

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

Caption 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	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

OUR SOCIETY

A
WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Vol. 1. No. 25.

FRIDAY, MAY 22ND.

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE COLONEL TO THE RESCUE.

Ans. — "The Frog he would a wooing go.

THREE pretty maidens went out for a lark
Heigh ho! says Roly
These three merry maidens, they tried to em-
bark in a rickety craft of colour quite dark,
With a Roly Poly gammon and Spinach
Heigh ho! says Anthony Roly.

The craft she capsized, not far from the shore
Heigh ho! &c.
The trio they screamed for assistance the more
when the Colonel rushed into the water galore
With a Roly &c.

He landed them safely on Terra Firma
Heigh ho! &c.
Then spread them out nicely, all laughing
ha ha,
One, two, three soaking maidens to try,
tra la la,
With a Roly &c.



HON. J. W. LONGLEY, Q. C.,
ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Take warning ye maidens who a boating must go
Heigh ho! &c.
Don't sit on the port side, for it all do so,
I assure you she'll tip which you ken you
should know
With a Roly &c.

Mary Wilker the hostess won't have you
you bet
Heigh ho! &c.
If you don't behave better and not get so wet
which she says gave an appetite to the
whole set
With a Roly &c.

Claim at once should be made on the old R. H. S.
Heigh ho! &c.
For the pluck which is worthy of A. A. G. yes
and we'll make it by jove for his daring
prowess,
With a Roly &c.

The community's thanks to the colonel are due
Heigh ho! &c.
Also from the Papas and Mamas of the crew,
who imagined they sat in a country church
pew
With a Roly Poly gammon and Spinach.
Heigh ho! says
Anthony Roly (coloured)
of Preston, N. S.

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

124 GRANVILLE STREET.

T. C. ALLEN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS,
STATIONERS,
PRINTERS.

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

SOCIETY STATIONERY Including FINE NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES TO MATCH. BALL PROGRAMME CARDS,
MENU CARDS, VISITING CARDS, WEDDING CARDS, INVITATION AND AT HOME CARDS. FINE LEATHER IN PORTFOLIOS,
CASES, PURSES, CARD MUSIC ROLLS, &c., &c. ALLEN'S 124 Granville Street.

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 **BLEND OF TEAS.**
"Unawatta," "Orange," "Dohiwalla," "Darjeeling" and "Excelsior,"
AT
F. M. MURRAY'S, 83 Barrington St.
COFFEES fresh and good. CHOICE CONFECTIONERY at lowest prices.

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, and GENERAL BROKERS.
W. C. BISHOP, L. W. PARSONS.
52 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 ROOME,
PAINTER, GLAZIER, PAPER HANGER & DECORATOR
234 AND 236 ARGYLE ST.,
15 BARRINGTON ST.

JNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY,

62 AND 64 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.
GOODS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.
26 to 32 Waterloo Street, ST. JOHN, N. B. TELEPHONE No. 653.

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.

It is not often that man can find anything interesting or amusing in ladies fashion columns. They are generally too technical for the understanding of the sterner sex. Neither does man waste much time over the stiff and unnatural cuts that are sometimes interspersed in the text. "Carrie Carless" column of New York fashion in *Progress*, however, is a remarkable exception to this rule. Its illustrations are rather striking occasionally, even when the question of the toilet represented is ignored or not understood. They have a certain raciness, which is decidedly an innovation. Many Halifax men turn to this page immediately they get their *Progress* every week in the hopes of discovering some delightful tid-bit.

A local paper last Saturday gave clipping (from the *Leisure Hour*, if we remember aright) with some particulars about the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. In our early years we were taught the three R's. by an old dame who had first instilled the same into the mind of Miss Muloch, and who gave us some very interesting reminiscences of the famous authoress. The old lady said that Miss Muloch was a great tom boy, always getting into scrapes, and showing great ingenuity in extricating herself therefrom. She never prepared her lessons but picked up her knowledge whilst the class was going on, and in "exercises" or examinations at the end of the quarter she always came to the front. Many of the scenes and the characters in *John Halifax, Gentleman*, were drawn from life in the district in which Miss Muloch or Mrs. Craik (to give her her legal name) was born. They are easily recognized by natives of the district. We, ourselves, as a small boy, played about the tan yard which finds a place in *John Halifax, Gentleman*. It is in Staffordshire, not in Tewksbury, as the *Leisure Hour* would lead one to believe. In after life Mrs. Craik supported a small home for poor boys near Bromley in Kent, and we well remember the pride she used to take in showing visitors, or rather friends, the arrangements of the house.

There are one or two points about the Academy to which we wish to refer. The first is the crowd of young men that begin to gather on the sidewalk, outside the doors, about half-past seven every night there is a performance. Some of them are street loafers, who spend the day in lounging around corners and watering the pavement with tobacco juice. For these some excuse can be made. It is their habit, and custom is second nature. But there are others who take up their station just outside the box office. They call themselves gentlemen, their names figure in the "six hundred." They very rarely cross the threshold of the Academy, probably because they cannot raise the sum that the genial Wilson always requires before he will part with the magic pasteboard that opens the crimson portals and passes one through to the Paradise beyond. They hang about, they criticise the ladies as they come up to the doors, they give vent to loud guffaws when anything stirs their easily aroused sense of humour (save the word). And yet if anyone were to suggest that these are not the acts of gentlemen, the Brigade would feel themselves injured and insulted. There is generally a policeman on hand; why does he not follow the example of his English comrade and keep those loafers moving on?

Another thing that seems to us reprehensible is the way in which the majority of the audience, when they see the actors on the stage beginning to group themselves for the final "situation," take it as a hint that they should begin to dive under the seats for their hats, or wrestle with their tippets or spring jackets as the case may be. The result is that the shuffling of feet that this involves renders the closing sentences of the play (often by far the strongest part of the whole) quite inaudible to those who would like to hear them. Moreover, it is an act of discourtesy to the actors. Even stronger words might with justice be used. Some of our best society people are the worst offenders in this particular. Doubtless they have never given the matter a thought,

and we trust after this hint the annoyance will not be so noticeable.

Some remarks can be made too about the conduct of some of the men of the audience whilst "God Save the Queen" is being played. Nowadays it is not considered necessary to sing the words when leaving a theatre, or for the matter of that to hum or whistle the tune, but it is customary for loyal subjects of the empire to remain uncovered. It is remarkable that well bred foreigners always pay our Queen and our nation the compliment of holding their hats in their hands, whilst many of her own subjects jam their hats on their heads at once. A trivial matter truly, but then little things are noticed. *Verb. sap.*

The terms in which we spoke of the Redmund-Barry Company in our last issue were certainly eulogistic, but after having seen *Herminie* last week, we feel inclined to speak in more laudatory manner than ever. *Herminie* is adapted by Mr. William Redmund from the French of Ernst Ferrier--*La Vivandiere*. Viewed from the higher platforms of theatrical criticism it is doubtless somewhat gaudy and sensational, but, the sensationalism is inoffensive. Unfortunately we are unacquainted with the original *La Vivandiere*, so that we are unable to say in what way the honours are to be divided between Mr. Redmund and M. Ferrier. There were one or two weak points in the dialogue, where characters appeared to give utterance to sentiments and sentences that seemed to have little to do with the play, but this may perhaps be due to a hand untrained in the more mechanical part of playwriting. As regards the construction of the drama, it is certainly strong, and shows that the author has complete knowledge of his art, both theoretically and practically.

Of Mr. Redmund's acting as Paul Durand we can only say it is excellent, with his conception of the character we can find no fault. Mrs. Barry's earnest and sympathetic rendering of *Herminie* was good. She showed to better advantage in the later acts of the play, than in the first as the *Vivandiere*.

Miss Thompson, of whom we spoke highly last week, confirmed us in the opinion we have formed of her. Her dresses, especially that marvellous combination of black and white, were to the male eye rather startling.

Miss Pearce is very vivacious as Estelle. She announced her objection to being called "pretty," so we had better say she is "crummy," which was the latest slang when we left England. We hope Estelle will not "raise an objection to that."

Mr. Simpson as the German Spy was more noticeable for his resemblance to our portrait this week than anything else.

The performance ran smoothly, the battle business being well done.

The night we were present there was a disturbance in the gallery. We could not help contrasting Mr. Redmund's way of dealing with the difficulty, with that which Mr. W. H. Lytell used to adopt. He did not walk down to the footlights, and in an ungrammatical speech set forth his views about the disturbance; he just said to a man in the wings, "Ring down," and down came the curtain. The call he got at the close of the act must have atoned for the annoyance he doubtless felt over the incident.

There is nothing in the world like an old friend (unless it be an old pipe), but a time comes when the best friends have to part. It is very sad when one has to hint that one can dispense with the services of an acquaintance of old standing. We have long gazed upon the unruffled placidity of the "Lake of Como," which serves as the drop scene at the Academy; but in spite of this long companionship we venture to suggest that it is time that the *laggio* were pensioned, and its place filled by something else. In case the authorities should agree with us in this matter, we think that the next scene should be a representation of drapery or hangings, without any pronounced features or tones, which would not grow stale so rapidly as a pictorial scene. We throw out the suggestion to stand or fall by its merits.

We print this week an interesting letter from a popular officer of the North Atlantic Squadron, describing the doings of the men

of blue and gold before they left Bermuda. This comes rather late in the day, but the delightful style of the author will take all chestnutty flavour away. Next week we shall give a second letter, which deals with the cruise in the West Indies. We are promised a third letter later, to account for their doings in Bermuda since their return.

The "anti-tights" bill was thrown out by the upper house of the Minnesota Legislature. Who can say now that upper houses are useless?

Sir Edward Kenny, Knight, was a typical example of the kind of men who first settled and built up this country. He began in very small beginnings and ended a very great man, that is as far as he could go in a colony of this kind. He was born in Ireland in 1800 and emigrated with his brother to Nova Scotia in 1824. He and his brother, Thomas, from small beginnings built up the large and extensive business of T. & E. Kenny, so well and extensively known at the present time.

Sir Edward took an extremely active part both in civic and political life, being one of the first councillors elected in this city in the year 1841, being elected for Ward III. He subsequently became Mayor. He was appointed to the Legislature, in which body he remained twenty-six years, being its president for eleven. When appointed to the council he was a liberal, but subsequently changed his views and became a tory and an ardent confederate. At the time of confederation he was appointed to the Senate and became a member of the cabinet of Sir John MacDonald. He remained in the cabinet till 1870. Sir Hastings Doyle having gone to England on leave, Sir Edward Kenny was appointed administrator of the government and was at this time knighted by the Queen in just appreciation of his long public services.

Lady Kenny was for many years one of the social leaders of this town in its gayest days—and many the bright entertainment given and the distinguished guests entertained both at their town house and at their delightful summer residence on the shores of Bedford Basin—Sherwood, one of the most beautiful places in or around Halifax.

Now that the head and founder of the family has passed away at a ripe old age, he has left a distinguished and popular representative behind him to carry on the name and make it even more distinguished than ever.

The "paper chase" mania has set in with a vengeance. We hear of new ones to come off every day. Mrs. Mullins had a hunt last Saturday and a large number turned up in spite of the pouring pelting rain. No doubt they enjoyed it and they certainly seemed to. The ground was heavy, the fences high and the pace fast. The hares were the Rev. Norman-Lee and Mrs. Mullins. The first of the hounds in at the death were Mrs. Harvey and Miss Nellie Almon. The finish was at Rosebank where a tea was given by Miss Almon.

The races on June 22nd promise to be better than they have been for many years. The number of entries will be large and the quality of horses and ponies entered will be good.

We are glad to hear that Mignonette owned now by Mr. Clifford Jack will be able to run after all. The best of the new ponies seems to be a blue roan recently got from the country by Mr. Barry.

St. John is going to send at least one pony, which we believe will be able to make a good race with anything in Halifax. The Tramp, although she has not wintered well, will still show to the front, and will be a dangerous opponent in the pony-cup. Muffin owing to a bad thorough-pin will not be seen on the course this year. These with two or three others that are being kept somewhat dark will make up a very good field of ponies. As to the horses—we believe that there are three coming from the County Club in Boston, Mr. Hopkins returning and generously bringing

two opponents. So that Halifax will have its work cut out to win back the cup. Emmeline, Mr. Barnaby's mare is in training for it—and we have heard that Hopeful was also being fitted and a horse from New Brunswick. It will be a great pity if we can not win it back.

The Orpheus Club held their concert last night, but our report came to late for insertion in this issue.

The first Cricket match of the season is to be played to-morrow at Windsor. The past and present of Cambridge House school playing the College, and on Monday the present school team play the Collegiate School.

Tuesday was a fashionable night at the Academy. Many of our society people being present at the first presentation of the Colonel.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalziel, and Mrs. W. B. Reynolds and family have returned home after a very pleasant holiday at the Bedford Hotel.

Mrs. Allison of Windsor, is to give a large dance on Monday.

Miss Laine's third and last song-recital takes place May 28th at Orpheus Hall. The Leipsic Trio, will assist, and by request will play the brilliant Rubinstein Trio. They will also accompany Miss Laine in several songs. Miss Laine will sing "Nochirne" by Chadwick.

As this is Miss Laine's last public appearance in Halifax, and taking into consideration the many pleasant evenings she has afforded us, we certainly think that the music-lovers of Halifax should turn out in force, to give the fair artist a "good send off." Not only should this be done for Miss Laine's sake, but also to sustain the reputation of Halifax, as being able to appreciate good music.

His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor attended in state the pro-rogation of the Provincial Legislature on Tuesday afternoon a guard of honour furnished by the Leicestershire regiment was drawn up outside the Province Building, the corridor and stairs being lined by a detachment of the Princess Louise's Fusiliers. His Honour was accompanied by Col. Clerke, and was joined on entering by the following officers of militia Major Gordon (D. A. G.) Lieutenant Col. MacShane (Brigade Major), Lt. Col. Humphrey (P. L. F.) and Col. J. T. Walsh (63rd.). The Halifax Garrison Artillery fired a salute from the Citadel.

The Colonel was played to an appreciative and large audience at the Academy, on Tuesday and Wednesday nights. We presume the comedy which preceded it has changed its name in crossing the "Pond" when we saw it last *mirabile dictu*—19 years ago it was called the Spitalfields Weaver.

We can heartily congratulate the company carrying through "The Colonel" in such a smooth manner. Mrs. Thos. Barry gaining fresh laurels as the widow, and Mr. Redmund took the Colonel with that naturalness and *bonhomme* which is essential for the success of the part—as Charles Torrens, Mr. Brien was not seen at his best—the fact is, the part does not suit him, he has in reality two parts to play and does not conceive either. The make up of the serious family deserves the highest praises. Mr. Duani again showed that he was one of the most versatile actors that have appeared in Halifax. Miss Pearce acted so well, looked so demure and pretty that we cannot understand her husband wanting to be off on the spree, but then he had a mother-in-law.

The Leipsic trio gave a recital in the Orpheus Hall on Wednesday evening. Gade's Opus 29 and Raff's opus 102 form the programme, and were interpreted in masterly style, each of the trio doing perfect work. Their *ensemble* was perfect with much poetical conception and shading such as can only be expected from highly professional talent. Mrs. Klingensfeld's singing showed good training, but her voice was rather light for the room.

LETTERS FROM THE FLEET.

No. I.

CHIPS FROM THE WOODEN WALLS.

Many were the regrets on board H. M. ships as they sailed out of Halifax Harbor; for though the fast approaching winter made life on board very unpleasant, yet the kindly hospitality received on shore made up for that. The older members were heard to regret the roaring fires and comfortable rooms of the Halifax Club, and though the younger ones were not exactly heard lamenting their fate, their saddened faces bore witness that the fire of some fair one's eyes was the flame they longed for—not to be compensated for by even the warm sun and blue waters of Bermuda. A few days, however, and—though a decided anxiety was shown as to the date when the Halifax mail was due—our sorrowful ones had cheered up a good deal, much of which was doubtless owing to the gaieties they were regaled with, for, as in the days of Shakespeare, so now—

"Men were deceivers ever.
One foot on sea and one on shore,
Faithful to one thing never."

Lay that to your heart, daughters of Chebucto.

Soon after our arrival the 17th Leicestershire regiment gave a ball, and an uncommonly nice dance it was. The room and floor were good, the supper well arranged and plentiful, the music tuneful and exhilarating. Everyone turned up in great force; the ladies looked their best, the men made their prettiest speeches and all went as smoothly as a sleigh. It was said that a young American lady, the daughter of a leading New York banker, bore away the palm, and certainly the Guards, who ought to be good judges, were assiduous in their attention to her. Much comment was raised by the style of dancing followed by these officers—something between the nature of a whirlwind and a tee-totum. Woe betide the wretched couple who encountered them, for they were sure to come off second best. Those who had lately been in London, and wished to have it known that they moved in the best society, said, when they were asked if they did not think this method of dancing extraordinary, "Oh, dear, no! I never thought of noticing it; it is what I am so accustomed to see!" Others who had not been in London lately, but revered all that H. M. Foot Guards did, expressed no adverse opinion, while those who suffered from them complained of wretched dancing and bad form. Another dancer who excited much attention was a foreign officer—one from a Dutch man-of-war then in port. He twirled and pirouetted, twisted and slid, reversed and dashed off at odd angles, so that one never knew where to look for him. He was the most energetic man in the ball room and as his collar grew limper, his movements grew quicker, till he seemed to the more languid Bermudian's a very impersonation of the spirit of dancing. It was said that the end of him was that he was so exhausted he had to be carried back most of the way, and was put to bed on the billiard table of the club, but this is not quite reliable. All the gay young sparks of the fleet were there, headed by Prince George of Wales. Jo the Bryd-zoon and his poet laureate were seen talking together, though nothing has as yet appeared to let us know if their conversation bore on any new poem. On the whole it was a most successful entertainment.

Another ball was given to the fleet by the citizens of Hamilton, on New Year's Night, at the Princess's Hotel. The company was nearly the same as at the previous one, except that there were

some additions who are not generally seen at other dances. The floor was very good—the dancing went on in the new ball-room of the hotel—so good that there were a great number of tumbles, the opportunities for flirtation were excellent as there were the long corridors of the hotel for those who wished to use them, and the supper was not only good but was served by a body of "lady-helps," freshly arrived from the States. It has been a great matter of regret that the Dutch officers who have been paying Bermuda a visit in the man-of-war *Johann Wilhelm Friso*, have been unable, as a body, on account of the death of their late king, to accept any of all this hospitality. One or two of them have been out, but as private guests only, not in uniform. They are a good lot of fellows and evidently appreciate English ways, for they play lawn tennis and talk our language well.

Mrs. Watson has given her customary fortnightly "at homes," and has been no luckier in her weather than usual. One day it was so bad that the guests were reduced to skipping to amuse themselves—Colonel Eaton of the Guards, acting Governor of the Islands, distinguishing himself by his agility in this pastime. The Governor proper, Genl. Newdegate has also given two afternoons which were well attended and much enjoyed. It has been noticed that the "thrush" seems as common a complaint at Bermuda as it was at Halifax, for whatever Prince George was doing, dancing or playing lawn tennis, he was perpetually the cynosure of the eye of those who think that royalty was only made to be stared at.

Another small dance was given by a lady at Boaz Island, and was signalled by the engagement of the first lieutenant of the Emerald being completed and announced there. The charming young lady is already closely connected with his ship, so that it will be unnecessary to point out more closely who she is.

There have been one or two smoking concerts and one "ladies" concert—if it is permitted to so distinguish it. The smoking ones were given on board the Flagship, when those of her officers who are gifted with histrionic and cantatorial powers distinguished themselves as usual. Dr. Thomas sang a good topical song, Mr. Macarthy a ballad in his most charming style, Mr. Stopford and "Bill" Stevens brought down the house in a screaming farce. On board the *Comus*, Mr. Fenton quite took "the cake" for make up and acting in a comic song. The "ladies" concert was given in aid of the "Serpent" relief fund. All the naval talent was well represented, an addition being made by the appearance of the flag lieutenant who played the guitar, to the admiration of all. The

(Concluded on page 16.)

THEATRE-GOERS, PATRONS OF OPERAS AND CONCERTS
KNOW HOW UNSATISFACTORY IS A POOR OPERA GLASS.



Those bearing the inscription
LEMAIRE FR., Paris,
are absolutely perfect and are being shown in good assortment by

J. CORNELIUS,
Jeweller, - - 99 Cranville St.

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.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF SMITH.

When the little seamstress had climbed to her room in the story over the top story of the great brick tenement-house in which she lived she was quite tired out. If you do not understand what a story over a top story is, you must remember that there are no limits to human greed and hardly any to the height of tenement-houses.

When the man who owned that four-story tenement found that he could let another floor he found no difficulty in persuading the guardians of our building laws to let him clap another story on the roof, like a cabin on the deck of a ship; and in the most south-easterly of the four apartments on this floor the little seamstress lived. You could just see the top of her window from the street—the huge cornice that had capped the original front, and that served as her window-sill now, quite hid all the lower part of the story on the top of the top story.

The little seamstress was scarcely thirty years old, but she was such an old-fashioned little body in so many of her looks and ways that I had almost spelled her sempstress, after the fashion of our grandmothers. She had been a comely body, too; and would have been still if she had not been thin, pale, and anxious-eyed.

She was tired out to-night, because she had been working hard all day for a lady who lived far up in the West End, and after the long journey home she had to climb four flights of the tenement-house stairs. She was too tired, both in body and in mind, to cook the two little chops she had brought home. She would save them for breakfast, she thought. So she made herself a cup of tea on the miniature stove, and ate a slice of dry bread with it. It was too much trouble to make toast.

But after dinner she watered her flowers. She was never too tired for that; and the six pots of geraniums that caught the south sun on the top of the cornice did their best to repay her. Then she sat down in her rocking chair by the window and looked out. Her circle was high above all the other buildings, and she could look across some low roofs opposite and see the further end of Tomkins-square, with its sparse spring green showing faintly through the dusk. The eternal roar of the city floated up to her and vaguely troubled her. She was a country girl, and although she had lived for ten years in London she had never grown used to that ceaseless murmur. To-night she felt the languor of the new season as well as the heaviness of physical exhaustion. She was almost too tired to go to bed.

She thought of the hard day done and the hard day to be begun after the night spent on the hard little bed. She thought of peaceful days in the country, when she taught school in the village where she was born. She thought of a hundred small slights that she had to bear from people better fed than bred. She thought of the sweet green fields that she rarely saw nowadays. She thought of the long journey forth and back that must begin and end her morrow's work, and she wondered if her employer would think to offer to pay her fare.

Then she pulled herself together. She must think of more agreeable things, or she could not sleep. And as the only agreeable things she had to think about were her flowers, she looked at the garden on top of the cornice.

A peculiar gritting noise made her look down, and she saw a cylindrical object that glittered in the twilight advancing in an irregular and uncertain manner towards her flower-pots. Looking closer, she saw that it was a pewter beer-mug, which somebody in the next apartment was pushing with a two-foot rule. On top of the beer-mug was a piece of paper, and on this paper was written, in a sprawling, half-formed hand—

*porter
pleas excuse the libberty And
drink it*

The seamstress started up in terror, and shut the window. She remembered that there was a man in the next apartment. She had seen him on the stairs on Sundays. He seemed a grave, decent person; but—he must be drunk. She sat down on her bed, all a-tremble. Then she reasoned with herself. The man was drunk, that was all. He probably would not annoy her further. And if he did she had only to retreat to Mrs. Mulvaney's apartment in the rear, and Mr. Mulvaney, who was a highly respectable man and worked in a boiler-shop, would protect her. So being a poor woman who had already had occasion to excuse—and refuse—two or three "liberties" of like sort, she made up her mind to go to bed like a reasonable seamstress, and she did. She was rewarded, for when her light was out she could see in the moonlight that the two-foot rule appeared again, with one joint bent back, hitched itself into the mug handle, and withdrew the mug.

The next day was a hard one for the little seamstress, and she hardly thought of the affair of the night before until the same hour had come round again, and she sat once more by her window. Then she smiled at the remembrance. "Poor fellow" she said, in her charitable heart, I've no doubt he's awfully ashamed of it now. Perhaps he was never tipsy before. Perhaps he didn't know there was a lone woman in here to be frightend."

Just then she heard a gritting sound. She looked down. The pewter pot was in front of her and the two-foot rule was slowly retreating. On the little pot was a piece of paper, and on the paper was

*porter
good for the helth
it makes meet*

This time the little seamstress shut her window with a bang of indignation. The colour rose to her pale cheeks. She thought that she would go down and see the housekeeper. Then she remembered the four flights of stairs, and she resolved to see him in the morning. Then she went to bed and saw the mug drawn back just as it had been drawn back the night before.

The morning came, but, somehow, the seamstress did not care to complain to the housekeeper. She hated to make trouble, and he might think—and—and—well, if the wretch did it again she would speak to him herself, and that would settle it.

And so, on the next night, which was Thursday, the little seamstress sat down by the window, resolved to settle the matter. And she had not sat there long, rocking in the creaking little rocking-chair which she had brought with her from her old home, when the pewter pot hove in sight, with a piece of paper on the top.

This time the legend read—

*Perhaps you are afraid i will
adress you
i am not that kind*

The seamstress did not quite know whether to laugh or to cry. But she felt that the time had come for speech. She reached out of her window and addressed the twilight heaven—

"Mr.—Mr.—sir—I—will you please put your head out of window, so that I can speak to you?"

The silence of the other room was undisturbed.

The seamstress drew back, blushing. But before she could nerve herself for another attack a piece of paper appeared on the end of the two-foot rule.

*when i Say a thing i
mene it
i have Sed i would not
Adress you and i
Will not*

What was the little seamstress to do! She stood by the window and thought hard about it. The creature was perfectly respectful. No doubt he meant to be kind. He certainly was kind to waste these pots of porter on her. She remembered the last time—and the first—that she had drunk porter. It was at home, when she was a young girl, after she had had the diphtheria. She remembered

how good it was, and how it had given her back her strength. And without one thought of what she was doing she lifted the pot of porter and took one little reminiscent sip—two little reminiscent sips—and became aware of her utter fall and defeat. She blushed now as she had never blushed before, put the pot down, closed the window, and fled to her bed like a deer to the woods.

When the porter arrived the next night, hearing the simple appeal—

*Dont be afrade of it
drink it all*

the little seamstress arose, grasped the pot firmly by the handle, and poured its contents over the earth around her largest geranium. She poured the contents out to the last drop, and then she dropped the pot, and ran back and sat on her bed and cried, with her face hid in her hands.

“Now,” she said to herself, “you’ve done it! And you’re just as nasty and hard-hearted and suspicious and mean as—as anything!”

And she wept to think of her hardness of heart.

“He will never give me a chance to say I am sorry,” she thought. And, really, she might have spoken kindly to the poor man, and told him that she was much obliged to him, but that he really musn’t ask her to drink porter with him. “But it’s all over and done now,” she said to herself as she sat at her window on Saturday night. And then she looked at the cornice, and saw the faithful little pewter pot travelling slowly towards her.

She was conquered. This act of Christian forbearance was too much for her kindly spirit. She read the inscription on the paper—

*poeter is good Flours
but better for Folks*

and she lifted the pot to her lips, which were not half so red as her cheeks, and took a good, hearty, graceful draught.

She sipped in thoughtful silence after the first plunge, and presently she was surprised to find the bottom of the pot in full view.

On the table at her side a few pearl buttons were screwed up in a bit of white paper. She untwisted the paper and smoothed it out, and wrote in a tremulous hand—she *could* write a very neat hand—

Thanks.

This she laid on the top of the pot, and in a moment the bent two-footed rule appeared and drew the mail-carriage home. Then she sat still, enjoying the warm glow of the porter, which seemed to have permeated her entire being with a heat that was not at all like the unpleasant and oppressive heat of the atmosphere, an atmosphere heavy with the spring damp. A gritting on the tin aroused her. A piece of paper lay under her eyes.

*fine growing weather
Smith*

it said.

Now it is unlikely that in the whole round and range of conversational commo. places there was one other greeting that could have induced the seamstress to continue the exchange of communications. But this simple and homely phrase touched her country heart. What did “*groing weather*” matter to the toilers in this waste of brick and mortar? This stranger must be, like herself, a country-bred soul, longing for the new green and the upturned brown mould of the country fields. She took up the paper, and wrote the first message—

Fine

But that seemed curt; *for* she added, “*for*” what? She did not know. At last, in desperation, she put down *potatoes*. The piece of paper was withdrawn, and came back with an addition—

Too mist for potatos.

And when the little seamstress had read this, and grasped the fact that *m-i-s-t* represented the writer’s pronunciation of “moist,” she laughed softly to herself. A man whose mind at such a time

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 10.)

**W. A. PURCEL, Taxidermist
and Rod Maker.**

22 BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Fishing Rods made to order and repaired. Fishing Tackle. Also, Powder, Shot, Shells, Caps and Cartridges, to order. Birds and other Animals Stuffed and Mounted. Orders from the Country promptly attended to.

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

**J. SNOW & SON,
Undertakers and Embalmers,**

56 ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX N. S.

TELEPHONE: SHOP, 387. HOUSE, 388.

CAKE AND PASTRY.

Delicious Bread and Biscuits,

Light and Flaky, Pure and Wholesome,

— WHEN MADE BY —

Woodill’s German Baking Powder.

C. W. HAYWARD & CO.,

Brewers and Bottlers.

XX & XXX ALES AND BROWN STOUT.

Family Orders promptly attended to.

Telephone, 126.

Fashionable Hats and Furs.

C. S. LANE, 113 GRANVILLE ST.

Trunks & Valises at Factory Prices.

ISAAC DURLING,

— BEST QUALITY OF —

Beef, Lamb, Mutton, Veal, Corned Beef, Corned Tongue and Poultry

ALWAYS ON HAND.

64 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

English Chop and Oyster House,

HOLLIS STREET, Opp. Halifax Hotel.

CHOPS & OYSTERS Served at all hours.

F. FULLER, Proprietor.

OUR CITY FATHERS.

When diphtheria still stalks abroad thereby imposing on compositors extra work in putting into type newspaper correspondence as to why we in Halifax are so blind to our interests as not to provide accommodation for patients suffering from infectious diseases, more especially when one of these becomes in a manner epidemic, it is indeed time for us to inquire whose province it is to see to a matter such as this. Sometime since, when diphtheria made its first appearance noticeable amongst us, by continual letters written by the outside public and leaders which appeared in press, it dawned upon the city Council—the continual dropping will eventually make an impression even on a stone—that the members composing it had been elected by the voters of the several wards for certain purposes tending towards the good of the city, they at a white heat not feeling competent to deal with the question themselves, put themselves into the hands of certain medical men,—thereby showing a little more sense than is generally attributed to them—by this action there is no doubt but that the city benefited, though the public cannot be said to have been unanimous in agreeing with some of the rules laid down by these gentlemen. Still we breathed, moved, and had our being in an atmosphere of greater security, and with an idea that after all our city Fathers were not only ornaments but really were of use in our city. Things seemed very satisfactory for some time, but still the disease did not disappear, until to-day I venture to say it is as bad as ever. When the correspondence as to the best means to be adopted to stamp out the disease was being carried on it occurred to the proprietors of the hotels and boarding houses in the city, what a financial loss would accrue to them under the regime laid down by the medical advisers of the city Council, if a case should show itself on their premises, and finally it was pointed out in a letter written to the papers, and signed by the Messrs. Hesslein of the Halifax Hotel and Mr. Sheraton of the Queen, the necessity of having an hospital for infectious diseases. To this letter there was no satisfactory reply, but it was casually remarked by the council that Rockhead was at their service. Again did our representatives show sagacity amounting even to wisdom, but that belongs to the following tale. The building at Rockhead, now used as a hospital, was originally built as an hospital for small-pox patients, and therefore should be fully adapted for the use it is now put to. There is no doubt but that this building in itself, is eminently satisfactory, which can be proved by independent medical authorities. So far as I can glean this hospital never had a small-pox patient within its walls, so about six years ago when diphtheria was raging, it was proposed that the patients should be sent there, but the enlightened body of men, who then, by their deeds threw a halo of glory around matters civic, pronounced that "Diphtheria is *not catchina*, therefore, we cannot allow the use of the small-pox Hospital."

This, then allowed the patients the chance of being received into the City Hospital, but on application they were pronounced ineligible, as "Diphtheria was an infectious disease!" When doctors disagree &c., &c. It reminds me very forcibly of the last lines of "the Execution" in the Ingoldsby legends:

"What was to be done,
What could be said,
Naught could be done,
Naught could be said,
So my Lord Tomnoddy
Went home to bed."

So with the City Council, only they remained there as regards this matter for about five years. Prevailed upon by their medical advisers, they were induced to awake from their slumbers, and grant the use of the building for diphtheria patients, rooms being fitted up under the surveillance of the above mentioned doctors.

Good! This scores one on the credit side of the much maligned body!—Unfortunately however, during the Rip Van Winkle-like sleep of our Council, it had been thought by someone, that it would greatly enhance the value of this building as an hospital, if the entrance to it was converted into a common or garden cesspool for the reception of the night soil of the whole of Halifax. Grand idea, a man or body of men whose brain power is capable of conceiving such an idea, and moreover carrying it into effect, indeed, deserves a niche in the walls of fame. Now verily, on being apprised of this—by their metaphorical wet nurses—did our own city council show again its sagacity, by giving orders that this filthy accumulation of years, added to week by week, should be continually kept covered with a layer of mother earth. Oh, ye gods!

Fancy the mighty deodorising effect of a sprinkling of mould over such a mass of all that is nasty. What in the name of common sense is the good of trying to "drive a tenpenny nail with a twopenny hammer?" No doubt, but that residing collectively in a politically vitiated atmosphere, the members of our city council have olfactory nerves that are fairly smell proof, but if each one personally were to visit this harbour of refuge for patients suffering from contagious diseases, I venture to say that even their nostrils would be tickled—more especially if some one on the morning of their visit had with the bland and lamb-like smile—of the heathen Chinese, tried the effects of the contents of this cesspool for manuring purposes. If such a state of affairs is necessary, why not turn the whole place into a sewage farm at once?

UNIQUE

EXCHANGES continue to roll in, we beg to acknowledge receipt of *Colonial Standard* of Pictou, *Yarmouth Herald*, and *Berwick News*.

OUR VOLUNTEERS.—Shooting at Bedford on Saturday had to be abandoned when the 500 yards range was reached on account of the weather. It is hoped that the teams may be able to fire to-morrow or on Monday

The 66th. P. L. F. paraded for the Commandant's Inspection on Tuesday evening. There was a good muster, and Col. Humphrey expressed himself pleased with the appearance of his command. The Fusiliers will parade for Divine service on Sunday (Her Majesty's Birthday) at St. Georges and St. Patricks' churches.

Capt. C. Mackinlay and Lieutenant H. W. Stairs of the 66th, will shortly proceed to Royal school of Infantry at Fredricton for a fortnights course. Lieutenant Guy Mott of the same regiment is at present up at the school going through the three months course.

Col. Walsh of the 63rd. will not resign his command at present.

Major Weston (66th. Regt.) will be the commandant of the Canadian Bisley team this year.

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.

THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN'S Outfit is incomplete without a bottle of the "SHOO-FLY REPELLENT," a protection against the bites of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Sand Flies, Gnats, &c., prepared at the

LONDON DRUG STORE, 147 Hollis Street, J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist, Proprietor.

Agent for Laurance's Pebble Spectacles and Asurine Glasses; Nisbet's Milk of Cucumber; Eagar's Wine of Rennet; Church's Gout and Rheumatic Remedy, &c. Smith's Preparations on sale at the "DARTMOUTH PHARMACY," recently opened by Wm. A. DYMOND, formerly dispenser at the London Drug Store.

Our Society.

Vol. I. HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1891. No. 25.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN HALIFAX.

WE suppose that the majority of the readers of this paper are ladies, and therefore we think that we ought to advocate the cause of the women as regards their obtaining the right to vote in Local and Dominion elections. The genial and stately member for Queens (Mr. Hemeon), introduced a bill to that effect in the House of Assembly a week or so ago. It was defeated, but not by a very large majority, which goes to show that it is only a mere question of time before the women will be allowed to go to the poll and deposit their vote. It is thought by some that if it had not been for the very clever, if somewhat misconducted, speech of the Attorney-General against the motion, it would have passed. That honorable gentleman took the ground that women would lose their womanliness by being on an equality with men in this respect—Mr. Longley is gallant and a champion of the fair sex, but he evidently wants them to remain the fair sex—Mr. Roche also opposed the bill by suggesting that it would be advisable to make the age qualification over forty. No woman, even to vote, would acknowledge themselves over forty. Those members, who had the courage to vote for the bill, no doubt have returned home with clear conscience and will be received with open arms by their would be female constituents. Women fulfilling the qualifications have a vote in civic elections in Halifax and it would be interesting to know how many availed themselves of that privilege at the last aldermanic election. But although they do not take an interest in civic affairs we know of many ladies whose interest in politics both Dominion and Local is very keen, and whose knowledge of public affairs is deep, and who all will be able to record a vote, and, would be able we think even to make as good representatives in parliament as many a one that is sent there. The presence of ladies at a political meeting is a capital thing, it has an effect in subduing the general tone of the meeting—preventing personalities and therefore making things more pleasant, more useful and more sensible.

Many many arguments can be urged in favour of female suffrage and very very few against it. Now a days when women are educated in exactly the same way as men, read the same books and in a way indulge in the same pursuits. It is a scandal that these highly educated individuals have no say in the government of affairs at all, except that they have indirectly which is not little.

But the whole tendency of the present age is to allow more latitude to women, and unjustly so. Ladies without any thought do things, which if their mother's had done would have meant social ostracism and hard words in all directions. If we soon have the suffrage we will eventually have female representatives and we would be delighted to see honorable ladies sitting side by

NEW SOCIETY STATIONERY, HAMPER, REST LINEN, SILVERIAN, SUB ROSA, and other styles of Writing Papers with Envelopes to match in the New DAGMAR Shapes. THE SOCIETY MOURNING STATIONERY is a new departure which appeals to the most refined taste.

KNIGHT & CO., 125 Granville Street.

side with honorable gentlemen in the Legislative assembly and no doubt the great battle between the sexes would be who should elect the Speaker and if the ladies were victorious would she wear a wig on the latest Parisian bonnet. Let us try and hurry on the moment and not keep intelligent educated women out in the cold any longer in the political world.

THE few wet days we have had recently have shown up the defects in our sidewalks. Their condition is a standing disgrace to the city of Halifax. One cannot walk along any one of the principal streets without stepping into puddles and splattering the bottoms of one's trousers. It is high time that this was remedied. It is a thing that forces itself prominently before the notice of all strangers visiting the city. They do not stay perhaps very long with us: they see more of our streets and sidewalks during their visit than anything else, and when they find these in such a wretched condition no wonder they go away with a poor idea of the place. What can be worse, for instance, than the condition of the sidewalk in front of the Government House on a dark, wet evening? There is no light—the nearest electric lights being at the corners of Morris Street and Spring Garden Road. The pedestrian flounders on in the murky darkness through innumerable pools of water that have collected in the holes in the sidewalk. We can confidently assert that in no other city in the Dominion is such a stretch of sidewalk to be found before one of the principal buildings. That this should be remedied is everybody's business, and what is everybody's business is justly said to be nobody's business. Our City Council will do nothing in the matter until the voice of the people makes itself heard with no uncertain sound. As things are now, it is certainly not going too far to say that the best interests of the city are neglected by those whose duty it is to look after them. If a candidate for Aldermanic honors were to be put up in the interests of better pavements he would be certain of election.

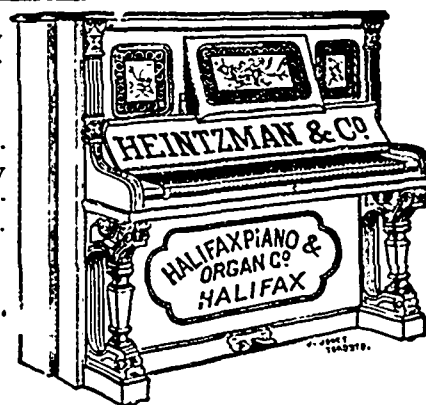
THE HEINTZMAN PIANOS

Are fast becoming the favourite 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.



NEW DECORATIVE MATERIAL.

CRINCKLED COLORED TISSUE PAPER.

IN THE FOLLOWING SHADES:

VIRGIN WHITE.
PALE CORAL.
DARK " "
SEA GREEN.
MANDARIN ORANGE.

PRIMROSE.
CANARY.
HELIOTROPE.
MOSS GREEN.
TERRA COTTA.

AMBER.
CELESTIAL BLUE.
BLUSH PINK.
GERANIUM.
FRENCH GREY.

ROSE PINK.
PEACOCK GREEN.
GRASS " "
RUBY.

FOR SALE BY

A. & W. MACKINLAY,

137 GRANVILLE ST.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

was seriously bent upon potatoes was not a man to be feared. She found a half-sheet of note-paper, and wrote—

I lived in a small village before I came to London, but I am afraid I do not know much about farming. Are you a farmer?

The answer came—

*hav ben most Every thing
farmed a bit in Kent*

Smith

As she read this the seamstress heard a church-clock strike nine. "Bless me, is it so late?" she cried; and she hurriedly pencilled "Good-night," thrust the paper out, and closed the window.

But a few minutes later, passing by, she saw yet another bit of paper on the cornice, fluttering in the evening breeze. It said only "good nite," and after a moment's hesitation the little seamstress took it in and gave it shelter.

After this they were the best of friends. Every evening the pot appeared, and while the seamstress drank from it at her window Mr. Smith drank from its twin at his; and notes were exchanged as rapidly as Mr. Smith's early education permitted. They told each other their histories, and Mr. Smith's was one of travel and variety, which he seemed to consider quite a matter of course. He had followed the sea, and he had worked a bit at the docks. Now he was foreman, and he was prospering. In a year or two he would have enough laid by to go home to Rye and buy a share in a boat-building business. All this dribbled out in the course of a jerky but variegated correspondence, in which autobiographic details were mixed with reflections, moral and philosophical.

A few samples will give an idea of Mr. Smith's style:—

*i was one voyage to van demens
land*

To which the seamstress replied—

It must have been very interesting.

But Mr. Smith disposed of this subject very briefly—

it wornt

Further he vouchsafed—

*i seen a chinese cook in
hong kony could make puddings
like your Mother
a mishnery that sells Rum
is the mnest of God's crechers
a bulfite is not what it is
cract up to Be
i am 6.13
but my father was 6 foot 4*

The seamstress had taught school one winter, and she could not refrain from making an attempt to reform Mr. Smith's orthography. One evening, in answer to this communication—

*i killed a Bare once 600
lbs waight*

she wrote:—

Isn't it generally spelled Bear?

but she gave up the attempt when he responded—

*a bare is a mene animal any
way you spell him.*

And all this time Mr. Smith kept his vow of silence unbroken, though the seamstress sometimes tempted him with little ejaculations and exclamations to which he might have responded. He was silent and invisible. Only the smoke of his pipe and the click of his mug as he set it down on the cornice told her that a living, material Smith was her correspondent. They never met on the stairs, for their hours of coming and going did not coincide. Once or twice they passed each other in the street—but Mr. Smith looked straight ahead of him, about a foot over her head. The little

seamstress thought he was was a very fine-looking man, with his six-foot-one and three-quarters and his thick brown beard. Most people would have called him plain.

Once she spoke to him. She was coming home one summer evening, and a gang of corner-loafers stopped her and demanded money to buy beer. Before she had time to be frightened Mr. Smith appeared—whence, she knew not—scattered the gang like chaff, and, collaring two of the human hyenas, kicked them, with deliberate, ponderous, alternate kicks, until they writhed in ineffable agony.

When he let them crawl away she turned to him and thanked him warmly, looking very pretty now, with the color in her cheeks. But Mr. Smith answered not a word. He stared over her head, grew red in the face, fidgeted nervously, but held his peace until his eyes fell on a rotund policeman passing by:

"I say, Bobby!"—ard.

The constable stood aghast.

"I ain't got nothing to write with," thundered Mr. Smith, looking him in the eye. And then the man of his word passed on his way.

And so the summer went on, and the two correspondents chatted silently from window to window, hid from sight of all the world below by the friendly cornice. As they looked out over the roof they saw the green of Tompkins-square grow darker and dusker as the months went on.

Mr. Smith was given to Sunday trips into the suburbs, and he never came back without a bunch of daisies—or, later, asters—for the little seamstress. Sometimes, with a sagacity rare in his sex, he brought her a whole plant with fresh loam for potting.

He gave her also a reel in a bottle, which, he wrote, he had "maid" himself; also some coral, and a dried flying-fish, that was somewhat fearful to look upon, with its sword-like fins, and its hollow eyes. At first, she could not go to sleep with that flying-fish hanging on the wall.

But he surprised the little seamstress very much one cool September evening when he shoved this letter along the cornice:—

Respected and Honored Madam:

Having long and vainly sought an opportunity to convey to you the expression of my sentiments, I now avail myself of the privilege of epistolary communication to acquaint you with the fact that the Emotions, which you have raised in my breast, are those which should print to Connubial Love and Affection rather than to simple Friendship. In short, Madam, I have the Honor to approach you with a Proposal, the acceptance of which will fill me with ecstatic Gratitude, and enable me to extend to you those Protecting Care, which the Matrimonial Bond makes at once the Duty and the Privilege of him, who would, at no distant date, lead to the Hymeneal Altar one whose charms and virtues should suffice to kindle it Flames, without extraneous Aid

*I remain, Dear Madam,
your Humble Servant and
Ardent Adorer, J. Smith.*

The little seamstress gazed at this letter a long time. Perhaps she was wondering in what "Ready Letter-Writer" of the last century Mr. Smith had found his form. Perhaps she was amazed at the results of his first attempt at punctuation. Perhaps she was thinking of something else, for there were tears in her eyes and a smile on her small mouth.

But it must have been a long time, and Mr. Smith must have grown nervous, for presently another communication came along the line where the top of the cornice was worn smooth. It read:—

*If not understood will you
marry me*

The little seamstress seized the piece of paper and wrote:—

If I say Yes, will you speak to me?

Then she rose and passed it out to him, leaning out of the window, and their faces met.

**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.
Ostrich Feathers Cleaned, Dyed and Curled. Work done at Lowest Rates. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

The Ladies' Column.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—Into one pint of flour mix two teaspoonfuls of tartar. In one cup of milk dissolve one teaspoonful of soda. Beat two eggs with two tablespoonfuls butter and three of sugar. Add the milk, and then stir in the flour. Beat well, and bake in a quick oven.

FRENCH CROUTES.—Although the foundation of these little appetisers is simply bread, let no one despise them on that account, as they are really most delicious little morsels. Cut slices of bread, half an inch thick, from a stale loaf; stamp these out in small rounds, or cut them into tiny squares, diamonds, or finger pieces, and soak for a few minutes in milk, or good stock. When moistened all through, drain the croutes well, and coat them entirely over with a savory mixture composed of finely mixed parsley, sifted bread crumbs, a pinch of minced herb powder, and pepper and salt. If a small quantity of grated ham or tongue, or a little finely-minced chicken can conveniently be added to the above ingredients, so much the better, but it is not at all necessary. Press the coating firmly in, and fry the croutes in boiling clarified fat until coloured a lovely golden brown; then drain thoroughly, and serve crisp and dry, tastefully arranged on a hot dish-paper, and garnished with sprigs of parsley.

Methinks every gentlewoman, even though she be not blessed with the purse of Fortunatus, delights to hear about all the pretty things destined to adorn the homes of her wealthier sisters. Messrs. Phillips, of Oxford street, have just designed a table decoration, which even *sin de siècle* luxury can hardly surpass in elegance and costliness. The drapery, of finest damask, is almost lost to sight, for laid down each side, and across top and bottom, are slips of rich, white, corded silk about two feet wide, bordered with silken fringe, and exquisitely embroidered with a geometrical design of orchids in subdued colouring. The centre-piece, a bowl of cut crystal and ormolu, holds a delicate spreading palm embedded in velvety moss; this is flanked on either side by graceful lamps, also of crystal, at whose base are receptacles for natural orchids (cypridium being the variety used in this instance) and ferns. At each corner of the table is a candelabrum harmonising with the lamps in design, and, like them, holding the same rare blooms. Single orchids and sprays of ferns are strewn carelessly about among the many bonbon dishes, etc., and soft lamplight sheds a roseate softness over all, through shades of tender pink. The feast worthy to grace this dainty board should be at least the conception of the famous Amphitryon chef.

There never has been a season where so much fine jet trimming has been imported; and everything can be trimmed with it; in some cases even little girls' dresses. Chenille fringe, heavily besprinkled with jet, is very rich trimming to put upon wraps.

A dainty new bonnet is flat and saucer-shaped, of black lace, with a wreath of velvet primroses.

THE BREAKFAST TABLE AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

I am anxious to have a little chat with my readers on the above subject, because I feel sure that if once the true value and vast importance of a punctually-served, daintily-cooked meal with which to begin the day were fully realised, the average English breakfast would soon become what it ought to be, namely, the brightest, costi-

est, and most cheery meal of the day. Instead of this being so, however, I fear that in many households it is just the reverse. Owing to no preparation having been made for the meal the previous night, all is hurry and confusion, and consequently nothing is done properly. The cloth is carelessly laid, not half the necessary articles being on the table, and the dishes, no matter how simple they may be, are not only badly cooked, and served in a most slovenly, uninviting fashion, but they fail to make their appearance until several minutes behind time—a circumstance in itself sufficient to upset everybody's temper, especially that of the husband, who, in all probability, is obliged to leave home at a fixed hour, breakfast or no breakfast. The loss of those few minutes leaves him barely time to hastily and silently swallow a few mouthfuls when off he must rush—certainly in anything but a fit frame of mind—to face the difficulties of the day; feeling, perhaps, a sense of relief that he is able, for some hours at any rate, to leave behind him such a scene of disorder. But, indeed, every member of the home feels, to some extent, the influence of such a meal, and if things are allowed to go on in this fashion morning after morning, “week in, week out,” as they are in some households with which I am acquainted, all quiet, harmonious home comfort will speedily be destroyed. Happily, however, there is not the slightest necessity for this state of worry and discomfort to exist, a little kindly forethought and good management on the part of the housewife being all that is required to prevent it.

And now let me offer, just briefly a few suggestions as to what, in my opinion, the breakfast table ought to be. First of all, I think, the cloth should be laid as neatly and prettily as possible, all the articles placed upon it being spotlessly clean and bright. Then the meal should always be served in good time, so as to afford an opportunity for a little pleasant chat amongst the members of the family before they separate each to take part in the day's work, whatever that may happen to be; then lastly, seeing that the majority of people are troubled with a rather capricious appetite in a morning, let the dishes served for breakfast be dainty and appetising.

I expect some of my readers will feel inclined to turn away here, and say that only those fortunate folks who are possessed of large means can command a breakfast table like this, and that it is no use for them to try and do likewise. But this is really a thorough mistake. A well-supplied breakfast table does not, by any means involve a large outlay, for there are many dainty dishes which are composed of mere scraps; yet which, when nicely cooked, and tastefully served, never fail to meet with full appreciation.

133 BARRINGTON STREET.**WILLIAM CROWE,**

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Berlin Wools, Yarns, Fleeces.

And all kinds of Ladies' Fancy Work and Materials

— AGENCY FOR —

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

BROWN BROS. & CO.,

Duffus' 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.

FISHING --No. VII.

And on this sweet day, when on going out, the wind meets you at every corner and says, "You fool, why did you not by spending more money with your tailor, prepare for such a day?" and still goes on whistling around you a yet more cheery tune (?) of days to come, when it will be out of your power to feel its keenness that I have now to write on fishing. This is the time, too, when a visitor picks up from the drawing room table—while the lady of the house is spending such an inordinate amount of time in preparing that toilette, which will eventually captivate—an illustrated magazine in which he will see the prettiest of devices all in praises of—Spring! (Oh, gracious, has the roof come off at last, then, or can it be, that noise is due to the sighings of the servant girls for their warriors, who dare not face the elements?) In our picture of Spring are, in the language of the poets, maidens fair; to some prudish minds airily clad, gambolling with little lambs and dancing in the dells through which trills the rippling brook. The picturesque follower of Pan is piping, as is his delight, to his meandering herd; the trees, all in their garb of lively green, are made still more alive by the notes of unseen birds, who return thanks for having lived to another season. This picture of Spring finishes up by giving the idea of two lovers wandering through dew laden meads, lost to all save to themselves individually.

Such still is the portrait given of Spring. Then if you please, turn to the letter press; the poet makes Spring pall upon you, the thing is too good, no promise here, its Spring of the "blue blooded" type, and its here now, encircling you with arms that a modern divorce court could hardly unloosen. Now, having taken all these sentiments and having got satiated with sweet scented bowers, woods made glorious with the vocal strains of unseen birds, the dew as diamonds scattered on the grass, you say "What an ass I am not to have known all this before!" Off you go, order innumerable check waistcoats, invest in summery unmentionables, and issue forth with a birds eye tie to take a birds eye view of the surroundings.—This is what takes the glamour from your eyes; this is what meets you; something whistles round you, you can't see it, because your eyes are filled up with dust and other abominations—you look for blue clouds, which you were promised, they are not there,—then,—and then only then, you go home, sadly,—remove Stanford's masterpiece of a spring suit, get into bed, send for the family doctor, in the meantime ordering up unlimited supplies of hot gruel (and rum) finally collapsing to an attack of La Grippe, heartily in your haste asserting "all men are liars" more especially artists and poetical writers in Magazines.

Before starting to give a few hints on how to use the various materials made for salmon and trout fishing, I would answer a query to hand, of what to make a good dressing for lines? The best I know of, and which has always given satisfaction, consists equal parts of raw linseed oil, and best copal varnish, boil this mixture till it singes a feather (this should be done out of doors, owing to the inflammable nature of the solution,) when cold put the line into soak—a week will be enough for a solid plaited line—when thoroughly saturated, on the first fine day, put the line out to dry, stretching at its full length, fastened at both ends, and all superfluous dressing being carefully removed with a dry cloth—a line should not be used for quite six months after dressing.

Flies.—There is more difference of opinion about salmon flies than with any accessory of the fishing art. Some people assert it is necessary to use different patterns every month, others that these same patterns are only suitable on certain rivers, and that it is useless to fish with any other. Another theory is that certain colours must be used on certain days. My own idea is that it depends far more on the 'colour' than on the 'pattern,' this seems far more plausible, for no doubt, the fish are able to see the flies far better on some rivers than on others, whether this is brought about by the colour of the water, or the surroundings I will not venture an opinion. Once fishing in the Shannon, and only having provided

myself with flies I had taken from England, in place of the gaudy Shannon flies, that the boatmen of that river delight in, I was forced to use what I had. Much to the chagrin of these boatmen, my more sober tinted lure did more damage than theirs, and they said they could only account for it, by the fact of the fish being tired of the Shannon flies. But there was one thing against this, and that was that every fish I caught had sea lice on them, so I presume that those that were tired of the gaudier description of fly, had not yet returned from the sea! A man I know, who has accounted for as many salmon as most, never puts wings on his flies at all; these flies are made of various colours of seal's fur and mohair, with hackles to match. Again, far before the 'pattern' is the 'size' of the fly used. The large gaudy flies used on a large river like the Shannon, are not suitable for ordinary-sized rivers.

On arriving at the river, the angler should carefully examine the pool he is about to fish, so as to find out the colour and depth of the stream, and whether it be rapid running or not. If it is deep and rapid and coloured after a fresh, then a large sized fly should be used. In spring and autumn salmon will be taken with a larger fly than in the summer. It is impossible to lay down any real rule for selecting the fly to be used, the art of doing so is only gained by long experience. When a man is seen continually changing his flies, the sport is bad, and the fact is the fish are not moving, change of fly may, perhaps bring about better sport but I very much doubt it. Again, it is said this fish gets tired of seeing the flies, and shy by being so fished over, but the opinion of many fishermen is that it is the angler, who gets tired of casting with no return. There is one great thing that enhances the pleasure of a salmon fisherman in being able to tie his own flies. Some there are who go so far as to say that a man cannot be a first class angler if he cannot do this,—still this is going too far, for on the same principle they should also make all the gear they use. But after all fly tying is really a very interesting diversion for a wet afternoon, that is if the performer is of an equable temperament.

Again there is the satisfaction of knowing that if you land your fish it is not only by your skill as a fisherman, but also it was done with a fly of his own making. In selecting bought flies great care should be taken to see they are firmly tied.

To test this, hold the bend of the hook between finger and thumb of the left hand, and the head, where the wing is attached in those of the right hand, if the wing is firmly put on it cannot be moved, but if badly tied, the wing can be moved easily right and left away from its proper position. The loop of the fly should be carefully examined, test them by giving them a good strong pull. Before a fly is used the hook should be tested by holding the shank between the finger and thumb, and inserting the point in a piece of soft wood, giving it a moderately hard pull. Please do not think that I distrust the goods purveyed by our local trades-

!

Say, Come in and See Us!

All you who are looking for Best Goods at Lowest Prices!

We keep in stock many things not usually kept by Grocers' generally. Try our Royal Beef-steak Sauce, and Imperial Tomato Ketchup, as sold by us by the pint, quart or gallon.

We are anxious at all times to see new faces. We will endeavor to make it worth your time to call and see us often. Just bring a little list with you and see if we don't surprise you. Mary Ann and John were here last week, and they were so well pleased that they resolved to become customers. We think you will too.

Are you looking for Good Tea, then try our special 5 lbs for \$1.00.
Our Wine and Liquor department is complete.

L. E. BROOKES & CO.,

Telephone 396,

BRUNSWICK ST.

men who sell these things, but I am fully aware that some of the wholesale houses do make an inferior article *to sell*, which if not found out when buying from the local retailer gets that maybe worthy man into trouble. I will here give the names and descriptions of a few standard flies, these, what may be called "general," suitable for any water, and not trusting on the purely local flies, some of which may be called both "wonderful and awful" emanations of a disordered brain.

Among flies there is no doubt but that the "Jock Scott" holds the pride of place. It is probably the best known fly that swims. It was invented by the late Lord John Scott's keeper.—I mean his game-keeper—about fifty years ago. It consists of *Tug*: Silver twist and light yellow silk. *Tail*: a topping and Indian crow. *Butt*: Black herl. *Body*: In two equal sections, the first light yellow silk, ribbed with fine tinsel silver. The second half black silk with a natural black hackle down it and ribbed with silver lace and twist.—*Throat*: Gallina. *Wings*: Two strips of bustard and grey mallard, with strands of golden pheasant tail, red macaw, and blue and yellow dyed swan over. *Sides*: Jungle fowl. *Horns*: Blue Macaw. *Head*: Black herl.

This is a good fly for Amateurs to practice on!

The Butcher.—About the oldest fly known.

Tug.—Silver twist and dark yellow silk.

Tail.—Topping, teal, and powdered blue macaw. *Butt* black herl.

Body.—In four divisions, beginning with light red-claret, and finishing with dark blue seal's furs.

Hackle.—Natural black.

Throat.—Yellow hackle and gallina.

Wings.—One tippet feather, and breast feather from golden pheasant. Both covered on the sides with strips of teal, bustard, and peacock, with strands of parrot, and swan dyed yellow.

Horns.—Blue Macaw.

Head.—Black herl.

I find I have no more space in this article but will give one or two more flies in next.

WALTER LEIGH.

LE BON MARCHE

→* SHOW DAYS *←

PARIS AND LONDON PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS.

March 25th and 26th, and following days.

YOU ARE INVITED

LE BON MARCHE.

MISS LEAR, ART STUDIO,

Room No. 14. 60 BEDFORD ROW.

Pupils taken on Tuesday and Saturday by appointment.

≡ DANCING. ≡

MISS ELAINE GLISKA'S last course of DANCING CLASSES is just commencing, and will be concluded in about two months.

AFTERNOON & EVENING CLASSES,

TWO DAYS EVERY WEEK.

Private Lessons can be arranged for.

Those wishing to join should send in their names AT ONCE to Cambridge House.

Provincial Notes.

WINDSOR.—There was a pleasant dance at Mrs. Christie's on Thursday evening, May 14th. It was a very enjoyable affair, as the hostess spared no pains to make her guests happy and the host was geniality itself.

Despite the threatening weather last Saturday, quite a large walking party started from Mrs. Forsythe's residence, at 2.30 p. m. for the woods on the Falmouth side of the Avon. The day was not too hot, and the walking was very pleasant. "All went happy as a wedding bell," till just as tea was ready. Suddenly the rain descended on the many outspread dainties and continued with a persistency worthy a better cause. There was nothing to be done but to hurry one's tea and start for home, when all arrived in instalments of two, drenched, but nevertheless cheerful, and the day was voted on the whole very successful.

Mr. Harry King, (jnr) has returned to Windsor from St John N. B.

The Rev. George Haslam, M. A. rector of Lunenburg, preached twice at Christ church on Sunday to a very appreciative congregation.

The President and Mrs. Willets, spent the short Whitsun holiday at Grand Pre. Dr. Willets conducted the service at Wolfville, on Sunday.

Mr. George Caulfield, who spent some months in Windsor, two years ago, was at the "Victoria" last week.

The town were victorious in a return cricket match, with the College, on Whit-Monday. This gives each club one game. We hear a third one, to decide the contest, will be played shortly.

Both the Parish Church and Hensley Memorial Chapel, had beautiful flowers on the Altar on Whit-Sunday. The choir at the latter place was largely reinforced by boys from the the Collegiate school, and the singing was very hearty. I thought that a few more tenors, would have been advisable.

We regret to hear of the accident to his leg, that Mr. Edward Dimiock has had in the States, whither he lately went. We hope to soon hear news of his rapid recovery.

Dr. Ryan was suddenly called away last week to Sussex N. B. where his mother is lying seriously ill. We trust that we shall soon hear favourable news of her.

97 — TO — 101
BARRINGTON STREET.

MAHON BROS.

The Largest Retail Dry Goods House in the City.

"Discount for Cash"



TROUT RODS,
REELS, LINES, FLYS and CASTS,

At prices that have never before been
quoted in this City.

THOMAS J. EGAN,
177 LOWER WATER ST.

English Jottings.

In its way the most noteworthy piece now on the London stage is *L'Enfant Prodiges*, which is played every night at the Prince of Wales's Theatre with the quite unusual supplement of three *matinees* a week. This revival of a very old adventure in theatrical performances came over from Paris a few weeks ago, and was modestly placed on the bills at a *matinee*. It was thought to be too slight and altogether too un-English to justify the approbation of an evening. It caught on at once, was transferred to the evening, and now fills the theatre night and day. It is the domestic story of the Prodigal Son told without words, and so eloquently, humorously, graphically translated by the gestures and facial expression of the half-dozen French women and Frenchmen who reproduce it that words would seem superfluous. Looking on at some of the scenes, one feels, indeed, that words would spoil the play, a conviction which is the highest tribute to the genius of the performance.

The following fragments of a correspondence between Messrs. Maconochie Brothers and the Post office are instructive:—

"Next month we shall have 100,000 circulars for British Colonies. If posted on Continent will cost, roughly speaking, £200; if posted in England £700. Please telegraph whether any likelihood of reduction in British rates. If not, to economise time and expense, shall probably have these printed, addressed, wrapped, and mailed in Belgium."

[REPLY.]

"No reduction is contemplated in the postage on printed circulars for British Colonies."

Mr. E. S. Willard, the well-known English actor, is now at Chicago, where he has achieved a great success in *Jo. n Needham's Double*.

No one but the very young seem to partake of sweets at dinner now-a-days, and most people eschew sugar even in their tea and coffee, in fact the fear of becoming fat bids fair to abolish the sugar basin altogether, and to substitute the little saccharine tabloids which everyone seems to carry in tiny bottles in their pocket. I had the honour of taking tea not long ago with H. R. H. the Princess Mary of Teck, and I observed that she popped a little saccharine tabloid into her cup and took no sugar. At one time our potions and powders were administered in a syrup made from boiled sugar, and I used always to have some ready to hand in my medicine chest. Now, however, pure glycerine is used instead, both domestically and by chemists and druggists. I am told that glycerine does not fatten, but its value as a vehicle for medicine is very great if it can be obtained really pure. It is curious to associate this bright, clear, pleasant syrup with candle making, but I believe it is obtained only in connection with the manufacture of candles, and that about thirty years ago, Messrs. Price, of candle celebrity, took out a patent for the production of glycerine by distillation. Everybody knows the appearance of their squarish, firm-standing bottle with a metal capsule over the top, and now I suppose everybody recognises the many and various uses of its contents. We swallow glycerine by order of the doctor, disguised or prescribed *au naturel*, and nothing is so effectual as an outside application to chapped hands or skin abrasions, if properly diluted. One may defy the east winds with a bottle of glycerine, on one's washing-stand, for a small quantity dropped into the palm of one hand, rubbed over the backs of both when giving the final rinse, and then carefully wiping them dry, will keep the hands soft and smooth, even if the water be hard. It is well to finish off with a dust of powder, which removes all stickiness, and leaves the hands quite pleasant to use. Knowing this, and believing in the use of pure glycerine, I am never without one of these substantial bottles, which I regard as a reservoir, from which to fill smaller and prettier vessels for toilet use.

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.

MISS TIMMARSH, 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. TOBIN, 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

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.

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

"CUT PRICES."

LATHAM & McCULLOCH

47 BARRINGTON STREET.

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

M. A. QUINN.

—25— BARRINGTON STREET. —25—

Fancy Goods, Indian Work and Curios

BOOKS, STATIONERY, ETC., SELLING OFF AT COST.

CHOICE PEARS,

FLORIDA ORANGES,

ASPINWALL BANANAS

GRAPES.

— AT —

MITCHELL'S,

George Street.

LEITH & HOUSE,

Established 1818

KELLEY & GLASSEY.

(SUCCESSORS TO ALEX. McLEOD & CO.)

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS,
HALIFAX, N. S.

NEW POLICE REGULATIONS—Following on the adoption of the raised scale of pay and the formation of a pension fund, Inverness Burgh Police have been placed under a new set of rules and conditions of service which is singularly minute in character. Among the negative stipulations is one to the effect that constables are not to be permitted to carry umbrellas when on duty in uniform; nor can they smoke or “keep company,” at least in the shape of dogs. Even in the matter of private debts the constable comes under the discretionary eye of the Superintendent: “he shall immediately pay such debts due by him as the Superintendent may direct,” but no mention is made as to where the money is to come from. “Each man,” it is also ordered, “shall devote his whole time to the service, and shall not, either directly or indirectly, carry on, or have any interest in any trade or business. He shall serve and reside wherever he is ordered, and shall not receive a lodger without the sanction of the Superintendent. He shall abstain from the expression of any party or sectarian opinions which may in the slightest degree be calculated to give offence, and he shall not belong to any political society, or any secret society, but he may be a Freemason. He shall not, on any pretext whatever, take money from any person either as a reward or gratuity without the express permission of the Superintendent.” For infringements of these and other rules, (134 in all), the constable is subject to fines “not exceeding one week’s pay for each offence.”

Electric lighting in private houses has at length taken a firm hold upon London society. Nearly all the best houses are lighted by electricity, and, as the supply companies are prospering, they constantly add improvement and inducement. When the electric light for house use first became a possibility, enthusiasts determined to have it were driven to draw supply from their own stores. Sir Arthur Sullivan, one of the first to use the electric light, had it made on the premises, albeit he lives in a flat in Victoria street. Now he has given up his private works, and takes his supply from one of the public companies. A well known Q. C., having the advantage of considerable garden ground in costly Kensington, still keeps on his works and his engineer, and is well satisfied with the result. His house is lavishly and beautifully lit. His latest device is an electric light in his brougham. This shines down from the roof, suffusing the interior with a beautiful steady glow that makes it as easy to read in the carriage by day as it is by night.

The Zone system of railway travelling, which has proved so successful in Austria and Hungary, as well as in some parts of Sweden, where it has been adopted, came into operation on the Cork and Blackrook Railway the other day. Thus Ireland has the credit of leading the way of an experiment to which all friends of railway reform will wish a success which may induce speedy imitation on more important railway systems.

The Registrar-General, replying, on April 29th, to a question, says the results of the recent census now appearing in the papers, and which in many instances are ludicrously and obviously incorrect, must have been furnished in direct contravention of the census instructions. The preliminary report will probably be presented to Parliament before the end of June.

LADIES' EMPORIUM.
Flowers!

MILLINERY NOVELTIES! FINE WHITE GOODS!
A. O'CONNOR, 49 Barrington St.

GABRIEL'S 17 BUCKINGHAM ST.

DR. SCANS:—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!

“Oivat  Regina.”

*** Queen * Hotel. ***

227 “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 requirements of a first-class hotel.”—*The Sun.*

228 “The ‘Windsor’ of Halifax” —*Montreal Gazette.*

229 “The cuisine is the best of any hotel in the Maritime Provinces.”—*Globe.*

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

A. B. SHERATON, - - - Manager.



THOS. ROBINSON,
Livery & Boarding Stables.
No. 4 DOYLE ST., near Spring Garden Road
HALIFAX, N. S.
Conveyances to be had at all hours, Day or Night.

— **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.

— **EASTER.** —

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

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

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.

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 Fonts,
and Cemetery Work of all kinds.
Orders from the Country promptly attended to. Designs furnished on application

TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene.
Sister, lemme 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

Call and Get a gold or Silver Wish-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.

(Continued from page 5.)

Guards,—ladies, officers and men,—came forward nobly and contributed greatly to the success of the affair, which ought to put a good sun in the fund, and be held as greatly to the credit of Prince George, who was mainly instrumental in getting it up. Some of the singing was very good indeed—almost professional.

News from Bermuda would be incomplete without a word as to how the Grenadiers are suffering their banishment. All are agreed in saying that a pleasanter lot of fellows than the officers were never met, and that it is wonderful how they have settled down to the dull routine of life here, after having been accustomed to all the delights of London. They fish, they sail boats, they garden, they keep chickens and cows, they play cricket,—in fact do all that in them lies to wile away the tedious time,—but the hours must notwithstanding, hang heavily on their hands, for they have but little work, all their men being employed on engineering works. As one of them said, the best of the place was that one could wear out one's old clothes so well. The men have little to complain of, they have plenty to do, and get extra pay for it. with no guards as in London, where they have about one night out in four, and but few parades. In fact many of them will be sorry to leave Bermuda.

"THE BEDFORD,"

BEDFORD, 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 580.

J. C. MORRISON, Proprietor.

M. T. CONROY.

Dry Goods and Millinery,

39 BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

→ TOM BARTLOW, ←
23 ALMON STREET,

Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Pressed at very Reasonable Terms.

Articles called for.

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, Bric-a-Brac and Sundries, appropriate for Holiday and other presents.

128 & 130 GRANVILLE STREET.

OUR SPECIAL DEPARTMENT

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

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.

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

FOR SALE.—3 First Class Art Union Engravings. A bargain. Apply at, OUR SOCIETY, Office.

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 9 MORRIS ST.

WANTED.—Two Cook-Housekeepers, both for small families.

NOTICE:—Any lady wanting a house-maid or nurse can obtain the same by applying at once (by letter) to, The Editor, Cambridge House.

WANTED.—A good general servant to go to Antigonish. Must have good reference. Apply "Editor," Cambridge House.

WANTED.—Three good general servants to live in Halifax. Also a competent housemaid. Apply Editor Cambridge House.

LAW AND MEDICAL PRELIMINARIES.—Mr. Walter Leigh is taking private pupils for the autumn examinations. Apply Cambridge House.

CLOTHING!

Juvenile Boys' and Mens'.

CUSTOM & READY-MADE.

ARTISTIC AND DURABLE.

CLAYTON & SONS, 11 Jacob St.

→* TELEPHONE 348. *←

NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY.

Lockman Street,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

PLANTS, ROSEBUDS and CHOICE FLOWERS.

→* HORSE CARS PASS NURSERY. *←

JAMES H. HARRIS, - - - MANAGER