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# OUR SOCIETY

A  
WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., JUNE 19.

No. 29.

## SKETCHES FROM THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

OUR sketches this week represent the Provincial Secretary, Mr. Fielding, making one of his characteristic speeches in the House of Assembly. Mr. Fielding, who speaks in a quick but very decisive manner, is at times, especially when there is any opposition, an exceedingly eloquent speaker. He brings out his arguments and facts in a clear, straight-from-the-shoulder manner that is very convincing to his audience, and he never says anything unthought of and that he would wish to recall in a more calm moment.



HON. W. S. FIELDING.

Our next one is the Hon. Mr. Longley replying in his usual caustic manner to some question addressed from the other side of the House. Mr. Longley is an excellent debater and exceedingly happy and witty in his replies to peppering questions, and



HON. J. W. LONGLEY.

will turn a point so that it reflects on his adversary in a most remarkable manner. Mr. Longley seems to us to resemble Mr. Balfour in the British House, both in manner and in style.

Our third sketch represents Mr. Haliburton, the sergeant-at-arms, who is eying the House with paternal eye. He is a well-known figure, and when begirt by his sword looks formidable and well able to keep any turbulent member in order. But as a rule his duties seem light, and only consist in entering into polite and affable conversation with the Hon. members and keeping a steely eye fixed on the galleries.



THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

WE have already presented our readers with photographs of the Provincial Secretary and the Attorney-General, and trust we will be forgiven for offering their portraits a second time, in a new style. We have endeavored, in the present sketches, to reproduce not only the well-known faces, but also some of the equally well-known attitudes of these gentlemen. We trust the sketches will be adjudged of sufficient merit to justify their reproduction.

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The event of the week was the destruction by fire of Moir's Bakery, and we do not hesitate to say that there are few firms in Halifax that would command such universal and genuine sympathy under similar circumstances. The firm of Moir, Son & Co. is among the most enterprising, and perhaps the most unlucky, in the city; and has obtained a popularity which is rare among those who supply the necessaries of life, and who are therefore more liable than others to loss through bad debts. The history of the other great fires in the same establishment has been given in full by the daily papers, and we cannot help feeling sorry that the firm were not persuaded to put more insurance on the most recent and most perfect buildings and appliances, the destruction of which is a loss to the whole of Canada. However, there is little doubt but that Messrs. Moir will manage to pull through, though the actual loss is enormous, and we feel confident that in a very short time the firm will be carrying on operations on as large a scale, and with as great success as before.

The Academy of Music will open on Monday next, when Mr. W. S. Harkins Company will appear in a play which has been a great success in the States,—“Capt. Swift”—From exchanges we glean that the play has been also a distinct success on tour.

Miss Julia Arthur, who on her former visit became such a favorite, will play the leading part. Not having seen the play ourselves we are not in a position to criticize, but lovers of the theatre will be glad enough, after the little rest they have had, to go and judge for themselves as to its merits.

We have a very strong impression that at last a shining light in pugilistic circles has arisen in the shape of Slavin the Australian, which will snuff out the pretensions of the great J. L. S. We will even venture to predict that that worthy, will find it more to his taste to stick to the Drama (Poor Drama) than to defend the title of Champion of the World.

The citizens of Dartmouth are, apparently, keenly alive to the advantages of having an efficient town council, and thoroughly determined not to have any foolery or encroachment on their own privileges. The tone of the resolutions passed at Monday night's meeting will—whether those resolutions are carried out or not—be quite sufficient to prove to the city council that they are expected to direct their energies towards advancing other interests than their own, and that the citizens of Dartmouth do not intend to be trifled with.

A certain Stephen Hubley, charged with indecent behavior in Point Pleasant Park under particularly bad circumstances, will have ample leisure to reflect on the conditions of modern civilization and other kindred subjects which seem to have been neglected in the days of his youth. Stipendiary Motton very properly came down pretty heavily on the culprit, and sentenced him to six months with hard. We would suggest that it would be a good move for some benevolent person to provide the said Stephen Hubley with edifying and appropriate tracts to occupy him during the leisure hours left by the “hard.”

The Ramblers' Cycle Club is doing good work this year, and manages to get a great deal of pleasure out of the weekly runs, in spite of the bad state of roads generally outside the city limits. After all, it is not half such rough work for the cyclists on our country roads as it is for such miserable pedestrians as can't run to a trap, and have to toil along the city “side-walks” as best they can. There's a fortune in Halifax for a good corn-doctor.

The staff of the Church Hospital appears to be doing excellent work in their new location—S. Margaret's Hall, facing Dalhousie College. The institution is conducted on really broad and tolerant principles, no restraint being put on an inmate's choice of medical or spiritual advisers. The building now occupied is very commodious, and in a perfectly healthy situation. The only thing wanting from an artist's point of view is a plantation of trees in the grounds of Dalhousie, to mitigate in some degree the crudeness

of that anything but venerable pile. However, the view from the hospital windows embraces far more beautiful sights, and the patients enjoy the best of the sunshine and the sea-breezes. Of the management it is unnecessary to speak. The sisterhood of S. Margaret of Boston is a branch of the well-known Sisterhood of S. Margaret, whose headquarters are at East Grinstead, Sussex, England, and who have made themselves famous in England and America by their efficiency and kindness. Add to all this the fact that the charges are very moderate indeed, and no one can have any doubt left of the ultimate success of our Church Hospital, if it continues to work on the lines laid down at the outset.

Public holidays are, as a rule, the busiest days in the year, and Monday will be by no means behind hand. The races will draw the biggest crowd in the afternoon, and the Young Men's Literary Association picnic to Macnab's Island is certain to take several gay and festive boat-loads away from the city. A few of those who “care for none of these things” will probably assemble at old Studley and clink quoits (nothing else), as though it were an ordinary Saturday afternoon. The Wanderers intend to send a cricket team up to Windsor, and in fact there will hardly be anyone left to molest the benighted outsider whose idea of supreme happiness consists in loafing about the Arm in a small boat, and taking an occasional dip by way of a cooler.

In the evening those who are too exhausted to do anything else will lounge around the Gardens, and listen to the bands of the Leicestershire and 66th, which give their first promenade concert. When you think of it, bandsmen are wonderful fellows. Here are two whole bands who undertake to turn up on the night of a public holiday and play for several hours as though nothing had happened. And they *do* it, again and again, and no one ever thinks of saying anything about the heroism of their self-restraint. Is it possible that there isn't a fisherman amongst them?

Trout or no trout, we mustn't forget the theatre. We understand that the Harkins company is a very respectable one, and no doubt will draw a good house on Monday night.

Possibly one or two lunatics will go off lobster-spearing, with or without torches, according to taste.

Possibly, again, it will rain like old boots all day, and then! the men must smoke, and the women must talk. Well, let us hope for the best! A fine day, and *chacun a son gou!* But remember Tuesday's a working day, and don't lay in a headache for the morning.

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## SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Tuition, with or without Board.

MR. H. M. BRADFORD has made arrangements to take 8 resident pupils through the Summer Holidays, in the Cottage on the North-West Arm, which affords excellent Bathing, Boating, etc.

With the assistance of a competent resident Master, Mr. Bradford will continue—with about a fortnight's break—to take private pupils both in town and at the Arm. Two or three more non-resident pupils can be taken if arrangements are made at once.

The last of Mr. and Mrs. Doering's musical Receptions was given on Monday night. The original cast of the programme was as follows:—

- Andante for Piano and Cello ..... Mendelssohn  
 Frau Marianna Doering-Brauer, Herr Ernst Doering.
- Song—"The Children's Home," with Cello Obligato.....  
 Mrs. Taylor.
- Piano Solo—Fantasie Variations..... Liszt  
 Frau Marianna Doering-Brauer.
- Song—"Twilight, Gasto, Ogala"..... Ruthern Lang  
 Miss Burns.
- Song—"With Thee," with Cello Obligato..... Hutchinson  
 Mrs. Clarkson.
- Cello Solo—a. Cantabile ..... Casar Cui  
 b. Spinning Song..... Popper  
 Herr Ernst Doering.
- Vocal Duet—"O, Wert Thou in the Cold Blast?"..... Mendelssohn  
 Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Taylor.
- C Minor Concert for Two, Pianoforte ..... Beethoven  
 Frau Marianna Doering-Brauer, Herr Ernst Doering.

but unfortunately Mrs. Clarkson was unable to sing. Miss Burns took her part in the Duett, "O, wert thou in the cold blast?" and did very well indeed,—surprisingly well, when we remember that she had not rehearsed with Mrs. Taylor. Miss Burns has a pleasant voice, and is improving rapidly in style; her three little solos were sweetly sung, and cleverly rendered.

Mrs. Doering's solo was apparently chosen with a view to giving the pupils an example of brilliant technique; very few pianists can do justice to Liszt's Variations, and to sit and watch Mrs. Doering's execution of them, is an education in itself to a young student of music. All the resources of mechanism are brought to bear in the performance of this class of work, but our impression is, that Mrs. Doering's heart is more with Beethoven than with Liszt;—ours is, certainly, and we think every real musician's.

We noticed that Mrs. Doering has invested in a Canadian Piano, —one of Heintzman's Parlour Grands; it has a magnificent tone, and works easily and well. This is the first opportunity we have had of forming a fair judgment of the "home manufacture" in a drawing-room, and certainly the result is highly satisfactory; and —what is no small consideration in the eyes of many—the Heintzman is not only a fine instrument to play, but a pretty one to look at, and decidedly an ornament to the room.

Monday's programme was a gem in its way, and it is difficult to leave it without saying too much. Mrs. Taylor sang the "Children's Home,"—one of the most beautiful songs on record, which we all know, and want to hear again. Her voice was in good form and the song brought out her deep, mellow notes to perfection.

Then again, Mr. Doering played the *Spinning Song*, of his performance of which we spoke last week.

We hope the Doerings' will always give us such programmes; the secret of giving real undiluted pleasure to an average audience is to play them something they know; or if a comparatively unknown work is produced, to produce it early in the season, and two or three times later on. After the third or fourth hearing *nous autres* will begin to understand what it means, and to say what we think about it.

Sir John Ross and his niece Miss Copeland left on a driving tour on Tuesday through the Annapolis valley.

Miss Jones and Miss Beatrice Crearer arrived home on Wednesday after spending the winter in Rome.

The Annual Sports of the Windsor A. A. A. will be held on July 1st, and will probably be one of the largest meetings ever given in Nova Scotia. Several of the best Halifax athletes intend to compete, and will no doubt carry off their share of the honors.

The closing exercises of the Halifax School for the Blind will take place in the Assembly Hall of the Institution, at 4 p. m., on Monday next. A good programme of band and other music will be given.

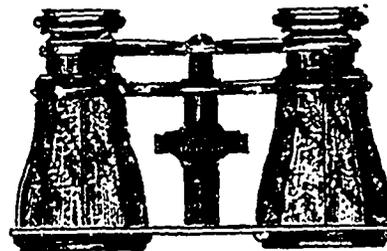
The Redpath Concert Company gave performances at the Orpheus Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday and were greeted by fairly good houses. Mr. Gilder's piano playing is decidedly good, but we consider that one piece in an entertainment played by the composer is sufficient. Miss Chamberlain's whistling came as a kind of revelation to those who had not seen and heard "whistlers" before, these had identified whistling with the very ordinary Printer's Devil, who, when carrying "proof" beguiles his time in the vain attempt to both murder McGinty and blow his front teeth out at the same time. Miss Chamberlain is really very clever, and the selection from Donizetti was in itself well worth going to hear.

Miss Christie's violin playing deserves more than a word of praise, her rendering of "Souvenir de Moscow" leaving little to be desired.

Mr. Hood was very successful in pleasing his audiences in the comic pieces, more especially in "A mean Corporation" by Mark Twain, in the reading of which he seemed quite at home, but we should like to suggest to Mr. Hood that if he sticks to comic representations he will be a great success, whilst of his sentimental performances there are decidedly two opinions. In this latter branch Mr. Hood's voice will be always against him, lacking as it does, that sympathetic ring which is indispensable for success in a piece like "How the Gospel came to Jim Oakes."

It is rather late to start commenting on the Prince of Wales' conduct in the Gordon-Cumming business, but such a lot of wild things are being said that we cannot help putting in our feather-weight or the side of sanity—as usual. There really isn't anything very wonderful about the case, except the fact of a man of Sir Williams' standing, turning out to be a systematic swindler, and being stupid enough to be found out. The Prince acted as any other ordinary human-hearted mortal would have acted; as the sequel showed, he made an error of judgment, but neither Prince nor peasant could have foreseen the sequel. The Prince of Wales has always been as much Man as Prince, and that is why we like

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him, and hope someday to see him King. For the Radical Press to rant and rave and talk about this incident doing much to bring about the decay of Monarchy in England, shows a remarkable degree of short-sightedness. We have had kings who thought themselves infallible, and we have had kings whom the people thought infallible; but it is getting on for nineteen-hundred years since we had a King who lived this life without ever making an error of judgment.

The officers of the Leicestershire Regt. have issued invitations for "at Homes," at the Barracks for June 17th, July 1st, 15th, 29th, August 5th, 26th, September 9th, 23rd, for Lawn Tennis. These with the garden parties at Admiralty House will make the summer gay in that respect.

**CLOSING EXERCISES OF LASALLE ACADEMY.**—The vast auditorium of the Academy was filled last night with the parents and friends of the students of LaSalle, who entertained them with Calisthenics, songs and orations, in a manner that gave evidence of the thoroughness of the work of the Christian Brothers. The event of the evening, the final contest in oratory, between Masters Murphy and McGibbon, was won by the latter. Every number of the programme however is deserving of mention, and in order to give the entertainment the attention it deserves we promise our readers an interesting report of it in our next issue. It will be worth reading.

We are very glad to hear that another concert is to be given at the Church of England Institute on Thursday evening, when we shall again have the pleasure of hearing Miss Laine sing. Mr. Hutchins, the new organist at St. Paul's (tenor) will also sing, and the names of Mrs. Taylor, Miss Gladys Tremaine (violin), and Mr. Gillis are on the programme, and last but not least, the Lyric Quartette. Altogether, a very attractive programme.

Mrs. William Lithgow is receiving on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, at her home on Inglis Street.

## Sporting Notes.

The entries for the races differ somewhat from the probable ones that we gave last week.

For *The Maiden Plate*, for ponies, the entries are:

Major Mansel's Starlight,  
Capt. Jenkins' Mazeppa,  
Mr. Ryan's Leprechaun,  
Mr. Wales' Twinkle,  
Mr. Barry's Tipperary,  
Major Waldron's Trent.

The two first are unknown, recently brought to the town, and never have run in a race, but perhaps they may do something, especially Capt. Jenkins' roan.

Mr. Ryan's pony is going well, and will no doubt be well to the front, but its chance against Mr. Barry's Tipperary is absolutely nil. This latter is a grand pony, a miniature thoroughbred, with a wonderful stride for its size. It is without doubt our selection for this race, even against Mr. Wales' (Country Club, Boston) Twinkle, which is supposed to be a flyer.

Major Waldron's Trent was found to be over height.

*The Seaside Purse* :—

Mr. James Gilchrist's Yeolite,  
Mr. Thos. Groggan's Comet,  
Mr. Wm. McMonagle's Ida Gray,  
Mr. Wm. McMonagle's The Stag.

This race looks like an easy one for The Stag, unless Comet runs a good race, which seems doubtful. Yeolite has improved wonderfully since she came here, but a mile is hardly her race.

*The Riding Club Pony Cup* :—

Mr. McGowan's Tramp,  
Capt. Jenkins' Rowdy,  
Mr. Jack's Mignonette,  
Mr. Wales' Twinkle,  
Mr. Barry's Tipperary.

It is a most difficult task to pick the winner from this lot, in fact, almost impossible, that is, putting Rowdy out of the question. The other four are about on a par. The Tramp is not very fit, neither is Mignonette, both of them having had little or no work on the course. Twinkle, as we have said, is supposed to be a flier, and Tipperary, as we have also said, is out of the common. I think after looking at it carefully, we can safely say either *Mignonette* or *Tipperary*. But it is not likely that there will be a length between the whole four. There was a rumour about that Mr. Barry's roan was lame; if so, this takes a little off his chance.

*Jubilee Purse* :—The only entry is Golden Maxim.

*Riding Ground Cup* :—

Mr. Wales' Yorktown,  
Mr. Barnaby's Emmeline,  
Mr. Jack's Mignonette.

The horses will come in in the order named. It is a great pity that there could not be more entries for this race. Halifax ought to be thoroughly ashamed of herself if she allows this cup to go back to Boston a second time, as it no doubt will. Surely there is some one in this town with sufficient sporting energy to buy and have a horse able to run for and able to win the Riding Ground Cup. If there is not, then the sooner Halifax gives up racing the better. There was a report that some well-known gentlemen had bought a horse of this kind, but if so, why have they not entered him, at least for the honour of what is supposed to be a sporting town?

*The Suburban Handicap*, for Ponies :—

Mr. McGowan's Tramp,  
Capt. Jenkins' Mazeppa,  
Mr. Jack's Mignonette,  
Mr. Ryan's Leprechaun,  
Mr. Wales' Twinkle,  
Mr. Barry's Boodler,  
Mr. Barry's Tipperary.

As this race is for 1½ miles, it ought to be a good one; but as we have said, it all depends on the weights. It is almost impossible to prophesy the result while in ignorance of the weights. But even if Mignonette starts at top weight, I think that she would be our choice, and if not her, then Twinkle.

*The Citizens' Purse* :—This promises to be one of the very best races ever seen in Halifax. The entries are:

Mr. R. Wilson's Golden Maxim,  
Mr. McMonagle's The Stag,  
Mr. Barnaby's Emmeline,  
Mr. Robinson's Hopeful,  
Mr. McMonagle's Ida Gray,  
Mr. Wales' Yorktown,  
Mr. Gilchrist's Yeolite.

The distance is two miles, wts. for age. The race seems to us to be between Yorktown and Golden Maxim; of the two we rather prefer the latter, but whoever wins will have to run for it, and whoever sees this race will see a race worth seeing and worth remembering. It is a pity again that Halifax is not better represented in this race, the only representatives being Emmeline and Hopeful, neither of them being very first-class by any means. But no doubt we will have a good day's sport and a good day's fun, and all will be merry in spite of the fact that it looks as though St. John would take all the first money, and leave us n.c.

Since writing this we have heard that Tipperary has gone dead lame, but unless very lame will run in at least two races. Judging from this, we will most certainly plump for Twinkle in the Maiden Plate.

We sympathise with Mr. Barry in his disappointment.

It was also reported that Mr. Jack has sold the gray mare Mignonette, but I suppose he will retain her till after the meeting, for we should not like to sell her chances for either the Cup or the Suburban.

## A COLONIAL REMINISCENCE.

It was past ten o'clock when the ponies left the hard, white road and turned into the dark avenue of palms which formed the approach to the little country box where the two men lived. The night was hot and dry; there was a gentle breeze, but it was the hot wind which lifted the white dust and floated it—all of it, as it seemed—exactly on the level of the riders' breathing apparatus, so as to parch the tongue, and dry up the throat.

They were two railway engineers, and they were getting home after a long and fatiguing journey. They had been up and on the line before six in the morning; they had spent the great heat of the day drawing plans in a stifling, hot office; they were afield again when the sun got low; they had taken a hasty dinner with the chief, and they were now home again. The monotony of the day, needless to explain, had been varied by many draughts of mingled soda and whiskey.

As they turned into the avenue, one broke the silence, and said briefly, "Whiskey and soda, Jack?"

The other replied "Two, my boy. It's a thirsty country, but thank heaven! there's lashins to drink."

The tumbled-down shanty where they lived had been put up for a hunting box. It contained one room, roughly furnished with a table, a couple of chairs, a couple of small iron bedsteads, a sideboard, and a safety bin. The box was built of half a dozen uprights, rudely hewn out of trees and its walls were of thin wood taken from packing cases. It had a small lean-to by way of verandah. Outside, there was a stable for four horses, a servant's cottage, and a kitchen. Nothing more. Behind it lay a narrow valley running up to the mountains thick with forest; in front, separated by the avenue of palms, was the long, white road; there was no house within five miles. The two men lived here, because it was convenient to their section of the line.

They threw themselves off their ponies.

"Arakham!" shouted one of them.

Now, Arakham was their groom, cook, and general servant. Nobody else would have Arakham, because he was a convicted burglar, a suspected murderer, and a terrible blackvised rogue to look at.

"Arakham!" No reply "Arakham, where are you!" No reply.

"Gone a burgling, I suppose. Got a crib to crack. With a murder. Let's put the ponies in the stable. Hang it! I'm too thirsty to look after them. Will go and get a drink. Then we'll come back. They won't hurt."

They opened the stable door, led the ponies into their boxes and went out, putting up the bar.

The house door was standing open—it always was open, day and night, but there was nothing for anyone to steal except the bottles, and they were in the safety bin.

"Phew!" They threw off their hats. "What a night it is! Let's get some drink for Heaven's sake!"

The speaker drew out a silver box and struck a light. The match flared up for a moment, and then went out. He struck another. This behaved in the same disappointing manner. "Nasty, cheap, weedy things they are!" growled the engineer. He lit a third. "Now then," said he, "where's the lamp?" It ought to have been on the table, but it wasn't.

"There it is, on the sideboard—quick!"

Too late. The third match went out while the lamp was borne from the sideboard to the table.

"Never mind. Here's another."

He lit the fourth match. This burned well and steadily. *He lifted the glass of the lamp and ignited the wick.* "There!" he said. "Now for the padlock. "Oh! give me a soda, quick. I pant—I die."

There stood by the sideboard, screwed into the uprights of the house, a small and very useful article of furniture known as a safety

bin. The beauty of this kind of bin is that nobody can take anything out of it unless he have the secret of the letter padlock which guards the contents. You can see the bottles, but you cannot get them out. The other man was by this time on his knees before the safety bin. Not praying to the bottles, but using the attitude most convenient to get at the padlock, which was about two feet from the ground, and at the side.

"Hold the lamp, Jack," he said, "I can't see the letters."

Jack took up the lamp. Just then the wick suddenly flared up and went out, leaving a fragrance of oil, but no light.

"What's the matter with the thing?" asked Jack.

"No oil. I believe. The burglar has forgotten the oil."

"Well, we must make a match do. Strike another. I'm like a lime-kiln."

Jack struck another match.

"Now, then, make haste."

"All right. D R O P. That's the word. Here's the D. Here's the R. Confound it!" For the match at this point went out. "I have lost the letters again. Strike another, Jack. Haven't we got a candle somewhere? Or a bit of paper? Now then—"

It was pitch dark, otherwise he might have seen his friend turn pale and stagger.

"Make haste, Jack."

"I haven't got any more matches. Give me your box."

The other man rose from his feet and began, carelessly and confidently at first, to search his waistcoat pockets. No match-box there. He then felt in his trousers pockets. Not there. Then he became a little alarmed, and, in some precipitation, began to feel his coat pockets, of which there were many. No match-box anywhere. He then dragged everything out. Keys, purse, pocket-book, handkerchief, knife, pencil, foot-rule, pocket-tape, note-book, letters—everything—throwing all on the floor.

"Jack," he said solemnly, after a long search, "are you quite—quite—sure that you've got no matches?"

"Quite."

"No more have I. Let's call Arakham. Perhaps he has come back."

They went out into the verandah and shouted for their retainer. There was no reply; the stars winked at them; they heard their voices echoing from side to side of the narrow valley, growing fainter and fainter.

"He must have another burglary on," said Jack. "The beast is never content."

They returned to the room.

"Hang it," said the other, "there must be matches somewhere. It's impossible that we should be left without matches. Let's hunt about. You take the table. I'll search the sideboard."

Nothing at all was on the table, except the lamp, which the searcher upset and smashed. The sideboard was covered with a miscellaneous collection and glasses. It was difficult to find anything in such a collection. At the edge stood a large red earthenware jug filled with water. He who looked for matches found the jug, but, unfortunately, found it on the wrong side, so that he toppled it over, and it was broken.

"Well?"

"There are no matches. Try to find the letters by feeling."

"I wish I hadn't broken the jug. Even a drink of water would have been something."

"Well—Let us try again."

He found the padlock, and began to feel with his fingers.

"D is a good fat letter," he said. "D. Here's D, I think. Unless it's B. R is—is—I think I've found R. And here's O—round fat O. Where's P?" He continued to feel, wurmuring hopefully. "Here's P, I believe. Here's P, I'm sure—now then. Hang the thing! The other letters have slewed round." Everybody knows that with a letter padlock it is necessary to keep the letters in line.

"Try again," said the other man gasping.

He did try. He tried for half an hour: he tried with patience and nearly succeeded: then with impatience, and never came near success: while he captured one letter the others slipped round: if he thought he had all, there was one wrong. At last he stood up and wiped his brow in despair.

"Jack," he said, "I should like to curse the thing, but it's no use."

"No use," the other echoed, "I've been thinking the same thing for the last half-hour. For such an occasion as this—"

"Look here, Jack. I believe there's a crowbar or a pick in the stable. Let go find it, and prize the thing open."

They went out together, and opened the stable door. The ponies occupied two of the boxes. They searched them first. No crowbar there. They then searched the other two, kicking about the litter, and feeling in the corners. But no crowbar. Meantime, the ponies, finding the door open and no opposition to their going out, did walk out together, and trotted off down the avenue.

"Jack! The ponies are gone."

They ran out together, calling to the sagacious creatures, who only turned their trot into a run, and, in half a minute, were out in the road and galloping away in the darkness.

"Good Lord! The devil's abroad to-night, I believe."

"They're gone," said Jack. They'll go off into the forest, and they'll be picked up by a maroon, and mine was a new saddle. There go fifty pounds, old man. Because, as for our getting ponies or saddles again—"

"I can't swear, I can't say anything. I am so thirsty."

They crept back to the house, hopeless and crushed. The night was darker than ever; darker and closer, and hotter and stiller. And not a drop of anything to drink—not even cold water. They found themselves once more side by side in front of the safety bin.

"I can feel a bottle," said Jack, with a broken voice. "It's full of whisky, and the soda bottles are under it."

"I've got a corkscrew in my pocket," said the other. "Who would ever dream of having a corkscrew and no bottle to put it in?"

"The bottle is deliciously cool to touch," said Jack. "It's the only thing that is cool. Can't we cut down the infernal house in order to get it?"

"Look here; tie a handkerchief round your hand, so as to get a good purchase. So. Now, then, foot to foot, hand by hand. Ready? Pull!"

They pulled. They had the strength of ten, because they were so thirsty; the iron bent, but it did not give way, and the padlock held. "Pull again—now." They pulled like Samson, and with much the same result. Craunch! Craunch! Crush! Crush!

They were lying on the floor under a wreck. The uprights of the house had given way with everything, safety bin, sideboard, and the two thirsty men—and all lay on the floor together in mingled wreck.

"Jack: I believe my left thumb's cut off. Are you dead?"

"Very nearly," Jack replied faintly. "There was oil in the broken lamp and my head's in it."

"Get up and look for the whiskey and the soda. They're somewhere about."

They were. The liquid was on the floor. The bottles were in fragments. It was all over. There was nothing more to be hoped. The worst had happened. Their hands were cut by the broken glass; the side of the house pulled over; their table and sideboard wrecked; their lamp and their water-jug broken; and their ponies gone. The job was complete. They threw themselves upon their beds and lay there in sleepless silence.

At five in the morning Arakham appeared. It was beginning to get light, and the wreck was visible. He stood in the door and gazed. Everything broken, and the side of the house gone, and his two masters lying pale and livid on their beds, but not asleep.

"Where the devil were you last night?" asked one of the men,

from his bed.

"Sahib give leave. Go to port. Yesterday more whiskey come—plenty soda come."

"What?" It was now rapidly getting lighter. The thirsty man sprang to his feet. "Where are they?" Arakham pointed to the corner of the room. There was the case of whisky open. Beside it were soda water bottles—rows of soda water bottles—dozens of soda water bottles.

"And they were here all the time! At our very hands—within reach, and we didn't know it, Jack!"

Gurgle—gurgle—gurgle. It was the opening of the soda. What other reply did he expect?

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## LETTERS FROM THE FLEET.

## No. III.

We arrived at Bermuda after a pleasant cruise, and very glad we were to see the low hills, blue waters, and white sands of those happy islands. Refitting, coaling, docking, and all other kinds of labor now engaged the attention of the "working hands," while those younger and gayer sparks, who have a greater share of the zest of life in their veins, and are weighted with less responsibility, gave themselves up to pleasuring, and to making the acquaintance of the many fair Americans whom they found rivalling the native lilies of Bermuda.

Since our departure a change had taken place; the Leicester-shire regiment had gone, and the old 8th, now Liverpool, regiment had arrived, and added to the beauties of the island, for indeed the "King's daughters" are beautiful to behold, from the colonel's "lady" to the captain's "wife." Where there are so many events to chronicle, it is difficult to know how to begin, and as the "Bermuda memory" renders it impossible to be sure of dates, we will give H. M. Grenadier Guards the place of honor in the record, as they are not only good fellows, but strangers in a way. Their athletic sports were a great attraction, and were attended by all who were asked—and that was all Bermuda. Some excellent running, and several most exciting tugs-of-war afforded amusement, and creature comforts were not wanting. Some time after this they gave a large ball at the Princess' Hotel, which was most successful. The rooms were very prettily decorated, as they ought to have been to be in accord with the faces in them, and the hosts were most gracious and painstaking. Our American cousins, being the visitors, were awarded the place of honour, and the dance was opened with a stately lancers, in which New York and other cities of the United States supplied the beauty for the Royal set. Not only did the beauty, but the supper also came from New York. This last, alas! was not as "up to sample" as the first, but was made up for by the excellent champagne, which flowed like the running brooks. The hosts must also have deeply regretted their band, as that of the King's regiment, though good, could not compete with memories of Godfrey.

The Admiral and Lady Watson—then Mrs.—gave a ball, as delightful as their balls always have been, where those who were so inclined found many admirable opportunities for the "old, old story." The conservatory was seized upon by a well-known American fair one, and maintained against all comers with great courage during the whole evening. Her ladyship's fortnightly afternoons were also more successful than those at Halifax, as the weather was always propitious, and good tennis plenty in consequence.

The flagship contributed to the general gaiety by an excellent afternoon dance, the perfect arrangement of which was due to the efforts of Lieut. Bridson and Mr. Macarthy. On another day the officers were at home to all the little ones. It did one's heart good to see the merry faces, and hear the happy childish voices, unaffectedly proclaiming their glee. One little lady, the daughter of a lieutenant on the flagship—we trust she will forgive us for pointing her out so plainly—charmed and delighted all hands by the "pas seul" she performed on the quarter-deck. At this last entertainment Colonel Wright was well to the fore, as those who know him will not doubt.

At the cottage, Mrs. Kinahan and the "O. C. C." presided genially over various hospitalities, theatrical supper parties, small dances, tennis afternoons, and all else that could make a carefully chosen coterie happy.

The Governor also gave several afternoons and a dance, which was however put off till most of the fair Americans had gone, and was therefore voted rather slow by some of the most Yankeeised young men; but it was much enjoyed by many notwithstanding.

Besides all these, some private theatricals were given by the fleet. Unfortunately for this, at the last moment the "grippe" seized one of the fair members of the company, so that the original pieces could not be played. All the talent, however, rallied round, and an excellent entertainment was given, as may be imagined when it is known that Dr. Stopford and "Bill Sloggins" were on the boards, and that Dr. Slayter was "walking gentleman." A number of little dinners were given by the bachelors of the Guards and the fleet to the various young ladies, English and American, who came, in the fashion of the United States, unchaperoned. These pleasant meetings were nearly all honored by Prince George, who must often have regretted that the want of room in his ship prevented him from seeing all his friends enjoy themselves on board her. The presence of this young Prince, and his affability, will long be remembered at Bermuda, and we have heard it said that he, the Guards and the telegraph all arriving there in the same year, has given the island such a place in the race for wealth as it might have had to wait years for under other circumstances.

Sternier joys for those who love the crack of the rifle were provided at the Warwick Camp Rifle meeting. The most exciting events were the close struggle between the flagship team and that of the Guards—the latter winning by 5 points—and the shooting at 600 yards for the championship, won by a sergeant of the King's regiment. The meeting was very well conducted, and the hospitable house of the commanding officer of the range was so full of guests that they were said to be bulging out of the windows. The races at the pretty Shelly Bay track were very good, and the outcome of them was a match, owners up, between the horses of Capt. Lutgens, R. E., and Capt. Swann, King's regiment. The former, thanks to his manly self denial, had reduced himself to the necessary lightness, and was rewarded by an easy win. Among the yachts there was also good sport, the admiral's Diamond taking one first prize. The new boat built for some of the Guards did not come quite up to their expectations, but doubtless had they had more experience in handling Bermuda craft they would have done better.

Not long before we left, the Comus came up with King Ja-Ja, of Opobo, on board, on her way to the West coast of Africa with his savage majesty. She brought the news that Lieut. Burney, well known in Halifax, had been invalided owing to a fall from a pony. His injuries were so severe that he was unconscious for nearly three days. Before she left he was, however, well on the way to recovery, though the hot climate of the West Indies, and the worry inseparable from being 1st lieutenant of a ship, would have been too much for him had he stayed. His loss was much regretted by all his messmates, his place is now filled by Lieut. Meade, and of such, &c. Since the fleet's departure from Halifax, the flagship has also to lament a serious loss. No more will her wardroom resound with the merry laugh of "Tommy;" no more will other ships' messes welcome his genial presence, no more will Hollis Street, the Club, and the oyster bar of Halifax be adorned by the burly frame, the well-cocked hat, and the twirling moustache of that well-known and loved "medicine man." Fare thee well, Tommy! Deal lightly with the Port Royal, and may she deal lightly with thee; thy place can never be filled up in our hearts, and is ever ready for thee again should it be our fortune to meet once more!

---

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“Our Society.”

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To the Editor of "Our Society."

DEAR SIR,—I regret that, in your report of my last song-recital, a paragraph should have appeared reflecting upon the Heintzman Grand Piano used upon that occasion.

I wish to say that the piano in question was only used after being thoroughly tested by both Mr. Porter and myself, and was found to be highly satisfactory.

The information upon which your paragraph was based was unreliable, and, I am sorry to say, evidently malicious.

LOUIS L. LAINE.

Provincial Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—L. H. Davies, M. P., spent a few days at home in the interval during which parliament recognized the respect due to the passing away of Canadas Premier. He returned to Ottawa on Monday morning.

Messrs. C. D. Rankin and L. E. Brecken, took advantage of the excursion trips of the new S. S. "Newfoundland" by visiting Pictou on Friday last. Returning the same evening they brought Miss Meg Hudson to visit Mr. Bartlett for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. David Starr with their children, are visiting Mrs. Starr's mother, Mrs. Alexander Brown of Fitzroys Hall.

Tennis is in full blast, if we may use so forcible an expression in connection with so quiet an amusement. The Courts and their surroundings are looking very beautiful.

The new Athletic Association has opened its gymnasium by a public exhibition under the directorship of Mr. King, the newly arrived instructor.

Mr. Ball and his family have moved from their residence in the Royalty, to their new home on Euston Street.

Mrs. G. Lockhead, is visiting her mother Mrs. Bourke. Mr. and Mrs. T. Sherman Peters and family of St. John, have been visiting Mr. Justice and Mrs. Peters, at "Sidmount."

Rev. Dr. Frost, Mrs. Frost and Dr. George Ings of New Glasgow have been here upon a visit to Mrs. Ings, who has been ill.

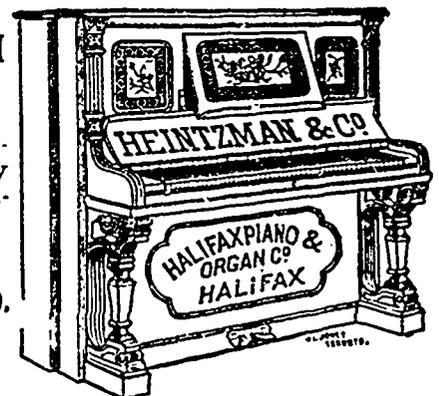
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## English Jottings.

To go to prison in the United States seems to be rather pleasant than otherwise. In many of such institutions there the inmates are rather better off than when in the outer world, except for the absence of liberty. In Elmira and Concord the "collegiate system," for rendering proficiency in study the chief means of procuring early liberation, has been introduced. In these and other prisons the dietary of the inmates is described as sumptuous.

Elmira, the earliest and most typical of the "collegiate" penal institutions, was established in New York State in 1876. The number of its inmates has increased year by year to more than a thousand. These are all young men, from 16 to 20 years of age, convicted for the first time; but their crimes include those of the worst description, such as murder, burglary and rape. The maximum period of detention is five years. This prison is specially designed to carry out the "indeterminate sentence" plan; but the effect of its actual working is simply to offer the inmates a chance of liberation in about 18 months! They are divided into three grades. Each man on entering the prison is placed in the middle grade. If his proficiency in study and his general labour and conduct are satisfactory, he is raised to the highest grade at the end of six months. Then, continuing good behaviour soon entitles him to his liberation on "parole" for the remainder of the five years.

At the California State Prison of Folsom the convicts are not even obliged to work. If they choose to remain idle and lounge about in gangs they may do so, and still have every day a meat diet, with coffee and vegetables—far better than many honest toilers outside. If they volunteer to work at the quarries near the prison they are rewarded with soups, syrups, tea and cake, and meat suppers. A third grade secures for them chops and steaks for breakfast as well as supper, with hot rolls and fruit, and a dinner worthy of a good hotel.

The accounts may be exaggerated. We are accustomed to view with suspicion most American yarns, and to deduct a liberal discount from them. If these things literally are so, it would seem that the kindness policy is a little overdone, and that the way of American transgressors so far from being hard is peculiarly easy. Most prison discipline is, however, so very ineffective in securing any real reform among convicts, that even such extreme experiments as this may be viewed leniently. If they err on the side of laxity, most of those made elsewhere undoubtedly fail because of their severity.

There have been many allusions to the absurd duelling system in vogue at German universities, and to the intention of the Emperor to put them down by making a rule that persons having disfiguring scars on the face should be ineligible for army commissions. This indirect, but diplomatic method of dealing with the evil is quite according to German precedent. One case in point may be noted.

When the famous Von Steinmetz was appointed Colonel in the Prussian Guards more than a century and a half ago, duelling was a perfect nuisance in the regiment, and the King was in favour of repressing it very sternly. Steinmetz begged him to do nothing of the sort, and obtained leave to deal with the evil himself after his own fashion. First of all he called his officers, and told them that, as they were probably aware, he had no fondness for duelling. He added, however, "I only object to frivolous duels; and all I request of you, gentlemen, is that for the future you will come and lay your quarrels before me prior to fighting."

A few days later two of his junior officers came to him to say that they had quarrelled over a point of Court etiquette. They were quite prepared to hear the Colonel say that their dispute was all nonsense; but instead of doing that he put on a grave face and remarked—"This is a serious matter, gentlemen. One of you questions the other's knowledge of Court etiquette, and thereby in-

fers that he is an ignoramus and an underbred fellow who knows nothing of good society. Certainly you must fight." The pair fought. One of them got a scratch on the arm, and both appeared on parade the next day.

Steinmetz looked at them severely, and then said—"Gentlemen, this is mere trifling. One of you has been ridiculed as a donkey—such insults are not to be wiped out by a pin-scratch." He turned disdainfully on his heel, and the two subalterns understood what was expected of them. They went out again, fought with desperation, and one of them received a wound which maimed him for life, and obliged him to leave the service. After this there were very few duels in that particular regiment so long as Steinmetz remained in command. Probably quite so drastic an expedient would not be tried nowadays, but the proposal which the Emperor seems to favour is of something the same kind.

It is also thought likely that the Emperor will attempt to moderate the excessive beer-drinking among students. He himself is a good boon companion, who can empty his tankard at a draught; but he is known to loathe sottish intemperance, and he is probably quite aware of the fact that a very large percentage of university men ruin their health, their morals, and their careers altogether by over-indulgence *neipis*. It is by no means rare to see a student empty thirty *shoppen*, or full half pints, of beer in the course of an evening, and the *Fuchs Major* (Senior "Fox") or leader of the *kneipe*, is always elected on account of his well-known proficiency in making a beast of himself. That such habits must interfere both with study and health is sufficiently obvious.

Stranger things have happened than that the infant daughter of the Duke of Fife should sit on the English throne. The present Queen was, at her birth, much farther from it. Prince Albert Victor and Prince George seem in no hurry about marrying, and should they die without issue, the Duchess of Fife, and, after her, her eldest child, would succeed. In spite of the pedigree trumped up by sycophantic heralds, the lineage of the Duffs is of the most modest description; and it will happily illustrate the easy play and the free working of our social institutions if in the future the Crown of England is worn by a descendant of old William Duff of Dipple. For the time being the young lady just born at Sheen has no higher rank than that of a Duke's daughter. Should she, however, live to see King Edward VII on the throne, she will have high precedence as the Sovereign's grand-daughter.

Though marriage is said to be a lottery, it must be seldom that a single wedding brings together so strange an assortment of characters as were collected the other day at the registrar's offices at South Shields. The bridegroom at this unique ceremony was a Professor Hedley—who, besides being a professor, is a solo performer on the euphonium—who stands six feet one inch in his socks; and the bride was a lady whose height is only two feet eight. The bride was given away by a gentleman without arms, who signed the marriage certificate with a pen held between his teeth. One of the bridesmaids was a giantess, and the other a fire queen, and the best man was one Captain Dallas, a gentleman seven feet ten inches in height—the whole party being connected with a travelling menagerie. In the interest of picturesque effect it would, perhaps, have been better if the best man could have been the bridegroom; but sentiment is, of course, too sacred a thing to be sacrificed even in such a cause.

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**The Ladies' Column.**

**FASHIONABLE UNDERWEAR.**

Although this section of feminine apparel is not so subject to the sway of passive fashion, still there are some variations in the shape or style of trimming introduced every season.

Some fashionable night-dresses have wide turned down collars, edged with frills of fine longcloth, embroidered and edged with scalloping, worked in white or coloured ingrain cotton. The deep gauntlet-shaped cuffs and the double frill down the front are ornamented in the same way. A pretty shape fastens down one side instead of in the centre, and the fullness in the front is gathered at neck and waist with several rows of fine cords, while another style has a yoke made of alternate strips of open insertion and satin-stitch embroidery on the longcloth itself. Embroidery on the material is, indeed, replacing added trimmings in a great measure, and it is certainly very serviceable. For smarter night dresses, however, Valenciennes lace is lavishly used, through which rows of coloured "baby" ribbon are run and tied in many-looped bows at the throat and wrists. Pale pink and blue zephyr are used for undergarments, although to old-fashioned ideas nothing is so nice as white. This year, too, washing crepe in pale colours, and even printed art-muslin, will be worn during the hot weather! The ready-made slip-bodices of fine stockingnet have almost entirely superseded those of calico, and very comfortable they are, either in wool, silk, or cotton, as they fit closely to the figure, and are yet perfectly elastic.

It was prophesied that white hose would be once more worn this summer, but it does not seem at all probable that the prediction will be fulfilled, for women have discovered of late years how much more becoming dark-coloured and black stockings are to the foot. Stockings with embroidered fronts of all kinds will be popular, and so will those having narrow perpendicular stripes in red, gold-colored, or heliotrope on black. Some rather startling check and tartan designs have been brought out, but they are not likely to become really fashionable. Silk and Lisle thread hose for evening wear have elaborate insertions of lace, real or imitation, on the instep and up the front of the leg.

Some of the new designs in pocket-handkerchiefs are very pretty notably those with pale heliotrope borders embroidered in white. Others have large indistinct checks in delicate colouring all over while a simple pattern has a wide hem-stitched border, with a very narrow stripe of colour just within the hem.

Shot silk petticoats are still worn, but there are some very pretty ones of striped alpaca edged with three narrow gathered

**LE BON MARCHE**

**\* SHOW DAYS \***

**PARIS AND LONDON PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS,**

March 25th and 26th, and following days.

**YOU ARE INVITED**

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101

**MAHON BROS.**

The Largest Retail Dry Goods House in the City.

"Discount for Cash"

flounces, which are less expensive and more useful. White petticoats are most elaborate, some of the smarter ones being trimmed with countless tiny flounces edged with lace; while others are cut up into tabs all round the hem, showing a fine kilting of lace. A thin make of the old-fashioned moreen has been brought out lately for useful skirts; it is particularly well suited for the purpose, and the slight silk-like rustle it makes is a great recommendation to some persons.

TORONTO.

Tripe is generally regarded as a "vulgar dish" in this country, though our European neighbours rightly esteemed it a luxury. Here however, is a novel mode of sending it to table, which may tend to popularise its consumption. A thin piece of dressed tripe is rolled up tightly; a tiny wooden skewer is thrust through the roll about a quarter of an inch from one end, and a "slice" half-an-inch is cut off, which, transfixed by the skewer, looks something like a catherine wheel. A dozen or two of these "wheels" are brushed over with yoke of egg, masked with savoury bread-crumbs, fried a golden-brown, and served up very hot, with a plentiful garnish of blanched parsley. A few drops of lemon juice are squeezed over each wheel; and it is considered the proper thing to eat them by holding the projecting ends of the skewers in the fingers.

**BEEF BALLS.**—Chop cold corned beef evenly and quite fine; put into a saucepan a cup of drawn butter, having for its foundation some of the liquor in which the meat was boiled, flavored by stewing a little chopped onion in it, then straining it out before adding a great spoonful of butter rolled in one of browned flour; while hot stir in two beaten eggs, then the minced beef. Season with pepper, only if the beef is well salted; stir all over the fire (there should be about two cupfuls of the chopped meat) until very hot; set away to get cold and stiff; make into round balls about an inch and a half in diameter; roll in beaten egg, then in pounded cracker, and fry in boiling fat. Drain the dish.

Nothing vexes a woman who goes out shopping more than to find what she wants at the first place she calls at.

138 BARRINGTON STREET.

**WILLIAM CROWE,**

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

**Berlin Wools, Yarns, Fleeces.**

And all kinds of Ladies' Fancy Work and Materials

— AGENCY FOR —

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

## THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLE RACE BORDEAUX TO PARIS.

BY ONE OF THE PACE MAKERS.

Probably few amateur sporting events have caused more interest and excitement than the cycle race which started at 5.7 a.m. from Bordeaux, on Saturday, May 23rd, and was witnessed before its termination at Paris by 100,000 spectators. It is seldom that Englishmen have an opportunity of testing their powers with Continental athletes, owing to the fact that their respective methods of exhibiting those powers are usually so dissimilar; but the cycle has introduced a form of sport which is rapidly becoming universal.

Of the 36 entrants for the race five were Englishmen, and of these two had such splendid records that little doubt could be entertained that Messrs. Mills and Holbein would fill the two first places. Before the first of the 362 miles were traversed, but two of the foreigners remained with the English brigade, and ere the first half century had been completed the race from an international point of view was over. On reaching Angoulême, the hilly portion of the course commenced. Here Mr. Lewis Stroud was waiting to take Mills along. He found the latter covered in mud, bleeding and labouring along on a strange machine, having lost his own little gem of a Beeston Humber through being upset by one of the continental riders. Having quickly changed on to Mr. Stroud's racing Humber machine, a duplicate of his own, so fast did Mr. Mills travel against the wind and over the hills that he in company with Mr. Stroud reached the next town, Ruffec, a distance of 26 miles, no less than forty minutes before the other Englishmen. At this place, Mr. P. C. Wilson was waiting to force the pace and Mills arrived at the battle-field of Poitiers with half-an-hour's lead of Holbein, Edge, and Bates who were being drawn along by F. Thorland, the two first Frenchmen being over two hours behind the leader. Still driving against the wind the British division continued to gain, paced by Mr. Brundrett, Mills maintaining his lead through Châtelleraut to Port du Piles, where Stroud waited to take up the running. No sooner had Mill rejoined him than a nail punctured his (Mills) front tyre and caused him to change his mount for one weighing 10lbs. heavier than the one he was riding, though of the same make. This was most unfortunate, as the wind had dropped and a portion of the road was being reached that can only be compared with a racing path. Nothing daunted, the hardy Mills continued on Stroud's back wheel through Sainte Maure to Tours, at such a pace that he had a clear lead of 68 minutes. In the market place of Tours fully 8,000 people awaited the riders, and quite a struggle was experienced to push through the pressing though good-natured crowd. Amidst anxious enquiries for the French riders, Mills pressed on through the rapidly approaching darkness, to Vendome, paced by P. C. Wilson. Here Edge and Bates led Holbein by a few minutes, though the latter passed them during the night. At Vendome, Mills was joined by C. Torront, by far the best rider France has produced, and was accompanied by him to the finish, though F. Greville and Renouf shared the pacing with him. Before Versailles was reached torrents of rain were pouring on the riders, but nevertheless a whole host of Frenchmen rode out with Wilson and Stroud to bring the leader in. In fact, it took those gentlemen all their time to prevent the French cyclists crowding too close on Mills, so anxious were they to be at the finish. At length the winning post was sighted, and the last quarter of a mile of the long journey saw Mills riding like a giant, sprinting with Stroud right away from the crowd of cyclists, through a crowd of equally eager spectators. Mills finished at 7.35 a. m., fresh and strong, as also did Holbein an hour and 16 minutes afterwards, to be followed by Edge and Bates at an interval of 2½ hours. Two more hours after, Jiel Laval, the first French rider, made his appearance, followed at intervals, extending over two days, by the rest of his countrymen. The winner's longest stoppage en route was three minutes, and during the ride he consumed some 30 pints of beef tea, and at the end appeared little the worse for his arduous ride over the severest course yet competed on.

## MORE HINTS FOR ADVERTISERS.

## THE MYTHOLOGICAL STYLE.

In the Elysian heights that dwell  
Somewhere above the sky,  
Jove sat triumphant, fat and well,  
Among his minstrelsy;  
He watched them dancing in the grove,  
The nymphs of high degree,  
He loved them with a lordly love,  
And they were fair to see.  
When, suddenly, a damsel fair,  
Who rivalled Beauty's queen,  
And caused the nymphs to tear their hair,  
Burst forth upon the scene.  
Her smiles, like dazzling sunlight, shone  
On the astonished Jove,  
Her breath, like Water of Cologne,  
Perfumed each hill and grove.  
She smiled again—the sun, ashamed,  
Hid the white clouds beneath.  
“By Jupiter!” that god exclaimed,  
“What breath! what lips! what teeth!”  
“Dear maid, what philtre did you choose?”  
She answered, quite serene,  
“I need no charm—but only use  
The fragrant *Pearliline!*”  
The jealous Juno now arose,  
And tossed her haughty head,  
She tweaked her husband by the nose  
And sent him off to bed.  
Then eyed the trembling maiden o'er  
And bade her swift begone,  
To live in mortal chemist's store,  
Which she, since then, has done.  
And would you rival Beauty's queen,  
And smile like silver sheen,  
Your molars every morning clean  
With fragrant *Pearliline!*

## HARRY FURNISS'S STORY.

Mr. Furniss told me a capital story the other day. He had told it me once before, but it is so good it bears repeating. We had been talking upon portraiture, and he was rather “down” on some of the humbug in connection with it. “A man,” said he, “once went to a portrait painter and said: ‘I want you to paint my father's portrait.’ ‘But, my dear sir, I never saw your father.’ ‘Well,’ replied the man, ‘you have a picture here of Moses, who lived three thousand years ago. Surely you can manage one of my poor old father.’ ‘The artist promised, did his best, with this result: the man came, saw, wiped his tearful eyes, and murmured: ‘So that's my father; how he is changed!’”

!

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

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

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

Are you looking for good Tea, then try our special 5 lbs for \$1.00.

Our Wine and Liquor department is complete.

L. E. BROOKES &amp; CO.,

Telephone 396.

BRUNSWICK ST.

## THE GARRISON POLO CLUB.

Oh! the stirrup rings out music as it meets the opposing steel,  
 And the merry cheer is borne upon the wind,  
 When the "willow" driven onward by the stirring forward stroke  
 Leaves the fastest horse and rider far behind.  
 Each day the link grows stronger, uniting horse and man.  
 And you feel your labour's not been spent in vain,  
 As the gallant steed responding to a wish but half expressed,  
 Gaily bends, and turns, and answers to the rein.

So search the world all over, take the pastimes one and all,  
 No better game than polo you can find;  
 For, like life, its twists and turnings teach us all to give and take,  
 And strengthen both the muscle and the mind.  
 So the "flying ball" we'll follow ever on from goal to goal,  
 Till minutes into hours swiftly pass;  
 And we vow no other pleasure in excitement can compare  
 To such a glorious gallop on the grass.

So sings Mr. Cumberland-Bentley anent the joys of polo, and the Garrison Polo Club are testing these joys to the utmost this season.

The Club meetings take place every Tuesday and Friday afternoons at 3.30 p. m., on the Riding Ground, the turf of which is in beautiful order this year.

The playing members are numerous, and are mostly well mounted, and no prettier sight can be seen anywhere than the fast galloping ponies flying over the green turf after the ball. As to the riders and their mounts, a word. Capt. Jenkins has altogether four ponies. Rowdy, a weedy-looking chestnut, we believe a wanderer, who under the skilful hands of his owner plays a remarkably good game. Although never such a clever one as the little gray mare Jenny, she is a wonder, and looks as though she would follow the ball herself. Galfred is another of his ponies, but unfortunately he is lamed up with rheumatism, and will not be able to play till the end of the season. The remaining pony of his string is a recent purchase, a roan named Mazeppa. He is only just learning the joys of polo.

Major MacDonnel has two ponies—Acme, a good-looking black mare, a clever player, but not very fast, and a little bay mare, also a good player.

Major Maycock plays on a large-sized, long, dark bay pony that sometimes shows wonderful play.

Mr. C. R. Barry generally plays on the well-known South American roan Boodler, who is really one of the cleverest ponies on the field, but seems sometimes inclined to be lazy. No doubt after the races he will break in his new purchase, Tipperary.

Mr. McGowan has the two well-known ponies, The Tramp and Muffin, than which two better ponies never drew breath, although The Tramp is sometimes a little troublesome.

Col. Clerke has this season a black pony not yet broken in to polo, but no doubt under his able tuition will rapidly become an expert at the game.

Capt. Yonge-Bateman plays a tall, leggy-looking bay horse that ought to show speed.

Mr. Stewart rides the well-known polo pony Jenny, who bears her age and experience well.

Col. Lea has two mounts—Traveller, a son of Wanderer, and a very handsome bay with black points, a perfect picture of a pony, but not very fast.

Major Harvey plays on a pretty little bay mare that ought in time to become a clever player.

Mr. Arlby rides a dark chestnut, hailing, I believe, from South America, but slow and not clever, and apt to be stubborn.

It is to be hoped that a visiting team from Newport will come here this summer to let the Garrison Club find out how they can play. It would not be hard work to pick an excellent team out of these playing members—one that ought to be able to compare with any on this side of the water. A pony race meeting could be arranged at the same time, which would add additional interest to the general public, and would guarantee sufficient gate money to pay all expenses.

## 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.

**STRAW-HUT.**—The expression, "She wears a straw in her ear," comes originally from the French, and means, "She is looking out for another husband." The reference is to the old custom of putting a straw between the ears of horses for sale.

Another peculiar use of the word *straw* is in the very common expression, "I have a straw to break with you," which is a relic of feudal times, when the possession of a fief was conveyed by giving a straw to the new tenant. If the tenant misconducted himself, the lord dispossessed him by going to the threshold of his door and breaking a straw, saying as he did so, "As I break this straw, so break I the contract between us." It is extraordinary how the impression has survived and become so general.

**B. C.**—What the final—if there be any final—rate of interest will be, it is very difficult to predict; but there is no doubt that it will fall considerably in this country as capital accumulates. In England, for instance, as Professor Marshall says, in spite of the low rate of interest, the capital of the country is increasing at the average rate of £200,000,000 annually, which is a little more than a thirtieth of its total amount. If this rate of increase were sustained for 400 years, the capital owned by Englishmen would be multiplied a million-fold, and in 800 years a billion-fold. But we cannot suppose that there will ever be a field for the profitable employment of as much capital as this. So that ultimately the normal rate of interest will fall.

**NO EXPERIENCE.**—When the Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, and General Miramon were led out to execution, the former remarked on the beautiful sunshine, and said the day looked as if it had been selected for the occasion. Suddenly he heard the clear tones of a bell, and asked Miramon: "Is that the death-knell?" The general replied: "I am unable to inform your Majesty, as this is the first time I am being taken to an execution." The Emperor smiled.—*Mémoires de Madame Miramon.*

**THOMAS J. EGAN,****GUNMAKER AND TAXIDERMIST,**

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HALIFAX, N. S.

**PICKFORD & BLACK'S Agencies.**

In addition to the routes mentioned on the outside cover, we beg to call attention to the following:

**HALIFAX TO CHARLOTTETOWN,**

Via Eastern Shore Ports.

S. S. "FASTNET," A. H. KELLY, Commander, sails every Monday night at 10 o'clock, P. M.

**HALIFAX TO CAPE BRETON AND NEWFOUNDLAND PORTS.**

S. S. "HARLAW," J. A. FARQUHAR, Commander, sails every Tuesday, at 8 P. M.

EXCURSION TICKETS are issued by all the Routes.

## Provincial Notes.

ARICHAT.—W. H. Hill, Esq., inspector of Customs, paid his annual visit to Arichat this week.

Among the commercial travellers who visited Arichat last week, was Mr. James Fairbanks, whom the "Warden" refers to as "The Peoples' Jimmy." James nearly lost his passage by lingering too long over a supposed fond adieu.

Several Amateurs have invested in a seine and propose laying for mackerel and everything else that comes along. The fishermen have stuck to the old methods, and it requires some new departure on the part of some of us, to bring them up to the times.

The "fish bureau" reports from Arichat are very unreliable. The "Warden" properly expresses this inaccuracy.

"Rex" in the *Mercury* writes of a boating excursion, but he doesn't say that he was selfish enough to have all the ladies to himself. The next time, I hope he will let some of his male friends know.

Mr. Geo. J. Andrew is on a business trip to Halifax. Vanc assisted in the store on Saturday. It was the occasion of a rush. All the ladies flocked in, and he has had his hands full. He was a trifle nervous but proved an effective salesman.

A very pleasant party drove out to Mrs. Thompson's, Petit de Grat, one evening last week, and spent a few hours in the usual happy manner. Dancing and whist comprised the entertainment.

SARDINE.

NORTH SYDNEY, C. B., June 15th, 1891.—Some years ago, as far back as 1878, a company calling themselves the North Sydney Gold Co. was formed in this enterprising town, and an engineer named Huntington was engaged to prospect early in 1879, but was called away to the western States, and the whole thing dropped through for the time being, owing to his absence. Once more he has come amongst us, and a new company has been formed, some of the leading men of the town, who were in the former scheme, have again taken hold of it, together with Mr. Huntington, and had little difficulty in raising the \$250 required, in shares of \$5, to pay the expenses of prospecting. Mr. H. says that the quartz shows a very good chance of something good being found, and has never seen a finer show. There may be nothing in it after all, but all are sanguine. Mr. H. with several citizens left this morning in a schooner for Ingonish, and will start prospecting at once.

Another batch left this afternoon for St. Ann's, C. B., on another prospecting trip—a younger, but just as enterprising a crew.

H. M. S. Emerald arrived in port Friday morning, and having bunkered, proceeded to Sydney, and there moored, awaiting despatches from England. The officers are devoting most of their time to viewing the surrounding lakes and brooks.

Mrs. J. H. Vooght's daughter and son leave here this week for Halifax, en route to England, and will take the S. S. Ottawa.

FREDERICTON, June 16th, 1891.—Miss Maggie Allen returned from St. John on Friday.

Mrs. John Black arranged a small impromptu dance on Friday evening which was very much enjoyed by those present.

Miss Fairweather of St. John is the guest of Lady Allen. She will return on Wednesday.

Capt. C. H. McKinlay left for Halifax on Saturday.

Mrs. Racey went to St. John on the 11th.

The "Fossils" held a picnic yesterday, about 25 ladies and gentlemen chartered a small steamer and went down the river to Oronocto, where they had tea, and then returned about ten o'clock.

The dance to be given to-night by the officers of the R. S. T. promises to be a very enjoyable affair.

## OUT CAME THE BOTTOM OF THE CAB.

The following ludicrous anecdote is related by an old gentleman who can afford to laugh over the reminiscence.

"When I was a young man," said he, "I had a hard struggle to make both ends meet, and for a time did any odd job that came to my hand. One very rainy time, very nearly one o'clock in the morning, I was passing along Liverpool Street, in London, when I was accosted by a gentleman whom I knew slightly.

"Jim," said he hurriedly, "I want you to take a message for me to — Street, and I will pay you five shillings for delivering it and I'll give you another five shillings to pay your cab hire there and back."

"I agreed to carry the message—a letter—and going round the corner of the street, found a single cab standing there. It was a most dilapidated vehicle, with a wretched horse, and the driver was in keeping, being old, and poorly clad, and, as I soon discovered, extremely hard of hearing.

"However, it was Hobson's choice, and after some chaffering I got into the cab, and it started. Away we rattled, and had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when a most extraordinary accident happened. The floor of the cab gave way beneath my feet!

"I was half asleep at the time, and when I came to my senses I was stuck in the *débris* and my toes were bumping along the cobble-stones. I kicked and struggled to regain my position, until the seat as well as the bottom boards fell into the street, except one jagged piece that kept banging the calves of my legs.

"Placing either hand on the side sash of the cab-doors I trotted along inside the cab, meanwhile crying loudly to the driver; but I might as well have appealed to the wheels. The old horse clattered along at a spirited rate; I dared not drop for fear the jagged board would knock out my brains, and so I was compelled to keep running. In short, I ran nearly four miles!

"I could have cried with vexation at the time, and I had a fearful row with the cabman, but now I can afford to laugh at what was as ludicrous a disaster as ever happened in civilised life."

MISS LEAR, ART STUDIO,  
Room No. 14. 60 BEDFORD ROW.

Pupils taken on Tuesday and Saturday by appointment.

## Fashionable Hats and Furs.

C. S. LANE, 113 GRANVILLE ST.

Trunks & Valises at Factory Prices.

ISAAC DURLING,

BEST QUALITY OF —

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

64 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

DANCING.

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

AFTERNOON & EVENING CLASSES,

TWO DAYS EVERY WEEK.

Private Lessons can be arranged for.

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

CHOICE PEARS,  
FLORIDA ORANGES,  
ASPINWALL BANANAS,  
GRAPES.

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**MITCHELL'S,**  
**George Street.**

CAKE AND PASTRY.

Delicious Bread and Biscuits,  
Light and Flaky, Pure and Wholesome,

— WHEN MADE BY —

Woodill's German Baking Powder.

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Brewers and Bottlers.

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**W. A. PURCEL,** Taxidermist  
and Rod Maker.  
22 BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

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

**THE PALACE BOOT AND SHOE STORE.**  
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**WM. TAYLOR & CO.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

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

**LADIES' EMPORIUM.**  
**Flowers!**

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

**GABRIEL'S BY BUCKINGHAM ST.**

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

"Vivat  Regina."

\* **Queen Hotel.** \*

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

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