

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Continuation of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
									✓		

# OUR SOCIETY

WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

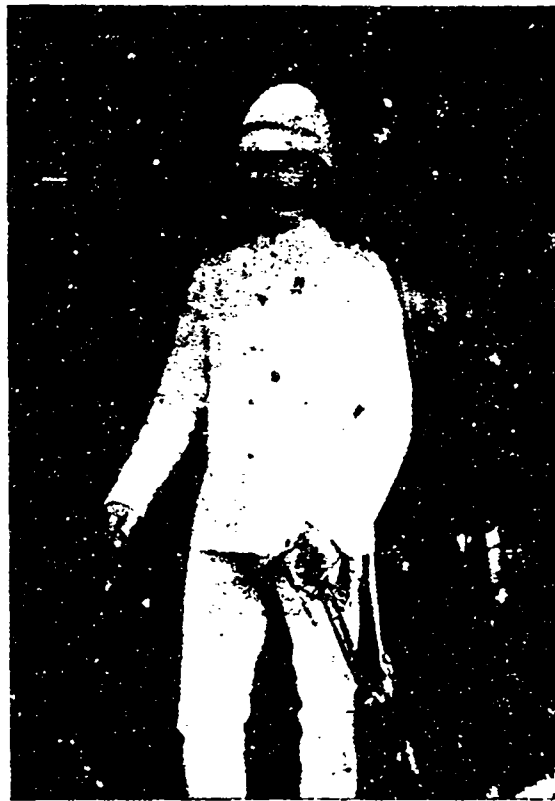
BOOKSELLERS,  
STATIONERS,  
PRINTERS.

124 GRANVILLE STREET.

T. C. ALLEN & CO.

Have in Stock NEW LIBRARY and SCIENTIFIC BOOKS and LATEST NOVELS.

COPPERPLATE PRINTERS,  
COLOR STAMPERS.  
DIES and PLATES made to Order.



COLONEL RYAN, R. A.,  
(COMMANDING ROYAL ARTILLERY IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.)

**SOCIETY STATIONERY**

MENT CARDS, VISITING CARDS,  
GAMES, PASSES, CARD MEMO BOOKS, &

ALLEN'S 124 GRANVILLE STREET.

THE FINE NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES TO MATCH. BALL PROGRAMME CARDS,  
INVITATION CARDS, INVITATION AND AT HOME CARDS FINE LEATHER IN PORTFOLIOS,

## BONS-MOTS.

Some of the London cab-drivers are not above the playing of practical jokes. A few days since, some wealthy but parsimonious ladies in one of the suburbs attended a lecture.

When they came out the pavements were wet, and several persons stood about the door holding open umbrellas.

The ladies hailed cabs, and, after making a sharp bargain with the drivers, rode home, discovering afterward that there was not a drop of rain.

The cabbies had turned several pails of water upon the pavement in front of the lecture-hall, and had held

umbrellas over their heads to give the ladies an idea that it was raining.

SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some become city clerks.

THE difference between repartee and impudence is the size of the man who says it.

"You cannot possibly follow your profession more than five or six years longer," said the physician. "I have known it for a long time." "Then you ought to have told me long ago," exclaimed the star actor rising in great wrath. "You have cheated me out of several farewell seasons."

OUR SOCIETY.

**EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.**

Estimates given for Central Station  
or Insolated Plants.

122 HOLLIS STREET,

E. T. FREEMAN, Agent.

ROBERT STANFORD,

**Fashionable Tailor,**

156 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

The popular **BLENDS OF TEAS**,  
"Unawatta," "Orange," "Dehitwalla," "Darjeeling" and "Excel-lor,"

AT

F. M. MURRAY'S, 83 Barrington St.  
COFFEES fresh and good. CHOICE CONFECTIONERY at lowest price

HARRINGTON'S CORNER.

Established 1860.

**NISBET & DRAKE,**

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES, FRUITS, FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCE.

Corner Hollis and Sackville Sts., HALIFAX, N. S.

WILLIAM NOTMAN.

\* Photographer to the Queen, \*

39 GEORGE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

PAPER HANGINGS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, BRONZES, ARTISTS' MATERIALS, GOLD LEAF, &c., &c. MIXED COLORS ALWAYS ON HAND.

At **REARDON'S,**

40 & 42 BARRINGTON ST. HALIFAX, N. S.

**BISHOP & PARSONS,**  
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS,  
GENERAL BROKERS,  
W. C. BISHOP, L. W. PARSONS,  
62 BEDFORD ROW,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

**S. GUNARD & CO.,**

COAL DEPARTMENT

DEALERS IN

**HOUSE & STEAM COALS.**

SYDNEY, VICTORIA,  
BRIDGEPORT AND ANTHRACITE,  
ALWAYS ON HAND.

NORTH END DEPOT, O'Neill's Wharf.  
SOUTH END DEPOT, Dominion Wharf.

**DAVID ROOPE,**

PAINTER, GLAZIER, PAPER HANGER & DECORATOR  
234 AND 236 ARGYLE ST.,  
15 BARRINGTON ST.

**UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY,**

62 AND 64 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

GOODS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.

25 to 32 Waterloo Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

TELEPHONE No. 15

**W. H. BANNISTER,**

Optician.

(Graduate of New York Optical College.)

136 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

**WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY,**

OF TORONTO.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Capital and Assets, - - - - \$2,000,000

A. M. SMITH, President. J. J. KENNY, Managing Director.  
C. C. FOSTER, Secretary.

ALL KINDS OF PROPERTY INSURED AT LOWEST RATES,  
AND LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

G. M. GREER, General Agent, 154 Hollis Street.

AGENT ALSO FOR

MANCHESTER FIRE INS. Co., of England. FIRE INS. ASSOCIATION, of England.  
CONNECTICUT FIRE INS. Co., of Hartford.

**A. W. REDDEN,**

IMPORTER OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.  
153 GRANVILLE STREET

## Society Notes.

There are one or two points in out-door etiquette which are never likely to be solved to the satisfaction of everybody. One of these is:—at what age is a girl entitled to expect gentlemen to raise their hats to her? The most polished among us pass a young lady, or even two young ladies—in a parambulator, without raising our hats, and some who call themselves gentlemen have been frequently observed to nod familiarly to schoolgirls of eight or ten summers: but the most hardened feels an upward inclination of the hand when passing some of our well dressed little women of 12 and 13, even when carrying a bag in which Colliers History is plainly discernible, when we come to analyse our own behaviour, we recal to mind several midgets of 13 and 14 to whom we invariably bow, and we would expect to be cut dead if ever we failed to do so. At the same time there are some older ones to whom we never feel inclined to pay the same tribute. Possibly the length of the frock may have something to do with it when there is no special attractiveness. Some little children walk and behave themselves like ladies; while many big children are little better than tomboys. Can anyone give a golden rule for the behaviour of perplexed males in their attitude towards these who have not yet arrived at the dignity of long dresses?

Some of our young friends of seven years, who have already issued invitations in their own names, with the mystic word "Dancing" in the corner, will exclaim indignantly against the idea of being treated in any respect otherwise than as grown-up women. They may be right; who knows? John Stuart Mill read Plato at six, and the performance of the duties of hostess is not much harder. Besides, these are the days of infant phenomena; and it is remarkable that children at the advanced age of seven years allow their mothers to pay calls for them; except perhaps, that these are also the days of laziness, and such an arrangement saves a good deal of bother.

Another rather ticklish point is how to behave to servants,—meaning servants of the better class, of course, and more especially nurses and housekeepers. There are servants *and* servants: and in the case of the average specimen of the class in Halifax, there can be no possible doubt as to the method of procedure. But still, we have seen men of blue enough blood to pacify even *Grandma*, who never hesitated to raise their caps to their housekeepers, or nurses. On the other hand, we have seen men nod familiarly or raise their sticks to their landladies, who happen to be of precisely the same rank in life as themselves. However, to return to the point, suppose you *do* happen to be blessed with a respectable servant,—respectable in every sense of the word:—suppose you meet her in the Park on Sunday afternoon, walking with an equally respectable young man, who actually has enough breeding to raise his hat to you in the first place; do you think it is *infra dig* to return the salute? do you feel that—when you are absolutely obliged to show some sign of recognition,—it is inconsistent with your standing as a gentleman to bow in precisely the same way as if to one in your own position in life? It is rather a delicate question, but we prefer to err on the side of courtesy, though our observation would lead us to conclude that we are in a very small minority.

There are many even more delicate points that arise in the daily round of life, but one general conclusion is obvious to all who walk with their eyes open. The more thorough-bred a man is, and the more unassailable his social position, the more courteous he is to those he considers his inferiors in rank. The modern *hauteur*—not very common here, thank goodness!—is a pretty sure sign of Shoddy. The ancient and more respectable *hauteur* was not an everyday quality to be obtruded upon everyone, but a something in a man that appeared as an insurmountable barrier against anything like undue familiarity, from inferior as from equal.

*The Canadian Voice* represents a great cause, and has the sympathy of all right-thinking men, whether or not they follow its precepts in practice. At the same time it runs a great risk of losing some of that support by being too outspoken in preferring serious charges against men whose business brings them into connection with the liquor traffic. For instance, the attack on Mr. Drysdale for defending those prosecuted under the liquor laws, will do no good either to the *Voice* or to the temperance cause. As Mr. Drysdale very justly says:

"I might excuse the editor of the *Voice* for not being aware of what was going on in our courts at Halifax with reference to counties outside of Halifax, but if he has sufficiently posted himself as to my retainers in Halifax to make a charge against me for defending prosecutions in Halifax, he must have known that I and my firm have carried on and conducted all the prosecutions in Dartmouth for a long period of time. The rule in our profession is, "first come, first served," and if I am open to attack because I did not act for the temperance people in Halifax, the fault is not mine, but theirs. They of their own motion select their own counsel. When at the time they did so I was free to act for any one; afterwards, when certain prosecutions commenced, the Association offered my firm a retainer, which was accepted, and I have too much faith in that spirit of fair play that always prevails among British subjects to think that such a matter should be made a personal or political charge against me."

A little forethought would have prevented the editor in question from making such a ridiculous charge, and it is a pity that that forethought was not called into play.

La Grippe appears to be going her Spring rounds in the States, though to what extent the disease is prevalent it is quite impossible to ascertain from newspaper statistics.

For instances, here are two consecutive paragraphs from a provincial paper:—

CHICAGO, March 26. —Up to 3 o'clock yesterday, 600 deaths for the week as the result of la grippe, and the total promises to reach 1000 by Saturday night.

CHICAGO, March 28. —The officials of the health department say the death-rate for the present week is unprecedented. The number of deaths since March 1st is 900, and the number for the corresponding period 1890 is 419.

It would take a clever mathematician to reconcile these statements; and it is certainly strange how any editor could insert them side by side; either one seems good enough.

Here is a third account, from another paper of the same date:—

CHICAGO, March 26. —The grip epidemic is unabated in this city and the mortality continues appalling.

Up to midnight the deaths for two weeks aggregated 1540, or 35 per 1000, which is unprecedented in the history of Chicago.

And there are any amount more,—too many to quote. It seems to be a case of *long bow*, *longer bow*, and *longest bow*.

If a man doesn't die one way he is sure to die another, but suicide by peanuts strikes us as rather novel, and decidedly American. The death of a Maryland young man named Harry Hudson, nearly amounts to this. He won a bet by eating half a gallon of peanuts in a given time, and went home to die in great agony. We

## Cambridge House Magazine

(QUARTERLY.)

No. 6 Contains:—

"The Bear."  
Honoris Causa.  
Brigands and Beetles.  
The Death of the Sea Serpent.  
Some Funny Mistakes.  
School Compositions.  
Conference of English Head Masters.  
Poems, etc.

ISSUED TO SUBSCRIBERS' ONLY.

Price, \$1.00 per annum.

would suggest to the next idiot who wants to make a feeding record that death by Banbury cakes or boiled egg, is far less painful, while the present record is an international one, and by no means easy to beat. It may be that in time, with the advance of civilization, such gastronomic feats may win credit and renown, and we may see a future Prince of Wales shaking hands with the great egg-eater, but that will not be in this century. Let us be thankful for small mercies.

We are somewhat surprised to hear that Lieut. Stairs has left the R. E. and taken a captaincy in a line regiment. We presume, however, that he has good reason for making the exchange.

Major General Herbert, was in the city early in the week, on important business connected with the service.

We regret to hear that Miss Laine is very indisposed, and hope she will have recovered sufficiently by next Thursday to sing in the Orpheus Concert, in which she takes a leading part.

We hear on good authority that the report that Alderman Rubland had withdrawn his candidature for Ward one, is entirely without foundation. Far from this being the case, Mr. Rubland will be to the fore again, with the support of many residents who are satisfied with his past work. When such a popular man as Mr. T. C. Allen, will find him a very powerful opponent.

Coming back to the old question of how to get rid of our ashes, it seems about time that the civic authorities thought about taking tenders for the work, which we presume will be systematically started on the first of May.

We have been trying some of the London Rubber Stamp Company's manufacturers lately, and after a few days use we find it difficult to understand how we ever did without them. Of all the labour-saving dodges, these various forms of stamps and seals are worth much to a busy man. You can get a machine for embossing a heading on note-paper or scraps, stamps for receipts etc., fac-simile signature, and in fact anything you want, strongly made, and very cheap.

Talking about labour-saving machines, the most useful one we have come across is a little glass roller for wetting stamps, envelopes and wrappers. Probably everyone has seen one—they are imported here by Mackinlay's—and looked upon it as some sort of a useless fad, as we did ourselves until someone with more sense sent us one as christmas present, since which time the roller has never left our desk: it knocks the old-fashioned sponge out of time for convenience, and never gets dirty.

From the March number of *Bank Chat* we glean the following items of interest to Halifax readers:—

Mr. Jerry Harrison, of the Minneapolis branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia, has been transferred to the Halifax office; Mr. W. H. Davies filling the vacancy caused by the transfer. Mr. Edmondson has resumed his duties in Montreal.

Mr. T. W. Magee, of the Halifax Banking Co. is ordered to St. John, as accountant.

Mr. Strickland, accountant of the Union Bank, is appointed manager of the new branch at Sydney, C. B.

Mr. R. D. Clarke, assistant accountant of the Peoples' Bank, has gone to North Sydney to open a new agency there.

The Y. M. C. A. Concert at the Orpheus Hall on Tuesday, went off very well indeed. The quartette,—Messrs. Burgoyne, Hebb, Bannister and Harris,—form a strong combination, and Mr. Rainnie's Scotch reading was very good. Mr. W. R. Foster gave the "Boys of the Old Brigade," on his rendering of which we have had occasion to speak before. The verdict was, as it always has been, "a jolly old song, and jolly well sung." Miss Huestis and Miss Chamberlain both won encores for their piano solos. The audience were very much disappointed at the absence of Mrs. Lear, which was, of course, unavoidable.

We were mistaken in placing Col. Clerke's name in the long list of society people who leave in the "Parisian" to-morrow.

Mr. Stavost, teller in the Bank of Nova Scotia here, returned in the S. S. Halifax on Sunday night, from a visit to his brother in Jamaica.

An entertainment was given in Dartmouth last night in aid of the Christ Church Organ Fund. Tableaux vivants formed the attraction. We hope to be able to give some account in our next issue.

Mr. Dick Moren entertained a number of his friends to a theatre party at the Academy, and supper afterwards on Saturday evening, to celebrate the attainment of his majority.

Mr. J. C. Lithgow of the Peoples' Bank of this city, has been appointed to the staff of the agency at Lunenburg and St. John's Halifax on Tuesday.

Mrs. D. H. Duncan had a Euchre party on Tuesday.

Mrs. Waddell gave a very pleasant dance on Monday evening. Amongst those present were: Miss L. Grant, Miss Hunter, Miss Edna King and Mr. G. E. Furness.

Mrs. B. W. Chipman will move from Pleasant Street to Morris Street, on 1st May.

Mrs. and the Misses Mackinlay have taken the house now occupied by Mrs. Chipman.

Mr. Frank Hope is expected by the *Oregon*, the mail steamer due to-morrow. Whilst in England Mr. Hope has joined the service of the Bank of British North America.

The Holmes gold medal at McGill University was won this year by Mr. W. F. Hamilton, of Sackville, N. B., who will probably be appointed house Surgeon to the Montreal general hospital. Mr. R. H. Calkin, of Kentville, took his M. D., with the highest honours.

Lieut. S. C. Babington, R. E., has been ordered to this station from Bermuda.

16 N. C. Officers and Privates of the 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers are now undergoing a training in Ambulance exercises. The men take great interest in those instructions, which consist of applying of first dressings to wounded on battle field or accidents, the preparing of improvised dressings and splints for fractures, improvised bandages and tourniquets to stop arterial and other bleeding, rendering assistance in case of poisoning by giving antidotes, etc. In almost every town in England instructions of this kind are given to ladies and gentlemen, and they are fully aware of the great importance of possessing the facilities to render efficient assistance in accidents. A great many valuable lives have been saved by timely help. Why should Halifax not have a St. John's ambulance class? An instructor can be easily found. It only requires a little amount of energy, which Halifax so much lacks, to bring this about.

An interesting event took place on Wednesday last at St. John's Church, Three Mile House, when Earnest Gregory of Antigonish, was married to Miss Maude Graham, niece of Justice Graham. The wedding was a very quiet one, only the relatives of the bride and bridegroom being present. The bridesmaid was Miss Lalia Graham, and Mr. Wallace McDonald acted as best man. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, wore a travelling dress of dark material, braided with silver. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. B. King, Rector of St. Luke's. In the church were Judge and Mrs. Graham, Major Bruce Graham, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gregory. The bride and groom left from Rockingham Station for Montreal at Niagara. They will spend the summer in Antigonish.

The news of Mrs. Adam Burn's death will be everywhere heard with regret. Though so long ill, and suffering so intensely, the end came suddenly after all. Mrs. Burns was up and dressed only two days before her death. Mr. and Miss Burns have with spread sympathy in their sorrow.

The Rev. C. W. McCully will preach at St. Luke's Cathedral on Sunday morning, and the Rev. W. B. King in the evening. The anthem at Evensong will be Sir John Goss' *Christ the Passover*.

There have been good attendances during the week at the academy to witness the performance of the operas "Fra Diavolo" and "Erminie." In the first of these Mr. Dunbar, who took the part of Fra Diavolo, was certainly not seen at his best. The honours in the singing department must rest with Miss Marie Bell who added one more to her list of successes: The two real comedian bandits, played by Messrs. Hageman and Craine, were acted to the life, and it is a pity that gentlemen of this profession are not allowed at large in Nova Scotia, thereby depriving these two gentlemen of practicing in public what they portray so well in private. Mr. Delacy plays Lord Alleash: we trust that he will never be raised to the Peerage! Might we suggest that English Noblemen do not strut about the world like London linen draper's assistants, nor do they wear a so-called puggaree over a black bowler hat, thereby making one think that the wearer has been attending a child's funeral.

"Erminie" is far the most tuneful and catchy opera that has yet been played here. Miss Lawrens sang as well and acted far better than she has in any other piece. The acting of Mr. Mountjoy Walker as Jacques Strop was excellent; in fact it could hardly have been better. Just one little remark: We are not at all Puritanical: still, we might give a hint to a certain lady that more "trunks" might be worn.

There were two official dinners at Government House during the week, and there will be two more next week. The guests on Tuesday night were:

- |                                |                               |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| The Archbishop.                | Hon. W. Ross.                 |
| Rev. J. Murphy,                | Judge Meagher.                |
| Hon. W. B. Vail.               | General Herbert.              |
| General Herbert.               | Mr. Streatfield, A. D. C.     |
| Mr. Streatfield, A. D. C.      | Colonel Ryan, R. A.           |
| Chief Justice.                 | Attorney-General.             |
| Judge Johnstone.               | Hon. W. Ray, M. D.            |
| Col. Goldie.                   | Hon. J. LeBlanc, M. D.        |
| Provincial Secretary.          | Lieut.-Col. Rolph, 17th Regt. |
| Hon. Dr. Parker, M. D.         | The Dean of N. S.             |
| Hon. H. Black, M. D.           | Rev. E. M. Saunders.          |
| Hon. M. Goudge, M. D.          | Rev. D. M. Gordon.            |
| The Speaker.                   | Mr. E. E. Tupper.             |
| Mr. Forrest, M. P. P.          | Mr. A. F. Cameron, M. P. P.   |
| Mr. Cahan, "                   | Mr. John McKimmon, "          |
| Mr. Law, "                     | Mr. Barclay Webster, "        |
| Mr. Onseley,                   | Mr. A. M. Hemeon, "           |
| The Mayor.                     | Mr. J. Matheson.              |
| Supt. of Education.            | Cl., Legis. Council.          |
| Lieut. Colonel Macdonald.      | Stipendiary Magistrate.       |
| Mr. E. Gilpin.                 | Mr. H. W. Blackadar.          |
| Mr. John Wallace.              | Dr. A. P. Reid.               |
| Lieut.-Col. Raymond.           | Hon. A. J. White.             |
| Pres't. Forrest.               | Dr. Lawson.                   |
| Mr. Peter Lynch.               | Dr. Murphy.                   |
| Hon. S. L. Shannon.            | Professor Johnson.            |
| Mr. C. D. Cory.                | Mr. C. S. Harrington.         |
| Mr. A. Shortt.                 | Mr. D. C. Edwards.            |
| Mr. M. H. Riehey.              | Dr. Wickwire.                 |
| Capt. Peacock, Leicester Regt. | Mr. Brooks Chipman.           |
| Mr. Willis.                    |                               |
| Mr. H. W. C. Boak.             |                               |

We have received a very good critique of the Grau Company, entirely from an artistic point of view: we will insert it next week, as we are simply rushed for space this issue. The writer complains that there is too much puffing done by the newspapers, and not enough real criticism.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Scott, and for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Archibald, in the loss of their children, both young, both boys, and both suddenly taken.

Cards of invitation will shortly be sent out for an inaugural reception at the School for the Blind, on the occasion of the formal opening of the new wing. The date fixed for the reception is Monday evening, April 27th.

A Liverpool correspondent writes that salmon are commencing to run up the Mersey. Indians have taken two fish with fly at Milton during this week, and one was netted lower down. In Port Medway River, salmon were taken with fly five or six weeks ago.

A Special Meeting of the W. A. A. C. will be held next Thursday, when it will be proposed to modify the Bye-Law that limits membership to civilians, so as to make Halifaxian officers in the army eligible for membership.

The April Quarterly Meeting of the R. N. S. Yacht Squadron will be held at the Club House on Thursday, at 8 p. m.

Our Fleet correspondent writes:—A most hospitable reception was given to the Fleet on their arrival on the 19th Feb'y. at Trinidad. The officers were invited to make use of the Club Library and Tennis Courts, and several enjoyable pic-nics were planned.

Sir William Robinson, K. C. M. G., gave a brilliant dance at Government House on the 27th. The arrangements were perfect, two spacious ball rooms and excellent music making the dance thoroughly enjoyable.

A cricket match between the Fleet and Trinidad was played on the 27th, resulting in a victory for the latter; and a second match on the following day, between the United Service and the same eleven, ended in favour of the former.

The 28th was observed as a public holiday, and the *Saracenah* was consequently crowded with interested spectators. Luncheon for 300 people was provided in the Grand Stand on both occasions; a public ball had originally been proposed, but owing to religious observances it was decided to provide this luncheon instead; a substitute which was thoroughly appreciated, not only by the Officers, but by many of the men as well.

The Fleet sailed at day-break on the 1st March, and arrived at Barbadoes on the following morning.

A garden party and dance at Government House, and a dance on board the Flagship form the most important events during its visit.

The Squadron sailed for Bermuda on the 12th, the "Comus" remaining on the Barbadoes Division.

**REMOVAL** During TEMPORARY REMOVAL to new door north the undersigned offers his

**ENTIRE STOCK AT REDUCED PRICES,**

MANY ODD LINES, ODDS and ENDS, etc., must be cleared out.

**BARGAINS in all Lines are Offered FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY!**

**J. CORNELIUS,**

**JEWELLER, - - 89 Granville Street.**

**The Greatest and Best of all Tonics and Appetizers.**

**PRICE 50 Cents.**

**ACADIA DRUG STORE, SOUTH END PHARMACY,  
HATTIE & MYLIUS,**

**MYLIUS' IRON and QUININE TONIC.**

## ITES, ISTS, AND —ISMS.

"Masters, spread yourselves," was Nick Bottom's behest to his clownish histrionic associates in Shakespeare's *Midsummer fairy comedy*. If the weaver had addressed himself to mankind in general, and had been universally accepted as a sage, his words could not have had a more completely spreading effect, so far as men's beliefs are concerned, than can be seen around us. Sets, sects, and coteries have multiplied at such a villainous rate that there is probably not one of us who knows exactly what his nearest friend believes, taking him all round, and nine persons out of ten have no precise idea of what they believe themselves. Once upon a time, I suppose, English society might have been roughly divided into Tories and Whigs. Given the fact that a man was a Tory, and you might have marked down on a chart almost all he believed on almost all subjects. Men moved more or less in grooves. But the word has gone forth—"Masters, spread yourselves;" ideas have multiplied, and the race has agglomerated into little spots, like water poured on to a greasy piece of glass. I sat next to a man at lunch at a club not long ago who, in the language of the footlights, "fairly knocked" me with the diversity of his notions, for any one of which I believe he would gladly have died at the stake. He ate little and talked much (from which I do not wish it to be inferred that he drank—far from it,) and, as far as he had time to unburden himself, I found out that he was (1) a Wagnerite, (2) a Theosophist, (3) an Ibsenite, (4) an Impressionist, (5) a Socialist of the Fabian variety, (6) a Vegetarian, (7) a Realist, (8) a Homeopathist, (9) a Darwinian, (10) a Browningite, (11) a dress reformer (he wore Jaeger all over), and (12) a Mrs. Mona Caird-ite. He confessed to all those. I meant to ask him if he had got any more, only, as he persisted in expounding his position on all these momentous themes, it will be seen that my chances were not great. I wanted to ask him whether he believed the earth to be flat, whether he thought Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, and whether (considering Mr. Frederic Harrison's argument anent the Elgin marbles) it would be a moral thing to exhibit the North Pole in the British Museum in the event of its ultimate discovery. On all these subjects, and many much more occult, I believe my friend would have been found to have very decided and well-labelled views.

This reminded me of a story Mr. Henry Irving used to be fond of telling at the expense of my "friend J. L. Toole." J. L. once had an acute advertising mania which manifested itself in manifold ways. He had some little gummed labels prepared, upon which he had printed an advertisement of his theatre and the piece in which he was appearing. These he would surreptitiously stick on the backs of railway carriages, in cabs, and even in the pews in church—when he went to church. One day Irving and Toole had been in the country, and entered an inn for refreshments. When they came out they saw in the inn yard a small crowd of loafers surrounding a man who was lying helplessly drunk. Toole bustled up, pretended he was a physician, knelt down by the "patient," and motioned the crowd to stand at a distance. Then he fumbled about for few minutes, looked consequential, and covered the man's face with a wideawake hat. Then he solemnly arose and said, "Leave him like that for a few minutes and he'll be all right." Irving and Toole hurried away, but they had not got far when they heard a yell. The hat had been removed by the yokels, and the face of the inebriated was found to be smothered with gummed tickets announcing that *Uncle Dick's Darling* was being performed at a certain theatre, "every evening at 8-." Do you see how the story is a parable? My club acquaintance with the many beliefs, all ostentatiously labelled, reminded me of Toole's victim, also labelled from chin to crown.

Bottles in druggists' shops, and dogs under the new County Council, ought to be labelled; but I do not understand why grown-up men should need to call themselves -ists and -ites, and go mad about -isms. Why may not one admire the expressiveness of Mr.

Irving's left leg, along with Mr. Oscar Wilde, without being labelled Irvingite? Why should not one be able to appreciate that subtle psychology, the astonishing technique and the splendid dramatic skill of the creator of *Nora Helmer* and *Rebecca West* without being labelled "Ibsenite?" Why cannot one think the *Swan of Bayreuth* the greatest music-dramatist the world has ever seen, without being labelled "Wagnerite?" Man is not a hoarding that he should thus be ruthlessly passed over. I long to grasp the hand of the full-grown intellectual man, well-read, sound-thinking, and of artistic tastes, who has no -isms and boasts no particularly aggressive principles. I would do almost anything for such a man—except become one of his -ites.

The world is full of nostrums of various degrees of nastiness with which quacks of various degrees of stupidity or cupidity are endeavoring to dose a too-easily-gullible people. If we swallowed the whole lot, we should not be a bit the better. And it is amusing to think that a thousand years ago, and long after that, unless the silly old world grows wiser in the mean time—and there is little hope of that—there will still be liberally-labelled gentlemen (and ladies too, I fear me) all most earnestly persuaded that they are inevitably, infallibly right, and that they with their notions can save the world. Ah me! perhaps after all, as Hazlitt wrote years ago, "The best lesson we can learn from witnessing the folly of mankind is not to irritate ourselves against it."

MR. TATTERSALL and Charles Mathews, the elder, were very intimate, and the great comedian was frequently in the habit of accompanying his friend to Newmarket races, where, on one occasion, Mathews indulged in his well-known taste for mimicry, at the expense of Mr. Tattersall, during a sale of blood stock conducted by the latter.

"The first lot, gentlemen," said Mr. Tattersall, "is a bay filly, by Smolensko," etc.

"The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Mathews, in precisely the same tone of voice, "is a bay filly, by Smolensko."

Mr. Tattersall looked somewhat annoyed, but proceeded—

"What shall we say to begin with?"

"What shall we say to begin with?" replied the inevitable echo.

Still endeavouring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall inquiringly called out—

"One hundred guineas?"

"One hundred guineas?" bawled out Mathews.

"Thank you, sir!" cried Mr. Tattersall, bringing down the hammer with a bang; "the filly is yours!"

Mathews, we need scarcely add, was somewhat taken aback by his sudden acquisition of "blood stock."

**OUR SOCIETY** Should know where to buy—they can get the following specialties:—Imperial Table Jelly put up in 3 packages, price 17 cents a package, make full pint; Morton & Sons' fancy Toilet Soaps at half the usual price. Brooke's Monkey Soap, Pipe Clay, Imperial Polish, the best thing in use. Sopolio, Day and Martin's Blacking, Double Coffee, Bird Seed, Bird Gravel. The finest Standard Offers:—5 lbs. English Breakfast Tea for \$1.00, it never fails to please, both price and quality; Celebrated Fruit Cakes, simply fine, as near like home-made as it is possible to make them; Golden Syrup by the gallon, bring your empty cans and have them filled at 5 cents each; Pure Maple Syrup cans 25 cts. each, cheaper than syrup put up in bottles; Ram Lal's Indian Teas; New England Cider, always sweet, always clear and sparkling; New England Mince Meat, Corn Peppers, Corn for Popping, Graham Flour, Hominy by the pound. A general assortment Christmas Fare: Biscuits, and Gannong's Sweets. The Finest Bananas, Oranges procurable. And especially they should know that Royal Beefsteak Sauce and Imperial Tomatoetchup is sold by the pint, quart or gallon. Cheapest Sauce in the Market. Once tried always used.

**L. E. BROOKES & CO.,**

Telephone 396.

**BRUNSWICK ST.**

— THE "RIALTO," —

(AFTER THE GREAT BRIDGE OF VENICE.)

Headquarters for NEW YORK LAGER BEER.

THE FINEST OYSTERS THE YEAR ROUND.

CHARLIE AUCOIN, PROP'R. OPP. H. H. FULLER & CO.

HALIFAX MARBLE WORKS,

73 and 75 BARRINGTON ST.

WM. BISHOP, Contractor for Cut Stone for Buildings.

Manufacturer of Monuments in Granite and Marble, Mural Tablets, Church Fountains and Cemetery Work of all kinds. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. Designs furnished on application.

THE PALACE BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

156 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

WM. TAYLOR & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Ladies', Gents', Boys', Misses' & Children's BOOTS & SHOES.

CHOICE PEARS,

FLORIDA ORANGES,

ASPINWALL BANANAS,

GRAPES,

— RT —

MITCHELL'S,

George Street.

CAKE AND PASTRY.

Delicious Bread and Biscuits,

Light and Flaky, Pure and Wholesome,

— WHEN MADE BY —

Woodill's German Baking Powder.

BROWN BROS. & CO.,

Duffin's Corner, North End Granville St., - - HALIFAX, N. S.

The Finest and Best Equipped Drug Store in the Maritime Provinces.

DISPENSING OUR SPECIALTY.

Agents for the Celebrated Poland Mineral Water; Butchers' Antiseptic, Inhaler, &c.

"CUT PRICES."

LATHAM & McCULLOCH

47 BARRINGTON STREET.

Are Selling Roure-Bertrand Fils' Perfume at 25 Cts. per Oz.

THINGS SOCIETY READERS CAN DO:

WRITE a note at the public desk without putting the book-keeper to any inconvenience. Get a supply of nice Stationery. Buy the best self-feeding Pen in the world. Get an Express Money Order that will be payable almost anywhere in the world. Get a Vol. of Music bound so it will open flat and stay there the first time it is used, and wear for years too. And many other things at

KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, Cor. George & Granville Sts.

English Jottings.

AFTER much expense and trouble, a messenger service was inaugurated in London that promised ultimately to be as great a boon to our public as are similar institutions to the people of all the large cities of the United States. After all arrangements had been duly made, and much money sunk, it seems to have dawned upon our popular Post-master-General that his mighty prerogatives were being infringed upon; and he thereupon puts a stopper on the business, and incontinently extinguishes it. He condescends to no explanation as to why this step was not taken in the inception of the enterprise; and does not seem to understand that he has committed an act of ruthless confiscation. It is open to doubt as to whether there is in the methods of the Messenger Service an infringement of the monopoly of the Post-office; but if there is, and if the department feels justified in attacking a useful scheme because it is a technical infringement, the proper and reasonable course to pursue is to collect a royalty of a penny or so on each message delivered.

TIPPOO TIB is reported to be at Unyamembe suffering from paralysis. Probably the disease was the result of shock on learning that a journalist was *en route* to interview him about the rear guard.

Lancashire is the new champion football county, with a big record behind it too, going ahead even of York last year. The record shows nine county matches played and won, twenty-four goals scored, and thirty-one tries to six tries. The neighboring county, it will be remembered, could only muster up seven out of their nine matches.

The hockey season ends up with Molesey still on top, Surbiton second, and Wimbledon third. Forty-six goals have been hit for Molesey and only twelve against. Wimbledon has made during the season the greatest improvement, and their form at the close is indeed a contrast to what it was when they began to play this year.

Lord Tennyson cannot be moved to song even by such a tempting subject for the poesy as the World's Fair at Chicago. He writes them he is an old man of eighty-two, and hints that he cannot turn on the tap as he once could have done. And yet when they have just passed a Copyright Bill over there, which, if too late to do him any good, may benefit his son-in-law, Frederic Locker, he might be a little grateful, even for such tardy justice.

"Should beer be drunk out of a glass?" is a question raised by science. Dr. Schultze claims to have established, by a very extended series of experiments, that beer, by as little as five minutes' standing in any glass, even when cold and in the dark, will be materially affected both in taste and odour. By making trial tests on some one hundred persons he sustains his claims. The change is due, as he thinks, to the slight solubility of the glass substance in the beer. Lead is used in the manufacture of glass, making it more easy to manipulate, and from experiments with glass obtained from the leading sources of supply, he determined that, by five minutes' standing in glass, a minute portion of lead is "dissolved out of the glass." It is this small quantity of glass substance that affects the taste of the beer, and, if it contains lead, renders it objectionable for sanitary reasons. By further experiments with vessels of different substances, he comes to the conclusion that gold-lined silver mugs are the best, and he ranks covered salt-glazed stone mugs as good.



# OUR SOCIETY.

Henry Schliemann, the author-explorer, recently deceased, was as desperate an adventurer as he was brilliant and accomplished as a scholar. His life fairly bristled with incident. He was born in the little village of Ankershagen, in Mecklenburg; in 1822. His father, a Lutheran clergyman, made the discoveries of Pompeii and Herculaneum frequent subjects of conversation, and almost daily recited verses from Homer, inspiring young Schliemann with enthusiasm for the exploits of Hector, Achilles, Agamemnon and others heroes of the divine tragedy. In vain did his father assert that not one stone of Ilium's walls remained on the ancient site. The boy retorted that the houses might be partly destroyed, but the huge walls could not be, and that he would dig them out. And he did. But first he was a grocer's clerk; a cabin boy; a tramp; a California argonaut of '49; a Russian merchant; a Greek millionaire; a French scientist, and an Arabian scholar. He located ancient Troy, opened the citadel of Mycenae and dug out the Acropolis of Athens. His investigations have been fully set forth in a series of important works in English, German and French, including his Ilios and Mycenae. Dr. Schliemann was twice married. His first wife, a native of Russia, refused to leave that country, and her husband, after vainly endeavoring to overcome her love of country, took up his residence at Indianapolis and obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion as defined by the law of Indiana. He then married a Greek lady as enthusiastic as himself in the work of recovering the relics of Hellenic greatness.

There is a great deal of talk about Sir Edward Watkin's tower which is to eclipse the Eifel tower in height and in strength. It is interesting to notice that Sir Benjamin Baker, who is now occupied in laying the foundations, is one of the consulting engineers with Sir John Fowler of the Chignecto ship railway, and that Mr. Milner, whose services are engaged to lay out the ground, is a son-in-law of Senator Dickey. Mr. Milner is the author of a famous work on "Landscape Gardening," and was the builder of the Avon Bridge near Windsor, some twenty years ago. He is a brother-in-law of Col. Stewart of Halifax.

Apropos of recent events in New Orleans, it is notorious that the Italian at home has a very bad record with regard to deeds of violence. Compared with European countries, Italy stands highest in the list of homicides, its proportion of convictions for this crime in 1889 being 8.05 in every 100,000 inhabitants, while that of Austria was 2.15, Germany 0.80 and England 0.40. Taking other forms of sanguinary assaults, Italy showed it the same year 226.06 convictions for every 100,000 inhabitants, while the ratio in Germany was 154.70, and in France only 71.62. Austria was, however, ahead of Italy in this class, its proportion being 285. 19. The best that can be said for Italy in regard to these crimes of violence is that at one time they were even more numerous than they are now. Perhaps it may also be taken as a sign of progress in the ways of civilization that whereas highway robberies have diminished in number, offences against the bankruptcy laws have steadily increased. The carbine and the horse pistol are out of date.

Post Office Box 352. ESTABLISHED 1875. Telephone 407

## JOHN NAYLOR,

93 HOLLIS STREET, - - - HALIFAX, N. S.

House and Estate Agent, Appraiser and Conveyancer. Farms, Building Lots, and Houses for Sale or to Rent. Furnished Houses and Apartments.

### A. & W. MACKINLAY,

Have in stock a large assortment of SOCIETY STATIONERY, amongst which will be found:

WESTMINSTER VELLUM NOTE PAPER.	BASSENADEAN VELLUM NOTE PAPER.	WEDDING CARDS & PAPER.	INVITATION CARDS.
CANVAS & GREY CALICO	ROYAL IRISH LINEN	CAKE BOXES.	BALL PROGRAMME
MELTON VELLUM	IMPERIAL KENT	CORRESPONDENCE CARDS.	MENU
			CARD CASES.

VISITING CARDS PRINTED FROM PLATE

137 GRANVILLE STREET.

Crests and Monograms stamped in color

## Correspondents.

### WILL THEY WEAR GOWNS?

I am very sorry that the students cause Antipholus so much pain in not wearing gowns; but I think he has gone the wrong way to correct what appears to him to be an error. It may be desirable that at Dalhousie students should wear gowns; it may not be desirable: Such a question is a fair one for discussion. But there is a proper place for such discussion, and there are men to discuss it. I think if Antipholus had even a Freshman's knowledge of the world, he would see that his suggestions are very unlikely to bring about any new University regulations. In the first place, it is more than probable that "the power that's to be" at Dalhousie are quite capable themselves of deciding upon such a question. And if a lawyer is to be desired I'm afraid that Antipholus is not the man. "Manners maketh man" saith Antipholus, the refined; very good, most excellent Antipholus; but will he consider what are some of the qualities that go to make a gentleman? "I would commend" this to his further study. He tells us that the toilets of some of the lady students would "be improved by being covered up." Perhaps it is gentlemanly to criticize our lady students in this cold uncharitable manner. But I question it; the age of chivalry in this respect is not yet past.

But my friend deals the "most unkindest cut of all" when he tries to reflect on the social origin of the students. It is quite probable,—and on this point perhaps they are to be congratulated—that many of the students were born in circumstances quite different from those which have given us the noble and magnanimous Antipholus. But if he will take the trouble to look into the facts, a duty which our adviser seems to have sadly overlooked, I think he will find the "social origin" of the students equal, if not superior, to that of any class. And—to his surprise, it may be—he will also find in their ranks in numerous instances, those sterling qualities which go to build up true nobleness of character. He may not find the students posing as the repositories of all knowledge, and vaunting their superiority by means of the "cloak of learning;" but he will find that they are not altogether wanting who take a reasonable "pride in their manners."

And now I hope Antipholus will not think I bear any ill-will towards him: far be it from me. On the contrary, I feel truly sorry for him; since he appears to be possessed of a very incomplete knowledge of the facts about Dalhousie students. BRUTUS.

DEAR SIR,—I am quite an outsider in civic matters, so if I seem to talk nonsense perhaps you will overlook it; everyone is liable to talk nonsense on subjects they know nothing about. Yet I have some sort of position in the city, and possess a vote in my ward, and would naturally like to know what to do with it. Most likely there are plenty others in the same position as myself; I don't properly understand the internal policy of the city council, and none of the circulars left at my house—with ballot coupons inclosed—do anything to enlighten me. Would it not be a good move for someone to publish some sort of a sketch of the main questions at issue, showing what we are likely to gain—or lose—by the election of any particular candidate. There seems to be no lack of people anxious to be elected:—Can you tell me whether it is for what they expect to make out of city contracts, or for the good they intend to do to their fellow-citizens? And if the latter, why shouldn't they explain exactly the public benefits they intend to advocate?

Ever yours,

BEWILDERED VOTER.

Our Society.

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1891.

BYE-THE-BYE.

A week's absence from Halifax does not make the streets look cleaner on one's return. I cannot help asking if the authorities and inhabitants of this town have no sense of dirt. Sometimes it seems to me as if nobody minded it but myself, and I can assure you I am not fastidious. Why are not the streets more frequently swept? There is a mechanical sweeper, I saw it working in Spring Garden Road the other day; why is it not regularly used?

Bye-the-bye, the following lines, entitled "The Nova Scotian Girl," written by a friend of mine now out at Gibraltar, may be of interest to someone. I do not bind myself to the sentiments expressed—they are only my friend's.

THE NOVA SCOTIAN GIRL.

O would, O would my tongue could tell  
The charm that I can feel so well!  
'Tis something strange, 'tis something rare,  
That Nova Scotia's maid should wear  
An interest, which, in spite of laws,  
Doth spring from no apparent cause.  
'Tis not her beauty—Oh, no, no!—  
That ne'er could fascinate me so.  
Her eyes are not so very fine  
That they could pierce this heart of mine.  
Nor is her converse quite so sweet  
That one would never care to meet  
A maid more brilliant, and her smile  
Could scarce the weary day beguile.  
She doth not pride herself on looks,  
And little recks of reading books.  
She doth not aim at looking young  
Nor speaking the pure English tongue.  
She's quite content herself to be  
And what that self is, puzzles me.  
Not very wise, and not very witty,  
Not very plain, and not very pretty,  
Not very meek, and not very proud,  
Not very quiet, not very "loud,"  
Not very giddy, not very grave,  
Not very timid, not very brave.  
Not very likely to die an old maid,  
Not very likely to marry, I'm afraid!  
O muse! sweet muse! I want to know  
Why maid should e'er perplex me so.  
What is her charm? For I am told  
That charm she hath, and so I hold  
That she is charming. Tell me then  
How she is so? And why? And when?

What does my friend mean? Is it in fun or earnest, praise or satire? I cannot tell, but I give you his lines.

I have always been under the impression that one thing forbidden even to newspaper correspondents was the ridicule of anyone's religion, or ways of worships. With this thought in mind the letter from the *Evening Mail's* correspondent, in one of this week's issues, ridiculing the English Church service seemed to me in worse than questionable taste. If I were a Churchman I would have felt it acutely. I often wonder why the *Mail* is so hard on the English Church. It seems to me that the people belonging to that form of religion are generally harmless and often respectable. It is not their fault if they are as a rule people of intelligence and education. I suppose they have souls all the same, and somehow when I have attended their services, High or Low, I have wished that I had been born and brought up among their number. But, however that may be, it seems to

OUR SOCIETY STATIONERY. The ELEGANT, SUB-ROSA, FAVORITE GRAY, CANVAS, BLUE SERGE, KENT LINES, IVORY VELLUM and other Fashionable NOTE PAPERS AND ENVELOPES. NEW CORRESPONDENCE CARDS. SOCIETY VISITING CAR S. A fresh supply of WHITE INK for Tinted Note Papers just received

KNIGHT & CO., 125 Granville St.

me that their errors, as well as those of other people, should be safe from ridicule in the public press.

I hear with regret of the illness of Miss Louise Laine, and trust that she will be recovered in time to sing at the Orpheus Concert next week. By-the-bye, speaking of the Orpheus reminds me of Mr. Porter's new anthem sung at St. Luke's Cathedral on Easter Day and the Sunday after. I always listen to Mr. Porter's music with great interest, for I feel sure that he has a good future before him. His compositions are free from everything approaching musical vulgarity, and have generally a decided dash of originality. He can also be very melodious, when he chooses, (as for example in his well known setting of the hymn *Nearer My God to Thee*.) though he seems to me to prefer that self-restrained severity of style, which is not generally popular, except among genuine lovers of music. His anthem written for St. Luke's displays this tendency, but it is in very decided keeping with the chaste dignity of the Anglican service. I must say I was agreeably impressed with the manner in which the boys sang their not very easy part, and still more pleased with the massive effect of the men's voices, especially in the unison passages. I suppose Mr. Porter wrote with the purpose of bringing out the strong masculine effects in which St. Luke's Choir excels, but if not he was very happy in striking the right vein. Time, phrasing and shading were all excellent, the only thing left to desire being a little more strength among the trebles.  
ETHELBERT L. WISE.

Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,—From my high point of view perhaps I am more able to judge of the conduct of those who patronize the Academy and pay higher prices than I do; this refers more especially to what is called the dress-circle. We up here among the gods are allowed privileges in the shape of whistling, cracking nuts, and playfully throwing orange peel at one another between the acts, which are not allowed to the patricians, but I maintain that all these frivolities combined are not so prejudicial to the enjoyment of a play as the continual talking which goes on in the more select parts of the house. From the Lessee, Mr. Clarke, down to the youngest of the well dressed pages that show us to our seats we receive courteous treatment, and it is hard indeed that it is by the misbehaviour of maybe our next door neighbour that we lose what might be an evening's pleasure. Surely if ladies want to talk and confide their little secrets into the ears of their love lorn swains a far better place could be found than the Academy, for let me tell these their actions do not meet there with that appreciation which they may consider their just due.

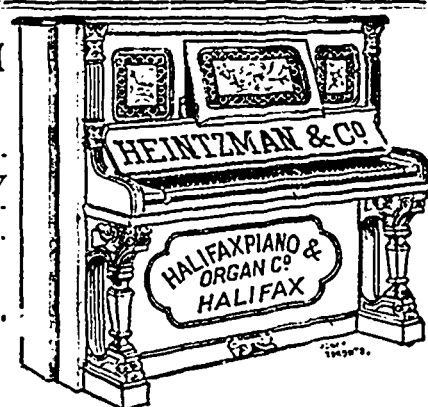
A LITTLE GOD.

THE HEINTZMAN  
PIANOS

Are fast becoming the favorite Pianos here, as they have been in Western Canada for the past thirty years.

SOLE AGENCY:  
Halifax Piano & Organ Co.

157 and 159 HOLLIS STREET,  
HALIFAX, N. S.



## OUR CHURCHES.

## ST. MATTHEWS.

O Tempora, O Mores. Well may this be said in respect to this church, "Na Na mon," says my Scotch friend, "not church, it's aye a kirk." Shade of John Knox, where art thou? Didst thou when in the flesh, whilst preaching on the lone hill side, with the Bible in one hand and the good old Claverhouse in the other, ever dream that thy doctrines would be preached in such an edifice as St. Matthews? I trow not! I was not myself on the spot when this hill side episode came about, but memory carries me back to childish days, when I was once taken to a Presbyterian meeting, and I distinctly remember a gentleman all in black,—except his face, which was of the sallow hue,—being ushered on to a platform by sundry other black coated individuals, who I afterwards found out to be "elders;" I could not understand why, because the Pastor looked a great deal older than any of them. How youthful fancy does run riot at times; I remember so well when I saw this procession filing on to the platform comparing the pastor to a poor wretch just going to be hanged, and those who followed him to a sort of coroners jury, to see the thing was properly carried out, so lugubrious did they look. The platform was ornamented solely by chairs, for the benefit of the above mentioned, and a table on which was the inevitable decanter of water and a glass. By the bye, why are these not required now? Perhaps the prayers are not so long. All this passed through my mind on my entrance into St. Matthews, and whilst collecting my scattered ideas, preparatory to "taking in" the "feast of reason" as regards the sermon, and the "flow of soul" as regards the singing, which I had been told awaited me. On visiting St. Matthews. On taking my seat and having—as some impertinent youngster has handed down to posterity—"smelt into my hat," otherwise, said a prayer, I took a look round and was astounded at what met my gaze. This is no lone hill side, this is no platform decorated with half a dozen chairs, on which are perched the same number of men, who, if their plumage were any criterion, might be taken for crows; this, why this is a palatial residence, this is no kirk, it's a church, and of the church, churchey. This place of worship has a spire, John Knox if I remember rightly said he was the most lowly minded of men, still that's no reason that St. Matthews should not aspire. An organ also is to the front, dear, oh dear, how things do change! Those good old Reformers used to give out the hymns verse by verse, leading the tune themselves, and by doing this, and praising "Him from whom all blessings flow" and leading otherwise a good life, the considered themselves entitled as much as others to a seat in Heaven.

Now, it seems to me we want a \$3000 organ, a brass band, &c., &c., to gain the same position. But to return to St. Matthews. I venture to say that no congregation of any denomination ever had duty so indelibly written on each individual face as it is in this kirk. It is shown in the solid matter of fact way each one takes his seat, and the self-congratulatory look round he gives, to stamp it on the elders' minds that he is there, in his place, and afterwards the way in which he does *not* kneel, when his Pastor during a thirty minute prayer, happens to say "Oh Lord we thy servants now kneel before thee." As a matter of fact, on my visit, I never saw one individual kneeling at all, so I conclude that the above quotation must be a figure of speech. Whilst I did not see anyone kneeling, still I saw its antitheses in a worshipper standing up during the prayer. I commend that man:—he did show what ought to be in attitude, he proved that he made some difference, in his house of worship, and in his domestic hearth. One word in regard to the length of the prayers, I wonder if the congregations were canvassed, whether they would not prefer two prayers of twenty minutes each with a hymn sandwiched to one of forty minutes straight? Long prayers and sermons seem to me very like another "Fair Rosamond's Maze," where the more one wandered, the more like one was to come back to the same spot. The singing at St. Matthews exceeded my anticipations, it often happens that one

has been impressed beforehand, that he is going to have a treat, he expecting too much is disappointed, but not so in this case; but considering who formed the choir I ought not to have had the least anxiety. Choir, I said! Well, the fact is that had it not been for that department there would have been no singing, for the members of the congregation sit placidly back in their seats smiling benignly on any waif or stray that may come in for a little spiritual refreshment, as much as to say "not such a bad choir, eh?" I myself like a paid choir, because I know then, that however monotonous the prayer, however uninteresting the sermon, I shall find rest in the arms of the choir, so to speak. Still, even with a choir such as this, the fact remains we cannot be sung to Heaven without some volition on our part. In bidding adieu to St. Matthews, I trust that their "call" may turn out a satisfactory one, and that whoever is chosen, may be as well liked as the late pastor, Mr. Laing.

UNIQUE.

## C. W. HAYWARD &amp; CO.,

Brewers and Bottlers.

XX &amp; XXX ALES AND BROWN STOUT.

Family Orders promptly attended to.

Telephone, 126.

## Fashionable Hats and Furs.

C. S. LANE, 113 GRANVILLE ST.

Trunks &amp; Valises at Factory Prices.

W. W. HOWELL & CO.,  
Machinists,

121 &amp; 123 LOWER WATER STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

## ISAAC DURLING,

— BEST QUALITY OF —

Beef, Lamb, Mutton, Veal, Corned Beef, Corned Tongue and Poultry  
ALWAYS ON HAND.

64 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

J. SNOW & SON,  
Undertakers and Embalmers,

56 ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

TELEPHONE: SHOP, 387. HOUSE, 388.

SEALETTE SACQUES, Cloth Jackets, Redingotes, etc., made to order at

E. MAXWELL & SONS,  
LADIES' & GENTLEMENS' TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.We have a large stock Sealette, Ladies' Cloth for Jackets, Redingotes, etc.  
Also—Complete lines in GENTLEMENS' GOODS.

68 GRANVILLE ST., 2 doors south of Y. M. C. A.



**SCOTCH DYE WORKS,**  
285 & 287 Barrington St., - - - Halifax, N. S.  
**W. H. KEIRSTEAD,**  
**DYER AND CLEANSER.**

Particular attention paid to Cleaning or Dyeing every class of Goods.  
British Feathers Cleaned, Dyed and Curled. Work done at Lowest Rates. Satisfaction  
Guaranteed.

**The Ladies Column.**

**COOKERY.**

An English correspondent, who has a pretty fair idea of what is good, sends a selection of receipts for puddings, all of which are very nice and very easily made. We do not expect you to try all at once,—it is never good policy to have more than one boiled pudding on the table; but this little collection will be useful for reference, and may come in handy for our dinner menus later on:—

**AUNTS PUDDING.**—4 oz. flour, 4 oz. suet, 1 tablespoonful of treacle, 1 oz. candied peel, the rind and juice of one lemon, 1 egg—Boil three hours.

**LEMON PUDDING.**—3 oz. bread crumbs, 2 oz. of suet, 2 oz. of brown sugar, 1 oz. flour, 1 egg, 1 tea cup of milk, the grated rind and juice of one lemon—Boil three hours.

**BASEBALL PUDDING.**—1 cup suet, 1 cup milk, 3½ cups flour, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon of baking powder, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup currants—Steam three hours.

All these puddings may be served with wine or any sweet sauce.

**LEMON FILLING FOR TARTS.**—Grated peel of one lemon, 1 cup of sugar, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of flour, 2 cups of cold water.

**BATTER PUDDING.**—1 qt. milk, 4 eggs, 6 spoonfuls of flour a pinch of salt—Bake 20 minutes.

**A SONG OF SPRING.**

I know it is Spring, tra la!  
I've got a bad touch of catarrh;  
I'm going to sneeze, and the evening breeze  
Is cold as the land of the Czar!

I know it is Spring! you bet!  
The house is confoundedly wet;  
They're scrubbing all day, and I'm in the way,  
So I'm turned in the street to fret!

I know it is Spring! oh, my!  
I've just had some paint in the eye!  
Those painters don't mind if a man they blind,  
And they won't even shout "Hi! hi!"

I know it is Spring! My wife  
Wants everything new, and there's strife,  
For I tell her flat I've no cash for that—  
I'm sick of the Spring and my life!

I know it is Spring! Oh, dear!  
For my mother-in-law is here,  
And she always stops till the Autumn drops  
Its leaves on the Summer's bier!

**133 BARRINGTON STREET.**

**WILLIAM CROWE,**

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

**Berlin Wools, Yarns, Fleeces.**

And all kinds of Ladies' Fancy Work and Materials

— AGENCY FOR —

Misc. Demorest's Patterns for Ladies' and Children's Garments.

**LE BON MARCHE.**

→\* **SHOW DAYS.** \*←

**PARIS & LONDON PATTERN HATS & BONNETS,**  
March 25th and 26th, and following days.

**YOU ARE INVITED**

**LE BON MARCHE.**

**THE MILITAIRE.**

In Halifax there are some folks  
Who strive with utmost care  
A sin to find in every sport  
In which they cannot share.

Now have they gathered round about,  
And sternly they declare  
That nothing can excel in sin  
The graceless Militaire.

Upon each dainty tripping foot  
They turn a baleful glare  
And prophecy all awful things  
Of this dear Militaire.

And then they turn away their eyes  
For ah! they cannot bear  
To witness the unholy hops  
In that same Militaire.

This happy tripping merry dance,  
Survives this glassy stare  
'Tis dain'y feet not cloven hoofs  
That dance the Militaire.

If this should to Perdition lead  
As these good folks declare,  
Then I for one enjoy the road,  
The Merry Militaire.

Fain would I point my pencil more,  
To fight a cause so fair,  
But music calls, I must away  
To dance the Militaire.

TIT WILLOW.

97 **BARRINGTON STREET.** 101  
**MAHON BROS.**

The Largest Retail Dry Goods House in the City.

"Discount for Cash."

**MISS TIDMARSH,** 16 **GEORGE STREET.**

Is now showing the leading Novelties in

**LADIES' AND CHILDRENS' MILLINERY.**

Also, the Newest Things in Underwear, Corsets, Waists, &c.

**INFANTS' CLOAKS AND HATS A SPECIALTY.**

**MISS M. TIBON,** Fashionable Dress Maker.

Tailor-made Gowns, Tea Gowns & Evening Dresses,  
Fit and Style Guaranteed.

Dress Material and Findings on Premises. All Orders from Country promptly  
attended to. **15 GRANVILLE STREET.**

## Provincial Notes.

**YARMOUTH.**—The Easter Sale realized the handsome sum of three hundred and some odd dollars, and was well patronized, particularly about tea-time. Friday being a stormy day it was reopened on Saturday afternoon and evening, when the balance of the things were disposed of. During the evening the Hon. L. E. Baker presented the Rev. Mr. Almon with a purse containing \$410.00 in the name of and with the good wishes of Trinity Parish; Mrs. Almon was also kindly remembered by the ladies. There is no doubt that Mr. Almon leaves the church more united than he found it. And we can only hope that as honest, earnest and popular a man may be sent us to take his place, which we regret to say has not been a "bed of roses." But country parishes like ours must not expect either a Paul or an Apollon. We fear even clergymen sometimes misread one of the Proverbs thus, "Godliness with *great gain* is contentment." And we can scarcely hope to get a first class man on the comparatively small stipend. Salary, not souls, is the question of the day. "The love of money may be the root of all evil, but we cannot help thinking that the *want* of money, is at the root of the 19th century evil. Is any one satisfied with what they get? Or do they not all cry with the Horse leach "more! more!" But I will not go on moralizing on that theme, but start on another "tack."

Sarah Bernhardt, on her recent visit to New York, was being shown through the Pasteur Institute, by one of the Physicians in charge, and while expressing herself pleased with the good resulting from Pasteur's discovery, made a suggestion which strikes me as being very forcible and well worth the attention of the medical fraternity, viz: That all the dogs should be inoculated and thus be prevented from having rabies. One cannot help wondering that such an idea has not presented itself before to some of the learned scientists who have made Hydrophobia their life long study. But perhaps it has, and been found impracticable. Can the editor of OUR SOCIETY enlighten our darkness on the subject? Should it become general, "Caue, Caue" need no longer be inscribed on the lintels of the doors.

Quite a number of "April fools" have appeared on the Street minus overcoats, furs, or winter wraps, consequently the Doctors are reaping a rich harvest.

Mr. J. W. Moody and Miss Julia Moody returned on Saturday from their trip to Jamaica, and express themselves well pleased with the Exhibition.

Mr. E. J. Vickery, has also returned much benefited by the trip.

Mrs. Hon. Law came back from Boston last week, where she had been under medical treatment, which we are happy to hear has been successful in her case. Mr. Law left for Halifax last Saturday to attend the Local Legislature or rather Provincial Parliament.

Mr. T. R. Jolly returned from England Saturday morning, where he had been purchasing goods.

May flowers are beginning to make their appearance, undaunted by the cold chilly winds that prevail. What hardy, good-natured little things they are.

Dr. George Farish, has lately purchased and moved into the house lately occupied by H. A. Grantham, Q. C.

One of your Lay preachers is holding a series of open air meetings on the corner of William Street, which we hear are pretty well attended at night. So far we have heard of no results of his teaching, but hope soon to hear that he has inculcated his little flock with the great principles taught in the 13th Chap. of 1st. Cor.

**LIVERPOOL.**—Mr. James Forbes and family, have moved into their charming new cottage residence on Jubilee Street.

Mr. A. W. Moren has left Liverpool for a trip to Jamaica. Mr. Moren will doubtless find the trip really enjoyable, and be gratified with the Jamaica Exhibition, especially the Canadian department.

Miss Harriette Freeman leaves here in a few days for Coronado Beach, California, on a visit to her uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Keating and other friends residing in California. (Mr. Keating was many years Registrar of Deeds at Halifax.) Miss Freeman will probably make an extended visit, and no doubt will derive much benefit from the change of scene, and delightful climate of the Pacific coast.

Easter decorations at Trinity Church were not up to usual standard. An expected lot of flowers did not reach her: from Halifax until too late, and an ambitious aspirant to the honors of floral decorations was disappointed by his Easter Lilies not "coming up to time." Alas for aspirants!

**CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.**—Easter is over, and a bright Easter it has been. Everyone "keeps" Easter Day. It always falls upon Sunday and all creeds and beliefs of Christendom recognize Sunday. And so, even if they do not go so far as to recognize the round of the church seasons as the Anglican and Roman Churches do, all denominations make a distinction of Easter Sunday, and he is a bravely ultra-Protestant who ventures to ignore the day as a commemoration of the rising from the dead of the head of the Christian religion.

There was a recognition of the festival in the Services of all churches here last Sunday, reference being made in the Sermons and special music rendered. Apart from the Churches which have always so marked the day in their music, the Methodists sang their praises in Easter Anthems. There are never any floral or other decorations at St. Paul's Church at Easter, but the special Services of the day were made bright by the joyful Anthems and other music of the Season.

It is needless to say that at St. Dunstan's (R. C.) Cathedral the Services were fully festival, music elaborate, sanctuary bright with flowers and lights.

Easter at St. Peter's (Anglican) Cathedral is royally observed. The altar, vested in white, is laden with a profusion of flowers, among which gleam the bright brass cross, candlesticks and vases. Flowers are piled in banks on either side of the Altar and are disposed about the lectern and elsewhere additional candles brighten the scene. The choir-stalls are filled by a large Choir, cross and banner bearers. The clergy, vested in chasuble or cope, are attended by acolytes wearing purple cassocks and girded albs. The Services are fully choral, the music not so elaborate as to be sung by choir alone, nor varied so often that the congregation may not join heartily the representative singers. On Sunday last the Church was thronged and the Services were most jubilant. The incumbent (Rev. James Simpson,) preached impressive sermons during each of the services.

The usual Easter meetings were held at the English Churches. The vestry of St. Paul's was re-elected. It includes Messrs. F. L. Haszard, John Jigs, W. H. Aitken, R. R. Fitzgerald, A. B. Warburton, J. Cundall, George Peake and David T. Johnson. The business was not all finished at the St. Peter's meeting, when it adjourned for a week. None of the business transacted calls for comment.

The ball at Government House takes place to-night.

Mr. Benjamin and Mrs. Davies, have had a thrilling experience, and a narrow escape from serious accident. Mr. Davies, 'tis known, is Paymaster of the Island Railway, and is frequently accompanied by Mrs. Davies upon his official journeys along the line. The Paymaster's car is the last in the train. By some accident it left the rails last Thursday, and, after jolting along for some distance over the sleepers, fell over an embankment. The trucks were smashed into pieces, and when the train was stopped and all the occupants rushed to the rescue, it was expected that Mr. and Mrs. Davies could not have escaped a most serious, perhaps a fatal accident, when that gentlemen himself, uninjured beyond a slight cut in one hand by broken glass, opened the car door, and was followed by Mrs. Davies, who seemed to have enjoyed the incident, which was in reality a wonderful escape. Neither of the participants are any the worse for their experience.

Their name suggests another item of news. It has not yet been my pleasant duty to report any marriage engagements, but by next week the report now being circulated will probably be either denied or acknowledged. In the latter case—which is anticipated—I will be able to suggest your readers' congratulations, for a gentleman now in England, and a certain well known Charlottetown lady. While it would be premature to divulge the names to-day, it may next week be permissible to spread the news from Dan to Beersheba.

Rev. Fred. E. J. Lloyd, landed at Georgetown on Thursday last, and returned to Charlottetown yesterday. Philharmonic practices are therefore to be resumed to-night, work beginning upon "The Golden Legend."

Mr. Edward J. Hodgson, Q. C., returned home on the same day as Mr. Lloyd. Mr. Hodgson had been visiting Halifax and King's College Windsor, in which he is much interested.

Last Thursday witnessed the last game of the series of Curling matches between President and Vice President. The latter had led the score by 12 points, but the President gained upon him by 10 points, leaving his opponent victor by 2 points.

The players included, Hon. A. S. MacDonald, Rev. James Carruthers, Col. Irving, Dr. H. Johnson, Dr. Beer and Messrs. F. Moore, J. R. McCrae, C. B. McNeil, J. A. Longworth, W. A. Weeks, E. H. Beer, Jas. Unsworth, W. H. Beer, T. C. James, F. H. Beer, L. E. Breen, H. V. Palmer, Percy Pope, D. B. Stewart and William Brehaut.

"Vivat  Regina."

## \* Queen \* Hotel. \*

187 "Mr. Sheraton has fitted up a Hotel which is a credit to Halifax and the Maritime Provinces. Every visitor to Halifax will find at the Queen all the equipments of a first class hotel." *The Sun*.

190 "The 'Windsor' of Halifax" *Montreal Gazette*.

187 "The cuisine is the best of any hotel in the Maritime Provinces" *ibid.*

We are still improving and intend to keep on so until the  
QUEEN IS THE BEST HOTEL IN CANADA.

A. B. SHERATON, . . . Manager.

### FISHING.—No III.

I think that in my last article I was going to start on an expedition for which I was not thoroughly prepared. It is just as useful for a fisherman to present himself at the water's side without knowledge and tackle to carry out that knowledge, as it is for a lawyer to go into court without a properly constructed brief. Therefore, I think it better to give in a small degree those ends and means which may aid our Nova Scotian fishermen, in the bringing back of the biggest bags on record.

There is no doubt but that the man who fishes with bait at the commencement of the season will profit to the greater extent. One simple reason for this, is that the fish having been located in the deep water during the winter, have not yet come to the surface and have not seen any fly that may have shown itself. Do not think that I advocate fishing with minnow or worm in preference to the fly; far from it, I myself am just as ambitious to catch a good sized fish by the aid of the smallest of flies and the finest of gut as any man; but still I fain would say that rather than catch no fish at all, I would descend to means which the hypercritical call "poaching."

Bait fishing for trout may be spoken of under three heads, worm or maggot, live minnow and artificial bait. The best worm to use is that called the "lob," but I cannot say I have seen in this country: not being available, the next best is a "brandling," which on the hook penetrating it will give the fisherman's olfactory nerves such a shock that he almost feels as if he would do without its assistance in future.

In muddy water, maggots may be used to advantage. To procure these it is only necessary to kill your neighbor's cat, which after having hung up for a sufficient time will provide the required allurement. Now, in using either of these baits in fast-running and shallow water it is necessary that a *paternoster* should be used. A *paternoster* is a very simple contrivance, consisting of a small weight attached to the end of the gut while the hook is placed from a foot to 18 in., as may be required, higher up the line; the benefit of the weight is that it keeps the bait within the distance of the bottom of the stream which you require, not allowing it to be carried away on top of the water by the force of the current. To my idea this is the only fair way of using either of these kinds of bait, for to see a man on a fine sunshiney day seated in a boat on a lake with an unruffled surface fishing with either of these, reminds me of Doctor Johnson's remark anent fishing "a fool at one end of the rod and a worm at the other." The reason why, as a fisherman, I say this, is that nine cases out of ten, a fish being hooked swallows the bait to such an extent that it is utterly useless for *playing* purposes.

Fishing with live minnows is undoubtedly the most deadly, more especially with big fish. Trout and salmon are only beaten in voracity by a shark, and by what in England is called the fresh water shark,—the pike. A live minnow encumbered with a hook naturally holds out great inducements to either of these fish, for it is a well known fact, that they will make their attack on that which they consider the weakest.

The artificial minnow is far preferable in every way, giving the fish a greater chance and allowing more scope for the fisherman's skill. Certainly on some occasions, the color of the water being in its favour, the artificial minnow is as deadly as its live prototype, but this is an exceptional occasion, and as a matter of fact a man to be able to bring home a good basket of fish, gained by the aid of a spinning minnow, has earned that fare of fish as honestly as the most conservative of fly fishermen. By giving a good word for artificial minnow fishing do not think for a moment that I uphold those of the piscatorial craft who having patronized L. E. Brookes & Co's. establishment to the extent of a hamper which nominally contains enough for four, but which in reality is sufficient for ten, and having hired a boat and a man willing to row in it simply allow their bait to trail behind them, virtually asking the fish to help themselves while they help *themselves* to the contents of the hamper. Such as these are no fishermen, they are simply out for a day in the country. In my next I will commence with fly fishing and answer in full a query sent me by a well known angler.

WALTER LEIGH.

SOME men have actually gone so far as to fall in love with their own ugliness, and a Yankee story tells us how in a certain township, the citizens used annually to present a handsome jack-knife as the reward for the champion ugly man for the current year. Once upon a time, runs this legend, the holder of the jack-knife having carried it off many years running, met a very ill-favoured new settler. Covering the person with his revolver, he said quietly, "Stop, stranger, for I'm going for to shoot you." "Why so?" inquired the newcomer. "Well, you see," explained the champion, "I've had the jack-knife for ugliness in this place a good many years and have got kind of proud of it, and I'm afraid if you stop here you may get it away from me, so I'm going to remove you." "Shoot away, stranger," exclaimed the menaced man, surveying him contemptuously from head to foot; "shoot away right off, for if I'm uglier than you I don't want to live any longer."

THE eccentric H. H. Breckenridge, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, when a young man was challenged to fight a duel by a British officer, whom he answered as follows:

"I have two objections to this duel matter—the one is, lest I should hurt you; the other is, lest you should hurt me. I don't see what good it would do me to put a ball through your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would do a rabbit or turkey. I am no cannibal to feed upon the flesh of men. Why, then, shoot down a human creature, of whom I could make no use? A buffalo would do better. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a racoon or opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing anything that is human now. And as to your hide, it is not worth taking off—being little better than a two-year-old colt's. So much for you.

"As to myself, I don't like to stand in the way of anything that is hurtful. I am under the impression that you might hit me. This being the case, I think it most advisable to stay in the distance. If you mean to try your pistol, take some object—a tree or a barn door—about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I will acknowledge that if I had been in the same place you might also have hit me."

A restaurant-keeper, noticing that two of his customers were evidently trying to eat their suppers in the shortest possible time, lest they should miss the boat which was waiting at the wharf, thought it would be very funny to frighten them. Accordingly he went into a back room and gave a remarkably perfect imitation of the steamboat's whistle. The joke worked well. The men heard the sound and rushed to the boat, and the joker laughed loud and long, until suddenly it occurred to him that the men had gone off without paying for their suppers. Then he stopped laughing.

## BLUE-EYED BLANCHE BELLASIS.

*(From the London World.)*

EVERYBODY has heard of Blanche Bellasis; she makes a wonderfully good thing out of literature; why that first novel of hers, "With Cupid's Eyes," brought her nearly 1,500*l.*; I had it direct from Ghoul, of Ghoul and Gorgers, of Paternoster Row.

"Only to think," said Ghoul to me, "what we might have had out of the Bellasis if she hadn't been so carefully looked after. That's because she was good-looking," said Ghoul, gnashing his teeth. "We tried her with the commission dodge, and suggested that she should give us a cheque for 100*l.* and we'd publish and take the risks"—and then Ghoul laughed in a fiendish manner; "but she only smiled and showed her pretty teeth, and said she'd consider it; and when she called again, I suggested the half-profits game. The half-profits game is always a sure card with the young authoress, because she believes in her work, and, anyhow, you're safe. If it's a fizzle, you don't lose very much, and if it's a fizz, that, of course, is due to the liberal way in which you have advertised it—and, of course, that has to be debited against the book," and then Ghoul laughed once more, like the ogre that he was. "And when next she turned up, she was accompanied by 'Dreadful' Pottinger, of the *Daily Delight*, and then it was all up, and Pottinger nailed us down, the beast, and we had to give her a royalty of 4*s.* on the library edition; and hang it, you know, she made 1,500*l.* out of "With Cupid's Eyes," and we had to pay that vast amount to Blanche Bellasis just because she'd succeeded in getting round 'Dreadful' Pottinger. Hang 'Dreadful' Pottinger!"

For three years Blanche Bellasis coruscated; she went everywhere, she was flattered, petted, courted, and caressed, and society did its best to make a fool of her, and turn her pretty head. People pretended that they made a fuss over Blanche, because she had written "With Cupid's Eyes;" that was bosh, of course; it was simply because she was a good-looking girl; she wrote two more novels, both successes. She gave "at homes"; she used to receive once a month and regale you with tiny sandwiches and Amontillado at twenty-four shillings a dozen. "That's one of her cards," said Mr. Nibbs. You were privileged on getting one of those cards to go and gaze your fill of pretty Blanche Bellasis from eight till ten; she didn't give the critics "chicken and champagne"; she simply got round them with her good looks. If you could be any possible use to Miss Bellasis, you got a card. The first time you went she always succeeded in making a fool of you; it's so very easy to be made a fool of by a young and pretty woman who writes sentimental novels.

I review a good many books. Miss Bellasis became aware of the fact, and in due course I got a card for one of her Tuesdays. "I think I can get you a card; you ought to know her; she's a charming little woman," said Ghoul, the publisher, to me. The card came, I went, and when I left her little house in Kensington, I had submitted to the common lot; I was in love with Blanche Bellasis, Sir, and I had drunk a glass of her Amontillado which nearly poisoned me. I knew every soul there, all literary people; the men with the ill-fitting dress coats and the long hair, who posed and talked *Nineteenth Century Review*-and-water, and vainly tried to humbug each other; and the tremendous females who earn their living by writing, and who, as a rule, are preternaturally ugly. Why on earth is it that literary men have invariably too much hair and literary ladies always too little? But I met one man there that I was astounded to come across in such a place. What could Young Dobbs be doing in Blanche Bellasis' *salon*? I happened to know Young Dobbs, he was a clerk in an insurance office at 75*l.* a year; it was quite a relief to me to come across Dobbs, because he was a delightfully ignorant young fellow, and it saved me the trouble of posing, and he couldn't have insulted me with *Nineteenth Century Review*-and-water if he'd tried. I like to hear a young fellow talk about himself, and Dobbs did this (we all did talk about ourselves for the matter of that): he's an amateur athlete, and he

chatted about sports, of which I knew nothing, and how he was going to try and "beat the record."

On every occasion that I turned up at the house of Miss Bellasis, I always met Young Dobbs. As I gradually ingratiated myself with my hostess, and came earlier and stayed later, I noticed that Young Dobbs was always there when I arrived, and that when I left he still remained on the premises. It's a very curious thing, I thought, that the society of literary people should have such a strange fascination for a simple fellow like Young Dobbs; it's because he doesn't know 'em, I thought. Poor fellow, he couldn't have felt at home a bit. I don't rush to conclusions, I like to turn things over in my mind. I have a comfortable income; but, as I say, I was in love with Blanche Bellasis, and, at last, I determined to make a fool of myself. Many a time and oft had I tried to catch her alone. I used to send her stalls and boxes for the play, and then turn up at the theatre by accident. But she gave my stalls and boxes away. I used to call in Kensington; I never found her at home alone by any chance. No other way remained open to me: I determined to sit everybody out, and to propose in form to Blanche Bellasis when I had done so. I felt that she was the very girl to make me happy. I'm nine-and-forty, and I'm getting a little thin on the top (it requires a very pretty girl to make a man of nine-and-forty, who is getting a little thin on the top, thoroughly happy): but I remembered that, as she was a young novelist, my literary experience would be of immense use to Blanche (yes, I had already begun to think of that little cockatrice as Blanche). I'd thought over all the pros and cons, and I had come to the conclusion that, if I was going to make a fool of myself with a girl of two and-twenty, I'd better do it at once, and get it over.

I carried out my plan. When I saw Blanche that night I felt that I could not bear the horrors of hope deferred any longer. Ye gods and little fishes! She was a perfect dream of loveliness that evening—she is still, for the matter of that—she looked like an inordinately beautiful fashion-plate, that is the best description I can give you; and I was just as much in love with her as you and I have been, dear boys, with fashion-plates in our very early youth. I thought that crowd of people never would clear out. At last there was nobody left but Glumper, Young Dobbs, and myself. Glumper ate the last sandwich, he swallowed the last drop of sherry and then he turned and fled. I winked at Young Dobbs.

"Good-night, old man," I said; "I've got something particular to say to our pretty hostess. Two's company and three's none, dear boy."

"Well, if you must you must," said Young Dobbs rather gruffly.

A strange look passed between Blanche and Young Dobbs, and the young fellow marched out of the room without a word; and then I noticed something very much like a frown on Miss Bellasis' pretty face.

"Forgive him, my dear young lady," I said to her in my usual genial manner; "he doesn't know any better, and boys will be boys, you know."

And then I came to the point at once. I remember that

"It isn't so much the lover who woes,  
As the lover's way of wooing."

I remembered that Blanche was a literary lady. I commenced in the style of the Lovelace of the deceased Mr. Richardson; then I modelled myself on Romeo, with a dash—a strong dash—of Claude Melnotte; then I tried a happy mixture of Mr. Terriss and Mr. Wilson Barret rolled into one; then I gave her the love speech verbatim of the hero in my first and only novel.

"I'm not good at this kind of thing, Blanche," I said; "but give me a chance."

I was dashing and honest, and I modelled myself on Mr. Alexander. Then I suddenly dropped on one knee, and assuming the air, manner, and accent of the late Mr. Fechter, the most successful of modern stage-lovers, I wound up with a quotation from the *Duke's Motto*, in the actual words, "Blanche, my brave girl, I

cried, "I 'loaf' you!" and then I gazed up into her glorious eyes; they were sparkled with tears, her hand shook and trembled violently, and then she burst into a hideous fit of laughter: it was not hysterical laughter, Sir, it was a mere side-splitting peal, the laughter which is produced by something that the laugher considers intensely comic.

"Oh, Mr. Nibbs," she cried, "I never thought you were a wolf in sheep's clothing. Oh, you bold, bad man! Why I'm Mrs. Dobbs!"

And then the whole truth burst upon me at once; and just then Young Dobbs re entered the room which I had asked him to quit, in order that I might propose to his wife.

"Good heavens, madame!" I cried, as I sprang to my feet; what on earth possessed you" I blurted out, and then I suddenly stopped.

"To have married Harry," she replied, in those soft silvery tones of hers. "Well, Mr. Nibbs, I'll tell you; because he's the stupidest old darling I ever met, and because he knows nothing whatever about literature; and because, Mr. Nibbs—well, because I was in love with him;" and then she deliberately put her arm round that handsome young oaf's neck, and kissed him before my very eyes. And if ever a fellow looked a fool—it was Young Dobbs. "And I hope you'll always go on 'loafing' me, Mr. Nibbs," she said, and then she began to laugh once more, and then Young Dobbs—and I laughed too, for I thought it was the best thing to do under the circumstances.

I stayed to supper with them, and ever since that evening I and the Dobbss have been as thick as thieves. After this, it may not surprise you to hear that I am about to stand godfather to Miss Blanche Bellasis' second son.

**M. A. QUINN.**

25— BARRINGTON STREET. 25—

Fancy Goods, Indian Work and Curios  
BOOKS, STATIONERY, ETC., SELLING OFF AT COST.

LEITH + HOUSE, Established 1818.

**KELLEY & GLASSEY,**

(SUCCESSORS TO ALFRED McLEOD & CO.)

**WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS,**  
HALIFAX, N. S.

**English Chop and Oyster House,**

HOLLIS STREET, Opp. Halifax Hotel.

CHOPS & OYSTERS Served at all hours.

F. FULLER, Proprietor.

**E A S T E R.**

Easter Cards and Booklets. Books suitable for Easter Presents  
Cold Dust. Treasury of Devotion. Imitation of Christ  
Christian Year, &c. Manuals of the Holy Communion.  
Chateleine Finger. Now Testament & Prayer Book

MORTON & CO., - - - 143 Barrington St.

**GABRIEL'S IV BUCKINGHAM ST.**

DR. SMITH: Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a Carbuncle.  
MRS. SMITH: Suffering, why, he is delighted with it. He wears it in his scarf!

**Answers to Correspondents.**

The Editors will be pleased to answer any queries under this heading, but should the answers be required by post a fee of 10 cents must accompany the inquiry.  
All queries must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

PATER:—We do not think that a man has fulfilled his duty to his children when he has given them an education equal to what he had himself. It is an unfortunate thing that so many think as you do; if all practised the same creed, there would be an end to advancement at once. It does not by any means follow that a prosperous tradesman should train his sons for the professions; this is done too often already, with the very natural result that many professional men prefer to put their sons into business. But apart from this, the consciousness of having a good education is just the same satisfaction through life to a business man as to a professional man, and does not in any way unfit him for business life. In answer to your question, then, we should say: Give your boy as good an education as you can afford, putting him to whatever occupation you think him best fitted for; and do not be tempted to make a professional man of him, unless he develops in a marked degree, some, at any rate, of the qualities essential to success in the "learned professions."

M:—The word "Galosh" is commonly used in England to denote "overshoes" or "rubbers" which latter words are rarely heard except on this side. The derivation from "Goliath's shoes" is an old one, very ingenious, but without any foundation in fact. The word no doubt comes from "Gallicæ" (Gaulish shoes), through the Spanish "galocha"—a kind of wooden shoe.

YANK:—18 carat gold simply means a mixture of 18 parts gold with 6 parts alloy, the alloy usually consisting chiefly of copper. Standard gold is 22 carat, i. e. 22 parts gold out of 24. The carat was a small abyssinian seed, used for weighing gold and precious stones. Neither pure gold nor pure silver are ever used in the manufacture of coins or jewellery, as both metals are too soft to wear well. The standard silver used for coinage contains 925 parts silver out of 1000.

SKATER:—The fastest time on record is a mile in three minutes. This was accomplished by "Fish" Smart, the British Champion, in 1881. A mile in three minutes and half a second was attained by A. W. Norseng last year. The same Norwegian skater accomplished five miles in 16min. 48 $\frac{3}{4}$  secs. which is at the rate of a mile in 3min. 52sec. Longer distances of 30, 40 and 50 miles were skated in the times and at the speeds undermentioned by S. J. Montgomery in 1882, namely:—

Miles.	Hours.	Time		Time per mile.	
		Min.	Secs.	Min.	Secs.
30	2	31	12	5	21
40	3	21	22	5	21
50	4	13	36	5	4 $\frac{1}{2}$

Mr. Donoghue, at Amsterdam, skated one mile in 3 minutes and two-thirds of a second, which is a fraction of a second longer than the time of Mr. Norseng. Mr. Donoghue, however, accomplished the five miles in 16min. 21secs., or at the rate of a mile in 3 min and two-fifths of a second. The fast express train record is a mile in 50-secs.; the racehorse record 1 min. 35secs. The best trotting horse time is 2min. 5secs., and the record for safety bicycles on a cinder path is 20 secs.

TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene.  
Sister, let me see your ring.  
HIS SISTER: Why Tommy?  
TOMMY:—I want to see if the galoot told the truth when he said his heart was in it

C. and get a Gold or Silver Wick-bone Pin, \$1.00 to \$5.00, and 2, 3, 4, 5 strand Fine Silver Cut Bangles. Gold ones with Moon Stone.



ARMY AND NAVY DEPOT

ESTABLISHED 1832.

JAMES SCOTT & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS.

117 & 118 GRANVILLE STREET, . . . HALIFAX, N. S.

TO LET: during the summer months, suite of FURNISHED ROOMS, large and commodious. Ground floor, very convenient situation. Apply Editor.

HOUSE FOR SALE OR TO LET.—14 Hollis Street, W. & J. A. McDonald, Solicitors, People's Bank Building.

TRAINED ACCOUCHEMENT or Invalid Nurse will be disengaged April and May. First-rate references.

A Lady wishes to recommend a Housemaid, who has been with her several years.

WANTED:—A good nurse, thoroughly competent to take a baby at the month. Can any lady recommend one? Address by letter. Editor (S.) Cambridge House.

WANTED:—A companion and nursery governess, by a lady in Upper Canada.

TO LET:—Single rooms, with or without board, in the south end of the city.

BOARD:—Mrs. Symonds, 13 Inglis Street, late of Manor Hill, Dartmouth, can accommodate 8 or 10 boarders. Very convenient situation, close to the Park, with tram-cars passing every 10 minutes.

TO BE LET, MAY, 1ST:—Two pleasant rooms on Morris St., near Hollis, folding door, ground floor, furnished or unfurnished.

APPLY 18 CHURCH ST.

An amusing scene was recently enacted in a country court-room in Maine. The justice, a big pompous official, with a voice like a tombstone, took it upon himself to examine a witness—a little withered old man, whose face was as red and wrinkled as a smoked herring.

"What is your name?" asked the justice.

"Why, squire," said the astonished witness, "you know my name as well as I know yourn."

"Never you mind what I know or what I don't know," was the caution given with magisterial severity. "I ask the question in my official capacity, and you're bound to answer it under oath."

With a contemptuous snort the witness gave his name, and the questioning proceeded.

"Where do you live?"

"Wal, I shum!" ejaculated the old man. "Why," he continued appealing to the laughing listeners, "I've lived in this town all my life, and so's he—pointing to the justice—"an b' gosh, to hear him go on you'd think—"

"Silence!" thundered the irate magistrate. "Answer my question, or I'll fine you for contempt of court."

Alarmed by the threat, the witness named his place of residence, and the examination went on.

"What is your occupation?"

"Huh?"

"What do you do for a living?"

Oh, git out, squire! Jest as if you don't know that I tend gardens in the summer season an' saw wood winters!"

"As a private citizen I do know it, but as the Court I know nothing about you," exclaimed the perspiring justice.

"Wall, squire" remarked the puzzled witness, "if you know somethin' outside of the court-room an' don't know nuthin' in it, you'd better get out an' let someboby try this case that's got hos sense"

The advice may have been well meaut, but it cost the witness ten dollars.

## "THE BEDFORD,"

REDFORD, N. S.

The Fashionable Winter Resort of the Maritime Provinces

EXCELLENT accommodation for Permanent and Transient Guests. Hot and Cold Water. Open Fire Places. Comfortable and Cosy. Thoroughly English Cuisine. Private Parties by Rail or Road entertained at shortest notice. Permanent rates very moderate for the winter Months. TELEPHONE 500.

J. C. MORRISON, Proprietor

## CLOTHING!

Juvenile Boys' and Mens'

CUSTOM & READY-MADE.

ARTISTIC AND DURABLE.

CLAYTON & SONS, 11 Jacob St.

Those desiring of having their

### ASHES CLEARED,

Apply to

HEBER HARTLEN,

Colonial Market

→\* TELEPHONE 348. \*←

## NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY

Lockman Street,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

### PLANTS, ROSEBUDS and CHOICE FLOWERS

→\* HORSE CARS PASS NURSERY. \*←

JAMES H. HARRIS, - - - MANAGER

### GEM RINGS.

Our Fine Stock is worthy of Inspection.

ALSO:—Our choice stock of unset STONES, DIAMONDS, RUBIES, OPALS, &c., &c., we are prepared to mount at brief notice to suit the taste of purchasers.

### M. S. BROWN & CO.,

ESTABLISHED, A. D., 1840.

#### Working Jewellers and Silversmiths.

Dealers in High Grade ARTISTIC GOODS in Silver, Plated, Marble, Bronze, Brac-a-Brac and Sundries, appropriate for Holiday and other presents.

128 & 130 GRANVILLE STREET.

### OUR SPECIAL DEPARTMENT

of FINE LEATHER DRESSING CASES, H. D. B. LADIES' AND GENTS' FILLED TRAVELLING BAGS, SILVER MOUNTED LETTER AND CARD CASES, PURSES, &c., &c., is well worth inspection.