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OUR SOCIETY

A
WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., MAY 8

No. 29.

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Society Notes.

We always understood that the militia was more or less military in its organization, but the current reports about the election of a commander of the 63rd Regiment have done something to shake our belief. Is the Canadian militia a republic, or is it an army after all, and all these reports moonshine? The idea of a number of junior officers going privately to an officer of another regiment and asking him to accept the command of their own regiment is something quite strange to our conception of military procedure. We should like to see the face of an old-fashioned general officer on hearing of such a performance; it would be a study worth preserving.

If the Constitution of the 63rd really does admit of this sort of thing, it is time that gallant regiment was either re-formed or disbanded, as we cannot conceive that it is ever likely to be of any use on its present basis. Both officers and men might employ their time more profitably in tennis parties and private theatricals than in useless drills and parades, without any foundation of discipline.

It is worthy of note in an all-round Athletic city like Halifax that one hears so little of "cycling." The obvious reason is that the country roads are too bad for anything lighter than a traction-engine, and possibly the Wanderers' might object to having their track monopolized at times by cycles; but alter all, there are few sports better suited to men who work hard in offices, and no race excites more enthusiasm than a good bicycle race. There is just a chance, too, that if cycling gained ground to any extent in Halifax, more voices might be raised for the improvement of the neighboring roads. "Shootists" seem to have a fancy for rough roads and bruises, and rarely murmur; but with the cyclist it is a very different matter. He doesn't expect to do much good cross-country, but he calls a road a road, and is liable to use very naughty words when he has to shoot on success of boulders and loose bridges in the pursuit of it.

We have looked forward with some interest to Lieut. Stairs' first article in the *Young Canadian*, and we must confess to feeling greatly disappointed and somewhat hurt by the reality. The article—reprinted by the *Echo*—is carelessly written, and quite unintelligible to any one not thoroughly acquainted with the geography of Central Africa. Of course it is very difficult for Lieut. Stairs to write on a subject that already has been threshed out as fine as it will bear, but anything carefully compiled by him would be worth reading. Of all those who conducted the expedition, Lieut. Stairs has given most satisfaction to the general public,—and it was a pretty large public that interested itself in the matter. The others have had their say, and to Stairs—the only one whose conduct throughout has been deemed open to no censure—we looked for a few words to help us form a true opinion on the merits of the case. Instead of that we have got a very badly-strung together narrative, which begins somewhere and ends nowhere; one or two very second-rate anecdotes, a few disconnected jottings on the customs of the people:—in fact, just such a letter as a man would write who doesn't want to write at all, but can't very well refuse to scribble something. We must own up to being disappointed.

The following is the only anecdote worth reprinting. Hawash was an Egyptian major, who had been ordered by the Pasha to prepare huts for him, and expressly commanded not to ask Stairs for help in any way:

"One morning," says Stairs, "Hawash came up to me smiling and rubbing his hands, and said:

'My men have already built two houses, and tell me there are no poles to be got in this valley, so I shall have to build my other houses as your Zanzibaris are doing.'

Stairs.—Yes, that seems to be your best plan.

Hawash.—Now will you just kindly give me some dozen Zanzibaris to go out and cut poles and rods, as they know best where to get them, and can fasten them on so much better than my men?

Stairs.—No. I cannot do that, as the Pasha distinctly ordered that you and your men were to build for him.

Hawash.—Yes, I know, but won't you just *lend* me the men to *fit and tie* on the poles? My own men will cut them.

Stairs.—No. I cannot even do that.

H.—Well then, will you give me six men

Stairs.—No.

H.—Well, just give me two men for a quarter of an hour, and I will manage everything else!

S. (getting mad)—No. We are not your slaves. I will not do it.

H.—Will you ask Majumoni to send me some men?

S.—His men are already busy.

H.—Will you then tell me what I am to do?

S.—Build your houses yourselves.

H.—La illah illallah!!!

A correspondent to the Kingston (Jamaica) *Gleaner* brings forward a mass of reliable statistics to prove that Canadian flour is the best in the world. The statistics are culled from analyses made by some of the best chemists in the world, and the conclusion drawn from them is one of the greatest possible importance to Canada. The question of the merits of Canadian *versus* American flour has been prominently before the merchants in the West Indies ever since the Jamaica exhibition opened. The following editorial extract from the *Gleaner* of April 20th will be both interesting and gratifying to all true Canadians:—

"In our columns to-day will be found a long letter bearing directly on this subject. It is a reply to a query that appeared in the *Gleaner*. The letter in question treats of the value of wheats, climates producing them &c.

Assuming that our correspondent's argument is right, the best wheat producing centres in the world are Russia, the Northern states of the United States of America and Canada.

The value of an extreme northerly region—temperate zone—for the production of the very finest wheat was demonstrated as far back as England's war with Russia—the Crimea—when the, then Hudson's Bay Territory, now a part of Canada produced from fifty to fifty-six bushels of wheat per acre: that locality is in the extreme north of Canada.

To return to the statements and authorities cited by our correspondent. Judging the case therefrom, Canada can justly claim the finest and most extensive wheat belt in the world. Producing a wheat whose nutritive properties are of the highest—eleven Barrels of Canadian flour being equal to fourteen Barrels of American flour—and whose moisture—relative dryness,—exceeds the best American flours.

The Canadian Commissioner, has finally dissipated the old time fallacy, that Canadian flour will not keep in the tropics. He purposely kept it sixty days, and another lot ninety days, when both were perfectly sweet and wholesome. Bread of the finest quality from them, has been baked, and of it, over one hundred thousand pieces have been distributed at the Exhibition. This direct and somewhat novel appeal to the minds of many, by way of that ancient receptacle the human stomach, has finally settled the question. To-day, thanks to the push, speeches and indefatigable efforts of Mr. Adam Brown, the Jamaica market is open to Canada, not only for flour, but for a host of things. That gentleman has done his part, it now remains for the Canadian millers to do theirs. The future of this breadstuff question lies in their hands, and a hint to them; American competition will be all the keener after this Exhibition. Finally, it is asserted that the British West Indies consume three million dollars worth per annum."

We regret to record the death of Mr. John Lyle, Senior partner in the firm of W. L. Lowell & Co. Mr. Lyle was one of the old school of hard-working, honorable business men, greatly respected by all who knew him. We beg to record our sincere sympathy with his wife and family.

Capt. Maxwell and family left for England in the "Polynesian" last Saturday.

The Inaugural reception at the school for the Blind will be held on Monday evening next, on the occasion of the opening of the New Wing.

Mr. J. Wesley Smith was welcomed home last Friday in great style by his friends of the Charles St. Church and School. A Social was given in the school-room to celebrate the occasion, with a very good programme of music, readings, and speeches.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Miss Fordyce Buchan, a niece of Sir John Ross. Miss Buchan arrived at New York with Major and Mrs Mansel, and was met by the General on Saturday week, and the very next day was attacked by La Grippe. The effects of the disease, however, were not seriously felt until reaching Boston on Wednesday. At St. John and Moncton most unfortunate delays occurred, owing to some accident on the Railway, so that the General and his niece did not reach Halifax till 3. a. m. last Saturday morning. Miss Buchan was at once pronounced by the attendant physician to be in a most critical state, her constitution having never recovered from a severe attack of rheumatic fever some time ago. The night and day following, the disease developed so rapidly that at a consultation held by Doctors Oliver, Parker, and Deputy Surgeon-General MacDowell, very little hope was entertained of her recovery, and she passed away peacefully though suddenly at 11 o'clock on Tuesday night.

We sympathize most sincerely with Sir John Ross and the other relatives of Miss Buchan. The sad event as cast a gloom over our society world, which had been looking forward with feelings of pleasure to the arrival of the General and his niece at Bellevue.

The number of removals among society people this first of May is not quite so great as usual.

Mrs. Abbott has taken one of those pretty new houses on Church St., corner of Harvey St.

Mr. and Mrs. Stairs-Duffin have removed to Hollis St., though still not far from Morris St.

Capt. and Mrs. Alexander are taking the house now occupied by Capt. Boileau, who leaves for England *via* New York on Monday next.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Jones leave in a short time for "Coburg," on the North West Arm, and we are expecting to hear soon that Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Corbett have opened house on the Arm again.

Possibly the "other side" may become more popular, when Mr. Eckshaw and his bride build the house we have heard so much about. Mr. Fleming's estate is still extensive and very beautiful, and offers half a dozen sites for country houses that could not be equalled in Canada.

Dr. Lawson and family have retired to their summer residence; Mrs. W. B. Reynolds and family are staying at Bedford; and Mr. and Mrs. Hensley intend spending the summer in Chester, as they did last year.

A series of three very delightful entertainments, gotten up by Mrs. Klingensfeld for charitable purposes, at the Mason Hall, closed last night, and proved a great success. The programmes provided for each evening were splendidly carried out. They consisted of a pupils' concert by Mr. Klingensfeld's pupil orchestra, which was a credit to the teacher as well as to the performers. The orchestra is of great advantage to the pupils, as it gives them opportunities of playing together, which they could not have otherwise. Miss Tremaine and little Miss Whidden played solos with much acceptance, and showed good progress in tone and style. Mrs. Klingensfeld, who is a highly educated musician, and a graduate of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore, sang several solos and took part in concerted parts; this lady has a fine, agreeable and highly cultivated voice, and sings with great taste and finish. Miss Page gave a fine piano solo, and Messrs. Wilson and Newman contributed songs which were appreciated by the audience. Some beautiful fancy articles were displayed on a side table, and marked at reasonable figures, not often found in bazaars. A great feature was the well appointed, and tastefully gotten up, China and Vienna tea and coffee houses, with very pretty and obliging mistresses, who dispensed excellent refreshments at reasonable prices.

Jarley's wax works, artist studio and shadow plays with music, formed the second evening's successful programme; and Tableaux Vivants, together with the other attractions, made up last night's entertainment, and a great deal of care and trouble must have been

bestowed on all these combinations, and were a very bold attempt on the part of the little ones to bring them to a successful issue. All honor is due to Mrs. Klingensfeld, as the several programmes were excellently carried out. There were about fifty young people engaged in these programmes, and everybody who has had to do with similar enterprises, knows the work entailed. All parties who took part may be congratulated on the success which crowned their efforts, and it is to be hoped that the financial result comes up to the promoter's expectation.

The "Mouse Entertainment," at the Ladies' College, was, as we predicted, a perfect success. Those whom we consider specially deserving of praise are Miss Eva Holmes, Miss Alida Seaman, Miss Edith Skinner, and Miss Ella McGillivray. The *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, which we venture to think is the only long poem of Browning's likely to be appreciated by young people, was excellently rendered by Misses Alida Seaman, Lida Mott, and Edna McKenzie. Miss McKenzie excels in strength of voice and clear pronunciation, but all were very good. We congratulate Miss McGarry most heartily on the success of her pupils. A "Tennyson Entertainment" is announced for June 5th.

Mr. W. I. Hutchins, the new organist for St. Paul's Church, is expected out next month by the "Caspian." Mr. Hutchins' testimonials are decidedly good, and none is more convincing than the fact that he was for some two years organist at the Alexandra Palace, which possesses one of the largest organs in England. We congratulate St. Paul's on having secured such a worthy successor to Mr. Porter.

Quite a pleasant evening was spent in Christ Church School-room, on Monday April 27th. Where Mr. Parker, who has been superintendent of the school for over sixteen years, and who is about leaving to reside at Rockingham, was presented with a very handsome marble mantel clock and testimonial from the teachers, officers and scholars, who were present with their friends.

Mr. Parker stated that he was very sorry to leave the school as he had always taken an active interest in its welfare. And he trusted that it would always prosper.

Since Mr. Parker took charge of the school three large additions have been added, and still the room is not large enough for the number of scholars.

The programme for the evening was a very enjoyable one; as all appeared to take quite an interest in making Mr. Parker's last evening among them, as pleasant as possible.

Mr. Parker is to be succeeded by Mr. Morrison, who we trust will be successful in the training of the little ones who are in his charge.

We conclude from recent debates in the Jamaica Legislative Assembly, that that Island has no system of Government schools, which fact is entirely new to us. Sir Henry Blake appears to be strongly opposed to legislation on the subject, which seems to indicate a state of society very different from any that exists in any of the old countries, or even in America. Not having been in the Island, we should be inclined to infer two leading facts: 1—That the number of really poor people is very small; and 2—That the

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private schools are uncommonly good. Under no other circumstances can we imagine a country preferring to do without state education.

A variety of entertainments has been given in Dartmouth, in aid of Christ church organ fund. The last of those promised, took place in Christ church school house, on Friday evening May 1st. It was the result of a larger amount of work than any of the others, and was deserving of the highest credit to the management although it did not realize much for the fund, the first expenses being so heavy. The chief feature was the rendition of Henry Farmers' beautiful Mass in B flat by twenty-one voices, chiefly ladies and gentlemen of Dartmouth, assisted by several from Halifax. The members of the chorus began the preparation of the Mass about the first of February, and through the energy of Mr. F. W. Drake under much difficulty a result was attained last Friday evening most creditable to the musical talent of Dartmouth. Besides the vocal practice Mr. Drake also conducted an orchestra of seven instruments whose rendering, on the evening in question, was quite as creditable as the concerted part. Of the soloists Miss. McKenzie, whose singing is becoming more and more popular, was in particularly good voice. Miss. Shute, and Miss. Daisy Foster, who divided the alto parts between them, both sang well. Little Miss. Foster promises to have a fine alto voice. W. Larsen, who was the tenor soloist, is from Halifax, and sang the same part there in St. Patrick's choir on Easter day. Mr. W. R. Foster's bass was what we would expect from our favourite singer, his low notes being unusually full. Miss Annie Drake as accompanist on the piano, showed herself to be remarkable proficient as a performer on that instrument. We have described this part of the programme first as being the most important, altho it occupied the the second half of the evening. The programme opened with the following numbers:—

- | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------|---|------------------|
| 1. Instrumental Glee | - | - | Sidney R. Bishop |
| 2. Song—"Man the Life Boat," | Orchestra. | - | Russell |
| 3. Song—"O Leave me not Dear Heart," | Mr. W. H. Bannister. | - | Tito Mater |
| 4. Flute Solo | Miss A. Drake. | - | H. Farmer |
| 5. Song—"Afterwards," | Mr. W. H. Shute. | - | J. W. Mellen |
| 6. Recitation—"Lady Wentworth," | Mr. S. C. Drake. | - | Longfellow |
| 7. Song—"O Had I Jubal's Lyre," | Miss Robinson. | - | Handel |
| 8. Song—"The Better Land," | Miss McKenzie. | - | J. Gowan |
| | Mr. W. R. Foster. | - | |

There were several encores, but time would not permit a response to all. We hope to hear Mr. Foster sing the last song again, as it is perfectly beautiful.

We are very glad to learn that Mr. Drake intends to repeat the rendering of the Mass, full of such varied and delicious music, we think that it will be even more appreciated the second time than the first.

We were pleased by an inspection of the new Furness boat, the *Ottawa*, commanded by Captain Dixon, late of the *Damara*, who is an old favorite in Halifax. The *Ottawa* is really a fine boat, very commodious and lit throughout by electricity. Among other details, we particularly admired the smoking-room. As to speed, this ship has been very fortunate in starting with what is for us a good record, doing her first out from London in 10 days, 15 hours.

The Redmund-Barry Company have had a very successful week at the Academy, considering the amount of theatre-going that has been done by the Halifax public since Lent. *A Cure for*

the Blues is the lightest of light pieces, in fact, just what its name indicates. There is a great deal of dramatic talent in the Company, however, and we hope to be able to see it devoted to something a little more serious. The comedietta *Yellow Roses*, is one of the prettiest we have ever seen, and splendidly rendered by Mr. Redmund and Mrs. Barry. Last night, to-night and to-morrow afternoon and evening, the company perform *Cuchillo*, preceded by the farce *Boston Common*. The first three night's next week they give *Life's Storm* (a society drama,) and the comedy *Nan, the good for nothing*. We are sorry to be unable to report on *Cuchillo*, which will give greater scope to the genius of Mr. Redmund and Mrs. Barry, both decidedly clever actors.

The Inaugural Reception at the School for the Blind, on Wednesday evening, next, promises to be a very brilliant affair, and will no doubt be both interesting and enjoyable. The following is the programme for the evening:

1. 8 to 8.45 p. m., reception in assembly hall by W. C. Silver, President of the board of managers, and C. F. Fraser, superintendent of the school. An exhibition of the practical work of the school will be given by classes in reading, map work, etc. Kindergarten map weaving, knitting, sewing, music reading, piano-forte tuning, piano and organ practising, cane seat and basket making will also be illustrated. During the progress of these classes in the several departments, the entire new wing, as well as the main building, will be open to the inspection of guests.
2. 8.45 to 9.30 p. m., musical programme in assembly hall.
3. 9.30 to 10 p. m., addresses and presentations.
4. 10 to 10.30 p. m., refreshments, conversazione, with music by the band of the school.

News has been received of the marriage of Harry Vincent Bailey, of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, to Catherine Allison Smith of this city. The bride is a daughter of the late B. Smith, and the groom eldest son of Lieut.-Col. Bailey. The ceremony took place at St. Jude's church, South Kensington, and was performed by Rev. Prebendary Forrest, D. D., honorary chaplain to the queen.

Mr. E. K. Hood's Recital at the Orpheus Hall last night was very good indeed so far as it was *not* Mr. Hood's;—that is to say, Miss Laine sang very prettily, but we did *not* think much of Mr. Hood. "How Rubenstien played the piano" was not so bad, and "A Sure Cure" was cleverly done, but we can't get over Mr. Hood's accent at all. As to Mr. Bigelow of Truro, he did the "ridiculous man" with a vengeance, and indeed made him very fairly ridiculous altogether.

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(From the French of Guy de Maupassant)

Paris was blockaded—famished—at the point of death. Even the sparrows on the housetops were few and far between, and the very sewers were in danger of becoming depopulated. People ate anything they could get. Monsieur Morisot, watchmaker by trade, was walking early one bright January morning down the Boulevards, his hands in the pockets of his overcoat, feeling depressed, when he unexpectedly ran against a friend. He recognized Monsieur Sauvage, an old-time chum of the river side. Every Sunday before the war Morisot used to start at day break with his bamboo fishing rod in his hand, his tin, bait and tackle box upon his back. He used to take the train to Colombes, and walk from there to the island of Maranthe. No sooner had he arrived at the river than he used to begin to fish and continue fishing until evening. Here every Sunday he used to meet Monsieur Sauvage, a linen-draper from Paris, but stout and jovial withal, as keen a fisherman moreover as he was himself. Often they would sit side by side, their feet dangling over the water for half a day at a time, and say scarcely a word, yet little by little they became friends. Sometimes they never spoke at all. Occasionally they launched out into conversation, but they understood each other perfectly without its aid, for their tastes and ideas were the same. On a Spring morning in the bright sunshine, when the light and delicate mist hovered over the river, and these two mad fishermen enjoyed a foretaste of real summer weather, Morisot would say to his neighbor.

“Hein! not bad, eh?”

And Sauvage would reply: “I know nothing to beat it.”

This interchange of sentiment was quite enough to engender mutual understanding and esteem.

In autumn, towards evening, when the setting sun reddened the sky and cast shadows of the fleeting clouds, over the water, when the river was decked in purple; when the whole horizon was lighted up and the figures of the two friends were illumined as with fire; when the russet-brown of the trees was lightly tinged with gold, and the trees themselves shivered with a wintry shake, Monsieur Sauvage would smile at Monsieur Morisot and say, “What a sight, eh?”

And Monsieur Morisot, without even raising his eyes from his float, would answer, “Better than the Boulevards, hein!”

This morning, as soon as they had recognized each other, they shook hands warmly, quite overcome at meeting again under such different circumstances.

Monsieur Sauvage sighed and murmured, “A nice state of things.”

Monsieur Morisot, gloomy and sad, answered, “And what weather! To day is New Year’s day.”

The sky in fact was clear, bright and beautiful.

They began to walk along, sorrowful and pensive. Said Morisot, “And our fishing, eh? What times we used to have!”

Sauvage replied: “When shall we have them again?”

They went into a little “café” and had a glass of absinthe, and then started again on their walk.

They stopped at another “café” for another glass. When they came again they were slightly dazed, like people who had fasted long and then partaken too freely.

It was lovely weather. A soft breeze fanned their faces. Monsieur Sauvage, upon whom the fresh air was beginning to take effect, suddenly said: “Suppose we were to go.”

“Go where?”

“Why, fishing!”

“But where?”

“To our island of course. The French outposts are at Colombes. I know Col. Demoulin; he will let us pass through easily enough.”

Morisot trembled with delight at the very idea. “All right, I’m your man.”

They separated to fetch their rods.

An hour afterwards they were walking fast along the high road, towards the town commanded by Col. Demoulin. He smiled at their request but granted it, and they went on their way rejoicing in the possession of the password.

Soon they had crossed the lines, passed through deserted Colombes, and found themselves in the vineyard leading down to the river. It was about eleven o’clock.

On the other side the village of Argenteuil seemed as if it were dead. The hills of Egremont and Sammons commanded the whole country round. The great plain stretching out as far as Manterne was empty as air. Nothing in sight but cherry trees, and stretches of grey soil.

Monsieur Sauvage pointed with his finger to the heights above, and said: “The Prussians are up there,” and a vague sense of uneasiness seized upon the two friends.

The Prussians! They had never set eyes upon them, but for months past they had felt their presence near, encircling their beloved Paris, ruining their beloved France, pillaging, massacring, insatiable, invincible, invisible, all powerful, and as they thought on them a sort of superstitious terror seemed to mingle with the hate they bore towards their unknown conquerors. Morisot murmured: “Suppose we were to meet them,” and Sauvage replied, with the instinctive gallantry of the Parisian, “Well! we would offer them some of our fish for supper.”

All the same they hesitated before venturing into the country, intimidated as they were by the all-pervading silence.

Eventually Monsieur Sauvage plucked up courage. “Come along, let’s make a start; but we must be cautious.”

They went through the vineyard, bent double, crawling along from bush to bush, ears and eyes on the alert.

Only one strip of ground lay between them and the river. They began to run, and when they reached the bank they crouched down among the dry reeds for shelter.

Morisot laid his ear to the ground to listen for the sound of footsteps, but he could hear nothing. They were alone, quite alone; gradually they felt reassured and began to fish.

The deserted island of Maranthe hid them from the opposite shore. The little restaurant was closed and looked as if it had been neglected for years. Monsieur Sauvage caught the first gudgeon, Monsieur Morisot the second, and every minute they pulled up their lines with a little silver object dangling and struggling on the hook. Truly a miraculous draught of fishes. As the fish were caught they put them in a net which floated in the water at their feet. They positively revelled in the enjoyment of a long forbidden sport. The sun shone warm upon their backs. They heard nothing—they thought of nothing—the rest of the world was as nothing to them. They simply fished.

Suddenly a smothered sound, as it were underground, made the earth tremble. The guns had re-commenced firing. Morisot turned his head, and saw above the bank. Far away to the left the vast shadow of Mount Valerien, and over it the white wreath of smoke from the gun which had just been fired.

Then a jet of flame burst forth from the fortress in answer, a moment later followed by another explosion. Then others, till every second as it seemed the mountain breathed out death, and the white smoke formed a funeral pall above it.

Monsieur Sauvage shrugged his shoulders. “They are beginning again,” said he.

Monsieur Morisot anxiously watching his float bob up and down, was suddenly seized with rage against the belligerents and growled out:

“How idiotic to kill one another like that,” Monsieur Sauvage.

“It’s worse than the brute beasts.”

Monsieur Morisot, who had just hooked a bleak, said: “And to think that it will always be thus so long as there are such things as governments.”

Monsieur Sauvage stopped him: “The Republic would not have declared war.”

Monsieur Morisot in his turn: "With Kings we have foreign wars, with Republics we have Civil wars."

Then in a friendly way they began to discuss politics with the calm common sense of reasonable and peace loving men, agreeing on the one point that no one would ever be free. And Mount Valerien thundered unceasingly, demolishing with its cannon balls, French houses, crushing out French lives, ruining many a dream, many a joy, many a hope deferred, wrecking much happiness, and bringing to the hearts of women, girls, and mothers in France and elsewhere, sorrow and suffering which would never have an end.

"It's life," said Monsieur Morisot.

"Say rather that its death," said Monsieur Sauvage.

They started, scared out of their lives, as they felt that someone was walking close behind them. Turning round they saw four men, tall, bearded men, dressed as servants in livery, and wearing flat caps upon their heads. These men were covering the two fishermen with their rifles.

The rods dropped from their frightened hands, and floated aimlessly down the river. In an instant the Frenchmen were seized, bound, thrown into a boat, and ferried over to the Island.

Behind the house they had thought uninhabited was a picket of Prussian soldiers. A hairy giant, who was sitting astride a chair, and smoking a porcelain pipe, asked them in excellent French, if they had had good sport.

A soldier placed at the feet of the officer the net full of fish, which he had brought away with him.

"Not bad, I see; But we have other fish to fry. Listen, and don't alarm yourselves. You are a couple of French spies sent out to watch my movements, disguised as fishermen. I take you prisoners, and I order you to be shot, you have fallen into my hands—so much the worse for you. It is the fortune of war. Inasmuch, however, as you came through the lines you are certainly in possession of the password. Otherwise you could not get back again. Give me the word and I will let you go."

The two friends, livid with fear, stood side by side, their hands nervously twitching, but they answered not a word.

The officer continued: "No one need ever know it. You will go home quietly, and your secret will go with you. If you refuse it, it is death for you both, and that instantly. Take your choice." They neither spoke nor moved.

The Prussian calmly pointed to the river and said: "Reflect in five minutes you will be at the bottom of that water. I suppose you have families."

Mount Valerien thundered unceasingly.

The two Frenchmen stood perfectly still and silent. The officer gave an order in German. Then he moved his chair farther away from the prisoners, and a dozen soldiers drew up in line twenty paces off.

"I will give you one minute," he said "Not one second more."

He got up leisurely, and approached the two Frenchmen. He took Morisot by the arm and said in an undertone: "Quick! Give me the word. Your friend will know nothing. I will appear to give way."

Monsieur Morisot did not answer.

The Prussian took Monsieur Sauvage aside and said the same thing to him.

Monsieur Sauvage did not answer.

They found themselves once more side by side.

The officer gave another order; the soldiers raised their guns.

By accident Morisot's glance fell upon the net full of fishes on the ground a few steps off. A ray of sunshine lit up their glittering bodies and a sudden weakness came over him. "Good-bye, Monsieur Sauvage," he whispered.

"Good-bye," replied Monsieur Sauvage. They pressed each other's hands, trembling from head to foot.

"Fire," said the officer.

Monsieur Sauvage fell dead on his face. Monsieur Morisot, of stronger build, staggered, stumbled, and then fell right across the

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body of his friend, with his face turned upward to the sky, his breast riddled with balls.

The Prussian gave another order. His men dispersed for a moment, returning with cord and stones. They tied the stones to the feet of the dead Frenchman and carried them down to the river.

Mount Valerien thundered unceasingly.

Two soldiers took Morisot by the head and feet. Two others did the same to Sauvage. The bodies swung to and fro, were launched into space, described a curve, and plunged feet first into the river. The water bubbled, boiled, then calmed down, and the little wavelets, tinged with red, circled gently towards the bank.

The officer, impassive as ever, said: "It is the fishes turn now."

His eye fell upon the gudgeon lying on the grass. He kicked them up and called out "Wilhelm." A soldier in a white cap appeared. He threw the fish towards him.

"Fry these little animals for me at once, while they are still alive and kicking. They will be delicious."

Then he began smoking again.

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It just seems like yesterday when, armed with a complimentary order, I entered the vast arena of Olympia and took possession of a commodious box from whence to see "the greatest show in the world." The business began by the greatest showman, P. T. Barnum, driving in state around the course, which was several courses rolled in one—a triumphant progress, during which the big exploiter leant well forward "hatting" the public right and left, every "hat" evoking a wilder cheer, which, in its turn, demanded a more effusive hat. But "the greatest show in the world" was not the high success its merits seemed to warrant. In fact, Olympia was too big even for it, and when things are too big for easy pleasure they become an offence. Several separate entertainments were carried on at one and the same time, so that the vast audience might, in its many sections, never be out of it. But that is just what they were. The performances had to be divided and while one portion followed the aerial flights of the acrobatic young lady, another watched the feats of the elephant. Afterwards these portions wished they had changed places—they wanted to see both parts, and naturally that which they did not behold took on it added charms. Mr. Barnum was quite a genial little showman, and never above his business. In fact, he did not rise with his money bags. He was in the business over sixty years. He began with buying a museum, which, in his ownership, developed into a variety show of ever-increasing dimensions and attractions. His first "wonder" was a stuffed mermaid, which was received by the credulous public in all faith, nothing doubting. It was originally bought in Japan, and our recent intimate knowledge of the resources of that wonderful country has enabled us to explain that hybrid performance. The ingenuity with which the Japs manufacture the contents of a new Noah's Ark is wonderful. Following at a respectable distance this "nor fish nor flesh," came the most beautiful voice on the earth—that of Jenny Lind. In 1849 the Swedish nightingale went over to the States, and Barnum "ran her." Her nettings out of 95 concerts were £35,000. Barnum's gross receipts, deducting Jenny Lind's pay was £100,000. The highest price paid for a ticket was £130. Tom Thumb was invented by Barnum. Poor little Tom, he became a familiar figure on this side also, but it was Barnum who made him what he was, educated him and brought him out. We all remember the Jumbo episode, how the great showman bought him, how Jumbo died, and how his skeleton brought in a revenue when exhibited. His career all through was eminently successful, and he claimed with good cause to have amused and instructed more persons than any other manager who ever lived.

The already almost unlimited number of treasures in that home of priceless "effects," the Vatican, has been recently added to by the arrival from a leading London house of a magnificent piano, valued at five hundred guineas. The case, ornamented in the Martin style with floral decorations, and varnished with the Vernis Royal, is almost enough to ensure the fracturing of the Tenth Commandment by those who have seen the instrument, while the "business" part, upon which it is needless to say every improvement that science or experience could suggest has been expended, can only be described as perfection. It is really an instrument of music as distinct from a musical instrument. I have seen it, and its tone is really magnificent. This truly royal piano is a gift to his Holiness from Mr. Brinsmead, the eminent maker, who, hearing that the Vatican did not possess amongst its

treasures an English piano, at once determined with commendable patriotism that the reputation of England in this respect should be worthily sustained in the land of music itself.

A very interesting member of society is the old gentleman of 72, said to be very wealthy and to live in exceedingly good style in his own house at Brighton, who was arrested on Friday with three others at Calais, on suspicion of being the perpetrators of two robberies—one committed three or four months ago on the railway between Ostend and Brussels, when the amount stolen totalled up to the nice little sum of two million francs; and the other dating back seven or eight years, the scene of operations being the Brighton steamer running from Newhaven to Dieppe, and the loss amounting to £30,000. The Brighton resident is the only member of the four yet identified, but he is recognized as having been convicted several times in England and once in France, when he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. The capture of these gentry was very cleverly effected by English and French detectives. Upon the quartet were found false keys, wax impressions of locks, and packets of wax used for modelling purposes. There is reason to believe that the accused possess false keys of nearly all the iron safes on board the steam packets, and that they have been habitually stealing therefrom.

Shall Tommy Atkins marry? This is the burning question which has divided the Church as represented at the recent Convocation of York. The Bishop of Manchester, in view of the short service system, advocated celibacy, while "My Lord" of Chester earned the blessings of every nursemaid in the empire by stolidly declaring for military matrimony—not militant matrimony, *bien entendu*. But what, indeed, have bishops to do with this matter? Have not Mrs. Mona Caird and the *Daily Telegraph* a vested interest in all questions affecting the married state? If so, an injunction to restrain the episcopal intermeddling should be speedily issued.

A BUDDHIST religious ceremony was celebrated the other day in Paris for the first time. It took place at the Musee Guimet, which is as nearly like a Buddhist temple as it is possible for a building erected by Europeans to be. A distinguished assembly witnessed the gorgeous ceremonial performed by two Japanese Bouzes, Koidz-nnn-Rioutai and Yoshitsura-Hegen, who are making a tour through France, England, Italy and Spain. These two priests were sent by the Mikado to Constantinople on a Japanese man-of-war for the purpose of conducting to the sultan the surviving sailors of a Turkish vessel which was conveying to His Majesty the Emperor of Japan the grand cross of the Osmanieh, and which had been wrecked in the China Seas. Their mission once accomplished the two Bouzes thought it as well to make a little trip round Europe, and set forth for Paris. So delighted were they with the Musee Guimet that they entreated M. de Millone, the director of this beautiful museum, to allow them to celebrate the Feast of Han-on-Kan or Sin-Ra, in the rotunda containing the tabernacle. This request was at once granted, and many members of Parisian Society had the luck of being present at a real Buddhist religious ceremony with all its pomp and wealth of poetical detail.

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Our Society.

VOL. I. HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1891. No. 23.

WE do not wish at present to meddle in the Preeper controversy; when we do so—if ever we do—it will be with a very clear voice and most unmistakable meaning. The general public were pretty well sick of the case, while the decision was yet pending, though many interested on both sides, are still keen enough about it. There are still some who, for the sake of justice, would have Preeper released, and there are many, who, for their own sakes, would strain every nerve to retain him in gaol for the rest of his days. The tale about a confession is perfect folly; no one who knows anything about the internal developments of the case can believe for a moment that Preeper committed the crime for which he is suffering, though some may find it to their interest to say they do, and even to invent tales of confessions to persuade others of what they say.

We welcome new correspondents from Sackville and Arichat, whose letters appear just in time for insertion in last issue. Unfortunately the Windsor and Bridgewater items did not arrive till Friday morning.

Our regular subscribers have had some cause of complaint up till now, as we have been so late going to press that it has been impossible to deliver till Saturday. We have managed to get the last two issues off in good time on Friday morning, and hope to continue this arrangement.

It is in consequence of this improvement that so many contributions have been too late for insertion, and we hope correspondents will realize in the future that we cannot insert anything but short city items after Wednesday night.

Advertisers have complained that some of the news-boys have sold copies without the cover, which we have therefore caused to be stitched on. We should be glad if readers would refuse to buy coverless copies: this is for their own sake as well as ours; the cover is designed to keep the frontispiece clean, and free from finger-marks, and the paper is not complete without it.

Our story this week is from the *Strand Magazine*, of which we heard great things, but only lately received the first four numbers. This enterprising paper started off with a great boom;—nothing less than an etching by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. The reality is somewhat disappointing, especially to those who know that there is no small amount of artistic genius in the Royal Family. We venture to think that the picture in question would not have increased the sale, even of OUR SOCIETY, signed by the modest name of Smith, in spite of the proverb, "A rose by any other etc.," which a certain correspondent is rather fond of quoting.

DO YOU read "OUR SOCIETY,"—If not you are in ignorance of this "A.I." and unaware that "Doughty's Voice Lozenges" are patronized by the leading Speakers and Singers of the day. Signor Tommaco Salvini says: "The other night when my voice would have otherwise failed I was able to accomplish my study to the very last in "Othello," which I owe entirely to your Voice Lozenges." These Lozenges are sold at the

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THE fashions of the present are hideous in the extreme and rapidly becoming more so.

Look at any fashion paper, be it English or American, and see what a caricature the female form divine is turned into.

The original shape and beauty of the human body is distorted to such an extent, that the woman who is dressed in the very highest of the fashion, resembles nothing under the sun.

But we may talk and we may write till all is blue, and we would do no good.

Woman would follow the fashion in spite of everything that might be said. And her position in following the fashion is a sound, practical, and one might say, scientific one, and one that can be defended by many strong, and unanswerable arguments.

But the chief reason why she elects to do so, is that she has to. She can not help it. Now in a community like Halifax, distant in a way from the centre of civilization, fashionably speaking, one suffers much from the hideousness of the fashions, because of the attempts of many to copy and follow out of their own sweet will those already burlesque like costumes and get ups, by those which are simply a burlesque of a burlesque, something that is awful and wonderful to behold. When the original departs from the lines of beauty the uneducated copy, exaggerate and increase the departure to such an extent, that the result not only offends the artistic sense, but brings down ridicule upon the would be fashionable.

A gown made by a genius like Worth can be what it likes—ugly, inartistic, but it will always be beautiful. It will have something indescribable about it that will make it beautiful. But a copy of that gown made by some amateur would be a thing impossible to look at, an awful and never-to-be-forgotten caution. Therefore it would be well for those whose purses do not permit them to have their gowns from artists not to attempt to copy the present outrageous costumes, but select some less startling and less audacious copy to work from.

In every provincial town, we see this exaggeration of exaggerations, but in no place more than in Halifax, and the present fashions increase their tendency and open up a field to the hitherto somewhat cramped amateur dress-maker, in which she can revel.

But let us hope that these fashions will soon have their day, and that we may soon return to some more simple and more artistic style of costume.

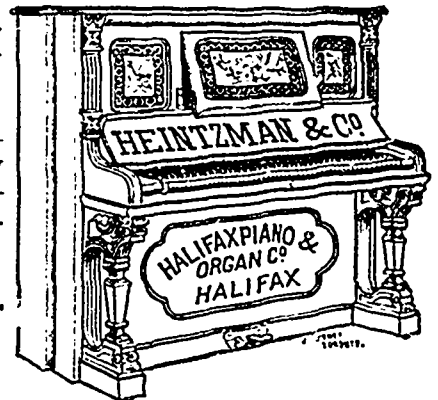
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Answers to Correspondents.

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

PHILO.—Notwithstanding the doubtful statement of Leibnitz that he heard a shepherd's dog utter no fewer than thirty words, it may be asserted that no quadruped has been taught to talk any language spoken by man. Certain learned dogs have been taught a kind of speech. But this consists merely of differentiated tones of the bark. Professor Beneden, of the University of Louvain, had a dog which could accompany with his voice a tolerably complicated air played on the piano. Another dog, belonging to a different gentleman, could sing in unison an air of "La Favorita," when a contralto gave him the keynote. Sir John Lubbock has succeeded in training his dog to distinguish a card with "Water" on it if it wants water, one with "Food" if it wants food, and so on. The dog soon learned to distinguish the blank from the written ones; then he learned to attach an idea to some of the latter; and was finally able to fetch to his master the card that corresponded with his wish. To get a single meal, he had to fetch some eighteen or twenty of these cards. He made no mistakes. It may further be interesting to note that Josephus thought that several of the lower animals could speak before the Fall, and to this day many of the natives of South Africa believe that the baboons can talk.

TOMMY.—You are quite right about the celluloid collars, they are made of gun-cotton, but it goes through a good many processes first. It is dried, ground, and mixed with from twenty to forty per cent of camphor; then ground fine, colored with powder colors, cast in sheets, pressed very hard, and at last baked between very hot rollers.

AL.—Seraf is a bridge mentioned in the Koran; over which everyone has to pass at the resurrection. It is supposed to span the gulf of Hell, and to be as narrow as a razor's edge. The idea is that the Faithful will pass in safety, while the wicked fall off into the gulf below.

R. W.—The weather-cock originated in the ninth century, when by a papal enactment every church was obliged to place the figure of a cock on the steeple. This was the symbol of St. Peter, in allusion to his denial of Christ. The idea of utilizing the cock to point the direction of the wind was quite an afterthought.

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The Ladies' Column.

ESCALOPES OF CALF'S HEAD WITH FINE HERBS.—Take some cooked calf's head (that left from a previous meal could be used for this purpose), and while it is hot, stamp it out in rounds about two inches in diameter; remove the skin and trim the escalopes neatly, then put them into a sauce pan with a little light stock; bring this to the boil, then take up the escalopes, and mask them with parsley sauce. Prepare a round crouton of bread, fry it a nice golden color, and place it in the centre of an entree dish; arrange the escalopes on this *en couronne*, garnish the centre with tiny croquettes of potatoes; pour the remaining parsley sauce round the dish, and serve for dinner or luncheon.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Rub half a pound of hot cooked potatoes through a wire sieve and mix with the purée half an ounce of warm butter, one raw yolk of egg, and a little salt and pepper; set this aside till cold, then roll out with fine flour into portions about the size of a Spanish nut, dip these into whole raw beaten-up egg and into freshly-made white breadcrumbs, fry them in clean boiling fat till a pretty golden colour, and use.

PARSLEY SAUCE.—Fry one ounce of butter with one and a half ounces of flour till a pale golden colour, mix into this a little over $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint of water, and stir over the fire till it boils, then strain through a tammy. Put a small handful of parsley in cold water with a pinch of salt and a tiny bit of soda, and let it come to the boil; strain it off, press the water from it, mix it with an ounce of butter and a little apple green, rub it through a hair sieve or tammy, and mix it into the sauce with four tablespoonfuls of cream. This sauce should be about the consistency of thick cream.

With the beginning of the London season a new style of hair-dressing has sprung up all of a sudden. It is only a few weeks ago that the semi-classical style of the First Empire and the Regency was in vogue, with the front hair curled all over the top of the head, and the hair done up in a knot or coils, pulled and coaxed out into a sort of conical shape. Now every woman with any pretensions to smartness does her hair in a way that recalls, not very distantly, the early "thirties." A parting is made across the top of the head in the centre; the front half forms the fringe, and the remainder is combed back smoothly to join the back hair, which is arranged in a sort of knot that stands up above the head, like the bops of hair worn by our grandmothers when they were girls, only

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LE BON MARCHE***SHOW DAYS*****PARIS AND LONDON PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS.**March 25th and 26th, and following days.
YOU ARE INVITED**LE BON MARCHE**

not so high. People who had had their own hair cut short on the top, instead of wearing a *toupee*, are rather puzzled just now how to make the short hairs lie back flat, as fashion demands and of course, it will be some time before the obstinate hair grows long enough to tie in with the rest, and so keep in place. In this predicament, I myself found one of the old-fashioned round combs, sometimes used for keeping children's hair back, a capital device. If the comb is small and pushed well back it is hardly visible, and saves lots of trouble.

As you are all so fond of lemonade you will be glad to know of what I believe to be an absolutely perfect receipt for making it. It is as follows: To every two lemons add one orange (mind the oranges are good fresh juicy ones), and the usual quantity of sugar. Put in a jug and pour on boiling water; then add a little of the best gum arabic, which you should buy at a chemist's, in the proportion of as much as will lie comfortably on a half-crown to each quart of water, let cool and stir in the usual way. When cold try it, and, in the language of the advertisements, you will use no other. One does not so much drink it as it seems to slide down one's throat of itself. It will very soon be time for tennis again, and this is an ideal beverage after an exhausting set. Talking of drinks, as the Americans call them, did you ever taste nettle-beer? I did the other day, at the invitation of an old lady, who assured me that it possessed all manner of health-giving virtues, and was excellent for the complexion. I can't say that I relished the decoction much, and, in spite of the inducements held out I fear I should have mortally offended her by failing to finish my tumbler, had it not been for the interposition of one of her grandsons, who imparted to me the fact that he had discovered the brewage could be made tolerably palatable by a liberal admixture of moist sugar and cayenne pepper! In for a penny in for a pound; so I allowed him to add these ingredients, and really, do you know he was right—it was not at all bad.

Mabel: "What a perfectly exquisite new bonnet, dearest!"*Ethel:* "Oh, I'm so glad you like it! I was so afraid you wouldn't! Are you sure you like it?"*Mabel:* "Sure! Oh, perfectly! I always did adore that shape. Why, I had three just like it—when it was in fashion."**CHOICE PEARS,****FLORIDA ORANGES,****ASPINWALL BANANAS,****GRAPES.**

— RT —

MITCHELL'S,**George Street.**

FISHING.—No. VI.

Since writing my last article I have had the pleasure of inspecting some home manufactured rods, made by Mr. Purcell of Barrington St. Let alone the fact that we ought to support home manufacture as much as possible, I can honestly say that with such rods at our very doors there is no need for ordinary fishing to get any other; they are not only for the practical fisherman, but by their good looks and high state of finish must commend themselves to the most *dilettante* exponent of the art.

One word as to reels. There cannot be a doubt but that there is a vast improvement yet to be made in reels, tho' even if they have not kept pace with rods in improvements still they are far ahead of the old fashioned windlasses we formerly had. One I remember so well; remember, did I say? It haunts me rather. It was a miserable abortion called a "A Multiplier." The only multiplying it ever did was that of "cuss words;" whoever invented it must have suffered agonies on his death bed at the thought of leaving such a monstrosity behind him. The reel I prefer is a combination of the "Nottingham" and the ordinary plain check. By the "Nottingham" I mean the large open reel with which one can cast the bait direct from the reel. For ordinary fishing I would advise a reel of $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 4 in. diameter, this increased diameter of the axle giving a more rapid winding-in power than smaller patterns of reels. For salmon fishing pure and simple there are many kinds. The best I have come across for boat work is "Mallock's Sun and Planet" Reel. This is a check reel, but its beauty is that until the handle is taken hold of the line runs out without any movement of the handle, so, that when trailing, the rod can be left resting on the bottom of the boat, without any fear in the case of a "run," of any contact between the reel handle and the luncheon baskets or other *impedimenta*, which often causes one of those sudden checks which bring disaster in their wake. The best reel I ever saw was one made of aluminium, made after this pattern, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, weighing under 3 ozs., price £1 per ounce. Just a little too steep for ordinary individuals. There is no doubt but that the greater proportion of salmon fishermen overdo it in respect to the weight of their reels. Of course this to a great extent is on account of the extra cost of the lighter ones. It must be remembered the reel has to be supported at arm's length, when every ounce tells during a day's fishing. Therefore it is essential that the reel should be as light as possible. One of the most perfect and beautiful reels I ever saw was one made by Mr. C. Orvis, Manchester, Vermont, U. S. A. This reel has an extraordinarily narrow barrel, and the side plates perforated for lightness. Having a great diameter, it allows the user, if a fish "runs," to wind up fast enough to prevent the evils of a slack line.

Gaffs and Gaffing.—There is one great flaw in the ordinary gaff. It is that the screwed in gaff is liable to turn in the socket, by

which means the fish is invariably lost. To remedy this Mr. Pennell got a steel rivet driven *right through* the gaff ferrule and the screw of the gaff itself, the pointed end screwing into the opposite side. This makes any turning or twisting impossible. It is really wonderful how difficult it is to become a first class gaffer, it seems an accomplishment not within the scope of the uneducated man. Mr. Pennell writes of a man he had with him on many a fishing excursion, Timothy by name,

"The wily Tim with dextrous gaff
Tries hard to cut the line in half."

Tim not only succeeded in doing the above, but also by "dextrous movement" (vide Artemus Ward) succeeded in bringing the gaff point into contact with the flank of his master's bull-dog. Had it not been for the above mentioned flaw in the gaff, whereby it twisted round and released our canine friend, the consequences might have been serious for Mr. Tim. Gaffing in really rapid water is not only an artistic but also a physical difficulty, for many is the man that having gaffed a salmon, which in angling parlance was not half dead, has not quite met with a watery grave, but has had a cold bath for his pains. I can speak feelingly on this point, for the first salmon I ever gaffed, or rather didn't gaff, brought about this order of things, and in the beginning of March too,—Ugh! wasn't it cold! I have given two or three standard rules, as to gaffing fish, which I hope will stand the novice in good stead.

(1) Never put the gaff forward till you mean business, and never make half attempts, as by these you only scare the fish.

(2) Ordinarily never attempt to gaff a fish more than a foot below the surface, or until it is fairly beaten. The best position is when he is broadside on.

(3) The proper place to gaff is between the head and the back fin.

Now, having caught our fish, the next thing is the carrying of them home. For this purpose I think a bag is far preferable to a basket. A "Freke" bag is as near perfection for this purpose as any. For this country one of the following dimensions would be suitable. About 1ft. 7in. long, and 14 inches deep, weight not to exceed 1 lb. 10 oz. The shoulder-strap—or webbing, better still, leather sodden—should be quite 2 inches wide, so that it will not cut the shoulder. This bag should be *mole double*, that is, there should be two bags, buttoned together at the sides for choice, one bag of strong water proof cloth for the fish; the inner one, with the mouth open, which will close when on the back, for lunch and tackle, or of course, if necessary both may be used for fish. The only reason anyone can quote for preferring a basket to a bag, is that having caught nothing the latter does "give one away so!"

I must confess I much prefer fishing from *terra firma*, but there are times when one is compelled to wade. This being the case the use of waders becomes a necessity. I know there are many hat-blooded young fishermen who disdain to wear such things, but the day will come, when "wild youth's past," and the veteran is reminded by the twinges of rheumatism, lumbago, and other "ills that flesh (anglers) is heir to," of the fool-hardiness of his youth. It is extraordinary what a man will do when he has a salmon on "heights and depths," have no fears for him, he will negotiate places at this time, that would make him shudder to look at in cool blood. I remember a tale told of a gallant major, a great admirer and absorber of "Potheen," which he used to carry in a soda water bottle. Once whilst following a fish that was dashing down stream he successfully cleared a post and rail fence, but this feat cost him rather dear, for the aforesaid soda water bottle, flapping about in his tail pocket, jerked up and knocked him in the mouth, knocking out two of his front teeth. The language used was a thing to be remembered, or better, to be forgotten. Let me advise those who wear waders, to be sure to have on good thick stockings underneath. All water proof garments become more or less damp from repressed perspiration, therefore they should be dried after use; the best way to do this, is to fill the garments with warm barley, which shaken out directly it begins to cool, or the mischief commences over again.

!

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

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BRUNSWICK ST.

And here I will make my readers a present of an invaluable receipt. It is for waterproofing all cloth or woollen materials. I daresay I ought to make a charge for this, but I feel so confident that those who make use of it will provide me with so many dishes of fish to criticize, as to amply repay me for any magnanimity.

Remember I do not say this will make the clothes actually waterproof, but apparently so to keep the under garments practically dry.

“Dissolve sugar of lead and alum in *rain* water, one ounce of each to a quart of water. When settled down draw off the clear (with a syphon is the easiest way), put the articles of clothing in it, and leave for twenty-four hours, then dry in the open air. For a day or so your olfactory nerves may be a little shocked, but the smell soon wears off.

WALTER LEIGH.

Provincial Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—We are sorry that there has had to be a delay in mentioning the success of the Lawn Tennis Club entertainment on St. George's Day. It is now too long a thing of the past to receive an extended notice from us. It must suffice to briefly outline the facts.

In the Fan Drill, the twenty-four ladies made a charming brigade, and executed the various movements with such grace and precision as to elicit continued rounds of applause.

The following ladies took part:—Mrs. Malcole McLeod, Mrs. H. James Palmer, Mrs. Arnaud, Mrs. A. B. Warburton, Mrs. James Warburton, Mrs. J. R. Brecken, Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Bartlett, and the Misses Russell, Barratt, Hensley, Beer, Lollie and Amy Brecken, Rosa and May DesBrisay, Mary and Ethel Palmer, Lottie Strickland, Belle Newberry, Maude Ball, Annie Weeks, Blanche Haviland and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

These ladies were divided into two companies, the one wearing light blue dresses, Zouave jackets and caps, the other red. Captain Weeks must have felt fully repaid for all his labour of drilling his Amazons by the complete success of their public appearance.

At the last moment Mr. Watson kindly consented to preside at the piano in place of Mrs. Mitchell, who had been seized with *la grippe* on the previous day.

The performance of the play “*Esmeralda*” occupied the remainder of the evening.

Mrs. Blanchard as the heroine was faultless, Dr. Blanchard excelled as Mr. Rogers, as did also Mrs. Percy Pope as the old man's ambitious wife. Mrs. Malcolm McLeod in her role of Nora Desmond, Mrs. Bartlett as her sister Kate, and Mr. Arnaud in the character of Mr. Esterbrook, interpreted their several parts with ease and singular success. The audience gave repeated expression of its appreciation of Mr. Bartlett's faithful impersonation of “*Dan Hardy*.” The minor parts of Jack Desmond, Drew the Speculator and the Marquis were well acted by Messrs. Harrison Carvell, Earnest Ings and Captain Weeks, respectively.

To Mr. Percy Pope is due all praise for the excellent setting of the play, the careful and laborious training, and the tasteful scenic arrangements which combined to make this the best amateur performance ever seen in Charlottetown, and superior in many ways to the majority of the dramatic representations of troupes visiting the Island.

We understand the entertainment was financially satisfactory.

The day after the performance ten good photographs were taken of the ladies of the Fan Drill, by Mr. Lewis, Queen Square.

Mr. Richard Goff and Miss Higgs were married on St. George's day and departed on a visit of four months duration to Great Britain and the Continent.

Our next item forms a sad contrast. It is now no news that the venerated Roman Catholic Bishop of this diocese, died suddenly

at Antigonish, on Thursday the 30th ult., that his remains were brought home for interment on the following day, and that on Sunday last, after imposing rites and amid throngs of respectful and saddened lookers-on, his funeral procession wended its mournful way from the cathedral to the railway station, whence it proceeded by train to St. Peter's Bay, where the body of the venerable prelate was laid to rest in the stately church built years ago by himself for his last resting place. Bishop MacIntyre will be missed as a citizen by all classes of the community, as much as by his own people as their Bishop.

Henry Longworth, Esq., died on the 25th ult.

Before these jottings reach you it is probable that the Hon. Senator Haythorn will have passed away at Ottawa, the telegrams of to-day giving no hope of his recovery.

There is much sickness prevalent here; your columns would not suffice to give a full list of the sufferers from *la grippe*, but we are glad to see Dr. Jenkins out again and the Hon. E. J. Hodgson, Master of the Rolls.

We welcome home Miss Ball, who is looking much better than was anticipated after her illness.

Mrs. Boulton, wife of Captain Boulton, R. N., who was at one time on the staff of the survey Steamship “*Gulnare*,” is visiting the Island for the benefit of her health.

WINDSOR, May 4.—A small but very pleasant walking picnic took place on Saturday last. Mesdames Lawson and O'Brien kindly acted as chaperons, and under the patronage of these two popular ladies, the afternoon could be naught but successful. The primary object was to gather Mayflowers, and the objective point was the beautiful woods surrounding the romantic Fall Brook. I do not think the woods will miss the Mayflowers that the young people picked, but nevertheless, there was *some* evidence of their labors displayed in their bunches on their return to town in the evening.

The “*Merry wives of Windsor*” are now making their husbands and sons bewildered and uncomfortable by the intricacies consequent on the truly feminine process of house-cleaning. Several households have already passed through the trial, and their respective residences look greatly improved by the Spring “*fixing-up*.”

I regret to announce the death of Mr. W. McHefsey, who was so long and favorably known in Windsor. His funeral took place on Thursday the 30th ult., and was numerously attended.

YARMOUTH.—Hon. L. E. Baker and Miss Baker left for Ottawa Monday, *via* St. John.

Mrs. Grey of Annapolis is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. D. Ross.

Mr. Will. Moody, formerly with W. H. Doane, but now with Jordan & Marsh, came home on Saturday to attend the funeral of his mother which took place Saturday afternoon and was largely attended.

Yarmouth is to have a celebration on her birthday, the 9th of June. Quite a sum of money has been subscribed towards it already, and we understand the committee in charge intend making it a day to be remembered. It will be one hundred and thirty years since our forefathers and foremothers landed on Cape Forchu.

Mr. Charles Doods went to Boston Saturday night on business.

Salmon are plentiful in the Tuskent River, and are selling at ten cents a pound. Trout too, seems very willing to bite. Two enterprising disciples of “*Walton*” left town Saturday evening and returned Monday morning, with over 90 speckled beauties. Caught on Sunday? Oh no, of course not. The small boys around the lakes seem to have better success with their “*spools of thread for fishing lines, and bended pins for hooks*,” than those who buy expensive fishing gear and think they have reduced trout fishing to a fine art.

Provincial Notes.

BRIDGEWATER.—One swallow does not make a summer, but if house-cleaning, moving and gardening do not mean Spring then we shall have to give up our traditional ideas regarding this poetic season. These three subjects are to our people now the questions of the day, and are discussed to such an extent that the head of the house gets cross, the small boy has the back-ache, the baby cries, and everybody is weary. Let us hope that when the battle clears away peace and tranquility will reign again.

Mr. J. C. Starr of Kentville was lately visiting Mr. F. B. Wade.

Mr. T. A. Fraser has resigned from his position on the Nova Scotia Central Railway and has gone to Halifax, having accepted an offer of a position in the Merchants Bank.

Col. Richardson and Mr. Greenwood of Lunenburg, with Dr. Jenkins of Mahone Bay, spent last Saturday with us.

Our tennis club is coming to life after its winter's sleep. A meeting is to be held next Monday night to elect new officers. The grounds have been improved in many ways and will be in splendid condition for playing. Pete hopes that the season will be a most enjoyable one to the fair players.

Mr. A. G. Leech is spending a few weeks with his brother, Mr. C. J. V. Leech.

Mrs. Pattillo last week gave a most pleasant card party. That it was a card party did not prevent some of the young people from enjoying the "delicious waltz."

A late issue of a Lunenburg paper indirectly informed the young ladies of that town that they were "N. S.," as there were in Lunenburg six unmarried bank clerks, all of whom were unaffected by the attractions of these young ladies. The ladies most indignantly replied by showing that they had no chance, as every bank clerk was engaged before he came to Lunenburg and they did not waste their time on engaged young men. Under such circumstances an engagement is indeed most conducive to business and a quiet enjoyment of life.

Another Lunenburg paper a short time ago made a most ludicrous mistake by leaving out part of an item. The paper read that a certain gentleman had presented a certain church in this county "with a magnificent stone front, inscribed as follows:

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism."

The editor has concluded that he must either discharge his devil or that he must keep advertisements out of the local column.

Mr. J. C. Stewart of Halifax is registered at the "Fairview."

The dancing class is still pursuing the "even tenor of its way" and affording much pleasure to its members. The music I am told has been greatly improved of late.

Dr. J. B. March has given up his practice here and is about to settle at Berwick.

We are being deluged with local joint stock companies. First a new company for the railroad, then the opera house, next the electric light company and the latest, the "Fairview Hotel Company."

Mr. Greenwood has resigned from his position in the Halifax Banking Company at Lunenburg and intends moving to the North West.

We haven't a public garden here with its Saturday afternoon band, but we come near it. Every Saturday evening in the summer our band gives an open air concert, always enjoyable and refreshing after a week's work and putting one in a good frame of mind for Sunday.

I am told that the young people of our Episcopal church intend soon to favour the public with some theatricals.

A fierce battle is now raging between Bridgewater and Lunenburg for the court house. A new one is to be built and Bridgewater wants it. Pete casts his vote for Bridgewater and trusts that each of our councillors will do the same.

Miss Jacobs of Lunenburg is visiting Miss Waterman, Mr. Ralph Keefer has returned from Dalhousie College,

The electric light gentleman is reported to have been "smitten" with one of our young ladies. One of his bold endeavours to create an impression was to ride on a charger past this young lady's home. The horse and rider not agreeing in their style of motion it proved a failure. Pete agrees with this gentleman in thinking that for such purposes, dancing is better than riding.

Work is soon to be commenced on our new bridge. A stone one is to be built, which will be a great change for the better for us.
PETE.

WINDSOR.—We had a pretty wedding here on Wednesday the 22nd, when Miss MacLellan was united to Mr. T. A. Gourley of Truro. The Presbyterian Church was beautifully decorated with flowers, which were lent for the occasion by Dr. Haley. The ceremony was performed by Revd. A. Rogers assisted by Revd. Dr. Burrows of Halifax. The bride was attended by her little cousin, Miss Lou. Trenholm and Dr. Ryan acted as best man. I would, for the benefit of our lady-readers, I could describe the costumes of the bride and of the wedding party. Sufficient it is to say, that Miss MacLellan was one of the fairest brides that Windsor has ever looked upon, and that is saying a good deal. She was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. B. T. Knowles. Mr. and Mrs. Gourley left for Ottawa by the morning train, and I believe will be absent from Nova Scotia for some time. The numerous presents received by the bride testify to her popularity. The groom's gift was a beautiful watch and chain.

Mr. John W. Calder who left Windsor some two or three years ago, was married on Thursday the 23rd inst., to Miss Marion Isabel Black, of Malden Mass. The ceremony was performed in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Malden, at eleven o'clock. Mr. W. H. Watts left Windsor a few days previous to attend the wedding and presided at the organ on this occasion.

Mrs. King gave a large dance on Friday evening last. The dances at this house are always especially pleasant, and this occasion was no exception to the general rule, if one may judge by the enthusiastic manner in which it was universally spoken of by all who had the good fortune to be present.

Last Saturday was the monthly holiday for the fair maids of "Edgehill." Many of them were invited to spend the day with friends in town, and a bevy of them under special escort visited the cricket-field of Kings, where a match was progressing. Their presence seemed to have an inspiring effect with the "knights of the Willow." Mrs. Ouseley gave a pleasant little dance in their honor in the evening.

It is rumored that certain young gentlemen got into hot water for entering the sacred precincts of Edgehill.

Mr. W. L. Payzant of Halifax, spent a few days in Windsor lately.

Mrs. Gossip had a very pleasant dance on Monday evening. The happy assembly broke up at 11.30 p. m., so as to allow the undergrads, to reach Kings before the "fineable" hour of midnight.

The W. C. T. U., gave a large Conversazione in Reform Club Hall, on Tuesday evening. Little Miss Black gave a much appreciated violin solo, and there were several recitations. Bountiful refreshments were also provided, and such meetings as these must do much to gain popularity for the temperance cause.

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CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A girl, young and pretty, but, above all, gifted with an air of adorable candor, lately presented herself before a certain Parisian lawyer, and thus addressed him.

"Monsieur, I come to consult you upon a grave affair. I want to oblige a man I love to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?"

The gentleman of the Bar had, of course, a sufficiently elastic conscience to reflect a moment; then, being sure that no third person overheard him, replied unhesitatingly—

"Mademoiselle, according to our law you already possess the means of forcing a man to marry you.

"You must remain on three occasions alone with him, then you can swear before a judge that he is your lover."

"And will that suffice, monsieur?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, with one further condition."

"Well?"

"That you will produce witnesses who will take oath to their having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections."

"Very well, monsieur: I will retain you as a counsel in the management of this affair. Good-day."

A few days afterwards the young girl returns. She is mysteriously received by the lawyer, who, scarcely giving her time to seat herself, questions her with the most lively curiosity.

"Well, mademoiselle, how do matters prosper?"

"Oh! all goes on swimmingly. I have passed a half-hour with my intended. I have been seen to go to his office and come down again. I have four witnesses, who will affirm this under oath."

"Capital—capital! Persevere in your design, mademoiselle. But mind, the next time you consult me you must tell me the name of the young man we are going to render happy in spite of himself."

"You shall have it without fail."

A fortnight afterwards the young person, more naive and candid than ever, knocked discreetly at the door of her counsel's room. No sooner was she within than she flung herself hastily in a chair, saying that she had mounted the stairs too rapidly, and that emotion made her breathless. Her counsel endeavoured to reassure her, and made her inhale salts, and even proposed to fetch a doctor.

"It is useless, monsieur," said she. "I am much better."

"Well, now do tell the name of the fortunate mortal you are going to espouse?"

"Are you very impatient to know it?"

"Exceedingly so."

"Well, then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is—yourself," said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love you; I have been three times *te-te* with you, and my four witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany us to the magistrate," gravely continued the narrator.

The lawyer, thus fairly caught, had the good sense not to get angry. The most singular fact of all is, that he adores his young wife, who, by the way, makes an excellent housekeeper.

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GABRIEL'S, 17 BUCKINGHAM ST.

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

TOMMY.—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene.
Sister, I am so your ring.
His SISTER.—Why Tommy?
To MY.—I want to see if the galoot told the truth when he said his heart was in it

Call and Get a gold or Silver Wish-bone Pin, \$1.00 to \$5.00, and 2, 3, 4, 5 strand Fine Silver Cut Bangles. Gold ones with Moon Stone.

"Vivat Regina."

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Answers to the following correspondents have been unfortunately delayed:—

YOUNG WIDOW.—We sympathize with you in the great loss you have sustained in the death of a good, kind and loving husband. You must be brave in the midst of your suffering and desolation. Yes, the face powder you mention is regarded as injurious to the skin. Glycerine is good for the hands.

BEREFT ONE.—Time alone can heal the aching void caused by the loss of your darling wife. You had better see a good chiropodist in regard to your in-growing toe-nail.

LULU.—Be guided entirely according to the dictates of your own heart in refusing or accepting the lover you mentioned. Let love rule you. Yes, bustles have gone out of style. No, pork and beans will not injure your health if taken in moderation.

STOCK EXCHANGE.—Your betrothed is unreasonable in expecting a diamond ring from you if your salary is only a pound a week, and you have some reason for doubting the strength of her love. Reason kindly and gently with her. Coffee is good for removing the odour of beer from the breath.

FLIRT.—You have done wrong in engaging yourself to four different gentlemen at one time, and in accepting rings and other costly presents from all of them. You had better be frank with them and tell them the truth. Keep the presents; we doubt if they can be recovered by law. You might win the affection of your Sunday School class by inviting them to your mother's and giving them ice-cream, cake and sweets.

MRS. R. T.—It is painful indeed to feel that your husband is drifting away from you. But cheer up. Try and win him back by the power of love; lavish upon him the tenderness and gentleness of the days when you were only his betrothed. Win him back with the old endearments and the old smiles. Make your seaside costume with a plain, short and tight skirt, and a lightly draped over skirt. Paris-green will kill cockroaches. We do not know of any absolute cure for corns. Remember what we told you about the power of love over your husband.

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