamlet's soliloquy on Death, Othello's ad-

dress to the Senate, and Coppee's "Siege of Saragossa." The players gave snatches from their favourite passages of Shakespeare, and the poets recited their own verses. It was resolved that those present should form a society, to be known as The Birthday Club, for the purpose of celebrating in a fitting fashion the day that should mean so much to the player. Mr. Roberts

Shakespeare would aptly have described as "a merry meeting."

Of the autograph letters received THE BLUENOSE has had the privilege of seeing those from William Winter, author of "Shakespeare's England" from Charles Henry Metzler, Dramatic Critic on the Criterion.

Mr. King is as enthusiastic a secretary and Club member as he is a tragedian, and while in the midst of his hardest work in Halifax planned a Christmas surprise for each of his colleagues in the nature of a souvenir certificate of membership to the Shakespeare Birthday Club. Mr. Lewis Smith, of this city, has embodied this plan in a pendrawing from which a large plate was engraved, and of which we are pleased to present, this week, a small reproduction.

In a low ceiled room, near the table which is set for 14 guests, (the original number of members) appears the spirit of Shakespeare. The recessed fireplace and seats are from Anne Hatheway's Cottage, the Chairs from Shakespeare's time.

Comedy and Tragedy hold a scroll bearing the signature of Shakespeare and the years of his birth and death, both on St. George's day, April 23rd. St. George and the dragon are represented in bas relief at the base of each pillar.

Symbols of Passion, Inspiration and Spirit, Mirth and Sorrow, Comedy and Tragedy, Music, Worldly Wealth and Immortality, the Grotesque and the Beautiful, are all woven into the border. Representations of Stone tablets, for member's name and date of joining, blank scrolls for president's and secretary's signatures, and an apt Shakespearean quotation complete the design.

Before this appears Mr. King will have left Halifax to fill an engagement in St. Sohn, but we are sure that his many friends and admirers in the city will join with us in the thought of his own quotation, "The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you."



Certificate of Membership in the Shakespeare Birthday Club.

was elected president, Mr. Lyons vice-president, Mr. Lewis treasurer, Mr. Hartzell Counsel, and Mr. King secretary.

"A charter has been applied for, and the organization, which has a noble and worthy motive, promises to grow in strength and honor, and to become a far reaching influence for good. The following sonnet, by Mr. Dawson, was composed for the occasion:

'Genius of all the ages! as a child  
I pored entranced upon your magic scenes,  
Where every shape of earth and air convenes  
With all the past whose pyramid you piled.  
And down its sides a long procession filed  
Across my vision, heroes, clowns, and queens—  
Spirits that brought the mystic mighty means  
By which the parts of truth are reconciled;  
And as the light reveals your farther bound  
New wonders from your caves and peaks unfold,  
Voices of life and nature clearly sound,  
And all the future story is foretold!  
Then, though the years bring wisdom, power, gain—  
Within your spell I still a child remain!

"Sympathetic letters were received from many players, who found it impossible to attend what

## A NOVA SCOTIAN JOKE.

THE FOLLOWING STORY recently appeared in M. A. P. People who do not see that paper will enjoy reading it, as it recounts an adventure on the shore of our own North-West Arm. This is the way in which the correspondent of M. A. P. writes:—

Your mention of Major Dopping-Hepenstall and Halifax, Nova Scotia, reminds me of a funny practical joke which was played in my time on a certain infantry subaltern stationed at that gay little town by the sea. I am sorry that I mustn't give names, but the parties to the joke are all living and flourishing at the present day—especially the then subaltern. He was big enough to have avoided being taken in, but—a not uncommon idiosyncrasy of bulky men—he was rather soft, and desperately enamoured of the daughter of a local magnate, whose mansion stood on the banks of "The Arm," a long inlet opening off the harbor. The mansion stood in its own grounds, some considerable distance from its adjoining neighbors, and at the time of which I am writing there had been several burglaries in the neighborhood.

One day the subaltern received an ill-spelt and dirty-thumbed communication warning him that a burglary was to be attempted on his enamourata's house. The writer went on to state that the attempt would be made on such and such a night, and that the

marauders would cross in a boat from the opposite shore. Finally, the writer explained his action on the ground that he wished for revenge on his faithless "pals" and that he fancied Mr. — was "sweet on Miss —." The subaltern swallowed the bait, and with a mind inflamed with visions of beauty in distress and prodigious feats of strength, resolved to tell no one, but to act on his own initiative.

The fateful night arrived—wet and gloomy—and the subaltern lay cold and shivering in the bushes by the bank. At last a light flickered from the opposite side. Presently, the muffled beat of oars was heard and a boat shot out of the gloom and ran on shore. Two dark figures leapt out, and with a yell the subaltern closed on them. A desperate struggle ensued, but the younger and more active of the robbers dealt him a blow on the head, and the subaltern knew no more till he came to his senses in the magnate's dining-room and found the father-in-law of his dreams regarding him with marked disfavor and a black eye. Alas! the robbers existed only in the fertile brain of a practical joker of our mess, who was aware that the great man was dining with some friends across the water, and would be rowed back by his coachman. Once again the course of true love did not run smooth, and the subaltern was forever forbidden the magnate's house. I wonder (concludes my military correspondent) if he remembers?

## Men of the Nineteenth Century.\*

WE SINGLE OUT three for mention, not because they possessed the greatest intellects or were even the best men who lived in the past hundred years, but because they may fairly be taken as typical representatives of three great movements for which our century will be long remembered: Geographical and missionary enterprise, the elevation of the art of the physician into the science of medicine, and the emancipation of the slave."

### David Livingstone The Missionary.

"No one has ever touched the heart of Africa like Livingstone. Never has funeral cortege carried with sadder heart its sorrowful burden to the grave than did his attendants bear the

\*Extracts from Rev. Clarence McKinnon's sermon at Park Street Church last Sunday evening. Dec. 16th.

body of their beloved Master amid incredible hardships and difficulties, over lake and river and hostile land, until they committed it to the care of his fellow-countrymen, and now, its last labors over, its spirit gone on that long journey from whose bourne no traveller returns, it sleeps peacefully in England's honored resting place for her illustrious dead, Westminster Abbey; and that sacred edifice covers no dust through which ever breathed a soul of firmer courage, of more strenuous faith, or of tenderer sympathy. The dying century blesses God for Livingstone, for his discoveries, for his converts, but perhaps most of all for his shining example of a fearless man, winning his way to the heart of a people and of a continent, not by the dripping sword and the hissing bullet, but by the Divine path of sympathy and service."

### Louis Pasteur Who Revolutionized Medicine.

"Why is a surgical ward that used to be the most agonizing of sights now so quiet, so agreeable and even so cheerful? Because it was found that these bacilli were the cause of the gangrene and pus and erysipelas, so fraught with pain, and Sir Joseph Lister, by applying Pasteur's discovery to surgery, has almost entirely banished these old days of rotting hands and festering limbs. The discovery has affected our whole life. The mandate has gone forth that the dangerous bacillus, wherever he is to be found, must be exterminated. Reports are full of proposed quarantine and fever regulations; the air is filled with the odors of carbolics and other disinfectants; even our street cars in the past few weeks have new notices of penalty, all emanating from Pasteur's germ theory of disease. He has influenced human society more than can be described, and is therefore worthy of the highest mention as typical of that modest but laborious army of scientists, who in hospital and laboratory, have been slowly, patiently and courageously—for it is often at great personal risk—winning their noble victory over the stubborn enemy of disease. Next to the missionary with his gospel of eternal life comes the healer with his message of a healthy life. Welcome him! He comes in the name of Jesus, who sent forth His disciples both to preach and to heal."

### Abraham Lincoln The Apostle of Liberty.

"We do not mean that he was the most enthusiastic abolitionist. There were men of more unbounded imagination. There was poor John Brown, who attempted single-handed to do the deed, and who fell a memorable martyr to his lofty but ill-considered conviction. But Abraham Lincoln, though the least visionary, was the most practical, and above all it was his mighty word that did the deed. Well did he realize the ideal of his life, which was always to pluck a thistle and plant a flower where he thought a flower would grow."

"These three men were greatest, not so much perhaps from the greatness of their individual abilities as from the magnitude of their services. He that would be great among you let him be servant of all."

The course of lessons in vocal music recently provided by the school commissioners for the teachers of the public schools began on Wednesday, the twelfth. Besides actual vocal instruction, the class work will include practical demonstration of the art of teaching as applied to music. Miss Ada F. Ryan has been appointed to train the class, which is a large and enthusiastic one. The meetings are held in the County Academy. The intelligent study of vocal work by the teachers will have a marked beneficial effect upon the music of the little ones in all grades of our schools.

An institution of similar nature has recently been opened in art under the direction of Lewis Smith.



## MUSIC IN HALIFAX—III.

Written for the BLUENOSE.

AS IT WAS IN  
THE EARLY DAYS.

WHEN HALIFAX LAY a little wooden village on a roughly cleared hillside a hundred and fifty years ago, what tunes did the boys whistle, and the young gallants sing to their lady loves? Their forefathers in England had sung "Bailly in Our Alley," "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," "The Oak and the Ash." In the memories of the Germans lingered the "Folk songs" of the "Fatherland," and the stirring chorals of the Lutheran Church.

London was in the hey-day of Handel and Hayden music. Princesses played the harpsichord, and royal Dukes condescended to play the violin and 'cello in the orchestra which accompanied the singers at the "Ancient Concerts." Gluck's lovely dances and beautiful "Arias" were affected by fashionable music lovers, "Che Faro" being as much a favorite as it is today. Arne had written "Where the Bee Sucks" and "Rule Britannia." Shields' fine ballads were even better known. "The Thorn" was being sung in "a new entertainment called Variety" at the Theatre Royal.

John Salisbury and Hugh Davidson, who came out with Cornwallis to found Halifax, and who speedily returned to their more congenial London, were frequenters of Dr. Burney's musical parties, and doubtless had a pretty taste in such matters.

But what music did they have in Halifax? At an early day there was dress and fashion here. Inventories of goods sold then contain such items as Satin and fur-lined cloaks, velvets, damasks, paduasos, playing cards, buckles and hair powder. Surely at evening parties they danced minuets and sang madrigals! Did no colonial governor's wife or daughter bring a harpsichord to Halifax? Violins and 'cellos, flutes and flageolets, there were doubtless, but in the letters and diaries of the time little reference is made to music. The shrill life must have enlivened the streets of the little town and the roll of the drums, but what of household music?

An old book bound in calf, tooled and gilded, bears the name of a beauty who lived late in the last century. It contains such gems as "The Favorite Hornpipe," danced by Madame del Caro at the King's Theatre, arranged for violin and flute, the "Favorite Overture to the Round Tower," "The Battle of Maringo," "Le Chasse," "Easy Sonata by Wm. Hayden." The ballads are sentimental, and treat of shepherdesses, faithless swains, broken hearts. The old, old story no doubt, but whatever silent sorrows those girls of a century ago bore, one thing they

did not have to bear—that modern torture, "technique." No long hours of practising went to that music. A six months' student at the "Halifax Conservatory" would despise those musical quirks and quibbles. Thackeray, in the Virginians, says of the music of this period in the colonies: "Take up an old book of music and play a few of the tunes now, and one wonders how people at any time could have found the airs otherwise than melancholy. And yet they loved and frisked and laughed and courted to that sad accompaniment." In a Halifax diary dated 1819, there are entries of "dues to St. Paul's Society," and a well-worn volume stands beside the ponderous prayer book of that time entitled "St. Paul's Society." This book of church music, published in Boston, is made up of tunes poorly harmonized, which seem like ghosts of the same tunes sung now. Music was an expensive luxury in those days. It was an elegant and necessary accomplishment to copy music, neat manuscripts made up the bulk of a musical library. In due time St. Paul's Society had its organ, and a most surprised organ it must have been. Starting out from sunny Spain for a South American church, it fell into the enemy's hands, and its pretty plaster cherubims were fain to smile down on the dismal psalmody of that puritanic time in church music, in Northern Halifax. It beguiled the organist, and he played "certain tunes called Voluntaries," to the scandal of the sober congregation. An old gentleman who had been a sweet tenor in his day, who was born in the year one, of the present century, had very pleasant memories of music in Halifax in his young days. They dined early and had a good glass of wine and then a little music. He played the flute himself, and there was glee and trio singing. A beautiful one he remembered well—

"Ye Shepherds! tell me,  
Tell me have you seen,  
Have you seen, my Flora pass this way?"

His song sounded like the buzzing of a belated fly on the window pane in autumn, and the song ended with a sigh, for he was an exile from the Halifax he loved so well.

Who in Halifax now will do justice to the old "Harmonic Society," which held its meetings in its own hall, had its own orchestra, chorus and soloists. Where Miss St. Luke sang "Lo! the bright Seraphim," and made everyone cry when she sang, "How Can I Leave Thee, Paradise?" The halo of the past glorifies all these bygone musical

doings. Seen through the gathering mists of time, all is softened into something ideal and poetic.

Who would not rather go to one of those concerts than to any modern one? And there are traditions of wonderful music in old St. Paul's choir, when Miss Willis, Miss Lawson and Mr. Pryor sang. There are family names which conjure up musical memories whenever they are spoken—the Creightons, Artzes, Drakes, Richards, Forbans, the negro minstrel troupe of years ago, when Duffus, Stairs, Morrins, Troops enlivened their pleasant evenings with the beautiful negro melodies which preceded the present "coon song." Generation succeeds generation of the same name in the church choirs of the city, and heredity is proved over and over again.

The men and women who make up the "Orpheus Society," and the Symphony Orchestra—of both of which Halifax is justly proud—are often the direct descendants of the pioneers in music who sang in the Harmonic, and, later, in the excellent Philharmonic Society.

Will our "Rip" become a dim memory? Will a younger and wiser and better generation oust even these singers of to-day from their places? "They have their day and cease to be." Ah, well, they served their turn in sweetening a little spot in the world, with that which is to be not unworthy of place in the Father's house, when He gathers His wandering children all into the rest and blessedness of home. "Is all music of the past a little sad? Has it all an 'Amari aliquid'?" Perhaps it is because they are old and defunct and their plaintive echoes call out to us from the limbo of the past. Perhaps they were gay when they were alive, and our descendants when they hear—well, never mind names—when they hear the works of certain "Meestri!" now popular will say:

"Is this the music which amused our forefathers?"

CLARINA UNDERHILL SLAYTER.

## A Chataquinn Circle.

One of the most interesting of the many literary societies organized this winter is the "Sesame" Chataquinn Club, which meets fortnightly at 7 Carleton Street. The motto chosen is "Lest we Forget," and the members, under the able leadership of Principal Trefry are pursuing a systematic study of "French and Greek Life and Letters," together with "The Rivalry of Nations," and a reading journey through the Orient. The officers are as follows:—

President—Principal Trefry.  
Vice-President—Mrs. O. E. Smith.  
Secretary—Miss Lena L. Woodill.  
Committee of Instruction—Mr. W. B. McCoy, Miss Morine, Miss Wood.  
Miss Lena L. Woodill, secretary of the above organization, is the author of a dainty little book, in green and gold, entitled "He Knows; Thought for the Quiet Hour." The volume contains seven religious "talks" on different subjects, and is dedicated to the memory of the author's friend, Margaret A. Reicher. The work is on sale at denominational book rooms, price twenty cents.



## What "The Hempie" Has To Say.

**M**Y THANKS ARE DUE M. E. B. for a free advertisement in last Saturday's Evening Mail. At the same time I must refer this estimable lady to the "Inspiration Department" which prompted her to write while I ask where the Hempie's signature figures on the page in question. However that is a minor lapse. I am in a somewhat argumentative mood to-day, and in fair "feckle" to take issue with anyone. Not being a boudoir writer, I have no time to juggle with threadbare phrases on women's sphere, or to take my French out for an airing; but so much the better, I shall not lose my point in this self-entertaining occupation.

For the indisputable reason that there are two sides to a question—though one outweighs the other in logic—so there is always a gap in which the carper, professional or amateur, may insert a wedge, a tool of some service when not applied indiscriminately. M. E. B., failing to find the gap, used the wedge in making a blind shot. She warmly seconds the sentiments of the inspiration columns, but takes exception solely to Miss McKinley's being an example when the girl might have left the Middletown High School position for some needy individual. Methinks the example of a young woman who voluntarily turned her back on wealth and social position for a task of apparent drudgery should prove to those—though they are the minority—who chafe at their work that even in their little grooves there may be a sphere of loftier purpose, and a truer expression of the best that is in them, than would be open to them in social positions or positions of comparative ease. If this be not an example I would like an introduction to one. M. E. B.'s argument is wholly on an economic basis. Why, I wonder, did she waste so many words on the supposed writer when her real grievance is with Miss McKinley. Even on this point M. E. B. failed to employ that valuable criterion, second thought. Must brains be fallow simply because their possessor is also the possessor of a bank account? Must wealthy men who fill hard-working positions of trust abandon their employment and deny themselves and their families the exercise of their powers in order that some needy man may reap the emoluments attached to such positions? Premier Laurier can make more money practising his profession than in leading his Government. Yet who would extol him if he told his Cabinet to-morrow that he didn't need the position, that there were men who

couldn't make \$8,000 at their law work, that he would resign the reins of State and sanction the appointment of a man who had hitherto been realizing a thousand or so—a man of large family, by all means. This might not be in the interest of the Government or the country, but that the sum of \$8,000 may be put to its greatest economic use.

The two cases are almost analogous in import. Ability, high purpose, noble mind and a heart beating solely with its mission, are nowhere of greater importance than in the training of the young. Many bread-winners share these attributes with Miss McKinley, but there is ample room to spare for her and many like her.

It is left for us to see if M. E. B. will give herself the lie in declaring she can in no way be classed with Mary's lamb in the Chinese version: "Everywhere that Mary did went, Ba-ba hoppee long too."

My dear girls, here is a way for you to have an Algon belt if you are willing to spend a few dollars on one. My friend Mazie and I hit the idea simultaneously, and put it into practice immediately. We bought three yards of soft black satin ribbon, about four inches wide; three waist-band lengths of quarter-inch wide, gold military braid and a suitable belt clasp. When we got this far it looked decidedly as though we had begun at the wrong end of our list of requisites, for our search for pendants was meeting with small encouragement. Mazie suggested we might utilize the chateleine smelling-salt bottles of colored glass, with gilded filigree casings, without the deception ever being detected; or we might set a style ourselves by finishing the ribbon with chateleine appurtenances—a vinaigrette on one end and an individual bonniere on the other. It would give one such scope, she claimed, in cosy corner posing, with all that length of ribbon to distract one's caller. I could see Mazie's designs, and was just going to lecture her on their irrelevancy when we found the very things—the pendants themselves. The purchase made, we took car for Mazie's "snuggery," where our needles and thread for once outclassed our tongues for speed. We laid the waist piece in neat folds, and covered the plaits with the gold braid, stitching the latter down, as our ambition had not attempted to find a substitute for the Algon bars. Putting on the clasps and pendants were the finishing touch-

es. Possibly the result would not have turned Mme. Bernhardt green with envy, but it would certainly have won a nod of recognition from this distinguished lady. To conclude in the thoroughly practical manner in which I began, our belts cost \$5.17 instead of two or three times as much. If we had been willing to dispense with the military braid the price would have been reduced by \$3.77, and the belt would have still been "L'Algon."

I thought I had "said my say" on Christmas gifts, but I am in receipt of a few requests which bring me back to the absorbing problem. A male reader says that every discussion on Christmas giving should open with one sentence italicized: "Don't buy a box of cigars." He sends me a vivid picture without words which portrays the fate of the man who was so exceedingly rash as to attempt to smoke "Christmas cigars." It is one of those pictures you can afterwards see with your eyes shut. He assures me, though from the page of a comic paper, it is "no joke." Surely this is a serious matter, for another correspondent has something to say on the same subject. He received cigars last year, and as the donor was in a position to know if he smoked them, he was determined to be responsible for the first layer at least. In his own words: "I gave it up on the fourth trial, and put those cigars out of the way in the manner least likely to raise suspicion. If I was successful I shall probably be the recipient of the same 'happy thought' this Christmas. Woe's me!" Though scarcely in the same category, if cigars are worse than the befrilled match safes which one cannot find without being reminded of that nightmare game of one's youth, pinning the tail on the donkey, then it is time some word was spoken. I have asked a few questions on the subject, and find that while a man can enjoy an occasional cigar other than the chosen brand or brands, to smoke "strangers" frequently is little less than corporal punishment. So don't buy cigars. If you have already done so, dispose of them at a discount, and make another investment.

By the way, were there ever such snares set for the dollar bills as the confectioners are putting up this season? There fairly seems to be a conspiracy abroad, in which the florists have also joined. At any rate no one is going to be troubled in disposing of

(Continued on page 20.)

## ❖ A Christmas Page For Children. ❖

### ❖ A LUCKY BOY. ❖

Oh, the luckiest boy in the world am I!  
I've hung up my stocking, not too high,  
On the bedpost, ever so close to me,  
And the foot hangs just over my mouth  
you see!  
And when it is dark, and mamma comes

To put in the candy and sugar-plums,  
She'll pour and pour, but, strange to say,  
That stocking will never be full some way;  
And I'll tell you why, if you want to know,  
There's a great, big, monstrous *hole in the toe!*

### ❖ FLUFFY'S MERRY CHRISTMAS. ❖

By ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK, in the *Household*.

**E**THEL stood by the fire comforting her cat. "We aren't going to have a very merry Christmas, Pussy," she whispered in her soft little ear. "I'm so sorry, Kitty, but I am 'bliged to keep you at home."

Ethel knew that her mother had tired herself all out nursing her through the measles, and that now she must go away to rest at Grandpa's, while she stayed at home, as contentedly as she could. She bent over to give the cat's head a pitying caress, and felt the queer, pleased little thrill that meant Fluffy was happy, running all through her soft, furry frame.

"Fluffy is trying to show she is happy," Ethel thought, "and she's years younger than I. I think she's a very good little cat, and I must be good, too. I can't purr, but I can sing, and then mamma will think I'm happy like pussy."

Happiness is always ready to come when a child calls it truly. The last sound Ethel's mother heard, as she left the house, was her high, clear little voice, lilting the words of a kindergarten carol:

"Once a little Baby lay,  
Cradled on the fragrant hay,  
Long ago on Christmas,"

and while Ethel sang she was contented, but when her father came home from the train, the fire and the little song had died down, and the child was soberly stroking Fluffy's soft and long fur.

"Pussy's braver than I, papa," she said. "Just feel, she's purring yet."

Mr. Mayne picked Ethel up, and together they sat in the big chair. "I think Fluffy has been very brave," he said, gravely. "I think you and I ought to do something to amuse her, and make her Christmas happy."

Ethel's face began to brighten. "I hang up my stockings," she said, "but Fluffy hasn't got any. Her stockings are made on her, and I don't believe she would care for what Santa Claus brings, anyhow. He never does bring kittens' things, does he, papa?"

"I never heard so, Ethel," answered her father. "But we can play we're Santa Claus, and buy something for her, ourselves. We won't hang up any stockings; we'll buy a little Christmas tree, and put her presents on that. To-morrow afternoon we'll go out together, and buy them."

At three o'clock the next day they started out.

The Christmas tree, an even, round little fir, that looked as if it had grown just three feet on purpose for them, was ordered to be sent home. Then Ethel followed Mr. Mayne into a toyshop. Here they bought a tiny gray mouse, that would run round and round when it was wound up, a blue leather collar with jingly bells on it, and a big, bright rubber ball that had

a little bell inside, and was large enough not to lose itself in every little corner when Fluffy played with it.

"Now, I think we ought to get Pussy some catnip," said Mr. Mayne, "because catnip is kittens' candy, and on Christmas every child should have candy, you know."

"Oh, papa! You do have such dear ideas," cried Ethel. "Can't we stop at the butcher's, too, and order Fluffy some kidney? She loves that."

All the next morning Ethel was busy smuggling things out of Fluffy's sight, and talking mysteriously before her as she remembered her mother and father had talked before her last Christmas. And Fluffy was so good! She never even tried to find out what her little mistress meant, but sung her song contentedly before the fire and waited.

That Christmas Eve a puzzled but contented kitten sat before the little tree, whose branches were dotted with tiny candle-lights. There was a saucer of milk and a plate of chopped kidney to eat, and afterward a sprig of catnip.

Fluffy rolled her ball and played with her mouse so sweetly that Ethel felt more and more proud of her, and Mr. Mayne felt more and more proud of his good little girl who had forgotten her own loneliness in trying to make her kitten happy.

### ❖ A GAME OF HIDE AND GO SEEK. ❖

WRITTEN FOR THE BLUENOSE.

**N**ELLIE ROY was very fond of apples. The first time her baby eyes fell on a rosy gravenstein the tiny fist undoubled and tried to grasp the fruit. When the first tooth peeped at the world mamma and nurse made the discovery by Nellie's vicious attack on the little apple she was holding as a plaything. As she grew older her liking grew stronger. She was really never known to refuse an apple, and would often take it before other fruit.

One day—just the day before Christmas—when Nellie was nearly five, she was hunting fun with her brother Bobbie, who was three years older. The sitting-room door was locked, and all over the house there were mysterious parcels which the children were "not to touch." Christmas seemed stupid enough to Nell just then, but Bobby had a strong memory of the year before, and was quite willing to wait.

"Let's hide and find each other," said Bob. "My turn first."

After waiting with her face to the wall and her hands tight over her eyes till she thought he was hidden, little Nellie started looking for Bobbie. Un-

der table and chairs, under bed and in closet, Nellie searched. At last, almost tired out, she found her brother standing inside one of their mother's skirts hanging in the closet, but if Bobbie hadn't sneezed just when she was near him, she would have given up.

"I see time I'll hide, 'ou look. Tan't find me," and away she ran.

Bobbie had a hunt to be sure. At the end of half an hour he called out "Quit, I can't find you." No Nellie appearing, he shouted a warning that he was giving up the search. With this he went to the nursery and began to read a picture book, not thinking again of his sister until supper time, when his mother called them both. Still there was no Nellie. Everyone in the house joined in the search, Bobbie feeling very badly to be sure.

Nellie was not to be found anywhere. A soft snow had been falling all afternoon. If she had gone out her footprints would be covered. Her hat and coat were in their place, but there seemed nowhere left to look in the house. Mr. and Mrs. Roy, Mary, the

(Continued on page 18.)

# A BLUE-EYED SANTA CLAUS.

By A. M. BELDING.

**A** KEEN WIND swept the falling snow in slanting lines against the window through which a little boy in a patched jacket looked out upon the village street. It was the morning before Christmas. The boy's eyes, dark and wistful, saw nothing in particular, and his fingers drummed idly on the window-sill. Suddenly he turned to the woman who sat by the small stove, busily engaged in sewing.

"Mamma, will Santa Claus bring me a new coat?"

"I don't know, Willie. I'm afraid he won't bring you very much this year. There are so many big houses and big chimneys that I'm afraid there won't be much left for you and me, dear."

The boy's face dropped. He left the window and flung himself on a mat beside the stove.

"I wish there wasn't any Santa Claus!" he cried bitterly.

"Don't fret, dear," his mother said, checking the sigh that would have responded to his hopeless mood. "You will get something. And perhaps next year you'll get a lot of nice things."

"Santa Claus was good when papa was alive," said the boy. "One time he brought me a cap—and a framer—and a whistle—and a sword—and lots of things."

For answer, the mother burst into tears. The boy looked up, and his mood changed in an instant. He sprang to her arms, and in his childish way soothed and comforted the heart his words had wrung with anguish.

The same morning, through the window of a house on the opposite side of the village street, a little girl looked out upon the falling snow. She was warmly dressed, and her surroundings were bright and cheerful. Before an open fire her mother sat, crooning softly to an infant in her arms. Framed in the window, the little girl's fair face and flaxen hair made a charming picture. In her blue eyes the expression was one of thoughtful seriousness. Her gaze was fixed on the poor little house opposite, and the face of a boy in the window.

"Mamma!" she said suddenly, but without turning, "will Santa Claus bring a lot of nice things to Willie Gray?"

"I'm afraid not, Mamie. But I suppose he will bring something."

"I wish I was Santa Claus," said the little girl. "I'd bring him a new suit of clothes."

The mother looked intently for a moment at the small figure framed in the window. A quick, warm light glowed in her eyes, and her voice grew more tender.

"Mamie," she said, "would you like to be little Willie's Santa Claus?"

The child turned with quick eagerness. "How could I, mamma?"

"You have money to spend. Buy something and give it to his mother for him to-night."

The eager little face grew yet more serious, and Mamie returned her mother's fond look with one of earnest enquiry.

"How much could I spend, mamma?"

"It is all yours, dear."

"Could I spend it all? I have three dollars."

"Three dollars is a good deal for a little girl to spend all at once. Wouldn't you be sorry afterwards?"

The child turned to the window again, and gazed thoughtfully through the falling snow at the little house across the street. For a long time she stood there, turning over many things in her mind. Very soberly at length she turned once more, went over to her mother, and threw one arm around her neck.

"Mamma, if you had no papa to buy things—if you had nobody but me—and we lived in a poor old house—and I had to wear old dresses—and be hungry sometimes—wouldn't you be glad if somebody was my Santa Claus?"

The mother listened to this very long and broken sentence, and something made her eyes strangely misty as she drew the sober little face close to her own, and pressed a loving kiss on the warm cheek.

"You dear little woman," she said. Her voice was tremulous with an emotion at which the child greatly wondered. "I think you had better spend it all, dear."

And Mamie clapped her hands in glee. There was a very animated consultation, during which, it is to be feared, the baby, who stared with very wide eyes, was a good deal neglected. A little later a small figure warmly wrapped, might have been seen to leave the house, run quickly across the street, enter the little house opposite, whisper something in the ear of Mrs. Gray, flash a bewildering smile upon little Willie, and then rush out again and away down the street, leaving a gleam of sunshine in the little room such as had not pierced its walls for many a day.

At his desk, away in the rear of his store, Allan Morton was going through some letters. Around the stove near the centre of the store a group of men were listlessly exchanging observations on the weather, the times, and the latest village news. Out of the storm a fleecy little figure presently swept into the store, flashed past the group

of men, and with a joyous cry of "Papa! Papa!" ran back to the man at the desk. He turned from his letters at once.

"Halloo, Fairy—what are you doing out in the storm?"

"I come to do some shopping," replied the little woman, with great gravity. "And I want bargains, too."

In a moment she was perched on his knee, pouring into his ears a tale to which he listened at first with an indulgent smile, and then with a growing interest. When she had finished he caught her chin in his hand, turned her face to his own, and looking down into the blue eyes asked her:

"Are you sure you want to do all this, Fairy? Sure you won't wish afterwards that you hadn't done so much?"

Mamie nodded two or three times very decidedly. "Yes, papa, I'm sure."

He put her lightly down from his knee and went behind the counter.

"I've got a new customer this morning," he said laughingly to the group of men. "This little woman has turned Santa Claus."

"What is it now, Mamie?" asked one of the younger men. "Whose stocking are you going to fill to-night?"

Mamie glanced timidly at the group, and a blush stole over her face as her eyes fell again.

"She has found a little boy who wants some new clothes, and she is going to spend her Christmas money on him. I've got to put the goods in at cost, or less," said her father. "These women, especially little women, are great people for bargains."

The men laughed, and the first speaker's hand went into his pocket. It came out with a half dollar.

"Come, boys, ante-up," he said. "Nothing less than a dime, as much more as you like."

The big blue eyes under the warm hood looked up in wondering surprise, as one after another came and laid a piece of silver on the counter.

"That's for you, Mamie," said the young man. "Spend that, too. Only you must say a good word for us to Santa Claus to-night."

"Oh! thank you—everybody," cried the bewildered and delighted child. "I can get a lot of things now. 'Cause papa 'll have to throw in something, too."

"Fairly caught, old man," laughed one of the group; and Mr. Morton shook his head and laughed with the rest. The wise looks, the puzzled questions, the confidential suggestions, and above all the manifest pleasure of the little bargain-maker were vastly

entertaining. But that was not the sole effect. Hearts were touched by a child's tenderness as by a benediction.

When Allan Morton went home to dinner he was burdened with a very bulky parcel. He was met at the door by a radiant vision of blue eyes and flaxen hair. The indulgent smile with which he permitted himself to be caressed by little hands, and the quick interchange of fond looks between him and his wife indicated how finely wrought was the fibre of sympathy that bound together the members of the little family. After dinner, as they sat for a little by the cosy fire, he said to Mrs. Morton:

"It will hardly do to let Mamie have all the pleasure. I think I shall send Mrs. Gray a few little things from the store to help out their Christmas dinner."

"Do," urged his wife. "I'll take her something myself. I'm afraid I wouldn't have thought much about her—there are so many things to think about—if Mamie hadn't set the example. I know she needs help—and works hard. Christmas must seem very dull to her now—with only Willie to share it."

The kiss with which husband and wife separated a few minutes later had in it more than the usual degree of tenderness; and after he had gone she stood at the window looking after him, her fair face very serious and thoughtful.

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried a childish voice from the next room. She turned with a smile to be led away and made the recipient of mysterious confidences, all of which had a direct relation to a benign personage known as Santa Claus.

When, on Christmas morning, Willie Gray found himself the possessor of a new coat, a cap and mittens, a picture book, besides toys and candies and fruits; when he had shown all these treasures to a little girl, whose big blue eyes regarded them with an amazing interest; and when, still later, his mother, whom Santa Claus had also remembered, and he sat down to a dinner such as he had not seen since papa died, the glorious winter sunshine that made every snowflake on the trees a flashing crystal was no brilliant than the lustre of his eyes.

And when, in the larger house opposite, little Mamie told of her morning visit, the wondering child found herself suddenly caught up and embraced with great fervor by two people, who realized, as they had never done before, the value of home comforts and loving sympathy, and a home circle unbroken by the hand of death.

#### BETWEEN THE LINES.

Miss Passay—Yes, and when he proposed, I tried to pretend that I didn't care for him at all. I tried hard not to let him read any encouragement in my face, but he did.

Miss Pepprey—Ah! I suppose he could read between the lines.

## THE POWERS THAT WAIT.

Written for the BLUENOSE BY LUCY M. MONTGOMERY.

MILLICENT WAS A FAULTURE. Her family and friends were all agreed upon that. She was not beautiful, like her older sister, nor brilliant, like her younger. She was plain of face and slow of speech and dull of manner. Sometimes her mother wondered pathetically how she ever came to have such a daughter.

When Millicent was a child her fondness for writing had led her father to hope that she might make up in brains what she lacked in more important respects. But in this, as in everything else, Millicent disappointed them.

She worked hard enough, but her poor little stories and verses always came back to her. In certain editorial sanctums the persistent appearance of her MS. always provoked a smile. Here was one, they thought, who could not learn a lesson.

But Millicent was aware of her shortcomings. She knew she could not give adequately beautiful expression to her beautiful thoughts. It was a pleasure to her to put them on paper, but she knew that they never looked like themselves there. She knew that her verses were faulty and stiff, that her stories were crude, that her style in general lacked ease and finish. But she went persistently on writing.

One day the old aunt, for whom Millicent had been named and by whom she had been uniformly snubbed or neglected, died and left her a fortune. Then Millicent became a person of consequence. She was sought after and flattered and made love to. Her plain features were "striking," her abrupt remarks "original," her dull manner "statuesque repose." Finally one of her lovers married her.

Millicent was so happy that her happiness almost frightened her. She was as simple-hearted as a child, and she never guessed that it was her money, not herself, that her husband loved. He was handsome and clever and popular—and Millicent adored him.

Her happiness taught her a great deal, so much so that into her stories and verses began to creep a subtle something which they had never possessed before. Editors who read them at all sometimes accepted them now, faulty as they were.

But when the joy of motherhood came to Millicent she laid aside her pen altogether. Life was too full and glorious for it. She lived and moved in an enchanted atmosphere. The world was beautiful, and all the dwellers therein were beautiful too.

Then her child died. She shrouded herself in weeds of woe, and refused to be comforted. Her husband did not share her grief. Children had always

bored him. He left her to her solitude and went where there was song and laughter and beautiful women who smiled at his coming.

Millicent gently reproached him for his neglect at first, and then pleaded. He was very weary of her. Once he told her with brutal candor that he had never loved her—that he had married her for her money.

"We would get along very comfortably if you would be reasonable," he said coolly; "I am tired of pretending to be a model husband."

It would have been more merciful if he had struck her a physical blow and killed her; but then the world would have hanged him for that. At first in her unutterable anguish Millicent thought she must die. But that mood passed. She knew she would live. Then she went back to her pen. Everything else—love, joy, faith, had fallen her.

She wrote a book. It was very plain and simple and terribly true. It made her famous. Hundreds of thousands of people who had suffered read it and loved it. Editors who had once laughed at her work now besieged her for contributions. She was written and talked about. Her family and friends plumed themselves about her. "Millicent was always so clever, you know—always writing from a child." Her world was at her feet. Even her husband felt proud of his distinguished wife. Millicent moved among all the homage and adulation with her cold, unchanging smile. She was a successful woman—and her heart was broken.

Mr. Harold Maccan, C.E., representing M. J. Hanly, the contractor of the Hillsborough railway bridge at Charlottetown, P.E.I., has spent the past few weeks along the shore of the Northumberland Strait, from Cumberland to Cape George, examining into the prospects for obtaining large quantities of stone suitable for piers and abutments. An immense quantity will be required, and it is intended to transport the material in lighters during next summer. The whole work is of stupendous magnitude, and is probably one of the largest contracts ever undertaken by a single individual in the Lower Provinces.

#### A BANK DIRECTOR.

A stranger in Chicago got off a car, and, accosting a newsboy, asked him to direct him to the nearest bank.

"This way," said the newsie, and, turning the corner, pointed to a skyscraper just across the street.

"Thank you, and what do I owe you?" said the gentleman, pulling a penny out of his pocket.

"A quarter, please."

"A quarter! Isn't that pretty high for directing a man to the bank?"

"You'll find, sir," said the youngster, "that bank directors are paid high in Chicago."





### 'Tis Merry Christmas.

**T**HE TIME DRAWS NEAR the birth of Christ." Every day brings nearer and much nearer the festival to which all Christendom looks forward with peculiar joy. 'Tis merry, merry Christmas, with its gifts and hearty good wishes; when young and old forget their cares and abandon themselves to rejoicing. This is the one holiday of all the year when the most sincere happiness prevails; for it is the season when we express our real sentiments toward one another; it is the season when family reunions bring together from scattered parts the faces that seldom lighten the precincts of the old home, and it is the season when the thoughts of man naturally trace back the centuries of Christendom to the night when the angel host sang the first Christmas hymn above the plains of Bethlehem. Earthly happiness and heavenly joy seem to mingle in this festival. While we give rein to the merriment that human nature loves, we also feel the not too common joy that is born of thoughts not earthly.

Christmas is a day that should be more than one of simple merry-making. He is an ungrateful man indeed who forgets the meaning of the celebration. If the song the angels sang does not ring in his ears and stir his heart, Christmas is a vain thing for him. If "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men," does not set him thinking of how many years of wrong have rolled beneath the angelic strain, and whether he may not yet do something to set the wrong right, then Christmas is merely a means of selfish gratification. He does not obtain the greatest joy and benefit from the festival who does not remember the day when Salvation dawned upon the world. But for him who realizes to the full extent the deep meaning of Christmas, the holiday is the happiest; for he can afford to be merry into whose heart these eternal things have sunk so deeply.

### The Manufacturers' Association.

**S**OME TIME AGO a number of Halifax manufacturers met at the Halifax Board of Trade chambers, and after a talk with a representative of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, formed a Nova Scotia branch of that organization. So far as we have been able to learn nothing has been done, and from present appearances it would look as if interest has been allowed to lag. This is to be regretted. Halifax needs nothing in greater measure than more industries, and such an organization might do a great deal along the very lines The Bluenose mapped out a few issues ago. In this way it would make its influence felt at home. Being a part of a greater organization, it would be able to make its influence more effective in matters pertaining to the welfare of the country at large.

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, of which the Halifax branch forms such a small and inactive part, has a membership now of nearly 500, but hopes in time to enrol every manufacturer in Canada. But even while it is only in its infancy it has exerted considerable influence in the country. Only within the past week or two, for instance, the organization received notice from the Department of Railways and Canals stating that in future no order should be passed in council relating to freight rates or freight transportation without the proposition being first submitted to the Association for its opinion. This gives the organization tremendous power, and it therefore behooves us to be well and actively represented in it, for a question affecting seaboard freights might be handled quite to our detriment unless we had representation in the Association that would be competent to point out these things, and suggest such regulations as would benefit us, and in so doing benefit the whole country.

Large interests are continually cropping up, such as the new British-German treaty, whereby Canadian produce and manufactures may suffer unless guarded and watched by the directly interested parties; for the government through which our representations must be made cannot be kept properly and intelligently posted except through an organized, responsible association.

At present the membership of the Association is largely located in Ontario and the West, and that part of the membership is active and earnest and influential. In the East it is just the other way. This constitutes a danger, inasmuch as, possessing the power it does to regulate things affecting trade and commerce, it will be likely to do no damage; for unless we are represented in it, and well represented, how can it act wisely with respect to our interests? The fundamental idea of the Association is mutual assistance, but such cannot be realized until all parts of the country have branches that are active and alert.

The more quickly these branches are formed and commence to take an active part in affairs the better. We have the branch, but is it active? This is an important question for Nova Scotians, for unless it is, it is practically worse than no good at all.

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### These Are Spacious Times.

**I**T IS GOOD to live in these times when the whole country is entering upon a stage of development unprecedented in its own history. We see the beginnings of great things that are to be. Some of us may live to see things greater than we anticipate. But hardly can anyone living now imagine the great changes that are to take place during the next hundred years. At the banquet at the Armouries last week the Premier of Canada stated that we Canadians have the best half of this continent. That being the case, what is not possible for us when we reflect upon what the people occupying the other half have grown into and have accomplished? Canada is a great country territorially, and Nova Scotia is an important part of it. The whole country is commencing to undergo the experience of rapid development, and this province shares in the impulse. Therefore it is a privilege to live in these times, and be a factor in the movements that are raising up a great and mighty nation within a great and mighty empire. Our big neighbor has a population of over 76,000,000, and it has acquired seventy of those millions during the century that is now fading away. One hundred years ago the United States was not as large a country as this, either territorially or in population; it did not have the perfect arrangements for transportation and the general conduct of commerce that we have; there existed none of the great advantages that we Canadians enjoy today. What, then, is not possible for us? Our country is an attractive one. There is room here for 200,000,000 of people. Our institutions offer the greatest liberty that exists under heaven. In it also is wealth unbounded. Why can we not make our Canada as great and influential as the United States? In the course of half a century Canada should be as great in population as the Motherland, and in the course of a century as great in commerce and realized wealth. What a great imperial power would Britain then be! What a prop of empire this Canada of ours! The thought is an inspiration. But never will this great dream be realized unless all our people are awake to the possibilities. Every Canadian, every Nova Scotian, should allow himself to become saturated with the idea and work as though on his efforts depended the consummation of our wishes.



# On The Development of Local Industry.

## We Must Face Obstacles Bravely.

**I**N DISCUSSING the possibilities of making Halifax a great manufacturing centre, we have not been bashful about looking straight into the face of difficulties. The Bluenose itself did not commence publication without realizing that the fight for existence would be weary and toilsome, because there were obstacles in the way that would have to be overcome. Yet we did not propose that we should be afraid of those difficulties, nor that we should take predictions of failure as final. So, in looking at the question, "Can we establish more industries in Halifax and carry them on successfully?" the people interested will have to do the same; they must not grow faint-hearted in the face of difficulties, nor take hostile criticisms too much to heart. He who never ventures never wins.

It is wise to take all possible discouragements into consideration at the start, and thoroughly weigh their importance. We are aware that the discussion of difficulties is not a cheering influence, but if we are thoroughly honest with ourselves and with one another, no harm can result. Besides, if we discuss things freely, a solution may appear. At any rate there are certain sentiments that can be educated out of people, and if we discuss these freely enough we may be able to remove one of the greatest difficulties against which prospective manufacturers have to contend.

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## The Greatest of Stumbling Blocks.

There is nothing so discouraging as the fact that our own people have a mutual lack of confidence in one another's abilities to do things well. "Made in Halifax" is no talisman in the eyes of many of our own people. Hence, people are afraid to buy things of local production, and for that reason progressive people are timid about setting on foot industrial establishments for their manufacture.

The Bluenose had an illustration of this the other day, and repeats an interview with a prominent business man, in order that Halifax people may be ashamed of themselves and resolve that they will not again let foolish ideas of local incompetence stand in the way of founding new industries. The general public must do its share by having confidence in local ability and a patriotic preference for things of home production. After they have read the substance of this interview, surely they will have a better idea of what Halifax can do, and a good hon-

est determination to assist local endeavor by kind thought and word and action.

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## More About Manufacturing Cloaks in Halifax.

"I have read," said Mr. P. J. Hanifen (the gentleman interviewed), "and with great interest those articles which The Bluenose has published regarding new industries that might be established in Halifax. I congratulate you upon the valuable ideas that have been brought forward, and may say that I have heard many favorable comments upon them. Others have expressed themselves as interested, but I speak particularly of that which interested me. Had I not once made an effort in the direction of cloak manufacturing in Halifax, it is not likely that the interview with the Messrs. Clayton, published a few issues ago, would have had such an interest for me as it had when I read it a few days ago; nor is it likely that I would speak as I do now that you have given me the opportunity.

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## Mr. Hanifen Says We Can Manufacture to Compete.

"Since you ask me if cloaks can be made in Halifax, I answer that they can. I believe that it is possible to make and sell garments here at prices as low if not lower than those of imported goods, and I believe that at the same time we could make them out of as good material, with as good a finish, and with as good workmanship all through, and produce a garment that on its merits alone would be thoroughly saleable. But I am not so sure that we would be able to sell them. I don't say positively that we could never do it. But I have had a little trial of it myself and know some of the experiences of a seller of Halifax made coats. The fact that they are made in Halifax is against them. People see that they are good and stylish and well finished, but as soon as they know that they're made here they at once grow doubtful if they are durable, stylish and well-finished. The same made in Montreal, and even if made in a small factory there, would pass for all the qualities named.

"You may think that I am disgruntled, but I am not. I am merely telling you of a difficulty that exists, and that must be eradicated before it will be possible to carry on the cloak industry very successfully. Nor am I merely theorizing. What I tell you is my actual experience. It may be that conditions are better after five years have passed over the head of my failure. Perhaps they are. But whether or not, it is true that we cannot have any foolish notions in the public head about the necessary inferiority of things produced at home. If complete success is to be possible. And furthermore, I emphasize the fact again, that we can manufacture cloaks here more cheaply than we can import them; we

can make them more durable, better finished, and fully as stylish as the imported mode's.

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## His Own Experience of the Difficulties.

"I spoke of my own experience. It is just about half a decade since the idea of starting a new enterprise for such a purpose took hold of me and held me firmly in its grip until I had demonstrated that the schemes I had run over in my head were not feasible. I did not make a move that resulted in any financial loss of moment, but it was none the less disappointing. Before doing anything, the buyer of a wholesale dry goods house in the city, and demonstrated what I could do and pointed out the advantages to the trade as well as to the manufacturer. His knowledge of the conditions of the trade enabled him to point out what a little subsequent experience taught me. I made about a dozen garments and showed them to a London buyer who was here at the time, and he said they were well and stylishly made and finished, and to all appearances perfectly saleable. Such a report made me confident, but my efforts to find a sale for them were for a long time fruitless, and all because they were made in Halifax. I had it sent up to me on every hand. Nobody would handle them for me because they couldn't; and they couldn't because they thought people wouldn't buy them. At last, however, I found a man who was willing to try, and disposed of them to him. I suppose he kept quiet about their origin, and that the buyers of these cloaks purchased them with the idea that they were made in the old country. The experience, however, was sufficient. Once was enough for me. The time apparently was not yet. But I steadfastly believe that the time will come when, with a better price prevalent, we shall be able to do the business now done by outsiders.

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## Another Point in Favor of a Local Factory.

"In discussing cloak manufacture in Halifax there was one important consideration The Bluenose overlooked, viz., the advantage that would accrue to the local trade. If there were a cloak factory in the city, a local dry goods man would not need to run the risk of overstocking in this line. Every merchant knows how profitless trade is in any line, when, at the end of the season, it becomes apparent that goods have been overbought. Putting at a distance under present conditions the merchant is very likely to find before the season is over that public caprice has left on his hands a large number of different styles and colors that it bade fair promise to relieve him of at the start. Garments left over are almost "dead loss;" for styles so change from season to season that anything carried over from the one must be sacrificed the next in order to get clear of it. But not having to risk this with a local factory to supply his needs, he could buy a few cloaks at the commencement of the season, replenish his stocks when necessary, and, in the event of extraordinary demand for certain styles or colors, could place himself more readily in a position to meet the emergency."



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### An Example of Public-Spiritedness.

What One Man of Wealth Did to Make  
a City Smaller Than Halifax Beautiful—  
What if Our Wealthy Men  
Would Go and Do Likewise?

HERE, FIFTY YEARS AGO, there stood a portion of dense pine forest in Western Michigan, there stands to-day a prosperous little city of 25,000 people—just half the size of Halifax. It is the city of Muskegon.

This city is small, yet it is progressive, and it has public-spirited men. That is why we have occasion to refer to it. For the munificence of one citizen alone has in recent years supplied it with four handsome monuments to four great Americans.

These monuments were done by American sculptors; they consist of bases that for the most part are quite plain, surmounted with fine bronze figures that compare favorably with any similar works of art in all the United States. They cost, including the land on which they were erected and which the donor converted into a park, \$110,000. This is munificence.

Not only that, but this gentleman provided the city with a public library and a manual training school and other gifts, whose total value, including the monuments, rose up to the nice sum of \$500,000.

We think such a man's name should be well known, that all people may honor him who has such a public-spirited interest in his city, his country, and his fellow-citizens. His name is Mr. Charles H. Hackley.

It is not likely that anyone in Halifax knows much about Mr. Hackley. We only know what we have seen to the above effect in a recent number of the Review of Reviews. What his wealth amounts to we can't say, for that was not told in the article we allude to. But we feel that he cannot be wealthier than the ten wealthiest men in Halifax put together.

Does the reader wish to know why we give expression to this surmise?

Halifax is without monuments, with the single exception of the Sebastopol arch. An effort was made to raise funds for a memorial to the Hon. Joseph Howe, the greatest type of man our province has ever produced, and the effort was unsuccessful. An effort is now being made to raise funds for a "Khaki" monument, and this we may say is more successful than the other, but not as successful as we would like to see it. We do not worry, however, about the success of this monument, yet feel that we should not grow weary in urging.

If the monument were not to be a people's monument, we would make a plea for munificent amounts from our

wealthy men to ensure the success of this scheme. At the same time we are not bashful in drawing their attention to the example of Mr. Hackley. We feel that once the way in which wealthy Americans have contributed to the development and beautification of their country by munificent gifts is drawn to the attention of our own wealthy men, and the idea of it allowed to sink into their hearts, we may have similar examples of munificence here.

It is probable that there are very few men in Halifax who would feel themselves justified in giving more, say, than \$10,000 to public purposes at one time. But supposing ten men in Halifax who possess on the average \$500,000 each, would give on the average \$10,000 each, we would have \$100,000 for some public purposes, and then would not have more than one-fifth of what Mr. Hackley has given to Muskegon. Just think of what we could do with \$100,000! And what enduring monuments would the money raise to the memory of the men who would give it!

### IN EASTERN NOVA SCOTIA.

#### Some Industrial Developments and Other Signs of Progress There.

Reference was made in a late issue of The Bluenose to the extent of the lumbering industry centering at Lansdowne, Pictou County.

An important transfer has recently taken place by which Mr. John R. McKay, the largest individual operator in that vicinity, has sold out his interests to a Mr. Pugsley, of New Brunswick, who has been operating in a small way in that neighborhood for a few seasons past. The price is said to have been something over \$30,000. Mr. McKay's property is situated about five miles out on the Stewiacke road, near the head waters of that river. Although it has been operated extensively for nearly thirty years, there is said to be a splendid body of forest still intact.

The opening up of the old German pit near New Glasgow by the Nova Scotia Steel Company, Limited, is progressing slowly, owing to the unfavorable weather. The item in several newspapers as to the probability of coal being conveyed by overhead carriage at an early date to the works of the company is at least premature. The work so far has been only in the nature of prospecting with a view to determining the extent of the coal seam.

Mr. Call, who succeeds Mr. Henry S. Poole in the active management of the Acadia Coal Company, Limited, has arrived in Stellarton and assumed charge of the collieries. He is quite a young man, and received his training in the coal fields of Pennsylvania. It is reported that Mr. Poole will still retain connection with the company as consulting engineer.

## THE BLUENOSE.

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

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### AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBIT.

A MEASURE OF THE FINANCIAL RESOURCES OF THE MUTUAL  
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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 Imper- ial Bank of Germany Dec. 31, 1899 \$28,560,000.	
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In catarrhal diseases which waste away the bodily vigor, the stomach gets out of order; food passes on undigested into the intestines, clogging up and constipating. Indigestion runs into dyspepsia, constipation and malnutrition. The patient loses strength and flesh. A chronic cough sets in. Rest is impossible.

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**BROWN BROS. & CO.**

## THE BLUENOSE.

### A GAME OF HIDE AND GO SEEK.

(Continued from page 11.)

cook, and Jim, the hired man, were all alarmed. Mr. Roy telephoned the police station to send out in search of the little one, and went himself to ask the neighbors if they had seen Nellie leave their gate. Mamma watched anxiously from a window, while Mary blustered about everywhere. A happy thought struck the latter.

"She must have a bright rosy apple—a plate full of 'em," she said, "the very minute the dear gets in the door." So the basement stairs creaked under Mary's great weight. The cover was hauled off the small bin in which the apples were kept, and a small stool stood near. But the cook noticed nothing, muttering to herself about the dear child taking cold. When reaching down for an apple, she touched something round, to be sure, but too soft for an apple. A second more and some soft curls fell under her hand. Another second and she saw Nellie crouched in the bin, fast asleep, a half-eaten apple in her hand.

The little one was soon in her mother's arms, with much shouting and laughing on Mary's part.

"I knowed where to look," she said, as though nothing had taken her to the kitchen but the thought of finding Nellie there. The little girl was slightly chilled, but she was warmed at the kitchen fire while hasty preparations went on in the sitting room, with the assistance of papa, who had returned by this time.

The supper just had to keep on waiting until Nellie's dazed eyes took in the full splendour of that Christmas tree. Bobbie danced about in such glee over Nellie's safe return that the red and white and blue candles were set to dancing too, as though for the same reason. There was everything on the branches of that tree—even lovely gifts for the big policemen who came in later from their search, to carry home to their own little girls.

Mr. A. W. Fullerton, at one time editor of the Digby Courier, and who for the past two or three years attended Dalhousie College, and became well known in this city as a student, now fills the editorial chair of the new "Ladies' Magazine," which recently commenced publication in Toronto. The first number was issued in November, and the second, which has just come to hand, is a Christmas number. The latter shows a great development in strength and brightness over the previous one, and in every way is a distinct credit to Canadian journalism and to the editor and proprietors. The cover is handsomely tinted, and the contents are varied and of interest in all departments. The illustrating also is well done, and the paper seems to be on the right track as far as meeting the tastes of women is concerned. Congratulations are in order for the talented young Nova Scotian who conducts the editorial department.

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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.

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French Seal Jackets,	-	-	-	35.00
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Fine Cashmere Gossamers,	-	-	-	\$5.25
Cashmere Gossamers, corded yoke,	-	-	-	4.25

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Fine Black Sateen Waists,	-	-	-	\$ .80
Handsome Corded Sateen Waists,	-	-	-	1.15
Beautiful Silk Waists,	-	-	-	1.75
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## A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

This is our greeting to each and all of our customers. We extend the compliments of the season to them, both through the BLUENOSE and in person as they come to our store to buy useful and pretty things to give their friends on Christmas day. We take this opportunity of thanking them for the liberal patronage they have extended during the past week or so, when the Christmas demand was at its height, and express the hope that we may see more of them during the day or two that remains before the festive holiday arrives.

We have sold enormous quantities of goods, but have still left many things that will meet the ideas of seekers of articles suitable for gifts; we have still many things that would look well sticking out of the Christmas stocking or hanging on the Christmas tree. We are offering special inducements in the way of **low cash prices**, and hope our friends will take advantage of them.

**CRAGG**  
BROS. & CO.,  
The Cutlery House of  
**HALIFAX.**

## What The Hempie Has To Say.

(Continued from page 10.)

his surplus cash this Christmas—if, indeed, anyone were ever so acceptably troubled. I could put a neat hundred dollars away myself at the nurseries and confectionery stores. If anyone doubts this, just let him extend an invitation—and the hundred—to any of his friends. Nine out of ten persons will know how.

✱ ✱

After all the tempting splendours of the stores it is hard to realize that there are numbers of places in the city where the Christmas genii will never draw rein and dismount. All the pointed little truths that cynics have launched at the conventional Christmas have passed over the heads of the tenement dwellers and found their mark where surfeit reigns. The poor—the miserable poor—have a very ocean of appreciation ready for a trifle, but many people keep the cynics' shafts right in their place by worrying and rushing and planning to filch a crumb of thanks from people whose horn of plenty is already overflowing. This is the result of promiscuous gift-making—not the giving to friends for friendship's sake. Conscience was never so elastic as it can be on this score, and good intentions toward the poor are frequently asphyxiated by the poisonous breath of that specious argument, "I have no money." But money doesn't matter always. You have other things—duplicate presents you have received, books you have read, clothes you have worn, furniture now crowded to the garret, unhung pictures—a host of things which can benefit others without affecting you. They have served their time with you; they belong to others now. First thought cannot estimate the amount of pleasure which will follow in the wake of their circulation. They will rob the Christmas bells of a mocking note the chimes might have to hungry, lonely hearts in empty homes, and dispel the gradually shaping belief that Christmas is controlled by a huge "trust," and that happiness is a monopoly of the rich.

Sermonizing? Not a bit of it. I am only thinking seriously and letting my pen take the same course as my thoughts. I am following the same order in wishing you all a joyous Christmas with a heart-seated happiness far exceeding your rosiest anticipations.

THE HEMPIE.

The second Orpheus concert is booked for the eighth of January. Owing to the brilliancy of the last performance, an almost unparalleled degree of interest is already being evinced in this event.

# Xmas Bargain Corner.

We have a great variety of odd pieces of

## FURNITURE

suitable for

## Xmas Presents

... that we have cut down away below 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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**Furnishing Co.,**  
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- 8th. They are enterprising, and enterprise deserves to be encourrged.

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## A CHICKERING Piano

would be a nice thing to give your wife at Xmas.

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.

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W. H. JOHNSON CO.,  
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### MODERN PAINTERS.—III.

JOHN PHILIP, R. A.

ONE OF THE most celebrated painters of the English school was John Phillip. Like many of the most celebrated artists, he had a severe up-hill struggle against poverty in his youth. He was the son of a soldier, and was born at Aberdeen, in 1817. At a very early age he developed a passion for art, with slim prospects of ever being able to follow his inclinations. His first employment was grinding colors for a house painter. At the age of fifteen he was using his brush painting scenery for a local theatre, and almost at the same time began the practice of painting portraits.

Being very anxious to visit the art galleries of London, and not having enough money to take him there, he stowed away on board a coasting vessel bound for that port. On being discovered on board he had to work his passage. Upon his arrival at London he was compelled by the captain to work two days discharging ballast. Very early on the morning of the third day he was in front of Somerset House waiting for the doors to be opened. Being supplied with a few pieces of hard-tack for a lunch, he spent the whole day admiring its wonders; and, to use his own words, "Was swept out with the sawdust in the evening." The same night he returned to the vessel, and in her returned to Aberdeen.

Through the influence of Major Gordon, Lord Farnham became interested in the young painter, and provided him with the necessary means to attend the Royal Academy Schools.

In 1851, his health being poor, he was advised to visit Spain. His visit to that country would have been of considerably more benefit to him if he had not worked so hard while there. As it was, his sojourn had a remarkable effect on the character and subjects of his paintings.

He had been twitted on one occasion as being "only a Scotch artist," and he probably deserved it at that time, as the greater part of his subjects related wholly to his native country; but, after his visits to Spain, his pictures of Spanish life rival those of the celebrated Velasquez.

By command of the Queen, he painted the "Marriage of the Princess Royal." He also painted "The House of Commons."

In 1867, at the comparatively early age of fifty, he was struck with paralysis and died suddenly at Kensington.

The following is a list of a few of his pictures, and the prices at which they sold:—

"Gathering the Offerings," sold in 1875 for 1,102 pounds.

"Scotch Baptism," sold in 1874 for 1,842 pounds.

"The Prison Window," sold in 1875 for 3,255 pounds.

"La Loteria Nacional," sold in 1877 for 3,150 pounds.

"A Chat Around the Brasserio," sold in 1880 for 2,142 pounds.

"Selling Relics" (unfinished, his last work), sold in 1884 for 3,937 pounds.

"The Early Career of Murillo," sold in 1886 for 3,990 pounds.

Many others brought over 1,000 pounds each.

J. A. JOHNSON.

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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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Child's Morris Chairs, from \$1.75  
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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,  
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## that Xmas pudding.

**W. J. HOPGOOD,**  
the man who tries to  
keep the best groceries  
sold in Halifax, wants  
you to buy your supply  
of Raisins from him.

He will guarantee a  
good plum pudding, if  
you come to him for  
the fruit.

His Telephone is  
262.



IT IS UNFORTUNATE that bookmaking is easy. There are thrown upon the market every year hundreds of books that are accepted as standard by many people, when, in fact, they are not entitled to the slightest consideration. The result is a great deal of wrong information and poor theory is put in circulation. Take the books written on China to illustrate. There is scarcely a good one in the bunch. The reader on China needs to discriminate closely if he desires to keep near the record of facts as regards the goings on in that great empire and outside of it.

Mrs. Scidmore has written a book on China that is handsomely printed. Along comes the buyer of books on China and he assumes at once that here must be an authority that should be consulted—the book is attractive in appearance. But Mrs. Scidmore will lead you astray because her observation is superficial. Here is an English writer who pretends to tell us about China, when he admits in the book that he "hurried through" the country. No man can hurry through China and tell us anything that we need to know. Such writing is imperfect. Better than all books on China are the London Quarterly and the Edinburgh Review. The man who follows these great authorities will come to know much about the Chinese situation.

A grand book to read preliminary to taking up the study of China is Russia's Conquest of Siberia, by Vladimir. We catch a true view of Russia in this book, although it is understood that the writer is not a Russian. Then taking up the threads we may approach the study of China with an intelligent picture of conditions there before us. We should keep away from all information that comes from missionary sources, because so much of it is unintelligent and narrowly conceived. This is not said as criticism of the missionaries, but because it is a fact. Many of the missionaries are narrow, hence their viewpoint is contracted.

It is well worth the while of any studious person to spend time with China. The opening up of that fourth of the world's population will mean action for years to come in that part of the globe. It will be to the advantage of anyone to undertake this work. It will act as a stimulant. There are many people who are giving out opinions on China with great freedom, when to save their life they could not give correct boundary of the empire, or tell the number of provinces that have regular governments under the emperor. It is the same condition as to China that governs such people in their view of all questions—the less they know about the subject the more positive they are as to the right course of action. When a person begins to know things in their true light they grow conservative.

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## On Xmas Morn,

What kind of Candy will hide in the toes of the Christmas stockings? We can tell you what will best please the taste of the owner of the stocking. Let Santa Claus put in the Mixtures, the Clear Sugar Toys, the Chocolates, the Molasses and Coconut Kisses that are made in our factory and then he'll be popular with the children for sure.

## The Xmas Dinner.

... Will Plum Pudding form a part of it? Certainly! But there won't be as many plum puddings made at home this time as usual. We have put such a fine article on the market that there has been extensive enquiry for it. Our ready-made plum puddings are delicious, cheap and convenient. By the way, have you ordered yours yet?

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(Sterling Silver).  
Inkstands and Novelties.

Books and Stationery!

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

### The "Khaki" Memorial Concert.

'Pass the hat for the Monument's sake  
And pay, pay, pay."  
KIPLING. (with appropriate variations.)

**T**HE PATRIOTIC CONCERT given by the Halifax Symphony Orchestra and Chorus in aid of the "Khaki" memorial fund failed to attract as large an audience as it was hoped would attend, considering the object in view, but this was the only particular in which the concert fell short of being an entire success.

The various national airs, especially the English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, were admirably given. The music was secured expressly for this occasion, and the combined effect of orchestra and voices was inspiring. The soloists were all in good voice. Miss Rita Corbin, with chorus and orchestra, repeated her solo from the May Queen, one of the gems of the first concert. Miss Mary Murphy, who made a most charming appearance, won the first encore by her beautiful singing of the Irish ballad, "Eileen Alanna." She responded with "Nora O'Neil." Miss A. M. Shirreff won a veritable triumph in "Jessie's Dream," which was sung with fine effect. Her enunciation was perfect, her manner dramatic, and her voice singularly pleasing. She responded to a persistent encore with the quaint Scotch fishers song, "Callin'-o'u," and to a further encore with "Annie Laurie," playing her own accompaniment to the latter piece.

Miss Flora Belle Carde recited Alfred Austin's poem, "The Mercy of the Mighty," with much power, but her best work was done in Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar," the last lines of which were modified into an appropriate appeal for aid to the monument fund.

The members of the orchestra, in the instrumental selections, fairly surpassed themselves and won new laurels.

The "Figaro" overture was a brilliant performance. It was taken at a very rapid tempo, but with the utmost precision. It was made abundantly clear that the members of the orchestra need not ask any concessions as non-professionals on this point.

All the selections were of a character to show effectively the admirable technique of the members of the orchestra and their ability to play the most rapid and difficult music in a style to compare favorably with the best professionals. Indeed in some of their numbers an amount of attention to details was shown that is not always found in organizations of a much more pretentious character. As an instance, the bowing may be mentioned. In the most rapid passages it was

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Evening, THE IRON-MASTER.

Prices 25, 35, 50 and 75c.  
Matinees 25c. to everybody.

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**NEW PICTURES,  
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including the Gibson's Life,  
the Rembrandt, the Raphael, the  
Anglican church, and others, just  
opened this week. . . . .



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with us for the winter. We will clean and insure it for you at a moderate cost, and when the spring comes you will have a wheel in good condition and all ready for the road. If you telephone your order, we can send a man to your address.

W. B. ARTHUR & CO.

Telephone 76.

HALIFAX, N. S.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

noticeable that the bows were moving with an almost absolute uniformity.

If we were to single out any of the orchestral numbers as being especially well done, it would be the "Taran-tella," by Tobani, and the "Hungarian Dances" by Brahms. The former was delightfully played, and the encore it received was well deserved. The piece played in response to the encore was "Fascination." The Hungarian dances abound in difficulties of time and expression, and could only be played by an orchestra under such perfect control and so well able to respond to the baton of the leader.

✱ ✱

At St. Andrew's Last Sunday Evening.

The special service of praise at St. Andrew's last Sunday night was a pardonable source of pride to the congregation of that church. Mr. Wikel's quartette on this occasion was augmented by nine or ten voices, and Mr. Altman assisted with the violin. The prelude on organ and violin was a revelation to the audience. The music throughout was most effective, but the solo by Mrs. Covey, with violin obligato, and Mr. Marshall's bass solo, were particularly impressive.

✱ ✱

First Recital at the Weil School of Music.

The first recital given by the pupils of the Weil School of Music took place on Saturday evening of last week at St. Luke's Hall. The programme consisted of vocal, violin and piano numbers, and a demonstration by pupils in the "Fletcher method." In addition to the interest manifested in the latter, the audience had the pleasure of hearing a number of new and promising musicians. Miss Agnes Whitten, a pupil of Miss Margaret White, rendered her piano solo in a gifted manner. On the violin the Misses Peterkin and Crawford excelled themselves, and Miss Holsworth, a soprano new to Halifax, was a genuine surprise. This lady's voice possesses excellent breadth and range. There was an absence of amateurishness so common to pupils' recital that was refreshing to the auditor.

✱ ✱

For the First Time in Halifax.

At the eleven o'clock service at St. Mary's Cathedral Christmas Day, August Durand's Mass in G will be sung for the first time in Halifax. This Mass is written in the modern style, and contains some very beautiful solos and quartettes. The credo is perhaps the finest number, calling for strong work on the part of the chorus. A full list of the special Christmas music at St. Mary's is given in another column.

## Ungar's

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TIME PROVINCES.

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PROMPT . . . .  
DELIVERY . . .  
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**Tough Boys**  
need Good Shoes.

**Good Boys**  
need Tough Shoes.

.....Both need good shoes for Winter wear—we have all kinds—not all kinds of boys, not all kinds of shoes, but all kinds of GOOD Shoes.

Our Boy's Shoes are made with heavy soles—will never rip; serviceable, and made in every way to stand hard usage and wear. Boys like our shoes and parents like our prices.

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Sole Slater Shoe Agents.

**D. C. GILLIS,**  
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**Fownes' Gloves!**  
Lined and Unlined.

...FOR...:

Ladies' and Men's Wear!

## The Last Moment

... is the wrong one.

**Now!** is the time to get one of our nice . . .

## JARDINIERES.

Novelties, Lamps, Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Silverware and other choice articles; all kinds and prices at

**WEBSTER, SMITH & CO.,**  
172 Granville Street.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

(Continued from page 25.)

It will interest readers to learn that Sir Arthur Sullivan has left a tribute of his genius which the musical world has not yet heard, being generally unaware of its existence. This is a Te Deum of peace, to be performed at the conclusion of the war. At the desire of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral, without the knowledge of many of his intimate friends, Sir Arthur specially composed the new work, and sent it in a short time before his death. Though in a feeble state of health he played the composition over in the presence of Sir George Clement Martin, the organist of St. Paul's.

✱ ✱

"Herod," Stephen Philips' new drama in verse, is coming in for a good share of the criticism which always falls to the lot of the author or playwright who launches a production on a public still warm from their plaudits of a preceding effort. Few are willing to give "Paolo and Francesca" second place, claiming that "Herod" lacks the vitality of the earlier drama. His theatrical technique is also attacked, but no one has been found with sufficient temerity to deny his poetical genius. A frequently quoted specimen of Philips' powers in oriental richness of imagery is the following passage which Herod speaks:

"I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold,  
To be a counter-glory to the Sun.  
There shall the eagle blindly dash himself,  
There the first beam shall strike, and there the moon  
shall aim all night her argent archery;  
And it shall be the tryst of sundered stars,  
The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon;  
Shall send a light upon the lost in hell,  
And flashings upon faces without hope.  
And I will think in gold and dream in silver,  
Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive.

Till it shall dazzle pilgrim nations,  
And stammering tribes from undiscovered lands,  
Allure the living God out of the bliss,  
And all the streaming seraphim from heaven!

And no less striking is the love speech of the barbaric Mariamne to the King. Bursts of song break the statelier music of the blank verse. Here is one of the prettiest lyrics sung by the women as the King sleeps:

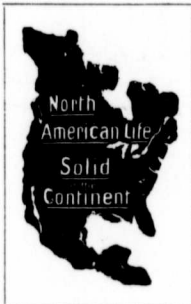
"Sleep, sleep, O King,  
While we to thy spirit sing!  
The daughters of music are fair,  
But fairest is one  
Dark-eyed Oblivion.

Though none may call her or entreat her,

Only unaware may meet her;  
Yet of Music's daughters none is sweeter

Than this trembling one,  
Dark-eyed Oblivion."

Beerbohm Tree played the name part of this production in London. In March "Herod" will be staged in New York by Richard Mansfield, who will, of course, take the part of the King.



## The Christmas Stockings

will soon be hung up!

What are you going to give your wife for a Christmas box?

One that she would appreciate would be a . . .

### POLICY

in the **NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**, for say . . .

**\$5,000**

Of course **\$10,000** would be better.

You can get a Policy for **\$5,000** for the small sum of 25 cents a day, **\$2,000** for 10 cents—**\$1,000** for 5 cents.

Do you think you can afford to carry your own risk?

Wealthy men like Vanderbilt and Rockefeller of New York, and Gooderham of Toronto, are strong believers in, and carry large . . . amounts of Life Insurance.

You may not be wealthy—you do not require to be, in order to carry a fair amount upon your life.

Begin preparations for 1901 by taking out a policy in the North American Life, this week. You will never regret it.

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

**The North American Life Assurance Co.,**

of TORONTO, Ont.

**W. F. MACPHIE,**

Provincial Manager,

Metropole Building, HALIFAX, N. S.

... Our Lines of ...

**Austrian Cameo,**

**Wedgewood,**

**Royal Worcester, and**

**Bohemian CUT GLASS**

have been great sellers.

They make beautiful XMAS PRESENTS.



**ROSBOROUGH & THOMAS,**

174 & 176 Granville St.

## Christmas Shopping!

Suitable presents for Men and Boys can be got from our large stock of Clothing and Furnishings.

### Neckwear!

10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c., 75c.

### Mufflers!

25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.

### Gloves!

25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50.

### Umbrellas!

50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.50.

### Boys' Reefers!

\$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00.

### Men's Reefers!

\$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.50, \$9.00.

### Men's Overcoats!

\$6.00, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00.

**Remember! Your Money Back if Goods are not Satisfactory!**

## SCOVIL & PAGE

Barrington Street, }  
Cor. George " } Halifax.

## Heat!

A big reduction  
on all

## Heating Stoves

Until January 1st.



**COKE STOVES!**

**BASE BURNERS!**

**OAK STOVES!**

**SHOP STOVES!**

Stoves Repaired and Fitted up.



**F. R. BROWN,**

(Wilson's Stove Store),

206 & 208 Hollis St.

# EQUITABLE

## LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

OF THE UNITED STATES.

**"Strongest in the World."**

### ❁ ❁ INCOME FOR LIFE ❁ ❁

DO YOU KNOW that if you invest in one of the Equitable's  
**CONTINUOUS INSTALMENT POLICIES**

you can guarantee your daughter, son or wife a fixed **Income for Life?**

If you are a professional man, or a commission merchant, or working under a salary, or engaged in some pursuit yielding an income which will cease at your death, **do you want to know** how your children or wife may receive an annual **income for life?**

**Do you want to know** how you can secure to your wife or daughter an income for their support after your death, **even although they live for a hundred years?**

Although they may be surrounded by injudicious advisers; may be heedless or ignorant about business affairs; values may tumble in all directions, and all other resources may fail them, **do you want to know** how you can assure them an **income for life** about which there will be no variation or delay, or irregularity in payments?

**Do you want to know?** Fill up the following coupon:

To C. H. PORTER,

Queen Building, Halifax, N. S.

Without committing myself to any action, I should like to receive a description of a Continuous Instalment Policy for an amount which would yield an income for life of

..... dollars to my ....., whose age is now .....;  
this income to begin immediately upon my death (my present age being .....).

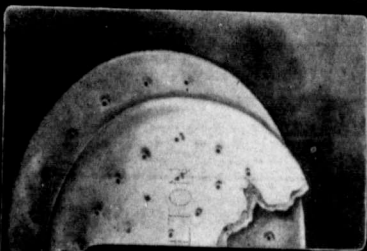
Signature .....

Address .....

Date ..... 1900.

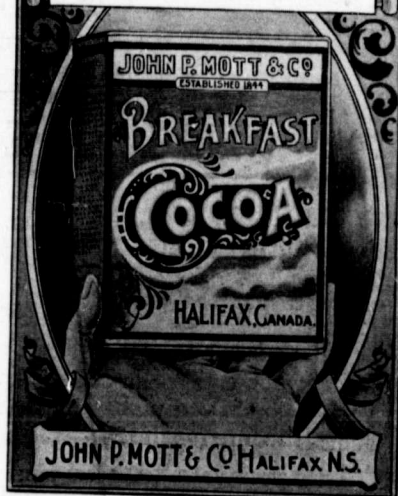
**C. H. PORTER, Manager, Queen Building, Halifax, N. S.**

# HAMILTON OF PICTOU



There is no Biscuit  
on the market that  
will please you better  
than HAMILTON'S  
ZEPHYR PILOT.

IF YOU WANT TO FEEL COM-  
FORTABLE, DRINK  
**Mott's Cocoa.**  
Sold in Two Sizes, 15c. and 25c.



THERE ARE NO TEAS  
LIKE MORSE'S TEAS



"I HAVE BEEN DRINKING  
MORSE'S TEAS FOR OVER  
THIRTY YEARS."