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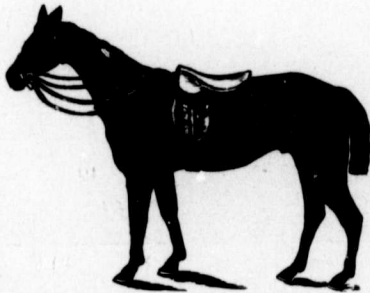
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IN THIS NUMBER.

	Page.
Major Velvetfoot.....	3
Dalhousie Notes.....	3
Some Sunday Discourses.....	4
Paragraphs About People.....	5, 18, 19
Military and Militia Topics.....	6
On Making Halifax a Great Port and a Great Manufacturing Centre.....	7
Music and Drama.....	8
"Constancy," a poem.....	8
The Man on the Street.....	9
Editorial Articles.....	10
Chat About Books.....	11
Modern Painters.....	11
A Department of Irrigation.....	11
Winter Grain Export via Halifax.....	12
Double-Barrelled Constituencies.....	12
What Kind of "Khaki" Monument Shall We Have?.....	13
Let us Laugh.....	13
A Woman's Thoughts for Women.....	14
Next Week in Halifax.....	16-17
The Older the Easier (story).....	20, 21, 22

MAJOR VELVET-FOOT.

A Tin-type Taken With A Pen.

Written for the *BLUENOSE* by MR. ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Major Velvet-foot was by far the finest specimen of his kind I have ever met; and my opportunities of judging have not been at all limited. His long silken whiskers seemed especially adapted by nature to brush the proffered cheeks and chins of beautiful and accomplished ladies. His strong yet mystic eyes resembled stars of sapphire shining through wafers of glue. His cheekbones were high and rounding, and his chin's chief charm consisted in compressing his mouth closed in a gingerly "a la militaire" manner. Not a button was loose or unpolished upon his perfectly fitting uniform, for when he was not smoothing his whiskers he was attending to his wardrobe, which was always in keeping with his position.

His athletic powers were marvellous. Where he could not clamber, cling, and

perform, mortal man need never venture. Music he had not wholly ignored, for his vocal efforts in the evening were at once the wonder and despair of whole neighborhoods. The Major was, also, exemplary in very many respects. Tobacco he did not use in any form; and as for spirituous liquors, he preferred a refreshing draught of new milk to the best concoction known to man. In short, he was so thoroughly genteel that Miss Ringlets, who had been a leading spirit in Curate Slumberdrone's church for many, many unmentionable years, deemed it quite within the strictest proprieties to allow the Major to remain in her house alone with her night and day on many occasions.

But even the sun has his darker spots. Once when Curate Slumberdrone called collecting for Foreign Missions he observed Major Velvet-foot lovingly seated in the lap of Miss Ringlets, and receiving caresses from her right hand while her left hand contained a wellworn copy of Bunyan's "Holy War." However, the divine excused the lady on the grounds that her right hand knew not what her left was doing.

It may be that the reader's curiosity craves to ascertain whether Miss Ringlets or the Major ever anticipated matrimony. Well, although lovers could not have been more devoted to each other, it is my candid opinion that marriage they did not look forward to. Still, until the gallant old Major joined the grim regiments of Death, these affectionate creatures remained the fairest of friends. Indeed, the Major's funeral received an infinitely greater elaboration at the hands of the distracted Miss Ringlets than any mere husband's ever did. But, alas, after every detail had been beautifully accomplished, even to the sinking of a special vault, the crusty old curate refused the last rites of the church to (as he said) "an individual who seemed more at home in a lady's lap than in a church pew."

This piece of ecclesiastical severity

drove Miss Ringlets to her wit's end, where she, fortunately, found the brilliant idea of placing in the curate's hand a large donation for the poor, to be secretly distributed at his own discretion. It is needless to say that this had the desired effect; and, if you have any wish to visit the Major's last resting place, for a small tip the sexton of Verdant Valley Cemetery will smilingly show you where Miss Ringlets buried with many honors her old tom cat.

DALHOUSIE NOTES.

The present year will be one of the most prosperous in the history of old Dalhousie. The registration up to date is 23 ahead of the same date a year ago. This will be somewhat increased before the close of the session. Of the total registration at present, 129 are newcomers, who are divided among the faculties as follows:—

Arts	79
Science	7
Law	14
Medicine	29

Among the new students Nova Scotia has 109 representatives; Prince Edward Island, 10; New Brunswick, 7; Newfoundland, 1; Trinidad, 1, and Jamaica, 1. The proportion of men and women in these numbers is as follows:—

Arts	20 women and 51 men.
Science	1 woman and 6 men.
Law	1 woman and 13 men.
Medicine	6 women and 23 men.

The law freshman class is the smallest for years. This result may probably be the outcome of the increase of fees by the Provincial Bar Society. The largest increase is in the Arts and Medical faculties.

The work of the Law School, which was suspended during the progress of the elections, is resumed, with Drs. Weldon and Russell and Mr. Cahan in their old places.

Mr. Murray McNeil is giving excellent satisfaction as an Assistant Professor of Mathematics. He conducts the class in Senior Mathematics and some of the Honor classes also.

Some Sunday Discourses.

Shakespeare As A Teacher Of Morals and Religion.

**Rev. Dr. Black at St. Andrew's,
Discusses the Uplifting Char-
acter of The Great
Poet's Work.**

Rev. Dr. Black, in his evening discourse last Sunday, claimed for Shakespeare that that poet was a profound Christian moralist, his teaching accepting and enforcing the rule of life as we find it in the Holy Scriptures.

Dealing with one objection commonly made to Shakespeare's work, the presence in it of the coarse and indecent, Dr. Black pointed out that he was holding the mirror up to nature, and that while the plain speaking in Shakespeare is coarse at times, as in other writers of the time, it is never insidious, the very fearless bluntness making it to a large extent harmless to the reader of to-day. He said that he could name a dozen popular and much-read novels of the last twenty-five years, any one of which would do more injury to the moral fibre of the average reader than all of Shakespeare's works—not notoriously salacious novels, but such as decent people are not ashamed to have on their parlor tables.

"Next to the knowledge of God, the knowledge of human character is the most important. Without such knowledge virtue is impossible. . . . Shakespeare's characters are types because they are true to nature. . . . They all pass before us, each one in their turn pointing a moral and adorning a tale. It may be said of many a one that they have read Shakespeare and have got no life lessons, no moral teaching, no spiritual insight, no knowledge of our fellow-men. 'True 'tis pity and pity is 'tis true,' but to how many is the book of nature a sealed book! How many there are who can read the Word of God without receiving a spiritual uplift! . . . It is not everyone who can

"Find tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

"The extent to which the sum total of our intellectual and moral attitude is affected by Shakespeare is demonstrated by the unconscious use which we make of the poet's language. We have ten times as many brief epigrammatic familiar quotations from him in everyday life than we have from any other book—the Bible always excepted."

Dr. Black illustrated Shakespeare's philosophy of life by reciting several quotations, among them Polonius' advice to Laertes on the latter's departure for France. In the same way he took up his teaching about sin, the conscience and repentance, the accusing conscience and the penitent.

His examination of Shakespeare's teaching about temperance was of special interest, in recollection of the fact that while the poet lived in an age when total abstinence was practically unknown either in theory or practice, he inveighs against intemperance through the instrumentality of some of his strongest characters.

"Passion in Shakespeare may, true to the habit of the age and the persons depicted, sometimes manifests itself in

libertinism, but it is true to morality . . . He never tries to make that appear amiable which religion and reason unite in teaching us to despise. He never clothes impurity with garments of virtue. And this is the charge that can be brought against too much of our modern fiction and too many of our modern stage plays. Contrast the morality of Shakespeare with the writers of his own age, or with those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or even with many of our own contemporaries, and the comparison is in favor of Shakespeare."

"There are wonderful passages in Shakespeare wherein the cardinal virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity are exalted,

and others in which reverence toward God and mercy toward our fellow-men is inculcated. . . . Separate discourses might be given to such themes as Shakespeare's treatment of prayer, of mercy, of sacrifice, of death and judgment."

"I speak in all soberness and in absolute sincerity," said Dr. Black, near the close of this significant discourse, "when I advise you to know first of all your English Bible well, and then your Shakespeare."

"When a man preaches to all the world, it matters neither to the world nor the preacher where you erect his pulpit."

"The Almighty has showed man what is good. These three things he requires—to do justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly. The study of Shakespeare help us not only to fulfil, but also to love this trinity of duty."

The Yellow Peril.

**Rev. Clarence Mackinnon's Lec-
ture to Students Last Sunday
on the True Method of
Averting It.**

Rev. Clarence MacKinnon, of Park Street Church, lectured before the students of Dalhousie College last Sunday afternoon on the Yellow Peril and the best means of averting it. The ideas brought out by him on that occasion are contained in what follows:

The terrible menace to Western civilization that has been steadily increasing in recent years from the four hundred millions of the yellow race in China, whose population is overflowing in unwelcome emigration into other lands, whose stubborn conservatism puts an impassable barrier to the progress so essential to the harmony of the world, and whose cheap labor threatens the industrial market and the security of the great working classes, has only too well deserved to be called "The Yellow Peril." In Canada the peril has been temporarily averted by anti-immigration laws that practically require high Chinese officials to go through in bond, and have subjected Chinese ladies in connection with our missions to humiliation very repugnant to our broad humanitarian views; but the only alternative was an unrestricted deluge of the yellow race on our coasts. In China itself the peril to the foreigner is at present acute. Should the Powers fail in a solution of the immediate problem, should they prove themselves unable to secure adequate protection for their representatives in future and for Western commerce, there is grave danger that matters will drift into a state of chronic warfare between the races; and then, if instead of an effeminate and effete soldiery, the 400,000,000 of China should arm and strike back with what has been paradoxically called a "civilized fist," the menace to the peace of the twentieth century would be little less than awful. For even if the white man were successful in all engagements, could he ever overrun and outdo these impenetrable millions?

But the other alternative offers no less welcome a dilemma. If the Powers are successful in their demands, if the best security for Western commerce is obtained, if all ports that could be desired

are thrown open to our trade, the peril is only removed from the battle-field to the fields of industry. The sword beaten into the ploughshare and the spear into the pruning hook will not prove the less formidable weapons. For if the inexhaustible soil of fertile China were fully operated, and its virgin mines opened up with the present cheap rate of Chinese labor, Chinese products would undersell every market, and the British workman be compelled to live as the Chinaman or go a-begging.

The only way to finally avert this grave peril is to break down the barriers between the two great races and fuse them into one. How is this to be done? That which makes and perpetuates racial distinctions is not the complexion or the features of a people, but its ideals. The real yellowness lies in the spirit rather than in the skin. The fusion of races will obviously take place when the same ideals will inspire both.

But so marked is the contrast between the two peoples that the practical task of accomplishing this seems well-nigh impossible. Besides, the reluctance of the white man to unbend and make the first approaches, and the stolid conservatism of the yellow man who jeers at everything foreign, as well as the unhappy antagonism of feeling that selfishness and misunderstanding have fomented, immensely increase the difficulty and make the threatening peril greater than ever.

One power only is equal to the great attack, and that is Christianity, whose ideals are not those of the white man alone, but of the whole human race, and whose message of tender love has proved itself efficacious to move the most stubborn heart, and whose demand for a full life for all men, and a just wage for work rendered, will not degrade the white man to the level of the yellow, but will elevate the yellow man to the enjoyment of the white man's culture and civilization.

As Christianity is not disseminated by generals or traders or government officials, but by the great mass of the common people, by the widow's mite and the widow's prayer, it becomes the taste of those who are to lead society and who would avert the Yellow Peril, to foster as much as possible the missionary spirit.

Paragraphs About People.

It is currently reported that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grierson, who have been in the West for some years, will return to this city, where they will permanently reside. If this be true, the couple will receive a hearty welcome. Mrs. Grierson (Miss Dot Lawson) was a prominent member of Halifax society, while Mr. Grierson was one of the most popular young men in the city.

Miss Constance Fairbanks and Mr. Harry Piers are to be married shortly after the new year.

Miss Lola Scott, who has been studying at the Aberdeen Hospital, New Glasgow, for the past four years in order to become a trained nurse, has this week announced her engagement to Dr. Chisholm, of the same hospital staff. They will be married next July, after Miss Scott's graduation. Dr. Chisholm is at present in the far West making arrangements to establish a practice there. He will take up his residence among the mining regions of Rossland after the marriage. Miss Scott is a daughter of Alex. M. Scott, formerly of the firm of James Scott & Co., of this city, now of Boston, Mass.

Rev. Thomas Fowler, pastor of St. Matthew's Church, sailed this week from Liverpool on the steamer Tunisian for Halifax. He is accompanied by his sister, Miss Fowler, who had gone home to Scotland on account of her health in the early part of the summer, and is now much improved. During his absence Rev. Wm. Fraser has been supplying Mr. Fowler's pulpit. Mr. Fowler represented the Presbyterian Church in Canada at the union of the Presbyterian and Free Churches of Scotland a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Foster, wife of Consul-General Foster, leaves shortly on a visit to the United States.

Euchre parties seem to be the rage just now. Last Monday evening a rather unique "euchre" was given on board the Charybdis. The tables were all about the ship, in the captain's cabin, the ward room, the first lieutenant's cabin, and on the deck. Everyone had a very pleasant time, as is usually the case when these officers entertain. No prizes were given to the men, as almost all of them belonged to the ship. The booby prize was a very handsome silver-mounted walking stick.

Last Tuesday afternoon Mrs. John Harvey, South Park Street, gave a farewell tea to Miss Cady, at which many of her friends took advantage of the opportunity to bid her "adieu." Miss Cady and her mother leave Halifax in the Parisian on the 7th of December. It is safe to say that there will be no one

more sincerely missed in Halifax, especially by the younger social set, than Miss Millie Cady. Her many friends join in wishing her much happiness in her future life.

Lieut. J. C. Oland was the guest of honor at a dinner tendered to him by some of his younger Dartmouth friends at the Halifax Hotel, Thursday evening, November 22nd. A very pleasant time was spent by those who were fortunate enough to be present. Among the guests were: Messrs. H. D. Creighton, W. G. Foster, J. M. Weeks, F. S. Coombs, R. F. Eagar, E. A. Vossnack, B. F. MacKay, J. Watson Vidito, O. F. Vossnack, A. W. Weston. Capt. Vidito presided, with Capt. Creighton as vice-chairman. One very happy feature of the dinner was the speech of Lieut. Oland, in which he recounted some of his experiences while in South Africa.

At the concert in Orpheus Hall last Thursday evening Capt. H. B. Stairs entertained a large audience with stories of his South African experiences. Though Capt. Stairs lectured in aid of "The Other Fellow's Brigade," we know he has declined a handsome remuneration, made by a concert manager of Halifax, for a series of public lectures.

A very delightful dance was given by Miss Ina West to a number of her young friends last evening. This popular young hostess seems to have the happy faculty of making her guests enjoy themselves. Miss West gave a pleasant "euchre" last Friday week.

Many who took part in the "Parade" last August will be interested to learn that Capt. Chas. W. Eddy gave his novel entertainment to a crowded audience in Malden Auditorium, Boston, last week. Over 250 people were on the stage.

Mr. Frederick Hamilton, war correspondent for the Toronto Globe in South Africa, will lecture on "The Story of the Canadians and His Experiences of the War," at Orpheus Hall, Monday evening, December 10th. Mr. Hamilton enjoys the distinction of making the first report of the engagement at Paardeberg. Thus the news of this important battle was published in the Toronto Globe before it appeared in even the London papers. Mr. Hamilton will arrive here Saturday, the eighth, and will be banquetted the same evening by the newspaper men of the city.

At a meeting of St. George's Lawn Tennis Club, held on Monday evening, at the residence of the president, Mr. J. W. Vidito, a committee was appointed to make arrangements for a ball, to be held either on New Year's night or during Christmas week, in honor of Lieut. Oland. The dance will take place at St.

Peter's Hall, and promises to be one of the largest that has ever been held at Dartmouth.

A very enjoyable dance was given at the residence of Mrs. David McPherson, Campbell Road, on Friday evening of last week. The house was tastefully decorated, potted plants and cut flowers being artistically arranged in the drawing-room and supper room. Mrs. McPherson, as usual, was a charming hostess, and seemed to have the happy faculty of making everybody enjoy themselves.

Captain H. B. Stairs, 71 Company, First Canadian Contingent, has had the distinguished honor conferred upon him of being elected an honorary life member of the Studley Quoit Club. The following is a copy of the letter in which Captain Stairs was extended the courtesy:—

"Captain H. B. Stairs, 66 P. L. Fusiliers: "Sir,—I have much pleasure in informing you that, at the request of the Executive Committee of the Studley Quoit Club, and on behalf of its members, I beg leave to ask your acceptance of an honorary life membership in that ancient organization as a mark of the appreciation and esteem in which you are held by them for the ability, tact and valiant conduct displayed by you whilst in command of H Company, 1st Battalion R. C. R., in the Anglo-Boer war in South Africa.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. E. ALBRO.

Hon. Secretary Studley Quoit Club. Captain Stairs replied, accepting the honor proffered by the club, and conveying his high appreciation of the kindness which prompted the act.

A sale that assumed quite a social phase was held this week by Miss Bessie Browne, at 18 Green Street. The rain proved a drawback on opening day, but the attendance was excellent during the remainder of the week. A profusion of dainty Christmas novelties were shown, and an opportunity, of which they readily availed themselves, was afforded Christmas shoppers. All the decorations were original designs executed by Miss Browne's brush. One double cabinet picture frame, painted with bunches of red roses; a blotter painted with Iris and tied with mauve ribbon, and a pretty little view of the band stand in the Gardens, were among the things which attracted particular attention. Miss Browne was assisted by a bevy of fair girls, including Miss Gilpin, Miss Rigby, Miss Tremaine, Miss Annie Bullock and Miss Dodwell. This talented lady intends opening a studio in the near future, with china painting as her speciality.

Lieut.-Gov. Jones gave a dinner Thursday evening at Government House in honor of Commodore Gifford, of H.M.S. Charybdis.

Mrs. E. A. Kirkpatrick, Morris Street, gave a large and very successful "At Home" yesterday afternoon.

(Continued on page 17.)

Military and Militia Topics.

Monday evening of each week is set apart by the officers of the 1st Regiment Canadian Artillery for the purpose of meeting at their new quarters in the Armories, where they discuss matters of interest to the regiment. In order that their wives and friends might have an opportunity of inspecting their rooms, it was announced that the officers would be at home on Monday evening last to any who cared to avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting the quarters.

A representative of The Bluenose had the pleasure of being present that evening, and was shown through all of the rooms. The Mess Room is a very large and handsome apartment, furnished by the officers at considerable expense. This being the chief room used by them, every care was taken to fit it up in a cheerful and comfortable manner. Accordingly rich carpets cover the floors, the windows are hung with handsome draperies, and the furniture is all in keeping with the rest. Adjoining it, on the east, are the Commanding Officer's private room and the officers' dressing room. Both of these are very snug, and furnished with every attention to possible needs as well as to taste and comfort. Off the hall and at the side opposite the Mess Room is the entrance to the lecture room, and at the west end of the mess, the orderly room. On the ground floor for the apartments mentioned are on the first floor—are, in succession, starting with the Quarter-Master's stores at the west end, the armory, beneath the mess, and the N.C.O.'s room and the Regimental Sergt.-Major's room, beneath the C. O.'s room, and the dressing room respectively. In the basement the great gun room, 40 by 120 feet in area, and containing four 9-inch guns, is a place of great interest. It occupies the space between the end of the main drill hall and the eastern limits of the building. At the south side of it is situated a small gun room, in which field guns will be placed. Westward from that point, on the south side of the hall are, in succession, the store room, the company lecture room and the band room. On the other side of the hall from these is a bowling alley, not yet fitted up as such, and which in all probability will be converted into a shooting alley. All these rooms are kept in excellent order, and showed off to splendid advantage last Monday evening.

During the evening a large number of friends of the regiment came in, and were cordially received by the commanding officer, Lieut.-Col. Oxley, and Mrs. Oxley. The band discoursed music in the small gun room, thus adding to the enjoyment of the occasion, and light refreshments were served in the orderly

room. Everyone present was delighted, voting the function an entire success, and congratulating the officers upon the possession of such handsome and comfortable quarters.

In its last issue The Bluenose made a plea for a pension system for the permanent corps. Almost equally important is it that the schedules of pay for officers should be revised. As compared with the remuneration received by officers in the Imperial service, that received by officers in our own army is not widely different in the sub-ordinate positions. For instance, a lieutenant in the Canadian service receives an income slightly larger than the same officer in the Imperial army. But a Colonel in the Imperial service has the advantage. What we mean to say is that an officer commanding a regiment in Canada's army does not receive as good pay as one commanding a regiment in the Im-



THE LATE MAJOR HAROLD BORDEN.
Another of Nova Scotia's Heroes Whose Name
Will Appear on Our "Khaki" Monument.

perial army. This is not fair, nor is it made any more just by the fact that the Canadian officer has no pension to retire on when his service ends. In Canada, as in England, an officer must be subject to great living expenses. His position demands a certain standard which his income is able to maintain, and no more. He is never able to save. As a result it must be more or less discouraging to men who have no private means that they should be compelled to spend that which they receive as remuneration for their services on things that satisfy not themselves to any great degree. An officer simply cannot escape social obligations, and has to pay well for the privilege of such inability. Looking forward along life's way, then, a good officer is very likely to enquire in his younger days whether it would not be advisable to get out of the ser-

vice in good time. Indeed, it requires a very great love for the military life to induce a man to adopt it at all with such prospects ahead. Wherefore it is a marvel to find that our service to-day is supplied with such competent officers as it is. But we may not hope to see such happy results of a bad system forever. The older it grows the more chary will young men become on entering the service unless they see better prospects ahead.

As we said above, the higher the officer and the greater the obligations imposed upon a man, the more out of proportion is his income from what it ought to be. This is particularly true in the cases of officers commanding districts. A Colonel in this country commanding the permanent corps and militia of a district has a rank equivalent to that of Major-General in the Old Country, but while the latter receives a salary of at least \$5,000, and in many cases probably much more, a D.O.C. in Canada does not receive probably more than \$2,000 a year. In any military centre this latter figure is far too small, and particularly in a place like Halifax, where a D.O.C., coming in contact with the two branches of the Imperial service, must be put to enormous expense in keeping up the dignity of his office. This is a subject that if investigated would reveal far more than has been pointed out here. We think that if the salary schedules were revised and provision made for better payment of officers, due regard being paid to length of service and other matters, and a pension system organized, there would be more encouragement for good men to go into the service and remain there. The subject is decidedly worth taking into consideration, for defense is one of the most important of a country's interests.

Companies of the R.G.A. intend using the splendid facilities at the new Armories for drill during the coming winter.

Gunner Sloan, of No. 2 Company, 1st Regiment Canadian Artillery, has returned with a number of other men, recently invalided home from South Africa. He had a very serious attack of rheumatic fever, but is looking remarkably well since his recovery.

The 66th P. L. F. fife and drum corps may make another trip to Boston next summer. They are to hold a dance at the Armories on December 3rd.

The annual inspection of the 63rd by the D. O. C. took place on Wednesday evening, when the regiment acquitted it-

(Continued on page 17.)

On Making Halifax A Great Port And A Great Manufacturing Centre.

The Bluenose's suggestions regarding the formation of committees, or the reorganization of existing ones, to grapple in most intense earnest with problems concerning the port business and manufacturing industry of Halifax, have been received with approval by business men. In a conversation with Mr. George S. Campbell, of F. D. Corbett & Co., the other day, that gentleman spoke very warmly to The Bluenose in commendation of the ideas set forth in the articles of the 17th and 24th ult. dealing with the "Whistle of the Hong Kong Train," and "Halifax as a Manufacturing Point." At the same time Mr. Campbell rehearsed some of the history of past efforts and the discouragements encountered therein, remarking also upon the difficulties that will be encountered when new efforts are made. Despite the difficulties, however, both Mr. Campbell and The Bluenose agree, the effort is worth making, and the greater these difficulties, the greater Halifax's triumph. For we must triumph.

In discussing difficulties The Bluenose doesn't wish to scare its readers. We may as well be honest with ourselves at the start, and recognize that the task ahead of us is very difficult if we are to make Halifax a great port and a great manufacturing centre. Yet we should be happy to think that the task is difficult. No warrior rejoices in the fact that his enemy is easy game. He wants something that will test his mettle. The man who wishes to become a strong man physically, mentally or morally, doesn't deplore the fact that the way to such a goal is difficult. He takes satisfaction in the fact that his is overcoming difficulties. It's discipline. Doing things in spite of obstacles is acquiring strength. That makes character. So, if we are going to make Halifax great, the way lies over difficulties, and we should take satisfaction therein. When we have overcome the difficulties (as we must and shall if we are earnest enough and have sufficient force of character), we will be able to hold the position, for we will have learned in the struggle some of the great lessons of advancement that can only be learned in the school of experience.

In going into the question of port business, there arise numerous little things that must be straightened out. These are frequently ramifications of great things, whose accomplishment depends upon the disposal of the former. For instance, take the question of the Intercolonial Railway. It is the people's railway, and there are interests to be considered all the way from here to Montreal that clash more or less with one another and with the interests of Halifax. This was illustrated in Mr. Harris' fruitless efforts a few years ago to put the I. C. R. on the same footing as roads operated by private corporations. Political influences in a government railway in Canada are antagonistic both to the true success of the road, and, perhaps, the greatest good of the country. This obtains not alone in the adjustment of rates, but in the service of the railway. A government railway will calmly submit to incompetence in its officers that a private concern would never stand. We do not mean to say that the I. C. R. officials as a whole are incompetent, for that would not be stating the truth. Yet it will likely be found that there are several among the

number. And even if there were only one, that one would be sufficient to throw the whole machine out of working order. A committee that will take up the I. C. R. as a subject for investigation will find that there are many things to be corrected there before the best interests of the port can be conserved. And they will find that it will be an uphill fight to have these things corrected. And probably the greatest difficulty in the way will be the political prejudice and political influence. But the committee would have to make up its mind that there must be no political bias in its movements. That would be disastrous. The minute that its members commence to be Liberals and Conservatives, and cease to be Haligonians, then the whole thing will be spoiled.

It is felt by most business men in this city that the true solution to our difficulties consists in bringing the C. P. R. into Halifax. It is not the general desire to hand over the Intercolonial to that corporation. But everyone would desire to see an equitable arrangement made whereby the C. P. R. might come into this city and erect terminals here. It would be the quickest solution to the Fast Line problem. If the C. P. R. could build such terminals with absolute security, knowing that there would be no possibility of a hitch resulting from a misunderstanding with the government, we would quickly have a fast line of steamers between Halifax and the old country, for such would be a logical and necessary extension of their service. Now it will not be an easy thing to secure the C. P. R., not because that railway is not willing to come to Halifax, but because the ownership of the I. C. R. by the people stands in the way. The same thing holds true respecting the Grand Trunk or any other great line whose rails run away into the fruitful West. But because of the very difficulty there is need for strong effort, more thought, more diligent collection of data and greater expenditure of energy in making the same effective. If the introduction of the C. P. R. to Halifax on just terms would benefit Halifax, we ought to have it. If we ought to have it, it is time to make an effort in that direction. The sooner the better.

Having considered one of our propositions, let us turn to the other for a moment or two. It is to be recognized that important as is the question of developing Halifax as a port, it is also important that we should develop the city as a manufacturing centre. Business men agree on this point, though there is some dispute as to the possibility of developing manufacturing to any great extent. Some think that public interest will not aid matters if private enterprise does not take hold naturally and on business principles. Yet there is this to be taken into consideration (and most people will admit that it is so), much good can be accomplished by gathering together all the information possible to prove that Halifax is an advantageous point for the manufacturer to select as a field for his enterprise, and by learning what influences prevent Halifax from being such, and preparing measures that will lead to their removal. After discussing a point regarding the latter division of such a committee's work, all will take up our point in favor of Halifax as a manufacturing centre.

In last issue we suggested taxation as a matter that would admit of some investigation in order to learn whether we cannot do something to encourage manufacturing by reforms in this department of civic management. It is considered by most business men that the weakest point Halifax has to show to the manufacturer who might consider the feasibility of locating here is this very question of taxation. Indeed, one manufacturer told The Bluenose—we are now speaking of one who has a large factory in this city, employing 300 hands—that he would enlarge his factory so as to double his output, were it not for the fact that the assessor would come round and think he was getting too prosperous. Our system of taxation seems to put a premium on disregard for appearances and to encourage lack of progressiveness. The man who improves his store and makes himself a credit to the city has to pay for the privilege. The other man escapes the tax gatherer. But this is going over old ground. It has been long recognized that our system of taxation fails to meet our greatest needs. This principle was so recognized not long ago that an attempt was made to revise the law that it might operate with better results. The history of that attempt is well known. This immediately presents another difficulty. How are we going to be more successful with another attempt? The committee that would take such a matter in hand must not lack courage and determination. If after framing a law that would answer all tests it finds it unfavorably received by the City Council and Provincial Legislature, then it should gird on its strength and fight until the justice of their cause is recognized and we succeed in having a system of taxation that will be an encouragement to the manufacturer instead of a discouragement.

After looking upon the discouraging side of this question, let us turn to something more encouraging. If we have things that operate against us and are hard to correct, we have also things that operate in our favor. For instance, the cost of power. Manufacturers may not be aware that Halifax offers the best inducements in the province in the matter of cheap power. This power is gas. The advantages attending manufacturing within city limits are many, but the expense of fitting up an extensive steam plant with all the necessary accompanying boilers, not to mention the difficulties that offer in endeavoring to secure a property in the city for this purpose, deter manufacturers from considering the question. To illustrate the cheapness of gas as power, a manufacturer in Halifax is operating a plant requiring about eight horse-power with gas engine; the average run of engine is twelve hours per day, working at full load, at an average cost of \$12 per month, or \$144 per year. This figure covers all cost of running. Formerly this manufacturer operated his factory by steam. His annual bill for coal averaged \$255. To this was added fireman's wages, per year, \$500, and sundry wear and tear expenses, such as attention to boiler, repairing and keeping in order and removing grates, beside all the trouble and expense in connection with storing coal and disposing of ashes.

Music and Drama.

"An Unequal Match" received an excellent production by the Valentine Stock Company last week. The audiences which were particularly appreciative and enthusiastic, heartily enjoyed both the sentiment and the humor of the performance, and were liberal throughout in various manifestations of approval. Miss Nora O'Brien was tender and winsome as Hester Grazebrook, and made one of the hits of the season. In the last act there was not only all the former freshness and purity of her delightful acting, but a superadded volume and depth which came as a revelation. Mr. King was provided with many opportunities which he did not utilize with the full appreciation of their value. The injection of a little dramatic spirit into a play is not likely to do it any serious damage or to be resented by the audience. His performance was almost monotonous, and he constantly lapsed from the fictitious into his own character. Miss Blancke and Mr. Woodall were responsible for most of the fun-making, and were all that the author of the piece could have desired. Miss Griffith gave a conscientious and intelligent rendition of Mrs. Montessor, and looked charmingly.

"Frou-Frou" was one of the greatest successes made by the company. Miss O'Brien caught the true spirit of the play, and to such acting it is an unmitigated pleasure to be present. Her dresses were very handsome, and she never acted better or looked more charming than as Frou-Frou. Miss Blancke sustained the part of Louise in her usual excellent manner, and the other members of the cast were well chosen.

The first three nights of next week "Our Regiment" will be produced, and the latter part of the week will be devoted to the strong drama, "The Iron Chest."

Miss Flora Belle Carde gave a very successful elocution recital in Orpheus Hall last Tuesday evening, which attracted a large audience. The earnest attention of those present attested their appreciation of the excellent programme, and the skilful, able rendition on the part of the elocutionist.

Selections were given from Longfellow and Shakespeare which were most pleasing, especially the "Potion Scene" from Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Max Well is to be congratulated on having such a valuable addition as Miss Carde to his "School of Music," and Halifax is also the gainer thereby. Miss Carde received the assistance of a violin solo from Miss Farquhar, which was much appreciated by the audience.

How Sir Arthur Sullivan composed the music of "The Lost Chord" is one of the most interesting stories told of this

famous man since his death. One evening as he watched by the bedside of his sick brother, whose end was rapidly approaching, Sir Arthur happened to pick up a copy of Adelaide Proctor's poems. Equally by chance he opened the volume at "The Lost Chord." Six years before the composer had attempted to set these words to music, but had failed. Now in the mysterious quiet of the death chamber at midnight the true inspiration seemed to come, and before the morning light had dawned, a thing of beauty and grandeur had been born into the world of music. This selection will be a feature of the service at St. Paul's to-morrow evening.

Two performances which will no doubt attract large audiences will take place at the Academy of Music on Wednesday evening, the fifth, and Thursday evening, the sixth, when the Valentine Stock Company will give "Our Regi-



MISS FLORA BELLE CARDE.

Teacher of Elocution at the Well School of Music and the Convent of Mount St. Vincent.

ment" and "The Iron Chest" for the benefit of the poor. Both performances will be under distinguished patronage. The Harmonic Quartette will assist on Thursday evening with several selections.

The Orpheus Club will give the opening concert of the season in Orpheus Hall on Tuesday evening. The club was never in finer form than at present, and the concert is eagerly anticipated by our music-loving people.

Arthur J. Stringer, the Canadian poet, has married Jobyna Howland, the girl whom Charles Dana Gibson used as his model for his pictures of Princess Flavia, in "Rupert of Hentzau." On that account she was engaged to play the role of Flavia in Jas. K. Hackett's production of the play of the same title. Mrs. Stringer is now under the support of Miss Marie Dressler, the Canadian actress, who has just commenced to star in a farce comedy entitled "Miss Prinnt."

Maud Powell is the most prominent lady violinist before the European musical public at the present time. This week she is giving two recitals in London, which precede a tour of twenty concerts which she makes through the British Isles. She leaves for America at the end of December.

Maud Adams, who is playing to the capacity of the Knickerbocker, New York, in "L'Aiglon," will remain at that theatre until December 29th.

Mary Mannering in "Janice Meredith," is one of the substantial hits of the season. She will begin a run at Wallack's Theatre in New York, December 10th.

Peter F. Daily in "Hodge Podge & Co." will make a long run at the Madison Square Theatre in New York. He and Christie McDonald are a great hit in this place.

"Ben-Hur" is breaking all records, even its own, at the Chestnut Street Opera House in Philadelphia, where it will remain until it opens in the Colonial Theatre in Boston in December.

The chorus of the Klaw & Erlanger Opera Co. in "Foxy Quilley" numbers 100 people—50 young women and 50 men. This is a larger chorus than that employed at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

Ada Rehan will begin her tour in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" under the direction of Klaw & Erlanger at the Star Theatre in Buffalo, Monday, November 26th. She will subsequently play in Chicago, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg.

CONSTANCY.

WRITTEN FOR THE BLUENOSE.

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We vow to love, and every vow
Is always "sworn" the same;
There's nothing in this life, we say,
Could alter our refrain.

We pledge our hearts to "Constancy"
As years pass by, and yet
The day may come, ah, Heaven forbid
The day when we regret.

Oh, welcome'd, call it happy hour,
That breaks love's chain at last;
Still better, were it in our power,
Such link had ne'er been cast.

Farewell, to-day might dim the eye
With sorrowing tears, and yet
Time builds its monument of grief
"On one long sad regret."

—Gordon.

TOO MUCH FOR O'REILLY.

From the New York World.
A stranger came to the district attorney's office yesterday and inquired for Asst. Dist. Attorney O'Reilly, from whom he asked for a letter of introduction to Warden Hagan, of the Tombs.

"What name?" asked Mr. O'Reilly, picking up a pen.

"August Dietrich Wilhelm Hufnagel-machermeister," replied the stranger.

He did not get the pass.

The Man on the Street.

This May Cost You \$2.00.

I went into a business man's office one morning this week and found him talking with a mutual acquaintance, so I hung up my umbrella on the radiator and sat down.

"Well, how is The Bluenose getting along?" said he, after some six or eight other topics had been disposed of.

"Pretty well," said I; what do you think of it yourself?"

"What do I think of it? I think it's a very nice little paper, and I hope it will be successful."

"That is very good of you," said I. "What did you think of a certain article in the last issue?"

"The last issue? Let me see. I didn't buy the last issue. I went home in a hurry on Saturday and forgot all about it."

"Just so," said I. "Now, will you tell me how you expect The Bluenose to be successful if a lot of other people do exactly the same thing that you did last Saturday. You say you like the paper, and that you hope it will be supported, and there you seem to think your responsibilities end. Now I am going to tell you a story, and it will be about you and our friend ever there on the window ledge, who hasn't said any thing so far. The time will be about the year 1903, and many changes will have taken place in old Halifax which none of us anticipate to-day. You will be sitting in that same chair, and Jim there will be up on the window ledge, just as he is to-day. After you have thrashed out a number of other things you will chance to say: 'By the way, Jim, do you remember that little weekly magazine that was started in Halifax two or three years ago?' And he will say: 'Yes; do you know that was a fine little paper, and I have often been sorry that the publishers couldn't see enough money in it to keep it up. Did you subscribe for it?' 'No, to tell you the truth, I didn't. I used to buy it on Saturdays occasionally, and liked it first-rate, but I thought there were lots of other people who could keep the thing going without me. I suppose you were a subscriber?' 'No, I wasn't. I acted much as you did, and oftentimes since have been sorry for it. A paper such as The Bluenose is a good thing for a place like Halifax, where we require a little stirring up occasionally; a moderate, independent weekly paper in any community can do no end of a lot of good!'"

After I had told them the story there was a pause, and presently Jim looked over at the man in the chair and winked. The man in the chair looked grave for about fifteen seconds, and then he said: "Jim, how much is this going to cost me?" and Jim said, "Two dollars."

Thirteen A Lucky Number.

I met a man last week who does not believe that old yarn about thirteen being an unlucky number. He is a canvasser for a publishing house across the border, and last spring he went down to St. John's, Newfoundland, by one of the Red Cross boats. At the booking office he was the thirteenth man to register, although he didn't know this until a few days afterwards. The first day out, when he came down to dinner, he found twelve other people at the table, whereupon a friend remarked: "I say, old chap, you are Number 13." On arriving at the Crosbie House, St. John's, he was shown to a very comfortable room overlooking the fine harbor, with its varying scenes of activity, but didn't notice its number until his things were unpacked, when the landlady remarked: "Some people object to taking this room, sir, because it's number 13." "Number 13 seems to be following me," he replied. "I believe I will stay right with it. I have been up against two thirteens that I know of in the last week, and haven't suffered much, so I guess I will have a try at the third."

He spent three months in St. John's, and didn't have one day of bad luck all the time he was there. Business was good, people were kind, and if ever he goes back again it will be with the understanding that his landlady shall locate him in the same old room.

Helped A Tenant To Pay His Rent.

There are very few authors who are out and out inventors. They draw their ideas from their own or others' actual experience. A friend tells me how Mr. W. A. Fraser, the author of "Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries," profited by the experiences of another. The man was at once his landlord, an intimate friend, and one who had travelled a great deal. One evening he called in to see Fraser, and told him railroad stories for two hours. Fraser listened attentively, evidently enjoying them quite a lot. A week or two later the friend called again, and after a pleasant chat of a few moments' duration, Fraser handed him some sheets of manuscript and said, "See how you like that." The other read for a few minutes, and then exclaimed, "Why, these are the stories I told you!" "Yes," replied Fraser; "my rent's due and I have just sold them for \$125." "The man on the street" I may say is something like Mr. Fraser in this respect; he tells the stories he hears to his readers. He is not an out and out inventor.

Riding Upon An Ass.

There was a story told me that is likely told of many others, but the particular person who is the hero of this story resided in a Nova Scotian town. The story may be old, too, but unless it has been heard by everyone it is new to those who haven't heard it. The parson was growing old, poor man, and his residence being far from the church, he was compelled to drive. So he bought a very humble horse and carriage, and drove himself to and from the sanctuary every Sunday. There were those in the congregation, however, who misunderstood. They thought the parson was getting "tony," and were quite scandalized. One of these was so thoroughly scandalized that he felt himself constrained to write a note to the parson expressing his grief to think that a man once so worthy should travel in a manner so different from that of his heavenly Master, when He was upon earth. The parson took the note into the pulpit the next time he preached, and along with the announcements read it, commenting on the same to the effect that the accusation was quite true, and that if the author would come round to the vestry after service with a bridle, he would ride him home.

The Amphibious Nova Scotian "Nightengale."

The noise that frogs make in the spring-time resembles closely enough the chirping of a multitude of small birds, and the occasional hait suppressed oellow of the bull-frog might be idealized into the protest of a leader of a choir or orchestra boiling with fury towards a recreant member, and yet forced to put his attention on the progress of the piece. To a person who has never heard a frog—if we can imagine such a person—the sounds that come from our swamps and ponds must be a problem. I don't know whether it is actually so or not, but a friend of mine tells me that there are sections at least in Ireland where the frog is an absolute stranger, where he would be a mystery were he suddenly to make his appearance there. If the statement is true, it will give a shade of probability to a story told me by another friend of two new-comers from the Emerald Isle, who arrived here last spring, and happened to meet him in the environs of Halifax near where a pond full of frogs were discoursing their monotonous melodies. The usual preliminary of "What time o' day is it, y'r honor?" having been settled, the next question was, "What birds are those chirruping?" "Birds? Why they're not birds at all," answered my friend, as he tells the story. The first Irishman started visibly in some alarm, which instantly spread its infection to his comrade. "What, then, y'r honor," asked the other; "are they snakes?" Whereupon the "risibilities" of my friend being urged to explosion point, he burst into a peal of laughter, which scarcely reassured the sons of the modern Pythian Saint, whose forward steps were measured with no small degree of caution.



The Old Exhibition Grounds.

For some time the disposal of the old exhibition site has been a source of trouble to aldermanic minds. Various schemes have been put forward; some people have even offered to buy it; still the city clings tenaciously to it as if it were a treasure we were loath to part with. Someone made the suggestion a few years ago (and we believe it was seriously entertained) that a wide avenue should be opened through the middle thereof, and the land on both sides divided into building lots for houses of a particularly fine character, the erection of such houses to be subject to municipal approval. We hardly see the force of running an avenue through the middle of the plot. It would mean that the houses on one side would turn their backs on Morris Street, which might easily be made into a very nice thoroughfare. It would be a shortsighted policy, to our way of thinking, that would spoil one good street to open up another. The hospital enclosure is now filled with handsome trees, for which reason, if the exhibition plot were to be divided into building lots, some of the houses to be built thereon should face Morris Street. If the City Council wish to make a residential portion there, it would be much more logical to widen Morris Street a little at that point, and open a new street parallel to it, running from Tower Road to connect with College Street, and be in the nature of an extension of the latter. As building lots running between the street so opened and Morris would be very deep, there would be room for building nice residences on this street also.

But we do not think this the wisest purpose to which the land could be devoted. There being time now to consider to what purpose it could be used in order to beautify the city—and that is something we ought to keep ever in mind—we think our city fathers should

consider whether it might not be well to set it aside for, say, educational purposes. Suppose a number of institutions were planted there, with ample grounds and noble trees lifting their lofty forms to cast a grateful shade in summer; would not that be better than a collection of houses? There would be economy in the idea. Educational institutions should be brought close together, just as banks, insurance offices, publishing houses, etc., have a tendency to gather together in communities of their own. Dalhousie College, the Halifax Medical College, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and the School for the Blind are already in close neighborhood one to the other in that part of the city. If all the land between Dalhousie and the School for the Blind were filled with educational institutions of various kinds, all more or less closely affiliated, what an admirable centre it would be, from which culture might emanate to the whole province. It would thus become the centre of our provincial intellectual life. There are such centres in other Canadian provinces. Why should we not build up one in Halifax? There is a good opportunity to begin right away.

To illustrate how this might be done. At present the County Academy is wretchedly overcrowded, and not half well enough equipped. Moreover, it is miserably situated. The time is at hand when a new building is needed. What site could be more appropriate? The Halifax Medical College is an institution of which the city has a right to be proud. Doing such excellent work as it does, and representing the personal sacrifice of many of our city physicians, it should be encouraged. Why would not the city mark off a lot of land there for this institution to build upon when the governors find themselves in a position to put up a much-needed new building? The Victoria School of Art and Design must put up a building some day. Could there be a better location than in the neighborhood of other educational institutions? Then we must have a technical school soon, and there would be great economy in placing it with the rest on the old exhibition grounds. And a provincial museum some day might also be erected there. And there are others perhaps that we might think of. Is not the idea a good one?

For Educational Development.

If our readers wish to have an idea of what we would be laying the foundations of in devoting the old exhibition plot to such purposes, let them look at page eleven of the December number of the Ladies' Home Journal. We need something along the same lines as the two university settlements depicted there. Of course ours would have to be more humble. But we should emulate them to the very utmost. Indeed, it is almost discouraging to think of \$25,000,000 being devoted to higher educational purposes in California, while in Nova Scotia it is hard to get twenty-five thousand. But it won't do to get discouraged. We have not many wealthy people to depend upon, but that's where the city and the provincial governments should come in and provide endowments. The city could easily afford to set aside the plot of land we speak of as its contribution. It would be a paying investment, for it is a source of wealth to some of our citizens to bring students here to prose-

cute their studies. And we think the city ought to do it to encourage educational enterprise, for education is the mainspring of national development. Education means intelligence, intelligence means progress. The most certain guarantee of the future prosperity of the United States is the large intellectual life that is being fostered there by newly-endowed universities, libraries and kindred institutions. As long as we fail to devote the greatest amount of money and energy that we possibly can to educational purposes we are sure to lag behind in the race for any kind of supremacy. There is a great deal in this assertion, and the sooner we realize it thoroughly the better. The United States is bound to outbid us in every particular unless we stir ourselves a bit in this respect. That may be established as an axiom. It is a proposition that is self-evident. That is why we take the liberty of making the suggestion above discussed. We hope that it will meet with genuine approval, for we are in earnest regarding the development of the province. If we were not anxious to see it progress we would not take the trouble either to conceive or express the above ideas.

To Encourage Tourist Traffic.

We have had a few seasons of comparatively successful tourist travel to this province, and it can now be said that this business opens up a profitable field for enterprise. We should take advantage of it. While all efforts to develop manufactures and other industries are commendable, there is no progressive step that would be so easy to take as this. The natural beauty of our scenery and the superb summer climate are so delightful to visiting Americans that the only way by which we may keep them out after a while will be to refuse them decent accommodation. It is a business that will grow largely of itself, yet it is not wise to leave things to their own course. We should supplement the natural attractions by suitable advertising and the development of our facilities for catering to tourists' wants. In this way we may attract more visitors hither, we may attract a better class than have been coming, and thereby reap a harvest of golden dollars every summer.

The Government of Nova Scotia should feel itself responsible to the people for the development of the tourist traffic. For a government's functions should not merely be the supervision of revenues and expenditures. There are sins of omission that are scarcely secondary to sins of commission. In a matter like this, in which the whole people are interested (and in every matter in which the people have an interest), it is the duty of the Government to keep its eyes open and organize efforts for the advancement of the general good. This is so whether the people ask it or not. It is a good government that is constantly on the watch to improve conditions in order to bring about increased prosperity. We think that the tourist business is something that could properly come under the care of our own Provincial Government, and that appropriations should be made for its encouragement. It is worth while spending a few thousand dollars every year to bring along millions. Hence The Bluenose's anxiety to see the proposition carefully considered by the Premier and his Cabinet.

CHAT ABOUT BOOKS.

Some Things Which Canadian Authors Have Contributed To Literature.

TO whatever influence we may ascribe it, there can be no question that a great development has occurred in Canadian literature during the past few years, and likewise a great development in Canadian publishing. Only a few years ago there were comparatively few who aspired to the dignity of being authors, and there were not many publishing houses to buy their work and publish it. To-day we have not only a large number of writers, but a large number of good writers, and there are several publishers who turn out very creditable work. The chief influences have probably been the spread of education and the growth of prosperity.

A new Canadian author is Mr. Knox Macge, who has written a stirring historical romance, "With Ring of Shield." Readers are apt to fight shy of a new author, but they will find their confidence repaid in reading this story, it being a tale of the War of the Roses, in which the author gives evidence of more than ordinary talent. The materials are well studied; the work is strong and able.

Gilbert Parker's new book, "The Lane That Had No Turning," is meeting with great success. It is a collection of short stories that have a connecting thread, and display his complete and comprehensive acquaintance with life in the Province of Quebec. This finishes his series of novels on Quebec, so he tells us. The dedication to Sir Wilfred Laurier is a beautiful piece of composition.

Miss Joanna E. Wood, of Queenston, Ont., is an authoress who is better known in the United States and England than in her own country. Her contributions to literature have been chiefly through the magazines, but one story, "A Daughter of the Witches," has recently made its appearance in book form. It was originally published in the Canadian Magazine.

"Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries," by W. A. Fraser, illustrated by Arthur Heming, is a book of imaginative interest and romantic realism. Many are no doubt already acquainted with it. The dramatis personae are denizens of the Canadian forest, and their life is depicted in a fascinating way.

Miss L. Dougall, who is considered by some to be our most distinguished Canadian writer of tales, is the author of "The Mormon Prophet." This book is not very new, and is therefore in all likelihood known to most readers, but those who are unfamiliar with it will find that it is a story of striking interest and power.

SIR Edwin Henry Landseer was born in London, in 1802. He was the son of John Landseer. The family name has been well represented by artists, there having been six painters and two engravers, all directly connected with the subject of our sketch. Perhaps the most noted of these, after Sir Edwin, was his brother Thomas, a celebrated engraver.

John Landseer began training his children at an early age. At five years Edwin was already a student of drawing. His progress must have been rapid, for at the age of twelve he exhibited a picture at the Royal Academy. He was not, at that time, a student of the Institution, his picture winning acceptance on its merits and as coming from an honorary member. Two years later he entered the school.

Landseer was small in person, and of a generally attractive appearance. In his youth he was the possessor of a bright, witty and agreeable disposition.

A large number of this artist's work have been engraved. In this manner he is represented in all parts of the world. Many of the highest honors of his profession were conferred on him during his life. In 1865 he was offered the presidency of the Royal Academy, but declined it.

During the past sixty years about three hundred of his works have been sold at auction. The following are a few of the highest priced ones:—

"Braemar" sold in 1868 for 4,200 pounds.

"The Lady Godiva's Prayer" sold in 1864 for 3,300 pounds.

"The Deer Family," sold in 1875 for 3,045 pounds.

"Portrait of Sir Walter Scott" sold in 1877 for 3,202 pounds.

"The Otter Hunt" sold in 1877 for 5,932 pounds.

"Well-bred Setters, who never say they are bored," sold in 1884 for 5,250 pounds.

"Man Proposes, God Disposes," sold in 1881 for 6,615 pounds.

"Stag Pursued by Deer-hound" sold in 1881 for 5,250 pounds.

"The Monarch of the Glen," one of his most famous works in the opinion of many people, was sold in 1884 for 6,510 pounds. In 1892 this picture was again sold, when it brought 7,245 pounds, a gain in eight years of 735 pounds. Many other pictures of his, sold at various auctions, realized from 1,000 to 4,000 pounds.

The death of the artist occurred in London, October 1st, 1873.

J. A. JOHNSON.

NOT AN ENCOURAGING BEGINNING.
From *Fliengende Blaetter*.

A young doctor has waited long for his first patient, and at last is rejoiced to find a sick man at his office.

"Well, my good man, what is troubling you?" asks the doctor.

"I wanted to ask," said the sick man, "if you can tell me the address of your predecessor."

A DEPARTMENT OF IRRITATION.

A. McP. Gets After the General Public With a Long Pole Once More.

If a gang of ruffians caught the children in the city every morning at nine o'clock as they were entering the school-house door and throttled each one for a few seconds, what a stir there would be! Such an outrage could not happen more than once. We parents would turn out in a body and scour the villains from the earth. Hanging would be too good for them, and we should have recourse to the methods of Judge Lynch, in the Southern States.

And yet a little choking would not inflict a tenth part of the injury upon the school children that our present system of daylong slow stifling entails. Some day there will arise a race of architects who know how to put up schools in which children shall not breathe over and over again the same dirty, used-up air. Some day there will be a race of ratepayers wise enough to insist on their money being spent for the benefit of the coming race, their own children. In the meantime, we people of Halifax tax ourselves thousands of dollars each year to provide amusement for shoals of strangers, to give horses a place to run in, and allow our children to be herded in rooms where they cannot get clean air to breathe. We are a wise people. So many thousands every year to improve the breed of cattle, of horses, to give us better orchards, and nobody cares whether the breed of men improves or runs out.

How many schools are there in this city which have been built with any regard for the supply of fresh air? How many are there in which there is the regulation air space for each pupil? How many school-rooms are there in which there are no more pupils than one teacher should be required to look after? To answer these questions, let the Hall-gonlan who pays taxes and sends his children to school, take half an hour from business some day, just to understand the conditions under which his children must spend most of their daylight. Let him go, not at the time of examinations and addresses in the summer, but in the winter, when the furnaces are going and the windows are shut (and must be kept shut), and he finds Johnnie or Mary in a room that was built for forty children and holds fifty-five.

The most severe reflection on our intelligence, as a city, is the very cap-sheaf of our school system, the County Academy. Built in a slum, without a vestige of a playground, and vilely overcrowded, it is about as complete a machine for undermining the health of our children as could be devised.

Whose fault is it? The supervisor protests year after year in his reports, which nobody reads, against the state of things. Every teacher knows what is wrong and who is to blame. Everyone is to blame. You are to blame and I am to blame. It is time for a change.
A. McP.

Winter Grain Export Via Halifax.

THIS article is written at a time when the final word cannot be obtained, but, as things stand, there is very great probability that the new grain elevator will be utilized to some advantage during the coming winter.

Last season, the first in its history, only 15,000 bushels went through this elevator, a development somewhat disappointing to people who looked forward to a large increase in business for the port as a result of its construction.

This year, if nothing goes amiss, there will be between 500,000 and 1,000,000 bushels to set against that, showing an increase in port business, and giving the winter export of grain from Halifax a start.

Shippers are averse to sending grain to a new port for storage until they are sure of being able to find tonnage to carry it across the ocean the moment they may require any. It would be exceedingly awkward for a grain operator to find after he has started several thousand bushels in a certain place awaiting a favorable market, and paid storage charges all that time—it would be very embarrassing then if he could not find a steamer to carry it.

There would not be any difficulty on such a score in Halifax, for there are several lines of steamers calling here now that are anxious to develop a business in grain carrying. Even if they should find themselves in a position to dictate terms to a shipper they would not be unreasonable, for they have something at stake in the transaction as well as the owners of the grain.

The great difficulty that stands in the way of getting grain down to Halifax is the scarcity of rolling stock at the present time. Railroads all over the continent have found themselves tied up more or less for the past year or so, and conditions are not yet different. But should this difficulty be overcome, the intercolonial will have the handling of a lot of grain originating in Western Canada and the Western States.

This grain will come via the Great Lakes to Parry Sound, thence by the Canada Atlantic to Montreal, where it will be taken over by the I. C. R. to be forwarded to Halifax. Negotiations have been in progress and most of the details are completed for the shipment of this grain in the way indicated. Probably by the time this article is published definite arrangements will have been made. Readers may feel pretty certain that at least half a million bushels will come to Halifax during the coming season, and probably close on to a million.

FORMER GRAIN SHIPMENTS FROM HALIFAX.

In this connection it may be interesting to review the statistics of grain exports through Halifax. It is probable that

more grain went through the old elevator than is generally believed, but even at the best it was not very much. The following figures demonstrate:—

Season.	Bushels.
1882-83	31,000
1883-84	74,000
1884-85	301,000
1885-86	390,000
1886-87	576,000
1887-88	69,000
1888-89	130,000
1889-90	502,000
1890-91	218,000
1891-92	1,261,000
1892-3	353,000
1893-94	144,000

The largest shipments were in 1891-92, when the Donaldson liners carried large quantities.

Beside even the smallest figures in the above table, those of the shipments that went through the new elevator last season are very small. This year, however, we may hope for better things. And if we can have a large quantity go through Halifax to the old country during the coming year, we can demonstrate that Halifax is not too far from the West to handle Canada's trans-Atlantic freights, after which we will have larger shipments of grain, and Halifax at last will come to have the recognition and developments that are her right.

Double Barrelled Constituencies.

Nova Scotia is rich in such. She has fourteen single and three double constituencies. New Brunswick has one of a peculiar kind. St. John city has one representative, and, combined with the county, another. Ontario has three double constituencies—Ottawa, Hamilton, Toronto West. British Columbia has one, Victoria. The other provinces are humbler.

Nova Scotia is unique. Her double constituencies are counties. All the others are cities. Great Britain has a score or more, but all are boroughs or cities.

Of the reasons for such constituencies we need not speak. Perhaps they avoid seeming or real gerrymander. We are more concerned with the part they play. In Ottawa such an arrangement permits the selection of French and English candidates by each party, and in Halifax the selection of Catholic and Protestant by each. Elsewhere apparently they serve no such purpose. The largest of these constituencies is Toronto West, with about 16,000 electors, and the smallest is Victoria, which has about one-fourth of that number. In Great Britain the largest, Newcastle-on-Tyne, has 35,000 electors; the smallest, Bath, only 9,000.

Personal considerations play a greater part in double constituencies than in single. An elector, who is not a strong party man, where there is no great issue at stake, is apt to divide his votes, if both men on the ticket he favors are not equally good, and if one of the opponents is of exceptional merit in his eyes. Sometimes these split ballots are interpreted to mean more than personal influence. In Ottawa and in Halifax some believe that racial or religious antipathies are at work. There may be some truth in these suspicions, but one is inclined to believe that the suspected is exaggerated, because unknown.

Let us see if split ballots play a larger part in the total result in Ottawa and

Halifax than in other double constituencies. It will not do to take the total number of votes by which one candidate leads the other on the same ticket, for the difference is sure to be greater where the number of voters is greater. Let us, then, take the difference per hundred. Thus in Halifax, in the late election, Mr. Borden received about 2.5 votes more in every 100 than Mr. Kenny; Mr. Roche about 3.5 more in every 100 than Mr. Wallace. In 1896 the difference between the Conservatives was 5.9 per hundred, and between the Liberals 8.5.

Constituency.	1900.		1896.	
	Cons.	Lib.	Cons.	Lib.
Halifax, N. S.	2.5	3.5	8.9	8.5
Cape Breton, N.S.	2.8	.5	5.8	17.2
Pictou, N. S.	.2	2.1	2.7	.3
St. John City, N.B.*	7.8	10.	16.1	10.1
Ottawa, Ont.	7.7	2.5	3.4	8.8
Hamilton, Ont.	.2	2.6	6.	1.5
Toronto W., Ont.	7.6	3.5	2.2	10.7
Victoria, B.C.*	6.	..	5.8	6.7
Average	4.11	3.53	6.36	7.98
Average for thirteen British boroughs	3.95	4.28		

*The vote in the city only was taken.

*This estimate is approximate only, and is not included in the average.

Curiously sent the writer to consult the Times reports of the returns for similar constituencies in Great Britain in the elections of this year. Only the thirteen boroughs where there were straight tickets were taken. The greatest difference appeared in Dundee, where the Conservatives were separated by 9.2 in every 100, and the Liberals by 16.6. The average difference was 4.28 for the Liberals and 3.95 for the Conservatives.

If we look again at Halifax we find that the differences between the candidates on the same tickets were less in 1900 than the averages for all Canada and for Great Britain.

ONLOOKER.

What Shall Our "Khaki" Monument Be Like?

ANGLO-SAXONDOM is cursed with ugly monuments. This is true in the Old Country, where to this day Punch and the other comic papers have not grown tired of satirizing some examples of the lack of art to be found in the great metropolis. It is true in the United States, and it is possible to find some ugly monuments also in Canada.

If the reader would desire an object lesson in the possibilities of monumental ugliness he need only take a trip through the New England States, where the zeal of patriots since the Civil war has raised piles of offense to the artistic sense in the same structures with memorials to their dead heroes.

If you were to ask why our American cousins combined such characteristics in their patriotic work, we suppose there is only one answer—they didn't know any better. Art in the days of all that monument raising was a feeble infant in the United States. People then never heard or dreamt of municipal art.

Things are different to-day. Art here has been nurtured until it is a strong, vigorous man, and municipal ideas have advanced. Accordingly we find newer monuments that are artistically good; and their setting has been so directed by municipal authority that their value from the artistic standpoint is greatly enhanced. Meantime nearly every important community has been saddled with a permanent memorial that it wishes it didn't have—or wishes were something in better taste, and all because the designing, selection and workmanship were the work of people who had no great artistic training, and were not capable of discharging their respective functions in regard thereto.

In Halifax, we are about to have a serious duty placed upon us. The enterprise of one of our city dailies, frequently mentioned in these columns, is rapidly accumulating a fund to be devoted to the purposes of a "Khaki" monument. What kind of a monument shall we have? By exercising bad taste we may have one that will be an eyesore to ourselves, a laughing-stock to visitors, and an annoyance forever. On the other hand, if we avoid the mistake made by the fathers of our present Yankee cousins, we may have a memorial that will delight our own eyes, inspire our own hearts and teach lessons of culture and patriotism to generations of Halifaxians yet unborn.

The Bluenose prefers the latter kind of monument, and endeavors to arouse the interest of its readers so that they may give liberally to the fund, and exercise vigilance to see that that fund is invested in a work that will not wound the artistic sensibilities of anyone. The monument is to be permanent, which fact enhances the need of care in selecting a design.

Feeling strongly on this subject, The

Bluenose called upon Mr. Rosenberg, principal of the Victoria School of Art and Design, to seek the counsel of one who, being an artist and in full sympathy with any movement for the betterment of things in general and the development of the artistic in particular, would be able to make suggestions more practical than any yet set forth in these pages.

Mr. Rosenberg agreed with The Bluenose's opinion that the designs so far published are not quite suitable. The shaft, being simple, he considered to possess a certain beauty, but by its very nature adapted to a particular environment—the centre of a cemetery, for instance. If placed on the parade its position would be an incongruity. The arch design he considered well carried out as far as the classic was concerned; but the incongruity of mingling with the classic anything so modern as nests of cannon balls, and at the same time so obsolete, had the tendency of spoiling the good effect.

"Yes," said Mr. Rosenberg, "the selection of a monument design is a very important matter indeed, and it should be remembered that an ugly monument is worse than no monument at all. Halifax requires some addition in the way of the artistic, for at present we have nothing, aside from the Sebastopol monument and the fountain in the Gardens—the less said about the latter the better. The architectural examples of any consequence in Halifax are few. The people of the city should bend every energy possible to its improvement, and when an opportunity like this arises, the most should be made of it."

"Have you anything to suggest?" asked The Bluenose.

"Strangely enough," said Mr. Rosenberg, "something of the same style as that whose picture you published last Saturday has been in my mind. I had never seen either that monument or its picture before, but when it appeared in The Bluenose its coincidence with my own ideas was so strong that I roughly sketched mine on paper. Here is the sketch. Although similar in its general idea, yet it is not in its details in any way similar, for its base is triangular and it is open underneath. It would have at each corner of the case a column of pink or flesh-colored Cape Breton marble, and the general design of each side would be an arch cut in a mottled pink marble or some other stone, and on whose portals would be places for bronze plates bearing the names of the officers and men of H Company. Inside, the corners would be rounded, and a stone seat could be worked into each, that would be capable of holding four or five persons very comfortably—not that people would desire to occupy the seats very much, but simply to give a finish to the interior and symbolize

rest to some extent. The ceiling would be in the form of a dome, and could be elegantly designed and worked out. On the exterior, again, the coats-of-arms of Canada, Nova Scotia, and Halifax could be placed, one on the keystone of each arch; and all along the tops of the three sides there would be room for some chaste carving. The superstructure would run up from the base in wave effects in the form of a truncated pyramid, in which would rest a globe, representing the world, and on this would stand a figure of Peace sheathing a sword. The figure and the globe should be in bronze, and should be cast in one piece. The whole monument should stand in the middle of a shallow lily pond, which would be divided into three sections by marble walks communicating with the monument, so that the public might have free access to inspect the structure closely."

The above suggestion, which is given as The Bluenose remembers it, from Mr. Rosenberg's description, appeals to us as more suitable than either of the designs we have seen. It is well worthy of consideration. Not only that, but it is the duty of everyone who has a good idea to give the public the benefit of it, for while there is yet time we may make sure that we shall have nothing but what will please all generations and arouse admiration, during coming years, for the forethought that created a permanent source of delight.

Let Us Laugh.

WHAT THE PRINCE WAS WORTH.
FROM TIT-BITS.

Some years ago the Prince of Wales visited a factory where a large number of men were employed. The prince asked one of the workmen, who was perfectly ignorant as to the identity of the stranger who was addressing him: "What wages do the men have here?" "Well," replied the honest workman, respectfully scratching his head and partially lifting his cap with the same hand, "that depends on what they is. A chap like you would get about eighteen bob a week."

NO LACK OF FACILITIES.

From the San Francisco Argonaut.
A Scotch divine took one of his parishioners to task for his non-attendance at kirk; the man said: "I dinna like lang sermons."
The parson, with some wrath, replied: "John, ye'll dee, and go to a place where ye'll not have the privilege of hearing long or short sermons."
"That may be," said John, "but it winna be for lack of parsons."

SHAH—WHAT A JOKE.

From Paris Le Journal.
On the occasion of the Shah's visit to the pavilion of clockwork at the Paris Exhibition, he was shown a clock which fired off a pistol every hour. "To kill time, eh?" remarked the Persian monarch.

A Woman's Thoughts For Women.

This space is reserved for the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co., Captain Alfred Manley, Saint Paul Building, Halifax, Manager for the Provinces of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland.

If there is one season of the year which approaches more imperceptibly than another it is the festive season of Christmas. In some manner the twenty-fifth of December has a knack of taking us unawares, or, to be more exact, a great many of us have fallen into the habit of being taken unawares. At any rate, it seldom finds us ready and waiting. We generally have applied ourselves so closely to the final preparations that it is a question if the greatest blessing the day brings is not its relaxation from the nerve-racking ordeal we have voluntarily undergone.

As a matter of fact we women undertake too much. To our multifarious duties we add a Christmas responsibility that needs a month's undivided work and study. It is the effect of this care that proves the good old institution of gift-making has degenerated. We give too promiscuously. In a family of many relations, where uncles and aunts and cousins run into the scores before close friends come in the count, this particularly applies. In the face of circumstances the uncles and aunts and the rest of the circle are scarcely justified in expecting their individual needs to be matched to a nicety. The task requires a strong combination of diplomacy and perseverance, with good financial backing, an equipment which too few of us possess. But it is when three or more daughters, all dependent on the father, attempt to "pay back" or keep up appearances that the height of the evil is reached. The old gentleman certainly has roomy accommodations in his heart for sympathizers. Small wonder if the Christmas sleigh bells—supposing there are any—do not jingle to the "Pay, Pay, Pay" of the "Absent-Minded Beggar," or even if the same refrain does not mix itself with the accompaniment of the Christmas hymns. I am afraid the reputation awaiting the person who starts an active reform in this direction will stand a long time unclaimed, but we can all resolve to be less cowardly to opinion, and not have our list of presents given and received remain a perfect balance sheet of a debit and credit account.

Of course there is a great deal attached to the present celebration of the season we would not part with for all its care. To make children happy in the truest sense of juvenile happiness; to give presents to dear ones solely for the pleasure of the giving; to show with some tangible token our appreciation for true friendship, and to add some measure to the woes of the poor are the uses and not the abuses of the glad day. Whatever reforms creep in, these blessings will always be inseparably wedded to the season.

To do all this and do it satisfactorily is quite a problem in itself. At the present moment there is no question more apropos than what to give. Though this must be answered according to individual needs, what not to give can apply to all cases.

In the name of common sense, and in the name of—whatever will appeal to us—don't let us give a sane individual the gimcracks so profusely illustrated and explained in the various "Home and Art" magazines. Hitherto a portion of womankind not overburdened with a sense of discrimination have made a veritable store for the most tempting tissue wrappings of blotters, trays, catchalls, boxes for various purposes, and a host of et ceteras, all cut on shapes foreign to their use and ornamented with inscriptions mostly in the form of execrable puns. The same women will probably continue to make the same mistakes till some accident arouses them to the sense of sin. The slightest obligation is never scored off in this fashion. On the contrary, the donor is actually in the debt of the recipient whose friendship has been presumed on. If we give at all, let us give something useful, or at least with an intelligent semblance of utility. The stores are full of suggestions.

My friend Mazie is a typical Bluenose girl from the top of her well-balanced head to the tip of her well-dressed foot. The other evening when I called upon her I was rather surprised to find her out of sorts. It was such an unusual thing for Mazie. "I'm sorry you've come. Generally I feel as if I had some business in the world, but to-night I feel a total failure. I will bore you to death if you stay." That was my greeting, nevertheless I stayed.

"Gown?" I inquired.

"Yes," scarcely audible.

"Soft gray?" Another acquiescence.

Her last venture, which was to have been quite a stunning costume for holiday wear, had not been a complete success. Hence the blue.

Have you ever noticed that when a woman is miserable—not in trouble, but downright miserable—there is a gown at the bottom of it? When a man is in the same state of mind, a woman is as invariably the cause. Now the masculine reader who has strayed to this page, feeling half ashamed of being here, need not smile and look wise, for that won't alter the above mentioned fact. But I have strayed from Mazie and the moral of her experience.

Mazie had seen a gown—"a ravishing gown"—in the pages of one of those magazines that stick in a dress pattern with no other design than to have a fashion department. The dress was simple in effect, with folds and plaits and complications in general to make its simplicity all the more striking. The model was tall. So is Mazie. In fact if anyone could have essayed that gown with assurance it was Mazie. She is rather the Gibson type of girl, but Gibson girls' waists are not strictly according to fashion-plate cut, which may or may not be bad taste on the part of Gibson. That is a matter of opinion. What is more to the point—that gown was a failure, beginning under the arms and extending over the hips. The waist showed a horizontal plating effect with the front maintaining a somewhat hostile attitude towards the vest (a thing of beauty in itself), and positively refusing an artistic contour with the skirt at the waist line. It was the fault of nobody but the magazine, or so Mazie insisted. It is so easy to make waists of any dimensions and to adjust any material with pen and ink. Mazie—charitable soul—asked me not to allow my readers to make the same mistake, and I promised, providing they would profit by her experience.

THE HEMPIE.

Losing Flesh!

If you are losing flesh and vitality Park's Perfect Emulsion will do you good. It is the finest Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, which has long been recognized as the best food for consumptives and all debilitated persons. It also contains Guaiacol, a modern derivative of Creosote that is being recognized the world over as a microbe-destroyer in tubercular diseases, like consumption and chronic coughs. The addition of the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda make

PARK'S PERFECT EMULSION, The Grandest Reconstructor.

It aids digestion, increases the appetite, promotes assimilation, and is very nutritious, furnishing an abundance of nourishing food-elements to the wasted tissues by means of the enriched blood. Try a bottle of it. You will feel better after the first day's treatment, and in a short time you will be telling all your friends how many pounds you have gained.

Price 50c. per bottle, of all Druggists.

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HALIFAX, N. S.

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 LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

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

J. A. JOHNSON,

General Agent,

HALIFAX, N. S.

A Dollar Saved IS A Dollar Earned

WE have been wondering whether a number of ladies in the north and south end of this city who occasionally pass our door in the street cars realise that it would pay them to come in and get some prices on grocery supplies. If they did we know we would see quite a number more of them than we do at present. For instance, in a house where many canned goods are used, it surely ought to pay to buy them by the dozen instead of by the single can. We are wholesalers as well as retailers and the customer who buys a dozen gets our wholesale price. We try to carry absolutely everything that the average household is likely to want in the way of food supplies. We buy in the biggest quantities and we buy for cash so that we know to a certainty that at least our cost prices are as low as anybody can obtain. Our telephone number is 795 and if you want to know what we sell things at, all you have to do is to call us up. Our team delivers goods at all parts of the city. Some of the shrewdest housekeepers in the province get practically all their groceries from us. They have found it pays.



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I Want a Loaf of Whole Wheat BREAD!

This is a request every Housewife should make of our Drivers, for Whole Wheat Bread is Healthy, Nutritious and Delicious in a degree far greater than either plain or Brown Bread. Get It.

I Won't Make PLUM PUDDINGS Any More!

This is a wise resolve for every housewife to make when she knows she can buy Plum Puddings freshly made, from us for 15 CENTS a pound, and so save herself much labor and anxiety. Our Puddings are made from the best materials and they're delicious. Better try one.

MOIR,
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Asparagus TIPS.

A nice thing for dinner at any time, but especially so at this season of the year. We can give you a tin, same size as a tin of Canned Corn, for the small sum of 25 cts. It's worth calling in for, or if you telephone, we will send it

W. J. Hopgood
Spring Garden Road,
HALIFAX.

THE BLUENOSE.

NEXT WEEK IN HALIFAX.

SUNDAY:—Rev. C. McKinnon commences this evening, in Park Street Church, a series of Sunday lectures on "Twilight Reveries of the Century." This evening's subject will be "Its Marvels." Next Sunday evening he will be absent, but on the three Sundays succeeding he will discuss, "Its Men," "Its Mistakes," "Its Missions," in the order named.

Rev. Dr. Black will take "Milton and Paradise Lost" for his subject at St. Andrew's this evening.

At St. Paul's Church there will be special music in commemoration of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. The choir will sing "Homeland" and "The Lost Chord," both by this celebrated musician, the latter being his most famous production in sacred song.

Bishop Courtney will deliver the sermon at the morning service at St. Luke's Cathedral.

The Rev. Professor R. A. Falconer, of the Presbyterian College, will deliver two lectures in St. Matthew's Church on "The New Testament at the End of the Nineteenth Century—A Review of the Results of Higher Criticism." The first lecture, this morning, will be on the Gospels. The Rev. J. E. Wallace will conduct the evening service.

A solemn High Mass will be chanted at St. Patrick's Church in the morning. At its conclusion the choir will sing the "Pange Lingua," for the inauguration of the devotion of "Quaran Ore." The observance will conclude with similar services of song on Tuesday morning; at ten o'clock. The offertories will include Haydn's "O Jesu Deus Pacis," and Beethoven's "Sub Tuum Presidium."

MONDAY:—"Our Regiment," by the Valetre Stock Company, will be the bill at the Academy of Music to-night.

TUESDAY:—Opening concert of the season will be given by the Orpheus Club at Orpheus Hall this evening.

"Our Regiment" will be repeated at the Academy of Music.

WEDNESDAY:—"Our Regiment" will be the matinee at the Academy of Music. The same bill will be repeated in the evening in aid of the poor. This performance will be under the patronage of Colonel Biscoe, Acting General, Colonel Wilkinson, and officers of the Garrison.

THURSDAY:—"The Iron Chest," by the Valentine Stock Company, at the Academy of Music, in aid of the poor, under the patronage of Hon. A. G. Jones, Lieut.-Governor, Hon. George H. Murray, Hon. J. W. Longley and members of Parliament. The Harmonic Quartette will deliver several choice selections at this performance.

Sale of fancy work and dolls, etc., and afternoon tea at Church of England Institute. Doors open at 3 p.m.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY:—"The Iron Chest" will run both evenings, and will be the bill at the Saturday matinee.

Miss M. B. Marshall's sale of Art Needlework at 42 Gerrish Street will be in progress all the week.



People Often Wonder Why

so many customers are always to be seen in our store. One of the reasons is that we pay a great deal of attention to the details of our business and in keeping our stock always well filled. We carry many articles of Hardware not carried by other dealers, and our prices are so low that there is very little profit in retailing goods of this class, the aggregate on large turnovers alone making up our remuneration for handling them.

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LOWER WATER ST., HALIFAX.

Held Up by Robbers!

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

ROBINSON'S STABLES,
Doyle Street.

**GILT PHOTO FRAMES
and MIRRORS.**

**ONYX and GILT PIANO
and BANQUET LAMPS.**

Large and beautiful assortments in these lines just received at

Rosborough & Thomas,
174 to 176 Granville Street.

Military and Militia Topics.

(Continued from page 6.)

self in a highly satisfactory manner and presented a good muster. The Dartmouth companies being new, and never inspected by the D. O. C. before, were put to very severe tests in company inspection, in which they displayed good discipline, for which they were highly complimented.

THE LATE MAJOR HAROLD LATHROP BORDEN.

The name of Harold Lathrop Borden stands foremost not only among the Nova Scotians, but among the Canadians who fought so gallantly for the cause of the Empire in South Africa. In presenting Major Borden's picture in this issue any lengthy details are unnecessary. The public is already acquainted with the life of this brave young man who cheerfully resigned his commission as Major in his own regiment, and gave up a career of considerable promise in order to receive an appointment as lieutenant in the Second Contingent. His name will occupy a prominent place on the monument to be erected in this city in honor of our soldiers. That Major Borden is fully entitled to the honored place he holds in the hearts of the people cannot be better proved than by the quotation of Lord Roberts' despatch concerning him. The Field Marshal said: "Lieutenant Borden was killed while gallantly leading his men in a counter attack on the enemy's flank at a critical juncture of their assault on our position." And he adds: "Borden was twice before brought to my notice in despatches for gallant and intrepid conduct." Well did the young Nova Scotian fulfil the word he gave in speaking at the reception tendered to the volunteers in St. John. "Never," he said "will I ask one of my men to go where I will not go myself."

The late Judge Johnstone was a lieutenant in the 63rd. This was in the year 1860, when the company of Dartmouth Rifles was formed, with David Falconer as captain. That company, like the present Dartmouth companies, conducted company drill at home, but came across to the city for battalion drill. It was one of the six originally composing the 63rd. On the departure of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales from Halifax, after his visit to Halifax many years ago, the Dartmouth Rifles, with two other companies, went to Truro to form a guard of honor at that place.

It is said that Lord Wm. Seymour is likely to be appointed to the command of the Tower in London. This is a very special honor, and his many Halifax friends hope that he will receive it. Only men who have influence in Court circles are given such an important command.

T. H. & W. T. FRANCIS

Examine our new stock at our new store
The New White Hall,
107 to 111 ARGYLE STREET.

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.	FURNITURE	A NIMBLE SIXPENCE
FURNITURE		
22 to 28 Buckingham Street.		Don't Forget The Lowest Prices with perfect civility

.. TRY OUR ..

Cough Drops,

Only 10c. for a
1/2 lb. box.
Excellent Value.

BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Duffus' Corner,
Granville Street.

G. S. LANE

The Leader in popular Furs!

WHY?

OUR GOODS are made to meet the demand of all cases.

OUR LINE comprises the largest variety of . . . **FURS.**

OUR FURS are made by the best skilled . . . labor.

OUR HATS are made by the best English and American Makers.

Raw Furs purchased.
Fur Garments made over

113 Granville St., Halifax.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
J. D. MEDCALFE, MANAGER

Valentine Stock Company.

Week commencing Dec. 3rd.
 Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Wednesday Matinee.

OUR REGIMENT.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Saturday Matinee.

THE IRON CHEST.

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

Great Value

is to be seen in every garment we make, but especially in our

WINTER OVERCOATS.

Call and have a talk with us about the matter. We can give you some interesting points.

You may want a SUIT.

We have a splendid line of Winter Goods.

E. MAXWELL & SON,

Merchant Tailors,

132 Granville St. HALIFAX, N. S.

Hanifen!

HE'S the man who . . .
 made my Fall Overcoat, and a fine piece of work it is.



His prices are right and he keeps a very good assortment of all the new cloths of the season.



His Address is Corner of Blowers and . . .
 Sackville Streets, Halifax.
 He is a good tailor.

THE BLUENOSE.

Paragraphs About People.

(Continued from page 5.)

Mrs. Barclay-Webster, who has been spending some time in this city, returned to her home in Kentville on Monday. Mrs. Webster is the mother of Beverly Webster, who received a commission in the British army last winter, and who is now on service in South Africa.

Mr. A. E. Jones, organist of St. Luke's Cathedral, expects to leave shortly for England on a vacation.

Rev. A. P. Shatford, who was curate of St. Paul's, Bridgewater, for a number of years, left that parish last Monday to enter on his duties as rector of North Sydney, C.B. Mr. Shatford was banquetted at the Fairview Hotel, Bridgewater, last week, and later was tendered a purse in appreciation of his services by members of the congregation.

Mrs. Hugh D. MacKenzie and her daughters, Misses Edna and Maggie, returned last Saturday from Boston, where they spent a pleasant month.

The Rev. Wm. Dobson has accepted the invitation to the Methodist Church at Windsor. He will be succeeded in the Grafton Street Methodist Church by Rev. F. H. Wright, B.D., Pictou.

Miss May Campbell, of Strathorne, C.B., arrived on the steamer Dahome from England the first of the week. She is the guest of Miss Susie Stairs, Kent Street, for a few days. Miss Campbell, who made many friends in this city when attending the Ladies' College, has been visiting the Continent and the Paris Exposition with her friend, Miss Lillian Grant, of Springhill.

The many friends of Colonel Collard will be pleased to hear that he is soon to return to Halifax, after a trying six months' experience in China. He was ordered there soon after the war broke out. Mrs. Collard and family remained in Halifax at the "Grosvenor."

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Dustan have been spending a few days in St. John.

One of the brightest "euchres" of the early season claimed Mrs. (Dr.) Tobin as hostess, last Friday evening, when her friends found it a pleasure indeed to pass from the dreary outside world into her pretty drawing-rooms, bright with flowers, and receive a cordial welcome from that most genial of hostesses. The prizes were dainty and appropriate. Mrs. Phillips was the lucky winner of the ladies', and Mr. Ponsonby succeeded in capturing the men's.

We hear with much pleasure that Mrs. Elliot (nee Miss Blanche Wickwire) is soon to be with us once more. Mrs. Elliot is one of the greatest of Halifax favorites, and her many friends will be pleased to welcome her on her return to her native land. Her mother, Mrs.

XMAS CARDS, Calendars.

Dainty Booklets,
 and Artistic Stationery,
 (in boxes) suitable for presents.
 Ladies' Purses,
 Card Cases, etc.

W. E. HEBB,
 139 Hollis Street,
 HALIFAX.

Christmas Hints!

Christmas will be here and you will be rushed and forget that nice . . .

CHOCOLATE JUG at \$1.00,
Dainty SILVER CAKE BASKET,
CHINA TEA SETT,
CHOICE LAMP.

or a small gift for your child or child friend, that you saw at

WEBSTER, SMITH & CO.
 172 Granville Street.

New Things

— AT —

HOLLAND & KUHN'S,
 Granville Street.

NEW PICTURES, New Calendars,

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

A Source of Supply

that you can trust for variety, quality, price, attention, promptness. . .

WE ARE THAT SOURCE.

You may send an order every day, every hour, if you have occasion, and . . . know that our part will be faithfully executed. . .

TRY US.



Le Bon Marche'

Corner Barrington
and Sackville Sts.

Telephone 1041. HALIFAX.
P. O. Box 323.

Wilson's Stove Store

**BASE BURNERS,
SILVER MOONS,
HARVEST MOONS,
OAK STOVES,**

in all makes.

**The Cumberland Hot
Air Furnace** fitted up in any
part of province.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

F. R. BROWN,
206 and 208
Hollis Street.

Wickwire, her child, and Miss Elliott, sister of Captain Elliott, will accompany her, and intend to spend the winter in Halifax. They left England last Thursday, and will come direct. Captain Elliot has been through the war in South Africa, and is now in China.

Mrs. Townshend gave a very enjoyable euchre party last Tuesday evening in honor of Commodore Giffard. This gentleman, by his genial manners, has made a host of friends in Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. MacKinlay were no doubt somewhat surprised to find, on reading *The Bluenose* last Saturday, that Mrs. MacKinlay had given an "At Home" on the previous Thursday. Our correspondent had evidently got things a little bit mixed. The item referred to should have said "Mrs. MacKinlay, Tower Road," instead of "Mrs. C. H. MacKinlay, Young Avenue." Mistakes will occur in the best regulated families.

Mr. John F. Stairs, of this city, has been visiting in the United States. He spent last Sunday at Pittsburg, Pa., with his eldest son James, who is a mining engineer in the employ of the large steel works there.

Harold Anderson, of the Halifax Banking Company, and a popular member of the Wanderers, left on Wednesday for Amherst, having been transferred to an agency there.

The Rev. Rural Dean Armitage has been preaching in St. Paul's Church a series of sermons on the general subject of "The Lessons of the Nineteenth Century." The sermons have attracted great interest. The building of old St. Paul's is in itself one of commanding interest, and a very wide circle has been reached through the publication of outlines of the sermons in the daily press. The rector of St. Paul's takes a most hopeful view of the progress of the century from the material, intellectual, and spiritual standpoints. The latest of the series, that on the achievements of Christianity, formed a powerful apologetic argument, and was a revelation to many.

UNNEEDED EFFORTS.

From *The Chicago Post*.

"Mad!" he exclaimed. "Of course I'm mad. I tell you what we need in this world is some good system of general thought transference or mind reading. You know how hard I worked to get Margaret?"

"Yes."

"Just gave up all my waking thoughts to the subject; neglected my business and all that, and made a fool of myself generally."

"But you succeeded?"

"Oh, yes; we're engaged, and now that we have exchanged confidences, I find that she was working just as hard to get me, and it makes us both mad to think of the waste of effort."

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

are what you are now looking for, and the children must be given an important place in your . . . Xmas buying.

Here is something
Ornamental,
Practical,
and sure to please the
little ones.



Kindergarten Set

comprising
2 chairs and 1 table.

Not Toys, but good sized pieces. Table top, 18 x 24 inches; Chairs, 18 inches high, Chair seats, 9 1/2 inches high, backs, 21 inches.

Painted red, or finished on the natural wood, Antique.

**Price \$1.75
for the Set,**

packed in good order for shipment to any point. Send us your orders now and we will hold for Xmas week, if desired.

NOVA SCOTIA
FURNISHING CO., Ltd.,

Complete House Furnishers,

HALIFAX, N. S.
SYDNEY, C. B.

Mufflers! Mufflers!!

In Silk, Cashmere, Etc.
Colored and Black

Plain and Fancy Patterns.

— All Prices!

○○○○○○○○

GILLIS', - 141 Hollis St.

The Honorable Alexander MacKenzie

ONCE MADE THE REMARK:
"THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY IS AS
SOLID AS THE CONTINENT."

The words of this old Canadian statesman, who is respected by both political parties in Canada, are as true to-day as when he so forcibly expressed them. It has assets of \$3,500,000, all in Canadian securities. It offers the insurer fifty-five different kinds of policies, embracing absolutely everything desirable in life assurance. Among these may be mentioned:—

WHOLE LIFE,
LIMITED PAYMENTS,
ENDOWMENT,
FIVE PER CENT. GUARANTEED DEBENTURES,
SEVEN PER CENT. GUARANTEED INCOME BONDS,
RETURN PREMIUM,
TERM INSURANCE,
PARTNERSHIP POLICIES,
ANNUITIES,
and CONTINUOUS INSTALLMENT POLICIES,

by which a man can secure an income for life for his family, the company acting as trustees.

These and many others are offered at the lowest rates consistent with safety.

W. F. McPHIE,
PROVINCIAL MANAGER,

Metropole Building, HALIFAX.

The Older, The Easier.

A Fable With A Moral Written By
George Ade for the Landmark.

Once upon a Time there was a Self-Made Citizen who manufactured a Patent Churn. He had been married for thirty-four Years, and had three Children who were Grown Up and Married. He had Grubbed along all his Life. In his Youth he never had gone High Rolling because he had been learning a Trade. His Compensation consisted of Board and Clothes and a Yarn Comforter every Christmas. After he got Married it was a Case of planting all the Small Change so as to be there with the Rent Money on the First.

In Time the Churn Maker got the Grap: Vine Twist on Adversity and Won Out. He had all kinds of Collateral, and they began to be Pleasant to him at the Bank. He could have written his Check for Six Figures, but he never did.

He continued to live in the same Modest Style and his Habits seemed to be Fixed. He never ordered any Hot House Grapes for fear they would spoil his Appetite for Prunes. He used a Bone Collar Button and a Ready-Made Bow Tie that fastened on with an Elastic.

One Day was the same as another to him. He would arise at half-past 6, and go out to feed the Horse and look at the Thermometer. Then he would have his Fried Steak and two Cups of Mother's Coffee, and start for the Factory to go through the Mall and try to put a Compress on the Pay Roll. The Women along that Street could set their Clocks by him, for he always came home to Dinner just at ten minutes past twelve. After he had disposed of the Roast Beef and Trimmings and had his Wedge of Pie, he would feed the Horse again and try to estimate how much longer the Coal was going to last. Then back to the Place where the Churns were made. At half-past 5 he would return for Supper. When they had Company they called it Tea. In the Evening, if there was no Grand Army Campfire or Prayer Meeting, he would hold down a Rocking Chair in the Sitting Room. He seldom wore a Coat around the House. He had a Pair of Velvet Slippers, worked for him by his Daughter-in-Law, and when he put them on in the Evening he groaned with Satisfaction. He would sit and read Churn Literature until half-past 9, and then he would turn out the Cat, wind the Clock, fix the Damper on the Furnace and connect with the Feathers. At half-past 6 next Morning he was up to repeat the Routine.

After thirty-four years of this he found himself a Widower. For a Time he moped and dropped around by himself, and the Blackest Clothes he could get were not half Black enough. Although he still lived at the House, he took his Meals out at a Boarding House conducted by a Lady who had driven her own Carriage at one time, and said so at every Meal.

EVERY
BOY AND GIRL
SHOULD RECEIVE
A MUSICAL EDUCATION.

This is the most readily
accomplished on the . .

PIANO

and the better the piano the
better the results.

When you get ready to look
at pianos, we ask your very
careful consideration of . . .
those we sell, including such
makes as

CHICKERING,
NEWCOMBE,
MASON & RISCH,
and BELL.

These pianos are given a prominent
place in the warerooms
of the very best dealers in the
country.

They are the choicest—each
in its grade—in all the essentials
that make a beautiful
piano.

Our prices are as low as is
consistent with quality, and
our terms easy.

Write for list of special bargains
in slightly used and . . .
second-hand pianos and organs.

THE
W. H. JOHNSON CO.,
Limited.

HALIFAX and ST. JOHN.

Ungar's

THE BIGGEST AND
BEST IN THE MARI-
TIME PROVINCES.

Steam

PROMPT
DELIVERY . . .
GUARANTEED.

Laundry.

WORKS :
BARRINGTON ST.,
Halifax.
PHONE 653.

He missed the Coffee, and the Pie did not taste right. It was still and lonesome in the Sitting Room, and he felt lost under the altered Conditions. One Evening it was so Creepy around the House when he tried to read that he went out for a Walk. As he strolled it occurred to him that it had been Many Moons since he had taken the Night Air with any Regularity. It seemed rather strange to realize that if he wanted to he could stay out as late as the Owl Cars and come Home with the People who Work while you Sleep. For the first Time since his Bereavement he felt the Gloom lifting. He had to acknowledge that the sense of Liberty gave him a new kind of a Thrill. His Bette. Judgment told him that inasmuch as he was his own Boss, and had Nobody to keep Cases on him, he might as well Perk up and not overdo the Pining Away. So he kept on Walking until he came to the Temperance Billiard Hall, where he rang in on some Students from the Shorthand College and learned to play Bottle Pool. Once in a while he would give a Quick Start and have an Impulse to get a Move on himself, for the Knowledge that he was as Free as the Air had not thoroughly soaked in on him as yet.

In a few Evenings he overcame this Jumpy Feeling and stopped looking at Clocks. He learned to make Follow Shots and play for Position and leave a hard Set-Up for the next Player. When he had Chalk all over his Clothes and was banging out Three Cushion Shots to keep from being Stuck, he began to feel like One of the Boys.

He was in the Clover Pasture for the first time, and he could not refrain from Rolling Over and Kicking Up. He got a lot of new Clothes made at a Tailor Shop, and began to smell of Musk and wore a Pair of Yellow Gloves. Then he bought a Trotter and a Piano-Box Buggy with Cushion Tires, and he was seen walking up and down in front of Millinery Stores. He wore these Hot Stripes on his Shirt, and he had a dove-colored Fedora Hat, such as a neat Bartender wears on Sunday.

But he took an overdose of the Elixir of Youth when he had his Hair and Whiskers dyed the color of India Ink. He wanted to Make all the Women in Town think he was going on twenty-seven. When the Dye began to wear off and the Crop had an Oxidized Appearance and was Gray around the Roots, he was a Fright, but he didn't think so.

His children and the other Relatives worried a little, but they did not Discuss the Matter of having a Guardian appointed until the old Gentleman became all snarled up with a portly Amazon named Blanche. Blanche had been very Careless with her Husbands, and she could not tell, without looking over her Books, where she had left all of them. Her name was a Household Word

Headquarters

for Men's and Boys'
Clothing and Furnishings.

Our stock of Overcoats, Reefers and Suits for Fall and Winter now complete.

MEN'S OVERCOATS,
\$5, \$6, \$7, \$10, \$12, \$15.

BOYS' REEFERS,
\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.75, \$3.50, \$5.00

Remember, your money back if goods are not satisfactory.

SCOVIL & PAGE

Barrington Street,
Cor. George " } Halifax.

A Tea
You Will
Surely Like.

Its name is —●—

**LYON
BLEND!**

and we sell it at
25c. a lb.

W. E. CROWE & CO.,
GOTTINGEN STREET.

—TO—
97 Barrington St. 101

MAHON BROS.

Special Sales.

Imp. Down Quilts,
English Blankets,
Ladies' & Children's
Whitewear.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

LEGGINS AND OVERGAITORS

We have all the new ideas in this line of goods. Our gaiters for Ladies, Misses, and Children.

Leggins for Ladies, Misses and for the Little Fellows.

We have Leggins and Overgaitors . . . made from Cloth, . . . Corduroy, Felt and Leather—Comfortable, useful and cost but little.

TAYLOR'S
PALACE BOOT & SHOE STORE
156 Granville Street,
SOLE SLATER SHOE AGENTS.

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

CARPETS

An extensive line at remarkable reductions. Fresh goods, handsome patterns. We cut the price to close out the entire line before the season ends.
FINE BRUSSELS CARPETS, made and laid at 85c
CHOICE AXMISTERS, made and laid at \$1.05
ALL WOOL INGRAINS, made and laid at 75c

KID GLOVE SPECIALS!

FRENCH KID GLOVES, Dome Fasteners, - 95c
Our Special UNDRESSED KID GLOVES, - 85c
These lines are stocked in all the newest shades, also in Black.

BLANKETS

If you haven't bought your winter's supply we'll make the buying easy, as these prices indicate:—

- \$1.98** a pair, for Good Heavy, Ordinary Sized Blankets.
2.95 a pair, for our Special 6-pound Wool Blankets.
3.00 a pair, for our Special 8-pound Size, California Blankets, extra large.
4.00 a pair, for A-1 Quality Blankets, actually worth \$5.25.

**SPECIAL LINE SILK TRIMMED
COMFORTABLES, \$4.00.**

**Portieres Close to Half
Price!**

STRIPED PORTIERES, 98c. pair
HEAVY ART PORTIERES, \$2.40 pair
HANDSOME CHEVILE PORTIERES, 3.00 pair
TAPESTRY PORTIERES, 3.75 pair

around the Divorce Courts, and she moved every Month because she could not find a Neighborhood that was Refined enough to suit her.

When she tightened the Lasso on the Churn Manufacturer and prepared to give him the Strong Arm, one of his Relatives sent out a General Alarm. His Daughter and his two Sons, who were naming Children after him and wondering how the Estate was to be divided, got the Family Lawyer, and the whole Bunch tried to Split Out the rejuvenated War Horse and the buxom Divorcee. They told him that all she wanted was his Roll. He said they must be Mistaken, because Blanche had Explained everything and told him in so many Words that he was the first Man she ever Loved right down to the Ground, and he would be just the same to her if he didn't have a Sou Markee.

Blanche knew that they were trying to sidetrack the Wedding, so when he came to see her again she sat on his Lap and told him he was free to Abandon her if he thought she was a Mercenary Girl, but the Minute he walked out of that Door, then nothing short of Prussic Acid would do for her, for it was the First Time in her life she had known the Happiness of coming into the Life of a Good and Distinguished Man, and if he cast her aside and treated her as a Plaything—well, there would be a piece in the Paper, that was all.

The Churn Maker might have known that nobody but Sandow would cast aside a Plaything weighing 150, but she had him believing anything when she stroked the Dye. It was a Fierce Line of Talk, but it went with him, for he had been sitting Indoors for thirty-four Years, and what he did not know about the Blanche Type would have filled many a Page. She had him Winging. While he was under the Influence of Knock Out Drops or something else equally Potent, she spirited him away in a Hack and had him Married and signing Checks before the Detectives could Locate them.

As soon as she had him Roped and Thrown she had to hurry away to visit an Invalid Cousin in Washington. The Sight Drafts began to cut Scallops into his Bank Account, and the Churn Manufacturer found himself Guessing, although he received a Collect Telegram every Hour of the Day, full of Baby Talk, telling him how she longed to see him again and to meet all Drafts and not believe anything he heard.

Then his Son got hold of him and began to beat it into him that he had been Played.

By the time the Lawyer got a Decree and fixed Blanche with the Hush Money and all the fees had been settled, the Wallet of the Churn Manufacturer looked as if it had been put through a Wringer. He let his Whiskers grow out Gray again, and whenever he went out Walking they sent one of the Grand-Children along to take care of him.

Moral:—The older the easier.



Waterproof Carriage . . Rugs

In the above, we have a class of goods not to be seen in many places in Canada.

Some specials in Scotch Waterproof Cloth Bags just received.

KELLY'S
122 Granville Street.

Up-to-date

Who is Up-to-date?
We Are!



Our Carriage System,
Our Baggage System,
Our Parcel System.

No disappointments,
No incivility,
No over-charges.

Everything Right.

HALIFAX TRANSFER CO. Ltd.

134 Hollis Street,

Telephone 581.

ARTISTIC SIGNS

are like

Good "Ads."

They bring business.
We supply all kinds.

HARRISON BROS.

54 Barrington St.

You do not have to die to reap the benefits of Assurance in the Equitable.

Here are the results of three policies to policy-holders while still living. One is a 20-year Endowment, one a 20-Payment Life, and the other an Ordinary Life Policy, with a 20-year Period.

1.—Endowment—\$5,000.

No. 227,744—Age 40—Premium \$258.90.

At its maturity this year, this endowment for \$5,000 returned to the holder \$7,786.65, which amount equalled the face of the policy, and in addition 55 per cent. in dividends in cash.

2.—20-Payment—\$2,000.

No. 222,226—Age 40—Premium \$77.66.

At the end of its premium-paying period, this policy for \$2,000, gave to the holder a paid-up policy for the full amount, and in addition a cash dividend of \$841.72, or 54 per cent. of all premiums paid. Or he could have received in cash \$2,022.64, or 30 per cent. more than he had paid in premiums.

3.—Ordinary Life—\$2,500.

No. 222,008—Age 35—Premium \$65.95.

This policy, although issued on the ordinary life plan, returned to its holder a paid-up policy for its full amount. Or he could have drawn in cash \$1,420.22 which amounts to more than all the premiums paid by him.

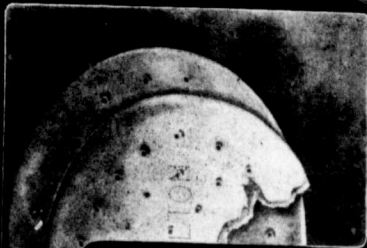
The Equitable Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES.

C. H. PORTER, Manager.

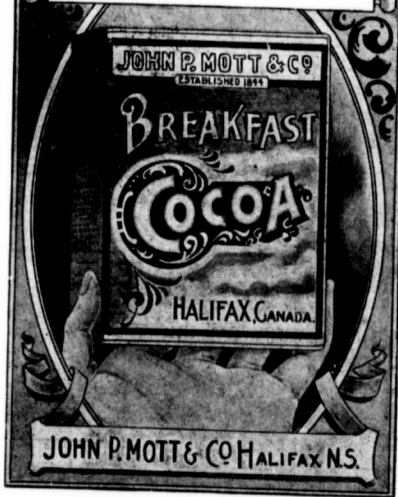
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HAMILTON OF PICTOU



A "ZEPHYR" PILOT...
BISCUIT is a nice thing
 to eat at bed time...
 ... It's easily digested.

WHAT COULD BE NICER
 THESE COLD EVENINGS
 THAN A HOT CUP OF
 MOTT'S COCOA?



JOHN P. MOTT & CO HALIFAX N.S.



"SPLENDID
 AT ANY
 TIME"

Shubenacadie

BIGELOW & CO
 TRURO, N.S.

THERE ARE NO TEAS
 LIKE MORSE'S TEAS



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