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Society Notes.

Lady Jane wishes she were a Bishop. So do a great many people, no doubt, though it is not much of a sinecure to be Bishop of Nova Scotia. When we consider the position Bishop Courtney resigned to come here, the very moderate income he draws (not to mention the fact that it is not paid any too regularly), the immense number of calls on him for charitable institutions, etc, and the nature of the diocese he is expected to explore, it does not seem unreasonable that when he is ordered away for the benefit of his health the church should do its best to help him through with the expenses entailed. And when the military authorities saw their way to helping him by offering a passage in the trooper, they would have been very poor Englishmen and worse Churchmen if they had refrained from doing so. Of course, the same authorities ought to see that the officer so displaced does not lose money by it, we hope they have done so; if not, it is pretty hard lines.

In the midst of all this correspondence about Old Halifax and New, it is extremely interesting to turn up a reprint of the 1st number of the *Acadian Recorder*, dated Jan. 16th, 1813. We do not find much that bears directly on the point at issue, but it is all very interesting, so familiar and yet so strange and quaint.

The *Recorder* of these days was a small weekly sheet—printed and published (every Saturday morning) by Anthony H. Holland, at his office, adjoining the Navy Victualling Office, Water St. (Is this Messrs. James Scott & Co's Army and Navy Stores?) Everything about this paper is strange, and we are afraid it would hardly find a place in the Halifax of 1891. In the first place, it is English, and purely English, showing clearly enough that the Haligonian of that day regarded the Imperial interests as his own, and thought and spoke as an Englishman, taking a keen interest in English news. Of course, in such troublous times the feeling of loyalty was naturally very pronounced, and possibly it might be so again were Britain engaged in a great war. In fact, we have always been of opinion that, in the extremely improbable and undesirable event of war with the United States, Grits and Tories would at once combine under the flag of the loyal Canadians.

But to resume, here is an extract from the Prospectus:

"It will ever be an object to avoid the example of our belligerent neighbours, who are surfeit swoll'n with too much liberty, and the general-ity of whose public prints have become mere engines to collect and disgorge the effervescing violence of every wild theory every crude conception every artifice of little cunning, every species of falsehood and misrepresentation, every malignant passion, and the aggregated mass of varied evil that naturally results from the licentiousness of republicanism."

Mr. Holland has considerable command over the use of adjectives; it is a long time since we have seen the "licentiousness of republicanism" denounced in such good round terms in any Canadian print. The public nerves are too susceptible in these "piping times of peace."

Passing over the War News, and quotations from the *London Gazette*, which occupy half the paper, we come to a few Society items, e. g., a Monday levee at the Government House, 1 to 2 o'clock, on Her Majesty's Birthday. The next is rather old-world:—H. E. the Governor, by and with the advice of Her Majesty's Council, has appointed Friday to be observed as a Day of Public Fasting and Humiliation throughout the Province.

The Price Current shows some regular war prices, think of 95 shillings a barrel for flour, and 60 shillings a chaldron for coal, (soft, you may be sure; what a field for reflection!—when was hard coal first invented, and who introduced the luxurious, but enervating base-burner!) Salmon at 50 shillings a barrel isn't so bad, but butter at 1 4 is rather steep.

The rest of the paper is filled up with shipping news, poems, an account of a duel between two generals, and in fact, a little of everything

Perhaps the most striking feature about the whole thing is the absence of advertisements. A few enterprising firms put in, certainly, but there is none of the large type and catchy headings that are the leading feature in our newspapers. There is Walter Moore (late of the City of London) Hat Manufacturer, in Duke Street, two doors from Mr. George Eaton's book store,—orders left with Mr. Samuel Douglas, Hair Dresser, near the Navy Yard, will have due attention.

Then again, John Starr offers for sale that pleasant and convenient dwelling-house in Water Street, opposite the store of Messrs Starr & Shannon; also two handsome lots on the Main Street. There is an N. B. to the effect that Messrs. S. & S. have for sale Mould and Dipt Candles, Cumberland Butter, and Sole Leather.

The only other ad is worth quoting in full:

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

HAS for sale at his Store in Water street, on reasonable terms for Cash, viz.

| | |
|------------------------------|---|
| Hams and Cheese; | Quills & Slates; |
| Loaf and brown Sugars; | Men's & youth's blue Jackets & Trowsers; |
| Teas; | Cotton & flannel Shirts; |
| Coffee, in bags and barrels. | Drawers and Guerusey Frocks; |
| Sweet Oil in flasks; | Yarn Stockings and Mitts; |
| Rice; Indigo; | Assortment of Cottons; |
| Pepper; Alspice; | Flannels; Threads and Tapes; |
| Mustard, in bottles; | Combs; Jack & pen knives; |
| Starch & Fig Blue; | Men's and youth's strong Shoes; |
| Soap and Candles; | A quantity of Earthen Ware; |
| Butter & Hog-lard; | Blue and enamel'd Glass & Stone Ware, &c. |
| Playing Cards; | |
| Writing Paper; | |
| School Books; | |

ALSO

A quantity smoked HERRING in boxes, and a few boxes English mould *Candles*. Jan 16.

Isn't this just what is understood on the other side by a colonial store? Mr. Hamilton seems to have combined all the functions fulfilled to-day by Messrs. John Tobin, Knowles' Book Store and the Ten-cent store, with a few others.

The coming of the *Gondolier* company, who perform at the Academy on Easter Monday, reminds us of two good sized volumes we once possessed, entitled "Works of W. S. Gilbert." Anyone who cares for the peculiar Gilbertian style of wit and metre should hunt up this work, and will be well repaid by doing so. It is remarkable that one hears so little about all Gilbert's plays,—there must be at least 20, not counting the series set to Sullivan's music.

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We have had occasion before to remark the extreme delicacy of professional reputations, and the folly—if not worse—of idly spreading unfounded reports about professional men. We have commented on the unfairness of balancing a piece of bad-luck against twenty years successful practice of medicine, and now we hope to be in time to check another absurd rumour, which might be detrimental to the interests of one of our cleverest doctors. It is whispered—by the women, of course,—that he is not qualified to attend certain cases; and possibly some women may have refrained from calling him in in consequence. Whoever took the trouble to start such an unfounded report must be either very malicious or very ignorant; as the doctor in question is fully qualified, both in London and in Halifax, and has had far more experience than most medical men of his age.

There is likely to be a radical change in the Cambridge House arrangements after the summer holidays. Mr Leigh has been for some months thinking of retiring from school work, and now that he has obtained several business agencies, he has decided to make the change this summer, so the school will be in future conducted by Mr. Bradford: Mr. Leigh will in this way be enabled to devote more time to private tuition and literary work.

Next week the Opera Company will be in full swing at the Academy. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, they give *The Gondoliers*, and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, *Amorita*, which had a run of 100 nights in the New York Casino. There will be a matinee performance of *The Gondoliers* on Saturday, (April 3rd).

On Tuesday there is an Olio—whatever that may be—in the Orpheus Hall; Mrs Percy Lear and other good singers are down on the programme.

One of the many Halifax society correspondents includes the following paragraph in her last week's budget:—

"Halifax has produced another weekly. Ye gods! When are ye going to stop? This time it is the literary girls attending the ladies college who have dashed into print. Might we suggest something? Would it not be a good idea for the three weeklies to unite? We will suppose a meeting where it is decided to combine the three papers in one. It could be managed in this way: by selecting the strongest writers from each: they would thus be able to produce something really readable. And we should no more be afflicted by having to wade through those worthless columns, which are written merely to fill up."

"Ye Gods!" indeed, when our literary maidens cannot distinguish between a *quarterly* girl's school magazine and a weekly newspaper! As we remarked last week, there are now three college magazines in Halifax, and none too many for a town of this size. *Ola Podrida* is a nice little paper, and will probably have a good circulation, but its students would be very surprised to hear that they are—by some people—considered in competition with *Our Society*.

There is a certain humour—or it is satire?—about the following announcement, which appeared in the columns of a Truro contemporary:—

"A little girl arrived at Mr. and Mrs. W. P. King's home on Pleasant Street, about a week ago. Usual weight."

The annual meeting of the Wanderers' Cricket and Athletic Club will be held at the Halifax Hotel, on April 2nd, at 8 p. m. We could hardly expect that the suggestion we threw out, in respect to the International match being played here, could be acted upon this year, but we hope that it will not be lost sight of. We hear that two American teams have signified their intention of coming here this season. This is as it should be, for our standard dishes, Wanderers vs Garrison, Wanderers vs R. A. and R. E., begin, like cold mutton five days a week, to pall upon us.—Might we make a suggestion to the Wanderers', which if carried out, would eventually benefit the club to a great extent. It is that more

attention should be paid to those young players who are not in the first Eleven; unless they receive more inducements to practice, they will never be fitted to take a place in the 1st Eleven.

This is only to be done by making matches for them; youngsters will never practice for the sake of practising; they must have incentives. If they knew they were to play matches, it would be found that they would practice hard enough. Again, how is the cricket committees to chose their team? It is impossible to select from practices only: many a brilliant performer at the nets is utterly worthless in a match and vice versa—Might we suggest that as soon as the season opens two or three scratch matches be played, in real earnest, exactly as though the sides were strangers. By those means any latent talent would be unearthed, and there would be a chance of picking out recruits for the first XI by their all-round play as well as by their batting. One thing more we wish to put before the Wanderers. We are all well aware that at present, as last season, the Garrison are without a ground, and, we think it would be a courteous act to grant the officers the use of the ground for practice. A new regiment having arrived among us: a graceful act like this would do much to sustain the Wanderers' reputation for hospitality and good fellowship; and would improve their own play, and enable them to enjoy more fully the triumph when they do defeat the Garrison in the field. As it was last year, there was no glory to be won by a victory over a team with no chance of practice, while a defeat was rendered all the more disgraceful.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Eandy have left Bedford for their town house.

We are extremely sorry to hear that Mr. Geoffrey Morrow has intimated his intention not again to stand for President of the W. A. A. C. He has been a most popular president, and it will be difficult to find another who will fulfil all the important duties attached to this office with such entire satisfaction to all sections of the Club.

Dartmouth shows signs of renewed social activity after Lent. An Entertainment in aid of the Christ Church Organ Fund is to be given in the Reform Club Hall, probably on Tuesday week. It will consist of Tableaux and Music, and will be under the management of Mr. W. R. Foster.

During the following week Farmer's Mass is to be rendered in the same Hall, under the management of Mr. F. W. Blake.

Two small dances were given in the course of the last week, one by Mrs. Bustan, and one by Mrs. Ellis.

There are only three cases of diphtheria in Dartmouth at present, all in the same house, and all recovering rapidly.

Bedford also is getting pretty lively. Among the guests at the "Bedford" Hotel we notice the names of Rev. Dr. Burns and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Dalziel, Mr. and Mrs. R. Twining, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lundy, Sir James Home and Miss Home, and Miss Sterling. Everything points to a gay summer season, and a good many families have already booked rooms from the 1st of May; among others Mr. and Mrs. Denison and family, and Miss Campbell of Amherst, Dr. Cowie and family, and Lieut-Col. Worsley and family, all at the "Bedford."

We hope that steps will be taken to provide better communications with Bedford this summer. The trip from Halifax to Bedford, either by road or by water, is a most enjoyable one, and the scenery is beautiful at any time of the year. During the warm weather there should be a daily—or at least a tri-weekly,—boat; and one of the first things we expect from the new Bus company is a daily trip from the "Halifax" or "Queen," via the 4-mile house, to Wilson's and the "Bedford," say leaving town at 10 A. M., and the "Bedford" at about 2 P. M. These arrangements would do a great deal towards providing amusement for our American visitors, and would be very popular. As to the question of "paying," no one can have any doubt on that point who knows the number of private teams hired to do the same trip.

Sir John Ross left on Wednesday for New York, intending, we believe, to be away for some months, as he goes from New York to Washington and Ottawa, where he will be the guest of Lord and Lady Stanley.

We understand that Mrs. and Miss Daly leave for England on the 18th, so that Government House will be practically closed for all entertaining for some considerable time.

Sir John gave a small and select tea on Saturday last, to introduce the new regiment to the youth and beauty of Halifax.

Mr. W. H. Gossip, of the 1st National Bank, Minneapolis, was in town on Tuesday, on his way to North Sydney, where he goes as Agent for the Peoples Bank. His many friends were glad to welcome him back, and wish him every success in his new undertaking.

Miss Thompson, of Pleasant Street, has gone to Ottawa, to visit her sister Mrs. Clark.

It is said that Leo XIII. has had a will drawn up as follows:— All his personal patrimony, valued at about 400,000 francs, will go to his nephews. All the real estate, money, and treasures in art will go to enrich the Papal treasury, with the exception of some important sums of money destined for the Propaganda, the Missions, repression of slavery, etc.

An amusing story comes from the Law Courts. A gentleman belonging to the light-fingered fraternity has been busily engaged lately in removing overcoats and umbrellas, and a private detective was set to catch him. This man had so much confidence in himself that he took off his own coat and put it in a tempting spot in order to entrap the thief. But, unfortunately for himself, the detective became engrossed in a case which was proceeding, and when he looked round for his coat it had gone! He went home a sadder and wiser man. The next time he lays a trap he will use someone else's coat.

The Proprietors of Le Bon Marche are having an Easter display of goods this week.

"There are incidents," said a teacher in a Board School, "that will destroy the dignity of any occasion. The other day one of our lady teachers was drilling some of her younger pupils in forming sentences. She gave the word 'trumpet.' Each member of the class was to form a sentence in which this word occurred. As a start she asked an unusually bright little fellow, if he could form a sentence with the word 'trumpet' in it. He was eagerly confident in his belief that he could, and the teacher asked him to proceed. This was his sentence: 'I will trump it with a spade.' This, of course, put the school-room in a roar, and the teacher went with the tide."

A large number of people are under the impression that a great many deaths are caused in all our towns through overcrowding. This would not seem to be the case at Ottey St. Mary, Devon, where during the past twelve months only four deaths have been recorded, and their aggregate ages amount to 331 years, or an average of nearly 83 years each. The respective ages were 85, 82, 82, and 82.

A friend of ours tells us an amusing story against herself. One evening, going out to dine, she was unfortunately detained, and arrived at her friend's house so late that all the guests were already in the dining-room. When the footman had taken off her cloak a charming-looking old man approached her from the dining-room, saying, "Mrs. Dash sent me to say she was very sorry they could not wait any longer, and that I am to show you into the dining-room." "Oh, thank you so much," the lady answered; "very kind of you I am sure;" and taking his arm with some *empressment*, she walked towards the room. When seated she found a gentleman on each side of her. The man she had mistaken for her partner at dinner was her host's butler!

Among the latest exchanges, by far the best is *Bank Chat* a monthly paper, devoted to the Interest, Instruction and Recreation of those in the Banking Profession in Canada, edited by I. Harecourt Verney, Toronto. This is quite one of the best Canadian papers we have seen, well-written and artistic in "get-up." Of course, several columns are of peculiar interest to bankers, containing items bearing on the profession from all parts of the world, and personals from the chief banks in Canada. Seeing that the banks are a strong body here, we are surprised to find Halifax supplying so few items, and still more surprised not to have come across this paper before. The December number is beautifully illustrated with photo-engravings by the Hanson Company; not quite so fine as ours, perhaps, but very clear and distinct. If "Bank chat" goes on as it has begun, it will become a strong bond of Union between Canadian bankers, and credit to the profession it represents.

A GIANT and a dwarf having quarreled, agreed to fight a duel with pistols, both time and place being arranged. Before the day, however, the giant called upon the dwarf and said, "It's occurred to me I shall have much the worst of this, as you've a far larger mark to shoot at than I have." The dwarf, who was a smart little fellow, replied, "that this being so, he was quite willing to have a figure of his size chalked on the giant's body and that any shots that went outside this should not count;" and to this the thick-headed giant agreed.

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GO TO

FISHING.—No. I.

Now that we are within measurable distance of plying once again, what Izaak designated "the gentle craft" ought we not to bestir ourselves and have a good overhaul of our paraphernalia? Where ought this to be done? Why of course in our particular Sanctum, it is far too important an affair for the vulgar—that is those who are not fishermen at heart—to gaze upon—and what sort of room should this same sanctum be? For answer I will give a description of an ideal one I have in my mind's eye—

An old Spanish proverb says "it is not always May," so that when the fisherman is laid by the heels by rheumatism, his proper place is home, and the sweetest spot,—his study—should be his resting place and should be furnished for comfort and not for show. This must be essentially a man's sanctum. The other sex, even the dearest of it, should only be admitted on sufferance, and should they even hint at "tidying up a little dear" they must be at once rigorously treated—We men never invade boudoirs, though we might perhaps be edified with a little bit of scandal if we ventured to do so. And as we hold as sacred their part of the premises, we have a perfect right to demand unrestricted domestic reciprocity—

My ideal study has two windows, one looking on to an old fashioned flower garden,—no green-houses or obstructions of that kind, for a true fisherman glories in nature pure and simple—while from the other a glint of the stream is occasionally caught, the sight of which causes one to build castles in the air of the three and four pounders, he is going to lure from its depths on the opening day. There are two book cases in this room: you must always have plenty of books in a study, it looks more cheerful, and without them you would be as one who plays Hamlet with no Hamlet in the cast. One case should hold a good assortment of sporting books, the other general light literature, whilst on the table should be strewn the current magazines, directory, and a railway time table. Among the books that ought to be in the first case, is Venables to represent the ancient literature on fishing, Markham a little later, Day still later, and then a few of the modern authors.

I cannot pass Day's name without one word to his memory. I was but a boy when I first saw him: was arguing with Frank Buckland on the species of some fish, when waxing very warm, he finished up by saying "Well, Buckland, you may be right, but hauged if I think you are!" Cheeriest of good fishermen, "may the turf lie lightly over him." But to return to the table, the more untidy that is, the more comfortable the room is likely to be.

Two chairs are alone allowed in this room, and when I say chairs, I do not mean things that you are afraid to sit upon, and that when in the middle of an exciting fish tale, you give a tilt backwards, deposits you with scant warning under the table. No, the chairs must be deep, warm and soft, and in fact inviting looking. A rack for rods and guns is of course a necessity, the former should always be laid horizontally, or suspended from a nail, for if put perpendicularly in a corner they are sure to warp. This same corner tho' is the place for landing nets, gaffs and walking sticks. The room would not be complete without some pictures, good prints for choice then, and Landseers at that—old fashioned sporting prints in black and gilt frames also look very well—on the mantel shelf may be placed two or three old fashioned Japanese cups and saucers, on which are painted impossible looking fish, which help to decorate the room. Some men think it a *sine qua non* that they should have monstrosities in the shape of stuffed fish in glass cases, stuck about the place: this is a very great mistake, for unless a fish is very well stuffed—which is not done once in a thousand times—it is far better to have none at all. My experience has taught me that there is only one fish that ought to be stuffed, and that is a good old fashioned pike of about 10 lbs., and that should be done by a good cook with veal stuffing, and served hot with *Sauce Tartare*.

One of the finest Thames trout I ever saw, after going through the ordeal of stuffing, and being laid to rest in a glass case, was

simply unrecognizable, reminding one forcibly of a plethoric alderman after a city feed. We must not forget the favourite fox terrier, or spaniel, which lies upon the hearth rug, awaiting patiently the confidences he knows we shall give him. To sum up all, the whole room should be in harmony, old fashioned books, and old fashioned things, generally, come more natural to the true fisherman's tastes, than new fangled adornments.

And now for the fly book, let us overhaul that first! "Ah, Jack, my little dog, do you see that crumpled little dun, that's what I killed the big trout on. Didn't he fight? No use now tho', so into the fire with you. Ah, here's my own old familiar Jock Scott, you shall yet lure another good one to basket and eventually to the pan. Hullo! all the salmon flies want touching up; I must have daylight for that tho'—oh, hang it all, all this gut is rotten; never mind, you've done good service, and now away with you. But now, Jack comes the tug-of-war, how will all those salmon casts, for which I paid so much, turn out. Did I not wrap them in wash leather, and protect them with carbon and put them away carefully in a tin box? I fear to open it, but there, it must be done. Hurray, Jack, they are safe, no moth there, my boy; a good soaking and they will be as good as ever. Now, my trusty green-heart, out you come; I warrant you're all there;—yes there's a ring wanted; right, we'll settle that now,—where's the silk and bees wax? so, that's done, top joint a bit warped, so we will just tie a heavy weight on and hang it up in the kitchen for a day or so. And now for you, my split cane, you disreputable looking little villain, you look as if you had been out on the loose all the winter: I will give you a coat of my own particular varnish to-morrow, "plase the pigs."

What, my doughty champion, with whom I've landed those big pike, and those sulky barbel, do you too want attention? Yes, so you do, those ferrules are a bit loose, they'll get right enough tho, if I remember to dip the rod in water the first day I go out. I'll just rub a little vaseline over you male ferrules just to prevent your sticking—of course all the pike tackle is in a tangle, oh I remember, the last day I was out those blessed pigs took liberties with the tackle box—Gimp all rotten; couldn't expect anything else—Now Jack to set everything in order; not as women kind love to do, in the absence of the owner, with the result as to the tackle of chaotic tidyness, and as to the angler swear words and base ingratitude—Now Jack to bed, to dream of tomorrow, the first day of the season.

WALTER LEIGH.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

A very interesting meeting of working men was held in Cheltenham lately, for the purpose of discussing the question 'why don't working men go to church?' We should like to give a full report of the speeches, as they were all good, and real practical points. We must, for want of space, content ourselves with a few selections:—

It having been arranged that, although there was "a chiel among them takin' notes," the names of speakers should not be published, a working man, whom we will call No. 1, at once rose and very clearly and forcibly put his views before the meeting. "I am," he said, "a Church of England man, and the clergyman of my church is, I think, the best in Cheltenham—that man is the vicar of St. Mark's. So you see in what I am going to say I am not going to speak against my own clergyman, but what working men think about the Church generally." No. 1 then went on to give what he said he believed to be some of the reasons why working men don't go to church. The clergy, he said, were as a rule out of touch with working men in social and political matters. The Bishops voted against the extension of the franchise to working men. Bishops and clergy gave the cold shoulder to labour movements, and when Jos. Arch tried to lift the agricultural labour to a higher level of pay and position the Church of England was against him and those who worked with him, and what had been done was done in spite of rather than because of the action of most of the clergy. Then charity was not justly distributed. People who went more or less regularly to church were well looked after by the lady visitors, while the most de-

saving were often overlooked, and thus some of the charity went to "a set of humbugs."

Finally, the church was taking a wrong view of free education. Bishop Ryle recently said that if the poor children are educated free, the State will soon have to feed them as well. "Brother working men," said No. 1 in conclusion, "we don't want anything of the sort, do we? (No, no.) You know that the pence that go to the school often ought to go for a dinner, and I say it's an insult to working men and an injury to religion to say that we want the State to feed our children." With this emphatic declaration, No. 1 sat down, amid loud applause. As he did so, No. 2 rose and informed his audience that he began work as a scarecrow when twelve years old, and had been at work ever since, and therefore he claimed to be a working man. In his opinion, one chief reason why working men don't go to church is that preachers don't practice what they preach. They preach the humble, meek and lowly Saviour; in practice they associate with the rich and don't want to see the poor. If a rich man calls upon them, he is shown into the drawing-room, if a poor man calls he has to stand in the hall. Many tradesmen and working men go to church for what they can get in worldly things, and thus hinder men going for heavenly things.

No. 5 considered training has much to do with neglect to attend church. Father and mother didn't go, or very seldom went, and children grew up to do the same. When they do go they are amongst strangers, and feel uncomfortable, and if they don't wear black coats they are especially so. No. 5 then very freely spoke his mind about the relations of capital and labour, and said that grasping employers who are also professing Christians do an immense deal of harm to working men.

No. 7 quoted as instance of a man who had worked for forty years for one firm became ill and could only work occasionally, and at last the employer said to him, "The best thing for you to do is to go into the workhouse." That employer is a professing Christian.

No. 10 found fault with preachers for preaching creed rather than practical religion. Speaker No. 11 followed on the same lines, and as an illustration of the attitude of some clergy and ministers related an incident in his own experience. When a young man, he said, he got hold of a good many free thought notions, and one afternoon went to the clergyman of his parish to talk with him about them. "My dear young friend," said the clergyman, "you are reasoning for yourself; this will never do; you must believe what you are told by far wiser men than you." His (the speaker's) reply was, "Sir, I came to you for bread and you offer me a stone." In a testy tone the clergyman said, "I can't stay to talk to you now; my tea is ready."

As the meeting was breaking up, someone suggested that speaker No. 1 ought to be a Dissenter. "No, no," was the reply; "I've got a very good clergyman, and, besides, the Church that's good enough for Billy Gladstone is good enough for me!"

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English Jottings.

To be tough and hardy, and endowed with a strong spirit of resistance and endurance is looked upon (and always has been since the days of that vile barbarian, glorious Peter the Great) as one of the most important qualifications of a Czar. It has, therefore, been the custom for the members of the Romanoff family to subject their children to a most cruel, absurd, and wholly useless course of hardship, such as sleeping on hard straw beds, bathing in icy water, jumping out of a warm bed in the dead of night when suddenly summoned, learning to live on hard bread and water, working for a certain number of hours without relaxation, and with but little food—in fact, all the stupid blunders and senseless cruelties of which so many English people are guilty, when they want to “harden,” as they term it, their children.

Alexander III. was himself subjected to some such stupid *regime* as this, and recognizing the cruelty, folly, and even danger of it, has taken good care not to allow it to be applied to his children. And here we may shrewdly suspect that the influence of that most charming of ladies, the Empress Marie, has made itself felt, for her children have been brought up in the simple but easy and comfortable, and sensible fashion that she herself and her brother and sisters were brought up in Denmark.

The result has been that in the case of the Czarewitch, a happy youth has succeeded a happy boyhood, and although, a child born of a long series of dipsomaniacs and victims to neurosis on the father's side, and of such an extremely nervous lady as the Czarina Marie, can hardly be expected to be possessed of what is termed “rude” or “boisterous” health, still the eldest son of Alexander III. is a fairly healthy young man, and certainly in every way, both mentally and physical, greatly the superior of the inanimate Claret and Lemonade, his cousin, with whom it is an injustice, not to say an insult, to His Imperial Highness to compare him.

There is a good piece of news for bachelors in the *Levant Herald*. We read that with a view to combating celibacy amongst Mussulmans the Imperial Government has decided to establish a bank, which would advance money to all those persons desirous of marrying, but whose means are not sufficient to enable them to do so. What does Lord Salisbury say to this? We have bachelors enough here, and the adoption of a similar scheme might tend to rid us of some of our surplus female population. The wily Turk is evidently a long way ahead of us yet.

Is anybody in this world utterly void of superstition? I think not. Superstition is literally a dread of the future. If there is such a thing as an atheist, I dare be sworn he, too, is superstitious. And superstition is something more than dread of the future—it is an unspoken, unacknowledged, a perhaps unconcious homage to the occult. Death omens have been too well accredited to be sneered out of vitality. It is accepted without a doubt in Germany that the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns appears before a death, and many families in the Highlands of Scotland have special omens, of figure, sign, or sound. It never occurs to them to doubt their reality, they do not question their why or where *frons*. They accept them, that is all. The Royal Family of Hawaii have a curious herald—a shoal of red fish, or alulua, in the harbour of Honolulu. When this shoal comes into the harbour the natives know one of the Royal Family has to go. The fatal fish appeared in immense numbers in January last, the nets were full to breaking, and the natives said, “Our King is doomed.” And so he was. Twenty days later King Kalakama crossed the Great Divide.

I asked on one occasion, when going over Windsor Castle under particular circumstances, if there was no ghost belonging to any part of the building, or story about a ghost, but I was assured that no one walked within the sacred precincts. It had been said that Anne Boleyn had been seen some years ago, and a tradition exists that misfortune always happens to the person who sees her, but there is no real live ghost in the old historic pile. I remember being in a house in a far country many years ago, where the head of the family lay a-dying. We were all—six in number—in the room waiting the event, the servants—three, all told—stayed in a room adjoining. The house was in its own grounds, no trees grew close to it, and persons could easily be seen when approaching from any side. The night was clear and brilliant, and snow lay on the ground a foot deep. Suddenly the hall door bell rang violently, and one of the servants—a man—at once hurried downstairs to open the door. The tinkle of the bell had not ceased when he reached it, but on opening it no one was there, and there was no footmark in the snow: the steps were a white unbroken mass. He shut the door hastily and returned upstairs, to find death had taken place. The family evinced no surprise. “A bell always rings before a death now,” they said. I remember a dog yelped as if in terror at the first sound of the bell, and ran into a corner and hid, trembling all over.

In *Alexander Dumas's Mémoires* a similar incident is given. He was a child when his father died. The night of his death, Alexander, who was asleep in bed, was awoken by a loud knock at the door. It was an inner door, and the two outer doors were shut. He felt no fear, but got up and went towards the door. A cousin, who was sleeping in the same room, was greatly frightened, and asked where he was going. “To open the door to papa, who is coming to say good-bye,” he replied. The cousin caught hold of him and forced him back to bed, he struggling and crying, “Good-bye, papa, good-bye, papa.” “Something like a faint expiring breath passed over my forehead and calmed me, and so I fell asleep.” The next morning, at daybreak, word was brought that his father had died just as the knock was heard.

And talking of superstition, it is not generally known that church lands are supposed to bring bad luck to their holders. In Ireland this is a matter of faith, and I could tell some strange corroborative facts connected with it. In England the superstition is confined to forfeited ecclesiastical lands, and Lord Beauchamp, who has just died, has revived it. It is pointed out that although the peerage only dates from 1815, the late Earl was the seventh in succession. However, he was an earnest churchman, and had during his lifetime devoted to church purposes a sum far exceeding the value of the luckless lands he held, so it is to be hoped that he broke the spell. In strange contrast to this mortality of Earls is the longevity in the Albemarle family. The present Earl of that name is also the seventh in succession, but his honours have date from 1696.

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HALIFAX, N. S. FRIDAY, MARCH 27th, 1891.

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All matter intended for publication must be accompanied by the real name of the writer as pledge of good faith with the Editor.

Articles for Friday's issue should be in the Editor's hands by Wednesday evening, but notices of current events can be inserted as late as Thursday afternoon.

Our readers are particularly requested to make a point of sending in at once (on telephoning No. 358.) :—

- (I.) Notices of intended removal, expected arrivals, etc.
- (II.) 'At Home' days, and more especially alterations in the same.
- (III.) News of the whereabouts, etc., of any old friends who have left Halifax.
- (IV.) Recommendations of servants leaving.
- (V.) Advertisements of articles lost or found.
- (VI.) " " of articles for sale, etc.

It is hoped that all the Athletic and other Clubs will send in their records, notes, and gossip up to date.

Advertisements under heads (iv.) and (vi.) will not be charged for, but any person who is suited with a servant through the medium of this paper will be expected to pay a fee of 50 cents, and in the same way any person receiving a lost article will be charged 10 cents.

Private advertisements under head (vi) and others, will be charged to the advertiser at the rate of 10 cents per line.

The rates for business advertisements are :
 1 inch\$1.00 per quarter
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Our Society is delivered by hand to subscribers within the city, and mailed to those at the N. W. Arm, or in Provincial towns.

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H. BRADFORD,
Business Editor.

THE Critic is increasing its number of pages by 4, experimentally for a few weeks, and then permanently if the venture is successful, which we have no doubt it will be.

AMONG our new exchanges this week are *Bank Chat*, the *Hants Journal*, and *Weymouth Free Press*. We have received also the first issue of the *Truro Daily News* in its enlarged form.

THE enlarged edition of the *Truro Head Light* has just arrived. This paper is, as its name denotes, chiefly devoted to the interests of Railway employees, but it contains a lot of amusing and interesting items.

We are still without regular correspondents in Pictou, Amherst, Digby, Sydney, and St. John, and should be glad if any of our readers would suggest names of friends in these towns who might fill the blanks.

AUNT RUTH (or Kate, we are not sure which) is labouring under a delusion. She incloses a note explaining that, as we do not insist on having the names of correspondents, she does not think it necessary to give her own. This is very distressing: surely we have said enough to make it clear that we do expect to have the real names in all cases, and that we will not undertake to insert any communications on other terms. We have added a paragraph to this effect to our standing notices, and trust no misunderstanding will arise in future.

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Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,—

While many flattering remarks have been made in the daily papers about the coming Operatic Company, I have been struck by the inconsistency of some—especially one rather more foolish than the rest—of the society correspondents. She—the one I mean—talked a great deal about Mr. Clarke's scheme, and seemed to think she was "working the oracle" all by herself;—and when Mr. Clarke had obtained enough subscribers to make it worth while to bring the company, she drops the subject altogether,—just at the time when she *might* do a little good by ventilating it. It doesn't matter much anyway; the company is good enough to fill the Academy on its own merits and already I hear that the seats for the first night are nearly all taken; but still, it struck me as rather ridiculous.

I am, etc.,

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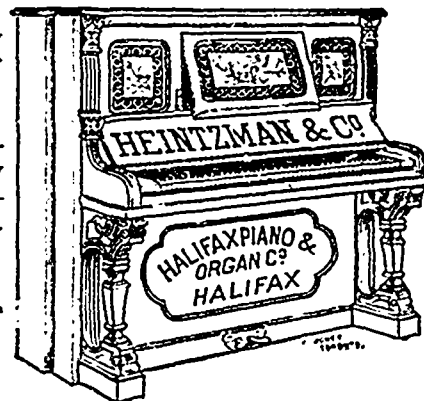
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SHODDY ARISTOCRACY.

FREQUENTLY, if not generally, the undercurrents in political and social life are of far more ultimate importance in determining a nation's destiny than the well-boomed "movements." If I were the editor of a big newspaper, I would have a column headed "Undercurrents," on which I would keep a shrewd man engaged in culling from the press of the world, reflective of what people are thinking and saying and doing, not in great senates and assemblies, but in small coteries and social salons. We owe our very existence to an apple eaten by an inquisitive woman on a summer afternoon; and most epochs have been born of episodes. The study of undercurrents would often save us from the surprise we feel on opening our morning papers and finding large-typed telegrams about collapses of foreign governments, commercial disasters, and other violent crises in the affairs of men. Bolts do not shoot from out the blue, and the world will not come to an end in the twinkling of an eye.

There is in the *New York Truth*, an American society paper, note of an undercurrent too amusing to be permitted to pass without comment. Fortune-building has been going on apace on the other side of the Atlantic, and millionaires may almost be said to be "three a penny," in Gilbertian phrase. And, says the *New York paper* :—

"Luxury once obtained, the craving for distinction soon follows. A man with the revenue of a dozen dukes does not relish the humble title of plain mister, and if he were modest enough of himself, his wife would not permit him to rest content. Even now the great dames of our republic move heaven, earth and hell to buy titles for their daughters, and this is but a first stage towards carving titles for themselves."

And there is talk of laying a corner-stone of the future Empire. The very mention of such a thing is enough to make Paine and Washington turn in their graves, but it is not only mentioned but seriously proposed. There is an unmistakable undercurrent of desire of a ginger-bread titled aristocracy. What foolery or knavery is this? Has old *Aesop* any readers in the Republic? and is the fable of the daw that strutted in the peacock's feathers forgotten?

There is nothing more contemptuously ridiculous than the spectacle of a young and vigorous nation, with a history of its own to carve out for itself, wishing to make itself a mere imitative echo of an older form of civilisation. If our British aristocracy were merely a thing of to-day and yesterday, it would not be worth preserving for an instant. But it is a picturesque, powerful, and reverent institution, the growth of centuries, the effervescence of a mighty past, having its roots deep down in a glorious history. Its founders became aristocrats because they possessed great qualities which made them stand above their fellows—qualities of courage and daring, of might of arm and strength of will. They may have known little of what we call ethics, but according to their times they were pre-eminently great. The history of the British aristocracy is a history of great human character, whether we esteem it in all its phases or not. It grew as the nation grew. But what could a ready-made, scrambled-together American aristocracy be but a shoddy, spavined, cockeyed caricature, coronetted with dollars and robed with greenbacks, and stuck up like an Aunt Sally at a country fair, to be shied at by the satirists of every nation in Christendom?

What the American people want is not an aristocracy of millionaire tallow candlemakers and soap-boilers, grocers and oilmen, stock-jobbers and railway speculators, but an aristocracy of character. Deservedly or not, American people have made for themselves a reputation for excessive acuteness, cunning, and grasping avariciousness. If there were more character and less cash in the Republic, probably we should hear nothing of a strong undercurrent of desire for a shoddy aristocracy. Meanwhile English papers might render the States a service if they would prevent any very considerable portion of the people there from making further fools of themselves in this direction, by laughing at them.

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The Ladies' Column.

LONDON NOTES.

The hats this year are really lovelier than ever. I dare say this is stated every spring, for the freshness of spring flowers is a charm in itself, which no doubt gains something by contrast with the dreary days we leave behind, only I think this year it may be said with special truth. Madame Vera has just returned from Paris, and the little shop in Lower Belgrave Street is full of pretty things. Her favourite flowers this season will be hyacinths which indeed, are hard to beat in point of grace and color. One big black hat is almost covered with mauve and yellow bloom; another, white and pale pink bells are massed together. A new hat in fine pale-coloured straw is lined with moss-green velvet which also forms the filled crown. Lilies of the valley, with their own bright sheath-like leaves, are brought forward in painted wreath, and a loose bunch of violets falls among the velvet bows behind. Black and gold will also be much worn. A grey straw is trimmed with puffs of net and nodding balls of jet black elderberries, mounted on gold stems. Broad gold ribbon is tied into a bow on the very edge of the brim, and the ends go under out of sight. A yellow straw is veiled in black Chantilly. The feature of this hat is the flowers. They are poppies, but of a kind which never grew in any field, for the petals are gold satin lined with soft black velvet, and the stamens are dull green. Not a word, of course, but stylish to a degree, and what we call for want of a better title—very French.

The marriage of the daughter of the Princess Christian to Prince Albert of Anhalt-Dessau is fixed for the first week in June, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The Emperor of Germany will be present. It will be a double occasion, that of the parents' silver wedding and the marriage of the Princess. The Duchesses of Edinburgh and Buccleuch and Lady Salisbury are organising a fund for a gift to the Princess, which will be on a large scale. A great deal has been said about the presence of the German Empress in Paris, where, it would seem, she outstayed her welcome; but it was a London, not a Berlin, telegram that hurried the Empress's departure. This is not generally known, but it is stated on authority that her Majesty, on receipt of a wire from her Emperor grandfather, communicated with her daughter, with the result as given.

Town is filling rapidly. Sunday was warm and bright, and church parade was a sight not to shudder at but to see. The basinet, bodice and the three quarter jacket or coat were the only wear. Magenta is to be one of the popular colours of the season—on Sunday it was conspicuous by its absence. Sunday in the season is a very fashionable day—there is so little to do, and everyone does that little so well. It is Lent, but people cannot keep up a 40-day fast, so they drop the church parade and attend a drawing-room. I walked behind a woman and a girl on Sunday evening, and heard their high-pitched conversation. "I tell you, Nan, she's a wicked woman—she reads novels and does needlework on Sundays, and you won't see no parson or visiting lady; that's what I calls real put-down wicked." Perhaps it is—and perhaps it is not—but one thing is wicked: judging your neighbours.

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Provincial Notes.

BRIDGEWATER.—Like the other correspondents, I too must plead "Lent" as an excuse for dearth of social news. How suitable it is to have Lent in March. The weather, the roads, and everything unite in being "dismally dolefully." *Everything, did I say!* Well, no! There is at least one exception and it is "Our Society." For fear I should be a blot on its cheerful pages, I will say good-bye to the subject of Lent.

The snow and the ice have gone and we are eagerly looking forward to the summer. With our beautiful river and scenery, our town is much more attractive in summer than in winter. As a consequence it is in the warm months that we have our visitors, and social life is then much more gay and pleasant.

Everything in its time. We have enjoyed the sleighing, skating and tobogganing, and now bidding them affectionately *au revoir*, we greet with pleasure the approach of the season that brings boating, tennis and the other delights of the summer.

I am glad to be able to tell you that we have our steamer again running between here and Halifax. It is a great convenience to our people.

Mr. Kaulbach, our newly elected M. P., has been seriously ill. Grit and tory however, are glad to know that he is now out of danger and reported to be improving every day.

Capt. Wilson and Mr. C. H. Davison have returned from their trip to California. They speak in glowing terms of the pleasure and profit to be derived from such a journey.

Miss Calder is visiting Mrs. Dunstan of Dartmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell are going to housekeeping on Church street. I only hope the Merchant's Bank will be good enough to let them remain with us.

This week some of our young folks are going to favor us with amateur theatricals. It is in aid of the Springhill relief fund. A worthy object, and Pete wishes them success.

Some other of our young people are preparing a cantata, which I believe is to be given after Easter.

Mr. Hugh Calder has returned from Philadelphia where he was attending college.

On the first Thursday after Lent the Quadrille Club are going to commence again. I have not been able to find out whether the opening dance is to be a fancy dress affair or only the usual ball.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. Leech gives a small card party. It was very much enjoyed in spite of Lent.

Many of our citizens have been suffering from bad colds, something like our visitor of last winter, — *la grippe*. If he is so fond of us as to come again I hope he will be kinder and not remain so long.

I am glad to see again after some years absence, one of our boys—Capt. "Bob" Hunter. By the breadth of his shoulders I should say wandering over the face of the earth agrees with him.

PLATE.

TRURO.—Mrs. H. W. Blair gave a delightful tobogganing party on Friday evening. Twelve or fifteen young people assembled on the "hill" which was in splendid condition, and after enjoying the sport for two or three hours returned to Mrs. Blair's for supper.

Mrs. George Hyde gave a small but very pleasant card party on Thursday evening.

Miss McLeod of Charlottetown is visiting Miss J. Dickie, Prince Street.

Miss Mair of Kingston Ontario, is a guest at Lornedale.

Mrs. M. Dickie entertained a number of her friends at whist on Tuesday evening.

The Rev. R. Cumming of Westville preached in St. Andrews church Sunday last to a large congregation both morning and evening. On Monday evening the Rev. gentleman delivered his very interesting and popular lecture from Rome to Cairo, to a large audience.

Master Harry Kaulback who is attending school at Windsor, is home for the Easter holidays.

Mr. T. Mason, agent of the Halifax Banking Company, is taking a well earned holiday. Mr. B. Deverber of St. John is filling his place.

Mr. C. E. Cummings, the genial host of "Scrivelsby" returned from a short trip to England on Wednesday last.

The "Citizens Band" played for the last time at the Rink on Friday evening. Quite a number of skaters and spectators were pres-

ent. We are all looking forward to the open air concerts given by the band in Victoria square, when the warm weather comes.

Mrs. F. A. Lawrence is hardly settled in her home after a very enjoyable visit in Boston, before her hospitable doors are thrown open for a progressive euchre party, which was an oasis to us this lental season. Some twenty-five guests were present and great excitement prevailed, as to who should be the lucky winners of the handsome prizes. Mrs. D. Cummings, Mrs. M. Atkins, and Mr. S. Cummings were found to be away up in "stars," and had the satisfaction of carrying away the trophies, on Thursday evening last.

"Our Society" is becoming very popular here. It has the largest sale of any of the outside papers, except Progress, and by the time it is as well known and as full blown as Progress, Saturday night without "Our Society" in all our homes, will be a thing of the past.

Mrs. GROSSY

WINDSOR.—Dame Rumour says that several well-known young people of Windsor are soon to embrace the state of Matrimony. Among the latest engagements of local interest are those of Miss Maclellan to Mr. Gourly of Truro; Mr. Calder to Miss Brown of Boston, and Mr. Michael Wilson, son of R. v. W. E. Wilson, sometime Professor of Classics in King's College, to Miss Hunter of Brooklyn, New York.

We hear too of the recent marriage in Boston, of Mr. C. B. Nicholson, who lately left Windsor to seek a home in the Western States, to Miss Morris of Windsor. We wish them all, both married and engaged ones, our best wishes.

Miss White of Scotland who has been visiting Mrs. Sinclair at Ottawa, is spending a few weeks with her friend, Miss King. We are all very glad to see her again.

Mr. E. J. Hodgson of Charlottetown paid a short visit to Windsor last week. He was accompanied by Mr. Godfrey, a young friend of his.

We are glad to see Dr. Reed out once more after his recent illness. Many old friends of Mr. R. W. Hobart were glad to see him again last week. Mr. Hobart has not been in Windsor for some years, having graduated from King's College in 1885.

Miss DeWolfe has been paying a short visit at Mrs. Lawson's. We are sorry to hear that her health has been very poor this winter.

Mr. Edward Dimock is able to be out once more after a somewhat serious illness.

Mr. Huestis who has been so long and favourably known in Windsor intends shortly to leave the town for the States. Mr. Percy Webster has bought out the Jewellery business, and will continue it at his new shop in Gerrish street.

We hear that there is an effort being made to establish a boys club at Christchurch. We think that such a scheme as this should be quite feasible in Windsor, and we trust the efforts of the painstaking Reebog may be crowned with success.

Lent Term has closed at the College and the University grounds have a very deserted appearance. A few students are, however, remaining at College during the brief vacation.

Dr. Willets, we understand, will spend a week or so at his country place at Grand Pre.

Professor Vroom goes to St. Stephen and Fredericton, N. B. At the former town he is, we hear, to solemnize the marriage of his brother.

Dr. Jones has gone to his home in Weymouth. The rest of the Professors will, we believe, remain in Windsor during the vacation.

Miss Butler is paying a short visit to Halifax.

Two young ladies from Windsor intend to present themselves for the matriculation examination at the College next year. We do not doubt but they will meet with great success in their studies. It seems very strange to have the ancient doors of King's—sacred to the genus *homo* for over a century—thrown open to "fair girl graduates" and doubtless there are many whose prejudices are against the new departure, but we cannot but feel that the spirit of the age demands the step, and the the action of the authorities in this matter is a wise one. In a few years we doubt not that some of the lady graduates of King's will be occupying as dizzy heights on Mount Parnassus as those of the former sex.

We have another election soon for the Local Legislature. We confess that we are very tired of elections and trust that we won't be troubled with any more for some time to come.

The Hon. J. W. Longley delivered a very interesting lecture in Reform Club Hall on Thursday evening, March the 19th. His subject was "Men I Have Met," and he talked about some of the most prominent men in the United States and Canada in a delightful chatty and impartial manner. The lecture lasted for about two hours and was replete with interest and humour. It was under the auspices of the Welsford Lodge of Masons. A vote of thanks was fittingly tendered the lecturer at its close. Dr. Willets, Master of the Lodge, presided at the meeting.

The coming of Easter is nowhere more distinctly evident than in the butcher's shops. In some of the larger ones, more especially J. A. Leaman's, the show of beef is worth going to see: it is quite like old times, and the old country, to see such a display of wholesome-looking carcasses, with plenty of fat, and no signs of starvation about them.

The Nova Scotia Nursery is open to public inspection to-day and to-morrow. The greater part of the plants on view—which are very fine—are already sold: and this is the last opportunity for people to see the nursery before it is partially emptied to fill the spring orders.

CUSTOMER: "I believe you are the man of whom I bought this cane?"

Shopkeeper: "Yes, I sold you that cane."

C.: "And you said the handle was of genuine ivory, and I find that is artificial."

S.: "I can't help it, sir. I have my ivory direct from Ceylon, and the only explanation I can give is that the elephants have taken to wearing false tusks."

Young Artist (to friend): "Charley, do you see that lady and gentleman who are looking at my picture, and talking in such low, earnest tones?"

Friend: "Yes."

Young Artist: "I wish you would saunter carelessly by and find out what they are saying. It looks like business."

Friend (after sauntering carelessly by): "She is blowing him up. Gus, for leaving off his flannels too soon."

Bobby has been playing out in the porch while his mother was visiting within. She suddenly appears at the door with hostess, ready to take her leave, when Bobby bursts into tears and cries, "Mamma, ain't you going to stay to lunch?"

"No, dear."

"Boo—boo—well, you said you would—boo—boo."

(Painful silence, followed by rapid leave-taking.)

BRIGHTON (at the church parade). Sheppard (looking at a photo.): "It's very peculiar. Ethel's a very nice girl, but she never varies her expression. Seems always to have an air of distrust." Masters: "Yes, her father was a tailor, you know."

EDITOR—Here's a fellow sends me a story called "A sermon on the Mount." It begins: Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Stole the whole thing from Shakespeare.

Foreman—It sounds more like Talmage.

Editor—Well, he stole it, too. I'll write an editorial and show him up.

CUSTOMER: "I've been to every place in town to get something to keep my necktie straight, but it's no use. What would you advise me to do?"

Clerk: "Try a matrimonial agency."

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NIGHT CLERK ON THE PREMISES.

TELEPHONE CALL 153.

BLUEBEARD.

I have read a great many horrible stories, who can help doing so in this age of melodrama and sensational novels? But nothing ever made the same impression on my mind as the account of the life and death of the Maréchal de Retz, compiled by Sabine Baring-Gould, the well-known novelist. Baring-Gould is a novelist, but he is also a student, deeply versed in the folk-lore and strange legends of many lands. The narrative in question is no fiction but is simply a digest of State records collected by the eminent historians Michelet and Lacroix. I do not propose to give the details of this terrible story: they would be entirely out of place in a paper of this description: but in these days of Whitechapel murderers it may be interesting and even instructive to revive reminiscences of one who eclipsed all moderns in his thirst for blood, and who has in the course of four centuries become a conspicuous figure in our nursery mythology under the name of *Bluebeard*.

Gilles de Laval, Sire de Retz, was one of the wealthiest nobles of France, and the strongest supporter of King Charles VII. His military exploits against the English were brilliant, and were rewarded by the title of Marshal of France, and chamberlain to the king. His sagacity in council was as remarkable as his personal bravery, and it was considered a great loss to the state when he suddenly decided to retire from public life and spend the rest of his days in the country. His favourite abode was the castle of Machecoul, where he dwelt in seclusion for many years; with the drawbridge raised, the men under arms, and the castle always in a condition to resist a siege. The chapel and the vestments of the priests were sumptuous, and the Marshal heard mass three times daily, and was passionately fond of ecclesiastical music. On certain days, too, the bridge was lowered, and the servants stood in the gate distributing alms to all comers.

Very often there were children among the beggars, and these were sometimes invited into the kitchen to get some dainty. The children who accepted the offer were never seen again. This went on for several years, and at the end of that time there was scarcely a family in the surrounding country that had not lost one of its number, and very often the missing child had been last seen in company with one of the Marshal's servants.

On the occasions of the Marshal's visits to Nantes—visits in princely style, with a retinue of 200 men-at-arms—the country was in a state of uproar, the people about Machecoul charging him with one voice, with sacrificing their children to the devil. At last their outcries reached the ears of the Duke of Brittany and the Bishop of Nantes. The Duke pook-pooked the idea, but the Bishop was obstinate, and insisted on a public trial. After great efforts he gained his point, and the Marshal was summoned to appear before the Duke, a commissioner being appointed to collect charges against him. The official record gives the evidence of dozens of parents whose children had gone to the castle for bread, been taken to be trained as choristers, or some other pretence, but who had never again been seen or heard of. Things certainly looked bad against De Retz, but the Duke was still hesitating to bring to trial so powerful a kinsman when he received an extraordinary letter from the Marshal himself, tacitly admitting his guilt, and begging to be allowed to retire into a monastery. After this it was no longer possible for the Duke to avoid making the affair public, and after some little delay the Marshal, who had spent his time saying litanies, in the garb of the Carmelite order, was summoned before the Tribunal. He appeared in a white dress, in token of repentance, but adorned with all his military insignia, and knightly orders. At first sight, the Marshal's face appeared to denote melancholy rather than cruelty, but at times of excitement the whole expression changed, he ground his teeth, contracted his lips like a wild beast preparing

to dash on its prey; his eye became fixed, and the pupils dilated to such an extent, with a sombre fire quivering in them, that they seemed to fill the whole orbit, which became circular, and sank back into the head. At the same time the black beard appeared to bristle, and to assume a bluish hue, which latter trait gave rise to the nickname of Bluebeard.

The charge sheet was long, the most important count being that "the said Sire de Retz has seized and caused to be seized seven little children, not only ten or twenty, but thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, one hundred, two hundred, and more, and has murdered and slain them inhumanly, and then burned their bodies to convert them to ashes."

Many witnesses were examined, the most conclusive evidence being that of the two confidential servants, Henriot and Ponton, who confessed to having themselves murdered many children, for the pleasure of their lord and master, who loved to bathe in their blood though he was always seized with feelings of remorse directly the deed was done, and threw himself on a lounge, sobbing and praying for forgiveness. To cut a long story short, the Marshal was at last condemned to death, and confessed his crimes in full. In his confession he said that these diabolical practices originated in the reading of Suetonius and the "charming history" of Tiberius Cæsar and the other Cæsars. He still begged to be allowed to enter the Carmelite order, and at the last insisted on wearing the garb of that order to the scaffold.

This sketch would not be complete without the following address, delivered by the marshal from the scaffold, to a vast throng of spectators:—"My very dear friends and servants, be strong and courageous against the assaults of the devil, and feel great displeasure and contrition for your ill deeds, without despairing of God's mercy. Believe with me that there is no sin, however great in the world, which God, in his grace and loving kindness, will not pardon, when one asks it of Him with contrition of heart. Remember that the Lord God is always more ready to receive the sinner than is the sinner to ask of Him pardon. Moreover, let me very humbly thank Him for his great love to us in letting us do our full possession of our faculties, and not cutting us off suddenly in the midst of our misdeeds. Let us conceive such a love of God and such repentance, that we shall not fear death, which is but a little pang, without which we could not see God in his glory. Besides, we must desire to be freed from this world, in which is only misery, that we may go to everlasting glory. Let us rejoice rather, for although we have sinned grievously here below, yet we shall be united in Paradise, our souls being parted from our bodies, and we shall be together for ever and ever, if only we endure our pious and honourable contrition to our last sigh."

There is a moral to my tale, even to such a tale as this. When we hear of Whitechapel murderers, and suchlike atrocities, and when we hear it said that they denote the degeneration of the human species and a depraved humanity, let us look back to the Marshal de Retz, and thank God that four long centuries have failed to produce such another monster.

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Answers to Correspondents.

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

TORY: So many derivations of the word *Tory* have been given one time and another, that it is almost impossible to decide which is the correct one. Funnily enough, few of these are very flattering; possibly the reason is that they emanate from the other party.

For instance, one is the highwayman's cry "Torce! Torce." (Give! Give! i. e. your money or your life :)? Goliath says "Whatever inhabits mountains and forests is a Tory, be it bird, beast or man." Macaulay says that the name was first given to those who refused to concur in excluding James from the throne. Perhaps the most probable derivation is that given in *Notes and Queries*, from *Tuath-righ*, "partisans of the king."

E. W.—You ask which is the most horrible tale ever written, but you do not say whether you mean truth or fiction. "Truth is stranger than fiction," and we think the story of the Marshal de Retz—given in outline in this week's issue—is what you are looking for. It is to be found in full as an appendix to Sabine Baring-Gould's *Book of the were-wolves*, now for many years out of print, and somewhat difficult to get. In fiction, Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein* is about as bad to read last thing at night as anything we remember: and some of Poe's *Tales*, especially the one about the *Monkey-Murderer*, are by no means good antidotes to indigestion.

AMY: The lady should *certainly* bow first. It is a great mistake for young ladies to feel shy about bowing first when they pass men they know only slightly. Men have to use a great deal of discretion in this matter, because some women are so silly that they do not care to take the initiative: but a woman should never hesitate a moment, unless she has reasons for not wishing to know any particular man any longer. We have in several instances preferred to consider ourselves "cut" when a lady we knew slightly allowed us to bow first on two or three occasions; we would rather lose an acquaintance than run the risk of being spoken of as "presuming," and "not able to take a polite hint,"—and most *gentlemen* feel the same way about it.

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Mrs. SMITH: Suffering, why he is delighted with it. He wears it on his scarf!

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HIS SISTER:—Why Tommy?
TOMMY:—I want to see if the galoot told the truth when he said his heart was in it

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