

THE

BLUENOSE

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❁ ❁ ❁ VARIOUS TOPICS. ❁ ❁ ❁

SHORT time ago when the monument movement was entirely new, someone suggested as the most suitable site, the Parade. The idea is excellent. A high column resting upon an open substructure so that people could pass beneath could have no better situation than the great gravelled circle that widens out where George street intersects. What a magnificent site! A figure surmounting the column would look down the oldest street in Halifax, upon the harbor that carries on its bosom representatives of the greatest and oldest navy in the world. It would have behind it the other emblem of Britain's protection. It would be in the midst of historic surroundings, with the old town clock daily ringing the changes close behind; the city building standing on the site of the old Dalhousie that was erected by funds having their source in the spoils of another war; and older still and more venerable, St. Paul's church, that has seen the rise and fall of many a building in its neighborhood.

Another suggestion. This monument should be made of Nova Scotian materials, and what could be more appropriate than Nova Scotian marble. The Dominion Iron & Steel Co. are the possessors of one of the finest marble deposits in the world. The quarries are in Cape Breton and the stone is being quarried at present for fluxing purposes. Only surface layers of course, will be used in this way. When solid, flawless stone is reached, the company will likely want to use it to better commercial advantage. Meantime, since they are not at present in the marble business, the directors might feel disposed to assist the monument committee by supplying whatever marble would be necessary at a figure not far above the cost of quarrying. This would be a graceful act on the part of the company, and one that would be appreciated by the people. The Cape Breton marble is a superior stone and runs in fifteen different varieties, some

of which are as fine as the finest Italian. Out of that variety could be selected some of the most decorative and suitable materials for such a purpose as this.

I think there is no doubt that we shall have the monument (for the *Herald's* efforts are meeting with a generous response), and make these suggestions hoping that they may be considered favorably by the committee.

"How shall I mark my ballot?" This is not the question of one who casts his vote in return for services rendered. He who has so far lost his manhood that, like the horse or the ass, he loans himself for hire, is beneath the contempt of self-respecting men. It matters not whether he keeps faith with his seducer and votes according to contract, or betrays his betrayer. Honesty, truthfulness and fidelity are not in such things. In selling himself he has committed the great sin and there is no longer opportunity to play the honest man.

Nor is this question to be lightly answered. It will not do for us, the citizens of a great country, to say that "there is good and bad in both parties, but it is not worth while to try to see where the balance of good lies, for the task is too difficult and the result too trivial." Nor will it do to take refuge in one's own insignificance and say, "what matters it how I vote, for I am but one in eighty thousand?"

Indifference has ruined more than one state. Are you willing that everyone should do as you do? If it is right for you to be indifferent, it is right for your neighbor. Do you wish that?

Can you be indifferent? Is the trust placed in the hands of our rulers a light thing? Can you, a Nova Scotian, think of the rich stores of coal and precious minerals with the possibilities of great industries, of the wonderful fertility of the valley, world-renowned for fruit, of the inexhaustible fisheries with which the province is blest, and be unmindful of how

those who bear rule, develop and husband these resources? Can you, a Canadian, traverse the mighty forests of the East, the broad St. Lawrence, and the great lakes upon whose bosom may float the commerce of a continent? Can you cross the vast prairie dotted here and there with golden fields of wheat, suggestive of millions of men and women living in comfort in the free land of the North; can you cast your eyes over the huge plains of the Peace River, the richest of the rich lands of the earth, yet hardly scratched by the hand of man; can you travel through the mighty mountains of the West, concealing a wealth of minerals that the richest nation on earth might envy; can you turn your thoughts to the cold Yukon, where tumultuous rivers bathe in gold; can you think of such a land so rich in every gift, the heritage of a free people, without being ashamed of the thought that says "It matters little how I pass judgment when the country's rulers report upon the trust?"

Mr. Dooley's observations "On the Troubles of a Candidate," though prompted by the Presidential Election, will be read with appreciation by Canadian M. P.'s, or would-be M. P.'s. The campaign, observes Mr. Dooley, is doing as well as could be expected. He pictures Mr. Bryan's chairman calling to one of his trusty henchmen and saying; "Mike, put on a pigtail an' a blue shirt, an' take a dillygation iv Chinnymen out to Canton [Mr. McKinley's residence] an' congratulate Mack on th' murder iv mission'ries in China." Similarly Mr. Mark Hanna, Mr. McKinley's right-hand man, "rings fr his secrety and bids him call up an emp'y mint agency an' have a dillygation iv Jesuites drop in at Lincoln [Mr Bryan's headquarters] with a message fr'm th' Pope proposin' to bur-rrn all Protestant churches the night before illection." Mr. Dooley dwells feelyingly on the sufferings endured by the candidates by being perpetually photographed "with wonderfull boardin'-house smiles." "Glory be!" he adds, "what a relief 'twill be fr wan iv thim to raysume permanently th' savage or tam'ly breakfast face th' mornin' after illection! . . . 'Tis th' day after illection I'd like fr to be a candydate, Hinnessy, no matter how it wint."

One of the stupidest things some people in Halifax have ever done has been to call their own city "slow". Those who customarily talk in this fashion will be found to be non-entities, many of them, and doing nothing in the world to make conditions better. It doesn't require brains to abuse the old town; it does require brains to make it go ahead. If people really think Halifax is not progressive, why do they persist in talking about it? Why do they not do something to effect a remedy. It is doing that promotes activity. Supposing some man that says "Halifax is slow," would put on foot some enterprise to-morrow and confine his attention to that. Thereby he would make the city that much "livelier." That is to say provided he can keep the enterprise in being. If he can't, then he has no business to talk. In that case he is not the man to find fault; he is not capable of giving good advice. If he *can* keep it up, then he will have enough reason to know better, and will have enough to do without talking. This would be a blessing, for the man who goes about with a tale of blue ruin on his lips, you may depend, never does the community any good. Is it any wonder people from other places think of Halifax as "slow," when they hear our own citizens say that? Does Halifax profit greatly by having this idea abroad? I would like to ask it as a favor of all Halifaxians that they put a string around one of their fingers to remind them that Halifax as represented by her progressive citizens (and that is the only fair representation of a city) is all right and that they must never acknowledge to others (even if they chance to think so themselves) that there is anything the matter. If they think there is, let them do something to change the condition into one of activity. If Halifax *is* "slow" it must be because there are some people inactive. It is the sum of human activity that gives a place character. The individuals make up the community and if individuals are not active then is the community in the same condition. No one is entitled to say that Halifax is "slow" who's not working with all his might; and the man working with all his might, hasn't time to say Halifax is "slow."

Personally, I do not believe that Halifax is—"slow." I believe the city has been grossly slandered by some of her own citizens. And I think that this slander has been spread about by people who talk more than they think. I have two good reasons for believing that there is some life in the old town yet. One is a business reason. The other is what you might call a sentimental one.

Now for the business reason. In the first place I am placed where I daily see and hear an immense amount of traffic. It is impossible for me to glance from my office window upon Upper Water Street without seeing a great number and variety

of dray loads going to and fro. The din that comes up from the hard pavement because of their movement over it makes it difficult for me to pen these lines from the very distraction that it makes. I think if some of the chronic grumblers were to stand for a day on a part of Upper Water Street near where most of this traffic originates, they would commence to think that there's a great deal of business done in the city. I don't believe that those people who think Halifax "slow" ever have much to do in that quarter where most of the business is done. But the traffic is only part of the evidence. There is something better and stronger that has appealed to me, for having had a great amount of intercourse with the largest business houses in the city during the past two years, I have come to have a fairly intimate acquaintance in a general way with the business that is being done; and in whatever state the city may have been three years ago, I don't believe that it is unprogressive now. And I think I can tell you some facts in this connection that will surprise you. You have heard how Upper Canadian business houses have been cutting into our trade and threatening to ruin the business of the city? Of course you have. Everybody talks about it. Halifax people talk about and advertise Montreal at their own expense.

But have you ever heard anyone say that there is in Halifax a dry goods house that carries the war into Africa (an apt expression to-day), and takes the ground right from under the feet of Montreal houses? Have you? You have never heard of a Halifax tea house that sells teas in the home territory of Upper Canadian houses, have you? You have never heard how spices and chocolate, biscuits and confectionery, lime juice, rope, clothing, paints, skates, sugar, cottons and many other products of the industry of Halifax and Dartmouth are sold, some of them all over Canada, and some even all over the world, have you? Of course you haven't. It never occurs to people that that these things are so. But they are. And there are other things I could tell you more, besides. You may depend upon it, Halifax is prosperous and progressive, and if anyone tells you anything different, don't believe him,—tell him to shut up.

Now then, for what you may call a sentimental reason. Do you think the way we welcomed the returning soldiers was any discredit to Halifax? I suppose there are people who think it might have been better, and are ready to find fault with some small things that were not done. There are always people of that sort. They are *small* people, too. The man who criticises the small points is not usually a broad minded man. He is not big enough to take in the immensity of important things. But we needn't con-

sider him. Only answer this question, Did Halifax do herself any discredit in her welcome to the heroes? And do you think that if Halifax were a "dead slow old town" she would have done herself such credit? I do not know it from my own experience, but I am told that no Canadian city has ever excelled the decorations that Halifax put on to show that she was glad to welcome back our Canadians—not the men of Halifax alone, note, but of every part of the broad Dominion. This shows how the Canadian sentiment has grown among us—another evidence of progress. We have forgotten our sectionalism entirely and are Canadians. If Halifax were "slow," wouldn't we still be clinging tenaciously to the ideas that were dear to us in 1867. The progressive spirit of the age has been working in us quietly ever since that time, and the idea that we are Canadians has grown into a strong and beautiful sentiment—one that enables us to take pride in the bravery and daring of the men from the farthest provinces as well as our own. I heard someone say a few days ago, "Well, Halifax has a reputation for being slow, but she seems to have wakened up this time." Halifax is all right. Nor has she wakened up. She has been awake, but people have had their eyes too tightly closed to see it, and have been spreading bad reports. And the unfortunate thing has been that there have been of our own people some who have been foolish enough to believe the report and give it further currency. However, I don't want to hear that word "slow" any more. It may be that we need galvanizing into life in some ways, but the thing to do is to recognize where the need lies and then act. We musn't be making bad confessions about ourselves. It is a good thing to admit a fault quietly. It is a bad thing to go proclaiming it from the house-tops.

Nov. 1, 1900, will live as a great day (and night) in the provincial memory, for the whole city and part of the province "went clean, ravin', tarin', distracted mad" (to borrow an expression from Sam Slick) "with the sheer pleasure of it." The return of long absent men safe and sound out of the great dangers of warfare was the signal for the greatest demonstration that Halifax has ever witnessed. Lady-smith and Pretoria nights were great events, and the impromptu celebrations on those occasions were participated in and enjoyed with a zest and relish truly refreshing to a people unaccustomed to excitement except in moderate doses. But they are not to be compared with the night of the welcome home. They had the advantage of being entirely impromptu—a great advantage, indeed, the very surprise of them and the sudden vent to pent feelings atoning for their "hurry-up" nature. But they had no advantage that makes us think of them as more enjoyable than the

celebration we have just gone through. It is true that we watched every step of the recent preparations; the experience that we were looking forward to a few days ago was not to be an entirely new one; yet when the time came we entered into it with an enthusiasm that shows to what a depth it is possible to stir a city that is considered "slow." The affair was on too grand a scale to permit of any disappointment or any lack of relish. Besides we had the very heroes with us whose memory helped us to engage with such heartiness in the celebrations of Ladysmith and Pretoria. As a result we used our throats until they were raw and sore; then, calling in the assistance of artificial means of noise, we put the reserve force of ourlungs into making melody with the tin horn; then after it was all over we straggled home and tumbled into bed more tired than ever we went there before. The city that night was like a strange mixture of fariedom and bedlam. But it was the expression—peculiar, perhaps, when we reflect upon it in more cool and sober moments—of great joy, intensified by the accumulation of rejoicing energies that went on during the two days that the transport was overdue. It marks an epoch—if the Dalhousie boys will permit us to quote from one of their banners—an epoch when Halifax emerged a little from her conservatism and cheered. Henceforth our people cannot help but live in a more responsive mood and lead a more human life as a result.

It would be useless here to attempt anything in the way of description; that has been done already and very completely by the daily press. But too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the merchants and private citizens who dressed their business places and homes in gay bunting and flags, and went to such expense in illuminating. And those ladies and gentlemen who represented the whole people in making the arrangements and preparations leading up to the celebration, are entitled to every expression of gratitude and praise that it is possible to make. It was an entire success from the time that the Idaho sailed up to her pier at the dockyard accompanied by noisy craft of various kinds, welcomed by the guns on the citadel and cheered by people gathered on wharves and tops of buildings along the waterfront, right through to the time when the great procession broke up at night and the last lingering echoes died away in the streets. Halifax has nothing to be ashamed of in the way she expressed her appreciation of our heroes. They heard it as the populace cheered them along the route in the morning, they saw it in the decorations and the triumphal arches, they were shown further evidence of it at the Armories.

And now in our imaginations we follow the men to their homes and share in the joys of many loving hearts and feel the great

comforts of being at home once more after the arduous work of the battle field. "Home, home, sweet home; there's no place like home."

All the celebrating we have done is to have a good and lasting effect. In the first instance it shows how thoroughly British we are. Nothing in the world could have tempted our townspeople to spend so much money on decorations, nothing would have induced them to go to so much trouble, were it not for the intense British feeling that has lodgment in their breasts. In welcoming the brave boys home we did more; we gave expression to our imperial sentiment. More and more do we feel how great is the community of interests between the scattered parts of the British Empire. And beneath all the rejoicing may there not have lurked the feeling that some day England will struggle for her life as she never did before—a struggle on the outcome of which our permanent security and prosperity will greatly depend and into which we must put all the energy we are capable of? Canada has shared in another of the Empire's wars. She will again have opportunity in all likelihood to participate in others in order to ensure Anglo-Saxon predominance. It is not a pleasant prospect. War never is. But when war comes there must be no flinching. And meantime we must be prepared. Perhaps within the life of the present generation that terrible cloud that has threatened Europe so long will break. What then? May we not find it necessary to send men to fight away from home in the Empire's cause and also send them to defend our own shores? There is too much in this thought to allow it to go past unheeded. The chances are too solemn to deal lightly with. Canada must keep herself in a state of thorough preparation to help maintain the integrity of the Empire. Hence it becomes every man's duty to make himself as much a man and as good a fighter as possible and to nourish the seeds of enthusiasm for all things British that are now implanted within him. Everyone who has been in Halifax this week must feel that his sentiment as a Briton is healthier and more wholesome. And surely the younger generation will never lose the inspiration of these stirring times.

What makes national greatness? Not many months ago there were prophets who went about declaring the "finish" of the British Empire as the ultimate result of the Boer war. Somehow or other the British Empire still exists. Likely they were false prophets who so spoke. Great Britain once more has her hands practically free and is ready—it is not boasting to say so—to chastise the next impudent challenger. But what is the source of our national greatness? What is the characteristic of English speaking nations that is not

the characteristic of others? This is an interesting question, and one that is both asked and answered by Mr. Edmund Noble in the Atlantic Monthly for November, a magazine which fell into our hands a few days ago.

Why should not the Great-Russian, who has already shown himself possessed of so many splendid qualities, finally dominate the world? asks Mr. Noble. What is it that insures national greatness? Is it cunning? The Indians, probably the most crafty race ever seen on the planet, have now well-nigh disappeared. Is it bravery? The Tekke Turkomans, whom the Russian campaign in Asia almost exterminated, were admitted by Skobelev to be a people "full of honor and courage;" they "fought like demons," and, until special measures of defense could be devised, were irresistible. Is it quick-firing guns and the newest appliances of war? The failure of these, even when aided by a determination not much inferior to that of the Anglo-Saxon, has been one of the conspicuous results of the struggle in the Transvaal. Is it an enormous population from which to draw combatants? What of the heroic and successful resistance made by the gallant 400 within the crumbling walls of the inclosure at Pekin to the attack made on them by an overwhelming force in the name of 400,000,000 Chinese? Perhaps it is immense territory? We still read our Gibbon, and the answer is there. Turn then to the institutional bases of ethnic supremacy. Does the military spirit, proficiency in the polite arts of life, make a first-class modern power? The position now conceded to France is full of suggestion. Is national preeminence given to the land of glorious traditions in art and literature? Let Italy, with her diminishing importance for world events, give the reply. Do even democratic forms of government, in the absence of an ordered and consecutive race experience, make great nations? Consider the South American republics. Does ecclesiasticism fit a people for enduring rank in planetary affairs? The story of Spain, and of her recent collapse, is eloquent.

After thus questioning, Mr. Noble supplies his own answer. The source of national greatness, says that gentleman, is not only the results in the individual of the life now being lived by a people, but it is also—a high degree of race virility being understood—that subtle thing which we call brain structure, on which are impressed the whole experience of a people in the past. If a nation is in decay, the past goes for little, however glorious it may have been; but if a people be, physiologically speaking, in the ascendant, then it takes its strength or weakness from the character of its heredity. This is why the United States and Great Britain are today the two mightiest and most durable nations in the world. Satisfying in a high degree the conditions of social efficiency, they have both had rich race experiences, and it is these experiences which, impressed upon the structure of the individual brain, have made it strong with the whole strength of the wonderful process and story of Anglo-Saxon development.

(Continued on page 21.)

ON THE VALUE OF AN ARTISTIC OFFICE.



A View of One of the Most Artistically Furnished Private Offices in North America.

At the very start the BLUENOSE announced that it would endeavour to keep before its readers the part that good taste plays in progress. Advancement is always accompanied by an improvement in the appearance and artistic arrangements of things. We say it is accompanied—it would not be incorrect to say that the effort to improve appearances in things in and out of doors is a movement that stimulates the doer to action that brings progress in its train. The man who has fine taste and an eye to art and beauty in whatever he does is the progressive man, for he has the idea of finish, and nothing is complete without finish. It is because we have observed these things in all phases of life that we desire to inculcate the doctrine of taste in development. We have seen it illustrated in the neighboring republic, and at times are inclined to be jealous of our neighbors—a jealousy which prompts us to do what we can to encourage Bluenose people to exercise themselves more in this way.

To-day we wish to take up a phase of good taste in development that will appeal particularly to men, because it is a fact that good taste in furnishing offices and business premises is not a strong point in Nova Scotia. We believe that a man's office should be not less comfortable and cheerful than his home. Yet in this province it will be found that perhaps 90 per cent of the places wherein business men spend the greater part of their lives are not fitted up with regard to the occupant's comfort. The average man has only one idea, which is that he is in his

office to make money; he doesn't reflect that if he were to *spend* money on decorating and making it cheerful, there would be an influence working upon him as *he* works to prolong his days and make him more progressive and more prosperous. We wish to show that "any old thing" will not do. We want to impress upon our readers that the very best a man can afford is none too good. We endeavor to establish the principle, so to speak, that good taste in fitting up an office plays an important part in the owner's progress.

To commence with, we know of no better way in which to draw the readers at-

tention to this subject and keep it there with intensity, than to show what a model business office looks like. The engravings, then, that we present on this page, are two views of what is believed to be one of the most artistically furnished private offices in North America. The photographs need not to be examined very closely to reveal to the reader that they are elegant. If they could be seen as they are in reality, it would be evident that the furnishings have been selected with a view to the most artistic effects and the preservation of harmony. Eyes wearied by the travesties on the art of arrangement so frequently met with in offices may here find rest and positive enjoyment. The paintings, drawings and lithographs that adorn the walls are charming individually and alluring collectively; while the entire scheme of disposition and coloring has been carried out to the best possible advantage. This, in a few words, is a description of what an office *might* be even in Nova Scotia.

After examining the engravings many readers will exclaim that the expense of fitting up an office on so grand a scale would be too great for anyone in a small community in Nova Scotia—too great, perhaps, for most business men in Halifax. In the first place let us say that the expense would *not* be too great if men would look at it in the truly economic light. In the second place it is a standard to aim at, and if for any it is too high, they will not suffer in attaining as near to it as possible.

(Continued on page 19.)



Another View of the Office.

THE TRIBUNE PRIMER.

By EUGENE FIELD.

Editor's Note.—"The Tribune Primer" was Eugene Field's first book. It was published in 1884, when the author was editor of the *Denver Tribune*. Not over fifty copies of this edition were printed and not more than ten are now in existence, and of these ten, one sold recently for \$125. The following paragraphs are selections from the Primer.

The Editor's Home.

THERE is a Castle. It is the home of an Editor. It has stained Glass windows and Mahogany stairways. In front of the Castle is a Park. Is it not sweet? The lady in the Park is the editor's wife. She wears a Costly robe of Velvet trimmed with Gold Lace, and there are Pearls and Rubies in her Hair. The editor sits on the front stoop smoking an Havana Cigar. His little Children are playing with diamond Marbles on the Tesselated Floor. The editor can afford to live in Style. He gets Seventy-Five Dollars a month Wages.

The Chewing Gum.

Here we Have a Piece of Chewing Gum. It is White and Sweet. Chew it awhile and Stick it on the Under Side of the Mantel Piece. The Hired Girl will find it there and Chew it awhile Herself and then Put it Back. In this Way one Piece of Gum will Answer for a Whole Family. When the Gum is no good, put it on the Rocking Chair for the Minister or your Sister's Beau to sit upon.

The Bad Man.

Here is a Man who has just Stopped his Paper. What a Miserable looking Creature he is. He looks as if he had been stealing Sheep. How will he Know what is going on, now that he has Stopped his Paper? He will Borrow his Neighbor's Paper. One of these Days he will Break his leg, or be a Candidate for Office, and then the Paper will Say Nothing about it. That will be treating him just Right, will it not, little Children?

The Oyster.

Here we have an oyster. It is going to a Church Fair. When it Gets to the Fair, it will Swim around in a big Kettle of Warm Water, A Lady will Stir it with a Spoon, and sell the Warm Water for Forty cents a pint. Then the Oyster will move on to the next Fair. In this Way, the Oyster will visit all the Church Fairs in Town, and Bring a great many Dollars into the Church Treasury. The Oyster goes a great Way in a Good Cause.

The Gun.

This is a gun. Is the Gun loaded? Really, I do not know. Let us Find out. Put the Gun on the table and you, Susie, blow down one barrel, while you, Charlie, blow down the other. Bang! Yes, it was loaded. Run quick, Jennie, and pick up Susie's head and Charlie's lower Jaw before the Nasty blood gets over the New carpet.



THE man who has no regard for the rights of others. Did you ever see him? He is abroad in the land, and can be found in every neighborhood. He will keep his premises in the condition of a slaughter house pen, while you may be spending your money freely to keep your premises near by in trim condition. He will stand on his front lawn and throw water on his boulevard until the curb runs a creek on to your property, making an unsightly mud streak for your children to soil their clothes in. He keeps his carriage crossing in filthy condition. He lacks pride. He is an all round nuisance. Have you him for a neighbor?

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and in order to keep the average right there must be some mighty mean men in it to affect the many good and true hearts who strive earnestly not to trespass on the rights of others. We should pity the surely selfish man, rather than censure him, but at the same time we should chastise him if possible that he may be led into better paths. If the men who have no thought of others would dwell in a suburb by themselves, then the opposite class would not consistently complain. But communities are not arranged on this basis. The barnacle can be found wherever the majestic ship moves. The thrifty and the shiftless must sometimes live close to each other. It is unfortunate.

The shiftless fellow, as a rule, belongs to the class of men who would hurry the city into some action involving expenditure and the hurl chunks of censure at the council for imposing taxes. There are not many of these, let it be said to our credit, but they exist. And what a sorry figure they cut. What a sneaking game, to behave so for the sake of a few cents. Such a fellow is so much the exception, perhaps we can ignore him. Let him grumble, but at the same time, look him up and you will find that he is a non-entity in the community.

We must put up with a good deal of annoyance because of the wholesale disregard of personal rights. The most one can do is to choose for a home a place among people of the better class, and even then the cormorants will be found there. Social laws are strict. Lines are drawn tightly against entrance into the highest circles. There should be a public sentiment that will bear down hard on the man who slams along without regard to his actions. As matters stand now it is more than likely that the man who complains of the indifference of a neighbor will be called "a kicker," when he should be supported and the offender crushed. The man who shows no regard for others should be smashed.—ELI.

ON STREET IMPROVEMENT.

Fourth Instalment of Prof. Oakes' Article.

Matter that deserves special attention, is the necessity of keeping the street ditches as well as the under drains well cleaned. On good drainage depends, more than most persons are aware, the solidity and consequently the smoothness of the streets. If the rain that falls upon the street cannot be got rid of quickly by ditches and drains sufficiently clear and with enough descent to cause a ready flow, the mud will soon deepen so as to render the thoroughfare unsightly as well impassable to pedestrians. Moreover, during the heavy rains of spring and autumn much damage will ensue upon hilly portions of the town, washouts will occur and gullies be ploughed not very pleasant to look at or very easy to repair.

Experience has proved ever since the days of Telford and McAdam that good and permanent streets are only possible when some one of the methods of McAdamizing is adopted. The writer believes this to be the truly satisfactory and economic method.

Another matter that would render at least some of the streets especially attractive is the maintenance in the very heart of every town of a public park with its winding paths amid floral pasture, its well kept lawns, its ornamental trees and varied shrubbery, its flowering plants and its hedges and clumps as well as its fountains and pools. What citizen with ordinary sentiments and emotions would not be willing to make some small sacrifice in order that the public school might be supplemented with another educative agency in the form of a public park. Some of our Maritime towns have been moving along this line, Truro, Charlottetown, Fredericton, Newcastle and Chatham each have their own town park, and some other towns are making preparations. It takes many years to perfect a good park, and it would be well for every town as soon at least as it is incorporated, and in case of new towns as soon as they are laid out, to make provision for such a pleasant place of resort.

A few other items may be mentioned as also contributing to the improved appearance of our streets, such as painting the hydrants, where they exist, with at least two colors that harmonize with each other and with the town environment, also the exercise of similar care and taste in having the telephone and electric light poles and hitching poles similarly treated. Every telephone and electric light company should be required by statute not only to put up straight and well dressed poles, but to paint them in such manner and style as the town authorities may direct. This is a time when town and city franchises are being regarded as precious property to be safe-guarded by the public, and therefore the granting of such franchise to a company, especially if the grant be gratuitous, should impose large responsibilities upon the company thus favored.

ABOUT BLUENOSE PEOPLE.

THE return of the volunteers has been the chief interest this week. Never before did the town look so bright and stirring. The people have done themselves proud and the welcome extended by Halifax to Canada's brave sons will long be remembered by those whose good fortune it was to be present. The decorations far surpassed any thing before attempted, not only those carried out by the different official committees but those of the private residences. The stores all over Halifax were resplendent with most tasteful combinations of red, white and blue. The arches, of course, formed the chief attraction in the decoration line. I think the arch at North Street was perhaps the grandest, but I must confess that I had a great admiration for the small one at the entrance to the Parade. The Wanderers and Red Caps combined to give us a fitting example of their patriotic spirit and their arch between the Halifax and Queen hotels was a credit to the city as well as to the clubs. Captain Stairs must have felt glad to see the way in which his old comrades honored him. The firemen's arch also I considered very attractive, for it was not only pretty, but ingenious with its frame work of ladders and decorations of bunting and clean white hose.

If I were to speak in detail of the various and handsome decorations my small space would soon be gone, so I shall mention one more place, the Armories.

Nothing could have exceeded the liberality, skill and forethought which combined to make the banquet hall such a picture of loveliness.

The ladies did not spare themselves at all, working from early morn till late in the evening, and they have the happiness of knowing that their efforts were appreciated.

I saw in a late paper a notice of the return of the City of London Imperial volunteers. Among the various articles mentioned for the banquet, the wine list struck me as particularly interesting. It included 900 quarts of champagne, 400 bottles of sherry and 300 bottles of claret. This is an ironical reply to the request recently made by Lord Wolseley that the people should not give liquors to the returning soldiers. The action of the committee in Halifax was perhaps the wisest when we consider all the circumstances.

Whether it is the presence of several very charming visitors with various well-known people, that has been the cause of the vast amount of entertaining lately, I

know not. But certain it is that dinners and luncheons and small teas seem to have filled up the days during the last two or three weeks, to a considerable extent. I heard one girl say that she had not lunched at home for nearly three weeks, while a married lady chimed in that she had not spent one evening at home during the same length of time.

Numbers of visitors have been in the city to assist in welcoming the heroes of Paardeberg. A large party came from Quebec and a great many from Toronto and Montreal. Among the former were Mrs. Oscar Pelletier, wife of Major Pelletier Sir Alphose Pelletier, and several other relatives of Major Pelletier who commanded the returning contingent.

Col. Pinault, Deputy Minister of Militia, Col. Vidal, Mr. Borden and Mr. Jarvis, of the Militia Department were here all this week.

There were several teas last week, all of which were largely attended. Mrs. James Morrow was "At Home" to her friends both on Friday and Saturday. The hostess, seated at the entrance of her handsome drawing room giving a cordial welcome to all. Everyone was in the best of spirits. It was quite a pilgrimage through the gathering of well dressed women to the tea room.

Miss Madge O'Brien, South Park street, entertained a number of her young friends at a euchre party last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Slayter have returned from their wedding trip and are staying at 74 Morris street. Mrs. Slayter was "at home" to a host of visitors last week.

Miss Dottie Holmes gave a large "football tea" on Saturday.

The Misses Annie and Isabel MacKay, of New Glasgow, are visiting the city, guests of Miss Glendenning, Kent St.

Among the arrivals by the S. S. Assyrian on its last trip was Miss L. Sanderson, who has spent the past two years at a college in Edinburgh. Miss Sanderson is a daughter of Mr. Geo. Sanderson, inspector of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Major Stimson, who has been spending some time in Upper Canada, has rejoined his regiment.

The congregation of Fort Massey Church may be soon bereft of its pastor, as Mr. Gandier has been asked to accept the charge of St. James Presbyterian Church, Toronto. Should Mr. Gandier decide to leave Halifax, he will be much missed. He is a popular clergyman and very sympathetic in his dealings with the people.

It is not seemly to boast, but while we may be proud of the way in which Halifax people support public charities, we have even a greater reason to praise their generosity in private ones. Two or three cases have come under my notice, and the manner in which those upon whose purses the calls must be, and of late have been, alarmingly frequent, came forward with assistance, was as gratifying as it was astonishing.

It is one thing to head a subscription list with a sum that cannot but excite comment, and quite another to give again and again, where scarcely any but the recipient can know of the kindness.

Rev. Allan Pearson Shatford, St. Margaret's Bay, has been chosen to succeed C. W. Vernon by the parishioners of the John Baptist Church, North Sydney. Mr. Shatford was graduated from King's College in 1895 and received his M. A. degree in 1898.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Power have returned from Bedford and are staying at "Hillside Hall" for the winter.

The officers of the "Crescent" were at home to their friends yesterday afternoon. The decks of the flagship were cleared and dancing was indulged in by all the young people. A very pleasant time was spent by all present.

Miss Louise Putnam, of Maitland, is in the city.

Almost every day one hears of Bluenose people who have gone to the west and made their mark. This week I saw by a Winnipeg paper that Isaac Pitblado, an old Halifax boy had been offered the Liberal nomination for a Manitoba constituency, which however he saw fit to decline.

Mr. Pitblado is a son of the Reverend C. B. Pitblado at one time pastor of Chalmers Church (Presbyterian) this city; he went to Winnipeg some fifteen years ago and is a member of its leading law firm. His brother John Pitblado is manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia's agency at Montreal.

Major Roberts, R. E., was in Montreal last week, visiting his relatives en route for Niagara and Toronto.

Mrs. Jarley's wax works is the attraction at the Orpheus Hall on Thursday and Friday evenings of next week. The proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted to a very worthy object,—namely—The Protestant Infants' Home.

The entertainment will be put on by amateurs and will no doubt be well patronized.

Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Green have the management of the project and no doubt their efforts will be crowned with success.

✂ ✂ ✂ **MILITARY AND MILITIA MATTERS.** ✂ ✂ ✂

A COUPLE of paragraphs in our issue of a fortnight ago regarding the qualities of the Canadian soldier seem to have been misunderstood in some quarters. A gentleman drew our attention a few days ago to the fact that they might be construed into a slur upon Imperial troops. Nothing of the kind was ever intended. The BLUENOSE appreciates the valor of the British soldier as much as the bravery and sturdy qualities of our own Canadians who fought at Paardeberg.

The point we endeavored to bring out was that Canada has proved herself capable of producing the very finest type of fighting man, a fact of considerable importance to the British Empire, inasmuch as emigration and other influences, including the large number of men who have gone into the service, have drained the old recruiting grounds of the United Kingdom so that the cities have to be depended upon for the recruit to-day. A city is not the best place to produce a man of any class, except in rare cases where there may be tremendous artificial advantages to offset the disadvantages of city life. And the truth has only greater force applied to the very large cities. The consequence is that to-day it is difficult to find as thoroughly complete a class of men as of yore. This is acknowledged. What an important thing it is then that the colonies can come to the assistance of England in this way and furnish the healthy and well developed man that the army would need should any great emergency arise. In speaking of "the courage and sense" that make good soldiers, we did not mean to imply that our Canadians possess them alone. We are aware of the fact, and took it for granted that it would be understood without making explanations, that the average British soldier now in the service possesses these qualities also. But if Great Britain must depend upon the crowded cities for future draughts of men it will be different. On the other hand, here is Canada on whose numerous farms, in whose pure, bracing air are growing up amid plenty, bands of strong, able-bodied, courageous men. The larger cities of Canada, and even the smaller also, have types of men just like those of the crowded European cities that we mentioned. But Canada is chiefly open country, and in an open country it stands to reason there must be a better type of man than in the crowded European cities above referred to. It is beyond dispute that the good conditions of country life make better men, physically, mentally and morally, than do the conditions of city life.

This would be equally true in England, Scotland or Ireland as in Canada, but as we have pointed out, the country sections of the United Kingdom have been largely drained of their best material. It is not that the genius of the race is any better here than we claim so much for the class that may provide fighting men for the Empire in the future, but because the conditions of life are so much more favorable here and because the average Canadian has a better chance to develop. We repeat that this applies to all classes of men. If you want to find the best man for any calling—army, navy, the professions, business—you must go as near to nature as possible; in other words you must look to the open country.

Two of the assistant marshalls of the Contingent Parade were Majors H. L. Chipman and Andrew King of the 66th regiment. To hold one's saddle whilst fire crackers and miniature bombs explode in every direction is a fair feat of horsemanship. There are not many amateur riders in this province who would care to try it.

The Halifax regiments all contributed very well to the numbers of the first contingent. Out of 380 rank and file the 1st Regt. Canadian Artillery sent 13 men, out of 229 the 63rd Halifax Battalion sent 21, and out of 449 the 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers sent 31. The strengths of these regiments may be somewhat different today. It is at least the case with the 63rd whose strength was increased just a short time ago. But the figures given above are those of last October when the troops left. The figures regarding the number of men sent by each regiment are made up from the records in "Canadians in Khaki".

Lt. Col. Sherwood of Ottawa, was in the city for the homecoming of the 1st contingent. He is the officer in command of the Dominion Police and is also Colonel of the 43rd Ottawas. This latter regiment has recently been increased in strength by 84 men, the total rank and file now being 331. Last year before the call for volunteers to go to South Africa the strength of the 43rd was only 247, but from that number the regiment sent 35 men. It is probable that the 43rd sent more men in proportion to its size than any regiment in Canada. Not only the first contingent but the 2nd also received a large acquisition from its ranks, for altogether it gave

up over 50 men to the service of the Empire.

The annual inspection of the 63 will take place about the end of November when the regiment will present a better muster probably than it has ever presented in its history.

On Monday evening the mess room of the 1st regiment Canadian Artillery was opened and quite a number of visitors called including the D. O. C's of Prince Edward Island and our own Province, and officers of the 8th Royal Rifles, Quebec, and the 3rd battalion Royal Canadians. The quarters were very much admired.

Surgeon Major Clements, of the Imperial Army Medical Staff, is on his way to to Halifax to resume service on this station.

The 63rd have finally secured an additional room at the Armories for their buglers. As a regiment they are entitled to a bugler for each company. Having eight companies they are entitled to eight buglers, but have 16, the other eight being provided at the expense of the battalion. The practice room for these buglers is a very important acquisition and will prove a great convenience. Although the practice is not held on a night when other bands are practicing, yet it is sometimes necessary to have a private room where beginners may be taught. Besides, the buglers are an organization by themselves and have property for whose safeguarding they are responsible. It will be possible now they have their own practice room, to carry on their work more satisfactorily.

The officers of the 63rd have made arrangements for a dinner to be tendered the officers returning with the first contingent. The first date decided upon was Friday, the 2nd inst., but owing to the fact of the Idaho's arrival being so late, and on the account of arrangements having been made by the officers and N. C. O's of the 66th P. L. F. and by the people of Dartmouth for the entertainment of the returning men, it was thought better to postpone it. The 63rd entertained the officers on their departure, the function being in a nature of a send off for Lieut. Oland who was, and for that matter still is, a member of the regiment.

❁ ❁ A MICMAC ELECTION. ❁ ❁

"HEAR," said the BLUENOSE to John Paul, Micmac, "that you are to have an election out on the reservation."

"Yes," replied John Paul, "I'm gonto be 'lected chief."

"You're lucky," said the BLUENOSE.

"No opposition—eh?"

"Joe Bear," responded the red man.

"What about Joe Bear?"

"He's gonto run for chief."

"Oh! Then you do have opposition."

"Ah-hah."

"But you said you were going to be elected."

"Ah-hah."

"How do you know?"

"Don't know."

"Then why do you say you will be elected?"

John Paul gazed with a cold eye on the questioner and asked a counter question.

"You s'pose I'm heap fool?"

"How so?"

"You s'pose I'd say Joe Bear kin git in?"

"I'm not supposing anything at all. You say you are being opposed and you say you are going to be elected. I want you to tell me on what you base the latter assertion."

"Joe Bear," quoth John Paul, "is bad Injun. No good. He aint fit to be chief in Milicete camp. Joe Bear beats his squaw. If he kin steal your coat—your coat's gone. Anybody votes for Joe Bear wants to git drunk. If Joe Bear's 'lected them Injuns starve to death. Me—I'm only man kin keep that camp alive this winter."

"I admire your modesty," observed the BLUENOSE.

"Joe Bear," went on John Paul, warming up to his subject, "would steal eels from little pappoose. I wouldn't trust Joe Bear in my camp alone two minutes."

"But that is not my information," declared the BLUENOSE. "I know Joe Bear. I have been at his camp. We have hunted and fished together. He has a snug wigwam, and his family are well fed and well dressed. I never knew Joe Bear to steal as much as a button—and I've given him plenty of chances. Why I'd trust Joe Bear anywhere. I have done it, and always found him square."

"But," insisted John Paul, "he never run for chief before."

"What difference can that make?"

"Long's he didn't run for chief,"

replied John Paul, "he's honest Injun. Now he's heap bad man."

"Oh, come now," protested the BLUENOSE. "How can an honest man become a candidate for the penitentiary as soon as he is nominated for an office?"

"Search me," laconically responded John Paul.

"That's what I'm trying to do," retorted the BLUENOSE. "Answer me my question. Why is Joe Bear a bad man to-day, when he was a fine fellow yesterday?"

"He wants to be chief," replied John Paul.

"But, so do you," said the BLUENOSE. "Does that make you want to get into my pocket for the small change I have there?"

"Not me," replied John Paul. "Only Joe Bear."

"John Paul," said the BLUENOSE, severely, "I am amazed. I am ashamed of you. Here you have been living on the same reservation with Joe Bear for forty or fifty years. Your papposes caught eels together and took porcupine stew out of the same pot. Your dogs swapped fleas. You borrowed tobacco from Joe Bear more times than you could count. Your squaw and Mrs. Bear have traded beads and exchanged polysyllables for a generation. If anybody had told you that Joe Bear was not a good neighbor and an honest Injun your hand would have been in his hair that minute. And now, because Joe Bear is running an election against you, there is nothing too bad to say about him."

"He says same thing 'bout me," replied John Paul. "He told people I'm tryin' to git in so I kin git livin' without work. He said I'm tryin' to sell our camps to Milicete Injuns. He said I wanted to trade my squaw for gin last summer."

"But, why?" demanded the BLUENOSE. "The thing isn't right. Why don't you be fair? You and Joe Bear are good friends. Why not go into this fight and say to each other and everybody else, 'This is a fair fight.' You both want to be chief. Your friends will decide it. Why can't you speak kindly of each other? Why all this violent abuse?"

"In old times," said John Paul, "Injuns made chief same way you talk. Nobody gits mad. They have fair fight. When it's over, everybody's good friends."

"And that was as it should be," said the BLUENOSE. "Why is it not so now? Why have you grown so unfair and abusive?"

"Because," replied John Paul, again fixing the BLUENOSE with a cold eye, "we have been livin' long time with white people. We have been gittin' what you call civilized. We do things same way now like white man."

CLOCKMAKER PHILOSOPHY.

BY SAM SLICK.

The Folly of Bluenoses Emigrating to the United States.

A FARMER said to me one day, up to Pugnose's inn, at River Philip, Mr. Slick, says he, I allot this aint "a bread country;" I intend to sell off the house I improve, and go to the States. If it aint a bread country, said I, I never see'd one that was. There is more bread used here, made of best superfine flour, and No 1, Genessee, than in any other place of the same population in the univarse. You might as well say, it aint a Clock country, when to my sartin knowledge there are more clocks than Bibles in it. I guess you expect to raise your bread ready made, don't you? Well, there's only one class of our free and enlightened citizens that can do that, and that's them that are born with silver spoons in their mouths. It's a pity you wasn't availed of this truth, afore you up killoch and off—take my advice and bid where you be.

This lazy feller, Pugnose, continued the Clockmaker, that keeps this inn, is goin to sell off and go to the States; he says he has to work too hard here; that the markets are dull, and the winters too long; and he guesses he can live easier there, I guess he'll find his mistake afore he has been there long. Why our country aint to be compared to this, on no account whatever: our country never made us to be the great nation we are, but we made the country. How on airth could we, if we were all like old Pugnose, as lazy, as ugly, make that cold thin soil of New-England produce what it does? Why, sir, the land between Boston and Salem would starve a flock of geese; and yet look at Salem, it has more cash than would buy Nova Scotia from the King. We rise airy, live frugally, and work late: what we get we take care of. To all this we add enterprise and intelligence—a a fellow that finds work too hard here, had better not go to the States. I met an Irishman, one Pat Lannigan, last week, who had just returned from the States; Why, says I, Pat, what on airth brought you back? Bad luck to 'em, says Pat, if I warn't properly hit. What do you get a day in Nova Scotia? says Judge Beler to me. Four shillings, your Lordship, says I. There are no lords here, says he, we are all free. Well, says he, I'll give you as much in one day as you can airn there in two; I'll give you eight shillings. Long life to your Lordship, says I. So next day to it I wint with a party of men a-dig gin' of a piece of canal, and if it wasn't a hot day my name is not Pat Lannigan. Presently I looked up and straightened my back, says I to a comrade of mine, Mick, says I, I'm very dry; with that, says the overseer, We don't allow gentlemen to talk at their work in this country. Faith, I soon found out for my two days' pay in one, I had to do two days' work in one, and pay two weeks' board in one, and at the end of the month I found myself no better off in pocket than in Nova Scotia; while the devil a bone in my body that didn't ache with pain, and as for my nose it took to bleedin, and bled day and night entirely. Upon my soul, Mr. Slick, said he, the poor labourer does not last long in your country; what with new rum, hard labour, and hot weather, you'll see the graves of the Irish each side of the canals, for all the world like two rows of potatoes in a field that have forgot to come up.

* PROVINCE * NOTES. *

THE Midland Railway will not be opened for traffic before next spring on account of the non-completion of the bridge over the Shubenacadie river. It is possible, however, that a portion of the road will be opened for freight traffic in December, but it is not yet certain that even this will be done.

The Windsor *Tribune* is now under the editorial management of Mr. Charles H. Seeley, a Halifax man who goes to this work equipped with an excellent education. He holds two university degrees, one from Mount Allison, the other from Dalhousie. Of late years the journalistic field in Nova Scotia has had some additions from the ranks of college graduates, Mr. Seeley being the latest.

The longest and most important third-rail system of railway in the world is now in operation in New York state. It passes through several towns on its way from Hudson to Albany and uses the rails of several railways and tram systems. Its total length is 36 miles. Electric power is obtained at a 105 foot fall of water near the line. There is a suggestion in this for local ventures of a like nature. In some parts of Nova Scotia local tram lines could be operated with profit to complete the transportation arrangements of the province by giving communication with the outer world to communities that are at present separated only by a small strip of country between them and a railway. In such localities the shortest line to the railway might be followed for new rails and then connection made with a central town. No doubt there are many localities where water power could be obtained for the purpose, which would cheapen the cost of running the road and make small local ventures profitable.

Can we build steel ships in this province? The opinion of one of the foremost Canadian trade journals, which is published in Toronto, is that we can. It says: "We believe they are the very people to do it, and to do it well. They have the iron and the wood, they have the labor and the skill, what they appear in the meantime to lack is the enterprise, possibly the capital, to make the attempt. Yet, we have the faith that before long we shall see tens of thousands of tons of such shipping turned out. The government may, by giving an order for a steamer to replace the Newfield, start the ball.

A Westville paper recently reported that a local photographer had taken a

group picture of one of the foremost citizens of the place, his wife and seventeen children. The paper added: "We doubt if there is another family in Pictou county that could make as good a showing as regards number." It is certainly a good, old-fashioned family in this respect.

Telegraph communication with Belle Isle will be opened this fall, but part of the cable cannot be laid until next spring owing to the loss of the steamer Newfield. Lloyds of England will establish a signal station on the island, whence information of all steamers will be telegraphed to their agency in Quebec, a service that will be of great importance in marine circles.

Three gentlemen who went Moose hunting in the forests of Cumberland a week or so ago took aim at what they supposed to be a lordly king of the forest and fired simultaneously. The animal fell immediately. Much to the consternation of the hunters it proved to be a horse belonging to one of their number. Moose hunting's great fun.

The settlement of Pubnico, near the southern extremity of Nova Scotia, possesses a fishing fleet of 12 vessels varying in size from 23 to 98 tons. They are all owned by the fishermen themselves with the exception of one, and a few shares in others which are owned by merchants. So far this year the catch of this fleet totals about 2,920,000 pounds of cod, haddock and pollock. This is in addition to lobsters and herring caught by men in small boats.

That famous old pirate, Capt. Kidd, seems to have been the greatest kind of a success in the way of surrounding his movements with mystery; for he being dead yet keeps people guessing as to the location of his treasure. The scene of search operations has been transferred from Chester to Halifax, and MacNab's Island takes the place in notoriety that had long since belonged to Oak Island. The treasure has not yet been discovered.

The fur trade was, in the early days of colonial enterprise, the chief incentive that brought the people of the old world to our Nova Scotian shores. The youth of the land to-day reads something of this in his school history. But no one thinks much about the fur trade to-day. Indeed, most people have no other idea but that it has ceased to exist. Very few know that it is still of considerable importance and of an

annual value that is really surprising. This fact is re-called by the recent reports from Cape Breton to the effect that fur is very plentiful there this fall. Cape Breton exports thousands of dollars worth of different kinds of fur every year.

The proposed railway between Middleton and Victoria Beach, about which there has been much talk of late years, may very shortly be under construction. The promoters have all the rights of way asked for and surveys are being made. The road will run through a section of country hitherto unprovided with a railway service and a country that is well populated and has great prospects. The main purpose of the road is to provide an outlet to a good shipping point for apple and other fruit freights that either originate or could originate in the fertile country through which it is to pass. When this road is completed and the line built from New Germany on the N. S. Central to Halifax, there will be opened another route from this city to the Bay of Fundy.

The approaching close of navigation in the St. Lawrence sees the completion of the charters of most of the steamers engaged in the coal carrying trade between Cape Breton and Montreal. The trade has been exceptionally brisk during the past season, so much so that small vessels have frequently been subjected to delays at the loading grounds in order that the larger craft might get quick despatch. The coasting vessels' inning has come at last, however.

The gold mining industry in Lunenburg county is developing very satisfactorily. Chlorination works are to be put in place at Miner T. Foster's mines at Blockhouse. The Cashon-Hines and Mackay mines are in full blast at Millisic and Mr. Pelton is erecting a mill at the same place. Mr. Duffy and others have struck a rich lead of galena showing gold and silver.

The coal and other mineral resources of Inverness are wonderful. Now that that county has entered the industrial race, from which it was excluded until recently on account of inadequate railway facilities, Inverness promises to give the other counties a hard struggle for supremacy. It is announced that coal areas are shortly to be opened up near Port Hood by a company that plan on an output of 500,000 tons a year. Not long since a block of coal areas 45 miles square extending from Margaree to Little River, Cheticamp, was sold to a company of American capitalists who purpose developing the areas immediately. These are new things that are in the air and no doubt the precursors of yet other enterprises that are yet to make that part of the province prosperous beyond the greatest dreams that could have been indulged a few years ago.

✿ ✿ FOR BLUENOSE WOMEN. ✿ ✿

Sports and Virtues.

IRE-EMINENTLY an athletic age girls indulge in all the sports once considered men's property. Once, wax flowers, a little reading, needlework, and cookery were a young girl's preparation for the battle of life; the only exercises, dancing, riding and walking. Helplessness, weakness, delicacy were considered attractive. Girls early taught that "boys must be boys" did not equally learn that "girls must be girls"—they must be "little ladies". Then there might be some excuse for gossip, affectation and pettiness, but how can we reconcile ourselves to them in this healthier age when girls are encouraged to romp with their brothers, admired for their pluck, endurance and self reliance. Why do sports that by training mind and body and temper make men more manly, not make women more womanly? Are not the same virtues admirable in them? Are women ceasing to be women through their devotion to physical exercises known under the head of "sports", and are these outdoor recreations a healthy diversion, or are they to be considered as a kind of infatuation prejudicial to their future? All physical exercises should assist in the development of women, always providing that she does not abuse them—I am not speaking of physical beauty but chiefly of moral development—the manifestations of individuality which the practice of sports should bring more rapidly to young girls. The comradeship which sport quickly establishes between young men and young women, cannot but be beneficial to both and more especially to the latter. Are there not masculine virtues which we all admire in a man? That outstanding virtue, for example, of holding his tongue or finding something good to say of the absentee, although no friend of his, that we could with profit absorb with masculine sports. Whatever she does, it seems that physically a woman remains a woman. In sports even of the most masculine character, she has other ambitions and other aspirations than man. The question of dress is uppermost in her mind. She tries to please by her prowess. Sport is healthy; therefore, it is an element of happiness for the individual and for the race. Is it not time that the breezes of the golf links should blow away our pettiness, the give and take of tennis improve our tempers so that the athletic girl with her healthy mind in her healthy body should have a healthy soul trained to run well and help others in the race of life.

Autumn Gowns.

A touch of red is always attractive on an autumn gown when the days grow cool, and warm bright colours tone in with nature, whereas in summer bright red is seldom pleasing for a day gown, the mere sight making one feel hot. For elegant winter gowning, and in the advance display of millinery, black and gold, black and vivid red, and black and white combinations and effects are in marked favor both here and abroad.

A military touch on gowns and separate waists for youthful wearers is just now the correct finish. This is brought out very prettily by using a band of red velvet for the standing collar and trimming it with rows of very narrow gold braid, put on in tiny coils or straight lines. The collar may be all of red if the color of the waist will permit it. This is illustrated on a waist of cream-white creped satin, where the collar is of red satin nearly covered with lines of fine gold braid and matching cuffs and pointed girdle.

Flannel Waists.

A very pretty design in a blue flannel waist was seen last week. It has no fullness from the shoulders or neck. The entire front and back of the waist are ornamented with groups of fine lines of stitching, forming a stripe effect.

A second model of gray was ornamented with bands of black taffeta starting just above the line of the bust and extending round the figure. The simple shirt waist pattern is very popularly followed, but when tucked it adds to its smartness.

Marked favour will be shown to both plain and fancy panne velvets this winter, for costumes entire and for accessories of every description.

A number of smart French gowns are made still more closely fitting around the hips by the use of a yoke a little more than a quarter of a yard deep directly in front, and rounding up to within a few inches of the waist at the back. This yoke is variously decorated with arabesque braiding, machine stitched French welts, and silk-gored garnitures en applique.

White chiffon boas edged with large soft black chenilles and long strands of the chenille on the ends, are worn in the evening. These were launched in the spring, but they are more generally in evidence now.

Flannel Shirt Waists.

It is apparent that flannel shirt waists of every description are to be as much in vogue as last year. As it is a garment which is worn by all classes of women, it

is necessary to be careful in one's choice of style and cut, for it is principally in these features that distinction is gained.

A New York model is of scarlet flannel the front and back being in small tucks in clusters of two, widely separate narrow bands of black satin extending from the shoulders and neck, forming a yoke effect. These bands are ornamented with three small buttons placed near the end. The box pleat, under which the shirt waist buttons is stitched. This is particularly to be recommended, as it is good in style, and the combination of colours—red, black, and gold—are the latest thing in shirt waists this fall.

For Photographers.

No more artistic, inexpensive mount for a black and white can be found than that often used by artists—a sheet of blotting paper. A collection of prints of some choice Salon pictures on thin paper are backed in this manner and fastened with small brass-headed nails against a plain wall with admirable effect, and in view for constant enjoyment. A considerable assortment of colour may be had in the paper and a little care chooses the tint that will best set off the picture.

A Note about Belts.

Fasten your gold ribbon belts with white taffeta ribbon bows in front; ribbon is to be of two-inch width and bowed up with ends having jingling gilt ornaments on the bottom, if possible. Two and three such bows are used, according to the width of the belt, and they are placed one upon the other. Decidedly chic is the finish.

Just like a Man.

The way in which most men manage to describe a ladies' costume is simply amusing. Here is the way one business man told his wife the result of an observation of his.

A busy son of commerce, after seeing a very taking dress on a very taking shopper recently, informed the partner of his joys that "it was fine. The dress was made of some kind of cloth, with some sort of trimming. It was sorter lilac or shrimp pink in color, and had for a waist some kind of a basque that was indescribable. She wore one of those hats you sometimes see on women, and altogether gave an effect that I wish you could have seen."

House Furnishings.

In furnishing a house, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*, consider where and how you are to live, and the number of pairs of hands there are to do the work, and select your furnishings accordingly. If the articles you are buying are well made and good in shape and color you will make no mistake in selecting them, no matter how simple they are; indeed, the simpler they are the better. Do not be in a hurry to fully furnish your house. When buying a new piece of furniture, a drapery or a rug, keep in mind the fact that it should harmonize with the old furnishings.

* * * SANCTUM SELECTIONS. * * *

Japanese Diplomacy.

From the London King.

It was at the time of the exhibition in 1861. A Japanese embassy went to Paris to treat for three free ports in France, in return for which France was to have three in Japan. The negotiations proved short and amiable.

"Make your choice" said Japan, "we will choose afterward."

The Minister of Foreign Affairs selected Yokohama, Yeddo and Hang-Yang.

The Embassy made no objection; they simply smiled and went on their way.

Some time afterward Japan sent word that the three ports mentioned were agreed to, and in return Japan desired Havre, Marseilles and Southampton.

This last name gave the French officials fits. They never laughed so much before and certainly never since. Southampton a French port! No, it was too good. Gently, but unmistakably, they explained the situation.

"Why, Southampton is in England," they replied.

"We know that," came the cool response, "but then Hang-Yang is in Corea.

Whereupon the French officials collapsed.

* **Gems from David Harum.**

(Selected)

A Reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog—they keep him f'm broodin' on bein' a dog.

My experience is that most men's hearts are located rather closter to there britchis pockets than they are to their brest pockets.

In a horse trade, "Do unto the other feller the way he'd like to do unto you—an' do it fust."

There's as much human nature in some folks as th' is in others, if not more.

It's curious, but it don't seem as if th' was ever yit a man so mean but he c'd find some woman was fool enough to marry him.

Ev'ry hoos c'n do a thing better 'n' spyer if he's ben broke to it as a colt.

It ain't a bad idee, in the hoss biz'nis anyway, to be willin' to let the other feller make a dollar once 'n a while.

Boys, when ever you git hold of a ten-dollar note you want to git it into ye or onto ye jest's quick's you kin. We're here to-day, an' gone to-morrer, en' the ain't no pocket in a shroud.

'T any rate, 's I look back, it ain't the money 'n I've spent for the good times 't I've had 't I regret; it's the good times 't I might as well 've had an' didn't.

Had to See It.

From the Youth's Companion.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall was much annoyed by the habit which some members of his congregation had of looking around to see late comers. After enduring it for some time he said, on entering the reading desk one day:

"Brethern, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose henceforth, to save you the trouble by naming each person who comes in late."

He then began: "Dearly beloved," but paused half way to interpolate, "Mr. S. with his wife and daughter."

Mr. S. looked greatly surprised, but the minister with perfect gravity, resumed. Presently he again paused: "Mr. C. and William D."

The abashed congregation kept their eyes fixed on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to announce some late comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity.

"Mrs. S. in a new bonnet."

In a moment every feminine head in the congregation was turned.

* **A Gallant Judge.**

Kansas City Globe.

In a case before a Paris court, in which a popular actress has had to appear as a witness, the Judge seems to have shown considerable diffidence about asking the lady, as he was in duty bound to do, what was her age. Evidently he considered that such a question, put to such a witness, would be a direct incitement to perjury.

The way in which he got out of the difficulty was ingenious, although decidedly irregular. He asked her her age before she had been sworn.

"How old are you, madam?" he said.

After a little hesitation the lady owned to being twenty-nine years of age.

"And now that you have told the Court your age," continued the gallant Judge, "you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

* **Was Dearer to Him.**

(Detroit Free Press.)

The young wife was feeling pretty blue, and, though she had been married only three years, she couldn't quite understand the situation. Her husband noticed something was wrong when he came home, and he spoke about it. "What's the matter,

my dear?" he asked. "Oh, nothing," she sighed wearily. "That dosen't sound much like it. Something must be wrong. What is it?" "I was thinking." "Thinking what?" "Lots of things." "For instance?" "Well, you for one." "What's the matter with me?" "I don't know." "Neither do I. I'm just as I always was." "Oh, no, you are not," and her eyes filled up almost to the overflowing point. "It used to be," she went on before she had a chance to say anything, "that you brought me flowers and books and candy and—" "But, my dear, that was before we were married," he interrupted. "Well, that doesn't make any difference, does it? I'm as much to you now as I was then, ain't I?" "More," he said, earnestly, "much more; for in those days your father supported you."

* **'Tain't What it Yuster Be.**

When I go home in summer time,

Down to the slow of town,

Where father, mother, Neil and John

Still kiner hang aroun',

I ask 'em how they're gettin' long,

How farming' is, an' he,

Father, he shakes his head an' says,

"'Tain't what it yuster be."

An' arter rovin' roun' the place,

With John down through the lots;

And out aroun' the cider mill,

An' all them "dear" 'ol spots,

I ask him how the fishin' is

Down in the pon', an' he,

He says, "Although it's purty good,

"'Tain't what it yuster be."

On Sunday we go off to church,

To hear the Scripeter read;

An' there I meet the village boys,

Erlong with Deacon Stead;

"Seems good," says I, "to come to church,

And hear salvation's free,"

He looks the young folks o'er an' sighs,

"'Tain't what it yuster be."

They ask how long I'm goin' to stay,

An' what my judgment is

Erbout their comin' inter town

To run a bizzeniz.

An' then I tell 'em, word for word,

Jest what waz told to me—

"Thet tho' it's better 'n 'tis to hum,

'Tain't what it yuster be."

An' so it is in ev'ry place,

I hear the same ol' plea—

Thet nothin' now is quite so good

Ez what it yuster be.

An' out of all these diffrent things

This thought comes hum to me—

"Be we the same, who make each change

Ez what we yuster be?"

—Boston Courier

❁ ❁ A COUNSEL OF IMPERFECTION. ❁ ❁

By VIOLET HUNT.

IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO.

"Oh, why did I read it? I thought so good! I didn't know! What am I to do—now?"

"For four years, she says! He lived with her—as his wife! What does that mean? Lived—in one house—together—just as I and George are going to do. It means that. It can mean nothing else.

"She says that he is nothing to her now—she is provided for—by George, does she mean? But that I should know! She would like me to know the kind of a man I am going to marry.

"Am I going to marry him? Am I?"

"I have never asked him any questions—any more than he has asked me. In novels girls always ask their lovers to tell them all about their past lives. I did not. I never thought of it. I never realized that sort of thing between me and George. I took something for granted, I suppose. What? Oh, not this!

"How can I meet him to-morrow and smile and let him kiss me, and marry him and go away with him alone—as she did? And I told him to try and pretend that he had done it all before!" She laughed bitterly. "He will have no need to pretend. He is used to it. It will be the same thing—with a different woman, that's all!

"And I wanted him to begin at the beginning with me—to start fair—for us to make our mistakes together! I said so. Oh, what a fool I have made of myself!"

She sprang to her feet. "I must tell him. I must tell them all. I won't be made a fool of! I shall show him the letter and say that he must see that it puts our marriage quite out of the question. It does! It does! I could not possibly marry another woman's lover. Let him go back to her! He ought! He must!

"Father ought to have found out about this. It was his duty. Perhaps he did. Perhaps he knew, and never told me—or mother? . . .

"Poor mother! It will break her heart. Her heart was set on my marrying George. He is so nice to her. She will cry and try to persuade me, and I shall give in." . . .

She began to walk feverishly about the room. "No; that won't do. I must run away. I must go to Cousin Madge's. She will take my side. She thinks men are awful. I never agreed with her—till now. Madge would think it dreadful for me to marry a man like that." She pulled a Gladstone bag out of a cupboard and began to fling some clothes into it. "This is as much as I can carry down stairs without bumping against the bannisters. One dress—the one I go in. It is only to put on my travelling dress to-night, instead

of my wedding dress to-morrow. They are both ready. My wedding dress—that I shall never wear!" . . . She leaned against the dressing table for a moment; then—

"Nonsense! I must be quick. I haven't so very much time. Parker bolts the door at half-past eleven. Where is—? Oh, dear, I can't find anything somehow! . . .

"I see the light in George's window opposite. George is sitting up—burning letters most likely! Hers? He naturally wants to destroy all the traces of his past life. They always do.

"I must slip out and mind the creaky step and take a hansom at the corner and go to Cousin Madge's, and write to them from there. It will be so much easier.

"Have I got everything I am likely to want? I can send for the rest after. My purse, my prayer book, and George's photograph! . . .

"What do I want George's photograph for? I don't want George. Oh, my God. I do—I do—I love him! Yes, I suppose I love him!"

She stopped whirling about the room and sat down helplessly. "And I am going to leave him—to break his heart—to insult him before all the world to-morrow—when he comes, poor thing, with a flower in his button-hole, and his eyes shining, as they always do when he looks at me! They are such beautiful eyes—I often tell him so. I dare say the other woman paid him little compliments, too, and stroked his hair, Ah! . . .

"Why did she send it to-day? Why didn't she let me get married first? Then it could not have been undone and I should have to make the best of it. But one has some pride.

"Oh, I mustn't cry. The children will hear me through the wall—hear me crying the day before my wedding! Poor little things! they have talked of nothing else for weeks. Jack and Jim are to be the pages and hold up my train, after Lily and Flossie, in white and silver.

"Are to be? I talk as if I were going to be married. I shall never be married now. Never! never! That is what George has done. No one will know, but it will be George's fault."

She leaned on the window sill, and looked toward the lighted window in the hotel. "Supposing George had been a widower, should I have cared then? I suppose not. What is the difference? I should have thought nothing of it, any more than he would have minded my being a widow.

"But he certainly would have cared if I—It would have been like 'Hero' in Much Ado. He would have cast me off at the altar. And yet they expect me to marry him, and say nothing! Is there a different rule for men and women? Isn't it the same for both of them? Oh, I wish I had somebody to talk to about it! I can only speak about those sorts of things to George, somehow—and now I can't."

Going across the room she picked up the crumpled letter and began to re-read it.

"She says he is nothing to her now. He never sees her, she says. I wonder is that true? How heartlessly she writes! Why, she doesn't even seem to regret the 'breaking off of the connection.' 'The connection!' What a horrid way to put it! She cannot have really loved him. And George swore to me that he had never, never loved any woman but me. I believe George when he swears. But then, why did he live with her if he did not love her. . . . Oh, how confused I get! . . .

"I dare say she is simply a vain, heartless flirt, who led him on till he could not go back, and entangled him, and made him think he was bound to her. It is generally the woman's fault in these kind of cases, I believe. She never really loved him—at least, not as I do, and now she wants to spite him and make him trouble. And she expects me to help her to do it—me, his best friend! And when it is done, she will hear that she has managed to separate us and triumph. Why should I help her? I don't want to hurt George. I want him to be happy. I don't care for myself.

"Oh, if he had only told me! I should have forgiven him directly, and adored him for telling me. . . .

"If I ask him now all about it, he will tell me. He never lied to me in his life. But I shall never ask him. It would be too mean. I don't want to know what my husband did before he was my husband. It is no business of mine.

"It shall all be as if it had never been. And as for this perfectly disgraceful letter—"

She rose, shook out her long hair, and determinedly put the letter in the very hottest place that the dying fire now boasted. She covered it with a red coal, and held it firmly down with the poker till it burned.

"It isn't there now, the malignant thing, under that coal! I shall never see it again. Why did I ever read it, and allow it to make me unhappy? One should never even read an anonymous thing like that.

"Ah! but I have read it. I can't help that. I shall never forget it, I am afraid. It has made me grow up. . . . One has to grow up some time, I suppose. I won't have the angel over my bed, I think, in my new house. I am not a child any more.

"There, I hear them bolting the front door! I could not run away now if I wanted; and I don't want. I am going to go through with it and see what happens. At any rate, I have no secrets. Men are different, I suppose!"

She put the Gladstone bag back into the cupboard, and did up her hair in a thick plait. She shivered a little the while, and yawned twice with weariness.

"Oh, I am very cold. The fire's nearly out. I must get to bed. I seem very tired. If I don't manage to sleep, I shall look wrong to-morrow and give it away. That would never do. Oh, no, it must all go on; and there must not be a fuss. I couldn't have made a fuss when it came to the point. It would have been indecent—hateful! One must just take the world as it is.

"That's life—and life is rather sad, I think. I was so happy an hour ago—like a fool! Now I am sad—but I may be happy again, who knows? I know nothing—I'm only a girl; but I know that I love George. He is my best friend, after all, and I can't do without him."

She put her lamp out, and lay down quite straight and rigid in her little narrow bed. Presently the light in the room in the hotel opposite went out too. . . .

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IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE.
Various Topics, - - - - -	3, 4, 5, 21
On the Value of an Artistic Office, 6, 19, 20	
The Tribune Primer, - - - - -	7
Plain Facts Told Plainly, - - - - -	7
On Street Improvement, - - - - -	7
About Bluenose People, - - - - -	8
Military and Militia Matters, - - - - -	9
A Micmac Election, - - - - -	10
Clockmaker Philosophy, - - - - -	10
Province Notes, - - - - -	11
For Bluenose Women, - - - - -	12
Sanctum Selections, - - - - -	13
A Counsel of Imperfection, - - - - -	14
Music and Drama, - - - - -	16, 17, 18
Publishers' Private Talk, - - - - -	22

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

The Chorus Girl.

THAT with an operatic manager the other day brought out a few facts anent the "chorus girl." Her professional life in a big city is more arduous than when on tour because of the frequent change in the bills.

She must report at half-past nine every morning during the season to learn the general business of the next production. At half past eleven the musical director would demand her attention for another two hours. One hour off for lunch, then two hours again with the stage manager. At half past seven back again at the theatre where she must remain until the curtain drops at eleven o'clock, and during this time she may be obliged to change her wig, and costume, and make up at least three or four times.

Dressed, and on the street at half past eleven, with possibly half a dozen different pieces of music to get up for the director the next morning.

Not an alluring picture, is it? But the play of a city chorus girl is higher than that of her travelling sister.

"Sag Harbor" is doing so well at the Republic, New York, that it will be played there until the new year. The performances by Mr. Herne of the old boating captain is exceedingly natural both in its humor and pathos, and the play itself is full of human interest.

A movement has been started in Paris for the establishment of a popular theatre where the masses may have an opportunity of hearing the best musical and dramatic works at reasonable prices. At latest accounts more than \$25,000 had been subscribed.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Boston Notes.

At the new Symphony Hall last Tues-
day evening a Halifax favorite, Mrs.
Katherine Fisk, and Miss Leonora
Jackson, violinist, gave a joint recital. It
was a great success. There is a rumor
that both these ladies are to be heard in
Halifax sometime before Christmas. If a
concert by these artists materialises, it
will prove a feast for music lovers.

Mr George Riddle is announced to de-
liver an interpretative recital of "A Mid-
summer Night's Dream" at Steinert Hall,
November 9th. This gentleman has been
in Halifax last March.

Three lecture recitals will be given at
Association Hall on Wednesday afternoon,
November 7, 17, 21 by Mr. Carl Armbrus-
ter, assisted by Miss Pauline Cramer,
vocalist. The great songwriters, Robert
Schumann and Robert Franz, will be the
subjects of the first lecture.

The second concert of the Kneisel
Quartette will be given Monday evening,
November the 19th, in Association Hall.
Ossip Gabrilowitsch is announced as the
assisting artist.

At the Tremont Theatre Mrs. Fiske is
meeting with great success in "Becky
Sharpe". This production ranks among
the great efforts of the modern stage.

The celebrated Dan Daly, is to be seen
with "The Cadet Girl" at the Columbia.
Miss Adele Ritchie and Miss Toby Claude
have made big hits in this play.

Mr. James Fitch Thompson, the Cana-
dian baritone, who sang in Halifax last
August, is to be heard at Keith's Theatre
in groups of high-class songs.

The Bostonians in the new comic opera
"The Viceroy" and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence
Brune in the American version of Sardou's
famous drama "Theodora" are two other
good attractions in Boston.

Francis Wilson is to be one week longer
at the Hollis Street Theatre, in his great-
est comic opera success "The Monks of
Malabar".

Mr. Arthur Wooley an old time favour-
ite with Halifax theatre goers during the
days of the Baker Opera Company, is now
singing with the Castle Square organi-
zation in Chicago.

Madame Trebelli.

Madame Trebelli will be heard at Or-
pheus Hall on the 15th inst.; at least this
is the latest promise which we understand
is guaranteed under forfeit of a consider-
able amount of money. It seems that all
engagements of this illustrious singer had
to be cancelled for a few weeks owing to
severe illness at New York. We trust
that we shall be fully recompensed for the
delay.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA.

A Girl's Expenses in Germany.

THE question of the expense incurred whilst studying in Germany is one so frequently discussed in Halifax, which sends so many girls abroad every year to pursue their musical studies, that we thought many of our readers might be interested in the following statement given to us by one who has been through a five years' course in Berlin. This lady informed us that the average cost of living of the girl student is from fifty to seventy-five dollars a month. To keep her expenditures within the former sum of course necessitates the exercise of rather strict economy. If this money be spent judiciously, however, she may have a taste of all of the comforts of life, and even of some of its luxuries. The lessons from the masters cost from five to ten dollars each, and the girl who brings sufficient training from home will profit much from her weekly audience with a great teacher. Rooms in the fashionable quarter of Berlin are expensive, although after the third story is passed there is a decrease in price the nearer one gets to the top. The style of living is much more simple than in America and the plainest meal is generally well cooked and nourishing.

In Leipsic neither living nor instruction is as expensive as in Berlin.

New York Notes.

English opera at moderate prices is meeting with considerable success at the Metropolitan, but of course the standard of the performances is far below that of the regular French-Italian season, which usually begins in the latter part of November. The company is made up of the Castle Square aggregation, with some new talent added. Most interest was felt with regard to the appearance of Miss Phoebe Strakosch in the role of Marguerite. She was somewhat of a disappointment, however, her voice lacking in freshness of quality. She is pretty and has a good stage presence.

Mme. Sembrich will give eight song recitals during the month of December, before the arrival of her opera company, which is to give its first performance in January.

Sig. Bevignani, who is to be its conductor, will arrive late in November.

Peter F. Dailey has a money winner in his new musical comedy which is being produced at the Madison Square Theatre. He is assisted by a strong company, including Christie Macdonald, the clever Nova Scotian girl, who has come so rapidly to the front of late.

Mr. Daniel Frohman announces that the Orientally picturesque "San Toy," will remain only five weeks longer at Daly's Theatre. Mr. Richard Mansfield in "Henry V," is to be only three weeks longer at the Garden Theatre.

"When Knighthood was in Flower," one of the most popular books of last season, has been dramatized, and is being played with great success by Julia Marlowe.

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Spring Garden
Road.

ON THE VALUE OF AN ARTISTIC OFFICE.

(Continued from page 6.)

It is a commendable thing for men to take a pride in their homes and strive to keep them comfortable and well furnished—provided of course they do not carry it to an extreme. Yet how many men annually spend large sums of money in buying furnishings for their homes that are seldom enjoyed because placed in rooms that are seldom used. A drawing room frequently receives an acquisition in a costly piece of furniture that does not possess value for utility and has not much value for other purposes because there is so little in it in proportion to the sum expended. The same money put into more substantial furniture for the living apartments of the house would give more satisfaction. But it is probably not so used, simply because it is not needed for that purpose. The same thing obtains with respect to spare bedrooms. These are seldom used, their decorations are not enjoyed by the family, and cheaper decorations would appeal just as strongly to those who have occasion at infrequent and short intervals to occupy them. Why should not the money be expended on those rooms frequented by the family so that the good influence of a nice environment might be greater? The reason is that there are no more decorations really needed in the living rooms. We do not wish to discourage the spending of money to decorate and beautify homes, but supposing that this money were taken to be spent in improving the office of the man of the house, we venture to say that in most cases it *could* be expended. He would not be an average man if his office could not be improved.

But apart from this we doubt if there are many business men in Nova Scotia who cannot afford to spend some money each year in improving their offices without having to spend less on their homes. In the first place it is only necessary to make a good start. One who fits his office properly once for all only requires to expend a little every year and a slightly extra sum at longer periods to keep up the dignity of the place. A fair start is essential, and to have a fair start requires the spending of no great sum of money. Why should a man refrain from spending two or three hundred or more dollars on a permanent thing? It will be a possession as long as he lives. And if it is cheerful and comfortable it will exert a good influence on him all his days, and, we venture to say, make him more successful.

Someone will say as he reads this that many thousands of dollars have been made in a dingy office. That may be true, but they might as well (and far better) have

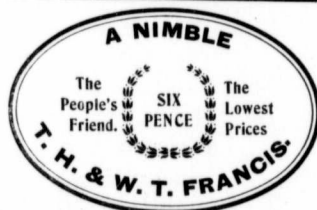
Information to Commercial Men

who want to be up-to-date and get a good share of the trade. You can save "Time, Money and Energy" when doing Halifax by hiring a rig to see your customers. Remember it is good to have hills for sanitary purposes, but you don't consider it in that light, when climbing up and down all day in search of trade, and see the other fellows pass you by and secure the order you are after, because you are just behind the time. Call on

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THE BLUENOSE.

**ON THE VALUE OF
AN ARTISTIC OFFICE.**

been made in a bright and cheerful one. The fact that some wealthy man has been a miser is no reason why one should not wear a good suit of clothes. Good clothes give prestige to a man. So does a well-furnished and well-kept office. And someone joins in and says, "We've all seen the young man that started out in a flashy office and landed in the street." The same young man would have landed in the street and probably far more quickly, had he opened his office in a barn. The fact that some dunderheads have failed in handsome quarters is no reason why men should not do business in comfort. There is no logic to be brought against having the handsomest office that it lies in the power of a man to possess. There is everything to be said in favor of it.

There can be no question that our American cousins are a long way ahead of us in their ideas regarding the comfort of business premises. But, even in the Eastern States, which are more generally supposed to be the home of culture, they have to yield the palm in this respect to their brethren of the West; and if we would see nice offices, we must go beyond the Appalachians. We can take a leaf out of their book if we only will, and in so doing will do ourselves great benefit. There is probably nothing that in proportion to the amount spent on it, would advertise us so well abroad. Halifax and Nova Scotia have the reputation of being slow—behind the times. Let us endeavor to make this charge baseless. One way in which we can do it is to impress business men from abroad through the character of our business premises. We cannot do it now. We must spend some money in order to do that. But there can be no doubt that an improvement in this respect would go a great way to place us high in the estimation of visitors.

The moral influence upon the province would be excellent. It would be an example of improvement that would be contagious. The effect would be felt in everything that is improvable. Seeing the benefits of this one forward movement why would people not readily infer similar benefits in others? And once the ball is set a rolling would it not acquire momentum? Who can foresee all of the great good that would result from a movement in this direction?

The cuts used to illustrate this article were kindly loaned to us by Mr. Oscar E. Binner. Mr. Binner is president of the Binner Engraving Company of Chicago and New York, and the engravings are views of his New York office. The manifold beauties of this model office have been the subject of enthusiastic comment on the part of Mr. Binner's visitors. BLUENOSE readers who live in offices should have reference to these pictures when fitting up anew and we would recommend it as a good plan to keep for reference whatever good suggestions for offices come to hand.



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VARIOUS TOPICS.

(Continued from page 5.)

The greatest need of the day in Nova Scotia is practical education. It is impossible to lay too much stress on this truth. With the opportunities at hand what great strides would be possible if we had the requisite means of training our young people in industrial occupations—training them to understand the ins and outs of industrial operations, as well as the mere methods of work; training their minds to grasp big problems, as well as their hands to perform good work.

In laying the foundations for a successful life a man must pay the strictest attention to his education. What is education? Many confuse it with simply having a wide acquaintance with facts. To a certain extent knowledge is education, but only to a certain extent. Unless a man has acquired the faculty of using knowledge it will be of little benefit to him. The truly educated man is he whose mind is well trained. This is what the college is for.

As we have said before, we have institutions where men's minds may be trained, but they are chiefly of that class that trains the mind alone. What we need is a special institution providing a course so modelled that it will at one and the same time give a truly liberal education and prepare its students for particular niches in life that they may wish to occupy. Such a school should give lots of theory. People may cry out and say that theory is not practical. But it is. There was never anything said more nonsensical than that a certain thing may be good in theory but bad in practice. True theory always chimes in with practice. If theory and practice do not harmonize, there is something wrong with the theory. Either the theory is right or it is wrong. If it is right the practice will be right also. If the practice is not all right there must be something wrong with the theory; it can't be logical. Theory is the essential thing in a technical school. The laboratories and work shops are useful to emphasize the teachings of the class-room. In a technical institution instruction is given in more than science; it must be a place where there is an adaptation to broader purposes by which sciences may be taught thoroughly and profoundly with such an admixture of literary training as will balance a man so as to make him really educated and an honor to the community.

In this day of trained men, other countries are forging ahead because they have them. We need more of them here and must incite our own people to train themselves by placing the facilities in their way.

Here we are on the threshold of an era of great expansion. Who does not feel that it is so? Who can fail to feel the impulse of the times? Be assured the next decade will witness such opportunity for development as we never knew before. Our active men fully appreciate this and are preparing to profit thereby. But what of our educational facilities, are they such as will prepare the youth of the land to take advantage of the great industrial awakening now foreshadowed? We fear they are not. But they must be. We cannot afford to recognize any other word than *must*; otherwise we shall be sorry, for the province cannot have its true and possible development until we more thoroughly meet our educational needs.

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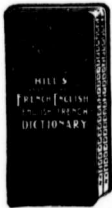
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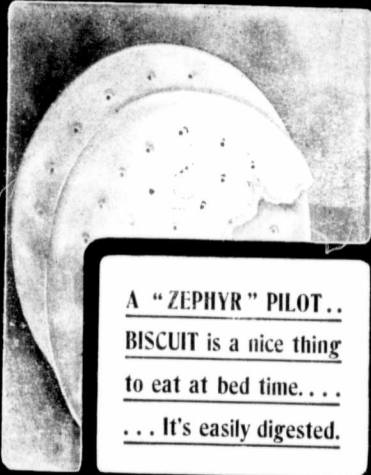
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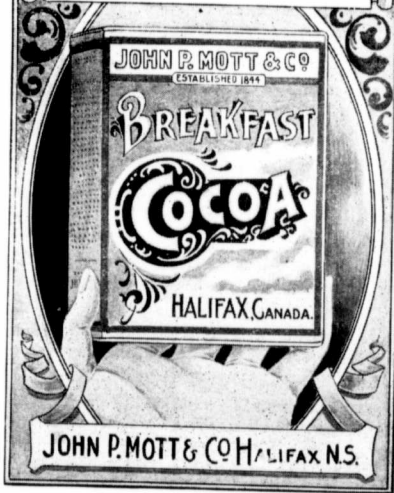
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