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SATURDAY,
December, 15th, 1900.



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DALHOUSIE'S SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM—1900.—THE WINNERS OF THE SENIOR TROPHY.

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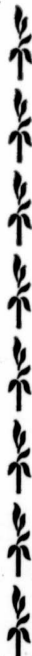
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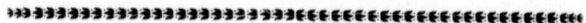
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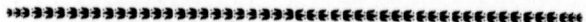


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Victorious Pig Skin Chasers of 1900.

A Sketch of Dalhousie's Athletic Club and the Team That Won the Senior Trophy Last Fall.

Editor's Note.—On the cover of the *BLUENOSE* this week we publish an engraving of the senior football team of Dalhousie College. This team having won the senior trophy after a series of successes during the past season, and therefore, holding once again, championship honors, the engraving will be of particular interest and also the following sketch of the organization known as the D. A. A. C. of which the football team is the most important and most conspicuous branch.

THE SAME YEAR which saw the confederation of Canada consummated saw the beginning of football as a sport at Dalhousie.

In 1867 the Dalhousie Football Club was organized, with the following officers:—

- President—Edward Millar.
- Vice-President—Thomas Christie.
- First Captain—H. A. Bayne.
- Second Captain—J. J. MacKenzie.

Mr. Bayne subsequently taught in the Halifax Academy, and during the years 1877-79, as lecturer in Chemistry, was on the teaching staff of Dalhousie. He was late Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Military College, Kingston.

Little was heard of football at Dalhousie during 1869, but in 1870 we read of an organization of the Football Club, and from that year on the sport has been followed steadily.

In the session of 1872-73 J. Macdonald Oxley, the well-known Canadian writer, was captain of Dalhousie's team. Up until the session of 1881-82 Association football was played exclusively, but in that year, under the captaincy of Dr. George Campbell, of this city, Rugby was taken up.

In April, 1884, the present Dalhousie Amateur Athletic Club came into existence. The following men watched over its first year:—

- President—Rev. Dr. Forrest.
- First Vice-President—D. Stewart.
- Second Vice-President—K. J. Martin.
- Secretary—A. S. MacKenzie.
- Treasurer—G. E. Robinson.

The club's first secretary is now Dr. MacKenzie, who occupies the chair of Physics in Bryn Mawr College.

Dalhousie's games with the Wanderers were for some years only occasional. The teams of these two clubs met for their first football contest in November, of the session of 1883-84. W. B. Taylor was Dalhousie's captain. Nothing more strikingly emphasizes the change in style of play than a reading of the account of this first game played seventeen years ago. The two teams must have been fairly equal, as the game resulted in a draw, with no score on either side. The reporter speaks of it as "a close and exciting contest." In the season of

1885 Dalhousie and the Wanderers came together for their second trial. Two games were played, the Wanderers winning both, the last by seven goals to nothing.

Dalhousie's first victory over the Wanderers was in 1888, when Dalhousie was led by Auley Morrison, now M.P. for Westminster, B.C. A painting by Morrison in celebration of this event now hangs in the Munro Room of the College.

The Senior and Junior football trophies came into existence in 1891, with the formation of the Halifax Senior and Junior Leagues. The Senior trophy—the "blue ribbon" of the Halifax football field—was won by Dalhousie for the first time in 1893, when G. S. Gordon was captain of the College team, under whom it had an unbroken series of victories.

The football season just closed has been in many respects the most successful in the history of the College, not even excepting "Gordon's year," the glories of which are still talked about among the students. From the Wanderers and Services, two games each were won. Inter-collegiate contests gave three more victories, two from Mount Allison, and one from Acadia. The last game of the season, played in Fredericton, was lost.

The development of athletics at Dalhousie has been greatly hindered by the lack of grounds. Undoubtedly much of the past season's success has been due to the privilege of practising on the city field in front of the College, for which favor the students are very grateful to the Halifax City Council.

The Dalhousie Amateur Athletic Club—the direct descendant of the old Football Club of 1867—has now a legal standing, being incorporated by Act of Legislature in 1898.

- Its officers for the present year are:
- Hon. President—Rev. Dr. Forrest.
 - President—F. A. Morrison.
 - Vice-President—L. H. Cumming.
 - Secretary—G. S. Stairs.
 - Hon. Treasurer—R. T. MacIlreith, LL.B.

Executive Committee—F. B. Chipman, A.B.; J. J. MacKenzie; A. M. Hebb, B.A.; G. H. Sedgwick; L. C. Mackie.

The Man On The Street.

Another Story of Dr. Sprott.

THE REV. DR. SPROTT, about whom I told a story last Saturday, was a man whose long life was marked by a conscientious devotion to his pastoral duties. But old age at last made it hard for him to attend to all the work that his heart craved, and the presbytery sent a young clergyman to assist him. Accordingly the parish was divided, and the Rev. Dr. Sedgewick (as the young clergyman was known later in life) took up some of Dr. Sprott's burdens. The latter, however, didn't thoroughly relish the move. He thought that it was "poaching on his preserves," so to speak, and he resented the idea so much that there arose a certain coolness between the two ministers. One day Mr. Sedgewick was visiting a family when Dr. Sprott was seen approaching the house. Not liking the idea of meeting a man with whom he had had some unpleasantness, the young clergyman intimated as much to the family, who proceeded to get him out before Dr. Sprott came in. But before they could manoeuvre things well enough the old gentleman was knocking at the door, and Mr. Sedgewick was consequently hurriedly put into a closet adjoining the room. Dr. Sprott came in and stayed and stayed, and Mr. Sedgewick stayed in the closet. Then after a time of torturing endurance to the younger man, the Doctor proposed that before his departure the family might kneel and they would have a word of prayer. They knelt, and the Doctor prayed and prayed, and still he prayed some more; and finally he prayed for "the young man in the closet, that he might never be afraid to meet God or man."

Will The Champlain Go To St. John?

At the time I write this, it is announced in the papers that the Military Department has cabled asking the admiralty to send Colonel Otter and the remnant of the first contingent to St. John. I have not yet heard whether the request has been complied with. The British Government is responsible for the men up to the time they land them on Canadian soil, and no doubt that Government would be willing enough to meet Canadian wishes within certain limits; but I am told that Halifax is the only port in Atlantic Canada recognized by the British Admiralty, this being a military and naval station. Besides, it is possible that arrangements have been completed to send the transport to Halifax, and unless there are particular reasons why

the Champlain should go to St. John, the Admiralty might not care to make changes in their plans. This, however, is mere speculation. But while we should like to see and welcome the second division of the contingent, I feel that Halifaxians will not regret if the sister city of St. John has the same opportunity that we had almost two months ago—the same privilege of being the first to receive a returning band of Canadian "gentlemen in Khaki." We have had all the pleasures incident to such an experience, and while many of the people would be happy to go through the same experience again right away, most of them, I think, will be generous enough not to be jealous should St. John be favored rather than Halifax.

A Protest Against Icy Sidewalks.

The man on the street cut capers the other afternoon and dropped. From his humbled position he looked up to see if people laughed at his misfortune. They did. Then the man on the street waxed angry, and is here with blood in his eye to enter a protest. Why are people allowed to go without a halter around their necks who do not clean up their sidewalks after a snowfall, but permit it to get tramped into a mass of slippery ice that threatens the neck of the wayfarer? If it were a difficult thing to keep the sidewalks clear of snow, a man would have some excuse, but there isn't. If he won't do it himself, or if he hasn't hired help that will do it, a hundred men and boys enquire at his door after every snowfall who would willingly do the work for a mere pittance. When we have such evenly paved sidewalks as are laid in all the important thoroughfares, why are they not kept as clean as a billiard board all winter? If perchance the snow gets packed down hard before he can get it shovelled, that is no reason why a man should let his sidewalk remain iced over. Let him get behind an axe for a few moments and he'll readily do it, or, if not, a handful of salt will help him out. I think there should be a standard of morals set for people as regards sidewalks, and such ethics should establish that the man who keeps an icy sidewalk be classed among people who are a menace to the public safety. Apart from being dangerous—for a pedestrian, even when he is most careful, will sometimes get a fall—a continuous icy sidewalk is a great waste of a busy man's time, who cannot make speed as he walks over it. Every man who keeps an icy sidewalk

in front of his residence or place of business, should think of his own duty as he curses other people who share his omission. Doing that he should set a good example by keeping his own portion of sidewalk as clear as a whistle, and if every man would do this there would be no further need of an example at all. For appearance's sake people should keep their sidewalks free from ice and snow. I don't know of anything more unsightly than a great uneven mass of ice rising in the middle of a clear patch of sidewalk. And when I look at a place where there is no ice I tell myself what kind of a man keeps shop there. And when I look at another where a man may break his neck without trying, I tell myself just what kind of a man keeps shop there. But if a man who can't get his sidewalk cleaned sprinkles sand or ashes on it, I pause a moment to bless the memory of that man.

Parading in Borrowed Plumes.

"I wish you fellows who wear fur coats would form a non-lending society," said a city merchant to me one day this week; "it hurts my trade and doesn't do your fur coat much good either. I don't know whose fault it is that the public have got to think that fur coats and umbrellas are everybody's property, but they do nevertheless. I went out the road for a drive on Saturday afternoon, and at one of the hotels I saw at least a half a dozen different men, all wearing borrowed coon skin coats. I don't blame the man who borrows the coat; it's human nature to get all that one can in this world for nothing, but I can assure you that the dealer who carries a stock over winter and finds that he has some hundreds of dollars worth on hand in the spring, has every reason to feel aggravated when he chances to see the man who ought to own one, enjoying himself in a borrowed garment."

The Provincial By-Elections.

Voting went on very quietly on Wednesday and only the occasional question heard on the street "Have you voted?" would have led one to suspect that there was anything unusual going on. But although little excitement was manifested during the campaign, workers on both side of politics had been very busy and preparations were quite complete when the day of polling came round. The result is now known by everyone who takes an interest in public affairs, and since the choice of the people in Halifax County has fallen upon Mr. Keefe, an ex-Mayor of the city, a man whose keen business qualities are well known and appreciated, it is evident that there are more people satisfied than dissatisfied. The Liberals in Nova Scotia won two more seats the same day viz those in Cape Breton for which the people of that constituency elected Messrs McKenzie and Gillis. The results in Prince Edward Island seem to confirm the liberal premier in power with a majority behind him of two to one.

Paragraphs About People.

WE HAVE HAD a fair sample during the week of the old-fashioned winter. Some of us can more or less vividly remember the early snowstorms and intense cold of the "good old days," while the rest of us previously knew these things only from stories we heard in the light of cheerfully blazing fires when a "Green Christmas" was our lot. "Great winters!" we called them as seen through the mist, haze distance lends, or as known through the art of the storyteller. But now in the face of the ear-biting, thumb-stinging, breath-freezing reality it is not surprising if the envious ring drops from our voices when we speak of our fathers' days, and if we feel more appreciation for the orthodox winter which comes with due warning and on recent schedule time. The sleighing was, of course, responsible for a number of social drives of a somewhat informal nature. One party of considerable size reached Bedford, dined and made merry in true mid-winter fashion, returning to the city in the "wee sma' hours." A few drives which were planned failed to materialize owing to the intense which prevailed for a few days.

This is distinctly the time of the fancy sale, and Halifaxians have had a liberal share of these thoroughly helpful and suggestive institutions. Christmas shopping seems so much simpler when one is standing before a display of goods intended for Christmas alone. A thoroughly up-to-date art and novelty sale now in progress is Miss Edith Smith's, in two commodious rooms in the St. Paul building. Miss Smith is an artist, and more; she understands the potency of business intuition in her work. Consequently one can attend her sale not only to admire, but to purchase. Her prices are an exception to the figures which frequently prevail at private sales of hand-made work. It is Miss Smith's intention to conduct this work right up to Christmas, but judging from the rushing, sometimes crushing business of the opening day, one is authorized in doubting whether she will have sufficient goods to keep her supplied that length of time. Most of the novelties shown are the hand work of Miss Smith. A very handsome chamol music portfolio with tinting and cover design in burnt work, and wooden nut bowls with burnt etching decoration, were among the most noticeable features on opening day. Gibson girl photo frames, dainty calendars, handsome boxes for multitudinous purposes, and other unique items so plen-

tiful as to baffle enumeration, have been finding ready sale all week and are still in demand. Mr. Rosenberg, of the Victoria Art School, exhibits a number of fine water color paintings also for Christmas sale.

The Junior Guild of St. Luke's held a bazaar in St. Luke's Hall Wednesday afternoon and evening. The Guild and church members contributed fancy work, sweets and tea. Misses Maggie MacKenzie, Jennie Fenn, Elsie Wier and Clare Strickland assisted at various tables, and were assisted by a charming corps of even younger girls. The affair was very successful.

Miss Nora O'Brien's departure from this city will probably have more significance to society than the departure of any actress for a great many years. This talented lady is of excellent family. This recommendation, together with a charming manner and superior ability, proved an "open sesame" to the homes and hospitality of Halifax society. On her benefit night Miss O'Brien was greeted with a good house, and was the recipient of a huge bouquet of chrysanthemums and several curtain calls, acknowledging with the irresistible grace that has won her so many admirers wherever she has appeared.

It is not only Miss O'Brien's departure that is noted with regret. The entire company has become more or less popular with a comparatively large circle of friends. Everett King is a man of interesting personality off the stage, and many who have met him will regret his departure.

The "coming guest" will no doubt receive a warm welcome, in a theatrical or professional sense at least. The D. W. Truss Company has good stage recommendations from St. John, so if our sister is a good criterion in these matters, we can look for two good performances on Christmas day.

Mr. G. DeBlois Smith has gone to Toronto, where he will make a four or five weeks' sojourn.

The array of local talent on the programme at Orpheus Hall Thursday evening was sufficient guarantee of a good entertainment. Miss Frazee is fast winning the approval of the general public, while it is some time since the Misses White made their triumphal entry, one might say, into the popular favor. With Mr. DuDomaine as the principal performer, the programme was a very strong one. That the attendance was not better was no doubt due to counter attractions, and perhaps to the fact that we have had an unusual number of musical entertainments in quick succession of late, with some concerts booked for the near future. The audience, however, was thoroughly appreciative. It was composed of true music lovers, and the sympathy so essential between audience and performers at a small concert was a strong favorable element on this occasion. Mr. DuDomaine has appeared at a number of entertainments in this city, but it is safe to say he never played with truer technique and more inspiration than characterized his selections Thursday evening. The success of the remainder of the programme was decided, the trio work being especially meritorious. Mr. DuDomaine leaves shortly for England

A friend writes me quite a budget of society news from Windsor. The first sale, of which we have had such numbers here, is also popular there. Miss Prat and Miss Kinnear joined forces and made a splendid exhibit at the residence of Mrs. Geo. Wilcox, Miss Prat's sister, Ferry Hill. There was a splendid and varied assortment of Xmas novelties, including pictures, framed and unframed, and a quantity of lovely photograph frames and calendars. There was also a tempting display of hand-painted china. Miss Muriel Kinnear and Miss Madeline Black assisted during the sale.

A card party given by Mrs. Willets was one of the most thoroughly enjoyable evenings recently spent by the young people. Among those present were the Misses Kinnear, Miss Ethel Moody, Miss Woodworth, Miss Prat, Miss Hind, the Misses Black, Miss Lizzie Smith, Miss Dorothy Smith, Miss Ethel Christie, Miss D. Sutherland, Miss Kennedy, and the first and second year students of King's College.

Miss Madge O'Brien is visiting in Windsor, the guest of Mrs. R. Pauline, who is well known in Halifax.

The season's sleighing parties opened early on the banks of the Avon, two having been given already, one by Miss Alice Lawson and the other by Miss Isa Sutherland.

An institution which is greatly appreciated is the German evening which Professor Bober, of the University, has lately started for the benefit of advanced students in College and in town.

One of the passengers on the Tunisian is Miss Maggie Harding, who for several years resided in Halifax, and is well known to a large circle of people. During her stay in the city she visited Mrs. John Duffus, Kent Street.

The pupils of the Well School of Music will give a recital in Saint Luke's Hall this evening.

Mrs. King and Miss Sadie King will leave Halifax next week for Ottawa, where they expect to spend the winter months. Mrs. King has a married daughter, Mrs. Sinclair, in Ottawa, whom they will visit. Indeed, we are to lose quite a number of popular residents this winter. Mrs. Sawyer and Miss Ethel Dimock are to be added to the list of names already given in these columns. They intend spending the winter in Italy, and will sail from New York direct to Naples some time next month.

A small card party was given Thursday evening by Mrs. Hesslein. The affair was thoroughly enjoyed, which always goes without saying when Mrs. Hesslein is hostess.

Miss Hanford, of Amherst, spent a few days of the week with Mrs. John A. MacKinnon, at Studley, previous to sailing for England, where she will spend the winter with friends.

What Shall We Buy For Xmas?

Some Suggestions by The Hemptie.

For the "Lords of Creation."

THIS BEING THE TIME of year when our hearts are larger than our purses, we cannot do our shopping "carte blanche." The lucky few who can are not in the market for suggestions. What we want to do is to start aright. Consequently we want to buy our most important gift before the smaller purchasers make their unappreciable but deadly inroads on our Christmas capital. It is probable—indeed, there is no doubt of it—that the first selection is for husband, father, or that very interesting individual who comes between the two. Whatever name he takes, if he is not already nicely provided, there is nothing better for him than a house coat. I am presenting an odd idea at the outset, but one that stands for such comfort and usefulness that I am not going to apologize. These garments run from \$3.50 to prices that are almost enough to draw even feminine lips to a curve that suggests a suppressed whistle. Nothing under \$5.00, however, is to be recommended, and then one must be careful to select none but all-wool goods. The most satisfactory are the shawl-like materials and German camel's hair, from \$6.50 to \$9.00. Personally I dislike the velvet coats or those with quilted velvet trimmings and elaborate fancy cording. Put six feet of masculinity in one of these, adding a pair of ribbon decked slippers, and a hundred to one that man will feel a bigger fool than he would like to confess. One cannot make a mistake in going either to Colwell Bros. or D. C. Gillis for these goods. At both places there is a new and large assortment.

For a man who travels considerably a travelling bag is frequently a timely gift. The nature of any selection in this line must vary so widely with individual cases that the subject is too extensive to treat in detail. An excellent supply can be seen at almost any of the haberdashers, and also in good variety at Kelly's, where one can see at the same time a number of new accoutrements that will prove acceptable gifts to a man who drives. For a doctor I can think of nothing better than a carriage time-piece. This article fastens readily to a dash-board, and consists of an open-face watch-like clock (eight-day movement), set securely in a leather case.

One of the newest things for men is the flat collar and cuff holder, which will entirely supplant the awkward round box for this purpose. It is of the greatest convenience to any

man, but a perfect boon to a traveler. The common sense of the design is followed out in its manufacture, and it comes in the most serviceable style of leather. Some novelties come also in gun metal, which by the way is slightly cheaper than it was last year. I saw a large variety of these at M. S. Brown & Company's. A card case, from which a card can be drawn without removing the case from the pocket, will be a very attractive gift when monogrammed, the engraving forming such an ornament to this metal. Some pocket knives in the same line offer an excellent choice, and make a handsome and thoroughly useful gift. A pretty thing in silver is a vest pocket knife, Hall marked handle and steel blades. It is not a toy; it is an out-and-out useful knife at a very reasonable price. An attractive gift for a military friend is a gun metal pocket pencil, the shape of a cannon, which throws the lead with cannon-like force ready for writing by mere pressure on the top.

Ties, though useful, are rather risky purchases, everyone liking to select his own. It is a privilege a man will not accord the wife of his bosom, though he may wear one some girl has chosen—when he calls on her! If a man is given to cigars, some new things in cigar cutters will doubtless be appreciated. I saw some from \$1.75 to \$3.00, with sterling silver handles and steel cutters. No pretentious smoking "den" is really complete without one of these articles. For the athletic chap the new dumb-bell, which is made on the latest scientific principles of muscle development, or the new adjustable Indian clubs, will be highly suitable. Both are on sale at Craggs.

For Bluenose Women.

There are so many lovely things in woman's realm that the task of selection really lies in the tempting variety. I saw something at Mahons that must have been especially made for the sweet-faced matron. It was a fascinator, shawl or tie, as one chose to have it, of Spanish lace, and so soft that it could be folded or crushed almost to the size of a handkerchief. The price is very moderate considering the loveliness of the creation. Some fascinators in the same store, highly appropriate for debutante wear, suggested nothing so much as a cloud of the large, odd-shaped snow flakes, breaking the light in prisms where a loop of delicate color was inserted in the white. Pretty designs in neckwear are so fashionable and are such neces-

sary adjuncts to "my lady's toilette," that there is not the ghost of an excuse for making other than useful presents. Nobody can have too many "stocks." Mahon's, Woods, G. M. Smith and W. & C. Silver show them in excellent variety. The last named firm have an assortment of gloves and handkerchief boxes in prylitan, a new and very pretty ware, at promising prices. They also show excellent values in fine lace work handkerchiefs.

Something positive'y "fin de secle" is the "L'Aiglon" list of novelties shown by M. S. Brown, in consequence of which Sarah Bernhardt will be responsible for the expenditure of more money on this side of the water than will flow in her coffers. The first item is a belt of black velvet ribbon, striped with gold braid, the latter being kept in place by gold bars, on which are coins stamped with the head of the "litt'e Duke." From the gold buckle in front the ribbon falls a'most to the bottom of the skirt, where it is finished by gold and amethyst pendants, bearing a close resemblance to the long ear rings our grandmothers wore. The price is eighteen dollars, a mild extravagance to say the least, but one that will no doubt find customers. Other belts in the same style show slightly different designs. Handsome barettes and dainty tie clasps, also introduced in "L'Aiglon," are selling at very reasonable prices. The craze which includes everything gold makes the narrow gold braid belt a timely gift, and the price makes it "possible," which is equally to the point. In silver goods there seems to be a leaning towards English lines, and these are the best to buy. The dainty embroidery scissors, so indispensable to a woman, have hitherto been a source of annoyance owing to the disposition of the handles to part company with the blades on their second or third trial. I saw a pair, English make and Hall marked, at ninety cents, which I warrant will prove thoroughly serviceable. Cold cream and paste jars with silver tops, at low prices, enable one to remember a larger list of girl friends than ever before.

The newly-married friend who is collecting a Harlequin tea set affords one an excellent opportunity of selecting a gift with which good taste has more to do than money. The Bavarian ware at Rosborough & Thomas' is something so dainty in this line that I think it vies with hand-painted china. This firm have just opened something entirely new here in the Austrian Cameo ware for table use. Flower-

loving women can be pleased by an investment right next door, at Webster Smith & Co., where an unparalleled range of jardineries is finding ready purchasers.

A magazine rack for table use in sitting room or library is a new and labor-saving device that will be the means of making a very perceptible and appreciative difference in the appearance of the room in the morning. The same thing is carried out with independent stands, when they may be used for music racks. They are made in German straw, uniformly bleached, and will prove an artistic addition to the home. The Nova Scotia Furnishing Company offer them from \$1.25 upwards. Another item in the furnishing line that will appeal to any womanly heart is the wicker or straw cake stand for use at afternoon tea.



For General Application.

The art and book stores have something for everybody. Room and "den" decoration has become such a fad that it is almost safe to say, when in doubt, buy a picture. The first essential in the selection is good taste. A poor picture is a travesty on art and an insult to nature, but good goods have become so cheap lately that the offensive varieties have gone for a song to the establishment of the second-hand dealer. If the friend for whom the choice is to be made has a music corner, an art corner or a book corner in his or her sanctum, the task of a suitable selection is the simplest thing in the world. If it is a bizarre effect one wants to make an addition to, there is no less a variety to tempt one. Any neat little picture—always supposing it is in good taste—is a "correct" gift, and one that is safest when anything elaborate would be out of place, and anything else at the same price might appear useless or shoddy. A fetching Gibson sketch of a dainty face, with a water color head, with round gilt mat and frame, an art calendar or a small forty-cent artotype already effectively framed, are gifts that are almost sure to carry a welcome with them. Holland & Kuhns is a safe place for art purchasers, as one may see the very newest things there. Some hunting pictures with red mounting—the latest fad in this line—have been opened this week, and nobody should fail to see them. The pictures are excellent. Indeed, I do not know where money could be spent to such advantage as in this direction.

There is no end of new books on the market specially edited for Christmas trade. Two new volumes of high merit and particular interest I saw at Hebb's. The first is "Among the Great Masters of Music," by Walter Rowland, with thirty-two engravings from famous paintings, and the other is a similar publication entitled "Among the Masters of Literature." These

volumes can scarcely be surpassed for suitable gifts to a musical person or lover of good books. A work which one can safely buy for almost anybody is the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Fitzgerald's translation. I cannot imagine anyone who would not be delighted with this charming combination of poetry and philosophy. Of course the book is not new, but has the advantage of having had a rather meagre circulation here, though this is also a disadvantage, as it is somewhat difficult to purchase in any variety of binding. The Roycrofters, of East Aurora, edit the Rubaiyat in a style that seems so thoroughly consistent with the verse that this edition is my favorite. All initials, ornaments, and head-and-tail pieces are made especially for this use, the initials alternating in red and blue, after the oriental manner. The binding is rough chamois, olive green in color, and satin lined. The price is \$2.00, but by special order would probably amount to a little more than this.



For the Little Ones and Others.

I have not forgotten the little folks. Bless their hearts, it is really to them the lion's share of the Christmas celebration belongs! There is surely no one at a loss in this field. If so, a simple solution is to take the little one who is to be pleased on a casual walk through town, when a dozen, nay, a hundred, satisfactory answers to the problem will be the inevitable outcome. One of the most useful toys on the market is the little woman's sewing machine at Cragg's, which will make a dozen doll wardrobes while it teaches sewing and encourages industry. The little ice and freezer is another good investment which mamma may find useful in a sick room at times when a tempting individual ice is wanted at short notice.

In the juvenile book world, "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz" is warmly recommended. I am told on the most reliable authority that it is positively one of the "most delightful, crazy and fascinating" stories ever printed in its line, and that the youngster who will not haul it from under his or her pillow and laugh over it before the grown-ups are awake, will be a rare exception.

The poor come in the same category, inasmuch as their wants are so many that one's ingenuity is scarcely called into requisition in making donations in this field. Though inclined to the practical and useful on general principles, I believe that those who adhere too rigidly to the practical side of their nature in giving to the poor discount by half the value of their good intentions. You ask to whom should we give the useful if not to the needy? I quite agree with you, but the useful has so many forms that it is quite possible to defeat one's purpose by

fearing that one's better ideas may be thought extravagant or absurd. Christmas is the season for a little excess. Putting the case figuratively, but not too strongly, tea and sugar and rice are plain everyday groceries. If the donation is for the table, and one cannot give a turkey or a goose and the accessories which transform the bird from just an ordinary one to a Christmas turkey or goose, one should buy something that stands for more than ordinary cheer, something that will serve to prove, as trifles do, the universality of the Christmas celebration.

In buying gifts for domestics, my advice involves the same principle. Girls cherish a little bit of useful finery for evening and holiday wear, and a gift of this nature will call a blush of pleasure to the cheek that the orthodox apron was never responsible for. When the present assumes more generous proportions the principle of strict utility and comfort is the right one. Enumeration of suitable gifts under these headings is unnecessary. Even in following the above limitations the task is an easy one.



In the Nature of a Postscript.

Of course, I made a large number of purchases during my tour of inspection, and of course reached home tired, but not too tired—what woman ever is?—to inspect every purchase as it arrived. Being a true daughter of Eve, my attention was divided between this task and my curiosity, which kept wondering whether my efforts would materially assist "Kitty's Mamma's friend" and others similarly placed, or if these columns would contain aught in the form of a suggestion for women who have been already haunting the stores on the Christmas quest. If, however, I have done no more than to intercept a white satin cravat case or a stud box, the size of an individual salt cellar, I shall still have accomplished something. One man less will be ineligible for membership in the Anti-Swear Association.



What Pity is Akin To.

(Hattie Whitney in the Junior Munsey.)

After the burnished weather vane

Poured all the sunset glory,

When Philip met me in the lane

And told a foolish story.

He hoped I would return his love;

I said I'd not begin to,

But pitied him—and didn't know

What pity is akin to!

For sentiment, I had no doubt,

Was nothing but a notion,

And finally he turned about

And went across the ocean.

How fervently I wish him back!—

I hope it's not a sin to;

I pitied him and now I know

What pity is akin to!

Music and Drama.

MUSIC IN HALIFAX—II.

The Development of Local Talent in the Use of Stringed Instruments.

Editor's Note.—Some time ago we published the first of a series of articles on "Music in Halifax." We have no doubt that this second instalment, tracing the development of local talent in the use of stringed instruments, will be read with a great degree of interest. Naturally the Symphony Orchestra occupies a prominent place in the sketch, for this organization's formation marked a distinct epoch in our musical history. This article, then, while it traces in brief the transition from almost absolute incompetence to great proficiency in this line on the part of most of our musical people, is largely a sketch of the Symphony's progress.

FOR MANY YEARS PAST Halifax has enjoyed a well-deserved reputation for the excellence of its choral societies, but it is only within a comparatively few years past that any attention, to speak of, has been devoted to orchestral music. When Mr. H. Klingensfeldt, so well and favorably known here, arrived in Halifax some time in the eighties, the production of orchestral music, as we are able to hear it today, was an impossibility, for lack of raw material. The number of people who had any knowledge of stringed instruments was so small that they might have been counted upon the fingers of one hand. One has only to contrast the condition at that time with the condition that prevails to-day to see the progress that we have made from a musical point of view. Up to the time of Mr. Klingensfeldt's arrival in Halifax about the best that we were able to do was represented by the work of the Eaydn Quintette Club. This club included a number of gentlemen who were musical enthusiasts, and they gave us some very pleasant entertainments, but their best work was done in preparing the way for the better things that we enjoy to-day.

The Halifax Symphony Orchestra came into existence, under this name, in 1897, when Mr. Max Weil assumed the leadership of the organization. Since that time the record of the society has been one of steady advancement. Mr. Weil's talents as a leader are really remarkable. Not a member of the orchestra escapes his quick eye or his unerring ear. The standard he fixes is high, and he labors with all the energy of which he is possessed to bring each individual member up to it. No hostile critic could be sharper in his criticism or more exacting in his demands than the leader of the Symphony Orchestra, but the players, with

few exceptions, are inspired by a genuine liking for their work, and show their appreciation of the criticism to which they are subjected by a constant endeavor to improve. How far they have succeeded is shown by the growing appreciation of the public and the flattering comments made by people from the larger musical centres who have had the opportunity of listening to their performances.

The membership of the orchestra at present, not including the conductor or persons officially connected with it, is thirty-nine. This includes fourteen first and second violins, four violas, two cellos, two bass, one piccolo, two flutes, one oboe, two clarinettes, one bassoon, two horns, three cornets, three trombones, tympani, and drums.

The progress made by the orchestra since its organization, and the large amount of work done, is shown by the fact that they have now a repertoire of upwards of one hundred pieces, embracing works by all the best masters, any of which can be produced almost at a moment's notice. At the four or five concerts given each season the programmes have been made up exclusively of music of the highest class. The criticism has sometimes been made that the music played by the orchestra is over the heads of the people but Mr. Weil adheres unbendingly to the idea that if the people are given the opportunity of hearing good music rendered as it ought to be, they will learn to appreciate it, and the standard of taste will be raised. For this reason Mr. Weil's programmes are made up almost exclusively of the works of the masters of music.

One of the best pieces of work done by the orchestra so far was their performance of the music of "The Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Egmont," both of which were rendered for the first time in Canada. In this connection it may be said that the best test of the efficiency of an orchestra is its accompaniments. Mr. Weil has insisted that all accompaniments at his concerts, to vocal or instrumental works, should be rendered by the orchestra, and to this fact we are largely indebted for the latest and most important addition of a chorus of eighty-five picked voices which has given us the organization that is now and will be henceforth known as the Halifax Symphony Orchestra and Chorus.

The president of the new organization is Mr. N. Littler, a gentleman well known in musical circles, and the secretary is Mr. W. J. Leahy. Mr. Weil, naturally, is conductor.

The concert given by the new organization at the Academy of Music recently was given under difficulties, owing to the want of suitable practice rooms; but it was sufficient to give the public a foretaste of what is in store for it. The next concert, it is understood, is to consist chiefly of selections from Wagner's operas. In the music by this great composer the orchestra plays a very important part and the new society will possess special advantages for the rendition of such music.

As we are indebted to the Symphony Orchestra for the opportunity of listening to such artists as Katherine Bloodgood and Godowski, it is probable that the new society, if it meets with sufficient encouragement, will bring here other artists of equal reputation.

The Symphony's "Khaki" Memorial Concert.

On Tuesday evening the Symphony's promised concert in the interests of the Soldiers' Memorial Fund will be given in the Academy of Music, commencing at the regular hour, and being under distinguished patronage. This will not be one of the regular course concerts, but an additional one given gratuitously by the organization for a very loyal purpose. No doubt people will recall the very enjoyable concert given several months ago in aid of the Lord Mayor's patriotic fund, on which occasion the Academy of Music was crowded, with the result that a substantial addition accrued to the fund. In that concert the Symphony took a prominent part. The purpose of the concert now under consideration is a very laudable one also, being in honor of our heroes; wherefore it will meet with general approval and generous support. The programme as published recently is a very attractive one, the music selected being of a very popular character, and the names of the soloists and other participants being faithful promise of an enjoyable evening. Miss Sherriff, Miss Murphy and Miss Corbin are to sing in solos, and Miss Carde is to recite. These will appear in the most important numbers, but taken all in all the programme will be found to be quite attractive.

Special Music At St. Andrew's.

At St. Andrew's Church to-morrow evening there will be a special musical service, in which eleven additional voices will participate. Mr. Leo Altman is to assist in violin solo, and Mrs. Covey and Mr. S. A. Marshall will sing in solos. Other strong features of the programme will be the anthems, in which the fifteen voices will show to advantage in chorus. One of these will be "Te Deum," by Warren; another, the chorus "Praise His Awful Name," from Spohr's "The Last Judgment"; another, an anthem for ladies' voices by Cirillo. The music at St. Andrew's, under the direction of Mr. C. B. Wikel, has received much complimentary notice of late; wherefore this departure will not fail to interest musical people very much.

(Continued on page 20.)

A Cape Breton City To Be.

Glace Bay and the Surrounding Villages, in an Area no Larger than the Peninsula of Halifax, Have a Combined Population That Would Make a City of Nearly 25,000 Inhabitants.

A "Greater Glace Bay" Movement Has Been Started and the Coal-Mining Villages May be United Under One Civic Government—An Interesting Letter By Mac.

TRADITION TELLS US we in this province received our nickname "Bluenose" from a species of potato our forefathers sold the New Englanders. Slander claims the name is due to the condition of the native nasal organ superinduced by a fondness for "Scotch." Slander may have hit the mark in western Nova Scotia; but down east here, where the coal comes from, the only tinted smelling organ one sees is of the kind stamped "made in Great Britain." The native is a fine specimen of manhood—robust, good-hearted, and equal to the boom.

There is a story, evidently true, that in Scotland many years ago the times were so hard that the chieftains gathered the remaining food and made their followers fight for it; the weaklings were all killed off, the fairly strong went next, and only the iron-built, hard-headed, lion-hearted were left. Those who were left emigrated to Cape Breton and founded the great families of "Macs," who have left their imprint on the history of our country, and form the coal mining population of the Glace Bay district to-day.

They have no law beyond the poorly administered municipal regulations under which a favored citizen collects \$160 a year from his neighbors for road maintenance—the neighbors having the privilege of carrying the mud away on their boots without fear of prosecution. There is a Scott Act liquor law, but it is not heeded very much. Yet there is very little drunkenness and comparatively no crime, one of the most wonderful facts in the history of mining communities.

Consider the circumstances, and you will appreciate the character of the people. There are under the Black Diamond flag seven collieries in full working order, employing nearly 5,000 miners, representing a population of about 22,500 people. The mines are working night and day, the men are all earning good wages, liquor is sold openly, there is no regularly organized police force, there isn't one inch of road in the district worthy of the

name; yet the people are contented and there is no disorder worth mentioning.

During Sir Wilfred Laurier's visit to Cape Breton last summer he was fortunate to be present at a miners' picnic at Louisburg. Mr. Donkin, the resident manager of the Dominion Coal Company, explained to the Canadian Premier that the five or six thousand picnickers were all directly interested in the great soft coal industry, that on this occasion they had been transported some eighty miles, all on the Dominion Coal Company's own railway, in the company's own cars, and with the company's locomotives. Sir Wilfrid exclaimed: "Mr. Donkin, the people seem very, very happy."

The great Grit hit it—they seem very, very happy.

There is a movement on foot now to get a city charter for the collieries. They are located within an area not much greater than the Halifax peninsula, and the scheme of Dr. Wm. McKay (ex-M.P. and ex-leader of the Opposition in the Local House) is to consolidate the thriving villages of Glace Bay, Bridgeport, Reserve, and the four Dominions (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4) into a great eastern city. So united and with no more people than the collieries have collectively to-day, the new city would be entitled to the third position in the Maritime Provinces; and if the ratio of expansion keeps up for five years at the present rate, it will be first east of Montreal.

People have been flocking in to the collieries at the rate of thirty or forty a day every day from away on in the early spring; and they all get work. Newfoundland has contributed over 1,000 within a month, and every one of them is working. When they first slipped in looking for a job they didn't want to work underground. "I'll do anything on de surface, sur, dat won't jade me." But after a little better acquaintance they discovered the advantages of underground work, and have turned out an intelligent, reliable addition to the community.

There was an Irishman, John Norris, short and stupid apparently, but a regular mug." He went to No. 4 colliery in search of employment, and while waiting to see the manager was watching the loaded cars come up the slope from the mine on the endless haulage. He suddenly swerved around and ran down the railway track towards Glace Bay. It happened to meet him, and seeing that the man was greatly excited, asked, "What's the trouble?"

"Oh-h-h, yes! he'lls let loo'ooos; the lumps are coming up their, their foreheads burning." He had seen the miners approaching on their way up the slope with their lamps burning in their caps. I persuaded him to come

back with me, promising that I would use my influence to get him a safe bet. "What kind of a job would you like?" I asked him. "In the old country, sur, gentlemen's hunters was my care, Yeas, gum he boy, that's it, yeas." I told him he was the very man the manager was looking for, who had a lot of blood horses training in the pit for the fall races. Norris went to work firing a boiler. A month later I met him with the miner's cap and lamp. "Hello, John, are you working underground?" "Yeas, sur, I've joined the little devvils; sure it never rains down there; it's never hot nor it's never chiny, an it's so dark the boss can't see you."

A respectable proportion of these new workers are men of family, and just as soon as houses can be built to accommodate them, they will move their wives and little ones to Glace Bay, to share with them the prosperity and the mud.

There have been about 400 dwellings built in the vicinity of the collieries during this summer, including an entire new village (No. 4), with spacious avenues (Tupper and Whitney), and wide streets. Sites are reserved for schools and churches, a large departmental store is in full operation, and a boarding house with 200 boarders is maintained by the company to relieve the stress caused by lack of accommodation.

Rhodes, Curry & Co., Limited, have contracts for 600 new dwellings at Glace Bay, Dominion No. 1, Reserve, and the new colliery, No. 2—another entirely new village. All these new houses will not be any more than enough to accommodate the applicants now asking for shelter for themselves and their families. Several of the most prominent employes on the staff at the general offices of the Coal Company are boarding in one place, sleeping in another, and have their wives and children living in some other town, just because they can't find homes for them here.

It was announced the other day; one of the collieries that they were to have forty new houses. Within a few hours the manager received 93 applications for the forty, and he said he couldn't find one in the bunch who was not entitled to a home and who was not in need of one. The houses as a rule are built by the Coal Company, and rented to the miners at a low rental. Many of the men own their own homes. On one acre of ground in Glace Bay this summer fourteen houses were erected by home-steaders. That number would have been doubled if more carpenters were obtainable.

When all these needs are filled; when every workman has a home; when the Whitney Syndicate get all their new schemes for improving the property and increasing the output in working order, we shall see the dawn of a period when the population under the Black Diamond will be nearly 50,000 and that day, if everything progresses at its present rate, is not more than five or six years off; and when that day does come, and Dr. McKay has his new city government in full working order, you will find that, despite the great influx of population, there will still be in Cape Breton a great number of sturdy Scotchmen and Irishmen of the class of
MAC.

Glace Bay, Dec. 10, 1900.

New Industries That We Could Establish In Halifax.

Refrigerators and Other Things Into Whose Fabrication Wood Enters Might Be Made Here.

His Worship, Mayor Hamilton, Approves of the Bluenose's Discussion of Industrial Matters and Makes Some Valuable Suggestions.

To the Editor of Bluenose:—

IR.—IN LOOKING OVER the last number of The Bluenose I notice your interviews with the Messrs. Clayton and Mr. W. H. Johnson. I fully agree with what they have said. A manufacturing concern must have for its chief promoter and guide someone who understands the business, that is, someone skilled in the trade proposed to be carried on. I think nearly all the large, prosperous concerns in the United States have grown up around a mechanic. Our schools should mould boys for, and encourage them to, acquire a trade rather than a profession.

When the raw materials that enter into the fabrication of so many things abound in the Province, it is hard to understand why we must import such articles as refrigerators, certain kinds of furniture, doors, sashes and carriages. With an almost limitless supply of various kinds of wood in our forests, isn't it strange we must import all we need of the above, and not manufacture them ourselves? Isn't it strange that in this city of Halifax, which is such an excellent distributing centre, we have failed to erect factories for the production of commodities that are made in many of the smaller provincial towns? Furniture is made in Windsor, and we use some of it in Halifax; sashes and doors are made on a large scale in various provincial towns; carriages are made in Kentville with a profit, and we Halifaxians frequently buy very extensively from the manufacturers; and engineering works, such as those of the Robb Engineering Company, of great and growing dimensions, are well established in a town of less than 5,000 inhabitants. Why not in Halifax? On the other hand, see how successful have been Moir, Son & Co., Clayton & Sons, the R. Taylor Manufacturing Company, and other firms that might be mentioned. If they are prosperous, and other industries are successful in outside places, why is it that there is not a larger and more representative collection of industrial establishments in Halifax?

The answers are probably many—all more or less accurate—collectively definite, but individually correct to a

limited degree. One answer is the fact that Halifax people, while active enough in some ways, are more inert than they should be in others, and particularly in matters relating to industry and commerce. The reasons are in the main these: In the first instance, there is a certain percentage of the population that suffers from the blighting effects of a false idea of the dignity of leisure, which supposes a certain though varying degree of reproach to attach itself to work; second is the lack of intelligent interest in the movements of trade and commerce, such, for instance, as are to be found recounted in American trade and scientific journals. These severally and together account to some extent for the fact that we haven't more industries in the city, but not altogether. It is quite possible for one to live in an impure atmosphere and not take suddenly ill, but still be on the decline. It may take some time to discover where the evil influence comes from. So in these considerations it may be that we have not got down to the root of the ailment that affects Halifax.

There seems to be no valid reason why many industries besides those now located here could not be carried on successfully. Take, for instance, the making of refrigerators. It seems a wonder that some smart mechanic has not undertaken it in a small way. They are simple in construction, the chief material, wood, is plentiful in our forests, and zinc is not more expensive than in other centres. As far as the cabinet work is concerned, a refrigerator could be put together by a carpenter in a short time, while a factory with all necessary appliances could turn them out like packing boxes. The interior part also is simple and a smart tinsmith could fix one up in a few hours. From the time refrigerators leave the forest and the mine in the unfinished materials until they are put on sale, there are comparatively few operations on them; yet a good-sized one costs at retail about \$20.00. There must be large profits somewhere. With a large market at home, why should not a practical and enterprising man make this profit for himself? For it must be remembered that many of the refrigerators sold in Halifax come all the way from Vermont, many from Ohio. Besides, a good export trade could be worked up in Halifax, for there exists a large market in England. It is a remarkable fact that the use of ice by the masses is a movement of only recent origin in the Old Country, consequently re-

frigerators are not a plentiful commodity there, and the market is now supplied chiefly by Americans. It could and should be supplied by Canadians. A concern that would manufacture in Halifax would be able to do so very cheaply and land their produce in the trans-Atlantic market economically and to such an extent as to find an easy sale for the whole output of a large-sized factory.

This, of course, is only a single instance; but it is worth while taking one at a time and endeavoring to impress the facts thoroughly. There are other industries in which wood is the chief material used that might be carried on in Halifax very profitably. They are all worth investigating. So is any one of them that will help us to make finished products from our wood instead of sending it away in square blocks. Pulp is an advance on deals. Paper, for instance, would be an advance on pulp. But any wood-working industry would be an advance, for thereby we get more value out of the wood and give more employment to our people, more trade to our merchants, and wider and more general prosperity to the country as a whole. I may come to this subject again, and also tell you what I think of taxation in the city.

J. T. HAMILTON.

A STORY OF KITCHENER.

The interest of the war in South Africa is not over. It is deepening with the retirement of the keen, wise, and kindly Roberts, and the letting loose of the iron man Kitchener. I should think some South African people would just as soon be Chinese when the wind changes, and the new state of affairs reaches them. "Hae done," seems to be the growl of the exasperated lion, and he is allowed to essay his method of making a finish. Kitchener has been made a bug-a-boo of, a woman-hater, a merciless devastator, and a man without sympathies so long that if it were not for that blessed yarn of the little Dutch girl whose tears and indomitable courage turned him from his path of punishment just once, we should all hate him, as women will, for being beyond influence. The yarn has never been contradicted—it is history, and it smiles upon the grisly record of Lord Kitchener's career, like one of those dear, wee flow'ers which surprise one, as they bloom merrily out of some crevice in a wall of rock. Hats off to the little Dutch girl, anyway.—Ex.

The Skeleton Police Force of Halifax.

IT WILL SURPRISE many Halifax readers of *The Bluenose* to be informed that the police force of the city is smaller at the present day than it was thirty-five years ago, although many new streets have been opened in the period of time that has elapsed and new duties (such as police work at the provincial exhibition and at the Public Gardens) have been added to the work of the department and satisfactorily attended to.

Thirty-six years ago in October the old night watch and the day police were amalgamated, the title of Captain was abolished, and that of City Marshal conferred on the head of the force. The latter office was held until 1893 by the late Garret Cotter, when the title of the head of the force was again changed to Chief of Police, and the present incumbent, Mr. John O'Sullivan, was elected to fill the position.

In 1866, the year after the amalgamation, the union force was strengthened by a division, making a total of forty-nine of all ranks, viz.: Marshall, Deputy Marshall, detective, six sergeants, forty privates; total, forty-nine.

Vacancies have occurred from time to time since then that have not been filled, so that the present police force is smaller, whereas every other public service has been enlarged, and consequently the residents of the newer districts of the city get very limited police protection in return for their taxes. The force now consists of the following officers and men:—

Chief of Police, Deputy Chief of Police, detective, six sergeants, thirty-seven privates; total, forty-six. There are, therefore, three names fewer on the pay roll of the skeleton force of 1900 than in 1866.

But for the purposes of the real work of the department the decrease is much greater than these figures show. The unpublished report of the Chief of Police for the year 1899-1900 states that through sickness, special leave and regular vacation, the total number of days' absence from duty during the year was 982. This is equal to the time of three men. The regular vacation of ten days now granted to every man annually was not allowed in 1866. One man now also spends six months in the Public Gardens.

The average of men available each twenty-four hours is reduced from these causes to thirty-four instead of the regular number of thirty-seven, or counting the six sergeants, forty. The wider distribution of the force, day or night, is severely curtailed. When

such events as the demonstration in honor of the return of the troops take place in the centre of the city, the men are called in from the suburbs, and during the exhibition the men of the day shift have to go on duty at the exhibition until 12 o'clock. Permission to attend church on Sunday has been withdrawn, and the privilege enjoyed by the night shift for years of going home in turn one morning of each week early has been cancelled.

A sample of the protection afforded the people in the suburbs is the north beat, which commences at the foot of

North Street, extends west to the North-West Arm, and north to the city limits. One man patrols this vast district in daylight and two at night. It is little wonder the residents of the numerous intersecting streets say they seldom see a policeman.

The force is no better equipped now than formerly. There used to be two stations, but the north lockup has been closed. If a policeman makes an arrest at Greenbank or the Arm, he has to convey his prisoner to the City Hall. There should be a call box system, and that most humane institution, the patrol wagon, which encountered such extraordinary and inexplicable opposition when the idea of its adoption was brought up three years ago, ought to be forthwith provided.

J. W. REGAN.

Chat About Books.

BOOKS, books, and still more books anent the war! After all, it is only the natural course of events. While the recent hostilities were in progress the dailies gave their sheets to the war news; the magazines followed with illustrations and lengthy descriptive articles; now the whole story, having filtered through these mediums, appears in book form, each adventurer to win its career on its own merits. No less than ten volumes treating the whole or some special feature of the South African campaign have been placed on the market by one London publishing house alone. The most important of these, in the light of history, is the work of Mr. F. H. E. Cunliffe, Fellow of All Souls', Oxford, with the cooperation of many of the Generals and Officers commanding in the various engagements. The first volume of Mr. Cunliffe's book has been on sale some time, the remainder appearing in fortnightly parts. The publishers, Methuen & Co., are issuing the entire work in uniform binding.

On this side of the water Geo. Clarke Musgrave is a widely read South African historian. His narrative is intensely interesting and conducive to continued reading. It is a question, though, if the work of a newspaper man will not run both books a close race, Captain Mahan's story of the war having been received by the public with both hands. What has been lacking in almost every book on the war is a clear description of the country as a whole, and the disposition of the forces in the field. Captain Mahan supplies this want accurately, concisely and in a readable manner; consequently the rest of the book is lucid reading. The book is re-published by Peter Fenelon Collier, of New York.

When Sir Walter Scott, at a somewhat advanced age, attempted to work off the colossal debt in which he was involved through the failure of his publishers, the public was somewhat dubious about the accomplishment of such an herculean task. Since then Mark Twain has gone through a similar experience and met with success. Now the worthy example of these two men is to be emulated by Baron Nordenskiöld, the Swedish naturalist and explorer, who intends to devote the remainder of his life to wiping out the debt which fell on him last spring as a relic of his connection with his publishers.

John Drew, the Beau Brummell of the American Stage, at present hiding his modern style and elegance in the impersonation of Richard Carvell, is the subject of a copiously illustrated biography written by Edward A. Dithmar, the clever dramatic critic of the *New York Times*.

A new story that should find favor in Nova Scotian eyes is "A Daughter of France," by Elija F. Pollard. It is a tale of the adventures of Charles de la Tour. A chapter of thrilling interest is Madam de la Tour's defense of the Fort in St. John against a determined attack by the English during her husband's absence.

Max Pemberton's new story, "The Footsteps of a Throne," is having a taste of popularity. Like its predecessor, "Kronstadt," it possesses the very tone and atmosphere of Russian officialdom, only more intensely and more accurately.

The author of "Quo Vadis" is before the public with a new book, "The Knights of the Cross," issued in an authorized translation from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. It is unquestionably one of the greatest historical novels of the almost endless supply that has recently come on the market.



Feeling Between City and Province.

THE BLUENOSE may be pardoned for preaching a short sermon on the relations existing between the city of Halifax and the province of which it is the capital. We regret that these relations are not so cordial as they should be. So far as we are aware, the city does not participate in any ill feeling; quite the contrary, Halifaxians regard with marked pleasure whatever occurs that is likely to benefit or improve any part of the province, from Cape Sable to Cape North, or from the Isthmus to the rugged coast where the Atlantic pounds eternally upon the rocks. Halifax is not jealous of the province for any benefit it derives; nor is Halifax jealous of any part of the province that seeks governmental favor or even gets it. On the other hand, it is quite true to say that the provincial people do not entertain the same spirit towards Halifax. They say that we are grabbers, and ever on the lookout for number one; that we are the recipients of more governmental favors than any large part of the province outside; that we are anxious to develop Halifax at the expense of the rest of the province or at the expense of individual parts. It is difficult to say when or on what account this spirit was born. Presumably there must be some reason, yet it is difficult to discover. But there can be no doubt of its existence. In some towns there is such antipathy towards us that people are reported to have objected to giving money to the proposed "Khaki" monument, because that memorial is to be erected in Halifax. We regret exceedingly that such a spirit should exist, for it is a hindrance to the best prosperity of the province. The progress of city and province is interlinked, and if the people of the latter would but assist us in the legitimate endeavors we make to build up a port, they would find it to their own advantage; for it is immensely important to the province that there should be a great shipping point

somewhere within its limits; and there is no place that can so easily be made into such, as this. Halifax, fully equipped with docks, piers, cold storage, and other accessories would be one of the best things the province could have. It would mean so much towards the development of its export trade in agricultural and other products. Therefore the people of the province should willingly unite with Halifax in an effort to secure all this. It would repay them indirectly and also directly; for although Halifax is willing to throw her influence on the side of the province in all efforts to secure wise legislative and parliamentary enactments affecting particular interests, still it would be an easier thing for the latter to court our influence if more harmony existed. This would lead the way to a hearty co-operation of all provincial members of Parliament, which has proved so effective on one occasion already. But before this harmonious co-operation is possible it will be necessary for all our people to forget their sectionalism, to become thoroughly broad and abandon all jealousies. Then the way will be clear to complete progress.

Another Welcome Home.

THE WELCOME HOME to the members of the first contingent, who arrived here in the latter part of October, was such a revelation even to many of our own people, that the doubt has been expressed whether we could repeat such an outburst of enthusiasm. We think the doubt unfounded. Of course the homecoming was a climax, naturally. We worked up to it by various gradations through the celebrations of Lady-smith and Pretoria. Yet if the people of Halifax thought there was any reason for it, they could easily repeat the last celebration with as much ardor and patriotic feeling. But is it wise? Have we not had enough of it? Since we have expressed our appreciation so unmistakably, is it necessary to do so again? It is true that we must do something in the nature of a welcome home to the remainder of our Canadians; and what we do must and will not be half done; and the public meeting called this week for the purpose of deciding about some course of action was a step well taken. At this season of the year, when the attention of merchants and the public generally is so intent upon holiday trade, it will not be wise to make such elaborate preparations as we made for the band of brave fellows headed by Major Pelletier. But we can do a lot to give Colonel Otter and his following of brave-hearted fellows a cordial welcome, and still not put ourselves to a great deal of noticeable inconvenience. The bunting we used on the last occasion can be brought out again, and the town made to look gay. We can banquet the men just as we did before. But it will not be necessary to prolong

the welcome into the night, for the weather will probably not be suitable for an evening procession, and we will thereby save a great amount of money that would otherwise explode in fireworks and giant crackers. Anyway, we think it would be better to rejoice with the means provided by nature, and cheer, rather than by the artificial means of the tin horn and those provided by the pyrotechnic artist.

The Benefit of More Industries—One View.

WHO IS HARD OF heart and slow to understand may realize the beneficent influence of new industries if he has the force to imagine what would happen should some of our existing factories cease to be. Suppose, for instance, that the proprietors of the cotton factory were to come to the conclusion that they would stop manufacturing cottons, close up the mill, and discharge all the hands—what a blow it would be to the city! Two or three hundred operators would feel it immediately. They would either have to throw themselves on charity or go away to some other centre to find employment. Several merchants would feel it almost as soon, for several thousands of dollars worth of trade every month would not long be theirs. The city would feel it later on, for when next the assessors would go abroad, to assess they would find real estate in that part of the town depreciated in value, and the taxpayers would have an additional burden laid upon them. Now let this same man, hard of heart and slow to understand, build up his ideas on this basis, and suppose that instead of the cotton factory going out of existence, another factory of some sort were to commence manufacturing. Two or three hundred hands more, say, would find employment, and if our own city should not be able to supply them they would easily be attracted thither. Instead of finding their business decreasing many merchants would in the aggregate be adding several thousands of dollars worth of business; perhaps it would so heighten general prosperity that others might find it profitable to go into business, thus adding to the commercial activity of the place. The city would not suffer, for the people who would come to work would have to find shelter; wherefore real estate would advance in value, more homes might be built, and the rate of taxation would therefore decline, a thing against which nobody would kick. Let this man now suppose, not one new factory, but several, and he will have his results by multiplying, keeping in mind the number of people so employed and the amount of wages distributed. Looking at the question in this way, it becomes apparent that it is the duty of the city to encourage manufactures,

What Is the Good of Art?

IT IS A FAR CRY from the present day to an age when art, in its infancy, struggled to record a fact or an idea, and the man who to-day asks, "What good is Art?" unconsciously asks also, "What good is history or beauty?"

Our earliest records of any kind, the scratched flint, the molded clay, the stone figure or the engraved bronze, are not only archaeological data, but are concrete evidences of the value of art in our knowledge of ancient peoples, and the mental status of these peoples is determined by the beauty of such objects as we have left to us, no less than by their utility. As man's knowledge of the use of tools grew, so grew his desire to record in imperishable substances his affairs, and, when gathered in communities for mutual protection, the artist, who was at once scribe, sculptor, and general historian, made use of such primitive means as were to his hand to preserve to us their manners, customs, battles, and their gods. And from such beginnings we have to-day the vast infinity of designs in many materials and an accessibility to things beautiful that leaves little excuse for the existence of things ugly.

The utilitarian has for many years been, in the minds of many, separated from the beautiful. They have been looked upon as two opposites meant by nature to be at the extremes of man's needs. Nothing could be more erroneous. The two are as closely combined as the flower and its seed.

It will be impossible in an article necessarily limited as this must be, to follow the history of the various industries that have been touched by the hand of art, and, while serving the practical purposes of man, are, at the same time, beautiful. I will endeavor to show, then, as briefly as possible, to what an extent some pursuits are dependent upon the co-operation of art for their success.

It is but a few years since that a foreigner coming to these shores—I speak now of the entire continent—was struck by the extreme ugliness of the walls and fences in and around the cities. Advertising in colossal letters and startling text was rampant, and where pictures were used the ugliness was accentuated to the utmost degree.

No more was attempted than to merely set forth the article for sale, and it was done in the cheapest and most mechanical method possible. There was the feeling conveyed that if one advertised, it mattered not how it was done, nor how much the sensibilities of the cultured were shocked.

Great boardings were erected for miles along the railroads, and were covered with these horrors. The art idea was totally lacking, and I personally know of several cases where the intention of the display was defeated by its inattractiveness. At present this is to a great extent changed, and I believe permanently.

Advertising has become an art in the broad sense in this country, as it has been in other countries for many years. From the ages when gaudily dressed young men stood in front of their employers' doors crying, "What lack ye, what lack ye, my masters," to the modern poster with the occasional grotesque "diablerie," all are intended to attract attention, and in the modern case, almost compelling the wayfarer to stop and read the legend of superior wares.

France early understood the potency of beauty to attract, and in her posters created a new division in art, embracing within it Chere, Vierge, Steinlen and others, some of the best draughtsmen in the country.

Many have been decorated and honored in various ways for making a thing of beauty of a street used to extol the merits of some one's soap or nostrum. The merchant pays large sums of money to present his goods in an attractive manner, and acknowledges thereby the force of art in his commerce.

Would he do this did it not pay? Ask of the theatre managers, the bicycle makers, or the perfumers! Ask the magazine editors! Very often, in the latter case, the artist gets larger pay to illustrate a story than the author who wrote it. This is not done primarily from any philanthropic purpose to raise the standard of taste in a community, although that is the result eventually; but commercialism is the mainspring of it, and that it is successful is obvious enough to those who, almost daily, receive beautifully designed announcements, store openings, calendars, etc., etc. The expense must be large in getting out these attractive advertisements, and unless the returns were commensurate with the effort, no business could long continue in it.

Volumes have been written on the poster alone, and much more might be written on its influence, but I wish merely to indicate how commerce has called in the aid of art, and will pass on to my next illustration.

In the larger stores on this continent, and abroad also, there is another division of art created by the demand for beauty and filled by men

of taste and delicate judgment, called "window dressers."

They command large salaries and have absolute control of their departments. This is even a closer alliance between art and commerce than the poster. The man with an intuitive sense of harmony and composition, with perhaps some study of art in his spare moments, makes of his window an advertisement which always attracts. It requires but little imagination to see in his color scheme a garden, a sunset, or a landscape, in delicate grays or greens. The source of his inspiration is nature, and to the observer and the student, she always offers a suggestion.

These are practical answers to the question as to the good of art to the business man. But there is another and larger field in which the good of art is an invisible influence, making for loftiness of thought and ideal, purity of spirit and motive, and finding expression in the beauty of surroundings—home and city.

A man is more influenced by his surroundings than the surroundings are by the man. This may to some, at first thought, seem absurd, but to take a crude illustration, place a cultured man among miners, it would not require many years to alter his mode of thought as well as dress, provided his mind was not adjusted to a temporary stay with them. He would soon look and act as roughly as those with whom he came in contact. The West, in Cowboy times, was full of collegebred men who would never have been suspected of it.

The creation of the surroundings, therefore, should be a subject of serious consideration when we realize the influence they will have on the younger generation. The beautiful home calls loudly for the beautiful street, and such streets make the beautiful city. It is an indication of high-mindedness and artistic cultivation, and is in itself a greater advertisement than thousands of pamphlets.

As good wine needs no bush, so, in the case of the City Beautiful, it needs no bell; and in the remote years to come, when the city is inhabited by a new people, there will be no argument as to the quality of mind of those who built it.

Suppose such a catastrophe as overwhelmed Pompeii should, for example, visit Halifax to-morrow, what would be found in some hundreds of years, upon excavating? A couple of monuments—one in the cemetery, an arch that is not very bad; the other a cast-iron fountain, of which nothing had better be said; two or three stone buildings, classic in design and good, and—nothing more. No statues, no building with evidence of having been used for the arts or art instruction, no museum with objects of the city's history, nothing in fine to prove that the city knew of a larger and more unselfish life than the mere struggle for existence.

H. M. ROSENBERG.



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Love and a Lariat.

BY PERCY GIFFORD.

ON THE CREST of the hill the man lazily swung himself from the saddle; for it had been a severe climb, and the horse needed a breathing-spell. With his big spurs clanking, the rider sauntered over to a nearby rock and sat down. Then he jerked from his pocket a gaudy bandana, with which he fell to drying his face in a furious fashion, afterwards knotting the cloth picturesquely about his neck.

Measured from the rude boots to the shock of straw colored hair covered by a sombrero, he was a giant. Having deftly rolled a cigarette, he puffed it contentedly, looking somewhat vacantly ahead down the dusty yellow trail, in its zig-zagging course through the green cacti and brown sage-bush, to where a shallow creek was singing a soothing lullaby in its half dried bed of pretty pebbles. Beyond was a goodly sized green spot, stretching to the other side of the narrow canon, where, shaded by low, spreading pepper trees, squatted a one-storey adobe dwelling.

Something there riveted his eye, ending his day-dreaming and filling him with animation. A wave of his hand, two or three gigantic leaps—the last one landing him into the saddle, and he shot down the slope, splashed through the water, and he dived straight through the house, where his vigorous halt sent up a shower of dirt.

"Recken yeh'll kill yehself, Frank, some o' these days, with yeh harum-scarum ridin'," came in dulcet tones from the doorway, where a calico-clad little woman stood, arms akimbo.

"Might's we'd die wih meh spurs on 's off, Sal," he laughed. From him there radiated a glow of pride in his horsemanship, mingled with a pretence of indifference as to the mode which should usher him into eternity. As much as a whole minute passed, he holding her hand with the gentleness of a vice gripping a piece of steel, and the silence skipped along.

"Well! well!" she exclaimed, impatiently, "do yeh think meh hand's a hitchin'-post?"

Stepping away several paces, the man stood regarding the girl; and as she, perfectly composed, returned his gaze, his eyes fell, he straightway entering into confusion.

"Folks home, Sal?" he finally ventured to ask.

"Nope."

"Good! I've somethin' ter say ter yeh—somethin' special."

"Is 't something I'll like, Frank?"

"Hope so."

"Go 'head then an' spout it, yeh silly boy. Yet allus so slow 'bout doin'!"

"I'm not a silly boy," he protested. "It's twenty-one I'm ter-day—a man!"

"So that's yeh news, Frank?" she exclaimed, rather tantalizingly.

"Part of it."

"An' th' res'."

"Dad has guv me half o' th' ranch, an' lumber ter buil' a house—an' I'd be so happy if I could only git somethin' else."

The impetuosity with which he spoke amazed her by the contrast it was to his usually deliberate utterance. It seemed a cyclone.

Finally she found her tongue, saying, "Frank App'ewhite, I do b'lieve yeh're a big pig! Yeh've got a big present, an' yeh wan' more!"

"Yep," came out with emphasis—for his cyclone was again rising—"an' I'm going to git it ef I've ter sit on this door-step ninety-nine years."

"Taint th' roan colt yeh're aft'?" she inquired. "Yeh can't hev it. Dad says its mine, an' I won't sell or 'low no one ter take it. Why, it's the fastest one hereabouts, spite o' yeh sayings! Yet kin set thar a hundred years 'fore yeh'll git it—so there now!"

"Nope, 'tain't yeh colt—meh annimal kin run clean 'way from it, though—I—I—wan' you." He appeared undecided whether to stay or to take to his heels; but not finding her angry, he stood his ground.

"Wan' me!" she cried. "Why, what ter?"

"A wife," he answered huskily.

"Ter tell th' truth, Frank, it ain't never 'curred ter me ter marry. I like yeh well 'nough. But so do I Hen' Fleiding, Bert Robins an' lots of others. An' they all like me, too."

"Please, oh, please, Sal."

"Besides, how'd I know but what yeh'd git tired o' me, ef we was ter marry? You men folks are a bad lot! Yeh swear ter a girl, 'fore yeh marry, that yeh'd move mount'ins fer her. Then when yeh've got her, yeh won't even look at a foot-high hill, let 'lone tryin' ter move it."

"Please, oh, please, Sal."

"Now I know what I'll do, Frank. I'll guv yeh a chance, just ter show yeh I'm a frien'. Yeh 'member yeh cast 'situations 'gin th' colt? We'll race from th' 'twin oaks' ter 'Bixby's line.' Ef I git thar fust yeh'll hev ter go further fer a wife. I guv yeh this chance 'cause I'm yeh frien'."

"Run in, then, and git yeh fixin's on," he told her.

Sooner than he expected she was in readiness. In fact she had been waiting some time when he returned from the pasture, leading the colt. It had been running around in high spirits, a king in its green domain, when Frank attempted to coax it to him. His efforts in this direction bore no fruit. Finally, out of patience, he

(Continued on page 16.)

THE BLUENOSE.

A Journal of Progress particularly devoted to the Interests of Nova Scotia.

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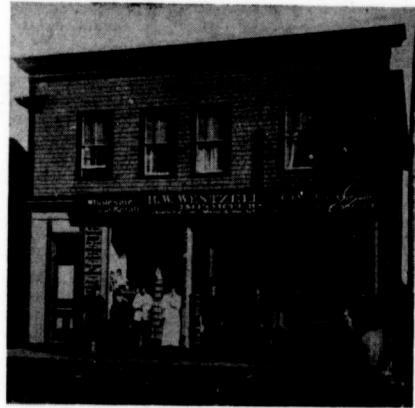
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is well stocked with all kinds of groceries both for wholesale and retail trade. We sell goods at a small margin of profit for cash, and as we buy in very large quantities, it follows that we are able to sell a good deal lower than those who do not. If you have not hitherto consulted us, by all means do so now. It will pay you to send us a trial order if it's only for five dollars worth, providing the freights are not too high. You will be surprised to find how much you can save.

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Capital of the Bank of England Dec. 31, 1899 \$86,047,935	Funds held by the Mutual Life Insurance Co. for the payment of its policies Dec. 31, 1899 \$301,844,538
Capital of the Bank of France Dec. 31, 1899 \$36,050,000	
Capital of the Imperial Bank of Germany Dec. 31, 1899 \$28,560,000.	
Capital of the Bank of Russia, Dec. 31, 1900 \$25,714,920	

J. A. JOHNSON,

General Agent,

HALIFAX, N. S

THE BLUENOSE.

LOVE AND A LARIAT.

(Continued from page 16.)

mounted his own horse, and, by means of his lariat, accomplished his task in true vaquero style.

"Where's yeh saddle, Sal?"

"Saddle, nothing! What's th' use of a saddle or bridle for a little race like this, Frank. Just slip the halter-strap over its nose and guv me the other end. I've ridden that o' way lots o' times. Yeh allus so scarey."

Jogging a'long towards the starting-point as the cool of the evening was setting in, both man and maid were merry; for each had faith infinite in the superior bit of equine flesh they bestrode. Even the fantastic shadows which the sun, now swiftly sinking towards the mountainous horizon, cast upon the road-bed before them were as so many occasions for mirth.

At the mark they rested a moment; meantime the two horses stepped nervous'y about, as though realizing their importance. Presently, with a whirlwind pace, they were off, the beating of the hoofs on the firm clay echoing and re-echoing among the hills until it sounded like the charge of countless cavalry. Little by little his mount, jaded by a day of action, dropped behind. The girl, in high feather, was shouting over her shoulder and mockingly beseeching him not to be so slow.

"With me it's a case of got ter win," he exclaimed to himself. "The only condition she made was that I shou'd git thar fust, an' I'm goin' ter do it. I'll rope the colt's neck, bring down its gait with a pull, and shoot ahead. It's easy ter do."

Slipping from the saddle-horn, the ever-ready lariat, he gave it a few whirls; then launched it through the deceptive dusk.

For once his hand was the hand of a tyro: for ahead there rose and hovered in the air a gigantic form, which presently sank, striking the ground with an ominous thud. Simultaneously, his horse stopped, nearly unseating him, and stood, quivering.

Running to where lay the dark object, he found the colt, thrown by a fore-leg, stretched at full length with a broken neck—dead. Part'y under it, crushed, was the girl, dying.

Bending over her, he heard, as her breath grew fainter, "I wouldn't hev let yeh lose, Frank ——. I loved yeh too much fer that."

"Hair Like The Place."

One day, while Millais was painting his famous picture "Chill October," among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, a man came up behind him and stood looking first at the picture, then at the surrounding landscape. Finally he asked in broad Scotch dialect, "Man, did ye never try photography?" "No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly. A pause. "It's a handle quicker," said the man. "Yes, I suppose so." Another pause; then the Scotchman added, thoughtfully, "An it's mair like the place!"—[*St. James's Gazette.*]

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Bicycle

with us for the winter. We will clean and insure it for you at a moderate cost, and when the spring comes you will have a wheel in good condition and all ready for the road. If you telephone your order, we can send a man to your address.

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would be a nice thing to give your wife at Xmas.

Have you thought anything about it?

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Well then perhaps she would like a

NEWCOMBE,
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The Emperor of Germany thinks the latter is a really delightful instrument.

If none of these suit her, then perhaps she would like a

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and if not the "Bell," we have others. Please call and see us.

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We have some of
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for drawing and dining rooms, and
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to call and see them.

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The Last Moment

. . . . is the wrong one.

Now! is the time to get one of
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JARDINIERES.

Novelties, Lamps, Dinner Sets,
Tea Sets, Silverware and other
choice articles; all kinds and prices at

WEBSTER, SMITH & CO.,
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NEXT WEEK IN HALIFAX.

SUNDAY:—BISHOP COURTNEY
will induct the Rev. Ward
Cunningham, of St. George's at
the morning service.

Rev. Clarence McKinnon will deliver
at the evening service, Park Street
Church, the third Sunday lecture of
the series, "Twilight Reveries of the
Century," taking for his subject, "Its
Mistakes."

Bishop Courtney will deliver the
evening sermon at St. Luke's.
Boys' meeting will be held at the
Y.M.C.A., at 4:15; men's meeting same
hour.

At St. Paul's, Rural Dean Armitage
will continue his discourse on the Les-
sons of the Nineteenth Century in the
evening.

MONDAY:—Clarke's Japanese Sale
opens in Mason Hall, Salter Street.

TUESDAY:—Soldiers' Memorial Con-
cert takes place at the Academy of
Music under distinguished patronage.

* *

LESSONS FROM THE NINE- TEENTH CENTURY.

Rural Dean Armitage delivered the
third sermon of his series in St. Paul's
on Sunday evening. He pointed out
that while the nineteenth century has
been characterized by great triumphs
in the direction of material develop-
ment, it has no less been marked by in-
tellectual growth and spiritual pro-
gress.

The nineteenth century leaves a rich
religious legacy to its successor. Its
prevailing spirit of restless enquiry
and constant search led to the most
careful criticism of the claims of
Christianity. All science must be
tested by the crucible of criticism.

The result at the close of a century
of scientific investigation is the com-
plete vindication of the Christian
faith. Various substitutes have been
offered for acceptance, as for instance
"The Worship of the Universe," by
Strauss, and "The Worship of Human-
ity," by Comte, only to be rejected.
The sceptical system which would de-
throne God, empty heaven, and rob
man of the hope of a glorious immor-
tality have failed to win the allegiance
of manhood. Christ reigns as never
before in the world's history over the
hearts of men. The Bible has been
tested as by fire, and when its critics
looked for dust and ashes, lo! it yielded
the purest gold. Its truth has been
established on the grounds of histor-
ical evidence. When the sceptical spirit
declared that Homer was a myth and
Troy but a dream, Schlimann, with
pick and shovel, brought the buried
city to light. And when the same
spirit of scepticism laid its hands upon
the Bible the very stones cried out, and
the monuments of Egypt and the li-
braries of Assyria and Babylon bore
witness to the record of Holy Writ.

There is also to be noted the diffusion
of the Christian spirit. Christian prin-
ciples are at work everywhere, and the
spirit of Christianity has profoundly
influenced society. The man of the
world is affected by it, and has con-
ceptions of Christian life and duty.
But the danger is that he may be sat-
isfied with a thin veneer of religion in-
stead of a life renewed through the
spirit of God.

Then there is the noteworthy gain
of the growth of Christianity unity.
The progress made in Christian union
has led an American writer to char-
acterize the century as the Century of
Federation and Brotherly Love.

that Xmas pudding.

W. J. HOPGOOD,
the man who tries to
keep the best groceries
sold in Halifax, wants
you to buy your supply
of Raisins from him.

He will guarantee a
good plum pudding, if
you come to him for
the fruit.

His Telephone is
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Each Pair Guaranteed.



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Ladies fitted each day from
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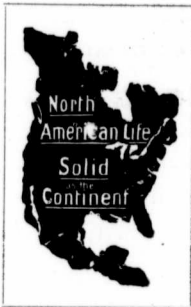
Paragraphs About People.

(Continued from page 5.)

An event on this week's programme, in which a keen and praiseworthy interest was widely manifested, was the meeting at the School for the Blind Monday evening. The report of the managers and the superintendent's details of the work of the school year were given in presence of many prominent citizens. Lieut.-Governor Jones addressed the meeting, and interested everyone deeply in the optimistic prediction he made concerning the great usefulness and noble work the institution would accomplish in the approaching century. Rev. Dr. Gordon gave a plain exposition of the soundness and practical basis of the education open to the blind of the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. Archbishop O'Brien's eloquent speech was a well-merited tribute to Superintendent C. F. Fraser and his staff of teachers. Sir M. B. Daly was elected to the board of managers in the place of the late Hon. H. H. Fuller, and the full board for the ensuing year was elected.

The Red Cap Snowshoe Club is one of the most interesting athletic associations in the city, and its career is followed with close attention. Last Tuesday evening the club held its annual general meeting at the Halifax Hotel. The members turned out almost to a full roll call, and the business in hand was transacted satisfactorily. Sixteen applications were received for membership. There were only three vacancies, however, and Cyril Mitchell, George J. Allen and H. F. DeWolfe secured the coveted honor. W. H. Wetherby and Frank H. Chipman will be first and second captains respectively for the ensuing year, while Frank Salter will fill the position of secretary and treasurer. Capt. H. B. Stairs was unanimously offered the captainship, but declined. The Red Caps will have their annual drive on the first Saturday in January. It has been said that a dance will follow the same evening, but the club members' fame as jolly good hosts will not allow a sane individual to credit such an idea. They are too far-sighted for that. We want the dance, and want it badly, but not on Saturday night.

The announcement that Dr. James Hannay, of St. John, would address the Nova Scotia Historical Society on Tuesday evening drew a large number of prominent citizens to Legis'ative Chamber for the event. Dr. Hannay is the editor of the St. John Telegraph and the author of a recently written book on the war of 1812. The paper read consisted of selections from this history. The account was thoroughly interesting in every respect, and threw considerable light on some phases of the subject which are misrepresented by American historians. There is certainly room for Dr. Hannay's book,



The Christmas Stockings

will soon be hung up!

What are you going to give your wife for a Christmas box?

One that she would appreciate would be a

POLICY

in the NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO., for say

\$5,000

Of course \$10,000 would be better. You can get a Policy for \$5,000 for the small sum of 25 cents a day, \$2,000 for 10 cents—\$1,000 for 5 cents.

Do you think you can afford to carry your own risk?

Wealthy men like Vanderbilt and Rockefeller of New York, and Gooderham of Toronto, are strong believers in, and carry large amounts of Life Insurance.

You may not be wealthy—you do not require to be, in order to carry a fair amount upon your life.

Begin preparations for 1901 by taking out a policy in the North American Life, this week. You will never regret it.

Assets, - - - - \$3,500,000.

The North American Life Assurance Co.,

of TORONTO, Ont.

W. F. MACPHIE,

Provincial Manager,

Metropole Building, HALIFAX, N. S.

White China For Decorating!

Received this week a fine assortment of Novelties suitable for Xmas gifts. . .

ROSBOROUGH & THOMAS,

174 & 176 Granville Street.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
J. D. MEDCALFE, M. M. NAGER.

Grand Opening!

**D. W. Truss
Stock Company!**

TUESDAY, Dec. 25th.

Matinee, (Double Bill)

IN HONOR. ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Evening, THE IRON-MASTER.

Prices 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Matinees 25c. to everybody.

A Source of Supply

that you can trust for variety, quality, price, attention, promptness. . . .

WE ARE THAT SOURCE.

You may send an order every day, every hour, if you have occasion, and . . . know that our part will be faithfully executed. . .

TRY US.

♦♦♦♦

Le Bon Marche,

Corner Barrington
and Sackville Sts.

Telephone 1041.

P. O. Box 323.

HALIFAX.

New Things

—AT—

HOLLAND & KUHN'S,

Granville Street.

NEW PICTURES, New Calendars,

including the Gibson's Life, the Rembrandt, the Raphael, the Anglican church, and others, just opened this week.

More Solid Comfort

CAN BE
HAD IN
ONE OF
OUR...

Morris Chairs,

and for less money than any other style of Easy Chair that is made.

Get a Christmas present that the whole household can enjoy.

We have an immense variety of these popular chairs, from

\$4.90

TO

\$20.00.

A beauty for **\$6.75.**

Our Xmas Stock of Fancy Furniture has many things suitable for presents.

Come in and look through.

**Nova Scotia
Furnishing Co.,
(LTD.)**

HALIFAX, N. S.
SYDNEY, C. B.

and the public will echo the sentiment of Hon. J. W. Longley, president of the Society; Hon. C. E. Church, Senator Power, Rev. E. M. Saunders, D.D., and Mr. C. S. Harrington, Q.C., all of whom in their addresses expressed a desire to have the book published. Dr. MacMechan, of Dalhousie College, made a short but comprehensive speech before the close of the evening.

It is an interesting fact to note that the work of this society is meeting with more interest than has been generally manifested in this field. The subject of the next monthly meeting will be the administration of Governor Lawlor.

Bluenose readers throughout the province will be very glad to hear that Dr. Farrell is improving in health. His attending physician pronounced him out of danger a week ago, and it is hoped that he will shortly be completely recovered. A few months rest and a trip abroad are much needed by Dr. Farrell, and his friends hope that he will see the wisdom of this advice and follow it. Good men are too scarce in the community for us to think of losing the doctor. We simply can't do it.

H. S. Poole, who has been manager of the Acadia Coal Co., Ltd., at Stellarton for many years, is removing to Halifax with his family, and will be welcomed by a select circle of acquaintances in this city. The Misses Poole are said to be charming and accomplished girls, and will no doubt become favorites in society.

An instructive and entertaining evening of travel was enjoyed by everyone who attended St. Luke's Hall Tuesday and heard Bishop Courtney's "Talk" on his recent Australian tour. His Lordship has the faculty of carrying his hearers with him, whatever his subject. His descriptions were graphic, and portrayed scenes with striking vividness. The proceeds of the entertainment materially assisted the St. Stephens' Church renovation fund.

Quite the social event of the term in the eyes of the students occurred last Saturday, when Mrs. MacKeen opened hospitable Maplewood to the resident pupils of the Ladies' College.

Christ Church, Dartmouth, will be the scene of a large Halifax and Dartmouth gathering next Thursday, when the marriage of Miss Ethel Miller and Mr. Fred. Pearson will take place. Miss Clara Miller will be bridesmaid.

The passenger list of the Tunisian this week has a larger number of Halifax people than usual. Most of those who had engaged staterooms on the Parisian are going by her, so as to be in England before Christmas day. Mrs. Graham's tea for Miss Cady was postponed from last week until the day preceding the Tunisian's departure.

Tough Boys need Good Shoes.

Good Boys need Tough Shoes.

.....Both need good shoes for Winter wear—we have all kinds—not all kinds of boys, not all kinds of shoes, but all kinds of **GOOD Shoes.**

Our Boy's Shoes are made with heavy soles—will never rip; serviceable, and made in every way to stand hard usage and wear. Boys like our shoes and parents like our prices.

TAYLOR'S

Palace Boot and Shoe Store,

156 GRANVILLE ST.

Sole Slater Shoe Agents.

W. & C. SILVER,

Cor. George and Hollis Sts.

CARPETS

An extensive line at remarkable reductions. Fresh goods, handsome patterns. We cut the price to close out the entire line before the season ends.
FINE BRUSSELS CARPETS, made and laid at 80c
CHOICE AXMISTERS, made and laid at - \$1.05
ALL WOOL INGRAINS, made and laid at - 75c

KID GLOVE SPECIALS!

FRENCH KID GLOVES, Dome Fasteners, - 95c
Our Special UNDRRESSED KID GLOVES, - 85c

These lines are stocked in all the newest shades, also in Black.

BLANKETS

If you haven't bought your winter's supply we'll make the buying easy, as these prices indicate:—

\$1.98 a pair, for Good Heavy, Ordinary Sized Blankets.

2.95 a pair, for our Special 6-pound Wool Blankets.

3.00 a pair, for our Special 8-pound Size, California Blankets, extra large.

4.00 a pair, for A-1 Quality Blankets, actually worth \$5.25.

**SPECIAL LINE SILK TRIMMED
COMFORTABLES, \$4.00.**

**Portieres Close to Half
Price!**

STRIPED PORTIERES, - - - - - 98c. pair
HEAVY ART PORTIERES, - - - - - \$2.40 pair
HANDSOME CHENILLE PORTIERES, - - - - - 3.00 pair
TAPESTRY PORTIERES, - - - - - 3.75 pair



Christmas Gift Suggestions

The only bad feature about the Christmas season is the difficulty of selecting suitable gifts. How many people are puzzled to know what to buy! At our store a customer need not worry about this, for there are good suggestions ready made on all our shelves. It may seem astonishing, but it is nevertheless true, that a hardware store contains things suitable for Christmas gifts—gifts that are useful and practical, and very acceptable to those who receive them. If you have any difficulty in selecting presents, our clerks can direct you to something that will appeal to you right away as being the very thing you want. Our stock comprises things for young and old—things to line the Christmas stocking with and things to please the fancy of folks grown gray with the burden of years. We would like you to come in and see us as we are in enlarged quarters, for the carpenters have just about finished, and we now have the space about whose lack we have spoken in previous talks.

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

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

(Continued from page 8.)

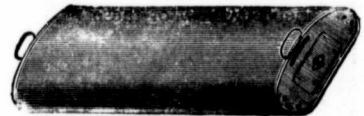
The frequent change at the Academy of Music this week was greatly appreciated. With the exception of Tuesday evening good houses greeted the company, the benefit nights leading, of course, in this respect. Everett King's best work during his season here has unquestionably been in Hamlet. His greatest histrionic powers certainly lie in the direction of just such a part as that of the Danish Prince. In the paroxysms of anger, and in the reserved but subtle acting of the role, he was equally an artist. His acting as Romeo was good, but with a reservation. He did not seem to have successfully shaken off the Dane, as the latter cropped out continually in his personification of the scion of the house of Montague. In Richard III. Mr. King had a colossal undertaking, which he handled with considerable credit, showing a good interpretation of the character in hand. Miss O'Brien made her hit on her benefit night, though it is difficult to pick a performance when she was not responsible for a pleasing impression. With her lithesome grace and animated countenance, she possesses a voice of such ineffable sweetness that she appears to unusual advantage in the less tragic scenes, though her passionate outbursts are marked with consummate art. Miss Blancke scored her success of the week as the nurse, filling this part of peculiar difficulty in an excellent manner. "Young Mrs. Winthrop," a bright and attractive play, will be the bill for the matinee this afternoon, and for Miss Blancke's benefit to-night.

The D. W. Truss Stock Company will open an engagement at the Academy of Music on Christmas day, in Sidney Grundy's well-known comedy, "Arabian Nights," at the matinee performance, and Olive's society melodrama, "The Ironmaster," made famous by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, in the evening. The company includes some very clever stock people, with a long and extended experience, headed by Mr. Kendal Weston, the leading man, formerly with the Kendals, and Miss Ella Harmon, leading lady. Other promising members are Genevieve Reynolds, Miss Maude Rogers, the clever little soubrette; Miss Virginia Warren; Mr. Lee Daniels, and Mr. Arthur Price. This company makes a special feature of their stage settings, and carry a car of scenery for their productions. The list of plays to be presented are all New York successes, and will include "The Charity Ball," "Aristocracy," "Romany Rye," "Hands Across the Sea," "Two Orphans," "Lady of Lyons," "Charley's Aunt," and others.

Aren't those Coconut Kisses of Moir's simply elegant.

THE writer heard this exclamation made by a lady in the south-end a few days ago. She was right. They are simply elegant, and few . . . confections have been produced recently that are more delicious. If you haven't tried them, you can't have any idea how nice they are, and if you want to know what a really "scrumptious" confection is, you will get some right away. They will be first rate for Christmas.

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



An Xmas Present

to be most acceptable should be that which would be most appreciated. What would be more thoroughly appreciated than an article which will, while sleighing or driving, keep you warm and comfortable for twelve solid hours, at a cost of only 2c. for fuel? This is Coleman's Heater, burning Coleman's odorless, smokeless coal. . . The greatest invention of the age. Thou of testimonials. Call or write for particulars.

KELLY'S,
122 Granville Street.

Sole Agent.

The Best Furs

Our Astrachan or Dog-skin Jackets are made of the best quality skins, all guaranteed at lowest prices.

In other Furs, we have Grey Robes, from \$6.50; large size Fur Muffs, \$1.00; Ruffs, \$2.00. Fur lined Coats, Gray Lamb Jackets, Electric Seal Jackets.



— AT —

LANE'S,
113 Granville St.
HALIFAX.

You can get

Blankets

Cheaper from

FRANCIS

Than Elsewhere.

Held Up by Robbers!

Express car broken into, safe blown open, \$50,000 in gold taken, robbers then went through passengers, taking watches, jewelry, etc., holding the train officials at the business end of guns, ready to shoot down the first to move. I then woke to find I had a night mare. In future I don't want any more night mares. I can get as good a horse as one would care to drive at.....

ROBINSON'S STABLES,
Doyle Street.

Mr. C. M. Pyke is busily engaged in rehearsing the two operettas, "The Sleeping Queen" and "The Spectre Knight," which will be produced at Orpheus Hall about the middle of January. The music of these two works is said to be extremely pretty, and the dialogue bright and highly amusing. Following is the cast:—

"THE SLEEPING QUEEN."
Maria Dolores (Queen of Leon).....Miss Laura Frazee
Donna Agnes (a maid of honor).....Mrs. J. McD. Taylor
Phillipe D'Angilar (a young exile).....Mr. James Slater
His Excellency the Regent.....Mr. W. A. Curry

THE SPECTRE KNIGHT.
The Grand Duke (banished at the age of 40).....Mr. A. D. Johnston
His Lord Chamberlain (banished at the age of 35).....Mr. W. E. Hebb
Ghost (the Spectre Knight, an impostor, buried A.D. 1294).
Otho, another Grand Duke (a young one where they are penitential, banished at the age of 7) (dual role).....Horace Pemberton.
Her Grace's First Lady-in-Waiting (banished at the age of—).....Mrs. James Slater
Her Grace's Second Lady-in-Waiting (banished at the age of—).....Miss Blanch Lehigh
Viola (a maiden, banished at the age of 1, from which the ages of the other characters may be guessed, not given).....Miss Francis Foster

Paragraphs About People.

Rev. R. A. Hiltze will be ordained priest by Bishop Courtney next week. Miss Lockhart is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Cotton, Spring Garden Road and has become quite a favorite in society circles. A drive to the Florence Hotel was planned in her honor for Tuesday evening last, but had to be postponed on account of cold weather.

An interesting engagement recently announced is that of Mr. F. J. Ward and Miss Minnie Payzant, of Dartmouth. Miss Payzant is the daughter of L. K. Payzant, Esq., senior member of the firm of Payzant & King; Mr. Ward is junior partner of the firm of John P. Mott & Co.

One of the most successful card parties of the week was given by Mrs. George Hensley, 30 Green Street, on Wednesday evening. Cribbage was the game, and it seems to be getting even more popular than progressive euchre was a few years ago. On Thursday evening Mrs. F. W. Green had quite a large card party, at which cribbage was also chosen in preference to euchre and whist. Mrs. Green's house is lovely for entertaining, and on Thursday evening it was especially delightful.

Mrs. Elliot (nee Wickwire) is receiving a cordial welcome home. She arrived last Monday accompanied by Miss Elliot, her sister-in-law, who will be her guest at Dr. Wickwire's for some time. Mrs. Elliot is looking extremely well, and as young and girlish as at the time of her marriage and departure.

CATRIONA.

Thoroughness!

The thoroughness with which we attend to all the details in the making of **SUITS** and **OVERCOATS** is shown in the wear of clothes made by us. Everything is done which would add finish to the garments and increase the customer's satisfaction.

+++++

E. MAXWELL & SON,
Tailors,
132 Granville Street.

What the Judge said!

"On leaving Washington, my tailor told me that if I purchased any clothes in Halifax I would not be satisfied as to the fitting qualities but on coming here some friends I met recommended me to you, and I must say I never had better satisfaction."



HANIFEN,

Merchant Tailor,

23—Barrington Street—23

D. C. GILLIS,

141 Hollis St.

Fownes' Gloves!

Lined and Unlined.

...FOR...:

Ladies' and Men's Wear!



We Have
**Four-Horse Sleighs,
 Double Sleighs,
 Single Sleighs,
 And all kinds of Sleighs!**

Get Our Prices Before Hiring Elsewhere!
 Every Satisfaction Guaranteed!

Halifax Transfer Co., Ltd.
 134 Hollis Street.

**A Food!
 A Reconstructor!
 A Specific!**

Three great remedies are combined in Park's Perfect Emulsion. The purest Cod Liver Oil (Emulsionized) which is the most effective food for consumptives, Anaemics, Fever Convalescents and those with broken down systems. The purest Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, which are the most effective reconstructors of wasted tissues. Guaiacol which the foremost medical authorities the world over are administering with wonderful success in consumption.

**PARK'S
 Perfect Emulsion . . .**

is the only preparation containing all three of these great remedies. Its results far exceed all others. It reconstructs wasted tissues, aids digestion, stimulates the appetite, enhances assimilation and brings new vigor to the whole body. One gains in flesh and spirits from the first dose. Try it and see. You will be grateful for the advice.

Price 50c. per bottle, of all Druggists.

MANUFACTURED BY

HATTIE & MYLIUS,
 HALIFAX, N. S.

PERFUMES!

OOOOOO

Having imported a large line of **Holiday Perfumes**, we would be pleased to have you call and inspect them. Some are in Handsome Leather Cases, with locks, which may be used for Jewel, Glove, and Handkerchief Cases. : : : :

OOOOOO

BROWN BROS. & CO.

FOR IDLE MOMENTS.

A WORD CAN-CAN.

A canner exceedingly canny
 One morning remarked to his granny,
 "A canner can can
 Anything that he can,
 But a canner can t can a can, can he?"

TIRED OF BEING IN PRINT.

"Mr. Smithers," said his wife, "if I remember rightly, you have often said that you disliked to see a woman constantly getting herself into print?"
 "I do," said Smithers positively.

"You considered it unwomanly and indelicate, I believe?"

"Very."

"And you don't see how any man could allow his wife to do anything of the kind?"

"Yes, I think so now."

"Well, Mr. Smithers, in view of all the facts in the case, I feel justified in asking you for a new silk dress."

"A new silk dress?"

"Yes; for the last eight years I have had nothing better than fourpenny calico and I want something better. I'm tired of getting into print."

Master—"Did you give the mare her brandy this morning, Pat?" Pat—"Sure, yer Honor, it was a very cowl'd morning, so we tossed for it, and, faith, the mare lost!"

LOSS BY CIRCULATION.

A number of patriotic sons of Erin were seated round a table one night discussing a little of everything, when one of them began a lamentation over a light-weight silver dollar he had in his pocket.

"Th' hid an' th' tail's worn down thot foine ye wouldn't know th' hid from th' tail if it wasn't that the hid's always on th' other solde."

"Got worn thot way by cirkylation?"

"So they say; but ol belave some smar'r-rt divil's tuk a jack-plane an' shraped a dolme or two off her for luck. Cirkylation can't wear a dhollar down loike thot."

"It can, too, an' oll'll prove it," said a third. "Have ye got a good dhollar, Dinny?"

Dinny, curiously enough, had one, and produced it.

"Now pass it round th' table."

Around it went.

"Twicet more."

Twice more it went.

"Wance more, an' let me hov it."

Once again it circulated, and finally rested in the palm of the instigator of the performance. He then leaned over to the owner of the dollar and handed him a silver quarter.

"Phwhat's this?" asked the latter.

"Thot's yer dhollar!"

Circulation, history says, left its mark that evening upon something more than pure dross.

Christmas Shopping!

Suitable presents for Men and Boys can be got from our large stock of Clothing and Furnishings.

Neckwear!

10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c., 75c.

Mufflers!

25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.

Gloves!

25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50.

Umbrellas!

50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.50.

Boys' Reefers!

\$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00.

Men's Reefers!

\$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.50, \$9.00.

Men's Overcoats!

\$6.00, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00.

Remember! Your Money Back if Goods are not Satisfactory!

SCOVIL & PAGE
 Barrington Street, } Halifax.
 Cor. George "

Heat!

A big reduction
 on all

**Heating
 Stoves**

Until January 1st.

**COKE STOVES!
 BASE BURNERS!
 OAK STOVES!
 SHOP STOVES!**

Stoves Repaired and Fitted up.

F. R. BROWN,
 (Wilson's Stove Store),
 206 & 208 Hollis St.

EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

OF THE UNITED STATES.

"Strongest in the World."

INCOME FOR LIFE

DO YOU KNOW that if you invest in one of the Equitable's
CONTINUOUS INSTALMENT POLICIES
you can guarantee your daughter, son or wife a fixed **Income for Life?**

If you are a professional man, or a commission merchant, or working under a salary, or engaged in some pursuit yielding an income which will cease at your death, **do you want to know** how your children or wife may receive an annual **income for life?**

Do you want to know how you can secure to your wife or daughter an income for their support after your death, **even although they live for a hundred years?**

Although they may be surrounded by injudicious advisers; may be heedless or ignorant about business affairs; values may tumble in all directions, and all other resources may fail them, **do you want to know** how you can assure them an **income for life** about which there will be no variation or delay, or irregularity in payments?

Do you want to know? Fill up the following coupon:

To C. H. PORTER,

Queen Building, Halifax, N. S.

Without committing myself to any action, I should like to receive a description of a Continuous Instalment Policy for an amount which would yield an income for life of _____ dollars to my _____, whose age is now _____; this income to begin immediately upon my death (my present age being _____).

Signature _____

Address _____

Date _____ 1900.

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

**HAMILTON
OF
PICTOU**



There is no Biscuit
on the market that
will please you better
than HAMILTON'S
ZEPHYR PILOT.

IF YOU WANT TO FEEL COM-
FORTABLE, DRINK
Mott's & Cocoa.
Sold in Two Sizes, 15c. and 25c.



"SPLENDID
AT ANY
TIME"

"Shuberacadie"

BIGELOW & HO
TRURO & HALIFA

THERE ARE NO TEAS
LIKE MORSE'S TEAS



"I HAVE BEEN DRINKING
MORSE'S TEAS FOR OVER
THIRTY YEARS."