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A JOURNAL OF PROGRESS

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THE MAN ON THE STREET.



THINGS LEARNED BY HIM IN HIS RAMBLES.

EDITING A COUNTRY PAPER.

THE troubles of a country newspaperman are forever new and real. A day or two ago I happened across an old friend who is manager, editor and reporter of a Hants Co. weekly, who claims to have the perfection of newspaper offices. In one corner is a mining engineer, forever crushing and cracking quartz. In another is a civil engineer who puts in his spare moments—none too few—moulding bullets and tinkering up odd machines. In the remaining space surrounded by books, papers and all his editorial paraphernalia our friend composes Philippics against political opponents and panegyrics on his friends. He has come to the city for a little rest and quiet. I think he probably needs it.

BACK TO AFRICA.

One at least of the returned Canadians has the courage to once again brave the elements and revisit the country of his late trials and tribulations. It is Corporal J. Gallagher, before the breaking out of the war an employee of the I. C. R. Mr. Gallagher has the record of being the only

lance-corporal of "H" Co.—there were eight in all—who marched all the way to Pretoria with the regiment. May like success follow him in civil matters.

AN ELECTION TRICK.

The purchaseable vote has in recent elections shown considerable worldly wisdom. At first it appeared to have a conscience of a kind. It seemed to think it immoral to take money without giving something in return. Even the worthy papers descended to suggest that such is immoral. The men without money have preached another doctrine. They say "Take all the money offered you. It is the people's and has been stolen directly or indirectly. But vote as you please." There is not much to choose between the two views. The latter will probably render bribery more or less useless, unless the open ballot is adopted or some device—such as the eye hole in the booth—is hit upon to show the *corruptor* how the *corruption* has voted.

New Brunswick, so it is said, has experienced the open ballot in local elections and in the Dominion a more ingenious scheme. At least this is what is told me by a man who came down from the sister province after the elections. The tempter gives the victim a thin envelope or case the size of the ballot. When the voter is in the booth, the ballot is so placed in the envelope that, when it is marked, the impression by means of carbon paper is passed on to the envelope, which is then removed, put into the pocket and afterwards presented to the briber. The money is paid over, if the mark is right; and the corruptionist piously praises the ingenuity of the man that has prevented another fraud.

SOME ELECTION STORIES.

Speaking of this reminds one of some election stories that are being told. These are only a few, but if you want more you needn't do anything else than walk round and talk with people for an afternoon. Election stories are almost a drug on the market. There is a tale of one man who drove 100 voters to Chez-

cook, paid all the expenses of their transportation and meals—not to mention liquid refreshments—and had the sublime satisfaction of learning next day that 65 of them had voted against his candidates. There is another story of another who paid four strong party men to go fishing the day of elections to keep them from voting. This being close season there didn't seem to be much logic in tempting a man away from duty to break another law of the country. But perhaps the fish warden was away voting that day. Then there was another heeler who marched into a polling booth in the north end of Halifax with ten dusky brethren of the Ethiopian race. The officers smelt a rat and put the oath, which the first gentleman of color took quite readily. "Better read the penalty clause," said one of the officers. This was promptly done and the gentleman didn't wait to hear anything more. He sought the open air of heaven. The oath didn't amount to much, but the penalty clause—that was different.

A DEAD MAN'S VOTE.

Before election day when some active canvassing was going on, a liberal worker in one of the provincial towns heard of a man whose vote ought to be enquired after. Accordingly he made a visit to the house on a Sunday afternoon, and in reply to his knock a very poor and decrepit looking man came to the door. "Is Mr. —in?" enquired the canvasser. "No," replied the man, "But Mrs.—is; I'll call her down." The lady presently appeared and the man explained his errand. "Who did he vote for at the last election?" he asked, to learn how the land lay and prepare himself for future action. "Oh," she replied, "he always voted for the tories." "I'm sorry to hear that," replied the other; "how do you think he's going to vote this time?" "Ain't goin' to vote at all" answered the woman. "I guess I'll have to see and persuade him some day before elections then," remarked the gentleman as he prepared to take his departure. "Can't do that," the woman answered; "he's been dead two years."

THE MAN ON THE STREET.



WE ARE ENCOURAGED.

THE BLUENOSE has been doing during the past month just what it anticipated—viz., fighting for its life. This is the fortune of every new paper. We have not been surprised then to meet discouragements; indeed we have been on the look out for them and every time we have met one, have thought none and worked harder. Now, however, the anxious times seem to be passing, for the results of our thought and enquiry have been the production of a paper that meets with popular approval, and we are greatly encouraged to note a growing demand for our paper. The editor looks up at a shelf as he pens these lines and notes with pleasure that there are only six copies of a large edition left over from last Saturday's sales. The boys disposed of them on the street readily, some news dealers had such an enquiry for the BLUENOSE that they had to replenish their stocks several times. Wherefore the editorial heart waxes warm towards the public who express their approval of the paper by their purchases.

We are always ready to listen to criticisms and prize suggestions very much. We have our eyes open to the necessities of our case and are fully aware that we must produce a paper that is constantly growing better and filling more nearly the peculiar needs of the people. Hence we expect every BLUENOSE reader to do his duty and give his views. We do this because we are convinced that a weekly paper like the BLUENOSE is really needed in Halifax. We have daily papers, it is true, but there is a field which can be covered more satisfactorily by a weekly and that the BLUENOSE endeavors to do. As the people appreciate more thoroughly our efforts to produce a clean and earnest paper dealing with matters that concern the better interests and appeal to the higher tastes of the community, we are confident that we will strengthen our position very materially. We hope that we will continue to receive and merit the encouragement we have had already.

THE HALIFAX AND HONG KONG TRAIN.

ON the opposite page the reader will find an article suggesting a revival of the old time agitation looking to the fulfilment of wishes that have long been dear to the Halifax heart. That we ought to show an uncommon activity and keep on showing it until we are satisfied is a patent fact. Everything doesn't come to him who waits nowadays. We must get up and go for the object of our desires before we can have it. Dr. Farrell's suggestion that a transportation association, made up of active business men, would be a suitable instrument for giving effect to the public desires above referred to, is a good one. Perhaps it would not be a bad idea for existing organizations to take the matter up rather than bring into existence any new ones, for it may be truly said that we have too much organization—that is, we have too many, but not enough that are intense in their feelings and strong in their purposes. If we were to look for one organization that would be likely to thresh out the great matters that concern the welfare of this port, perhaps we could find none that could do it more thoroughly than the commercial committee of the Board of Trade and city council. This committee represents both the bodies named and has clearly given evidence of its capability, for we owe the terminals and grain elevator to its exertions. The accomplishment of the fast line and the winter export trade projects would not be too great for it to undertake. We would sincerely desire to see it make the attempt. If necessary, it could be enlarged and it would not likely have any difficulty in procuring the necessary funds. We hope that some steps will be taken in the near future to bring the question to a head and get some of the active citizens of Halifax to work.

THE MONTICELLO DISASTER.

THE same day that the last number of the BLUENOSE was placed in the hands of its readers, a sad event was in progress in another part of the province, the news of which was to shock the people of the city and province before evening fell. The loss of the Monticello is now an old story, but it is not so old that we cannot draw some valuable lesson from it. In thinking over the circumstances of the accident we cannot but think that the captain exercised ordinary judgment in braving the wind and the waves last Saturday morning. The disaster was in all probability due to the fact that the Monticello was a side wheel steamer. The day of such steamers for ocean carrying is ending. For work along the Nova Scotian coast they are entirely unfit. The Monticello's fate is simply an emphatic endorsement of this assertion. When this is read, no doubt many will desire to

know why the Yarmouth Steamship Company made use of such a steamer. There is just one answer, which is a sufficient one, viz., that no other kind of vessel will suit for coastwise trade as long as the harbors are left in their present condition. Take Liverpool and Lockport as examples. A heavy draught vessel must await suitable tides, but a slight draught vessel, such as a side wheel steamer, can go in and out at will. This is why the Monticello was used for the service. The remedy does not lie with the Steamship Company, but with the government. Until the approaches to many of the ports along the western shore are deepened, only a side wheel steamer can be used—for a screw steamer that could enter easily at all times would not be large enough for the trade—and as long as such a steamer is used there is grave danger of disasters similar to the late one. It will cost the government a considerable sum of money to do such work, but it would be cheap in comparison with the loss of valuable lives that is always to be feared as long as the service is carried on by light draught vessels.

ON BEING A UNIVERSITY CITY.

IT is a matter of surprise to us that the city does not take more interest in Dalhousie College than it does. The presence of the University in Halifax lends the place a great dignity. It is something indeed to be a University City. St. John would give almost anything in reason to be such. But Halifax seems to have maintained a sort of indifference regarding the honor that she has had ever since 1820, when Lord Dalhousie founded the institution. But the economic importance of the University to the city is something that should far outweigh in the practical mind the consideration of dignity. Dalhousie is as important to Halifax people from the financial standpoint as a good-sized factory. It is a very conservative estimate to say that Dalhousie brings \$75,000 to the city every year that would otherwise not come. Yet in spite of all this the fact is not appreciated. Dalhousie is expanding, too, and in time will be worth vastly more than she is, for which reason it would be good policy on the part of those in authority to give whatever encouragement to the university is possible. These reflections are prompted by a letter from Rev. Dr. Black, published in another part of this paper, in which the suggestion is made that the city grant to Dalhousie for athletic purposes the lot of land lying to the east of the college. This would be a gift easily within the power of the city, one that Dalhousie deserves and that the city would not miss, and something that would be a contribution to the cause of higher education in Nova Scotia. Kingston's example is worth following.

THE WHISTLE OF THE HONG KONG TRAIN.

IT is almost ten years since a great deal of enthusiasm has been manifested in Halifax regarding port matters. Almost everyone can remember the meeting in the Academy of Music in 1891 when a large audience assembled to signify their protest against a threatened withdrawal of mail steamers. Opinion on the trans-Atlantic mail service was at fever heat then, but that fever has been subsiding steadily. A couple of winters ago it received a slight impetus when there was a prospect that the steamers might cease to make Halifax a port of call. But apart from that it may be said that there has been a gradual subsidence of strong feeling in Halifax on port matters and particularly on the fast mail service. Whether this is due to a feeling of despair that we shall ever succeed in bringing into realization the great ambitions that we commenced to cherish twenty years ago, we know not. But one thing is obvious. There is no red hot sentiment on the matter to-day, and there ought to be.

It isn't necessary to review the claims of Halifax. All that was threshed out long ago. This port should have at least its share of the winter business of Canada, and we ought to have the Fast Line. Nay, more; we not merely *ought* to have these things—we *must* have them. "Ought" is academic; "must" is practical. We have disposed of the theory of the business; it's time now to get to work.

Two things are necessary in approaching the matter: one is to overcome any jealousy that may exist regarding St John, the other to forget the extreme party feeling that exists and fight for a common end.

With regard to the former, there is a great deal in John Paul's philosophy. While Halifax and St. John are at war with one another American sea ports take advantage of our absorption in the squabble to gather in all the spoils. What Halifax should do is to unite with St. John and let both cities make a demand upon the government asking it to do everything in its power to find an outlet for Canadian traffic through Canadian ports all the year round. The ports that are most economical for trade will then obtain it. In the summer a large proportion would indisputably go to Montreal; in winter Halifax and St. John would have it between them. If it should then prove that St. John is a more economical port for handling business than Halifax, the latter needn't expect any at all. It would be contrary to the laws of good trading

should it be otherwise. The same thing obtains with regard to St. John in competition with Halifax. But there needn't be any dread lest St. John should be able to outdo us, nor on the other hand that Halifax may be able to outdo St. John: there's enough business originating in Western Canada to keep both ports busy all winter long and cause the distribution of a large amount of money more than is now distributed in each city. Besides, when we come to consider the distance that the West is from both cities, the greater distance of Halifax is not sufficient to put it at a disadvantage as compared with St. John.

When we come to consider the intensity of political feeling in Halifax on both sides of politics, we meet one of the worst foes of the advancement of this port. Because of it a question of such importance to the community at once becomes political, and that spoils our best prospects. If the party leaders of one side sympathize, the rank and file of the other, instinctively think the other way, and we become divided with regard to our own best interests. Result, we never get any farther ahead. This must appeal to every reasonable man as being true. And if people will only think the matter out they will see that to our over-enthusiasm in matters political that do not concern ourselves except in a small degree and to our apathy in matters that may be called essentially our own business—to these we largely owe the present absence of conditions that we long to see and *will* long to see as long as we persist in being hidebound.

Our people are energetic enough and they have the faculty of discernment in sufficient degree, but they seem to lack in this one thing—determination to forget all rivalries in emulation among themselves for the realisation of a common good. This lack of public spirit, if we may term it such, explains why Montreal is permitted to be known as the "National Port of Canada." We are not jealous of Montreal, but great as that metropolis is as compared with our city, we must deny it a right to such a title. It's absurd. A port that is frozen five months every year! Does that represent Canada? Is that a National Port whose freights go largely through American ports when ice binds the St. Lawrence? What's the meaning of "Winter Port" if we have a "National Port?" The people of Halifax should rebel against so being placed in the background. Halifax needn't aspire to being called the "National Port"; she simply won't be called a "winter port"; but we will be satisfied to be a *great* port, handling the percentage of Canadian business that our enterprise can procure when justice has been done us in common with all Canadian ports.

After an interval of ten years it is time to get at the question again in dead earn-

est. "Have you heard the whistle of the Hong Kong train?" asked Dr. Farrell at that meeting referred to in the opening paragraph of this article. "No, you have not heard the whistle of the Hong Kong train. Why? It's blowing in Portland, one thousand miles away." It was blowing there ten years ago. It is blowing in the same place to-day, as far as freights are concerned—though mails come through Canadian ports—but occasionally you may hear it in Boston, and if you stand on the outskirts of New York you may hear it once in a while as the train passes some important crossing "in shattering thunder of resistless flight." If we're no farther ahead than we were ten years ago, isn't it time to do something? Wouldn't it be a good idea to revive the old agitation again?

If we do revive that agitation we must make a supreme effort. We can't afford to do something spasmodic and then permit the question to pass into comparative oblivion again. If we go to work we must accomplish something. Now that elections are over the time is opportune. Presently a new government will be formed (very much like the last one no doubt, but nevertheless new) and we ought to let it know just what we think and just what we *must have*—not in a threatening spirit, but simply by impressing it with our earnestness and singleness of purpose. Halifax people should allow this sentiment to take deep root within their hearts and permit themselves to be governed by a perfectly legitimate desire. Then all that is necessary is to put some machinery into existence to carry on a work that will accomplish something; or else nothing *can* be done. It's worth trying.

Dr. Farrell suggests as a means towards this end, the formation of a transportation association that would keep in touch with all matters regarding this important interest. Its members should all be energetic and earnest and should gather together all the information possible, print and distribute literature, have public meetings and do everything that organization can do to inflame the public mind with one idea. Then it should work and work and work and then keep on working. It should stop passing all resolutions except one, which should be to work more. And finally it should just work away until the people are unanimous in their opinion and have lost all political sentiment that isn't in harmony with the one idea. This committee would represent the citizens and every citizen should give it his support; for it ought to be the loyal ambition of every Haligonian to see his city a very busy port, it ought to be the wish of everyone to see the abundance of employment that would ensue to labor as a result of such business coming to the port. In short this is a question which should interest every man who has any pride in the city and any good wishes for its welfare. Being so everyone should become interested immediately and prepare himself to do whatever may lie within his power to help any campaign along that will have this project for its purpose.

ELECTIONS IN ANGLO-SAXONDOM.

AFTER THE ELECTIONS.

FIVE English speaking countries have held elections within the last six weeks. In four of them the Governments have been sustained. In Victoria, Australia, alone has the Opposition proved strong enough to win. Australia is almost like France in its passion for change. Hitherto Great Britain has swung toward the Opposition at each election. The United States and Canada have never been given to changes.



GREAT BRITAIN.

Besides the approval of the war and the strength developed by Chamberlain, several interesting things were brought to the surface by the whirl of the elections. The boroughs in England have turned Conservative even in Lancashire and the North, Scotland has been carried away by the new Imperialism and for the first time since Gladstone's appearance, returned a Conservative majority. Wales, on the other hand, has become more Liberal. In Ireland the most noteworthy changes have taken place. William O'Brien has brought back a united party—Tim Healy, the thorn in the side, excepted. If John Redmond, the nominal leader, or William O'Brien, can show the strength of Parnell, Ireland may again block legislation at Westminster. Redmond represents the Young Ireland party, that cares nothing for the ecclesiastics, but is intensely Irish.

A new feature in the Irish elections was the selection of candidates by local conventions in place of the old custom of receiving the candidates sent down by the Central Committee. This makes for strength so far as popular favor goes, but destroys the solidity of the party as a fighting contingent in Westminster.

The Irish professions of sympathy with the Boers have driven even the staunchest of their old friends among the Liberals to repudiate the Home Rule Alliance. This is one of the features of the great change that has taken place in the Liberal party. The Imperialists with Roseberry, Asquith, and Grey at their head, have become the ruling section. The old Liberalism personified in Morley or Leonard Courtney, that made a fetish of freedom—freedom from restrictions social, political, educational and economic—and that dominated Great Britain from the thirties to the eighties, is passing away, and a more socialistic brand is taking its place. In all probability Britain's most cherished belief—the doctrine of free trade—will soon follow its fellows.

THE UNITED STATES.

Free Silver in the East, and Imperialism in the West, gave McKinley his majorities. Perhaps the most significant thing was the West's indifference to the pleadings of the representatives of the older America—the America that declared for the Monroe doctrine and renounced world-wide policies. But Imperialism is as potent a charm for the Sons of Liberty as it is for the German, Russian or Briton.



CANADA.

East of the Ottawa River the Liberals predominate, West the Conservatives. Prosperity neutralized the effect of the 'Yukon,' 'Emergency Ration,' and 'Cook' charges. These however told in the West. The success of the mining industry was a great factor in the East.

But greatest of all was the French-Canadians' admiration for Laurier. It almost swept Quebec. It converted large hostile majorities in all but four constituencies in New Brunswick and told in Nova Scotia, Manitoba and the West.

For over a quarter of a century, Canada lived under the shadow of a great personality—Sir John A. Macdonald. To-day Sir Wilfrid Laurier bids fair to rival him in fascination. The Liberal leader is happy in having Tarte as a foil. The shafts of the enemy are seldom aimed at the leader but at his French Lieutenant. It was Tarte in Ontario, Tarte in New Brunswick that was so eloquent for the Opposition, and to-day Tarte hails Clarke Wallace, the Orangeman, as the leader of the Conservatives.

May our Canadian statesman not forget that the old feud between Upper and Lower Canada nearly led to civil war and was only put to one side by the ambitious dream of a great Dominion stretching from Ocean to Ocean. Conservative statesmen in Ontario should aim at winning French support and Liberals in Quebec should be more considerate of their western neighbour.



NEWFOUNDLAND.

The contest was between the country and a company—at least so the people thought. Reid's vast projects required more capital. This he intended to secure by forming a joint stock Company, should the Colony approve. Should it not grant approval, failure threatened; and with it the reversion of his vast interests to the Government. The Government seemed to think it better for Reid to fail than the country. And so the people thought. But will the country be opened up and its vast natural wealth be developed as rapidly and as fully?

ONLOOKER.

STEEL SHIPBUILDING IN HALIFAX

Some Suggestions Regarding a Prospective Market for Ships.

The *Maritime Mining Record* in a recent issue makes a point in favor of steel shipbuilding in Halifax. A quotation will serve to bring out the idea contained in the article referred to. It says:—"Granted that we have the men and the money, and all the requisite material, are these all that are wanted? Is there not one other thing without which it may not be hoped to carry on the business in competition with the Clyde or Newport News? Have we the climate? Could iron shipbuilding be carried on all the year round on Sydney harbor or Pictou Landing. How about the launching of vessels when the coast is ice bound and how about the handling of cold chisels, etc., with the thermometer at zero? We are afraid our long and severe winters will, if they do not prove insurmountable obstacles, at least present serious difficulties to the profitably successful carrying on of the business. Of course there is little that is wholly impossible, and it may be that large sheds could be used, under cover of which vessels could be constructed. This would obviate one difficulty, but what about our frozen waters? The answer to that is, build at Halifax. It may be contended that Halifax is too far removed from the material. There is little in that objection as perhaps the largest ship-builders in the world, Harland and Wolfe of Belfast, have to transport all their material by water, there being neither coal nor iron in Ireland."

With regard to the point raised against Nova Scotia on the score of climate, we think that it surely cannot be a very serious consideration. Our people are accustomed to the cold, which is a very important thing, and in any case the temperature in Halifax during the winter months, cannot on the average be much lower than it is on the Clyde. From the fact that practical men have looked upon Nova Scotia so favorably we are inclined to think that the obstacle cannot be very serious at all events. The advantage of Halifax being an open port all the year round and the fact that absolute proximity to fuel and material is not essential, are the two facts in the *Record's* article that are worth remembering.

While we are on this subject it is worth something to people who are thinking along this line that they should know some chances for business that a steel shipbuilding plant in Halifax would have. The building of a steamer to replace the *Newfield* is a practical suggestion and would prove a good starter. After that, as Mr. Brookfield pointed out a few weeks ago, the West India trade and the fishing industry should prove sources of demand. One important thing up to this time we believe has been overlooked. At least we have not yet seen the suggestion made that the coal industry ought for a number of years to require quite a number of new carriers, which alone would be sufficient to keep one if not several ship yards busy all the time. We are told that next spring eight new collieries will be ready for business in Cape Breton county and five in Inverness. This latter fact is significant. It not only means a vast expansion of the coal industry and a consequent growth of prosperity in the province, but it suggests that there will be a market right in our own province for steel vessels that might as well be built by our own people as by people in other countries.

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PEOPLE.

I read a very interesting article one day last week entitled "The Decay of the Chaperon" especially in English society. In both Canada and the United States young women have always in the past enjoyed more freedom than in the United Kingdom, but recently there has been quite a revolution in English society in this regard. Ten years ago very few girls rode in the park unattended by a groom, or drove in a cab or hansom alone. They were not allowed to drive out, or pay country visits by themselves, and certainly no girls, except those who lived in the sacred precincts of Belgravia (and never beyond), were allowed to take a walk without some sort of chaperon. Ten years ago a girl always came back to her mother after every dance. She would have been viewed with great displeasure if she frequented shady corners or "sat out" with her partners, and she was always within call when a tired mother wished to go home. No correspondence between two young people of the opposite sex would have been allowed even under the most searching maternal scrutiny. Absolute deference was paid to the maternal opinion on questions affecting the character or choice of friends or the general conduct of life, and from her verdict there was no appeal.

Bit by bit, like stones in a broken wall, little innovations have crept in, little concessions have been granted, small prejudices overborne, and this year has seen the eclipse of a great and hallowed institution in English society. The British chaperon has left us.

We will not be audacious enough to predict that she is dead and buried. She, however, will have to show a superhuman vitality if she is again galvanized into existence, but over her ashes we drop a respectful tear.

If the "decay of the chaperon" causes the young people of England to stay too late at their pleasure it will be a pity. The greatest objection to dancing parties in Canada is the lateness of the hour at which they usually wind up. I think this is especially the case in Halifax. The girls are often exhausted the next day, and the young men too tired to perform their business duties properly. An "early closing" movement in respect of dancing parties would open a new field for the reformer.

Our sister city, St. John, has given some very clever people to the American stage, and so far it has every reason to feel proud of its representatives in that profession. In the production of "The Christian"

now at the Academy of Music, Montreal, Miss Marie Furlong is in the cast. She belongs to one of the best families in St. John, N. B., and when the company played there last week, the whole city turned out to do her honor. She takes the part of Letty, not a very important one, but one which shows that it will only be a short time before Miss Marie Trevor, as he is known when behind the footlights, will be heard of in that theatrical world in which she has undertaken to make a place for herself. Another has joined the ranks in the person of Mr. Bertram Harrison, who left St. John a few weeks ago to enter upon a two years' course of study in an American school of acting.

Professor Baldwin, of Washington, a well-known Arctic explorer, is in the city.

Miss S. Jones leaves Halifax on the Lake Superior for Queenstown, December 8th. She will visit Miss Darville for some time and afterwards expects to be in London with Mrs. Craske (nee Miss Oliver) whose husband is still in Cape Town.

Mr. E. P. Allison is in Toronto. He expects to be absent about a fortnight.

Among those registered at the High Commissioner's office, London, for week ending Oct. 30, were Sir M. B., Lady and Miss Daly, Halifax.

Mrs. Wesley Smith and Mrs. Glendenning have been visiting friends in Montreal.

Lieut. DuDomaine, 3rd R. C. R. has obtained leave of absence and will visit his home in London. He is to be one of the passengers on the "Lake Superior" on her next trip.

An extremely pretty wedding took place at the First Baptist Church last Wednesday morning at eight o'clock, when Miss Susie Murray, niece of Mr. James H. Austen, was married to Mr. Howard T. Ross, Barrister, of the firm of Ross and Ross, Sydney, C. B. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Chute who was assisted by the Rev. J. D. McKay, of Coburg Road Presbyterian Church. Miss Laura Ross of Pictou, N. S. was bridesmaid and Mr. Charles Ross, brother of the groom, was best man. The church was decorated with flowers and palms, and long before the appointed hour every seat was occupied. The bride looked charming in a tailor made gown of royal purple with velvet hat of the same shade. She carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses, carnations, and maiden hair fern. The bridesmaid was attired in a very pretty costume of gray and pink, and wore a black and white picture hat. She carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Logan presided at the organ, and the choir, of which the bride was a member, rendered some delightful music. Immed-

ately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Ross left on the C. P. R. for the upper provinces. On their return they will reside in Sydney, C. B. The bride was the recipient of a large number of handsome presents.

Mrs. Wyldie entertained a number of young friends at a whist party last Wednesday.

Hon. W. S. Fielding, accompanied by Mr. C. B. Burns, have been in Halifax the past week.

Miss Susie Stairs, Kent St., gave a very pleasant tea on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Lockyer, who is visiting Mrs. John F. Stairs, South Street.

Mrs. McWatters and children, Dr. and Mrs. Oliver, Col. and Mrs. Farmer, Col. and Mrs. Biscoe, Capt. and Mrs. Elliot and children were among the Idaho's passengers this week.

Mr. Altman, violinist of the Halifax Conservatory of Music, is in New York and will play for the Arion Club to-morrow afternoon.

I went to St. Andrew's church last Sunday evening to hear Rev. Dr. Black lecture on Dante and the great Divine Tragedy. I had endeavored on one or two instances to get interested in Dante, but was quite nonplussed by so many strange names and so many classic and historic allusions. It seems to me that if a man wished to become a literary scholar the best foundation for him to build upon would be Dante, if he could only have the patience to take a few years in the reading of him. I cannot fancy a man reading that poet faithfully, taking time to turn up all the references, and not rising from the task without a complete idea of ancient history, literature, and mythology, besides a vast amount of knowledge regarding the politics and ecclesiasticism of the age in which Dante wrote. I hope I may have the time to do it some day myself, but meantime I owe considerable to Dr. Black for the summary which formed the first part of his discourse last Sunday evening. The course of which this formed an interesting part should prove highly attractive, particularly to people who have any interest in things literary. I should think that to-morrow evening's discourse on Thomas a Kempis' "Imitations of Christ" would be even more interesting than the Dante discourse, because of the greater opportunity it gives to treat of things that closely affect the every day life of the people.

The Halifax Girls' Literary Club held its first meeting of the season at Miss Robertson's, Pleasant Street, last Thursday afternoon. Everything seems to indicate even a more successful winter than last year.

Badminton has again commenced; but this year in much better quarters, viz.: in the lecture room of the Armories. Many of last year's good players will be missed, especially Mr. Cecil Uniacke, Miss Cady, and Mrs. McWatters.

A dinner and dance will be given by the officers of the 3rd R. C. R., at Wellington Barracks to-night.

(Continued on page 16.)

THE HON. DAVID MacKEEN.

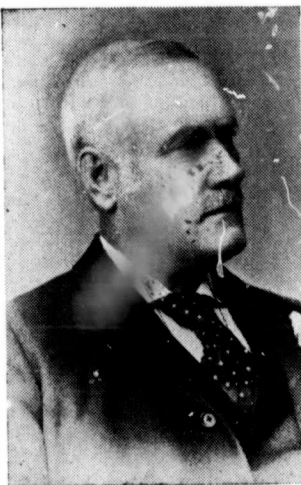
Man who is one of the wealthiest in Nova Scotia and a strong personality, and who has paved the way to his own fortune, is well worthy of an appreciative sketch. One who reads and profits by the examples of successful men ought to find in the life of Hon. David MacKeen a great deal of inspiration. Perhaps the predominating characteristic of this man is just what many young men in Nova Scotia who are looking out on life-to-day require that they may make a name for themselves. It is worth while knowing in any case how he rose up by degrees to the position he occupies to-day, a man of wealth and a senator of the people.

The BLUENOSE asked a gentleman who had lived very near Mr. MacKeen when a boy, who has known him more or less all his life and has latterly had occasion to become more intimate with him—the BLUENOSE asked this gentleman to what characteristic he thought, more than any other, Mr. MacKeen owed his success. His reply is incorporated in what follows.

The history of Mr. MacKeen is very simple. He was born on a Cape Breton farm say half a century ago—perhaps a little more. When quite a young man he was appointed a deputy crownland surveyor, in which capacity he visited Glace Bay. At that time the Caledonia mine was not in a very prosperous condition, but an opportunity presented itself and in order to fit himself for the position of assistant manager he went to Boston and took a special course at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He then entered the employ of the company. This was his first step towards the goal of wealth. It didn't appeal to him that way, perhaps, and at that time; it may not have seemed more than a better monetary advantage than he had had previously. Presently we shall see why he went ahead, for out of thousands who have as good an outlook on life there are very few who really advance. Mr. MacKeen did. His employers liked the way in which he did his work and when the position of manager became vacant at last he was found to be the man most capable of filling it as previously he had been found to be the right man for another position of trust in the gift of the company.

This then brings us the close of one period of his life. Hitherto he had been advancing, but had not been in a position to make money. He had saved, no doubt, but his savings must have been necessarily small. Now, however, in the position of manager he enjoyed a large salary out of which he could devote a considerable sum to investment. He made what nearly everyone else would have considered

an exceedingly foolish move. At that time there was coal to spare. The coal business was accordingly not in good condition and as far as most people could see would not likely be better. Caledonia stock in those days was not valuable and all the care in management possible could not make it much better. As a result people were ready to sell their stock. When Mr. MacKeen bought it, every seller naturally commended his generosity, but condemned his judgment. Time was to tell. A number of years later, after a period during which his investment was not returning him anything, things began to look up a little, the coal trade grew better, profits



THE HON. DAVID MacKEEN.

became larger and about ten years ago Mr. MacKeen was the possessor of the controlling interest in the Caledonia and the Caledonia was making money. This is where his good judgment began to bear fruit—his good judgment that had been considered had not long before. Away in the future he had seen the prosperity that others could not, and like a wise man he had taken advantage of the opportunities that lay to his hand.

There are one or two points in this fact worth taking note of. In the first place he had abundance of confidence in the future of the country. If only more Nova Scotians were like him in this respect we would rapidly grow more prosperous. We are glad that his confidence was so well reposed. In the second place when he had an opportunity he had the sense to take advantage of it. Hundreds of people, probably, were as well placed as he. They had as many opportunities. But his sense of the real value of a thing, which belongs to a man that looks below the surface, was in his favor; hence he succeeded where others either failed or went no farther ahead.

But the chief characteristic of the man that accounts for his success does not belong to

the period when he had money to invest. If he hadn't been the kind of a man that gets ahead he would never have got into the position where he could have money to invest. If when in a subordinate position he had been the kind of man that does as little as possible for the greatest amount of pay, would he ever have risen to the point of having money to spare; which is the same thing as having money to make more money with? It was because he had a quiet determination to master every detail of his work that Mr. MacKeen progressed. The principal that he worked on was to do as much and to do it as well as he could. That's why he went onward and upward. And the thing to note here particularly is that this is a quality that isn't natural in the genus human. Man's natural inclinations lead him rather to shirk work and seek ease. The quiet determination that makes a man conquer difficulties is a thing that is acquired.

When Mr. MacKeen first commenced work at the Caledonia it is just possible that he may have had in mind his ultimate ownership of the property. But probably if you were to ask him, he would say that he had no other idea than to make a living and as much more as possible. But the principal that, when a young man, he laid down for himself as being the safest upon which to work, proved the very germ of prosperity. It was because he was faithful in little things that he had at last an opportunity to be faithful in great things. And when opportunities came with his growing responsibilities, they were his to take advantage of; and he did.

What might be considered another trait in his character but in reality is the result of his determination, is a marvelous keenness and a faculty of keeping ahead of his work. When it is known that his company never had to pay demurrage during his incumbency of the management, it is not necessary to say that he was always in a state of readiness. When a steamer came to get loaded, he was ready to give her her cargo. And so in every detail of the work—he had it finished at the right time, a thoroughness that made him a very valuable manager not only for his company, but afterwards for the Dominion Coal Co.

We don't know how Mr. MacKeen employed his spare hours when a young man but we could hazard a guess. For one thing he is an excellent speaker. For another, he is a reader. If you were to visit his handsome home, Maplewood, some evening, and take a peep into his library, you would find him comfortably seated among a very select company of friends who represent the best thought of all ages. Now, these things mean a fine taste that is only acquired by good association. A man in latter life cannot readily cultivate the book habit. If he had not in his younger days dabbled in books, he would not now have the command of language that makes him a good speaker, nor the taste that makes him read good books in his spare hours. The most important results of reading as a young man do not tell up in his speaking or taste however, but in the development of

(Continued on page 22.)

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

The Symphony Orchestra and Chorus' First Concert.

On Monday evening, Nov. 12th, Halifax had the pleasure of hearing the initial concert of the Halifax Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. This concert as a whole was most enjoyable.

In the first instance Mr. Weil was especially fortunate in his soloists. Miss Belle Walker sang most acceptably the very beautiful song of German's "Sweet Rose." Miss Walker has a light contralto voice that has more the quality of a mezzo soprano. She phrases well, sings carefully and cleanly, and enunciates clearly.

To the playing of Lieut. E. Du Domaine, R. C. R., nothing but the greatest praise can be given. He is certainly the ablest amateur exponent of violin playing this city has ever heard, and in our opinion has been excelled by three professionals only, of all that have performed here in the past twenty-five years.

His tone is large and of good colour. His bowing is good, and his technique ample. Lieut. Du Domaine played, as his first numbers, An Adagio of Marsick's and a composition of Wieniawski's. At his later appearance he played a composition "Zigeunerweisen" by Sarasate. On both appearances he was enthusiastically encored and his audience would take no denial.

Miss A. M. Shireff was unfortunately suffering from a cold and was unable to appear, but Miss Elizabeth White kindly took her place, and delighted her audience with a Cello solo "Salut D'Amour," by Elgar. In response to an encore, deservedly won, she gave "La Cinquantaine," by Gabriel-Marie. We never remember to have heard Miss White play better than she did on this occasion, her intonation being particularly pure and good.

The orchestra, at this performance, was augmented in the brasses and wood winds, but was weaker in the strings, especially the first violins and violas, than in the past season. Although an amateur organization it did excellent work, but has done better, in the past, which is perhaps to be accounted for by this being its first appearance this season. Its first number was the beautiful overture to the "Marriage of Figaro" which was played as well as could be expected of amateurs, as this overture if taken at the proper tempo is very difficult.

The orchestra's second numbers were movements two and three of a set of Norwegian dances, Opus 35, Grieg. These the orchestra played well, except that the first movement was marred by the reeds,

which were out of tune. The second of the movements played was an especially beautiful one, which has a series of melodic progressions that are exquisite and characteristic of Grieg.

The Andante Cantabile of Tschaiikovsky was nicely played; but owing to the weakness of the first violins was not so effective as when performed last summer.

The Cantata, "The Feast of Adonis," by Jensen, is already well-known to Halifax music lovers. There is not an unmusical phrase in it from beginning to end. Miss Murphy's dainty and refined singing was much appreciated. Her voice is particularly pleasing. The trio was sung by Mrs. Kearney, Miss Frazee and Miss Lithgow, most effectively and artistically. To the "narrator," Mr. Burgoyne, fell



MR. MAX WEIL,

Director of the Symphony Orchestra and Chorus.

the solo of the Cantata, and as sung by him, was the gem of the performance. Mr. Burgoyne has that rarest of voices, a really musical tenor and is gifted with the musical temperament and uses his voice well. The choruses were only sung fairly well and were rather ragged and rough, which is the more surprising, as quite a number of the members had sung them before. It was very difficult to judge the body of tone of the chorus, as the same difficulties had to be contended with as at the patriotic concert, namely, that the choir was placed back of the proscenium arch and a large amount of the volume of tone was lost above the stage; on the other hand, the orchestra being placed in front of the stage, one received its full effect, and the chorus was at times drowned

by it. We would suggest that at future concerts a reflector or sound-board be placed over the stage. The quality of tone of the altos and sopranos seemed to be fair; but the basses, and more especially the tenors, were weak.

The concluding number on the programme was MacFarren's May Day. To Miss Rita Corbin fell the solo work, who, as was to be expected, sang it well. In the "Queen's Greeting,"—recitative and song, the recitative was well delivered and the song "Beautiful May" had to be repeated. The opening chorus was pleasingly sung—the altos showing to especial advantage. The "Hunts up" was done only fairly well, but the finale was positively bad—the attack was poor and the "Schleys" still worse. The last time we had the pleasure of hearing the May Day was nearly if not quite thirty years ago, by the old Philharmonic Society, under the able direction of Arnold Doane. We are not aware whether or not it has been done in Halifax since. As we look back to that time, when Mr. Doane was labouring to improve the musical taste of Halifax, and think of what progress has been made here since, it is little less than astounding. To Mr. Weil must be credited a share of the progress effected by Arnold Doane, Samuel Porter, Arthur Bird, and lastly Charles H. Porter.

NEW YORK NOTES.

Two song recitals will be given by Mme. Sembrich during December. They will take place on 4th and 11th of the month at Carnegie Hall.

Miss Blanche Walsh, who has been starring in "Marcelle," has revived "More Than Queen" and secured all the scenery, costumes, and accessories used by Julia Arthur in her elaborate production of the play last season.

Three new musical numbers, two of them for Miss Virginia Earl, have been added to the "Belle of Bohemia" at the Casino. The entertainment will run a fortnight longer in this its final version.

"The Old Homestead" has been revived by Mr. Denman Thompson. It is being received with the heartiness due to an old favourite. Mr. Thompson as Uncle Josh, is as humorous, as pathetic, and as lifelike as ever.

Miss May Irwin is scoring a great success with her new play "The Belle of Bridgeport," at the Bijou Theatre.

Josef Hoffman has been in Paris, studying the electric department of the Exposition, with a view to perfecting the automobile he has invented. Even when he was in America last time, he was more interested in electricity than in Piano-playing.

William Beatty Kingston, the English journalist and writer on musical subjects, was engaged on the life of Sims Reeves when he died, and the death of the famous tenor followed a few days later.

THE SAD STORY OF THE GRETA.

ISTOOD on Black's wharf looking at a dismantled and dismantled vessel.

Presently a gentleman who had been on board pursued me, and as he did, I hailed him.

"Surely that vessel has fared badly on the seas," I said. "What happened to her that she should appear in such plight now?"

"A sad story in very truth," he replied.

It was the owner of the vessel who spoke, Mr. H. W. Palmer, of Dorchester, N. B., a fact of which I soon became apprised by questioning. He had been on board watching the progress of repairs that were to fit her for her work upon the sea once again, and was just coming off when I spoke to him.

Mr. Palmer told me the sad story of this vessel's mishap, and I could not but reflect as he spoke, of the superfluity of troubles that somehow or other strikes people all in a heap at times.

There are few in the world fortunate enough to escape troubles in some form or other; some of us seem to get more than our share of them; but sorrow and trial in a general way are the common lot of man. A few there are who take trouble philosophically. Once in a while, however, we hear of a real calamity of such proportions that the average mind staggers at the thought of it, and then we realize how small, relatively, are the little reverses of everyday life.

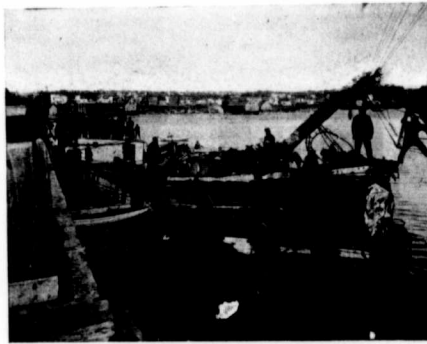
This is the story of the Greta's disaster, about as Mr. Palmer told it to me.

She was a three-masted schooner and was launched at Dorchester, a little over a year ago. Up to the time when disaster overtook her she was blessed with considerable good fortune from a financial standpoint, for in ten months she earned a net profit of about three thousand dollars on investment of some seven or eight thousand. The captain's name was Mehaffey, a native of Dorchester, N. B., and his vessel was named after his youngest child, Greta. Early in August a freight was secured in New York, where the vessel was lying, for St. Pierre, Miquelon, and about the date of that charter misfortunes began.

The captain's eldest son a man of twenty-two years was suddenly taken ill with cholera and had to be left in New York. Forty-eight hours after the vessel left he died. To fill the vacancy caused by the

illness of his son, who was mate of the vessel, Captain Mehaffey promoted his brother-in-law, a man named Lockhart, to the position, but they had not been long away from New York before the new mate was taken ill and the vessel had to put into Halifax and leave him at the Victoria General Hospital, where, on the 14th of September, he also died. The vessel then went on to St. Pierre, discharged her cargo and sailed for Cape Breton, in ballast. It is supposed that she sighted Scatari Island on the 12th of September and in trying to make North Sydney Harbor, capsized. All hands were lost, including the captain and the captain's son, a boy of about nineteen years.

Mrs. Mehaffey and her little daughter Greta reside at Dorchester, and it is scarcely necessary to say were prostrated



THE GRETA AS SHE APPEARED AT LOUISBURG AFTER BEING RIGHTED.

by the blow. The unfortunate woman lost a husband, two sons and a brother, all within a few weeks and her affliction seems almost greater than she can bear.

Mr. Palmer, who is an old and successful ship-builder, in relating the story, said that in all his years of experience with shipping and incidental disasters at sea, he has never heard of a more trying chapter of trouble than that which befel this unfortunate family.

B. M.

[The hull of the "Greta" was rescued and towed into Louisburg. Later it was brought here and is now lying at Black Bros. & Co's wharf undergoing repairs. The half tone engraving on this page shows the vessel as she appeared at Louisburg after being righted. The reader will notice a remarkable effect on the bow which appears like the semblance of a face. This was caused by a tangle of jibs.—THE EDITOR.]

ON STREET IMPROVEMENT.

Fifth Instalment of Prof. Oakes' Article.

NOTHER disfigurement, not heretofore mentioned, which is as well a menace to public health, is the overflow into the street of cesspools and sink holes. The law is properly very explicit on this point and the health officer who fails to compel (if need be) compliance with common decency and to protect the town against the danger of disease and death, should at once resign in favor of one who has the moral courage to discharge his duty. The use of the street sprinkler to prevent the accumulation of dust as well as gathering up, occasionally, accumulated filth is taken for granted.

We have called attention in this series of articles to grass and weeds etc. upon streets and sidewalks, to crooked and irregular streets, to advertising placards and the like, to sweepings into streets, to

planting and arrangement of trees and their protection, to wider streets in the future, especially residential streets, and grass borders to the sidewalks, to better drainage and more frequent cleaning of ditches, to public parks, to overflowing cesspools and to proper painting of hydrants and street poles, etc., etc. It only remains to raise a few questions as to whether any improvements are possible in respect of the appearance of country highways.

For roads through forests and sparsely settled districts very little need be expected; but through populous settlements where the cultivated lands are continuous, and especially upon the main lines of travel, such for example at the old post road through the Annapolis Valley, as

well as such frequented streets as those leading from Kentville and Berwick to Canning, etc., it is surely possible and desirable that better appearance should greet the eye. Some of the suggestions offered as applicable to town streets will also apply to the rural thoroughfares, especially when we advocate the planting of trees. Some, we well know, have an objection to trees along the country road, because they delay somewhat the drying of the road surface after rain storms. We fully admit this disadvantage, and yet we cannot help feeling that a large majority of persons would prefer the trees to their absence if the right variety were planted, and at proper intervals.

A. T. Downing says of trees as follows: Airy and delicate in their youth, luxuriant and majestic in their prime, venerable and picturesque in their old age, they constitute in their various forms, sizes and developments, the greatest charm and beauty of the earth in all countries.

When Joseph Howe delivered his lecture to a large audience of young men at Ottawa years ago, he laid special emphasis upon the desirability of exerting themselves to improve their communities by planting shade and ornamental trees.

IN MILITIA CIRCLES.

MILITIA MARKSMANSHIP.

MT the dinner given the 7th inst. in the Armories by the N. C. O.'s of all the Halifax Corps,—which by the way was a great success—to the returned members of "H" Co., Captain Stairs in his speech touched on a point which has since caused some talk, namely, the generally poor shooting of the militia. The matter being one of such importance, the BLUENOSE thought it well to go into the matter and has since discussed the subject with several of the leading militia officers of the city. Their opinions were all the same, viz.: to compel the men to shoot. One officer suggested some punishment for those who fell below a certain qualification; another suggested that the best method would be for the company commander to look after his men individually and give encouragement to the poorest—not to the best, who do not really need their annual shooting.

The idea that good individual shooting was absolutely necessary was scouted by one or two of the officers. While on this topic, it is very fitting to quote what the best scout in the British Army, Frederick Burnham, an American, raised to the rank of Major on Lord Roberts' recommendation, thinks of shooting. "I am convinced," he says, "that the modern gun brings us back to first principles in warfare and puts a premium on individuality. . . . One thousand men trained to think for themselves and to shoot straight, can whip ten thousand drilled in the old way." Again, "It is surely a mistake to give a man three years drill and only three months at the rifle butts,"—our militia shoot twenty rounds a year—"and then call him a soldier."

Major Burnham is a man of vast experience. In 1896, he hastened the end of the Matabele rebellion by putting a bullet through the heart of M'imo, and was one of three men who came out alive from the terrible fight with Lobengula, when Major Wilson made his famous last stand. In the Transvaal war, too, he penetrated the Boer lines a hundred times and was put to most difficult tests by our own officers. Taking his life as a whole, his opinion in the matter of accurate shooting should have some weight.

SHALL WE HAVE A KILLED REGIMENT?

The intimate connection "our boys" in Africa had with the Highlanders, especially the Gordons, has suggested to a few in the city the idea that a killed regiment would be a desirable thing for Halifax. Montreal and Toronto each has one. When asked as to its feasibility, the officers of the city with one accord, while regretting that it could not be, were of opinion that while it might be organized and successfully run, it could be only at the cost of the life of one of the present regiments, as Halifax already has a larger percentage of militia than most Canadian cities. "But," said one of the officers, "we are to have one Highland regiment

in the Province anyway, if not two. The 78th and 94th are both almost altogether comprised of Scotchmen and the former has already determined to take cash instead of trousers and purchase the *trousers* for themselves. By-and-by they may get the whole outfit; they already have the pipers."

THE LATE LIEUT. BLANCHARD.

Another Nova Scotian whose name will be writ large on the monument to the memory of those who died in South Africa, and also in the memories of all, is the late Lieut. M. G. Blanchard. Mr. Blanchard, while a Nova Scotian, was at the commencement of the



THE LATE LIEUT. M. G. BLANCHARD.

Another of Nova Scotia's South Africa Heroes Whose Name will Appear on the Proposed Monument.

war living is the West and went to Africa as second-in-command of "A" Company. At Paardeberg, Capt. Arnold being killed, Lieut. Blanchard took command of the company and was thereafter addressed as Captain. Hardy as a Nova Scotian should be, he footed it to Bloemfontein and was only prevented marching all the way to Pretoria by an unfortunate illness. He was on his way to rejoin the regiment and had got as far as Rooodeval when, with about 160 details, DeWet fell on the station and the garrison refusing to surrender, he started a terrible bombardment. The story of the gallant fight needs no retelling, and when at last forced to surrender, Lieut. Blanchard, wounded in four places, was, with the rest of the injured, left under the care of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Corps. The first paragraph of his letter to his father, dictated while in agony, gives one an idea of

the grim fortitude of the man. Fearing his father would see his name in the official list as "severely wounded," he wired as soon as possible "slightly wounded, well." For some days he struggled on but on the 15th of June, in the Yeomanry Hospital, fifteen miles from Kroonstad he died, "A" Company losing in him its second commander and Nova Scotia a gallant son.

SOME ARMY NOTES.

Conan Doyle's paper on "Some Military Lessons of the War" in a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, is very interesting, particularly to those who feel the necessity for reorganization in the British Army. The first and greatest lesson of all is "that there must be no more leaving of the Army to the professional soldier and to the official but that the general public must recognise that the defense of the Empire is not the business of a single warrior caste, but of every able-bodied citizen." Another is to eliminate the useless soldiers and increase the pay of the useful ones, for as Dr. Doyle pertinently asks, "if a man is not a dead shot with a rifle, what is the use of carrying him seven thousand miles in order to place him in the firing line?" It is in regard to mounted troops, however, that the chief reforms must be carried out. The Army of the future, Dr. Doyle urges, must be drawn from a higher class than at present, and better paid—"we must insure that instead of the recruiting sergeant seeking the man, the man must seek the recruiting sergeant."

The special correspondent of the *London Times* at the French manoeuvres, condemns in no uncertain language the methods adopted by generals and umpires alike. "In spite of South Africa and its lessons, the idea is prevalent in the French Army, and rules its training, that there is only one factor in warfare. That is infantry advance." And again: "The success of an operation seemed to be decided in favor of the officer who could hurl the largest mass to destruction in the shortest time." In other words, the French Colonels habitually march their battalions in mass to the attack at a range of 1,200 yards. In brief, he notes perfunctory scouting, disinclination to take cover, and the refusal to admit the effectiveness of long range rifle fire amongst the weak points of the manoeuvres. To judge from the mediæval methods adopted, even the sorely criticised Salisbury Plain manoeuvres would not suffer by comparison with those recently held by the French. It is evident that the French, the excellence of whose ordnance was so conclusively proved in South Africa, are in no humour to profit in their turn from the tactical lessons they might have learned from the Boers.

PROVINCE NOTES.

ONE of the handsomest streets in any of the country towns throughout Nova Scotia, is Main Street, Bridgewater. The travellers who have approached there in the evening say that the electric light effect as seen from the Eastern side of the LaHave is very striking. The old town of Bridgewater had houses on both sides of Main Street, but after the fire it was decided to build only on one side, and thus secure an open space right down to the water's edge. The sidewalks of Bridgewater's main streets are of asphalt and compare favorably with anything seen in the largest Canadian towns.

Nova Scotia has nine libraries of a public or semi public character, which contain close on to 100,000 volumes. Halifax engrosses most of these. Detailed information regarding the whole number is embodied in a summary published in the current number of the *Canadian Magazine* to the following effect :

The first and largest of these is the Legislative Library, with which has been united that of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and numbers in books and pamphlets 32,500. It is specially rich in its early official MSS., journals, records and papers relating to the difficulties with the Acadians, and the troubles to which the early settlers were exposed. Of these a catalogue was prepared in 1886. Dalhousie University, the largest university in the Maritime Provinces, has in its Arts Library 11,760 volumes, and in the Law Library 8,000 volumes. The Nova Scotian Institute of Science, which regularly publishes its valuable Transactions, has a collection of books, principally on science, amounting to 3,700. Halifax is fortunate in possessing a public library, which is called the Citizens' Free Library, and which under the energetic management of Miss Warren is doing excellent work. It now contains 22,300 volumes, and has recently issued a subject catalogue worthy of the city. There is also a circulating library which is not free, containing 15,000 volumes, known as the Garrison Library. In Antigonish the College of St. Francis Xavier has 2,500 volumes, mainly theological, and in Windsor the venerable King's University, with its numerous gifts from England, has a library which, though not large in number, contains many treasures. The author-subject catalogue, prepared by Mr. Piers in 1893, indicated 7,500 volumes. In Wolfville, in the Evangeline country, Acadia College has 8,500 volumes.

A gentleman who had recently been through the Musquodoboit valley refers, in a letter published in the *Truro News*, to the old Annand homestead. The house cost originally eleven hundred pounds, but is still standing but crumbling into ruin. The situation is exceedingly fine. On an eminence on the west side of the river, facing the rising sun, and with a gentle slope down to the river, it was an ideal home. Here Joseph Howe the political ally of Annand, was wont to spend his leisure days in summer. Here too, it is said, he composed "Country's Pleasant Streams." If that old home could speak, what tales it could tell of political campaigns mapped out within its walls, of plans formed against the schemes of political opponents, of policies to be pursued, and of measures to be opposed.

Both the Musquodoboit Valley and the Stewiacke Valley need a railway. There are minerals waiting development in each of them. The Stewiacke Valley is rich in iron, lead, barytes, copper, and has traces of gold; it is also a fine agricultural country, and is exceedingly picturesque. The broad intervals, with abundant elms, the pretty farm houses, the smooth road on either side of the river, the river itself—all make a picture which should be seen. In the Musquodoboit Valley are limestone, plaster and an abundant deposit of a rare kind of clay, servicable for paint. The people of both these sections are highly prosperous and progressive.

One of the most important lumbering sections of Pictou county is Lansdowne situated on the line of the Intercolonial between Truro and New Glasgow. About four million feet of deals were shipped from this place last winter.

Work has commenced on the construction of a new railway station in the town of Westville. The building will be of brick and stone and will cost \$16,000. It is to be completed by May 1st.

Pictou county coal in Sydney is a case of sending coal to Newcastle. Yet while the Dominion Coal Company sends coal by rail to different parts of the peninsula, cars of Acadia coal ticketed for Sydney are frequently attached to Cape Breton freight trains.

The Middleton outlook tells the story of the great hurry and excitement at Middleton station on the arrival of the express from the West on election day. A number of voters who were on board had but

15 minutes to get to the polling booths before they should close. Those who had come to vote in Middleton of course succeeded. Several for Margaretsville made great efforts with a relay of horses, but were too late. A driver who was conveying a man to Nictaux found that some unfriendly party had unhitched the traces of his carriage, but made the three miles in thirteen and one half minutes, however, landing his man safely.

A New York paper in discussing the use of seaweed as a farm fertilizer, remarks that the Government of Nova Scotia not only recognizes its value so highly as to proclaim all shore seaweed free to any one who chooses to gather it for fertilizing purposes, but has made wagon roads from the main highways to the seashore in all the principal agricultural communities near the coast expressly that all may have free access to and facilities for gathering it.

A provincial exchange remarks that a certain street in the town in which it is published has recently been improved by the appearance of electric light poles and some grading. Doubtless the grading would have the effect of improving appearances, but we cannot feel that electric light poles are a very artistic addition. In cities where poles and wires are so numerous the latter sentiment is particularly strong, but perhaps wires lend a busy air to a place, which makes the citizens of an ambitious town rejoice when they see these signs of progress. But unsightly as poles are, they are a necessity, and the next best thing a town can do is to see that they are straight and carefully painted and that the wires are properly strung.

The crowded condition of Yarmouth town last summer when the tourist traffic was at its height has led enterprising people to talk of new hotels and more boarding houses. As a result tourists are not likely to find accommodation wanting next summer, for several enterprises are said to be on foot. The Grand Hotel company is fitting up the uppermost story, and it is said, has in view the erection of another hotel for overflow purposes in summer and one that would be of such a character as to be more economical for general business in winter, when the Grand could be closed.

The Dominion Coal Company are preparing to erect another coal washing plant at Port Morien. The capacity of the present one is overtaxed, thus necessitating the erection of a second one. This is owing to the heavy demand for washed coal coming from the Everett Gas and Coke Company.

H. COMPANY'S FUN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ONCE upon a time (this is not a fairy story) there was a Captain who had charge of a small town in Boerdom. This captain was a very careful man and took very great precautions on all occasions. This particular time, the enemy was hovering within a comparatively short distance, and in case they came upon this town, relief could not come in less than a long half-hour; so the careful captain ordered that much ammunition and many tins of most excellent Maconochie's Rations should be buried in a great coal-dump which was roughly fortified and on which was daily placed a hungry picket. Only a few of the men knew where the store was hidden, but all knew it was not far off.

Day after day a fresh picket went out and wondered where the stuff was, till one day, four men, suffering from chronic hunger and mischief-breeding idleness, could stand it no longer. So three of them took out their bayonets and started to search the dump, stiching their weapons as far in the loose coal as possible, while number four sat on z. pile of slack and described the contents of the tins and watched the horizon. After many minutes anxious search a shout went up and with an old broken shovel they went to work to uncover the treasure, which after some minutes hard work turned out to be a couple of heavy boxes of ammunition. Discouraged, they slowly wiped their bayonets across their trouser-legs and stuck them back into the scabbards; only, however to draw them again for one more search. This time, a box of biscuit rewarded their efforts, and in a few minutes the long-sought treasure dawned on their view. What happened then can be imagined. The box was put back and nicely covered up. Picket relieved picket but when, some days later, the garrison was changed and the boxes were dug up, there were four tins left out of twenty eight. And to-day in Halifax is a man called Maconochie Bob.

The countersign was *Chamberlain* and it was the first night H. Co. ever did outpost duty in South Africa. The sentry was crouched down in the shadow, every sense alert, watching for the enemy. Suddenly he heard a step approaching and with his rifle at the ready called out "Halt! who comes there!" "Friend" answered the approaching officer. "Stand friend, advance one and give the *Chamberlain*" shouted back the sentry. And it took about an hour to make him understand why the officer's escort laughed out in the darkness.

It was at Belmont when we had been worked up to quite a pitch of nervousness,

and this particular night, dark as only a moonless night in Africa can be, "H" Co. was furnishing the outposts. Two men were doing their turn as double sentries a few yards in front of the picket, which was lying in a trench. Suddenly, when the night was at its blackest and nothing could be seen except against the sky, a slight noise was heard in front, and crouching very low, the sentries could see a dark figure stealthily approaching their resting-place. Assuring themselves that the walker-in-darkness, whoever it might be, was coming their way, they, like Brer Rabbit, lay low till he was within about ten yards when one of them challenged sharply, "Halt! who comes there?" No answer, but the figure stood perfectly still. Again the challenge, but still no answer. "Advance or I fire!" shouted the sentry opening the breach of his rifle with a snap and ramming a shell into the chamber from the magazine; and the shadowy figure without a word dropped to the ground, completely hidden by the scraggy bushes. Without a word the sentries, longing for a glorious capture, separated and as noiselessly as possible from opposite sides approached the spot where the stranger was hidden, and just as they were congratulating themselves on their clever work up he jumped and with a flapping of wings and his silly neck stretched out, sped off into the darkness, leaving the sentries to wonder whether that was the particular ostrich that had swallowed their last piece of Sunlight soap a day or two before.

We were outward bound and knew almost nothing of the progress of the war, when one day before we crossed the line, we sighted the steamer "Rangatira," bound for the Old Country from the Cape. After hustling to get our mails off we gathered on deck to get any news which had been received, and among other things heard that Mafeking had fallen and Ladysmith had been captured. After discussing the news some time one of the boys came up and hearing that Ladysmith had been captured, asked in utter innocence, with the air of one that had forgotten an old face, "Who is this Lady Smith, anyway?" And after we had recovered our breath and told the sad story of her capture and harsh treatment by Kruger, Oom Paul's life would not have been worth insuring if our enquiring friend had caught sight of him.

NORMAN MURRAY.

An exchange, speaking of the law against pointing fire-arms, even playfully, puts it this way: "When a man points a pistol or gun at you, knock him down; don't stop to enquire whether it is loaded or not, knock him down. Don't be particular what you knock him down with, only see that he is thoroughly knocked down. If a coroner's inquest must be held, let it be on the other fellow—he won't be missed."

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

Rev. Dr. Black, of St. Andrew's Church, Makes A Plea For Civic Beneficence in This Direction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BLUENOSE :

Sir—I do not hold a brief for Dalhousie. For over five years I have had every opportunity of estimating the work done in our College, but I have had no official connection with it. I may also claim, with all humility, that circumstances have enabled me to compare Dalhousie with kindred institutions in Canada, the United States and Great Britain. The work of any seat of learning must depend largely upon its equipment and current income. Our College will compare favorably with any institution of similar equipment and revenue. We have every reason to be proud of it, and we ought to be ready to help it for its own sake. But there is another way of looking at it. Everyone applauds the successful energy of our Tourist Association which has been so successful in developing summer travel to our City and Province. The money expended on advertising has been well spent. What does Dalhousie do for Halifax? A conservative estimate of the money spent by the students for board, tuition, books, clothing and sundries puts the amount at not less than fifty thousand dollars per year. A judicious friend assures me that one hundred thousand would be nearer the mark. Not only are our schools of Law, Medicine and Theology closely identified with the College, enabling it rightly to call itself a University, but the prosperity of our Commercial Colleges and of our Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music must always be to no small extent identified with the prosperity of Dalhousie.

What can we do for Dalhousie?

A good many things, but one thing we can do at once. We can confer a great boon with very little perceptible sacrifice on the part of the City. The College has no Campus, no Grounds for outdoor physical training or athletic sports. It is the only institution of its kind in our Dominion that is so hindered and handicapped. This may appear strange but it is true nevertheless.

A block of land to the East of the college belongs to the city, but the city has not of late found much use for it. The college football teams have been allowed to use it for practice. Why not give it to Dalhousie so that not only their annual football games, but also other outdoor athletic games and exercises could be held on their own grounds? Kingston has recently shown its estimate of the value of "Queen's" by giving fifty thousand dollars for additional buildings. I think the citizens of Halifax would approve of the giving of this field to our college, for it is a good investment and it appeals to all political parties and to all shades of religious belief. There is not even a possibility of jealousy of the part of the province about a benefaction to Halifax, for perhaps less than one-fourth of the students belong to the city. A benefaction to Dalhousie is a kindness to the youth of the province.

J. S. BLACK.

St. Andrew's Manse,
Nov. 12, 1900.

FOR WOMEN'S IDLE MOMENTS.

New Yorkers' Country Homes

Growing Tendency of the Rich Toward the Permanent Out-of-Town Residence.

“ONE of the most noticeable changes in the social life of wealthy New Yorkers during the past ten years is the establishment of hundreds of big country places within an hour's travel of the city,” said an Englishman who visits this country every year. “It is New York's translation of the English theory that every one who can afford it should live in the country. There were comparatively few of those big country places when I first came to New York. In those days the wealthy New Yorker had his house in town and a cottage at some seaside resort where he spent perhaps three months of the summer. He was first of all a city man and the country was merely a convenient place for him to spend the hot summer months. All this has changed. Many of my acquaintances are now residents of the country districts around New York and they spend only three or four months of the year in town. I drove last week on Long Island through half a dozen collections of these big country places and I was amazed at the results which have been worked there. Only a few years ago this country was cut up into small farms. The small farmer has almost disappeared. He sold his land at prices ten times greater than he ever expected to get and the purchaser razed his buildings to the ground. The small farm of from twenty-five to one hundred acres became a part of a country estate which in some cases includes more than a thousand acres.”

Journalism in Greenland.

Journalism in Greenland is represented by a single paper and to its proprietor, Mr. Moeller, is due the credit of educating a large number of the natives, because he not only printed the paper for them, but also taught them how to read it.

This wonderfully energetic man performs single-handed the functions of editor, reporter, proprietor, printer, distributor and business manager. The entire paper which is printed in Godthaab, is the product of his own pen.

Some time ago he set up a primitive printing establishment, and every two weeks he performs a long journey on skates to dispose of his journal.

Originally it contained only a few crude illustrations, but gradually other matter was introduced until now it contains articles on the affairs of the day. This man actually taught his subscribers to read his paper, first introducing words, then sentences, and now articles on the topics of the day.

Mr. Moeller is a Dane and has lived in Greenland for many years. He takes a deep interest in anything calculated to make lighter the burdens of the natives, and is beloved by all who know him.

The Journey Out and Back.

From the *Denver Evening Post*.

AS they speeded along on their honeymoon tour,
To her side like a plaster he stuck:
Kept the train boy in action; e'en on the keen jump,
Bringing candies and things to his duck.
Scarce a moment would he from her side move away,
And he whispered full oft in her ear,
All the honeyed expressions the newly-made bride,
In her dreamings so well loves to hear.
In a couple of weeks on their homeward return,
All alone in the seat sat the bride,
And where was the hubby who snuggled so close,
But a few days before to her side?
Back there in the smoking compartment he sat,
Playing poker and swallowing beer
With some whiskey house drummers and acting as sane,
As if he'd been married a year.

How One Husband Was Tamed.

From the *Washington Post*

I dare say that there isn't a woman on earth who hasn't a theory on the subject of how to manage a husband, and I have never yet come across a man who was any worse for a little scientific handling now and then. If I were in the florist business I'd send a palm to a certain Senator's daughter, who has set an example managing wives might follow with profit. She has a husband, this Senator's daughter, who is disposed to be critical. Most of his friends are men of great wealth, who live extremely well, and association with them has made him somewhat hard to please in the matter of cooking. For some time the tendency has been growing on him.

“What is this meant for?” he would ask after testing an entree his wife had racked her brain to think up.

“What on earth is this?” he would say when dessert came on.

“Is this supposed to be a salad?” he would inquire sarcastically when the lettuce was served. His wife stood it as long as she could. One evening he came home in a particularly captious humor. His wife was dressed in her most becoming gown and fairly bubbled over with wit. They went into dinner. The soup tureen was brought in. Tied to one handle was a card, and on that card the information in a big round hand:

“This is soup.”

Roast beef followed with a placard announcing: “This is roast beef.”

The potatoes were labelled. The gravy dish was placarded. The olives bore a card marked “Olives” the salad bowl carried a tag marked “Salad,” and when the ice cream came in, a card announcing “This is ice cream” came with it. The wife talked of a thousand different things all through the meal, never once referring by word or look to the labelled dishes. Neither then nor thereafter did he say a word about them, and never since that evening has the captious husband ventured to inquire concerning anything set before him.

Why He Wouldn't Subscribe.

Missed the Patent Medicine Advertisement With His Name in It From the Paper.

“I was a country editor in Indiana about twenty-five years ago,” said a retired newspaperman. “One day an old farmer who had been one of my constant readers for three years, always paying in advance, came into my office and said he wanted me to quit sending him the paper. I was curious to know why, because he had been on the books so long. Then he told me he had missed from my columns a patent medicine advertisement in which was a testimonial from him of the efficacy of the medicine. He said that as long as the advertisement appeared he and his family always turned to it the first thing when they got the paper, and that his children were accustomed to talking about ‘pop's name bein' in the paper.’

“I explained to him that the contract for the advertisement had expired and I could not run it without pay. But this failed to satisfy him. He insisted that his paper should stop at once. I wrote to the advertising agent explaining the incident, and I secured a renewal of the advertisement. Then the old subscriber's name again went on the books. I am the only country editor I ever heard of who made money by losing a subscriber.”

The Sorrows of Miss Corelli.

A story is being told in London of an amusing passage at arms between Miss Marie Corelli and the schoolmistress of a school just across from the house where the authoress had taken up residence. Part of the school exercises consisted in the study of music, and, agreeable though this proved to the school children, it proved particularly disagreeable to Miss Corelli. She therefore sent the following note to the schoolmistress:

“Miss Corelli presents her compliments to Miss — and begs that she will be good enough to arrange so that there may be no singing class between the hours of ten and one, these being Miss Corelli's working hours, when distractions are peculiarly distasteful.”

The following came in reply:

“Miss — presents her compliments to Miss Corelli and begs to state that if such a course were likely to prevent the writing of such books as *The Sorrows of Satan* she would rejoice in arranging a singing class for every day from nine to two.”

PARAGRAPHS
ABOUT PEOPLE.

(Continued from page 7.)

Much sympathy was expressed in Halifax last week when the news of Lieut. C. H. Corey's illness was heard. Lieut. Corey was a great favorite here, especially with the younger members of society. He was through the awful siege of Lady-smith and has since received his promotion. He is now ill of enteric fever in the hospital at Pinetown Bridge, Natal. We hope for his speedy recovery and return to his former home.

The engagement is announced of Mr. James Imrie, formerly of Halifax, but now of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Bridgetown, N. S., to Miss Frizzell, of the same place.

It was most unfortunate that last Monday should have been so very stormy, for otherwise the Symphony concert would no doubt have had a "standing room only" sign displayed. As it was a large number of people weathered the elements, and certainly they were repaid, for the programme was a most pleasing one, and the work of the Orchestra and Chorus excellent throughout. The audience was composed of most of our society and music-loving people, and the handsome dresses of the ladies were particularly noticeable. Some of those present were Mrs. White, looking very handsome in black chiffon with white lace; Miss E. White in black net with blue trimmings; the Misses Fielding, Mrs. Wylde, Mrs. Hansard Mrs. Tremaine, Mrs. Curren, Miss Stairs, Miss Archibald, Mrs. Foster, Miss Wylde, Miss Rita Hansard, Miss Hattie Albro and Miss Delaney, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. R. L. Jordan, Miss Curren, Mrs. Holmes, Miss Holmes.

Mrs. Chas. Archibald has returned to the city after a brief visit to her cottage at Whycomogah.

Miss Edith Peniston left on the Beta last week to return to her home in Bermuda. This young lady will be much missed by the many friends made during her visit with Capt. and Mrs. Phillips.

At a meeting of ladies, friends of the Ladies' College, it was agreed to institute a course of lectures in connection with the college during the coming winter. The course will consist of six or seven fortnightly lectures on interesting subjects and the following gentlemen have signified their willingness to assist: Principal Peterson, of McGill; Rev. Mr. DeSoyres, of St. John; Dr. W. H. Drummond, author of the Habitant; Dr. Slayter and C. H. Porter. This is a scheme that will undoubtedly attract much attention.

Mr. W. A. Lockhart, Collector of Customs, of St. John, N. B., has been in the city for the past few days.



Builders' Hardware

The meaning of these two words thus put together is, "the very highest order of artistic metal work." At least that is what they mean at our store. Our patrons are frequently surprised, . . . when asking for Hardware Trimmings for a house, that we are able to offer them such beautiful designs, such good quality and such reasonable prices.

IT IS ADVISABLE

for people who are building houses to have Builders' Hardware left out of the specifications and suit themselves at our store rather than leave it to the contractor. They will be better pleased with results in that case. Better taste, more durability, higher satisfaction, will result from personal selection at

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

Stripe Papers

ARE THE NEW
WALL DECORATIONS

... AND ...

OUR WINDOW IS
FULL OF THEM.

HARRISON BROS.

54 Barrington Street.

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.

D. C. GILLIS

the Hollis Street . .
Haberdasher, has a
fine assortment of

New Ties

in Bows, Puffs and
Flowing Ends. All
the latest fashions.

\$1.50 to \$15.00



This is the range of . . .
prices we offer in . . .

Chamber Sets.

\$2.25

will buy a 10 piece set
in three colors especial-
ly good value.

WEBSTER, SMITH & CO.,

172 Granville St., Halifax.

**YES!
MOIR'S
BREAD**

IS THE SAME . .
RELIABLE ARTI-
CLE IT ALWAYS
WAS. QUALITY
IS ITS STRONG
POINT, AND THE
NAME IS ON . .
EVERY LOAF.

Moir SON & Co.
HALIFAX,
N. S.

**WE SELL
STERLING SILVER!**

PEN KNIVES, BERRY SPOONS,
SUGAR SHELLS, SUGAR TONGS,
BUTTER KNIVES,
CUCUMBER SERVEES,
CREAM AND GRAVY LADLES,
SPOONS, FORKS, ETC.

... Our Prices are low, and patterns are of the . . .
latest designs.

ROSBOROUGH & THOMAS,

174 & 176 Granville St., HALIFAX.

Our Wedgwood and Royal Worcester wares
make beautiful Wedding Presents.

**PARAGRAPHS *
ABOUT PEOPLE.**

The engagement of Miss Lily Adams,
daughter of Mrs. Charles R. Harrison, of
St. John, to Mr. Hird, of H. M. S.
"Psyche" is being pleasantly discussed
by society, and the charming young lady
is being overwhelmed with good wishes
for future happiness.

Mrs. Cochrane and Miss Bessie Coch-
rane, of Brooklyn, Hants Co., N. S., have
been visiting Mrs. Walter C. Northup,
Bland Street.

Mrs. William Curry has returned from
New York and will spend the winter in
Halifax.

Miss Cameron, who was visiting Mrs.
W. B. Torrance, Inglis Street, has re-
turned to her home in Toronto. During
her stay in Halifax she made a host of
friends.

Miss Daisy Outram, of St. John, is stay-
ing at "Elmwood." She took part in
Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works which were
presented at Orpheus Hall last week with
such success.

Mrs. Clarence Dimock, who has been
spending the summer at "Jubilee," North-
West Arm, has returned to her home in
Windsor. Mrs. Crowe, who has also spent
the summer at "Jubilee," will remain there
until later in the season, after which it is
quite possible she may go to England to
visit her daughters for a few months.

Miss Brown will hold an exhibition and
sale of painted china early next week at
Mrs. Rigby's, Green St.

There is a very pretty story told about
Lady Roberts and her trunks, and men re-
turning from South Africa vouch for its
truth.

At the height of the transport difficulties,
in the teeth of the officials, she carried
eight large trunks from Cape Town to
Bloemfontein. Everyone wondered, every-
one murmured. No one but Lady
Roberts could have got the things
through. The transport of stores had
been stopped for the time, the sick lacked
every comfort, and those who were not
sick were half-starved and half-clad.
Therefore, when a fatigue party was told
off to fetch those eight trunks from Bloem-
fontein station, things were said probably
about the "plague of women."

But next day, seven of the trunks were
unpacked, and their contents distributed
amongst the Tommies. The clever lady
had snapped her fingers at red tape and
smuggled the comforts through to the men
in this way. One small trunk contained
her kit.

CATRIONA.

**CHICKERING
CHICKERING
CHICKERING**



**Position is Only
Attained and
Maintained by
Excellence.**

The Chickering Piano, standing,
as it does to-day, at the head of the list of
high-grade instruments, speaks for itself in
this direction.

The perfection of its construction means
years of service to the purchaser, and its
beauty of tone must be appreciated, not only
by musical critics, but by those who are
lovers of harmony for its own sake.

We are selling the Chickering on as easy
a basis as any other piano on the market, as
we wish to give those who are not in a posi-
tion to pay extravagant prices, the benefit of
all that is most substantial and exquisite in
piano making.

You will be welcomed at our warerooms
at any time, as we are always glad of an op-
portunity to exhibit to visitors our superb
assortment of Pianos, not only the Chick-
ering, but other fine pianos.

**THE
W. H. Johnson Co.
Limited,**

Agents for Chickering, Newcombe
and Mason & Risch Pianos.

HALIFAX - and - ST. JOHN.

**PIANOS.
PIANOS.
PIANOS.**



Travelling Bags.

We make a speciality of the above, and carry a very heavy stock. Our goods are all first-class and our prices, well, those who should know say ours are the lowest.

We manufacture and repair. Trunks, Valises and Fancy Leather Goods of every description.

KELLY'S,

PHONE 662.

122 Granville St., Halifax.

WHEN
COAL
IS
DEAR



Then the
**SACKVILLE
HEATER
FOR COKE**

can be appreciated. It is cheap to start with, consumes a cheap fuel (and is saving at that), is a strong heater and requires but little attention.

F. R. BROWN,
206 & 208 Hollis Street,
HALIFAX.

A NIGHT WITH A MADMAN.*—II. ❁

(Continued from last issue.)



UR eyes met, and for two seconds, not more, I looked at him, and yet in those two seconds the devil in him was conquered. I have often had reason to be thankful that my wits do not desert me in time of danger, and this time my presence of mind saved me from an ugly death. Had I ventured to spring up with the intention of saving myself, he was a strong man, and undoubtedly would soon have overpowered me. But instead of this, I merely said, in as cool and peevish a voice as I could command: "Pshaw! Wheeler, man, don't waken a fellow. You'll get the volume in the little book-case.—Good-night; I've to rise early"; and I closed my eyes, not, however, before I had observed the deadly weapon quickly concealed behind his back, and the foolish simpering smile of the dipsomaniac succeed the stern determined glance of the would-be assassin.

"He! he!" laughed the madman; "I thought—he! he! Oh, here is the book.—Good-night; sound sleep."

"Yes," thought I, "my boy, and a nice sound sleep you were preparing for me." A feeling of anger at that moment took possession of me, and I felt I almost hated my unfortunate patient.

I had now very little inclination for sleep; and after remaining quiet for a few moments, I began to simulate restlessness; then rubbing my eyes, I sat up, yawned, and said: "Hang it, old Wheeler, couldn't you have got the book yourself, without rousing me? I can't sleep again now; however, I may as well finish those letters." With these remarks, I swung myself to the deck, and reseated myself to write. For some time I looked everywhere, but in vain, for the large clasp-knife with which I was to have been made so intimately acquainted. At last I perceived a little bit of its polished blade peeping out from beneath the mat on which Mr. Wheeler had once more thrown himself. "So, then," thought I, "I am a prisoner, and my jailer a madman. Pleasant consideration!" There was little chance of any one coming to my aid. My only hope was, that one of the men might be taken ill—apoplexy, colic, or cholera-morbus, I did not mind what, provided I should be sent for. I was very much in the position of the doctor in the old caricature, praying Heaven to send a pestilence among the people, "that thy servant may not die of want." I knew, too, that if I roused his anger or suspicion, by calling for assistance or trying to escape, I should be but as a child in his hands, and he would assuredly kill me. "If," I thought, "I could only gain possession of that awful knife"; which I now firmly believed

* Reprinted from *Chambers' Journal*.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

J. D. MEDCALFE, MANAGER.

Valentine Stock Company.

Week commencing Nov. 19th.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Wednesday Matinee.

DAVID GARRICK.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Saturday Matinee.

The Unequal Match.

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

This Marks An Epoch. Grand Opening.

NEW WHITE HALL,

Cor. Buckingham & Argyle Sts.

Note our opening bargains.
The House of the Nimble Sixpence.
These Prices are Spot Cash.

T. H. & W. T. FRANCIS,

"The People's Friend." FINE FURNITURE.

An elegant Golden Oak Chamber Set, 7 pieces, the very latest design, \$70. Neat and natty Iron Bedsteads, \$13.50. Parlor Center Tables—Golden Oak and Brown, \$22.00. Woven Wire Spring Mattresses, \$1.75. Toilet Sets, 8 pieces, only \$1.30. Dinner and Tea Sets, 97 pieces, \$5.00. 300 pair all wool Blankets, at \$1.70, 1.75, \$1.80, 1.90, 2.10, 2.30, 2.00, 3.50, 4.00. All lines of furniture at moderate prices. These figures are for one week only.

Whirling fast as
Paddle Wheels
to keep our work-
room from get-
ting flooded with
Rush Orders.

Better come along now
with your Orders.

Le Bon Marche,

Cor. Barrington and
Sackville Streets,

HALIFAX, N. S.

The Typographical Work on the BLUENOSE

is a fairly good sample of what we are prepared to do in all lines of general Job Printing.

We think that with the fine presses and selection of type in our printing office, we can produce just as clean, well set and artistic effects as one sees in the best American magazines.

City business men requiring work such as we can do, should call us up on Telephone 1017.

Our prices are reasonable.



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BEDFORD CHAMBERS,

HALIFAX.

Publishers of the *Maritime Merchant*
and *The Bluenose*.

Information to Commercial Men

who want to be up-to-date and get a good share of the trade. You can save "Time, Money and Energy" when doing Halifax by hiring a rig to see your customers. Remember it is good to have hills for sanitary purposes, but you don't consider it in that light, when climbing up and down all day in search of trade, and see the other fellows pass you by and secure the order you are after, because you are just behind the time. Call on

ROBINSON,

when in Halifax; he will fit you out with a good rig at commercial rates.

TELEPHONE 50.

A NIGHT WITH A MADMAN. ❁ ❁ ❁

I had been fated to buy for my own execution. How soon, too, might he not, with the sudden impulse common to such cases, spring up, and attack me! It was quite evident now that his Bible-reading and earnest prayers had been meant only as preparation for death. There was thus "a method in his madness."

All the strategy I could summon was now directed to the gaining possession of the knife. First, I asked him to accompany me to the steerage, where the dispensary was, for some medicine I told him I wanted.

He simply sneered, as much as to say: "Do you think me so excessively green?"

"You would be all the better of an opiate, anyhow," I said. For a moment he seemed to approve of the plan.

"Will you let me help myself to the morphia, then?" he asked; adding, to prevent my suspicions, "you give so large a dose, you know."

"Certainly," I said, my hopes rising rapidly; "you shall help yourself."

He seemed to consider a moment, then concluded he would not budge; and my hopes fell again to zero, all the more quickly that for a few minutes after this he was very restless, and his hand frequently disappeared below the mat, where I knew he was fumbling with the knife. At length, a happy thought crossed me, and acting thereon, I got up, laid by my papers, and pretended to begin to undress.

"Oh, botheration," said I, winding up my watch; "it has stopped at one o'clock: just give a peep there, Wheeler, and see what time it is."

Now, in order to do this, he had to get up and stand on a locker, close by, as the clock was fastened to a beam overhead, and on a level with the upper deck. The bait took. With one frightened look at the darkened ward-room around him, he mounted; and, as quickly as I could, I bent down and clutched the knife. Not a moment too soon, however, for he was down from his perch in a twinkling, and at me like a catamountain. With a fearful imprecation, he sprang upon and seized me by the two arms; he then dashed me backwards into my cabin, and down against the chest of drawers. All the nervous excitability of madness aided his powerful arms, and I felt as if in a vice.

"Tuts!" cried I, forcing a laugh, though a deadly terror was at my heart—"tuts! old Wheels; you hurt me, man; and I want the whittle just half a minute." And I looked him straight in the face as I spoke.

And once again the devilish look left his eyes, the ferocity died away, and his face resumed the old idiotic grin. Then he laughingly released me, saying, as he re-

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**A NIGHT WITH A
MADMAN.**

tired to his mat : " You were too much for old Wheels, that time, Scottie."

" And what," asked I boldly, " did you want with the knife ?"

" Doctor," he replied seriously, " I must retire."

" Retire! What do you mean ?" I inquired.

" Long hath the night of sorrow reigned," said the poor man ; " the dawn shall bring me rest ; and poor Wheeler will die, or the captain will kill him, roll him up in a hammock, and send him down, down among slimy, crawling things and terrible reptiles ; and they're all in the plot, and all hate me—all—all !"

Just then four bells rang out sharp and clearly in the night-air ; and for a short time I almost hoped someone might enter the ward-room, and relieve me from my trying situation. Some footsteps on the quarter-deck I did hear—it was but the relief of the man at the wheel ; they soon ceased, and all was silent as before. A short time afterwards, the lamp in my cabin began to burn more dimly, and give other indications of an early exit. I hardly knew whether to be pleased or otherwise at this ; a struggle with my maniac patient I felt sure I *must* have, and darkness I knew would hasten that event, and bring on the *dénouement*.

" Wheeler," I said, " do you not intend to sleep to-night ?"

" Ay," said he solemnly, and starting at my voice like an old lady at a pistol-shot, " I *will* sleep ; and—and *you* too shall sleep."

This was certainly not very soothing to my nerves.

" Well," I continued, " the light is going out, so you must go to the dispensary and fetch a candle."

" What !" cried he in a fierce whisper ; " out into the dark steerage, to be torn limb from limb, and my body scattered about the ship by devils. No, no, no !"

The lamp began to flicker.

" See !" said I, directing his attention to it, " it is waning away fast, and you know well enough how glad they will be to catch you in the dark."

" Where does the light go to when it goes out ?" he asked as if of himself.

" You'll soon know, replied I.

He started, looked at the lamp, then in my face, and then fearfully around him at the gathering gloom.

" Do not let it out," he cried. " For God's sake, Doctor, keep it in. Come with me quick, and get a candle."

I was only too glad to obey. We had not proceeded three steps from my cabin-door, when I attempted to get in advance, in order to make a rush for the companion-ladder. It was a most untimely move. No sooner did he espy my intentions, than all the madman was stirred within him.

" Ha !" he exclaimed, " wretch ! would you leave me to face my fate alone ?"

Then seizing me by the breast, he hurled me backwards, and next moment a crashing blow felled me to the deck. He had caught up a double-flint tumbler that stood on the table, and—not thrown it at—but smashed it on my brow. Although blinded and almost choked with blood,

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A NIGHT WITH A MADMAN. * * *

still, from this very bleeding, perhaps, I was not rendered insensible; indeed, I was fully conscious. Knowing now for certain that he intended to make an end of me, and most likely afterwards of himself, instead of trying to get up, I did as I had seen the cockroaches do—feigned death, and lay all of a heap just as I had fallen. My grateful patient paused for a moment, and looked down at his work; then stooping towards me, he passed both hands over my face, so as to bathe them in blood, and then held them up to the light.

"Good," he muttered. "Red blood—not blue; but I'll *mak siccar*, and then, Doctor, I'll follow you."

He then stepped over me, with a light laugh, and re-entered my cabin—for the knife, I knew.

Now was my chance, if ever. His back was scarcely turned, when I bounded to my feet, and made for the steerage. It was a short but exciting race for life. Two seconds took me to the steerage-door two more to the foot of the companion-ladder. I sprang up, but had succeeded in placing only a few steps behind me, when I slipped, and fell to the bottom, while at the same time I heard an oath, and the cutlass flew past, and stuck in the bulk-head, not a yard above me. The madman, seeing I was escaping, had thrown it; and the fall had saved me. I drew out the cutlass, and hurried on deck. Seeing that the maniac had now given up the pursuit, I paused for a minute to take breath, and bind a handkerchief around my head. It was a very lovely night; not a cloud in all the dark sky, in which the stars—so differently arranged from those in the far north—were shining more brightly, I think, than I ever yet had seen them.

But I had little inclination to gaze long at the gorgeous scene; my thoughts were all on the fearful danger I had just escaped; and, whether from excitement or loss of blood, I could not tell, but I felt as if about to faint. After leaning against the bulwark for a short time, the cool night-air revived me, and I made haste to go to the captain's cabin, to make my report, and get assistance. This report was never made, for just as I was about to descend, a dark figure glided stealthily past, loomed for one moment on the bulwark between me and the starlight, then disappeared, and the plash alongside told me that the unhappy engineer had thrown himself into the sea.

"Man overboard!" I shouted, and the cry was re-echoed, fore and aft, from every part of the vessel. I rushed past the man at the wheel to where, in the stern of the ship, two little brass knobs, like door-bell handles, told the position of the life-buoy. One was pulled, and a gleam of light sprang up; then the other, and the blazing beacon dropped sullenly into the sea. The captain was almost immediately on deck, and the ship was quickly being put about.

"Man the quarter-boats, and lower away with a will. It is earnest, my lads," he added: "It is poor Wheeler;" for the men were used to be sent away after the life-buoy on many a dark night, as a species of drill. "A bottle of rum to each boat, with an additional one to the boat that picks up the officer."

They hardly needed such encouragement, for the boats were manned and

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lowered as if by magic, and were soon swiftly leaving the ship, heard, though hardly seen, and dashing on towards the blazing beacon, that floated nearly a quarter of a mile off. The buoy seemed to be playing a little game of bo-peep with us, at one moment flickering and shining gaily on the summit of a wave, and the next dipping down and hiding from sight behind it. Ten long minutes passed away, and then the light on the life-buoy disappeared—it had burned out, or been put out—and we continued to gaze at the place where the boats had last been seen. A quarter of an hour, then five minutes, and now we could hear the measured thud-thud of the returning oars. As soon as they were within hail, "Boat ahoy!" shouted our commander, and down the wind came the answer: "Ay, ay, sir. All's well."

It was curious to mark the revulsion of feeling in the minds of the men on deck, now that they were assured of the engineer's safety. Before this, it was: "Poor fellow!" "God help him!" "He was a jolly nice gentleman;" "Mind when he gave us the grog, Bill?" "That I do, Jack;" etc. Now it was: "Confound the fellow!" "He's a fool!" "He's mad!" "Serves him right!" "I'll teach him manners;" etc.

Poor Wheeler was now handed on board, more dead than alive, properly brought round, then placed in his hammock, with a couple of sentries to watch him.

"Where did you find him?" I asked of the cockswain.

"Astride of the life-buoy, sir, grinning like a baboon."

He never properly recovered till sent to hospital. He told me afterwards that the reason he tried to kill me was, that, being about to take his own life, and considering me his only friend, he wished to have my company through the dark valley of death.

As for myself, my head soon healed, although to my grave I shall carry the scar—the effects of spending a night with a madman.

THE HON. DAVID MACKEEN.

(Continued from page 1.)

the intelligence that enable him to become a successful man. Mr. MacKeen's reading must have given him knowledge that the less studious cannot possess. It must have cultivated his mind to a degree that would not be otherwise possible. This then is another characteristic.

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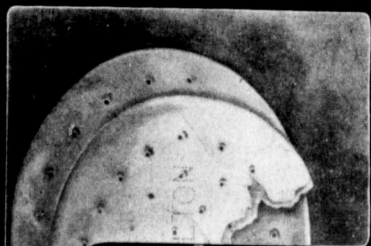
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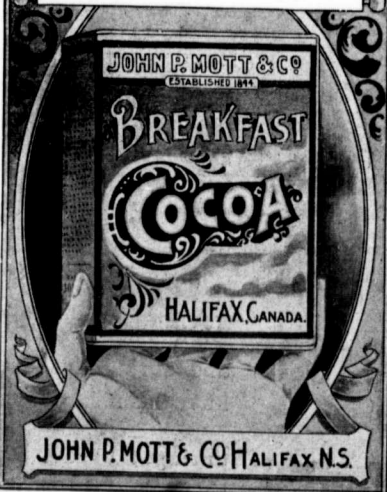
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