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OUR SOCIETY

A
WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., MAY 15.

No. 24.

BOOKSELLERS,
STATIONERS,
PRINTERS.

124 GRANVILLE STREET.

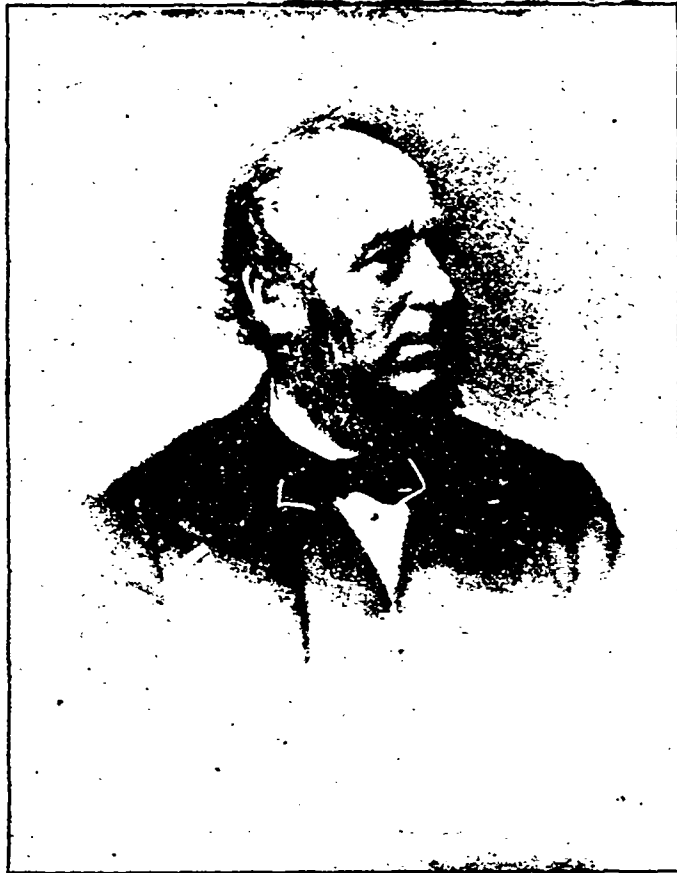
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HON. SIR ADAMS GEORGE ARCHIBALD.
K. C. M. G., D. C. L., P. C., Q. C.

SIR ADAMS G. ARCHIBALD was born at Truro, on the 18th May, 1811. His father was Samuel Archibald, grandson of one of two brothers, who came from the north of Ireland, though of Scottish descent, and settled in Colchester Co. in 1781. He was educated at Picton college, afterwards studying law in Halifax. He was admitted as an attorney in 1838 and as barrister the next year. In 1851 he entered public life being elected to represent Colchester Co. in the Nova Scotia Assembly, afterwards sitting for South Colchester until Confederation. In 1856 he was appointed Solicitor General, in 1860 Attorney General. He took a prominent part in the Confederation scheme. In 1869 he entered the Dominion

Parliament, but resigned his seat the next year and was appointed Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba and the North West Territories. In July 1873, on the death of Lieut.-Governor Joseph Howe, he was appointed Lieut.-Governor of this Province, an office he held for ten years. Sir Adams G. Archibald was married on 1st June, 1840, to Elizabeth Archibald, daughter of Rev. John Burnyeat, a minister of the Church of England. He is a staunch Presbyterian, but at the same time a man of broad views, and generous impulses. In this necessarily short sketch many important details have had to be omitted, but it serves to show what manner of life, the subject of our portrait this week has led.

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153 GRANVILLE STREET

We expressed our regret last week at being unable to report the Redmund-Barry Company's performance of *Cuchillo*. Now that we have seen this piece, our regret is multiplied, and we are sincerely sorry not to have added our note towards making a successful run. We feel confident, however, that if *Cuchillo* is put on again, it will draw a crowded house; as there was but one opinion among those who saw it, that it was the best performance in every way that has been given in the Academy for many years. We have not been backward in the past in criticizing our visitors, and we will not fail to point out a few little weak spots in this case: but taken all round the Redmund-Barry Company is remarkably strong. In the first place, the voices are all good,—clear, musical and refined, without any unpleasant accents. This seems a small thing to place first, but it goes farther than anything else towards giving real pleasure to an audience, or at any rate to that part of the audience that occupies the lower tiers of the house. In the second place, the members of the company work together excellently, almost like members of one family, who knew each other to perfection. This is the first time we have had the pleasure of saying this of any company since OUR SOCIETY made its appearance; please make a note of this, as it is highly probable we shall not have occasion to repeat the criticism for many months—if not years—to come. Thirdly, the scenery is good, and fresh, and the mechanical details carefully attended to. We can say with perfect candour that it is very difficult to descend to detail where the whole effect was such a pleasant surprise. Mr. Redmund and Mrs. Barry, we would place *facile principes* among all we have seen on Halifax boards, and the other two ladies are excellent. Miss Thompson is almost more at home as Marion (in Boston Common) than as Alice: the little scene where the jealous wife tries to keep her husband from going out to his supposed rendezvous at the Frog-pond, is particularly clever. One felt very little sympathy for the man who could resist such persuasions.

But, we are wandering from "*Cuchillo*," where Miss Thompson makes a pretty young wife, and again appears at her best as the "deserted one," when it is announced that she is not Eugene's wife. Miss Pearce is a most cuddlesome and petulant little Annetta, and "flings herself about" very prettily. Percy Warner—the lover from New York—has our entire sympathy when he soothes her ruffled feathers with kisses.

Of the other men, we liked, Mr. Duane as Harry Lunburg best;—he is perfectly natural in his part. The New York Detective is decidedly the weakest character; we strongly suspect that Mr. Duane "doubled" the part, but could not be certain. Anyhow, it is a badly-conceived part; the detective of pantomime and real life. A man who went through the world with an open note-book and pocket full of visiting cards, attempting to bully everyone he met, would probably "detect" nothing of more importance than a jolly good kicking. Mr. Simpson "gets up" for a capital Clermont, but is a bit stiff. Here again, is a false conception,—a man with an habitual scowl and most disagreeable manners, would prove a very unsuccessful "roue and rake." Clermont gets uninteresting through being too much "sustained."

Mr. Slater is very amusing as the French lover; he is an actor, however, and makes a great mistake in attempting to do the *buffoon*. Just that one little scene, where he crawls out of the water and attempts the sneezing pantomime, is a dead failure, and should be omitted altogether. A melodrama is hardly complete without a light part—which Mr. Slater can do to perfection—but it can be spoilt by buffoonery.

And now, in conclusion, just one word about the plot, which is decidedly powerful, and gives plenty of scope for dramatic effects. There appears to be something wanting in the *finis*, as though the author didn't exactly know how to wind up. The wonderful detective with the note-book does—just what he would do in real life—absolutely nothing. Then, in the last scene, where the villain, the murderer, is found strangling the wounded man, he is permitted to

stroll off as though nothing had happened, one of the by-standers remarking jauntily, that someone with handcuffs is waiting at the foot of the stairs. With just a few finishing touches, *Cuchillo*, played by the Redmund-Barry Company as at present constituted, would draw good houses in any city in the world.

Vanity Fa'r says: "I hear that it is a settled thing that when the refitting of the *Osborne* is complete. Commander Milne, who will be promoted to post rank, will be succeeded by Prince George, who is about to be appointed Commander. Prince George is greatly enjoying his gun-boat voyage; which he would not have foregone."

A great many people will be returning from the West Indies during the next month or so. Those who have been lucky enough to evade the Nova Scotia Spring are hastening home to enjoy our Summer, which is hard to beat. The *Alpha* brought the Archbishop, Rev. Father Murphy, Mrs. Rolph, Mrs. Curren, the Misses Lithgow and Mr. Adam Brown.

Dr. Keogh has taken Sir Adams Archibald's house on Hollis St., where his family intend to reside after next month.

We regret to hear that Messrs. Kelly & Co., Photographers, are in September, removing their Studio to Montreal. This will be a double loss to Halifax, as one of the firm, Mr. Sobeski, has made himself popular among the music lovers of the city.

Among the guests at the "Halifax Hotel" are: Rev. A. C. H. Rice, of H. M. S. Bellerophon, and Dr. and Mrs. Charlton, of H. M. S. Emerald.

Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, a military drama entitled "*Herminie*" is on at the Academy. By the way, has anyone noticed the remarkable resemblance between Mrs. Barry and a well-known society lady? It struck us very forcibly.

The "*Bedford Hotel*" is furbishing itself up ready for the summer. It is becoming quite "the thing" to drive out to dinner on Saturdays, when the weather is decent. Forty or fifty visitors from Halifax assembled in the dining-room last week and the week before. The Cowies and the Dennisons took up their summer quarters in Bedford next week;—Col and Mrs Worsley and family have been there a week or so, and Mr. Edward Farrell is also among the guests. By the way, we must congratulate Mr. Farrell on passing the Medical Preliminary Examination, the results of which are just out.

The Annapolis Spectator says:—Prof. Porter and family are expected here to-morrow to reside permanently among us. Mr. Porter has been organist of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, for something like fifteen years and has been the leader of musical circles in Halifax. Besides being a thorough pianist, Mr. Porter is highly proficient as a teacher of the violin and guitar. Annapolis, Granville Ferry and the vicinity are to be congratulated on having a permanent musician of such rare talents among them and it is to be hoped they will appreciate the same by patronising his classes. He will preside at the organ at St. Luke's on Sunday morning for the first time. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Porter and family a cordial welcome.

⇐ DANCING. ⇒

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

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will preside at the organ at St. Luke's on Sunday morning for the first time. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Porter and family a cordial welcome.

We are all glad to see Mrs. and Miss Daly back again, and to hear that Miss Daly is much stronger and better for the change. Any fears that may have been entertained as to the state of her health are quite dispelled by the latest reports of her medical attendants.

With reference to the Peeper controversy, we are glad to see that "Justice" is adopting an independent line. It would be wasting breath and possibly damaging a good cause to commence trying to persuade a writer who makes false statements with a view to turning the tide of public opinion, now almost entirely in sympathy with Peeper. "Justice" and the friends of justice are working quietly but surely, and there is little doubt of their accomplishing their object eventually.

Mr. J. C. Lithgow of the Peoples' Bank, now stationed at Lunenburg, came up on Friday to attend the 66th P. L. F., "smoker," and to meet the *S. S. Alpha*, which brought his cousins from Jamaica. He has since gone back to the little town that has been at loggerheads recently over the unsusceptibility of the hearts of its six Bank Clerks.

We hear that the XIX Club, a body of very young gentlemen who gave a very successful dance at Maplewood last August intend to promote another shortly.

Mr. Gordon Cowie is making visits to Truro, New Glasgow, and other towns in the province.

Mrs. Walter Brookfield was "at home" on Saturday afternoon to a large number of her friends. The commodious room of the pretty house on Inglis street was thronged with guests, the refreshments being looked after by Street. Amongst those present we noticed Mrs. F. W. Bullock, Mrs. C. Stabbing, Mrs. B. W. Chipman, Mrs. Cowie, Mrs. W. Doull, Miss Annie Anderson, Miss Coleman, Miss Oxley, Miss Stabbing, Miss Piers, Miss Lawson, Miss Weir, Miss Baker, Miss Chipman, Miss Ida Mitchell, Mr. Harvey Crowell, Mr. Aubrey Crowe, Mr. Cornish, Mr. Jas. King, Mr. D. Henderson, Mr. H. Thompson, and many others.

A bazaar was held by the children staying at the Bedford hotel last Friday in aid of All Saints Church, Bedford, when a very tidy sum was realized. Among the purchasers we noticed Rev. W. B. King, who stopped over on his way to Amherst.

Mr. Morrison, in a letter published in Tuesday's *Echo*, points out a real abuse in the Railway arrangements. We would like to add a word or two from personal experience. Sometime ago, we were leaving Halifax by the early morning train, with a certain amount of baggage. Arrived at the station, we found the ticket office not yet open, so we tried to get checks for the baggage and get it on the cars in time. The attempt was useless, as the official in charge absolutely refused to check the baggage before seeing the tickets. This was all right enough, but when at last the office opened, and we secured tickets, and simply rushed across to the checking place, we were calmly told that it was quite impossible to get the trunks on in time, and that we had better look sharp, or else we should be left behind too. And in fact we had to make a clear bolt to get on board at all; and had the satisfaction of waiting a whole day at Annapolis for our bags, before going on any further. We seriously intended to sue the Company for damages, but after a few weeks absence cooled down a bit. However, Mr. Morrison's letter recalls this very unpleasant experience, and we agree most heartily that the present arrangement is simply abominable.

Miss Laine's *last* rehearsal will be held at the Orpheus Hall on 28th inst.—It is to be hoped that the public will turn out in force and so show their appreciation of this lady's efforts for the music lovers of Halifax.

Mrs. Donald Keith of Inglis street, had a large tea, followed by a small dance in the evening, on Tuesday.

After three weeks of continuous dry weather, at last rain fell on Wednesday. The country will be greatly freshened thereby.

Mr. Frank Hope is stationed at the Winnipeg Branch of the Bank of British North America.

Mr. Thos. Fyshe leaves for England and Germany in June. He expects to remain abroad some time. Mr. H. McLeod of Minnerapolis, will act as cashier of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Master A. E. Jubien on his arrival from Porto Rico, week was entertained by a surprise party, which he afterwards had great pleasure in entertaining.

The Inaugural Reception at the School for the Blind on Monday last was a conspicuous success. A glance around the crowded rooms recalled to mind very forcibly some reflections we have made from time to time on the true "aristocracy" of a colonial—or any other—city. The company present at the Reception was the *best* we have ever seen mustered together in Halifax. The church, the army, the legislature, the bar, and other professions were strongly represented, medicine and the navy being weakest. The leading merchants were in great force, and ladies representing many sections of our society. It is a significant fact that a charitable institution should gather within its walls more of the "aristocracy" than are seen at any of the large society functions though it is only natural, and confirms what we have said before. The education of the blind is a subject that appeals to all classes of thinking men and women. To watch them work and to hear them sing, to notice with what skill their four senses have been trained to do duty for five, is sufficiently interesting to all who take a deep interest in human nature.

The choir and band gave evidence of long and careful training, and evidently find recreation and amusement in their musical studies. Among the most interesting numbers on the programme, the "Cuckoo Song" by little Adelaide Saunders, and "The Pilot" by Mrs. Chisholm and Reed came first. The kindergarten music, too, was excellent. This system of teaching seems to succeed before all others in exciting the interest of young children, and it is evidently well adapted for the blind.

Speeches were made by Mr. Silver, the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Fielding and Mr. Fraser, all bearing mainly on the point that the Institution is now supported and subsidized, not only by Nova Scotia, but by the whole of the Maritime Provinces. We quite agree with the Premier that it would be unwise to make this a Government institution, as it would do way with the incentive to private exertions in furthering an enterprise of which we all have cause to be proud. It might be added that when a man gives his money, he also gives his interest and his time, and this is what is wanted to ensure success.

Mr. Fraser gave a short speech full of that humour which is peculiar to him; he congratulated himself on being a "fairly good beggar." And no wonder! Mr. Fraser has only got to show what he *has done*, and everyone who has money will feel inclined to help him to do more.

Presentations were made to the Matron and to Dr. Lindsay; and the proceedings ended up with a picnic in the dining room. We spent a pleasant and interesting evening, and congratulate the management on the success of their reception. They have our entire sympathy, and we shall be glad to do in the future—as we have done in the past—all that lies in our power to further the interests of the School for the Blind.

There will be only four opportunities next week to see the Redmund-Barry Company at the Academy. On Monday and Tuesday they appear in "The Colonel," a play which has had a phenomenal run in London, and on Wednesday and Thursday the company will bid "good-bye" when appearing in the "The Bells" which Henry Irving has made historic.

The decision of the members of the South End Lawn Tennis Club at the general meeting the other day, (or rather the decision of the few members that put in an appearance on that occasion) in regard to the entrance fee is open to criticism. It was then decided that army men should be admitted without the formality of handing over to the Secretary the sum of five dollars, generally exacted as an entrance fee. The club is a new one, the expenses attendant upon its organization, and the laying of the courts have been heavy, and consequently, it cannot afford to dispense with entrance fees indiscriminately. But since the fact has been thus recognized that there are circumstances under which the entrance fee should be remitted, the question naturally arises, to what extent shall this be carried. If the officers are allowed to join the club because they are not permanent residents here, without paying the \$5 entrance fee, surely there are many civilians in whose favor similar concessions should be made. Most military men, on arriving at this station know that they will, in all probability remain here a certain period. But take the case of the young Bank fellows. They are constantly moved from one place to another, and their stay is generally of short duration. Several are members of the club already, more would be if the entrance fee is ever remitted in their case. The Halifax and City clubs recognize and provide for this. Why should not the South End Lawn Tennis Club do likewise?

The energetic Secretary of the club is busy getting the courts into order, and if we have only tolerable weather between the present time and the first week of June, play may be expected to commence about that date. There will probably be found to be a largely increased membership list, and the five courts should be kept going. Indeed, we should like to see the club have to make more courts on the at present unused land.

ORPHEUS CLUB.—The Sixth Subscription Concert will take place on Thursday evening next, 21st inst., at Orpheus Hall at 7.30. The concert commences at 8 o'clock.

The Chamber Music Concert by the Liepzig Trio, which was to have come off this evening at the Ladies' College Hall has been postponed owing to illness at the school, and will be given next Tuesday night at the Orpheus Hall. Mrs. Klingensfeld will be the vocalist on the occasion. Messrs Porter, Klingensfeld and Doering who constitute this excellent Trio, will no doubt have a good house, as there ought to be enough people in Halifax who can appreciate such high class music as will be provided, we all think that Halifax has made great musical strides of late years, and this opportunity will test the truth of this general belief.

There is some talk of "the only" John L. running for Congress again this year. The idea of a professional prize fighter being elected to legislate for his fellow-men is not exactly a novel one,—there have been prize fighters with brains before now, and the "Ring" has been represented even in the English house,—by Gully, once prize-fighter and bookmaker, afterwards M. P. But we draw the line at the Sullivan type, and we should think very little of the constituency that chose to be represented by John L. Strange things are done in the States, certainly, but we hardly

think any considerable number of citizens could be induced to disgrace themselves and their country by raising a depraved prize bull to their House of Parliament.

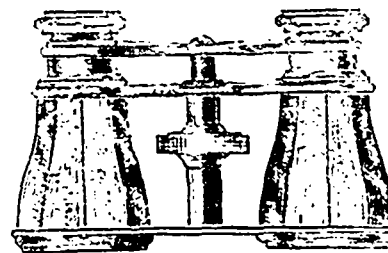
The Stellarton *Journal* of last week publishes a very complimentary notice of the benefit concert given to Mr. Sam. Porter by the Orpheus Club and others, and spoke highly of the musical ability of the club but says that the ladies of Pictou can easily stand the test for beauty with the auxiliary, and made some other personal remarks in rather humorous style about the artists. For instance, it seemed to be well pleased with Mr. Doering's cello performance as an artist, but the style of his get up of hair seemed to call forth the rather uncalld remark that his head looked a mop. We can't see what that has to do with the artist. He ought to enjoy the privilege to put his hair in paper or have it either curled or frizzled up by either his wife or servant without saving public attention drawn to a personal peculiarity.

A very comical sight was met with yesterday on the streets by one soldier being between the shafts of a springless government cart while another was shoving the piano which formed the load over rough roads to an officer's residence. We do not often see pianos conveyed in this style in Halifax and fancy that fifty cents expended on a regular truck, with horse attachment, would prove more economical as it would avoid many jolts and dumps to the unfortunate musical instrument, always supposing that this piano case really contained the machinery commonly found in a piano.

The unfortunate accident of young Johnny Morrow on the city railway, which occurred a few days ago, is very much to be lamented. The coroner's jury held an inquest and made some very important recommendations about youngsters jumping on the cars and stealing a ride, etc. It would have been more to the point if this intelligent body had advised the Street Railway people to provide a conductor to look after every car, to collect fares, and see that everything went on properly. The saving of a man's wages is all the advantage the management can claim for their present system, with a good deal of inconvenience experienced by the public as a contra.

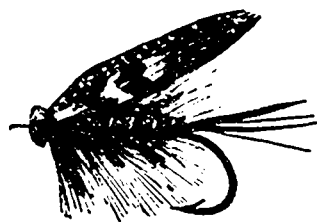
The *Glasgow Daily Mail* is informed that the late Mrs. Elizabeth Orr Bell, widow of Mr. David Bell, of Craigmore and Blackhall, who died at Blytheswood square, Glasgow, on the 12th inst., has bequeathed the whole of her means and estate, after the payment of certain legacies, to General Booth, on behalf of the work of the Salvation Army. The amount falling to the General is from £60,000 to £70,000.

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Yes, there was no doubt about it, Mr. Hipocon was very ill. He had taken ten grains of quinine, and he had placed a mustard plaster on his chest, but to neither the pills nor the plaster had the disease succumbed. He was very hoarse this morning, very hoarse indeed, and he complained of a terrific pain in his right lung.

Mrs. Hipocon was out of town. She had gone to Scarborough to spend a month, and the fact that she was absent made Mr. Hipocon doubly nervous about his condition.

"Suppose," he said to himself, "I should go off suddenly with pneumonia while Mrs. Hipocon is away! It would be simply dreadful. I have always thought of her as one of the chief figures in the group about my bed, whenever I have pictured in my mind's eye the scene of my dissolution, and I'm not going to have that ideal spoiled now."

Thereupon Mr. Hipocon, who was living in a flat, got up and rang the bell for the porter.

"Now, my man," he said, "look sharp, there's no time to lose. I may die while you're in the room. Get me a sheet of paper out of my desk there, a lead pencil, and a book to write on. I want to send a telegram."

The messenger obeyed, and Mr. Hipocon wrote:

"Come home by to night's train. I am very ill."

Mr. Hipocon counted the words. There were only eleven with the telegraphic address. That allowed another for the same money. Being determined to get the full value, Mr. Hipocon added "dangerously," and sent the man off in all haste.

"Um! Ah!" Mr. Hipocon grunted. "That's done at any rate, and Annie will be here in the morning." Then he stopped, as a new idea germinated of a sudden, in his brain. "In the morning! Gad! Sure enough! That train gets in at—let me see! Why its scarcely daylight! Six forty-five. I can't let Mrs. Hipocon come from the station at that hour without an escort. I must send some one to meet her. Whom the devil shall I ask to go?"

Mr. Hipocon's domestic acquaintances were not very numerous. In a business way and at the club he knew men by the hundred, but of these, those that had met his wife were exceedingly few.

"It's rather a delicate thing to ask a fellow to get up before dawn to do you a favor of this sort," he soliquized, "but I fancy Harry Wilrake, who is a rattling good fellow and would go out of his way at any time to serve a friend, would only be too delighted. It's never happier than when talking to a pretty woman, and Helen is about as pretty as they are made, now-a-days. I think he would be charmed to—" and then Mr. Hipocon's reveire took a sudden turn. "Wildrake!" he exclaimed aloud, "Why demme, this cold must have affected my brain. How could I ever have thought of Wildrake for such an errand? Great Northern Station—seven A. M.—pretty woman—Wildrake—cab. Never in the world! Wildrake, old boy, you're not in it!"

Then Mr. Hipocon racked his brain for another candidate for the honour.

"Ah!" he said at last, "I have it. John Sobersides. A married man with a wife who dotes on him. John is just the fellow. There's no danger of John compromising anybody, cab or no cab. John will do it, I'm sure. I'll send John a note at once. Poor old John! He—gad, there's the objection. And it is an objection. How stupid of me not to think of it before! Why John and Helen were once engaged to be married. It would look bad under those circumstances. I fancy John won't do. Confound it all! Who the deuce is there?"

Mr. Hipocon ran over in his mind a dozen names before he hit upon Freddie Gaygun.

"Freddie's a mere boy, but I know Freddie would get up at any hour to serve me. I'll ask him. He'd look on it as a lark, and I'm sure nobody could say a word about impropriety in this case. Yes, I'll send for Freddie. Why, he'll be simply delighted—delighted! Ah, I wonder if he wouldn't be too much delighted!

What was that Helen told me he said to her once at an afternoon tea? I laughed at it then as ridiculous; but—well, that was in a crowd; if he should say the same thing in a close cab, why—Oh, well, that settles it, Freddie won't do, either."

Another dozen names were run over unavailingly, and then Mr. Hipocon thought of a fellow club man—Culpepper—a nice, quite sort of a chap with high ideals, whom he had once done a favor for and who had told him that he would like an opportunity to return it. Of course Culpepper didn't know Mrs. Hipocon, but Hipocon would describe her so there could be no mistake. Yes, he should send for Culpepper. He could not remember his office address, but he would despatch a note to the club that evening.

Now that it was settled at last, Hipocon felt much easier; he would look over the morning paper for awhile, and then take another nap.

The *Daily Tattler* was lying on his bed, and as he picked it up, his eye met the glaring headline: "Eloped with his friend's wife."

"How suggestive!" he remarked, and he started in to read, only to run from interest to astonishment when he discovered that the eloper was none other than this very man Culpepper.

"Well, well!" he commented, "that settles it. I'll describe Mrs. Hipocon to a messenger boy and let the messenger meet her."

Mr. Hipocon left word that evening to be called at six A. M. That would give him ample time, he thought, to send for a messenger and and despatch him, but the messenger was somewhat tardy, and it was well on to a quarter past the hour when he presented himself. Mr. Hipocon had been expecting a small boy, but the individual that came in response to his signal was a tall fellow, with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and rather a handsome face. Mr. Hipocon looked at him closely.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Eighteen," was the response.

"Ah! Well," Mr. Hipocon went on, "on second thoughts, I shall not require you."

And as soon as the lad was well out of the room, Mr. Hipocon sprang from the bed, jumped into his clothes, and rang for a cab. Five minutes later, in spite of his threatened pneumonia, he was on his way to meet Mrs. Hipocon himself.

THE "NEW GAME" OF GOLF.

I read in a weekly contemporary the interesting fact of a "new game asserting itself," meaning "golf." New game, forsooth! Oh, shades of MacKenzie, McAlpine, the Moncrieffs, the McPhersons, come forth and squelch this "Visitor" for applying the word "new" to a game with which all the traditions of your country are intermixed. How is it that a Nova Scotian—a dweller in New Scotland—should perpetrate such a solecism as to designate this, your national game, as "new!" If this is true, verily your country must indeed be in its first youth even now, and yet this cannot be so, for even I, who never did see a great deal in the game, can trace it back to when it was played on St. Andrew's "Links" (that, "Visitor," is the name given to the ground whereon it is played), about the year 1100. "Visitor" says he is indebted to a "lady correspondent" for the novel ideas he prints in respect to this new(?) game. "Visitor," take my advice, have nothing to do with "kittle cattle" in the matter of manly sports. Lady correspondents may be very useful in fashioning the dress to be worn by those of their own sex who are sportively inclined, but as critics of a game such as golf, they get a little "off their base!" Again, lady correspondents, I notice, always advocate short skirts. So it goes without saying that lady correspondents are not blessed with feet that require a number 8 boot, nor ankles which, if we were speaking of a horse, we should describe as "gummy!" With reference to golf, "Visitor" says "as long as you can totter, no age is too great for you to wield the crook!" Crook! what on earth is this?

I presume "Visitor" means the "club" with which the ball is hit, and his "lady correspondent" has led him so far astray, not knowing any better, as to call it a crook. As for golf being a game for "tottering old age," it is open to question, considering that each game will entail the walking of between *three and four miles*. I hardly think that "tottering old age" would take on more than about 16 games a day. I will now give a few general remarks on this game, and should be glad indeed if they prove the means of establishing a Golf Club in Halifax.

The ground on which "golf" is played is called "links," and is generally a sandy soil in the neighborhood of the seashore, interrupted by pits and other inequalities, and is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in extent. A series of small holes about four inches in diameter are cut in the soil at distances from 100 to 500 yards apart. From the starting hole and back again is called a "round," and the game consists of making this round, putting the ball into each hole, with the least number of strokes possible. The materials used consist of small hard balls of gutta percha, and "clubs" suited to the nature of the ground. These "clubs" are named as follows: The "play club" is for swiping off the tee, which is a small hillock on which the ball is placed to present a fair stroke. The "long spoon" is used when the ball is in a hollow, it derives its name from having the face scooped, so as to get under the ball. The "short spoon" is about the most useful of "clubs," it is used when the ball is within 100 yards from the hole. The "putter" (*u* as sounded in "but") is a stiff club with a flat head and square face, and is used when the ball is close to the hole. To be a good "putter" is the height of a golfer's ambition, but few attain it. The "sand-iron" comes into play when the ball lights in a bunker of sand or in a sand pit. It is used more especially for "lifting balls—that is, lifting the ball over the opponents", and into a hole, which is one of the most difficult feats in "golf." The "cleck" is very useful for putting when the ground is rough. The "niblick" is of great service when the ball lies in a cart-rut or horse-shoe print. The head of this club is very short and heavy, and is shaped into a hollow about the size of a 50-cent piece, with the iron sloping backward. The game can be played by two, or by four (two against two). The *tee*, the starting point, must not be less than four or more than six club-lengths from the first hole, and after the balls are struck off, the ball lying farthest from the hole for which the players are trying, is played first. A ball must not be touched or moved except in playing. There are penalties for stopping or interfering with it, but whatever happens to it by accident must be submitted to, that being considered *a rub o' the green*. I have not space to give an exhaustive article on the game, but I have, I think, shown sufficiently clearly that it is not a game that "tottering old age" can enjoy with impunity.

WALTER LEIGH.

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A FIT OF THE BLUES.

I went Mr. Editor to our local temple of Thespis to see a piece called a "Cure for the Blues." Between the curtain raiser and the *piece de resistance* I gave myself up to reflection, which not even the twitterings of two love birds behind me, or the chattering of a school boy by my side could interrupt. Why should we want a "Cure for the Blues?" What are they? Whence come they? And why, if there are such things, should they be called Blues? I had just come to the conclusion that I must answer these several questions satisfactorily to myself, when the curtain rose, and for the nonce I dismissed from my mind all thoughts of the derivation of "Blues," and gave myself to the full enjoyment of the humour of the piece put on the stage.

But now I've found out all about it, and find that I myself have often been a victim to a malady, to which the pains of the ancient rack were as nothing.

I find that a "Fit of the blues" is a fit of spleen, or low spirits. Roach and Esquirol affirm that indigo dyers are especially subject to melancholy—hence the name "Blues,"—while those who dye scarlet are hot tempered. Paracelsus also asserts that blue is injurious to health and spirits. Therefore there may be more truth in calling melancholy *blue*, than is generally allowed. And now, as to what these same blues are, and in what way they make their presence known.

Happy is the man who knows not what it is to have a "fit of the blues." These "blues" have been thought by many to originate in a disordered liver, the old fashioned remedy being blue pill, I suppose, on the homœopathic principle that "like cures like." There are many and perhaps with truth attribute their "Blues" to the enormous quantity of unappreciated missives contained in blue envelopes, with contents often on blue paper as well. It is a well known fact that ghosts always appear in blue flames, and "blue devils" bear a very strong resemblance to the "blues" themselves. Put a Frenchman out of temper, and you will hear him mutter *sacred blue*. Ask him what he means. He may give you an answer, but it will be of such an enigmatical nature that you will be none the wiser. Blue is the color spoken of as belonging to that class of the female sex, abhorred by their kind, and getting no esteem from the "lords of creation." Blue again is the color of the Peter, that hoisted at the mast head, tells us the sorrows of parting have to be endured. I might go on like this till all is blue, but it's now time for facts.

"The blues" are undeniable facts, a disease equally prevalent among people of extra intelligence, like—well, like you, my reader, it is a dream, for which no satisfactory cure, save "time's all healing hand," has yet to be discovered. I am aware that there are many that try to drown "the blues" in the flowing bowl, but the relief gained is only temporary, and is dearly bought, resulting as it does in a violent reaction, and bringing about a worse state of affairs than before. An attack of "the blues" is generally preceded by a time of excessive good cheeriness, it may be an hour or two after a champagne lunch, it may be after a delightful stroll with one who is our all in all or it may be the morning after a convivial evening that the disease is felt. Often it is that the patient's friends notice the incipient stages long before the patient himself. Should the patient be married his better half will be able to notice the coming attack, by her husband's moroseness and tendency to being bored, it is her duty then to try and stop this blight of a man's life by cheerfulness and encouragement, and at this stage just one Brandy and Soda is allowable. Should the attack not be stayed whilst in the incipient stage, the patient's

condition becomes so unbearable that wife or friends have to leave him.

This is wrong on their part, for the miserable wretch hastens to his study, which now to his bilious eyes is a veritable charnel house, containing as it does—to him—the dead bones of bye-gone sins, and foolhardy adventures—where his condition becomes pitiable indeed. No rest for body or mind. He cannot smoke. One moment he walks the room like a crazy tiger, the next, he is sitting a huddled up mass of human flesh, all the paltry actions of his life crowding before his mind's eye; again floats before him all the ambitions of his past life, thoughts of what he might have been, what he is, and how it is all to end. He sneers at himself for not having carried out the programme which he laid down for himself. He thinks of the friends that he has treated worse than badly, and even wonders if there is such a thing as friendship at all. He thinks of his wife, and wonders what made him such a fool as to marry at all, and then with a cynical smile wonders what she thinks of these same attacks of his? He thinks of his pecuniary difficulties, magnifies them a thousand fold, his friends are a mean lot, oh yes, they'd borrow right enough, but wouldn't lend a \$5 bill to save his soul. He'll be hanged if he'll ever have anything more to do with them. He feels careless and indifferent to all things, utterly *blase*, life is a mistake, its not worth living. Again, his children may be all that a father could desire, his pecuniary position unassailable, and yet he is still ready to curse his very existence, and die the death. Under these circumstances, it is not very wonderful that he should take a morbid interest in funerals, and all that appertain thereto: He will wonder even how his poor body would look, when under the tender care of Mr. Snow, the undertaker, wonders still, if his friends so wished it, how, what was left of him would look, whilst undergoing the embalming treatment, practised with such success by the same Mr. Snow, he can carry his imagination so far, as to recognize Mr. Snow saying, in tones so well known to the undertaking profession, "Lovely body, make a perfect picture sure." Having allowed his imaginations to run riot to such an extent, he pulls himself up short, with a shiver, and a Ugh, ghastly!

These then are "the blues" and let there not be one to laugh or think it exaggerated, because they have as yet escaped an attack: they are no laughing matter, many a coroners jury have brought in a verdict of "mental aberration" from these very same blues. Doctors will call them "indigestion," "mental depression," "liver," while your dearest friend will with a wink, put his hand to his mouth, and elevate his little finger, exploding with laughter at the same time.

And now a word as to the treatment and care of this fearful disease. There is one great preliminary difficulty, and that is to get the patient to own that there is anything the matter with him at all, when taxed by the wife of his bosom, that there is something wrong, he will in nasty disagreeable tones indignantly deny it,—thinking all the time, that if he could get one more brandy and soda, he would be all right—and asks to be left alone and not bothered.

Continued on Page 10.

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Our Society.

VOL. I. HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1891. No. 24.

New exchanges this week are the *Chignecto Post* from Sackville, N. B., and the *Weekly Windsorian*, from Windsor, N. S. We have taken a pretty good sporting yarn from the *Post*, it is nothing very wonderful, but carries the stamp of truth. The *Windsorian* has made an excellent start, with a large page devoted almost entirely to reading matter. News of all kinds are carefully compiled from the leading American papers. The clippings are good, certainly, but even the most bigoted Yankee maniac will acknowledge that there are English papers that compare favorably with the American, and that Canadians might be expected to take some passing interest—we cannot expect more—in English affairs.

By the bye, one of the charges lately brought against us by a Halifax writer in a provincial paper is that we are "So English, you know!" The words are simple enough, but the context is meant to be sarcastic. However, we are ready and willing to plead guilty to the charge. We are English—very English—and we intend to remain so. English-Canadian, or Canadian-English, matters not, but always English. We work here, and we vote here, and our keenest interest is with those among whom we earn our bread and cheese, but we cannot forget that there is an "old country," and that we are still citizens of the empire. More than that, we should like to see our Canadian politics running on the lines of the old country politics,—with more patriotism and less corruption. And with those who are content with nothing that is not either a copy or an echo of something American, we have little in common. We do not expect them to appreciate our effort or to notice our opinions, and we do not cater for their support.

We would commend this last paragraph to the society writer who quotes against us the old fable of the old man who, in trying to please everyone, ended up by pleasing no one. Please notice, dear Gaseous, that there is a slight difference between trying to offend no one, and trying to please everyone. We have already mentioned one class that we do not try to please, and there is—sad to say,—yet another, the class who do not care to read anything that is not *spicy*, who revel in double entendre and facetious remarks at other people's expense, who love the little side-hit and long for tit-bits and personal and family history, the publication of which brings no good to the public and bitter mortification to the individual. This class we do not try to please; and if we offend them it is possibly by not supplying the artificial food they crave for.

On the other hand, we have always been to the fore in defending individuals against what we consider the unfair attacks of

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others, and we have not failed to point out abuses in matters civic, social or military, and to do our best to suggest remedies. And the line we have taken we mean to pursue, improving all the time. The original project of illustrating articles on local topics will be carried out before many weeks, and other improvements are on the *tapis*. In the meantime we are quite satisfied with the class we do please, which includes many loyal Canadians in the West Indies, the United States, and the old country, whose number is always on the increase, and who often go out of their way to express their satisfaction.

A CRICKET ROMANCE.

Two lovers went to the cricket game
 One afternoon. They say
 He was a "crank;" she had never seen
 Professional players play.

He faithfully tried to explain it all,
 She tried to understand;
 But the more he talked, the less she knew
 Why he thought the game was "grand."

He cheered, he danced, he yelled "Hi! hi!"
 She calmly looked about,
 And if anyone made a boundary hit,
 She asked if the man was out.

She tried her best to keep the score,
 But when the game was done,
 He found that whenever a miss was hit,
 She had given the man a run.

It dampened his ardour to have her say:
 "Why doesn't the umpire bat?"
 And each question she asked diminished his love,
 Though he wouldn't have owned to that.

Till at last she asked in a guileless way,
 "Which eleven's playing now?"
 He broke the engagement then and there,
 And now they don't even bow.

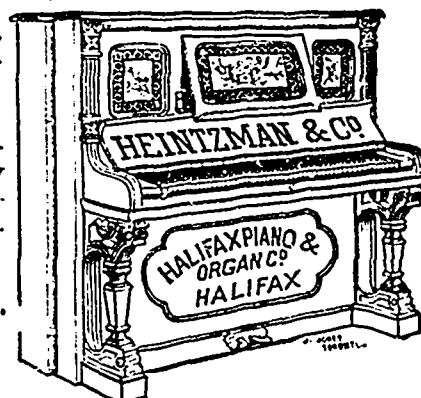
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TELEPHONE CALL 153

(Concluded from Page 8.)

which is precisely the worst thing for him. He must be roused, and change of scene, with plenty of open air exercise insisted upon. A certain amount of medicine (and why not the despised blue pill?) may expedite the cure, but all alcohol must be eschewed, it is only an aggravation after its effects have worn off. Make the patient eat! The finest maxim in medicine is "So long as you can take your food, you're all right." No one who eats a good solid breakfast will be troubled with a fit of "the blues" that day, no, not even if the brokers are put into his house 10 minutes after the meal. Should the disease be aggravated by the presence of these undesirable quantities, I would advise a complete change of air, while things are being put in order. Boston I am told is a cheery kind of place, well then, let him lie himself to Chipman Bros: get a ticket by the Halifax, put himself under the charge of genial Captain Hill, and I guarantee a radical change comes over the spirit of his dream. To chronic sufferers various strange and fanciful distractions may suggest themselves. The theatre should be for the time being a haven of rest, more especially this week when Mr. Clarke has catered for these especially by procuring "A cure for the blues," which is so well put on the stage by Mr. Redmund and his company, (and here I personally must say a word, and that is that I not having at the present time the disease very strongly developed, would infinitely prefer seeing Mr. Redmund and his company in a piece more worthy of their ability, tho' for the purpose for which "A cure for the blues" is produced it fills the bill admirably). One distraction I have been told of that is said to work wonders, that is a flirtation with somebody else's wife, more especially if the husband is of a jealous disposition and a good boxer, which lends an additional excitement, to the already exciting remedy. Such as this I cannot conscientiously recommend, though no doubt it has often answered well for it is "complete change" that is the great *desideratum* Unique.

Fishing yarns are beginning to show up now. The following from our latest exchange, the *Chebu-to Post*, is not so bad:—

"Three Sackville boulders went fishing on Monday last fully equipped with the necessary gear to do slaughter. After the day's sport had ended, the division of the spoils took place, and it was found they each possessed one specimen of the funny tribe. They journeyed homeward and near British Settlement they run amuck what looked to be a porcupine; chase was given after 23 shots had been fired from a 22 calibre revolver the sportsman doing the shooting reported that his victim had at last succumbed. Around they gathered to view the bristling denizen of the forest, and the striking of a light revealed nothing but the countenances of three surprised sportsmen and the thoroughly ventilated remains of a pig belonging to a farmer in the vicinity.

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The Ladies' Column.

There is a new shade of blue come out called the "Jeanne D'Arc," and I have lately seen a costume made of it in two shades. The plain skirt was trimmed with a narrow edging of dull gold beads up one side; the bodice was made with a waistcoat of the paler tint, with a soft black net front and a high collar. The coat had large outside pockets studded with beads, the sleeves ended with a small turned-back beaded cuff, and the edge of the coat itself was finished off in a similar way.

A more beautiful and uncommon dinner-gown can hardly be imagined than a marquise coat worn over a plain rich black satin petticoat. The coat was made of alternate stripes of handsome black and white satin brocaded in gold. The sleeves were long to the wrist, and consisted of a delicate shade of heliotrope chiffon artistically draped, and the same soft material was introduced into the front of the coat.

As a novelty at evening parties, dancing has been opened out quite recently on altogether new and unaccustomed lines, and we now have young ladies engaged to dance before an assembled company. They are attired in ball dresses illumined by rays of coloured lights, and dance gavottes, minuets, and other set dances with much grace. Lady Salisbury at Hatfield was the first to introduce this idea, but whether it will be a lasting success, or even a partial one, is open to doubt.

Poor Ned had wedded a professional beauty, and was inclined to think marriage a failure after all:—

"I hurried home from the office," said he, "hoping to have a delightful *l'le-a-l'le* with my wife before dinner. She is not to be found! "Where is Mrs. M.?" I enquire of one of the servants. "gone to have her hair shampooed, to take a Turkish bath, and be manicured." At last she makes her appearance. I rush up to kiss her, when she shrieks out:—"No, no, dear Ned; my complexion is under treatment. Kiss me on the hair."

"When at last we find ourselves alone, I attempt to draw her to me, and take her in my arms, as I used to do when she was my sweetheart. Another suppressed warwhoop! "No, no, my dear boy, not now. I have on a corset plastique, and must not bend over."

"When once she is dressed I don't even dare to touch the tips of her fingers for fear of spoiling their polish; and when we return from some stupid dinner, and are finally ready for bed, I foolishly imagine that a good-night kiss is at last in order. "No, no, dear Ned; on my hair, please. I'm all smeared up with *creme de la Reine!* Professor Eneas Cute warns me that I am losing the velvety down of my skin, all from neglect of using his cream."

"Poor Ned! His marriage was really a failure!"

A Transatlantic bride who was married recently distanced all of her contemporaries in the value of one item of her *trousseau*, and it is said by her friends that she thereby set a fashion that must henceforth be followed by all brides of any pretensions in the world of Society. While it is, of course, the rule for the expectant wife to have her bridal corsets made far more elaborately and expensively than has been her former custom, often having them embroidered most delicately, it is declared that this instance is the first where gold was used in the place of steel for the clasps, the eyelets, and the lacing tips. The advantage of employing gold was that it did

not discolour and was in every way preferable to steel. The corsets cost £20 a pair, and the bride had three pairs, one in white, another in pale blue, and the third in black.

I believe it is not generally known that salt as a tooth-powder, is the best that can be procured. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy. It is certainly an inexpensive dentrifice, and I should say well worth a trial.

The fortune telling mania seems to increase in the idle portion of the community. It is a thin lacquer to call it reading character. Miss Nina Kennedy, the inspirationalist, is a witch. A young married lady of my acquaintance went in to have her "pulse" told "You are a married woman?" "Yes." "But you are not living with your husband?" "No; but how *do* you know that?" "Because you have not the married pulse." Will anyone more favoured than I in such knowledge tell me what a married pulse is like? Does it beat listlessly or hopelessly, submissively or defiantly? or does it beat with a double throb? It is the pulse which is the medium of revelation to this pretty little nineteen years old sorceress. Well, all I can say, is, she makes wonderful *plukes* if she has not the spirit of divination. But other fair gypsies are divining; by the ear some, the teeth others, the chin and lips others, and so on through the facial category. A leading dentist says. "To determine a person's character by the teeth, take the upper front teeth. They are a true index of the nature of a man or woman. Here," he said, "is the tooth of a young lady who has a lovely disposition and is universally beloved; see how regular and dainty the formation is, and yet possessing all the requisite points for a perfect tooth. Here you see the tooth of a man who is cruel, although his cruelty is of the refined kind; notice that the tooth is white and rather sharp and long. Then, this tooth, stumpy and coarse in form, denotes brutality—it is from the jaw of a man of brutal nature. Here is a curious tooth from the mouth of a peevish, fretful woman; the crown has a sharp, fretful turn to it. Now we come to one that belonged once in the mouth of a lady who is noted for her refinement and intellectual development. It is slender and perfect in shape—one of the kind of teeth going with long, slender fingers. Again, this tooth is from the mouth of a much grosser nature; this woman is selfish, but has, on the whole, a kindly nature and would not willingly hurt another's feelings, but it is her nature to be regardless of others." A well known reader of the tale told by the palm has taken character by the ear, and by the formation of that organ tells us all about ourselves. I have no data to go by to-day; but I remember being once told that when ear stuck forward, and was "pitched" out from the head, it was a sign of a coarse nature, and that when it stuck very close to the head, was small, and very narrow, it bespoke a low class of intellect. The ear, said my learned informant, betrays beyond any other feature or organ our "origin"—what that was, ask Darwin—and the more it resembles those of its remote ancestors, so the more we are possessed of their original characteristics. Pleasant, is it not, to feel that your undeveloped aural appendage betrays your start point. It is now the imperative custom of Society to give an entertaining entertainment at their afternoons, and every sort of per-

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former is welcomed; if a novelty, he or she is run to death. There is the lady who imitates the cornet, and whose asking terms are £45 a performance; the Australian, unearthed by Toole and induced to come over here, who dilates his phenomenal nostrils with air, and then plays on them with his finger and thumb tunes and symphonies. There is the exquisite new whistler, Capper, and the mimic of actors and wonderful character sketcher, Rex—I forget the rest of his name; a score of juvenile prodigies from banjo strummers to violin scrapers, a reader of the future by Egyptian pictorial cards ages old; baby dancers; and a boy of seven a lightning painter. Each and all of these are to be had to make merry for your friends, at a not unreasonable cost. Well, they all practice bread-winning industries, and ought to be encouraged.

"Music hath —," no, I will not inflict the overworked quotation upon my readers, let it be "taken as read"; but I should like to add that among the wonderful powers possessed by St. Cecilia's art, must now be numbered successful cookery. Practically it boils eggs. A Berlin chef, not content with culinary composition, has, shall I say concocted, a polka which he calls "The Boiled Egg," and on the title page it is explained that to cook the succulent "new laid" it should be placed in boiling water and the polka played through in *allegro moderato* time. When the amen of this choice *morceau* is sounded the egg is done, but it should be borne in mind that of course encores with the same egg cannot be complied with. The new egg cooker is however, an expensive luxury, and the enterprising inventor should be at once bribed to suppress it, for if the musical element in matters culinary becomes known, it will quickly lead to yet more awful demands from our cooks, and the compulsory appearance of such a line as "kitchen piano kept" when we advertise for our "rulers."

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.

LENGTHY CHAP.—(Bermuda). Many thanks for your interesting yarns. Will insert next week. Shall be glad to hear from you again.

J. T. B.—Your quotation, "*Qui genus jactat suum, aliam laudat*" is from Seneca, if we remember rightly, and means that he who boasts of his lineage boasts of that which does not properly belong to him. Pleased to give you the information.

ADELAIDE.—You will be able to find what you want in Halliburton's or Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia.

!

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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.

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BRUNSWICK ST.

Provincial Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—As anticipated, Senator Haythorn's illness has proved fatal. By this gentleman's death the Island loses one of her most widely informed public men, and one who by practical experience had fitted himself to advocate with eloquence his claims at Ottawa.

Dr. Jenkins, Donald Ferguson, Esq., and Hon. A. A. Macdonald (our last Lieut. Governor) were the three whose names were mentioned, as those from among whom the new Senator would be chosen, and news reaches us to-day that the last named gentleman has been appointed to succeed the late Senator. While many Conservatives must regret that Mr. Ferguson still remains unwarded after his long and faithful service to his party, few will be found reluctant to congratulate Hon. Senator Macdonald.

Hon. John Lefurgy of Summerside, died last week in Boston. Mr. Lefurgy was a leading man in the capital of Prince County, and his history is one of continued good fortune, with attendant wealth smiling upon a shrewd business man, throughout an honorable public career.

We have still another death to record—that of Mrs. Hyndman, at the ripe age of 87 years. The deceased lady was the youngest daughter of James McNutt, Esq., of Darnley, (who came to the Island in 1781, as Private Secretary to Governor Patterson,) and grand-daughter of Chief Justice Stewart.

Mr. H. J. Cundall left for England last Friday. Mr. Cundall's visit will be of some months duration.

Miss Hamlyn—sister of the Rector of St. Paul's, whom she has been visiting since her coming to occupy the Rectory, returned to England last week.

Mr. Louis C. DesBrisay of the Bank of Montreal, is visiting his relatives and friends here.

His Worship the Mayor, Mrs. and Miss Haviland are all ill with the fashionable complaint.

An Athletic Association has been started here, and promises to be a thoroughly well organized institution. We wish it the success it deserves.

Piles of stone and a few feeble castings of iron lie disfiguring Queen Square. Do they represent the long promised fence? It is high time it was in position. The fountain always seems to be weeping for its long delayed advent.

WINDSOR.—On Ascension Day an exciting match was played between the college and an eleven from the town, when the former was victorious. Many of the young ladies came over from "Edgehill;" and, as before, their presence visibly improved the playing of many of the cricketers. Mrs. Onseley gave a large party on Friday evening last, which all present agreed in declaring most enjoyable. Mrs. Torey gave an equally pleasant dance on the same evening. One felt keenly on this night the limitations of the human frame, and bewailed the lack of "uncompounded essence pure" which would have enabled him to be present in two places at once.

The Collegiate School again played the College on Saturday afternoon, and victory crowned the arms of the school boys, the match being decided by the first innings.

Mr. and Mrs. Curry and Miss Lawson have returned from their trip to Bermuda.

Rev. George Harlam, M. A., was in Windsor during the past week. He delivered a course of lectures before the Divinity school of King's College.

Our old enemy, influenza, remembering, doubtless, his warm reception last year, is paying us another visit, and wishing to renew his acquaintance, has greeted many of us with *la grippe* of friendship.

It was with feelings of the deepest regret that we heard of the death of Thomas B. Akins, D. C. L. His usual summer visit will be greatly missed by his many friends in this town. He left a valuable bequest of books and money to our University.

TRURO.—The Truro Lawn Tennis Club held its Annual meeting last week. All the old officers were re-elected. It does not do to be too exclusive in a small town like ours, and thus the Club thought it advisable to at last open the aristocratic doors and enlarge the number of players. Some of the lady players have gone to "lands far distant" others are soon to be taken for "better or for worse" therefore, the President, Mr. O. C. Cummings, handed in some eleven names for membership which have been accepted. Some of these new members are good Tennis players already, so we hope to hear a good report of the Truro Club. I hear another meeting is to be called as soon as Mrs. Sarah Connoley, Miss Jessie Byer, Bessie Paris and Hattie Morris, are anxious to join the ranks. The colors of the Club which are now yellow and blue, will be changed to black and white.

Mrs. Betts and Miss McKay of Wallace, are spending a few days with friends in town.

I believe some of our ambitious citizens have taken up with the offer *Progress* has made them, and are soon to be written up in the enterprising paper. The agent, Mr. E. O. Harrington, was here last week, and for the small sum of "fifteen dollars in his inside pocket," will write any one person or their business up. The more money, the bigger the puff. It is not a year since Mrs. Marie Wright, correspondent of the *New York World*, came down upon us like a "wolf on the fold," and the praises of our pretty town, said *one or two people* in it were sung—on Sunday July 20, 1890—not to the tune of Good old hundred, but *two hundred*. Mrs. Grundy does not aspire to the greatness of a Wright or a Harrington—knowing that the "heights of great men (or women) reached and kept, were not attained by sudden flight" but would be willing to write up Truro and everybody in it, if these liberal minded citizens would give our pretty town even one decent side-walk on Prince St.

Miss Laine of Halifax was greeted by a full house on Monday evening. Some of us have heard this talented lady frequently, and have never heard her sing better than she did on this occasion. All her songs were most highly appreciated, especially Gounod's difficult "Non destârmi," which called forth a hearty encore, for which "Annie Laurie" was sung as only Miss Laine can sing it. This was the first appearance of the sweet songstress before a Truro audience and we fear it will be the last we shall hear of "I once had a sweet little doll dear," as Miss Laine is so soon to leave Halifax. The pupils part of the entertainment was as enjoyable as anything of that kind can be.

Senator McKay returned from Ottawa on Saturday, to remain a few days at home.

Rev. D. W. C. Dimock left for New York on Saturday, to be absent a few weeks.

Miss Louise McCully returned from New York last week, after an absence of some months, looking as if her sojourn in Uncle Sam's domains quite agreed with her.

Miss Parks, of Boston, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas McKay, Prince St.

Mrs. E. Tupper, of Amherst, is spending a few weeks with Mrs. G. P. Neilson, Pleasant St.

The *Truro Daily News* asks "What has become of the Dramatic Club?" Echo answers, "House-cleaning!"

Dr. E. O. Hallet, of Sydney, is spending a few days in town with his relatives.

SACKVILLE.—This pretty village on the Tartramar seems to have contracted an epidemic of chronic social lethargy, either from the protracted effects of the Lenten season, or from the effects of the unusual activity of the past winter. Within the past month there has scarcely been a single at home, or party, and with the exception of the reception at the Ladies' College, all has been a social blank. The B. & C. Club wound up its seasons meeting at Mrs. Estabrooke's parlours in the Brunswick House, and it will be heard of no more until Winter arrives, and if the Lawn Tennis clubs do not mature favorably, we will have a dearth of gaiety for the summer visitors.

The Band Concert brought together a full representation of our youth and beauty on Friday last. It would be hard to say which was the "starring" member on the programme. Mrs. Harrison's solo, Miss Landers' reading and Mr. Murray's solo, all were well given. Mrs. Harrison looked bewitching in a low cut pink silk and during her solo was greeted by a shower of flowers. Miss Landers read and looked charmingly, and Mr. Murray threw his whole Highland soul into "Scots wha hae." At the close Mr. Frank Black in a neat speech thanked those who had attended, for their presence.

Mrs. G. B. Estabrook and Miss Mimes, are confined to the house with La Grippe.

The principal topic for the village gossips, is the approaching marriage of one of Sackville's fairest young ladies with a retired sea captain, whose maturity in years is not a subject of doubt. It comes off in June.

A promising young clergyman studying here will shortly lead one of Charlottetown's daughters to the altar.

Mr. Martin Lane of Dorchester, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. R. P. Foster returned from St. John on Monday.

COPPERFIELD.

OUR VOLUNTEERS.

The 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers began work for the season, on Tuesday night. The regiment mustered at the Drill Shed at 8 o'clock, Lieut. Col. Humphrey being in command, and marched through Birmingham street, Morris street, Hollis street, George street, and Barrington street to the Drill Shed. The regiment is now, owing to the exertions of the officers up to full strength. To them, will fall the duty of parading at the closing of the House of Assembly in a few days time.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

She came into the room, where he sat alone, with a glittering knife in her clenched hand amid the folds of her dress.

Her face was white and drawn, and her eyes were wild and haggard looking.

He, the man whose name she bore, sat by the firegrate, deep in thought, and never heard the slippered footfall of the beautiful woman who now stood behind his chair with a strange cold smile upon her lips.

Suddenly, with a gasp, she cast the knife from her towards the bed of glowing coals, but it sank silently into a divan at the other side of the room.

"I cannot!" she moaned, wearily, "*I cannot!*" and she fell in a white heap upon the floor at his feet.

A pitying expression broke across the Gothic granite of his cheek, and he murmured in deep, tender tones: "What is it, my darling?"

But she spoke no word, only raised one white hand towards him, in which was clasped a lead pencil.

She had been trying to sharpen it, poor girl!

The End.

THE RISING GENERATION.—"So you've joined the Navy, Jack? I thought you were going to Sandhurst!" "Well, you know, I *did* think of the Army at first; but when I remembered that the death of Nelson had never been avenged that settled it."

It is reported that a policeman has just been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. People will now have the satisfaction of knowing where to find him when he is wanted.

"I had no idea," said the Fond Father, reading through his hopeful's public school bill for the first time, "I had no idea that studying was so expensive."

"No; and I don't study very much," remarked the lad in a truly sympathetic tone.

English Jottings.

The new Governor-General of India, will, I hear, be Lord Lorne, and will go out in October next to relieve the present Viceroy; who returns at his own request.

Princess Louise will go out with Lord Lorne.

An amusing incident occurred in the Lord Mayor's Court on Wednesday, where the Recorder was sitting trying cases. A jury had heard a case, and being unable to agree, retired to deliberate. After a while a note from the jury was handed to the Recorder, who, after perusing it, said, "I must prevent a tragedy; send for the jury." Upon returning into Court the jury were discharged without giving a verdict, as they were still unable to agree. It was afterwards stated that the note to the judge ran:—"Ten of us are agreed; but the other two decline to agree while they have life in their bodies."

Juries take it easy in Queensland. A young man was being tried at Gymie, and when the jurymen retired they saw the bailiff in charge lock up the prisoner and go off for a drink. His example demoralised the jurors, who forthwith climbed out of the window, and betook themselves to an inn, where they were found when the judge was tired of waiting for their verdict. The case had to be tried over again.

Justice Moulvi Syed Amir Ail, one of our native judges in India, has laid it down that by Mohammedan law "the contract of marriage gives the man no power over the woman's person beyond what the law defines, and none whatever upon her goods and property." The Mohammedan husband has no more right to the wages of his wife than an utter stranger.

The Irish servant, Patrick Brennan, who accompanied the Duke of Wellington through the Peninsula campaign to the finish at Waterloo, died at Hurley, Wisconsin, U. S. A., a few days ago aged 103. He has left no fewer than a hundred and four descendants. The Iron Duke had much regard for Brennan, and often referred to his faithful service.

The *N. Y. Tribune* says:—"Another English firm of plush manufacturers has been compelled to leave England and settle in this country, where it will employ American labor, 'all on account of McKinley.' This firm is Smith & Kaufmann. It has already imported a number of looms and has got to work in a building in West One-hundred-and-thirty-second-st. The firm expect to run forty looms and employ from 400 to 500 American hands. The contract-labor law would prevent the importation of foreign skilled labor to work in this establishment."

Sir John Willoughby appears to have acted with great patience and moderation in his relations with the Portuguese. The action of the latter in opening fire on Sir John's ships, and afterward boarding them, is most unjustifiable. It seems utterly impossible to bring the Portuguese to reason: they are as pig-headed and treacherous as any people can be, and their action throughout has been hostile to all who strive to open up the country to commerce, and put a stop to the slave-trade. It is extraordinary that Sir John's expedition carried no arms. Nothing would give us more delight than the news that the traders had combined to drive the stupid Portuguese from their forts by force of arms. British traders in Africa are, as a rule, pretty useful with their weapons, and we have no doubt that they will ultimately settle the question themselves, unless the British Government makes a more determined stand in maintaining their rights.

A concert in aid of a local orphan asylum was given at the Plymouth Guildhall on the 8th inst; there was an orchestra of one hundred and twenty strong, with the Duke of Edinburgh as first violin. Naturally, a huge audience assembled, which included many county magnates, among them being the Earl and Countess of Morley, the Earl and Countess of St. Germans and Sir Richard and Lady Harrison. H. R. H. played on his own matchless "Stradivarius," which is known to nearly every connoisseur in Europe;

there was another "Strad," in the band on this occasion, played by its owner, a young lady of Devonport, and the united value of the two violins was considerably over £2,000.

Once again the life of the Czar has been saved as by a miracle. But it is written the monarch over the largest empire in the world will never die in his bed. The dynasties of the Russ show more tragedies than those of any other country. Poison and the knife rid the earth of many evil rulers, and the knife in the modern sense of science has still its mission. I do not know if even the Casual-wards in dim, drear London ever shelters a more wretched object. He fears the food he eats, the air he breathes, and the people who serve him. He cannot appear in public without elaborate precautions, and his destination is a State secret. His cruel treatment of the Jews has roused the indignation of the civilised world. But after all, he is only one man, great autocrat that he is, and he has only one life to forfeit—one life in return for how many?—the reckoning will tell that. The story of how Nihilism was performed is suggestive. A student returned to his home to find his mother and sister outraged and murdered. Over the pitiful remains vengeance was sworn by him and his companions, a society was founded, which has been carried on ever since defying the law and punishment. One of the latest culprits is a young beautiful woman, now shut up for life in a distant fortress of dread Siberia. The man who was arrested the other day would easily have carried out his purpose of assassination had not the suspicion of a soldier been aroused. As I said, the Czar's time has not yet come. Nations, whether civilised or not, have all a sense of wild justice. Judge Lynch would be a power like as he is in the Far West, but for the strong arm of the law. But the worst of it is that Judge Lynch makes mistakes in an awkward fashion, and ones too which cannot be rectified. It is claimed that the "justice" wreaked on the Italians in New Orleans was a serious mistake, that those who were killed were innocent. But it does not appear so on the face of it. The fact is clear, and that those who fell to mob-law belonged to a secret society of assassination.

A two days' conference of the Salvation Army was opened on Monday at Exeter Hall. The proceedings began at 11 a. m., and were continued at 2.30 and 6.30 p. m., the hall being crowded in every part. General Booth, who was cheerful, but looking worn, spoke with his wonted fervour when he declared "sin to be a poisonous thing," and remarked that "the smile of a Queen or the friendship of a millionaire might be worth a struggle, but the friendship and smile of Jehovah were worth more than all!" He assured his hearers that some of them could not possibly get into Heaven without four or five Salvationists behind them to thrust them through the narrow way. A Cingalese gentleman, described by the General as "Lord Ratna Pala," discoursed with singular felicity in his native language at the afternoon meeting, his views being interpreted by Major Musa Bhai.—On Tuesday night General Booth gave to an enthusiastic gathering some details of his scheme for the rescue of "Darkest England." During the past three months 405,654 meals had been served in the shelters, 65,000 persons had been accommodated under Salvation Army roofs, of whom 238 had been converted. Last month permanent situations were found for 90 of them. In the quarter just ended the number of applications to the Labour Bureau was 1,477, and employment was found for 926. In the Labour Factory 300 men and 30 women are already employed; a farm had been purchased, on which work would be commenced immediately; and a match factory would be opened very shortly, where 90 women would find employment at really decent wages. With respect to the matches, his only fear was that the output would not be sufficient for the demand, in which case they might be called the "Darkest England lights." In the Rescue Homes 400 poor women were now leading virtuous lives, and a laundry had been bought for 60 of them. Many other items of work were detailed, the General's narration of the development of his scheme being greeted with oft-repeated cheering from an immense audience.

Provincial Notes.

YARMOUTH.—Why don't society do something or go some where. It gives a 5 o'clock tea or something that might form a nucleus for a good bit of gossip, but Alas! there is positive nothing to talk about, but the Dog tax, and the Census.

Dogs great and small, both short and tall,
Of high and low degree,
Must pay a dollar and wear a collar,
Whosever they may be.

Please don't ask the author's name of this beautiful little poem. It germinated from one of those flowers that are "born to blush unseen." Here is another from the same author,

The Census man is coming round,
I hear him at the door
And put Miss B, of forty-three,
Will swear to twenty-four.

We are having lovely bright weather but so cold. Surely there must be a lot of icebergs in our vicinity acting as a huge refrigerator. Yarmouth is always a little wind swept place. We never seem to be without a strong breeze from some quarter.

ANTICAT.—Mrs. Stan. Binet entertained a small party at her house on Friday evening. It is universally admitted that Mr. and Mrs. Binet are the best entertainers in the town. The young people flock there, and it is nothing unusual to have a "few sets" two or three nights a week.

Miss Beatrice Ballam contemplates spending a few months in Massachusetts this summer, the guest of her gifted sister known, in the world of letters, as "Vivien."

Harry Fixott leaves for St. Paul, Minn., on Tuesday night.

Mr. DeGruchy, manager of the Robin's fish establishment, arrived last week. Mr. DeGruchy is a bachelor—young and handsome—and a general favorite. It won't be somebody's fault if he remains long a bachelor.

The popular social resorts in the town are Mrs. Binet's, Mrs. Andrews', Mrs. Hearn's and Mrs. C. J. Fuller's.

Mr. D. J. Barrett caters to our "sweet tooth" in a very satisfactory manner. This week he has a very tempting display of fruits and confectionery in his show window.

One of our young school "m'arms" is going to be married to a young bank fisherman who expects soon to take charge of a vessel in which he will have an interest himself.

Mrs. Malzard has gone to Boston on a visit to her mother and sisters, who now reside there. SARDINE.

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

"Vivat  Regina."

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TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene.
Sister, I'm no see your ring.
Hi 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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"Dear Lord, bless the lambs of this fold, and make them meet for the kingdom of heaven."

Wealthy Man (to beggar).—No, I shall not assist you, and you needn't envy me my riches. With all my wealth I'm wretched, for I'm a martyr to indigestion.

Beggar—Well, gov'ner, I've 'card a lot about hindigestions but I've never 'ad the chance of 'avin' it. All I arks is gov'ner, gimme the chance!

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