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THE

BLUENOSE

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**"Incidents of
The First
Contingent's
Homecoming."**

BY
NORMAN MURRAY.
IN THIS NUMBER!

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THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

TN interesting and pertinent interview with Comte Etienne de Naleche, editor of the *Journal des Debats*, and members of his staff, on the subject of the relations between France and England, is published in a London paper. The gist of these gentlemen's opinion is that there is a general subsidence of the anxiety and suspicion with which Frenchmen as a body regarded England six months or a year ago. Even then the French attitude was rather defensive than offensive. Certainly, no one desired a conflict with Great Britain, although many feared that a clash was unavoidable. The English made a mistake in accepting certain coarse caricatures as evidences of deep national hostility. They ought to have taken into consideration the insignificance of the prints in which these offensive skits appeared. No intelligent Frenchman ever dreamed of attaching the least importance to them. They provoked a smile from the careless and were straightway forgotten. The English ought to remember the vast difference between the French temperament and their own. In France there was the utmost astonishment at the fierceness of the indignation excited by these irresponsible frivolities. Now each nation is beginning to perceive the injustice of which it has been guilty to the other. The gravest causes of difference have been settled, others are in a fair way of adjustment, and the chances of new disagreements are daily becoming more remote. The true policy for both is mutual friendship and confidence.

Some additional light is thrown upon the recent horrible massacres in the Amur region, by a letter published recently in London. The writer declares that they originated in a lamentable misunderstanding. According to his account, the Russian reservists arrived at Blagovestschensk on July 1, and for the first time drilled on the river bank. A crowd of spectators watched the proceedings. At the end of the drill the soldiers were ordered to bathe. There were 750, and the Chinese seeing them from the opposite bank as they jumped into the river, thought they were about to attack them. A band of Chinese fired a few shots from their cannon, and wounded five soldiers and killed three spectators. The next day 160 Cossacks crossed the river, burned the Chinese villages, and massacred the entire population. The Chinese of Aigun, persuaded that war had broken out, bombarded Blagovestschensk with some old wooden cannon,

which, in reality, did very little harm. The next day two regiments utterly destroyed the towns of Aigun and Saghaline, in which not a single inhabitant was spared. The Chinese ran away, after killing their women in order that they might not fall into the hands of the Cossacks. The children were saved, and forty were adopted by the Cossacks. Then, the writer says, the chief of police of Blagovestschensk, who had probably lost his head, ordered the population to drive the Chinese out of town. The town is inhabited by a great number of sectarians known as molokare, to whom the Chinese merchants give credit. It can be readily understood with what zeal the debtors fell upon the creditors. Thousands of the latter were driven into the river, their bodies were robbed, and their property confiscated.

For some time past certain French and Russian journals have been expressing sympathy for Spain on account of the isolated position which she holds in Europe. Now the *Rossia*, in an article which is thought to have official inspiration, suggests that Spain might easily assume a place more in accordance with her ancient dignity, by becoming a third party to the Franco-Russian Alliance. France, it says, would willingly supply the money needed for the reorganization of the Spanish army, and both countries would profit greatly by a consolidation of their commercial interests. Moreover, there is a great and natural sympathy between French and Spaniards. The English, the article then proceeds to argue, will continue to threaten and overawe Southern Europe through Gibraltar so long as a Spanish Ceuta stands on the opposite side of the Straits. "But once Spain has ceded Ceuta to her French ally, the British will no longer be able to boast that the key of the Mediterranean remains in one pocket. For Spain herself it were an incalculable advantage to bring home to England the conviction that Gibraltar was a practically useless possession. The British Government might not even then be disposed to sell Gibraltar to Spain; but with the sight of the French flag flying over a strongly fortified Ceuta, the pride and glory of its rock fastness would wane before the fact that a second key to the Achillean gate was in the pocket of France, that is, in the pocket of Russia's faithful friend and ally." How the transfer of Ceuta is to be arranged without a war the *Rossia* does not explain.

The inhabitants of Crete are beginning to find out, that their island, though free

from Turkish interference in its internal management, is, nevertheless, territorially an integral part of the Turkish empire. The Ottoman flag still floats over the little island at the entrance to Suda Bay. Whatever the Constitution may pretend, Crete is not an independent territory, and Prince George of Greece is in the position of a vassal prince of the Ottoman empire. Moreover, the present arrangement leaves the Cretans under certain positive disabilities. If, for instance, they desire to trade with or travel in other parts of the Ottoman dominion, they do not possess the status and accompanying rights of Turkish subjects, but are practically foreigners, without any consul to whom they could appeal for assistance or advice in the event of their falling into any trouble. What the Cretans desire is a real independence. Their earlier zeal to be incorporated in the Greek kingdom has been abating rapidly. They think they could do better for themselves.

According to the latest reports from France the coal crisis in that country is rapidly approaching the acute stage. The rise in price is already considerable, and, with the winter close at hand, the outlook is serious. Railway companies have been forced to order coal from America, in order to replenish the reserve stock, for in the event of a mobilization of troops, it would have been impossible, it is said, to have found fuel for the number of trains required. But railroads are not the only sufferers. Laundries, wash-houses and baths are in an especially bad way on account of the great increase in working expenses. It is feared that a great number of these establishments will have to close, throwing hundreds of persons out of employment on the threshold of winter.

Up in an obscure corner of North Wales the only gold mine in the United Kingdom is being worked. It is known as St. David's. Here a profitable plant, covering 730 acres, is in operation. The total results from all sources show a recovery of fourteen and one-half pennyweights gold per ton of ore, and the total cost of mining, milling and concentration is placed at the extremely low figure of 8 shillings (\$2) a ton. The St. David's mine is said to be still undiscovered as far as its ultimate possibilities are concerned.

Advices from Newfoundland say that now that the fishing season has closed it becomes possible to form an approximate estimate of the results. Lately the weather has been fine, and much has been done by the fishermen in many localities to make up for deficits in the earlier part of the season. Although there are many short catches on the Labrador coast, yet on the whole the fishery of 1900 will be a fair average, and Newfoundland will be able to reckon this a fairly prosperous year.



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“THE intelligent electorate of this country” went to the polls on Wednesday—those that weren’t driven—and voted each man respectively in support of his favorite political principles, or rather prejudices. Next day the bird of dawn sang a song of victory in the *Morning Chronicle*, with his picture in full view on the front page. This result upset the opinion that circumstances had forced upon us much to our reluctance—the opinion seeming unnatural and strange—that the polling would return the opposition to power with a majority of fifty and at the same time confirm the government in its position with an equal majority. A strange, almost idiotic opinion; but what other could we form? The termination of the elections was an absolute necessity to help us from the confusion into which we were forced. For had we not read faithfully the truthful reports in the press on both sides of politics? Had we not been told in all honest seriousness by partymen on both sides that their respective sides were sure to win? What other conclusion could we arrive at? Yet we did arrive at

another and we were forced to it by the very same circumstances; and although this conclusion conflicted diametrically with the other, still it was inevitable and to our further confusion we had to try and reconcile the two. For had we not read faithfully the truthful reports in the press on both sides of politics? Had we not been told in all honest seriousness by partymen on both sides that their respective opponents were not to win? All things taken into consideration, then, the only possible prospect last Saturday was that to-day we should have both parties in power and both out at the same time; that we would have two governments and at the same time have none at all. An illogical ground, it would seem, and yet logical; for assuming that our premises were all true—and who would venture to think anything different—it was the only opinion open to us, so we accepted it awaiting the decision of the people to relieve us from our perplexity. And now the whole business is over and we are to have five years more of pure and progressive government and at the same time five years of extravagance and corruption. We shall have to wait five years to have our confusion straightened on the latter point. For are we not told by the press and partymen of one side that the former will be so, and by the press and partymen of the other side that the latter will be so? And are they not all truthful and honorable? How can we help but share in the confusion that is inevitable to every faithful and consistent reader and listener!

But looking at the matter seriously. The returns show that the government has been sustained by a large majority and for that reason the Liberals will bear rule in Canada for possibly five years longer. Liberals feel elated. Conservatives, if not cast down, are at least disappointed. Both sides put up a strong fight and if the Conservatives did lose they lost in facing great odds. Being in power in times of prosperity is a factor that entrenches a government more strongly probably than any other. No great issue such as those which settled the fates of previous governments was to the fore during the late campaign; consequently the Liberals came out of it with their hopes largely realized. Now then looking to the future. There being no wide divergency of policy between the two parties, the Conservatives will probably rest more content with the decision of the majority than if the Liberals were committed to one diametrically opposed to that which Conservatives claim to be in the country’s best interests. The people generally will go to their business again and trust the government to conduct the affairs of the country wisely but watchful of its doings that nothing detrimental to Canada’s great interests shall be done without requiring an account thereof at the proper time.

DOES advertising pay? This is a question upon which many people in the local field are somewhat unsettled.

They do admit the success which advertising has achieved in other places, but

they doubt much if it is really all that the newspapers claim of it as a trade inducing factor at home.

The BLUENOSE ran across a convert this week, however, who is likely to remain a strong advocate of “printers ink.” This is the story of his conversion, as he told it to us:

“A few months ago I was offered a space in a certain trade paper (not Halifax) at \$35 a year. I submitted the proposition to my partner, and he at first said NO. Finally I persuaded him to give the contract a years trial and we did. Last week we received a cash order from a firm we had never before heard of. The net profit on the same was \$165.

“Do you think there is any doubt in our mind now as to whether advertising pays?”

THE “Hawarden Castle” is now en route from Cape Town to England with the remainder of the First Contingent of Canadians on board. As they are to go to the old country before their return to Canada, it will be some time before they arrive in Halifax. But when they do arrive, what then? Are we going to give them a cordial reception? People watch the process of disintegration in the arches and say that Halifax did herself proud last week, but she won’t be able to work up such a celebration when the other men come home. That’s nonsense. It’s foolish to talk that way, for as sure as people do it they will dampen their own ardour and when the time comes the next celebration will fall flat. On the other hand let everybody say that when the other boys come home Halifax will enthuse up to the same red hot point she did before, and do herself proud again—and then we’ll do it. There is no reason why we shouldn’t welcome the balance of the First Contingent as we received the first instalment that came home: they did the same work and deserve the same compliment. We hope that everyone who reads this BLUENOSE will talk up the next celebration as hard as he can.

A MAGAZINE recently published in London contained a communication from a gentleman with artistic tastes, advocating the formation in the city of a “Board of Beauty,” the object of such a board being to control the erection of buildings in the British metropolis in conformity with some acknowledged standards of architectural excellence. Something of the same sort is wanted in Halifax. A “Board of Beauty” could do much to improve the appearance of this city. Two or three years ago an organization having very laudable aims and a very similar purpose was formed and we believe still exists, but we are not aware that it has done any active work. It should be galvanized into life, for Halifax can still stand some improvement. Such an organization in this city should not confine its attention to the buildings alone, for streets, tree planting, and various interests should come under its consideration. Everybody in Halifax who has the philosophy of taste and the science of the beautiful and could be relied upon to exert their influence against the violence now done to our aesthetic feelings, should support a movement in this direction and endeavor to work up an interest in a local “Board of Beauty.”

❁ ❁ A STUDENTS' NIGHT AT THE THEATRE. ❁ ❁

*"In Dalhousie by the sea
"Where we live a life so free
"And we have our little pleasures
"Aided by the Faculty."*

THE evening at the Academy of Music last Saturday was greatly enlivened by the presence in the balcony of about two hundred students from Dalhousie College. It was Dalhousie night at the theatre. The boys had bought seats to the tune of nearly seventy dollars' worth and went to see "Hamlet" and give vent to their good feelings. Their representatives on the gridiron had won the senior trophy, the Dalhousians who had a little over a year ago gone to South Africa were back home again, so there was a lot to feel good about and abundant excuse for making plenty of noise.

It might not have been considered different from any other night—last Saturday—up to a few minutes before the time of the performance, but all of a sudden the air was rent with the noise of 200 voices saying,

One—two—three,
U—pi—dee,
Dal—hou—sie;

which explosion was immediately followed by the yell of newer creation,

Who are, who are, who are we,
We are, we are, Dalhousie,
Are we in it, I should smile,
We've been in it a L-O-N-G while.

And then people who hadn't been expecting anything knew that there was something up.

This little preliminary, this introduction of themselves was followed by the "national anthem" of Dalhousians, a hymn of prayer for the professors who have the power to "pluck". This hymn requires explanation to be understood by the uninitiated. It has point that one needs to be a Dalhousian to appreciate. To the general public perhaps it will have to be explained that the names in the verses are the Christian names of the professors. This is not irreverence on the part of the student. The spirit that makes him want to speak of his Professor of Classics as "Howard," and his Professor of Mathematics as "Charlie" cannot be explained. You must be a student and go through a student's experiences and know what it is like to get out of examinations whole, before you can understand why a student that has the profoundest respect for his professors, call them Howard and Charlie and so on. But it's the way they have at Dalhousie. The professors know it, and they only smile when they hear themselves so called,—behind their backs, of course, in college parodies and in student literature—they

only smile, for it's no use to do anything else. So all the professors are called by their students just as they would be called by their wives, and the President, being over the whole number, professors and students, is dignified by the title of "Lord" John. This much explanation then will indicate to people who know little of college life, some of the point of the following patriotic song to the air of "God Save the Queen."

Long live our president,
Calmly his years be spent!
Long live Lord John.
May he victorious,
In scirms uproarious,
Long time reign over us,
Long live Lord John.

On Law and Science Deans,
And Charlie by all means,
May blessings dwell;
Howard and Walter C.
Still have immunity
From pranks,—but we shall see,
For time will tell.

May Archie, as of yore,
Maintain the open door
Though Heavens fall.
May Eben with his key
Unlock each mystery,
And James be there to see
So say we all.

The "scirms uproarious" are the favorite amusement of Sophomores who persecute Freshmen by mobbing them in the college corridors. The Professors of Classics and Philosophy have not yet been the victims of student pranks, but there is a mild intimation that they may be some day, "for time will tell." The little allusion to the "open door" recalls a time when the Professor of English went up to his class-room, and found it full of uproarious and cheerful students, but the door—locked against him. The "mysteries" that "Eben" unlocks are the mysteries of science. "James" is Professor of Modern Languages.

The "patriotic" song so explained was the first number on the Saturday night programme. For they had a programme, a regular programme printed on paper and distributed. The second number was a football song to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia," of which the refrain was as follows:—

Hurrah, hurrah, we'll rush the ball
along,
A kick, a shove, we push right
through the throng,
No line can stop our fellows in their
rushes fierce and strong,
While we are shouting for Dal-
housie.

Two songs they sang the other night had reference to the greatest prank played in Dalhousie in recent years. "Plutum

Gun Powderorum" was the name of one, the other was sung to the tune of "Friday Morning". Both recounted an event that happened last winter at the college at a time when part of the second Contingent was awaiting the transports to take it to South Africa. The Freshmen were holding council in the Munro room on the upper floor of the college, a room from the middle of whose ceiling a ventilating shaft opens into the attic. Two or three Sophomores while prepared a surprise for them above. Quietly they tied a cannon cracker to a string that it might be lowered into the room below. The match was touched to the fuse. At the proper time the cracker was let down. Only a few Freshmen saw it come. All heard it. Bang! Yes, it went off all right, and the Freshmen in consternation and disorder fled from the room. All through the building the terrific shock was felt and many classes in session at the time thought a great explosion had taken place in the chemical laboratory, and that the building, dear knows, might be on fire. Presently some Professors were on the scene and the men who did the deed came boldly down stairs and walked right into trouble. The same day they were fined forty-six dollars by the Senate. This little bit of history explains the point of the following stanza and others that were sung Saturday night to the tune of "Friday morning":—

On that self-same morn the freshmen had
met
In a room on the upper floor,
When a lyddite shell came swinging o'er
their heads.
And they rushed in a mass for the door.
Cyrus' tears were all in vain,
His children would not mind,
They hustled to the hall and never
gave a thought
To the girls they left behind.

With these and other songs having reference to incidents in which all had participated more or less, with the college and class yells, and cheers for Stairs, Oland, Murray, MacDonald, and Keefer (Dalhousie's South African heroes) the college boys entertained themselves and the audience during the intermissions between acts and before the curtain rose. They made one mistake. They should have made arrangements with the orchestra to accompany them. As it was, as soon as the curtain rang down on the close of an act, the students piped up a discord with the latter, which was amusing, but rather disheartening to the orchestra, who finally followed the gaze of the audience up into the balcony. No one objected to the student's programme. An interlude is all right, but a little entertainment by students is a variety; and particularly when they are good and their efforts organized, people like to give them a hearing.

All the boys applauded generously and, accompanied by professor's wives, the lady students enjoyed proceedings from the parquette. The boys were gallant too, for immediately on Miss O'Brien's appearance as Ophelia, they sent up a beautiful bouquet of chrysanthemums daintily tied with the college ribbons.

OUR FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS. THIRD ARTICLE.

In our last article we traced the history of the Bank of Nova Scotia from the time of its incorporation. We followed it through its earlier struggles referring to some of the ups and downs which marked



WM. ROBERTSON, ESQ.,
President Union Bank of Halifax.

the course of its onward progress, leaving it in the proud position which it occupies to-day among our local banks.

In the same year in which the Bank of Nova Scotia commenced business, (1832), the Provincial Savings Bank was established. It was, of course, only a bank of deposit, and its record hardly belongs to the history of commercial banking. It is somewhat interesting, however, as marking the inception of the Savings Bank system that is now recognized to be of great value and importance to the people of Canada, enabling them to deposit their savings in no matter how small amounts and with perfect security.

Four years later, in (1836), the Bank of British North America, which had been established a short time before in London under a Royal Charter, opened a branch in Halifax. This was for a long time commonly known as the "Branch Bank." It was opened in a miserable building on Hollis Street. The apartment was dark and dingy, but was not worse than the offices occupied by the other banks at that time. The local directorate was made up of prominent and influential men. It included Hon. Samuel Cunard, Hon. Alex. Stuart, Hon. James McNab and Hon. Wm. Black. The time of the opening of the Branch was not the most favorable. Immediately afterwards the most severe depression which the country has

ever experienced commenced. The panic of the following year (1837) was remembered for many years afterwards.

Stephen N. Binney, a well known citizen, was appointed manager, and he conducted the affairs of the Branch most successfully. It emerged from the "panic" period in fairly healthy condition. By means of branches established at different business centres through the province a large exchange business was secured. The stock of the bank was largely taken in Halifax, and was from the first considered a good investment. With the return of prosperity commencing in 1850, came the beginning of a rapid increase in the banking business of Halifax. Foreign markets for the products of the province greatly improved; everything had an upward tendency; the long period of paralysis came to an end and trade increased to such an extent that capitalists became convinced that there was room for still another bank, with the result that the Union Bank of Halifax was established. Meanwhile the Bank of British North America continued to extend its business, and down to the present time it has continued to hold a place among the leading banking institutions of Canada.

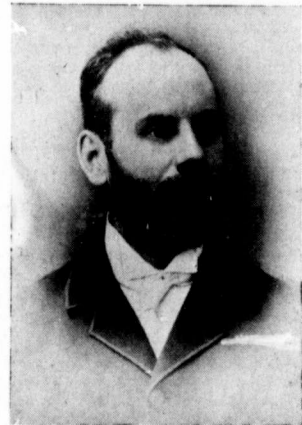
Union Bank of Halifax.

The Union Bank of Halifax was incorporated in 1856. As we have stated, it commenced business under very favorable auspices and at a time when the general trade of the country was in a flourishing condition. In many respects this bank may be said to rank among the most successful of our local banks. Its general policy from the beginning was conservative and it has been remarkable for its freedom from large losses. The result was that it was the first of our local banks to pay a dividend of 10 per cent. This it continued to do for some years during the earlier period of its history. William Stairs one of the leading men of Halifax was the first president of the bank. He was one of the most honorable and successful of the merchants of the city and a man of considerable means, whose business, for over half a century was known to be one of the most extensive in the city. The directors were all men of wealth and large business connection. They were:—James A. Moren, afterwards President, Thomas C. Kinnear, John Gibson, John W. Ritchie, Hon. Edward Kenny and John Duffus. W. S. Stirling, who was well known in banking circles, was the first cashier. The influence of the management of the bank secured for it a large number of wealthy customers. For many years the business of the bank went on evenly and smoothly and its record has been singularly successful and uneventful. In 1863 the present building was erected at a cost of \$40,000. For a long period no particular effort was made to attract new business. It was simply allowed to come of itself and when it did, was carefully conserved. During recent years, however, its policy has changed to some extent. Following the course of other banks it has branched out rapidly and widely, spread

ing its business over a much larger field. As a result the business has grown by leaps and bounds, and especially during the past year or two the development has been almost marvellous. It now has about twenty branches at important provincial points. The following comparative statement is interesting as showing the development which has taken place during 13 years but the remarkable growth during the past few months is not shown:

	1887.	1900.
Capital	\$ 500,000	\$ 680,000
Reserve Fund	40,000	365,000
Deposits	471,401	2,423,786
Circulation	148,442	467,680
Loans	789,880	3,141,106
P. D. Bills	52,139	15,019
Liabilities	804,426	3,443,520
Assets	1,358,209	4,220,515

Mr. Wm. J. Stairs was one of the first directors of the bank after his father's death. He continued on the directorate until March, 1883, when he was elected president, succeeding Mr. Jas. A. Moren. To Mr. Stairs' able efforts in directing the affairs of the bank was largely due its splendid success in the fourteen years during which he continued in office, and in some measure also the healthy condition in which it stands to-day. Mr. Stairs retired in 1898 and was succeeded by Mr. Wm. Robertson, who has held the office since. Mr. E. L. Thorne, who is General Manager, has had much to do with the success of the bank during recent



E. L. THORNE, ESQ.,
General Manager Union Bank of Halifax.

years. He has a thorough knowledge of banking, having risen step by step to the responsible position which he now occupies. He offers an example of what a young man may accomplish by pluck, perseverance and a careful study of the business in which he is engaged. Mr. C. N. S. Strickland, manager of the Halifax office, is well qualified for the position he holds and is one of the most popular of our local bank officials.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

LAST week's performances of "Hamlet" in the Academy of Music were the best we have yet seen by the Valentine Stock Company; for this play, offering as it does so many opportunities for strong characterization, was given a conscientious and intelligent rendering. Mr. King seems to improve in each successive Shakesperian drama. He made a good "Romeo"; a better "Iago", but an ideal Hamlet. Seldom has more consistent and faithful portraiture of any character been seen in our local theatre. Miss O'Brien as Ophelia was charming, throwing such an amount of realism into her part—particularly in the "mad" scene—as to appeal to the tenderest sentiment of her audience. Miss Blanche, with more than ordinary versatility, sustained the part of the Queen very cleverly. Mr. Hagar had a clear comprehension of the character of the "King" but his enunciation was not pleasing; he did not lack a thorough conception of the part, but his rigid, spasmodic gestures, a stiff and jerky walk, and various elocutionary vices have marred much of his best work. Mr. Whitty was not a success as Laertes, but his impersonation of the Master Player was more successful. Mr. Joy was a valuable addition as "Horatio". His acting was full of actual merit and promise, and free from all self-consciousness which is the besetting sin of novices. His face was expressive, his voice strong and sympathetic. Mr. Woodall had a part which fitted him like a glove in Polonius, and he also gave a good impersonation of the grave-digger. He is an excellent comedian. Miss Griffith in a better role than she has had for some time showed herself equal to it.

"Army and Navy" this week showed off the same Company to excellent advantage also. Each of the principals had a strong role, and played it well. Miss Moffatt was particularly bright and winsome in her part, and is largely to be credited with the success of the performance.

This week an acquisition to the number of local artists was made in the person of Miss Flora Belle Carde, who will teach Elocution and Physical Culture at the Weil School of Music and at Mount St. Vincent. She comes with unusually high endorsements as elocutionist and teacher. Miss Carde is a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory, an institution that has a wide reputation in its particular department of work and over which presides Prof. Moses True Brown, the foremost exponent of the Delsarte system in America. It is likely that Miss Carde will be heard in recital in the near future.

On Monday evening the first concert of the Symphony Orchestra and Chorus is to be given. This event will be of interest because of the work that has already been

done by the Orchestra and because the addition of the Chorus makes the organization practically a new one. The programme, which has been placed in our hands, has several promising numbers of which the chief are two Cantatas. The Feast of Adonis has been rendered in Halifax before, but never to orchestral accompaniment. "May Day" will be rendered, we understand, for the first time. Lieut. E. du Domaine, R. C. R. will be heard again at this concert in violin solo. The solo parts in the Feast of Adonis will be taken by Miss Mary Murphy and Mr. G. Burgoyne, and in May Day by Miss Rita Corbin. Misses A. M. Shirreff and Belle Walker will also sing in solo.

The Valentine Stock Company will be seen during the first half of next week in *The Fool of the Family*, a comedy which met with such success in New York that it ran very nearly twelve months. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings they will give a production of *Jim the Penman*.

There can now be no doubt of the success of "Henry V" at the Garden theatre New York. The spectacular beauty of the production is in itself sufficient to pack the house for some time to come, independently of the popularity of Mr. Mansfield and his own and associates' acting. Large houses will be needed to defray the expenses of this notable show which is as remarkable for its good taste as for its luxuriance. The display of costumes, both English and French, and of armor is exceedingly rich and varied, and the stage pictures are arranged with a most artistic sense of colour and effect. The New York season will close in two week's time, and Mr. Mansfield will play a week's engagements in Philadelphia, beginning November 26th.

Mme. Teresa Carreno's only appearance in New York will be with the Philharmonic Society in their opening concert in November, which will also be her first appearance this season, and in recital at Mendelssohn Hall on November 27th.

The European papers contain some interesting figures concerning the profits, direct and indirect, of the recent series of performances of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. There were forty-nine performances in all, twenty of which were special. As early in the season as June, each performance was attended by from 4,200 to 4,500 persons, and every extra performance by 4,000. The total number of visitors during the summer amounted to 200,000, an increase of 50,000 as compared with the number of those who witnessed the play ten years ago. It is estimated that more than a million marks (\$250,000) were taken at the village in entrance fees only. Munich even more than the village of Oberammergau profited by this rush, for visitors to the play almost invariably passed a considerable time in the Bavarian capital. The Bavarian Railway from May till September took in 6,000,000 marks above its usual takings, while the line from Murnau to Oberammergau, during the same period, was used by 300,000 travelers, and at least 50,000 persons travelled by rail from Murnau to the little village of Gwmisch, where many of the visitors lodged who could not be accommodated at Oberammergau. The whole neighborhood must have been enriched to a very material degree by the performances. If the actors received their fair share of the profits, they would soon grow wealthy.

JOHN PAUL ON WINTER PORTS. ↗ ↘ ↗ ↘

"JOHN PAUL," said the BLUENOSE, "you're the very man I want. Have you a good stock of war-paint on the reservation?"

"Kin soon make some," replied the Micmac.

"And how are your young men—hungry for scalps? Do you observe one or another of them quietly feeling the edge of his knife or tomahawk betimes, or stealing off to the edge of the woods to give vent to a wild war-whoop?"

"If he kin find some gin—mebbe," said John Paul. "Gin's great thing make Injuns yell. You don't b'lieve that—you kin try me."

The last remark was accompanied by a somewhat eager and wistful expression on the red man's countenance, as if he rather hoped the BLUENOSE would doubt his assertion and put him to the test.

"This is not a case of gin," coldly replied the BLUENOSE. "You quite misunderstood me."

"Don't want any case," said John Paul cheerfully. "Half-pint do me."

"When I said a case," explained the BLUENOSE irritably, "I didn't mean a quantity. You quite misunderstood me. Do you think I would help you to get drunk?"

"You needn't," quoth John Paul—"you gimme gin—I git drunk. Don't want no help."

"But I would be responsible," argued the BLUENOSE.

"I'll take your load," quickly rejoined the Micmac.

"My load?" cried the BLUENOSE. "What do you mean? Do you mean to insinuate that I have been drinking myself?"

"Looks like it," composedly responded John Paul. "Lecton's all over. Soldiers come home from Africa. I come in here—I see you holler 'bout knives and tomahawks. Bad sign," concluded the red man—"heap bad sign. Looks like gin."

"Oh!" ejaculated the BLUENOSE. "You think the hatchet has been buried by everybody, and that the winter will be spent in smoke-talks, eh?"

"I like good smoke," replied John Paul, with a eye on the pouch on the BLUENOSE desk. "Can't smoke that French tabac from Quebec. Too strong."

"Permit me," said the BLEENOSE, "to extend to you the courtesies of this office. Help yourself."

John Paul did so, and put the rest in his pocket. He had been haunting election committee rooms and acquired some habits of doubtful value. The charge that the Micmac cannot be civilized is not born out by the facts.

(Continued on page 21.)

❁ ❁ ❁ IN MILITIA CIRCLES. ❁ ❁ ❁

"**How** was Sievert Killed?" is a question most frequently asked of returned Canadians; therefore, to enlighten those still in the dark here are the facts in a few words accompanying his Photograph. With fourteen other details from the Cape, ten of whom were killed or wounded on the fatal 27th, he joined the R. C. R. after the first big engagement at Paardeberg and before the final coup. With the others, including his friend George Ormond, he was in his place in the silent advance towards Cronje's laager, and when the rifles flashed from the trenches of the enemy, like the rest he dropped to the ground for cover, fortunately falling behind a slight raise where he was comparatively safe. Then Ormond was heard to cry out that he was struck and Sievert, disregarding a direct order from his Sergeant, started to crawl forward to his comrade's assistance; but before he had gone far one of the innumerable bullets sweeping the plain found lodgment in his body near the stomach. When carried off the field he was not suffering excessively but an operation was deemed necessary and in a wagon on the road to Kimberley, March 1st 1900, died not the least of Nova Scotia's heroes. Still more interest is given to the story when it is learned that the Sergeant who ordered Sievert not to expose himself, was himself wounded, not fatally however, trying to assist Sievert after he was struck.

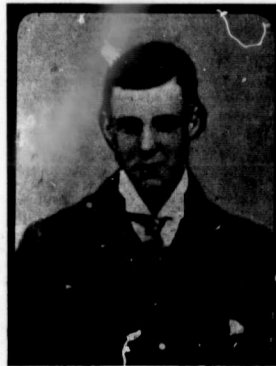
Militia circles have been quiet this past week, awaiting orders for the regular fall inspection. The only event of unusual interest has been the reception given to the returned members of "H" Co., R. C. R., by the N. C. O.'s of the 63rd, 66th, and 1st C. A.—not, as we inadvertently stated in last issue, by the 66th alone.

The 66th are still wearing their old equipment and the pipe-clay is still coming off on their clothes, though the "Oliver" equipment which the R. C. R. wear, is in stores for them and has been issued to the 63rd. Whether the old or the new equipment is better, the officers are unwilling to say, though the latter has several great advantages, one being that when adjusted with care it draws the shoulders well back and allows perfect freedom for breathing. It also avoids the bedraggled, white-washed appearance that is apt to occur if the old equipment is exposed to wet weather.

A day or two ago a Toronto man visited the *Idaho*, and in his rambles through the

troop deck, picked up an old felt-covered water-bottle with a large "H" cut in the cover and underneath, the letters "J. L." This he *commandeered*, and at his hotel showed it to a Dartmouth officer of the 63rd, who immediately picked out Joseph Lenahan of Dartmouth, late of "H" Co., as the probable owner. When asked about it later, Joe recognized the bottle as one he had carried and, on his being forced to return, near Kroonstad, had given it to a man without one. He naturally wished to obtain his old bottle, but the Toronto man had meanwhile left for home with his souvenir. Someone had better learn his name and send him a copy of the *BLUENOSE*, with this paragraph marked.

Many militia officers have received souvenirs from men from South Africa



PTE. JULIUS SIEVERT,

Died of Wounds Received in Action, Cronje's Laager, March 1, 1900.

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

who formerly belonged to city companies. One of them has an "Oom Paul" penny, obtained in Boksburg, which was given him by a private who told how he chanced to get it. One day a Boer was brought into the guard-room for not having a passport. During the day the prisoner happened to remark that he had a thousand pennies, brand new, over at the hotel in town, so with an order from him, a man went off and brought over a great load which were sold for a sixpence each. Though the Boer swore he got them from a bank, in all probability they could be identified in Birmingham, though for that matter it was of little consequence as they were "Oom Paul" pennies, the thing desired.

A new officer—new to us but not to the service—has arrived as second-in-command of the R. C. R., Col. R. L. Wadmore from the school at Quebec. The officers here speak very highly of his ability and consider him an uncommonly efficient officer.

Lieut. J. H. Dwyer has left the city to take the long course at Quebec. This will take a year, at the end of which time Mr. Dwyer hopes to obtain—and no doubt will not be disappointed—a commission in the Imperial army.

A year in South Africa has not destroyed Lieut. Oland's fondness for military life. He has been formally transferred from "E" Co. 63rd Rifles to "G" Co. of the same regiment. The company that can boast Mr. Oland as an officer need never hang its head. Among the promotions in the 63rd are W. H. Conrod, J. A. Hills, and W. E. Thompson who have all received Captains' Commissions.

While on military topics it is not a very great diversion to make a slight mention of the two great schemes being pushed in this city for a memorial for the Khaki boys, the one promoted by the *Halifax Herald*, the other by the Gardens' Commission.

The plan of the *Herald* is to obtain seven thousand five hundred dollars for the erection of a magnificent monument, the finest in Canada, on the parade in honor of the men who died for Canada and Queen in Africa. Already, Mr. Dennis has four thousand dollars collected, that is, less than one cent per head of the population of the Province. Most of the schools and colleges have given very liberally, though the donation from the biggest of all, old Dalhousie, has not yet come in. As Dalhousie had six students and graduates in "H" Co., something very appreciative is expected—especially since they won the coveted football trophy.

The fountain is to cost \$3,500, of which the commission have about \$1,500 to hand. The *BLUENOSE* has seen a drawing submitted by a manufacturer which gives an idea of what the fountain is to look like. The height will be nearly 30 feet. The general idea is a heavy base from the middle of which arises a device of four lions facing towards the four quarters of heaven, each holding in upraised paws a shield for an inscription. The whole is surmounted by a modelled figure of a Canadian Mounted Infantryman. On the base, at the corners, are panels for inscriptions, and over the top of each side a decorated panel in the center of which is the city Coat of Arms. Under an arch below is a lion's head from which a spray of water proceeds. The large circular basin in which the whole structure rests has eight fily jets from which water sprays continuously.

❁ ❁ ❁ PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PEOPLE. ❁ ❁ ❁

PUBLIC attention for the previous fortnight had been so occupied in preparing a good welcome for "our soldier boys," that as a result, little entertaining was done last week. Now, that the great event is over, however, society will regain its equilibrium and settle down for the winter. Teas have fairly begun, and soon there promises to be a perfect epidemic of them. They are really popular, for no matter how much people pretend to be bored, they must enjoy "five o'clocks," or they would scarcely take the trouble to go.

Our fair golf enthusiasts have made the most of these golden days, and during the past month many of the members of the club have pursued the tiny white sphere on Collin's field with an ardor and enthusiasm that quite demonstrates the popularity of the game.

Ground hockey still remains a source of amusement and serves to while away the afternoons before skating commences. No doubt it the good out-door life our girls lead that makes them the healthy specimens of womanhood so frequently admired by visiting friends.

Lectures, theatre parties, euchres, matinees, teas and luncheons formed the various modes of entertainment during the past week. There were several theatre parties at the Academy for the performances of "Hamlet." Mrs. Graham, South Park St., chaperoned a number of young people last Friday evening, among them being some of our Khaki lads. Great interest was manifested in the appearance of Lieuts. Carpendale and Leith as "Horatio" and "Bernardo" respectively. Until the night of the first performance no one outside the Company knew that these gentlemen were to take part, and when it finally became known everyone was on the qui vive to see what success they would have. As the performance progressed applause was generously bestowed and Mr. Carpendale came in for a large share of it. It was a wonder to most people that he was such a good actor. There was no nervousness apparent, and next to Mr. King's "Hamlet," "Horatio" was the best of the men's parts. Mr. Leith did not have the same opportunity in "Bernardo," not speaking more than half a dozen lines.

A very delightful supper was given by Lieuts. Carpendale and Leith last Monday evening to the members of the Valentine Stock Company.

The departure of the fleet to winter quarters will, as usual, make things rather dull for a few days. It is marvellous how much we are affected by the presence or absence of our jolly sailor friends. We are always brighter when the ships are in port and somehow or other we take on a temporary spirit of dullness when they leave us.

The Misses Corbett, 99 Inglis St., entertained a number of their friends last Tuesday afternoon. As the day was so delightful the rooms were filled to overflowing with charmingly gowned young people. Miss Corbett looked well in cerise, and Miss Margaret was particularly charming in a lovely combination of blue and gray silk. In the tea room a bevy of pretty girls surrounded one, offering ices, teas, and sweetmeats galore. The table from which refreshments were supplied was beautifully decorated, and was presided over by Mrs. Stairs Duffus and Mrs. Geoffrey Morrow. Some of the many present were Miss B. Cameron, the Misses Worsley, Miss T. Jones, Miss D. Farrell, Miss M. O'Brien, Miss G. Tremaine, Miss G. Bullock, Miss G. Archibald, Miss F. Twining, the Misses White, the Misses Chipman, Miss J. Delaney, Mrs. Bryant, the Misses Holmes, Miss Keith, and Messrs. Worsley, Dwyer, A. Duffus, C. Twining, Bullock, and Bryant.

The Misses Harrington, South Park Street, gave a small "football tea" last Saturday afternoon, after the Dalhousie-Wanderers match.

Mrs. J. Y. Payzant, South Park Street, was "At Home" to her friends Thursday afternoon.

Miss West, South Park Street, gave a very pleasant euchre party last week.

Miss Ritchie, "Belmont," entertained some of her young friends with euchre last week. Needless to say everyone enjoyed themselves. Miss Madge O'Brien was the lucky winner of the ladies' prize and Mr. Ponsoby carried off the gentlemen's.

Miss Archibald, Inglis St., gave a "taffy pull" Monday evening to some of her navy friends, before their departure for the winter. A delightful time was spent by those fortunate enough to be present, and the entertainment was voted a great success. Those present included Miss B. Chipman, the Misses Robertson, Miss

Corbett, Miss White, Miss S. Stairs, Miss G. Bullock, Messrs. O'Dougherty, Bell, A. Duffus, and A. Bullock.

Mrs. Thomas Ritchie, Belmont, was "At Home" to a number of friends, Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles Burrill, of Weymouth, and her daughter Florence spent last week in the city, the guests of Mrs. B. F. Pearson, "Emscote". Mrs. Burrill went home on Monday, leaving Miss Florence to take a final course at the Halifax Ladies College.

Miss Adrien Peters, of Charlottetown is visiting her uncle, Archbishop O'Brien.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Black were "At Home" to a number of young people last Friday evening. The members of the Dalhousie Football teams were among the guests.

Mrs. and the Misses Fielding have removed from 121 South Park St. to the Halifax Hotel, where they will spend the winter months. Ex-Mayor Stephen and family are also at the Halifax.

Many of Surgeon Major Clements' friends will be glad to hear that he has been ordered to return to Halifax. Both Major and Mrs. Clements were much missed last winter.

Mrs. L. E. Baker, and her son J. Prescott Baker, left Yarmouth the end of last month, accompanied by Miss Flo Tooker. They intend to spend the winter in Virginia.

Miss Dodwell is home again after a three years' absence in Germany. Our musical circles will be much benefited by the addition of this talented young lady.

A delightful dinner was given Monday evening to Capt. Stairs and Lieuts. Oland and Wil by the officers of the 66th. Streamers of red, white and blue making gay the chandeliers, flags and bunting everywhere, graceful palms and beautiful cut flowers decorating the tables and dining room of the Halifax Hotel, formed a very pleasing combination.

Miss Daisy Outram, of St. John, has been a guest at "Elmwood" for some weeks.

Very Rev. Dr. Quinan, V. G., of Antigonish was in Halifax last week for a few days. He is on his way to Montreal for treatment and rest. His Lordship Bishop Cameron met Dr. Quinan at Truro to accompany him to Quebec and Montreal.

(Continued on page 16.)

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRST CONTINGENT'S HOMECOMING.

T length the curtain has fallen and "H" Company, R. C. R., 2nd F'n., has disappeared forever from the world's stage. The little celebration we hope to have on the night of every 26th of February, the night we helped to avenge "Majuba," will be no new appearance, only a little private green-room scene. Perhaps the actors tumbled a little uproariously off the stage; but recall the parts they've played so long and judge not. The last act was not the most thrilling or arduous, but it was our home-coming and in that lies the interest—for us, anyway.

The story of how we happened to come home at all, and of why we came no earlier has been well aired and requires no remarks. After waiting in readiness two whole days we were at last crammed on board a couple of cars and off we started on our long homeward journey, Tuesday, September 25. Pretoria was reached before noon, and we spent the following hour or two in cleaning up for our inspection by "Bobs" in the afternoon. About three o'clock we were lined up on the square near the station, and while begated and monocled correspondents took snap-shots of us, 'Bobs' for the last time inspected the main body of the First Canadians. A short speech appreciative of our work, cheers for Bobs, and we turned our backs forever on the little grey man who had so long held our lives in the hollow of his hand. Back we marched to camp, oft came our accoutrements, and away we rushed to search the city for that which would satisfy the demands, growing serious by this time, of our inner man. A three shilling dinner helped us considerably and then we wandered aimlessly about till some of us struck the "Soldiers Institute," where a concert was in progress under the direction of the most popular friend of Tommy in Africa, Miss Brook-Hunt. We necessarily kept very good hours during our stay in Africa, so ten o'clock that night found most of us snoozing comfortably on the ground around the station (railway). Next morning four o'clock found us astir and nine found us moving away toward our far off homes. Passenger cars are at a premium in Africa just now, so we were content to be packed in all sorts of contrivances, mule-cars, coal-cars, cattle-cars, open trucks, and one or two other varieties known only to South Africa.

Notwithstanding innumerable halts and delays we were bumped on across the Vaal as far as Vrededorf Road before night fell, where, considering the pro-

bability of brother Boer blowing us skyward should we continue to travel, we waited till dawn. An early start Thursday brought us to Steyn's second capital, Kroonstad, before noon, where a very good reception awaited us, consisting of a brass-band, the pipers, and a good square meal. Again at Bloemfontein, which we reached at night, we were very well treated. No sooner had we got our feet on the platform than we recognized among the officers receiving us, from the unusual and striking likeness he bore all pictures of himself, the hero of Mafeking, "B. P.," and up went three rousing cheers and a "Tiger." Kelly-Kenny also, whom we had last seen near the Modder, was among the crowd and we recognized him almost as readily as "B. P."

Nowal's Pont, Naauport and De Aar—the latter place much changed since our last view of it ten months before—were passed in succession next day, the authorities making things as pleasant for us as possible at every stop. Saturday at dark found us at Matjiesfontein—don't confound this place with ill-omened Magersfontein—and Sunday morning, amid a cheering crowd, we passed through the city to the dock and were hustled on board the good ship "Idaho". Little wonder we were enraged at the people of Cape Town incensed when the order was given that no man or officer was allowed in the city. Even our chaplain, Rev. Mr. Fullerton, when he went into town to look after some valuable baggage which had gone astray, was turned back by a mounted policeman. We felt it was hardly an appreciative way of treating a lot of men who had been banished from civilization for a year. We have always held Col. Otter to blame, whether justly or not we hope some day to learn.

Monday morning we had the pleasure of seeing our fellow-prisoners, (as we felt it), one hundred and ninety shabby, dirty Boers, ushered on board amongst us, and we waited impatiently for the order to put to sea. At length in the afternoon, after taking on a load of Manitoba flour for St. Helena, we put off, and before long had looked our last on Table Mountain. The voyage to St. Helena was uneventful. We amused ourselves conversing with the Boers, and a curious lot they were. There was one boy of twelve years who used to brag how many soldiers he had shot and say he never would have been captured had not his ammunition run out. Another man, quite old, told us that he had fought at Paardeborg, but had escaped the day

before Cronje surrendered. When asked as to the Boers' casualties he said they had lost sixty-one killed, and one hundred and seventy-eight wounded up to the time of his escape. Probably he was lying; no one will ever know their losses, in all likelihood. One old be-wiskered fellow, an officer, assured us, probably in truth, that he was in command of the party who had fired the first shot the night of the 26th. The officers as a whole, were quite decent; but the rest were not the choicest of companions. Though prisoners-of-war, they drew exactly the same rations that we did, had the freedom of the forward part of the vessel, and could purchase at the canteen just as ourselves, while they had no guard or picket to do. If any one makes a complaint of the hard usage of the prisoners, as many do, kindly call his attention to Tommy and get him to use his reformatory powers in a useful direction, reminding him of the time-worn adage about charity and home.

Monday, eight days out, we landed our guests at Napoleon's old boarding-house, and a great relief it was to be rid of them as it gave us double the room, and relieved us of a good deal of duty. A few from each company were lucky enough to go ashore as escort, and some had the good fortune to come across Cronje in a bar-room and drank his health. The old general can walk around wherever he likes, always, however, under the close watch of a sergeant and escort. Most of us have never seen him, but his photo and description show him to be but one of the common type of Boer, with the typical slyness more clearly stamped than on most. If he has the lamp of genius within him he certainly hides his light under a bushel.

About twenty hours impatient delay at St. Helena and off we started for St. Vincent for coal. Had we met any rough weather at this time there would have been trouble, for when at length after nine days slow steaming we reached our destination, two boilers were leaking, seven fires blank out and the coal bunkers swept almost clean.

At St. Vincent once more we were aggrieved. By some one's order no one was allowed ashore but the officers, so of course as direct descendants of Mother Eve a great many naturally wished to taste the forbidden fruit; and as we watched the shore from the vessel's side and saw how easy of access it was—we were pestered with bum-boats—the temptation grew too strong for many, and the consequence was that instead of going

(Continued on page 18.)

* * * PROVINCE NOTES. * * *

THE great demand for coal is felt in all the mining towns of this province. A prosperous condition is the result. In the town of Westville, for instance, where there are two large collieries in operation, the prevailing "boom" has necessitated the employment of fully one hundred more hands than on the average. One thousand men and boys now receive regular employment there, about 650 in the Drummond and the remainder in the Acadia Mine. A man's pay runs to upwards of \$2.50 per day, so that taking the average as a basis of calculation it must mean the distribution of a large sum of money in wages each week.

In the case of separation of husband and wife, which occurred recently in one of the towns in the Eastern part of the province, the decision as to the disposition of four children was left to the children themselves. Placing them in the middle of the court room while the father and mother stood, one on one side of the room and the other on that directly opposite, the judge instructed the children to choose whether they would live with the former or the latter and to signify their desire by going to the preferred parent. The youngest, a boy of five, alone went to his mother.

Shipbuilding is active at Parrsboro. A tug at present under construction in O'Mullin's shipyard is to be launched shortly, and immediately after a barkentine of 500 tons register will be put on the stocks for Capt. Wm. H. Baxter of Canning. Capt. McLaughlin's schooner of about 100 tons register now on the stocks at the same yard will be ready for launching next spring. Capt. D. S. Howard, the veteran shipbuilder of Parrsboro, is making arrangements for the building of a large four masted schooner which will be built at the place where he built several of the Gypsum Packet Co's vessels.

A movement is on foot in Vancouver, to form a Maritime Province Association to be composed of natives of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, having for its object the bringing closer together of the people of these provinces whose homes are in the western city.

Forty-two competitors participated in the annual competition of the Pictou County Rifle Association recently held at the Association's new range in Westville. Twenty-five of these competitors had never won an association prize before, and being in a class by themselves, called the

"Nursery", shot for a medal presented to the association by Mr. George Patterson, of New Glasgow. The winner was Mr. Robert McPherson who made 19 points out of 25 possible. All present engaged in the first competition, Mr. Clarence Hamilton, of Pictou, winning the Capt. C. Hunter medal by 59 points out of 75 possible. In the second competition, the winner was Mr. James F. MacDonald, the prize being a medal presented by Mr. R. C. Hamilton; his score was 42 points out of 50 possible. In the case of the grand aggregate prizes, decided by the total scores in 1st and 2nd competitions (possible 125) Geo. W. McLean, James F. MacDonald and Jardine McLean tied on 97, and shot off for first place and Senator Carmichael's cup, which were won by the first mentioned Two medals presented by Mr. A. C. Bell, open to any member of the association eligible to enter the Tyro Matches in Provincial Competitions, were won by Geo. J. Hamilton in 1st competition and Jas. McDonald in 2nd competition. In the "Nursery" aggregates, C. W. Hamilton, with a score of 109, won a pair of field glasses presented by Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper.

A competent authority states that of the apples grown in Nova Scotia and not sent to trans-Atlantic markets, 25,000 barrels find a sale annually in St. John, and more than that quantity in Halifax. Indeed, it is calculated that fully 75,000 barrels of each season's crop find sale in these two large local markets.

Preparations are being made for the erection of an opera house in Sydney. At least there is a report to that effect. This place of amusement will be built after plans similar to those of the Lyceum theatre in New York. In all respects, it will be modern and convenient and it is said that already arrangements are being made for putting on the best possible plays that can be procured, and as well to have a stock company composed of talented people, and light opera on occasion.

Next season the Dominion Coal Co. will pay greater attention to the loading of sailing vessels. The inattention complained of during the past season was not wilful, but because the company was hampered by contracts closed some time ago, which made it absolutely imperative for them to load steamers first and allow sailing vessels to wait their turn. It is said that the trade of the sailing vessels,

although not to be compared in volume to that of the steamers, gives a much greater profit per ton, for which reason alone it can be understood that the company must have given the former all the attention possible.

Not long since a young man from Wallace was removed from a boarding house in Sydney because he had diphtheria—an action which probably kept several other people from contracting the same disease. Just now Sydney is made up of a population that lives largely in boarding houses, so that it is apparent at once how awkward it would be should any epidemic break out. The need of an infectious diseases hospital is apparent. Its provision would be a wise measure.

The Nova Scotia Fruit Grower's Association is in a healthy condition financially as well as otherwise, being able to keep nearly \$1,500 to its credit with bills paid. The annual meeting of the Association is to take place on January 28th. In view of the prevalence of and serious loss of fruit by the "black spot" this season, it has been decided to devote the session to the discussion of that fungus and spraying—papers and speeches to be solicited from a number of practical fruit growers in the country.

Of the four blast furnaces now being built for the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. at Sydney, the first of them is to be finished early this month, when the manufacture of pig iron will be commenced. The last one will be completed early in the spring. The manufacture of steel will be begun by the 1st of July, 1901.

Prof. Graham Bell purposes conducting further experiments in aerial navigation in the laboratory of his Baddeck house. He believes thoroughly that the problem will be solved in time and is following Zeplin's experiments with interest but has no faith in the balloon as a means toward that end.

Cape Breton papers announce that arrangements are being made by the Nova Scotia Steel Co. to run a passenger train daily between Sydney Mines and North Sydney, the service to commence next spring. They also state that parties in the two towns are making plans to apply for incorporation at the next session of the legislature for power granting the right to build a tramway through the towns and connecting them, and as soon as such incorporation is secured, to proceed with the construction of the road.

The town of Dartmouth has received tenders addressed to its town treasurer for debentures for \$5,000 for waterworks extension. No report has yet been made.


The ratepayers of Bridgewater, N. S. have voted in favor of issuing debentures for an amount that will cover the cost of a waterworks system.

WITH THE ALLIES TO PEKIN.

Interesting Paragraphs About the Soldiers of the Various Nations.

Editor's Note.—This very interesting study of the soldiers of the allied forces fighting in China is taken from Pekin correspondence of the New York Commercial Advertiser. It is not only interesting, but in all likelihood very accurate. Anyone desiring to know the relative merits of soldiers of different nationalities will find much instruction in these paragraphs. They might be used as a basis of judging what would happen if a great international war were to break out. There may be statements to which some readers will take exception, particularly where reference is made to the American and British soldiers. The reader must bear in mind that the writer of the article is an American and has an allowable enthusiasm regarding the troops of his own nation. But whether agreeing in all points or not, anyone will find the following paragraphs interesting.

The Japanese Soldier.

 F all the soldiers on the march to Pekin the Japanese, both officers and soldiers, stood the heat and the deprivations far better than any other army. The American and British soldiers were strewn all along the route, exhausted. The Japanese soldier needs only a bit of rice for his subsistence; he will wade through the mud in his white uniform, yet somehow he soon appears with the soiled clothes as neat and as clean as can be. He never complains. He is satisfied with his food and his treatment. Poor fellow, his pay is only three yen (\$1.50) a month, and he receives personally only one-third of that, the balance going to his family. He never fails to salute whether he is on duty or not the officers of an army. He even salutes civilians after the military fashion, and he does it so, gracefully. The discipline of the Japanese army approaches perfection more nearly than that of any other army in China.

The Russian Soldier.

The Russian soldier has all the appearance of the brute and he is a brute. He has committed outrages against helpless Chinese women, has made helpless coolies pay money or be shot, has shot them down for sport and has roared with laughter at the performance. The Russian soldier is ignorant and cowardly. Of the soldiers of all the great powers the Russian enlisted man is the least manly and the least soldierly. At the siege of Tientsin the Russians were the first to talk about retreating when the fire from the Chinese was the hottest, regardless of what such action might mean for the other allies. The British came to the Russians' support and saved them from a disgraceful breakdown. The unfavorable appearance put up by the rank and file of the Russian army is a disappointment. Their uniforms and caps were white once, but they are the color of the filth in the place

in which you happen to see them. We naturally look upon Russia as one of the greatest of military powers, whose chief pride is in its strength at arms. The Russian is the poorest fed and the poorest paid soldier in China. There is a wider gulf between officer and private in the Russian army than in any other. The officers are well paid and live on the best. They have no thought and no care for the welfare of the men. Is it any wonder, then, that the latter are lacking in soldierly qualities? The Russian officers have a surfeit of politeness, of pomp, and of ceremony. The music of their army bands is delightful.

The French Soldier.

One would not expect the French soldiers to be slovenly and careless looking, but they are. Their uniform here is made of blue ducking for summer wear. They wear a sort of turban hat. Their general appearance, when compared with that of the Germans or the British, is against them. At drill they show up much better than the Russians. They are better fed and clothed than the Russians, but the American soldier would howl if he were compelled to eat French army rations. The French soldier is excitable and uncertain in action. He is destructive for destruction's sake. The French officers live well and fraternize with the Russian officers. Every Russian officer speaks French, and almost every French officer speaks a little Russian.

The German Soldier.

The German army is comprised of soldiers. In parade they show up to wonderful advantage. They are called awkward and crude by some officers. They may look so as they march along in their thick boots with heavy step, but in reality they are members of the best disciplined armies represented here. Their power of endurance is great, as has been shown in their long marches to Pekin, a regiment at a time. They have stood the heat better than the Americans, the British, the Russians or the French. The German soldiers have substantial food and may be said to be well clothed. They are well behaved and orderly.

The British Indian Soldier.

The unique soldiers here are Great Britain's Indian troops. They are tall, athletic and fine looking, although as black as a native African. Their clothing consists of a bolt of brown cloth wrapped about them in a neat fashion, and turban

on the head. They have been well drilled and salute the officers regardless of nationality. Great Britain has made a great display of her native troops (mostly Sikhs) from India. At last accounts she had 6,000 in North China, and a transport load is arriving almost every week. The Indians are officered altogether by white men. There are comparatively few white British troops here. The Indians, particularly the Mohammedans, are desperate fighters in battle. Being from a hot country it was supposed they would stand the heat of China well, but hundreds of them succumbed on the march to Pekin.

The British Chinese Soldier.

The British Chinese soldiers are interesting, and the new arrival in Tientsin or Pekin wonders who the Chinamen with broad-brimmed straw hats and yellow or clay-colored uniforms are. He soon finds out that they are Wei Hai Wei men (Chinamen from Shan Tung Province), who took the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria and enlisted in her army in 1898-99, under Col. Hamilton Bower, who came out from England to build up a British army of Chinamen. Col. Bower told me that he had not actually used them in a fight against other Chinamen, but he had no reason to doubt their loyalty, although a few had deserted. Great Britain pays them eight "wooden" dollars (\$4 gold) a month and feeds them. They had all discarded the pigtail, and the regiment, as an experiment, is satisfactory not only in making soldiers of these particular men, but in demonstrating that the same thing can be done with the Chinese that has been done by the British Government with the East Indians. The Wei Hai Wei regiment is well drilled and are a select looking lot of Chinamen. It demonstrates once more that Great Britain, with all her faults, is the great organizer of all the nations.

The American Soldier.

The American soldier is the most intelligent, the most self-reliant and the most independent soldier in the world. None have the courage of the American soldier. And he has his faults. He is careless about saluting officers when he "doesn't have to." He will let an officer of another army pass right by him as if he were a nobody. That has caused our soldiers to be criticised severely by the other nationalities here, who say, "Why don't you Americans discipline your men?" But that isn't the worst fault of the United States troops. They are the best paid of any soldiers in the world. In fact, they have too much money to spend. It would be better if they received less pay, for they want to drink all the vile stuff and sample all the vices of the different countries they visit and money puts those vices within their reach.

❁ ❁ ❁ FOR BLUE NOSE WOMEN. ❁ ❁ ❁

Presents for His Wife.

"**W**HALLOA, old man, what have you in all those bundles?" asked a gay, airy young bachelor of a careworn, solemn-looking young man as they met in a suburban railway train.

"Presents for my wife," was the sententious reply. "It's her birthday."

"Well, what are you bringing your wife in that package from your tailor's?" gaily pursued the bachelor.

"Trousers," was the answer.

"What?"

"Yes, I repeat—trousers. Just you listen. I had a birthday last November. My wife got me three or four beautiful lace handkerchiefs, such as women carry at afternoon teas and such places, and a black velvet hat with high feathers, one of the three-storey kind that obstruct your view of the stage in the theatre. They looked mighty well on her, and she asked me if I wasn't having a nice birthday."

"Well, I didn't mind that very much but when Christmas came I got another deal of the same sort. I gave my wife a pretty gold ring. She gave me a turquoise ring, too small to go over any of my knuckles, and she wears it now next to the one I gave her. But that wasn't the worst of it. She got her sister to give me some after-dinner coffee cups, and my sister to make me a lot of lace doilies. That was all I got for Christmas."

"To-morrow is my wife's birthday. In this package I am bringing her a pair of trousers, which I had made to my measure and which I shall wear. In this parcel is a pair of the very best patent shoes, size 8½, a good deal too big for my wife; in this package is a box of cigars and in my pockets I have a new meerschaum pipe and a packet of tobacco. Now, I don't see how she can fail to have a happy birthday, do you? I hope she'll enjoy it, for I want to get even for the pretty things she has bought for me for my birthdays.—*Tid-Bits.*

What Woman Owes to the Bicycle.

If bicycle riding continues to wane, if the women who took their wheels to the country last summer and brought them back unused, leave them at home next year and by and by sell them for a song, the wheel has yet left a reform behind that women will bless for many a day.

The bicycle was the progenitor of the short skirt, the use of which has crept in so gradually and quietly that sharp eyes were needed to follow its evolution. A long skirt on a wheel was found dangerous to life and limb. Once inaugurated it

proved too convenient on wet days to be resisted, and a short skirt brigade stormed the city in every rain. Mrs. Grundy seeing no other way, sanctioned it for summer wear, and having gone so far, consented to its use in a modified form for shopping. The healthy, happy summer girl puts on her short skirt so naturally at the first hint of an expedition that she never stops to think how comfortable she is until she happens to run across a picture of her prototype in a book published fifteen or twenty years ago. The unfortunate summer girl of that time just starting on a picnic is represented with kid gloves and a parasol, wearing a skirt, beruffled and beflooned from waist to hem, terminating in a train which catches in every bush that grows. From such bondage has the wheel delivered the girl of 1900. The bicycle may be temporarily out of favor to return again some time in triumph, or it may remain at its present state of popularity: with some new invention it may even descend toward oblivion, but whatever its fate, as long as the short skirt lasts, women should keep the wheel in grateful memory as they would any other benefactor of the sex.

Where House Flies go to in Winter.

Here's an idea that is new to me; though perhaps you may have seen it before. It appeared in the Buffalo Express.

That flies are present in the summer and absent in the winter is a matter of common knowledge. Just where the flies go to in winter, however, is a question which few can answer.

This mystery as to the whereabouts of flies in the colder months is deepened by the fact that flies, like Adam and Eve, are born fully grown and of natural size. There are no small flies of the same species, the little ones which you occasionally observe and feel being of a different kind from the larger ones.

In winter, if a search of the house be made, these summer tormentors will be found in great numbers secreted in warm places in the roof or between the partitions of floors. Around the chimney myriads of them may be seen hibernating comfortably.

High Heeled Boots.

It has been stated that a young lady went one day to an oculist with trouble in her eyes which threatened frightful results. She was already in a state where reading was out of the question, and other entertainment was fast becoming a torment. The oculist looked at her with his professional wisdom, asked her various ques-

tions, and then suddenly amazed her by asking her to put out her foot. The foot, in its kid boot, with a wicked little high heel, was thrust forth. The doctor eyed it a moment with a stolid face. "Go home," he said "and take off those heels. Keep them off for a month, and then come to me again, and we'll see how the eyes are."

In a month the eyes were well, and the young lady learned by her experience and a little wise talk how near she had come to having no eyes at all. It serves to show that there is the possibility that with that instrument of torture constantly at work in the centre of the foot, where so many delicate nerves and tendons lie that are so intimately connected with all the other delicate nerves of the body, there must presently come disarrangements and diseases that may work fatal mischief with the health.

Little Worries That Kill.

"It is the annoying trifles of life and not the real troubles that line feminine faces," said a masseur who was lecturing the other day at a school of physical instruction. "All of my patrons are from the upper walks of life and invariably the much-wrinkled face is that of the fine-skinned, over-rich woman who has been petted into a condition of irritable nerve and knows nothing of a reposeful state of mind."

"Many of these women have no possible cause for worrying except the hysterical condition into which they have fallen and this ill they are least conscious of. Every trifling happening is magnified into an injury; the carelessness of a servant is sufficient to send them to bed with nervous prostration and the mistake of a shop-keeper upsets them for a week. I am glad to say that the number of young women who contract this condition is very small. Outdoor exercise and rational dress keep the girl of the period from the vice of worrying over trifles."

"It is the middle-aged woman, who should be at her best, that is the usual sufferer from the irritable condition which becomes part of the disposition before it proclaims itself in a crop of face lines and wrinkles. One can easily pick such women out in a crowd by the listless eyes and tired expression. When the wrinkles come they first realize the necessity of repose but then they begin to worry about the wrinkles unless I can guarantee their disappearance in a few treatments, forgetting how long they have been cultivating them."

"Everything that affects a woman's appearance is of importance nowadays and it is a pity that women who find this worrying habit growing on them will not take a stand against the irritated condition of their nerves as though it were a vice. In reality it is a vice, one that will make personal unhappiness and will effect every one with whom the victim comes in contact, until finally those who love her most will lose their desire for her companionship."

❁ ❁ A NIGHT WITH A MADMAN.*—I. ❁ ❁

IT was just such a night as a sailor loves—a night of comparative peace, a soft breeze, an easy sea, and the land an indefinite number of miles on the weather-bow. Our vessel was as tidy a little craft as any in the royal navy, and that is no small boast either. Her name was the *May Bee*, and *may* be she wasn't a saucy one: when we fought, we always won; and I think, too, had we run away, we should have won the race also; at any rate, in the chase, the slaver never had the ghost of a chance that we drew a bee-line upon. Our cruising ground was the Indian Ocean, its length and breadth, from the cold waves of the far south, to Aiden in the sunny north.

Well, on the present occasion, we were rather short of hands, and of heads too, if officers may be regarded as such; for three of our boats were away on particular service; and, as our engineer was on the sick-list, the fires were out, sail set, and an unusual quiet reigned throughout the ship. It was past eleven o'clock, and our commander had turned in. I could hear him snoring though the bulk-head, for his cabin was right abaft our little ward-room, although in no way connected therewith. My cabin was the only one of those off the ward-room at present occupied, the only other officer on board—saving the engineer—being the assistant-paymaster, whose cabin was outside in the steerage. Into the further end of the steerage led the companion-ladder, so that, in our passage to and from the ward-room to the deck, we had to cross it. I was standing in my little box-like sanctum, preparing to go to bed, when the noise of approaching footsteps in the steerage attracted my attention. Imagining that some one was sick, I hastily threw on my coat, and emerged again into the ward-room, just as Mr. Travers, our assistant-paymaster, entered by the other door. He held right in front of him, so as to be hidden from any one behind, a drawn cutlass, which, from signs and motions he made, I understood he meant me to take charge of and conceal. I quickly did so behind my cabin curtain, and had scarcely accomplished the task, when Mr. Wheeler, the engineer, stood in the doorway; and the assistant-paymaster, after pretending to borrow a candle, bade me good night, and retired.

Now, as I said before, Mr. Wheeler was on the sick-list, and had been so for weeks. His disease was one of the worst forms of alcoholic mania; in other words, a bad case of delirium tremens. From one attack he had only recently recovered, being snatched from the very jaws of death. His delusions had been many; but principally he had the idea that a conspiracy was afoot on board, having for its object the harassing of him, Mr. Wheeler, in every way, and the final abduction of his body, the binding of the same, hands and feet, and the delivering of it to the deep, to afford food to the sharks. He used to

sit for hours in his little mess-room, armed with a knife, yet trembling like a new-born fawn at the slightest noise. Every one, saving myself, he had deemed a foe. The drops of water leaking in through the scupper-holes were water dashed upon him by the maliciousness of the boys; the curtain waving gently to and fro with the ship's motion, was stirred by the hand of a hidden assassin. The captain himself, he had averred, was preparing the hammock in which his living body was to be sewed before he was thrown overboard. Then rows of pale beings had arranged themselves on the opposite side of his room, pointing and gibbering at him, and spouting blood on him; the port opened, and slimy serpents glided in and hid themselves in the apartment or about his dress; his legs would suddenly be clasped as in a vice, and looking down, behold, an alligator, with a strange, strange face, crouched beneath the table, embracing him in its horrid arms, blowing its fetid breath in his face, and using fearful threats of death and judgment. Repeated blows with the knife at length dispelled this demon; and then myriads of horrible insects came trooping up over the table, and covered the bulk-heads all round; and "See!" he had cried to me, "didn't I see them on deck, springing up like jets of water, and flowing away in streams, those white thick worms!" and now they were on him, gnawing his flesh, eating his vitals.

"Corruption! corruption!—moribund! moribund!" he shouted, and fell down in one of the worst sort of fits I ever had the pain to witness. From this fit he had glided imperceptibly into a state of lethargy, from which, after many weary days and nights of watching, I had seen him awake, with pale face and glittering eye, just as he now stood in the ward-room before me.

"What!" said I—"not in bed yet, old fellow!"

"Hush!" he whispered; and by the very look and gesture, I saw plainly that the madness was on him again. "Hush!" and as he spoke he pointed to the steerage: "they are there, and—ugh!—its all so dark—dark and dreary. I could not lie in my berth forward—they would kill me; and Travers stole my cutlass, that I might not defend myself."

"Come," said I, "my good fellow, never mind them. I'll protect you, and fight for you, if need be, to the last. Come forward with me, and turn in to your cot."

"Nay, nay," he whispered impetuously, at the same time holding me back; "not now—not now, doctor; wait till the blessed sun rises. In the dark I could not wrestle with them, and it will be so very long till morning. Will it burn?" he added, pointing to the lamp in my cabin.

I nodded assurance; and then he pleaded with such eloquence to be allowed to remain near the light, and to sleep before my cabin door, that I at last consented, and spreading a mat and pillow for him, bade him lie down. He did so, and before morning I had every reason to repent of my kindness. He then requested me to place beside him a loaded revolver, or at least a bayonet or cutlass, which, having no ambition for a madman to mount guard on me, I peremptorily refused. An hour

slipped away, during which time he lay quite peacefully on the mat, sometimes closing his eyes, but only to immediately reopen them, and gaze furtively and fearfully away out into the darkness of the steerage, as if momentarily expecting the attack of an unseen foe.

All was by this time quiet, both fore and aft, in the ship, for it must have been long past midnight. The tramp, tramp of the quarter-master overhead had stopped; even the cockroaches, after a supper of corks, biscuit, port wine, and blacking, had gone to roost, and the commander had ceased to snore, from which I augured he had fallen into his second and deepest sleep. So there wasn't a sound to be heard, except the creaking of the rudder hinges, or the splash of the wavelets as they rippled past my cabin—a sound that had so often wooed me to sweetest, dreamless slumber, and seemed even now inviting me to rest. Thinking it my duty to remain on watch, however, I had not turned in, but sat on a chair beside my little cot, writing letters home. Presently, "Doctor," said my patient.

"I thought you had been asleep," I answered. "What can I do for you?"

"Give me a Prayer-book, there's a good fellow," he said, "and I won't disturb you again."

"I would, Wheeler, if I had one," replied I, "but you know I've the misfortune to have been born Scotch and Presbyterian; but here is a Bible;" and I handed him the book of books.

He took it, and thanked me, and I went on with my writing. I was not so much preoccupied, however, as not to perceive that he thrice opened the book, read very attentively, and between each time he prayed—silently, indeed, but so earnestly that the drops of perspiration stood in beads on his pale brow. This brow of his, too, was a very noble one; indeed, he was, when well, not only a manly, good-hearted fellow, but a wise and well-educated gentleman. Thinking that his present frame of mind augured nothing but good, and that there could not possibly be any danger to himself or me—moreover, feeling tired, I closed my portfolio, and without undressing, threw myself on my bed, with the intention of snatching a few hours' repose, if not sleep. I should here mention that I had, only the day previous, purchased from the ship's stores a large clasp-knife, such as sailors usually carry. This knife I had left lying on my little table among the books and other articles.

I could not have been long in bed till I fell asleep, the last thing I remember being groans proceeding from the mat in front of my door. I am a very light sleeper, and used to have continual rows with my servant for shaking me in the mornings, telling him that all he had to do in order to waken me was to enter my cabin, and wink once or twice. How long I slept I cannot say; I believe it must have been fully an hour; but when I did at last open my eyes, I never felt more wide-awake in all my life. I had not, so far as I knew, been dreaming, yet I awoke with a strange and indescribable sensation of impending danger. It was as though a cold, cold shadow had fallen upon or passed over my brain and senses. By the side of my pillow stood Mr. Wheeler, and my eyes opened directly on his. I shall never forget the expression on his face; it was not so much that it was dark and terrible—it was the furtive listening expression on it that seemed so strange, almost like a cat about to seize its prey. In his hand, half-raised, he held my own clasp-knife—open!

(To be continued.)

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PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PEOPLE.

(Continued from page 9.)

The following may be of interest to some of our Halifax people: "Wearing a magnificent gown of cream white embroidered satin, with old Breton lace, once the court dress of the Queen Regent of Portugal, Miss Anna Perkins Slade, daughter of Mrs. Daniel Dennison Slade, of Chestnut Hill, was married on Oct. 31st at the First Parish (Unitarian) Church, Brookline, to Lieut. Col. John B. McLean, of Montreal, head of the McLean Publishing Co. The wedding was one of the most fashionable of the year in Brookline. It was made doubly notable by the presence of Lieut. C. W. Weldon MacLean, R. A., of St John, N. B., brother of the groom, who acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Chas. H. Hall. Lieut. MacLean was the youngest officer in the first Canadian contingent being only 18 years of age. He has since been given a commission in the Imperial army."

Miss Alice Maud McClaskey was married last week in St. John to Mr. Frederick Chester Macneil, son of Rev. L. G. Macneil, and brother of Mr. Murray Macneil, assistant professor of Mathematics at Dalhousie College. Both Miss McClaskey and Mr. Macneil were among the best known and most popular of our sister city's young people, particularly in musical circles.

The post of Military Secretary to the Governor-General of Canada has at last been filled, by the appointment of Major Frederick Stanley Maude, of the Coldstream Guards. Major Maude has been in the South African campaign. He is related to the Earl of Pysart and the Marquis of Headfort, and is a kinsman of Mr. Cyril Maude the well known actor. Both from the social and professional point of view the appointment is a good one, and Lord Minto ought to be pleased with the selection made for him.

Mr. M. White Ridley, at one time Private Secretary of Lord Aberdeen when the latter was Governor-General of Canada, and well known in Halifax, has been elected Conservative member for Stalybridge, England.

Mother Fidelis, superioress of the sisters of Charity of Mount Saint Vincent, Rockingham, has been visiting Bathurst, New Brunswick, for some days. She is accompanied by sister La Salle, chief of the schools.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Hugh Flemming, A. D. C. to General O'Grady Haley, and son of Sir Sanford Flemming, to Miss Ethel Gormully, daughter of Mr. Robert Gormully, of Ottawa.

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PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PEOPLE.

Mrs. Jarley's wax works proved to be a great success. The proceeds were in aid of the Protestant Infant's Home. Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Green are entitled to the greatest thanks for the manner in which they conducted the affair, and for the thoroughly successful character of the production.

Professor MacMechan of Dalhousie College has just made a very important contribution to the historical literature of this province. Apart from the labors of his class room and all the preparation and study that a Professor of English must constantly keep up, he has found time to make an exhaustive study of two letter books and one commission report, covering the period of time between 1713 and 1741, in the possession of the Nova Scotia government. The resulting book is intended chiefly for students and is a summary of the above mentioned documents. As it throws light on the much vexed Acadian question it will be all the more interesting to students of provincial history. The first and only volume of Archives published up to this time was that of Aikens, whose work was finished in 1868. The latter named was not sufficiently complete and its author was charged, by upholders of the Acadian side, of withholding documents that would throw a favorable light on their contentions. Prof. MacMechan's volume throws much new light on this question. The volume also deals with the internal administration of the province during that period, and shows that the law courts, the deputies and the notaries formed a fairly complete system and made an earnest effort to enforce British law. The map, another feature of the book, shows the fort of Annapolis as it was in 1710 when the French left it and the British took possession. The index is very copious.

Miss Cady, accompanied by her mother, will leave early in December for England where she will be married to Capt. Odevaine, R. A., formerly on this garrison, but at present in Woolwich. For the past two years Capt. Odevaine has been pursuing special military studies in the latter place, but is now ready for service in the artillery again, and to get married. Miss Cady will leave behind her a host of friends. She is considered one of the most graceful skaters in Halifax, for which reason her "rink" friends will have double cause to regret her coming departure.

WE SELL STERLING SILVER!

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

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

ROSBOROUGH & THOMAS, 174 & 176 Granville St., HALIFAX.

Our Wedgwood and Royal Worcester wares make beautiful Wedding Presents.

Smoking Coats Dressing Gowns Girdles.

The Girdle is for use on the Dressing Gown, although I didn't say so above. Come in and see them.

D. C. GILLIS, Hollis St., Halifax.

G. S. LANE

The Leader in popular Furs!

WHY?

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

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

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

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

Raw Furs purchased. Fur Garments made over.

113 Granville St., Halifax.



About Preserving Your Health.

"Rather a curious Hardware Talk," we hear you say. But listen! You know that he that exerciseth his body prolongeth his days, don't you? How do you feel about yourself? Is your chest becoming contracted; your muscles weak and flabby? We sell something that will just meet your case, and that, we know, you will be grateful to us for drawing to your attention. It is the

WHITELEY Chest Exerciser

Exercising with it is a real pleasure, and brings up the Chest and Muscles wonderfully. If you say so, we will let you have the use of one for a day, just to let you see if you don't like it, and if \$3.00 invested in it will not have an ample return. Mount it in your room, and then you have a complete little gymnasium. It's an ounce of prevention that is worth many pounds of cure. By using it regularly it costs you only \$3.00 when otherwise you might have to pay many times more for medicine, and in doctor's bills.

Think of that Offer Again.

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

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRST CONTINGENT'S HOMECOMING.

(Continued from page 10.)

quietly ashore as we would have done had we been allowed, only the most reckless went and Major Pelletier's hair was almost grey before our three days' sojourn was up. Another source of trouble to the powers was that a visitor with a very vulgar name, "Billy Stink," and a rather more presentable relation called "Sweet William," used to come over the rail out of the bum-boats and create a disturbance. To remedy this all bum-boats were chased away out of reach and we had to content ourselves with sniffing the oranges and bananas from afar. To irritate us the more, we learned that the "C. I. V's" were having the run of the town and doing pretty much as they liked. Aggravating, wasn't it?

Beside taking coal aboard at St. Vincent many of the boys invested in parrots, all kinds of monkeys, canaries, and a bright red bird that appeared to have been dyed, as after a few days they began to fade and by the time we reached Halifax many of them were almost white. After the fruit-vendors and other honest tradesmen had been chased away from our vessel we had to amuse ourselves in a rather extravagant manner, dropping sixpences into the water for the little black boys to dive for. One little fellow about six years old, dressed in a old red soldier's-tunic which made a good dressing-gown for him, used to climb up the ship's side by a rope and leaving his garment behind, dive off the rail for a shilling. Things would be going smoothly when along would come a harbor-policeman and there'd be a great scattering and splashing of little black nudes as they sought safety in their natural element.

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, Bret Hart claims the heathen Chinese is peculiar; but I'll back one Christian Portuguese against ten of his heathen brethren in that particular line of business. Dr. Barrie bargained with a fruit dealer to send on board the Idaho four thousand oranges at three shillings a hundred, c. o. d. In the afternoon along came Mr. Fruitman and, Dr. Barrie not being on board, demanded four shillings per hundred for his four thousand oranges—nicely bagged up. He finally agreed to accept three, and was just about to receive his money when some disbeliever in the human race suggested a count. In vain the trader tried to shove silver into the hands of the privates who did the counting; in vain he blustered and threatened and coaxed; the very best counting and searching could only discover two thousand four hundred oranges, sixteen hundred short! That was only one trick. Lesser ones of a like nature were occurring over the vessel's side continually, and as

Ungar's

THE BIGGEST AND
BEST IN THE MARI-
TIME PROVINCES.

Steam

PROMPT
DELIVERY
GUARANTEED.

Laundry.

WORKS:
BARRINGTON ST.,
Halifax.
PHONE 653.

Something Nice.

This is a thoroughly descriptive way of . . . speaking about Moir's Cake. . . . It might describe any good cake, perhaps, but all the best meaning that can be taken out of it, applies particularly to . . . Moir's; for the best of best materials (and always fresh at that) and the best cake-making skill to be had in Halifax are employed in its production. This is not boasting. Try the cake and see if we haven't a right to make high claims for it.

MOIR, SON & CO.,
Halifax, N. S.

\$18

I will make you just as nice a winter suit as you want for \$18.

It will be just as stylish and well fitting as one you would have to pay \$35 or \$40 for in New York. I will give you your choice of English, Scotch, Irish or Canadian Cloth.



P. J. HANIFEN,
FINE TAILORING,
Cor. Blowers and Barrington Sts.
HALIFAX.

A Puny Child

is always an object of pity. It does not take pleasure in the ordinary frolics of other children. It is fretful, constipated and lacks appetite. No specific disease is manifest, but simply a condition resulting from malnutrition or impaired digestion. A child cannot be healthy as long as this condition prevails. To successfully fit your children to compete with the struggle of later life you should build up their strength with

...PARK'S...
PERFECT EMULSION.

This Emulsion is used and endorsed both by the leading local physicians and the medical profession at large. It has a direct beneficial action on the digestive organs and on the system in general. Being free from all nauseating taste and smell, it is taken and retained by children as easily as milk. It strengthens them, increases their appetite, and makes them robust and healthy.

Price 50c. per bottle, of all Druggists.



MANUFACTURED BY
HATTIE & MYLIUS,
HALIFAX, N. S.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRST CONTINGENT'S HOMECOMING.

we were away up and they were away down, why, all we could do was to apply to the cook for potatoes, (if we couldn't get lumps of coal) and take our revenge as best we might.

The afternoon of the third day found us again on the move and as we steamed out of the harbor an interesting sight presented itself. At first we could see some sort of a vessel approaching surrounded by a thick yellow smoke. As we drew nearer we made out that the boat was very low in the bow and its propellor was raising a great commotion on the calm sea. Then someone brought along a pair of glasses and we could plainly make out that it was a large steamer on fire, with the smoke pouring out of its port-holes and up the hatches, and the people all crowded forward. Luckily they only had a mile or two to go when we passed them. What nationality the boat was or what its cargo, we could not tell; only that there seemed to be quite a few people aboard. Before dark we lost sight of land, San Antonio being, I believe, the last rocky shore we passed; and glad we were to think that our next stop would be in the old harbor that so many of us knew so well. The first day out we did almost fourteen knots an hour and we had visions of a nine days' run home when all of a sudden we felt a shock, then a perpetual grinding and shaking that was most unsettling, and learned that we had snapped one blade of the propellor. To make things worse our food began to change for the worse. We had a lovely fat bullock on board who had been on the deck for eleven months and we used to look on him with tears in our mouths, but were doomed to disappointment as, he being very dead (they killed the poor fellow) and the sun being very hot, he was buried at sea.

When about half-way home a very sad tragedy occurred, that cast quite a gloom over us for a day. Somebody had brought on board at St. Vincent a little ring-tailed monkey, whose great virtue was that he whistled almost exactly like a canary. On this day he somehow got loose and walked aft to inspect the boat. It looks now very much like suicide. He jumped on the rail, looked over the stern, and before anybody could catch him was in the raging sea. The last we saw of him, he was gazing at us over the top of a great following wave. Poor little fellow. He was the best monkey on board, but as he still owned a tail we had to leave him.

The rest of the voyage was most uneventful. One day of bad weather was all we had the whole voyage. The last few days we were very busy cutting down our Khaki serges, which were for the most part made for giants, and getting blacking to stick on our boots. How we came up the harbor, landed and behaved, and, how splendidly old stolid Halifax roused itself is an old tale. St. John's, it is true, were bitterly disappointed at one thing, the weather, but we hope they are happy now.

No more will "Smith-Dorrien's Light Horse" chase the "Flying Dutchman," as on the 3rd November they ceased to exist, and not the least thankful among the freed ones is PTE. NORMAN MURRAY.



Make your home happier by presenting your wife with one of our celebrated

CHICKERING PIANOS

You can have fine Furniture, Carpets, Pictures, &c., but the home is a dull place without music.



Chickering Pianos have captured medals and . . . diplomas in competition with the whole world. The Chickering is the . . . oldest and best Piano in America.



THE

W. H. Johnson Co.
Limited.

Agents CHICKERING,
NEWCOMBE, BELL,
MASON & RISCH Pianos.
HALIFAX and ST. JOHN.

Headquarters

for Men's and Boys'
Clothing and Furnishings.

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

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

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

Remember, your money back if goods are not satisfactory.

SCOVIL & PAGE

Barrington Street, } Halifax.
Cor. George " }

YOU'LL
BE
WELCOME



Come

Our Fall and Winter Footwear is now in, and ready for your inspection, and we want everybody—mind we say **Everybody** in . . . Halifax to see our new stock of

Footwear.

We are proud of our new stock, and we would like to get your opinion of it. The styles in Footwear this season are very attractive, and there is not a shoe wearer in Halifax but will be interested in our display.

TAYLOR'S,

PALACE BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

156 Granville St., - Halifax, N. S.

Sole Slater Shoe Agents.

CATALOGUE FREE.

JOHN PAUL ON WINTER PORTS.

(Continued from page 7.)

"But you were wrong," said the BLUENOSE, "in assuming that the war is over. The city of St. John is still on the map. The old feud survives. Either it or Halifax must be wiped out. You must have heard your old people tell of Micmac raids on Milicete villages in the old times, before the paleface came to teach them both the gentle art of lying still. Your young men must have heard the same tales and burned with ardor to burn a village. There is now a chance for them. I want you to place yourself at the head of a picked body of your young men, go across the Bay of Fundy, conceal yourselves until some dark night when the harbor has gone out for a drink—and then throw up a breastwork and keep it out. That will dry up the winter port, and a match will do the rest."

John Paul gazed enquiringly at the BLUENOSE for some time, and sent many curling wreaths of smoke toward the ceiling before he opened his lips to reply.

"That harbor in S'n John's," he said at last, "never goes out. I been there."

"Which means," said the BLUENOSE, "that you will not undertake this mission."

John Paul nodded.

"Well," said the BLUENOSE, "the thing has got to be done. If not, the St. John people will send over here and get the Sambro fog record, and perhaps their icy presence would freeze the harbor. I tell you, sir, either St. John or Halifax is going to be scored off the map. We can't have two winter ports."

"My gran'father," observed John Paul,—"he told us one time 'bout Micmac camp and Milicete camp. They fight. Heap Injuns killed. One time one git worst of that fight—next time other one. Bimeby when they have big fight, Mohawks come down—steal all their corn—rob their camps—carry off everything they want. When them Milicetes and Micmacs go home to their camps—see what Mohawks done—they meet—they make peace—go after Mohawks—give 'um heap good lickin'—bring back what they stole. Them Mohawks," said John Paul in conclusion, was Yankee Injuns."

"Which means," said the BLUENOSE, "that in your opinion, while Halifax and St. John are at war with each other, the Yankee seaports will gather in the spoils."

John Paul re-filled his pipe and replied that the BLUENOSE had correctly interpreted the lesson.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

J. D. MEDCALFE, MANAGER.

Valentine Stock Company.

Week commencing Nov. 12th.
THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Wednesday
Matinee.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Saturday
Matinee.

JIM, THE PENMAN.

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

This Marks An Epoch. Grand Opening.

NEW WHITE HALL,

Cor. Buckingham & Argyle Sts.

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

T. H. & W. T. FRANCIS,

"The People's Friend." FINE FURNITURE.

An elegant Golden Oak Chamber Set, 7 pieces, the very latest design, \$70. Neat and natty Iron Bedsteads, \$4.50. Parlor Center Tables—Golden Oak and Brown, \$2.00. Woven Wire Spring Mattresses, \$1.75. Toilet Sets, 8 pieces, only \$1.30. Dinner and Tea Sets, 97 pieces, \$5.00. 300 pair all wool Blankets, at \$1.70, 1.75, \$1.80, 1.90, 2.10, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00. All lines of furniture at moderate prices. These figures are for one week only.

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

Better come along now
with your Orders.

Le Bon Marche,

Cor. Barrington and
Sackville Streets,

HALIFAX, N. S.



ANTOINETTE TREBELL

The Famous Soprano,

— ASSISTED BY —

Mr. Louis Dannenberg
SOLO PIANIST.

Thursday Evening, November 15th.

PRICES:—

\$1.00, 75 and 50 cents.

Tickets can be purchased, and seats
... selected at ...

HEBB'S, Hollis Street.



Travelling Bags.

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

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

KELLY'S,

PHONE 662.

122 Granville St., Halifax.

OF INTEREST TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

TO doubt our friends who watch the prices charged them by their grocers have noticed that raisins are somewhat higher this year than for a good many seasons. The wholesale price for the most ordinary off stalk Valencia raisins is at present about 8½c. and for selected stock, 9c. is asked so that 12c. or 13c. from now until after Christmas should not be considered an extortionate retail price. Currants are worth about 15c. at wholesale and should retail somewhere in the vicinity of 20c. ; almost three times the price that was charged last year. Table raisins however are not much more expensive than in previous seasons and it may be that many families will use them for cooking in preference to the cheaper Valencia stock.

The Halifax market is fairly well stocked with figs, evaporated peaches and apricots at about the same prices as last year. Fresh stocks of lemon, orange, and citron peels are now to hand for Christmas trade at about the usual quotations.

There is no change in the values of flours worth noting in the past fortnight. The best grades of Manitobas continue high and Ontario flours, all things being considered, are as low as they should be.

The sugar market is about the same as it was a month ago and we see no reason to anticipate higher values.

Advices from the west say that there is a shortage of canned salmon but considering the fact that this article now retails at about 15c. for one pound tins the rise in values need not be seriously regarded.

Prince Edward Island potatoes are coming into the market here somewhat freely and quotations are nominally from 33c. to 38c. a bushel according to quantity.

The BLUENOSE learned in conversation with a grocery dealer that nearly all his customers seemed to be asking for package teas in preference to the old method of buying them in bulk. It seems only a few years ago that teas in packets were an unknown quantity in our city retail stores and at first it was thought that consumers would not be disposed to pay the extra cost of having them put up in this way. Advertising, however, and the fact of their being much easier to handle have brought about the change and some tea importers go so far as to say that it will not be long until not only teas but sugar and various other food stuffs, now sold in bulk, will be entirely handled in packages of a suitable size.

Just a Little Counsel for Your Household Buying !!

SIX cent Sugar would be cheap at four cents if it were the same Sugar. . . Seventy-five cent Carpets at 50c. would also be cheap. But business and philanthropy don't mix.

We are selling Standard Carpets, made by standard manufacturers at reasonable prices and make an honest profit.

The difference in price between a good Carpet and a cheap one is a trifling matter in comparison with the much greater satisfaction in wear and color-keeping qualities of a Carpet made by reliable manufacturers.

Our Carpet Stock

will interest you if you want to cover your floors with the best goods possible for the least money.

**NOVA SCOTIA
FURNISHING COMPANY, Ltd.**

Complete House Furnishers,
HALIFAX, N. S.—and—SYDNEY, C. B.

CORRECT MEASURING!

Careful measuring is necessary to ensure a perfect fit. We are particular in the smallest detail, and satisfy our customers. Men can feel sure when they give us an order that they will get the best possible value for the money, and that we will make everything satisfactory.

E. MAXWELL & SON,
Merchant Tailors,
132 Granville St. HALIFAX, N. S.

Ralston Breakfast Food

You all know this article, and how highly it is recommended by physicians. We . . . have a stock of it just in from the . . . factory, guaranteed fresh and best condition. . . . You will find our price as low as other people's, and we always deliver orders promptly . . . as desired. . . .

W. J. HOPGOOD,
Spring Garden
Road.



ANY BOY who gets five yearly subscriptions to the "Bluenose" for us, will be given a Rugby Football. Quality guaranteed.


The IMPERIAL PUB. CO., Ltd.,
Bedford Chambers, Halifax, N. S.



I received a letter a few days ago from a man who is nearly sixty years old, and a member of an honorable profession, but who has acquired in his lifetime less than five thousand dollars which is represented in a little home that is clear of incumbrance. This man has always been temperate and has always been employed. He has been hampered by large bills for doctors, but otherwise has had no accident in all his life. The letter set out these facts and the summary of the writer was that his life had been a failure and he could not account for it. As I read over the statement I thought I could. He had not been sufficiently aggressive and he had lost several opportunities to force himself to the front.

The mass of men do not acquire over five thousand dollars in a lifetime. The reason for this is because they never exert themselves to succeed but are content to drift along like a machine and take what comes to them to do without trying to turn up something themselves. The writer who told his story to me has never caught the idea of business. He has been a machine, and the result is only natural. The law governing the actions of men is not to be trifled with. It is one of the sure things of life.

Men make their money between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five. Not much money is made before that age, but the young man must be ready to begin making money at forty if he hopes to get the most out of his opportunity. What do we mean by this? Here is a young man who has ambition but he has no money to bring his ideas into realization. He may want to buy a factory or take an interest in a jobbing house, or do something original himself. But he has no money. The average man sits down at this point and assumes that he cannot realize what he wants to because he has no money. The occasional man who succeeds says at this point, "Well, if I haven't got it I will get it," and he hustles around and gets the money and buys his factory or business. Our friend had ambition but he lacked in energy to carry his ideas through, hence his practical failure to acquire a competency in his lifetime. We must plan ahead and not be afraid to strike a blow occasionally if we expect to get ahead. Do not be afraid of obstacles, but surmount them.—ELI.



**A pair of
BOXING
GLOVES**

is one of the premiums . . . which the . . . Bluenose offers to the canvassers who send us 3 Subscribers.

**The Imperial Pub. Co., Ltd.,
HALIFAX.**

A Good Cup of Coffee

is about the nicest thing we know of for breakfast; but if it isn't good, it's worse than nothing.

We grind our own Coffee fresh every day, and we use only the finest quality of Bean.

If you want something nice and guaranteed pure, please give us a trial.

W. E. CROWE & CO.,
GOTTINGEN STREET.
Phone 120.



If you send three (3) subscribers to the "BLUENOSE" you will get a Spaulding "Favorite," and if you send five (5) you will get a "Lakeside," one of the most popular Tennis Rackets on the market. Yearly subscriptions to the . . . "BLUENOSE" \$2, payable in advance. Don't send money unregistered.

The Imperial
Publishing Co., Ltd.
Halifax, N. S.

THE
Equitable Life

ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Unparalleled in Growth.

Unequaled in Dividends.

Unapproachable in Strength.

Unhesitating in Payments.

Unyielding in Principle.

DURING the last seven years the Equitable has paid more than \$2,000,000 in dividends to its policy holders each year, and for the last two years, it has paid more than \$3,000,000 each year.

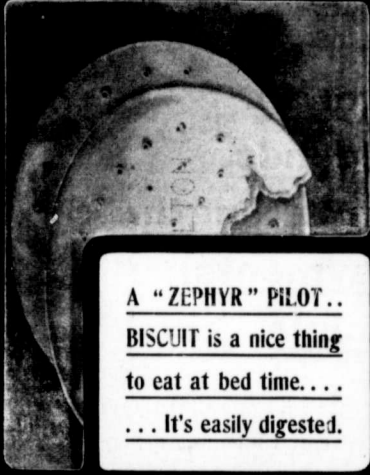
DURING 1899 the Society declined **thirty-four millions** of assurance applied for, as not being up to the high standard of risks required.

AFTER paying to its policy holders during the year \$3,054,809.68 in cash dividends, the remaining surplus awaiting distribution to the policy holders at the times specified in their contracts, amounted on December 31st, to \$61,117,477.77. This surplus is **more than ten millions of dollars greater than that of any other company** in the world.

DURING the forty years of its existence, the Equitable has paid to and accumulated for its policy holders \$603,382,017.21, which is over \$296,300,000 more than any other company has paid and accumulated within a corresponding period of its history. Its cash payments to its policy holders alone exceed by more than \$16,000,000 the **combined cash payments and accumulated funds** of the company that came nearest to it at the corresponding period of its history.

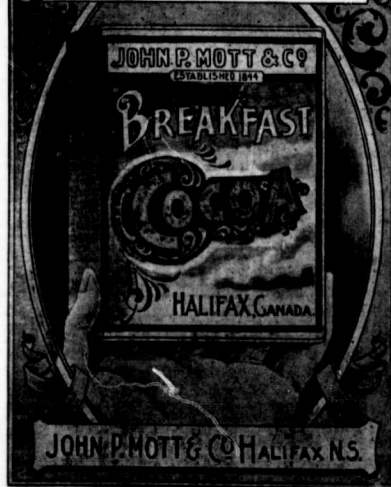
C. H. PORTER, Manager,
Queen Building, - - Halifax, N. S.

HAMILTON OF PICTOU



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

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



JOHN P. MOTT & CO HALIFAX N.S.



THE PEOPLE SAY

