

THE

BLUENOSE

**SATURDAY,
OCT'R 20th,
1900.**

VOL. I.

No. 3.



**PRICE
FIVE
CENTS.**



**"The
Return
Of our
Boys in
Khaki"**

IN THIS NUMBER!

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I.C. STEWART President

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WE WATCH the London, Paris and New York styles and always show something new.

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**M. S. Brown & Co., Jewellers.**



\*\*\* "PAPER, MISTER?" \*\*\*

BY A. STEWART CLARKE.

“PAPER, mister? Have a paper, sir?” It was a bitter, cold night in December. People hurried along the sidewalks with the collars of their great coats upturned against the biting wind and their hands thrust deep in pockets. Now and again a cab rattled disconsolately over the mud-frozen streets, waking echoes in the lonely nooks and corners where darkness gathered blacker as the lights of the town went out.

Overhead the stars looked coldly down upon the bare brown earth and twinkled a message of coming snow—the chill of which was in the air.

“Here y’are for yer extra. Paper, sir?” “No, I told you. Here you, get out of the way,” exclaimed a stylishly dressed young man, glaring at the newsboy as the latter attempted to pass in front of him to accost a prospective customer. There had been a crowded house at the Academy, but the audience was fast thinning and as the stylish one handed his companion into a waiting carriage, he noted that they were about the last among those who had occupied the dress circle parquet to leave the theatre.

“I hope that brat didn’t spoil your gown, Ka,” he remarked a few minutes later as the carriage moved away.

“No, I think not—the little wretch was positively filthy tho’. I don’t see what the police are about. He shouldn’t be allowed to annoy people that way.”

To the speaker the incident had been merely a petty annoyance to be forgotten the next moment. Newsboys and boot-blacks she supposed were necessary evils, associated in her mind with ill-smelling haunts of vice and squalor. For the inhabitants of such places she had no compassion. In these days in the great Dominion no deserving man or woman need go hungry. ‘Twas all their own fault, she’d been told that repeatedly. Her glance had taken in the dirty face and the ragged clothes, but the pinch of

hunger on the manly features of the urchin and the haunting look of despair in the brown eyes had escaped her notice. Tears had welled up in those same brown eyes and had been wiped away time and again by dirty hands as the evening had passed and his papers remained unsold. Supperless and with chattering teeth he had waited the outcoming of the crowd from the theatre. He would be able to sell out then, but the crowd had come and gone and there was still a big bundle under his arm.

As he fumbled over the copies remaining in a vain endeavor to make his receipts larger, he could not repress a sob as he realized the truth. “Hi bub, you there! Give us a paper. Look sharp now; my mate wants one, too.”

The papers were forthcoming instantly and a fifty cent piece was slipped into his hand. “Never mind the change lad,” exclaimed his benefactor. “Cut along home, time you was there;” and, almost before he could realize his good fortune the sailor and his mate had passed out the door.

For an instant or two he stood irresolute, the next he was across the street running as fast as his numbed legs could carry him. In and out among alleys and by-ways he ran until forced to stop for breath. Presently he reached a dingy looking structure facing the end of a narrow court where he stopped suddenly, gazing at the lights which were flashing from its windows. Lights and people, what did it mean? The neighbors—a sudden fear gripped his heart and he uttered a cry of despair as he sprang up the rickety stairs.

One there had been that day before him, a visitor whom all must meet, whom none may deny. No more would a mother’s welcome greet him on his return from his day’s work. Her voice was stilled for ever, her hands at rest at last. No word of love, no parting kiss was possible now. Death had robbed him while he had been battling for his daily bread. Hunger and cold, privation and want he could have faced for her dear sake, but now there remained nothing but a world of desolation.

A mile away under a very different roof, a woman was examining her gown under the flame of a resplendent chandelier.

“Do you know, dear,” she observed at length, “I can’t see that, that little wretch soiled my dress at all.”

Twenty-five years have passed away since that black December night when the newsboy’s mother died. Some changes have taken place in the old town of Halifax, but about the Academy of Music everything seems to be much the same, save that the strident hum of the electric cars is now to be heard as they scurry over the frosty rails with clamoring gong, bumping and thumping over the uneven road bed with noise enough to wake the dead.

Another audience is thronging from the theatre, scattering hither and thither in all directions as they emerge from the building. Two men who are in advance of the crowd are engaged in a lively discussion when one of them stops and examines an object near the curbstone.

Heavens, Jack, he exclaims after a moment’s scrutiny, it’s a man. He’ll freeze to death a night like this. The man addressed as Jack came forward and between them they lift the unconscious figure into a sitting position. The rays from an arc light some distance off fall upon the group and soon a crowd collects. “Just a common drunk—the police know him. It’s wonder he didn’t freeze.” These and a score of other remarks come from the crowd as the police take care of the drunk and once more the sidewalk is deserted.

What made you start so Jack when you saw young Luffer’s face said the man who had discovered the sleeping figure as the two walked on.

“I,” replied his companion, “Did I start?”

“Well rather, did you know the Luffers when you lived here. They carried pretty high sail then. Lived beyond their means—most extravagant couple. When the boy came he followed the example set him, and went to the dogs before he was twenty-one. Father died here recently, left absolutely nothing. Boy came back from the States last year and has been kicking about most of the time since in the condition in which you saw him tonight. Mother is now trying to run a boarding house, but he leads her a terrible life. Pity, too, I remember her as such a pretty girl.”

While his friend had been talking, “Jack’s” thoughts had been busy with the past. Once more he can feel the gnawing of hunger and the pinch of frost, he can see the kindly face of the sailor that gave him the fifty cents that bitter night, in that very lobby over there. The face of the drunken sot he has just seen carried away by the police peers to him from the doorway and he can see a vision of loveliness disappearing in the open door of a carriage! Everything that occurred that eventful night is fixed forever upon his memory. It does not seem so long ago; yet it is a long step from a penniless newsboy to the management of a big American daily and ten thousand a year.

## THE COMING ELECTIONS.

## WHY THE GOVERNMENT WILL WIN.

By A LIBERAL.

**S**IR WILFRID LAURIER will win in the great contest at the polls, which terminates on November 7th, because he stands for all that is best in politics to-day. Under his administration Canada has enjoyed prosperity at home and gained prestige abroad. His Government must be judged upon its record during the four years that it has administered the affairs of Canada, and upon that record, I believe, that every fair and impartial elector will vote on November 7th to give the Liberals of Canada another lease of power.

During the four years of Liberal rule, Canada has enjoyed phenomenal prosperity in every department of commercial and industrial life. The vast resources of the country have been developed, foreign trade has been promoted, the finances have been marvellously improved, deficits converted into surpluses, taxation has been reduced, the tariff has been removed from politics, manufacturers have been placed on a sound and stable basis, and a dangerous and burning question, dividing religious denominations and setting race against race, has been settled and removed from the arena of federal affairs. Far more, a wholesome Imperial sentiment has been developed by the granting of a specific preference of 33½ p. c. to British goods—a free will offering to the mother country from the greatest of her Colonies; and by the sending of Canadian soldiers to share in the glories of the British arms on the battlefields of South Africa, Canada has become a real factor in the British Empire.

Apart from the record of the government which in itself demands renewed confidence, Sir Wilfrid Laurier will win. The country is with him. The trend of sentiment is in his favor. The people believe in him as a true Canadian, first, last, and all the time. They have faith in his patriotism, his loyalty, his integrity and his spotless character, and they will, I doubt not, return him to power to complete his great life-work of promoting unity, harmony and amity, among the diverse elements of this country, and of making Canada a nation within the British Empire.

But perhaps the reason transcending all others in these "Khaki" days, why Sir Wilfrid Laurier should and will retain the confidence of the people of Canada, is that he is an Empire builder. He stands, as no other Canadian does, for Imperial Unity. He is, as the Times says, "a master speaker of the Empire."

As to the outlook I believe that the Conservatives will carry Lunenburg and one

seat in Pictou, and have at least an even chance of carrying Hants, and Annapolis, one seat in Cape Breton County and one seat in Halifax. If they carry all these seats and no others in Nova Scotia, the position of the parties from this Province in the new House will stand 6 Conservatives to 14 Liberals. I consider the above estimate a fair one.

It must always be borne in mind that at one time Nova Scotia was a Liberal Province, but when the Conservatives obtained power in 1878, the strength of the Liberals began to weaken, and the Conservatives received excellent aid from the influence exerted by large manufacturing industries throughout the Province, and the active influence thrown in their favor by the I. C. R. and a large portion of the Civil Service. The coal counties also gradually went over to the Conservative side. Now, all these weighty forces are either friendly to the Liberals or inert. Only shrewd politicians can realize what a tremendous change that represents.

Take for instance a county like Pictou, and imagine a mine manager intimating to his employees in one election, that there would be great danger of dismissal if they voted for the Liberals. In the following election imagine that mine manager being openly friendly to the Liberal government, and then realize how such a change must affect a mining vote. If in addition to that fact these miners have been busier, and have received better wages since the advent of the Liberal government, how do you suppose the miners will vote? Apply the same state of facts to the iron manufacturing industries in the same County, and how do you suppose it will affect the votes of their employes? The same observation applies to Cumberland, to Cape Breton County and to Halifax.

The Liberal party will win in Nova Scotia for the same reason that they will win in the other Provinces. The Liberal government has done big things in a business-like way. Almost every Cabinet Minister is an expert in the work of his department.

Take Fielding, Cartwright, Mulock, Sifton, Fisher, Blair and Patterson as examples. They are clean men and splendidly qualified to discharge the duties of heads of such Departments. Now take a piece of paper and write down the name of Conservative candidates who would be equally good in such Departments. In the judgment of an impartial business man the Conservative party just now has no such available material. Therefore the reflecting business man will vote Liberal.

The only hope that the Conservatives had of ousting the Government is in the fact that its leader is a French-Canadian and one of his most active lieutenants is a French-Canadian. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's record, however, has silenced such criti-

cism as against himself. As for Mr. Tarte, there was some hope that some of his utterances would inflame Ontario. But Ontario is prosperous, the farmers are busy, the business men know that Mr. Tarte's talk is simply "fireworks," and Ontario is weary of the race and religious cry. It has been tried there for a quarter of a century and yet the Ontario vote has fluctuated less than that of any other Province. Ontario knows that the Conservatives would cater for the French vote just as readily as the Liberals.

A Conservative friend of mine living in London, Ontario, and having special sources of information, wrote me last week that Ontario would give a majority for the Liberals. Where then are the Conservatives to win? Certainly, not in the Maritime Provinces. Certainly, not in Quebec. Even if they get every seat in the West it would not be sufficient for victory, and no one pretends that any such result can happen.

To Sum up: The Opposition had very little ammunition in this campaign and they used it too soon. The cry against the French-Canadians raised by the *Montreal Star* was started too soon and its effect was destroyed by the publication of a French edition of the *Star* printed on the same press and called *Le Journal* in which a very opposite cry was raised. The trick was too transparent.

The people in Canada will return the Liberal Government to power on their record and because of the personnel of the Cabinet. Canada will not consider this period an appropriate one for "a change" which would be a "leap in the dark."

### PUBLISHER'S PRIVATE TALK.

In this number we have found it necessary to utilize several pages of space for our "Welcome Home" and "Political" articles which by right belong to other departments. Readers of the *BLUENOSE* will therefore kindly over look the omission in view of the fact that the subjects substituted are of paramount interest at the present moment.

We are anxious to give our people a good weekly paper; one that will compare favourably with those published in cities of very much larger population than Halifax, but if we do not at first secure the high standard at which we aim, we know we will do so by and by. Honest and continuous effort and a study of what will make a readable as well as a useful Saturday paper are bound to show in our work as we grow older in experience.

The man who is constant in whatever he undertakes may always be relied upon to secure success.

A great many suggestions have been given us by friends who are anxious that the *BLUENOSE* should make a permanent place for itself in the esteem of the best people; and it has been a source of no little perplexity to us as to how many of them are good and how many are not. We want the *BLUENOSE* to be a home paper, a clean, earnest, healthy journal that will have a good influence wherever it goes. If you can help us to attain this ideal, you will have our deepest gratitude.

## THE COMING ELECTIONS.

## WHY THE OPPOSITION WILL WIN.

By A LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE.

I AM a Canadian, loyal to the empire. I desire to see Canada prosperous and progressive, and to see the mother country and her colonies drawn ever closer in the bonds of mutual sympathy.

I support the Conservative party because of the splendid fruits of their past policy, carried out in the face of constant and sometimes obstructive opposition on the part of the Liberal leaders. I support them because they had a definite and progressive policy, and consistently and steadily pursued it—and have not abandoned it now that they are in opposition. I believe they have represented and still represent the best thought of Canada, and are best qualified to carry out the policy of Canadian development and imperial unity.

Some five years ago there began a period of what we call good times. The whole world shared in it. It was marked by a wonderful expansion of industry and commerce. Demand increased and prices advanced. No such period of prosperity had been known for many years in America and Europe.

Canada shared in this prosperity. Why? Because for eighteen years the policy of the Liberal-Conservative party had been building up her industries, providing her with lines of communication by land and lake and river and ocean, and so developing her resources that when her products were needed at high prices in the world's markets she had them to ship, and had the facilities for shipping them. And she also had the factories to manufacture the goods which her own people were able to purchase at high prices with the money paid for the agricultural and other products.

If the Liberal government have any claim upon the people for support, it must be on their record during the past four years, viewed in the light of their former professions. Does anyone pretend to say that they have kept their pledges with regard to the tariff, reciprocity with the United States, reduction of the public debt, the public expenditure or the volume of taxation? The records speak for themselves. We still have a protective tariff, we have not reciprocity, we have a larger debt, larger expenditure and a larger volume of taxation. Therefore the Liberal leaders are pledge breakers. Is pledge breaking to be condoned and applauded?

The liberal conservative party, at the time they went out of power, were moving

steadily toward a fast Atlantic service, and preferential trade within the empire. The liberal government have not given the country the fast Atlantic service, and instead of advancing the prospects for preferential trade have told the people of the mother country that we do not want for our products any preference in the British market. The liberals first promised to secure a real preferential tariff; then Sir Wilfrid Laurier told the English people we did not want it; then his government got an act passed giving a preference to more than a score of countries; later this was limited to British countries and still later the preference was increased. But it gave the Canadian producer no better market, and under our trade with England has not increased as rapidly as our trade with the United States. No act of this government has built up Canadian industry or given the Canadian producer a better market than he had before. And they killed, for the time being, the fast Atlantic steamship project.

The government tried to force through parliament the Yukon tramway bill. It was an outrageous bargain. The Senate threw it out and it was never resurrected. But for the Senate the Drummond Counties and Grand Trunk deals would have cost the country several millions more than they did—and they cost too much as it was. The Crow's Nest railway cost about \$2,000,000 more than the conservative government had arranged to have it built for. In the matter of the prohibition plebiscite the money was wasted, and the government did not keep faith with the people. Charges of the gravest character against the administration of affairs in the Yukon have been made, and every returning miner confirms them. The government have refused a full and fair enquiry. The grossest crimes have been committed in election contests in Ontario. The government have succeeded in blocking the investigation until after the elections. Men have been dismissed from the public service on the charge of partisanship, without any investigation, despite the distinct pledge of the premier that it would not be done. Public contracts have been given without tender to men who were not in the business, and who farmed out the work and pocketed their profits.

These are not baseless charges. The records show that they are true. It is not claimed that the conservative party in power was above reproach. It is claimed and can be maintained that the conserva-

tives were more mindful of the public welfare, less extravagant, and their administration marked by greater honesty than has been observed in the departments of Mr. Tarte, Mr. Sifton and Mr. Blair. All this is to be remembered in connection with the pledges of economy and purity made by the liberals before they went into power.

When the South African war began, Canada had an opportunity to show that her loyalty to the empire was the same in war as in peace. Because a Liberal government was in power, with Sir Wilfrid Laurier at its head and Mr. Tarte as its leading spirit, Canada, despite the angry protests of loyal citizens both Liberal and Conservative, was behind the other colonies in offering a contingent. But after it was decided to send a contingent the government could make a scandalous contract with Dr. Devlin for a supply of "emergency rations" which were utterly worthless, and which every returning soldier declares were worthless. Even the men who offered their lives for the empire could not be exempt from the operation of the spoils system. Canada was humiliated by the government's delay in the first place, and then disgraced by the scandal of the emergency rations.

Moreover, Mr. Tarte talks of Canadian independence, and his friends Bourassa, Monet, *et al*, go about denouncing Canada's participation in England's wars. These gentlemen have a perfect right to their opinions, but can Canada afford to have a government in power which takes these men to its bosom? Mr. Bourassa resigned his seat as a protest against sending a contingent. He was not opposed by the government, but was re-elected, and is hailed as a worthy supporter of Mr. Tarte, who took pains to praise him publicly in Paris last June.

The liberal government have failed to represent the aspirations of the Canadian people. They ought to be defeated and give place to the party whose policy now as in former years is in the best interests of Canada and the empire. The liberal ministers have shown that they are less capable, less sincere and less truly Canadian and British than the liberal-conservative leaders. They have not reduced the cost of living or developed any policy that makes it easier for the working man to earn a living. They did not take advantage of an era of good times to reduce the debt or the volume of taxation, but increased both. They have been tried and found wanting. Let us get back to first principles and to the men and the policy that made Canada a nation.

## THE PROGRESS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

### HOW THE APPEARANCE OF OUR STREETS MAY BE IMPROVED.\*

#### II.—Some Deformities that are Removable From our Streets, and Other Means of Improvement.

**W**HAT deformities are removable from our streets and what may be otherwise done to improve their appearance?

##### REMOVE GRASS AND WEEDS.

Grass and weeds are too often found growing along the borders of the street. These catch and retain drifting papers and other rubbish carried to them by the wind, and when they become covered with dust, are decidedly offensive, and when wet with dew are an annoyance to pedestrians. They should be thoroughly removed and never be allowed to grow in the smallest measure from sidewalk to sidewalk. And on the sidewalks themselves, these same deformities are apt to appear, especially in the less traveled sections of the town. The street committee's instructions should require the sidewalks to be as scrupulously guarded from this class of unsightliness as are the streets.

##### MAKE THE CROOKED PLACES STRAIGHT.

Many of our streets are more or less crooked; their borders or outlines are irregular. Sometimes on the less traveled streets the wheel track is zig-zaggy, simply because the first travel of the new street happened to take such a course, and so it is often kept up year after year. Care should be exercised by the street committee that these crooked places be made straight, also that the outlines be straight, or else trace a true curve according to the necessities of the case; also that the outlines or borders of the street be parallel and the two sidewalks be of equal and of uniform width. Care in these particulars will ensure symmetry and symmetry always appeals to good taste. We are exceedingly particular in seeing that the trimmings on either side of a house or door or window shall be of uniform width and parallel to each other. The slightest deviation from the vertical or horizontal, or any other departure from architectural propriety is regarded as a hideous fault. We are also beginning to keep our gardens and lawns with scrupulous care, why should the streets of which the houses, gardens and lawns are really adjuncts and

\*In last issue we published the first instalment of a paper on this very important subject by Prof Oakes, of Wolfville. The second instalment is presented herewith. We once more express the hope that public men will take an interest in this subject and do what they can to carry the good suggestions into effect that are contained in this article.

counterparts be any less wanting in symmetry and taste?

##### RESTRICT BILL POSTING.

It has been quite a common practice for traveling shows and business firms to advertise by large flaming posters along the business streets, and often without let or hindrance by the authorities of the community. These placards are often very unsightly both in color and design, and sometimes are allowed to remain week after week and month after month. When of paper, pasted on the sides of a building or a tight board fence, they are ultimately torn off in such a way as to leave a broadside of ugly shreds and patches, until it may be covered again by another plaster, and so on in endless succession till the last state of that surface is much worse than the first. Our town councils cannot be too particular in enforcing the town by-laws touching this infraction, and these advertisements should be permitted only for a brief period and only upon a surface of boards prepared especially for this purpose, and capable of being stored in some part of the town till needed again, when they may, by permission of the authorities, be set up again for a similar purpose, the total expense to be borne by the advertising firm, and paying a license for the privilege beside. Large painted advertisements should be very sparingly permitted and then chiefly in the suburbs.

##### KEEP STREETS FREE OF FLYING PAPER, ETC

Every town should have a by-law strictly enforced against sweeping out of stores, factories or houses upon the street any paper, lint or other debris that may be deposited by the wind where it may become an eyesore. Many a runaway team has resulted from these flying papers, sometimes ending in serious accident or loss. In larger cities, such a regulation is strictly enforced. It entails far less trouble and sacrifice to carry out such a rule in a small village or town, where, if need be, small bonfires in the backyard may occasionally be celebrated without danger to one's neighbors. People of ordinary refinement will intuitively avoid this nuisance, others will need only to have their attention called to the matter to fall into line, while others will be inclined to assert their divine right to personal liberty and will need the occasional presence and word of an officer of the law; but the regulation should be carried into effect as far as possible in every town.

##### PLANT AND PRESERVE TREES.

Another matter of supreme moment is the planting and preservation of shade and

ornamental trees. In our towns many of the streets are already fairly well provided with shade trees, but their existence is due to the taste of individual citizens here and there who have planted them on that part of their house lot bordering upon the street. Other citizens have neglected to plant. Others again have planted them along sections of the line separating the sidewalk from the street. Some of the trees are widely spaced, others are crowded. The result is, they stand in haphazard order—or rather disorder. The outside lines are not only broken by long intervals unoccupied by trees, but some stand in upon the house lot several feet from the street, while others are on the street line. This is not perhaps a serious defect, for stiffness and rigid lines are to be avoided in tree planting, especially in lawns and parks, but we submit that as far as possible the planting of trees along our town streets should proceed according to some well defined principles.

#### SYDNEY'S ADVANTAGES IN IRON PRODUCTION.

The advantage of Sydney, C. B., as a steel manufacturing centre was set forth very concisely recently by Mr. Moxham when that gentleman was interviewed by a Montreal paper.

"Our two closest competitors," the manager remarked, "are Pittsburg and Birmingham, Ala. Theoretically the latter is our closest competitor, but in actual practice it will be the former; and the reason is this, i. e., that Birmingham has not as yet gone far beyond the crude portion of steel manufacture, while Pittsburg has developed the industry to the utmost point of finished manufacture. If you want an exact comparison of relative advantages, I will try to give it to you.

"To manufacture one ton of steel in Pittsburg, they have to carry two tons of ore over 239 miles of railroad and one thousand miles of water. They have also to take two tons of coal or its equivalent in coke, over 60 miles; and one half ton of limestone over, say 100 miles. Omitting the lake traffic this is equivalent to 580 ton railroad miles; and in addition to this Pittsburg has to carry each ton of steel 450 miles to reach tide water.

"Birmingham has the raw materials pretty well assembled; but the finished steel must be carried 660 miles before it reaches tide water.

"Against both of these places Sydney has about 400 miles of sea haul on Iron ore, nothing whatever on coal and nothing on the finished material, because she manufactures at tide water. Nor is that all. Sydney is 1,000 miles nearer European ports than Mobile, the shipping point for Birmingham."

❁ ❁ ❁ PROVINCE ❁ NOTES. ❁ ❁ ❁

THE construction of the Cape Breton division of the Intercolonial was but the commencement of railway developments in that island. The recent opening of the Inverness Railway was the first important step thereafter; then we heard of the Richmond county railway, and now there is a movement on foot to extend the Inverness Railway through the beautiful and rich country of Margaree and Middle River to Baddeck and continue it thence along the Great Bras d'Or to a convenient crossing place where in may span that water and run thence over Boulderierie island to Point Aconi and North Sydney. The latter is a most ambitious scheme and would open up a country that for the most part is resourceful in one thing or another—one part agricultural, another rich in minerals, yet another filled with game and good sport of all kinds, an ideal tourist ground. The work would be extensive, but we believe would be found profitable. It would certainly open the country to the world and with good results.

So far this year the news from our Labrador fishermen indicates a catch about 60,000 quintals below that of last year. The total catch of the season up to this time a year ago was 230,000 quintals, against the 170,000 quintals so far reported this year. In addition, the prospects are not considered to be better for the craft yet away. Loss of life and property during the late gales was added to the burden and it is believed that our Labrador fishermen and their families will suffer much from want and privation during the coming winter.

There exists a large market for Nova Scotian small fruits in the New England States. Ripening later in this province and possessing a superior flavor, they are popular wherever sold in the neighboring republic. Particularly in the western part of the province have the people awakened thoroughly to the possibilities and commenced to develop them with energy. The fact that 2,000 cases of Blueberries alone were landed in Boston from Yarmouth in one week recently, is an indication of this. The Coast Railway has been an incentive along the 50 miles of its line, for, giving such easy access to the markets, the fisher people along the shore are endeavoring to augment their incomes by picking and marketing such fruits. A result of this beneficial influence is displayed in the fact that that railway carried upwards of 7,000 cases of Blueberries a month during the time that they were in season.

There are many parts of the province where Cranberries can be cultivated with immense profits. We have seen statements recently which prove this. It is somewhat expensive to set out plants at the start, but one who has the proper location to begin with, the requisite supply of water for flooding when the frost comes, and the sense to carry on the business with prudence, cannot fail to make large profits. Cranberry culture is comparatively easy, (as compared with other agricultural pursuits), and there exists a good market even in Nova Scotia, where to-day we import large quantities of this fruit.

The question of a summer hotel will shortly occupy the attention of the Lunenburg Board of Trade. Along the western shore there should be many places where the same subject might be taken in hand with good results. Such a beautiful country will always interest tourists, who only require good accommodation to be attracted thither in large numbers.

One of our country exchanges speaks of the town in which it is published as not maintaining interest in its Board of Trade. We agree with it when it says that such a state of affairs speaks plainly and forcibly of a lack of public spirit. Boards of Trade in country towns are a most useful adjunct and are frequently the inaugurators of measures resulting in great good to their respective constituencies. The best outlook for advancement that we have is the intelligent and united action of responsible men working together by means of such organizations; wherefore it is to be hoped that wherever Boards of Trade exist throughout this province, no lack of public interest will be found in their work.

North Sydney is growing both in population and in extent at a pace that quite equals that of its near neighbor and rival town, Sydney. This is the statement of a Sydney paper. During the past summer new houses have been built in the former town in great numbers and new streets have been laid out. This is remarkable in view of the fact that there has not been the great development industrially there that there has been in Sydney, though there is promise of such in the very near future. This fact is eminently pleasing to Nova Scotians who delight in the growth manifested in that part of the province and the prospect of two cities rising on the sites of two towns whose prospects a couple of years ago were not greater (if as great) than those of many another of our provincial towns.

The change in the style and character of miners' dwellings in Cape Breton is one of the most encouraging of the improvements being effected in Cape Breton to-day. Formerly the attention paid to the

comfort of the miner was confined to the provision of a small house with limited yard room which frequently was shared by several families. Mr. Whitney has advanced ideas regarding the comfort of his employees, realizing that a man who has an airy dwelling and enough land about his house to cultivate and make beautiful, is a better workman by reason of the healthful influence engendered thereby. The newer houses are more decorative to the locality than the old regulation uniform style to which the miners have been accustomed for—we may say—generations. They are more comfortable to live in and their tenants are likely to be better citizens therefore. May this movement continue and spread and bring with it contentment and more ideal social conditions than customarily prevail in towns peopled by the working classes.

There has been a newspaper wedding in Lunenburg county. Two papers have become one. The parties to this contract are the Lunenburg *Progress* and the Bridgewater *Enterprise*. Having become one newspaper, the *Progress* and *Enterprise* is the name by which the newly wedded couple will be known. *Progress* and *Enterprise* is a name to live up to. If its mission is what its name implies the paper should make itself a power in Lunenburg town and county.

The visit to Cape Breton of Commander Gerritt of H. M. S. Crescent and Mr. F. H. Gross of the Dockyard has set afloat a number of rumors regarding the probable results. Speculation arises particularly out of the visit of these gentlemen to Victoria Mines. A Sydney paper says it is rumored that the landowners at Victoria have been interviewed as to the probable values of property along the shore and among the highlands overlooking the entrance to the harbor, and suggests that it may be possible that the home government, in view of the difficulty of obtaining coal in England for naval purposes, may be looking forward to the purchase of a coaling station in Cape Breton.

Although it has been well known, the Western shore has not up to this time been invaded by tourists to the extent that it will be in future years. There have not been the facilities for getting there that exist in other parts of the province. But the day of favor for the Western shore is coming, and the enlarged steamship services and the ultimate extension of the Coast Railway to Halifax will surely be followed by this result. We do not mean that it will turn the tide away from the parts of the province so frequented at present. We mean that more people will come. We have a guarantee of this in the fact that the railway will be completed that a few years ago was commenced in Yarmouth to be built along the shore to Halifax. Although there is an abundant source of business of a local character for a railway running through that part of the province, it is no secret that the company anticipate a very large source of revenue will exist among tourists.



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## WINNERS IN THE COMING ELECTIONS.

**I**N this issue of the BLUENOSE we publish two articles on the political situation, one of which by a Liberal gives the Liberal reasons why the Government should be returned, and the other by a Liberal-Conservative giving the Conservative reasons why the Liberals should be and are likely to be put out of power. In choosing the writers for these articles we endeavored to select men who while intimately acquainted with Canadian politics were at the same time able to give an honest opinion. Although the respective articles may appeal to those on the other side of politics as being tinged with partisanship, yet they may be taken as representative of the best opinion of both parties. Of course, a great deal is put into a small space, and therefore the articles are more statements than arguments, but the intelligent reader will be able to take these statements and weigh their importance. They give a comprehensive idea of the political arguments on both sides, and the man who is interested in politics but has not the time to follow things closely will find in them something to work upon, something from which to trace out the merits and demerits of the claims of the two parties. We make no further comments.

## POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

**T**HE political atmosphere in Canada is growing warmer day by day. As is usual, the campaign is causing more or less commercial disturbance, but the end is now not far distant, and when it comes the tide of commerce will again flow smoothly as of yore, no matter which party is returned to power. But just now the struggle is at its height and politics is the principal topic of conversation. Both parties are going to win, victory is perched upon the banner of each and a great tide is bearing each onward to overwhelm the other. If anybody has any doubts as to the possibility of both parties having an overwhelming victory, they have but to read the utterances of party leaders on both sides. If anybody doubts that both parties can be all that is good and pure and honest, possessing all the virtues under the sun and everything that is worthy of public confidence, while at the same time they are both all that is bad, being dishonest, corrupt and untrustworthy, they have but to read the utterances of party leaders and party organs. If anybody doubts that upon the election of both depends the whole commerce of the country—that unless both are returned to power progress will cease, trade decline, the country become bankrupt and the future be dark and hopeless, they have but to read the utterances of these leaders and organs. In short it is established beyond the shadow of a doubt that our whole future is dependent upon the election of both parties. If we would have our trade increased, our resources developed, our finances kept in a healthy condition, our railways and canals built and extended, new steamship lines established and old ones improved, winter ports just where we want them, it is absolutely necessary that both parties should be returned to power. This has been established by the leaders of the parties and the press; and what a pity it is that the electors of this great Canada of ours cannot place both in power on the 7th day of November next.

## ABILITIES OF THE BLUENOSE PROVINCE.

**A** prophet is not without honor save in his own country." This proverb in all probability was familiar at the time of its sacred and historic utterance. It is familiar to-day and quite as true as familiar. At least if we may judge from what we see and hear about us, there is a great tendency to attach weight and virtue to the foreign as against the native—this both of men and things.

We feel that this lack of confidence is not warranted. Indeed we believe, on the contrary, that the people of Nova Scotia can afford to place the utmost confidence in their fellows as a body and in their work.

In the words of a BLUENOSE popular poet,

"The men are most almighty smart  
"They raise in Nova Scotia."

Time and again we have had opportunity of observing this. The bracing air of our sea girt province has given them vigorous constitutions, and their ancestry has transmitted the strength of mind that belonged to a sturdy and hard headed race. This of course is speaking broadly; for it is possible to find men and women that are "unfit" in every faculty of mind and body. But it is true that, taken as a whole, the average Nova Scotian is a man of strong physique and able mind.

To prove the excellence of the best samples of Bluenose character, it is only necessary to recall the number of great men that Nova Scotia has given the world. There are and have been such born in this province, of Nova Scotian parents, whose careers in different professions and departments of activity have brought honor to them and their native land. Take such names as Howe, in politics; Sir Wm. Dawson, in science; Haliburton, in literature; Cunard, in business—these and countless others who have filled, or even now fill great places in the world of men.

And the ability of Nova Scotians is not confined to one class. In every kind of trade, business or profession, we find them, but too frequently we find them away from home. Go into the factories of the United States, and you find them there—foremen, superintending the productive industries that are rapidly making the United States the first commercial nation in the world. Go into the stores and offices and you find them there. They occupy many of the foremost positions in the chiefest profession, viz., that of teaching; many of the men of science, who also are assisting the United States to commercial supremacy, are Nova Scotians. And in all other professions and in every walk of life, you find among the leaders, men who hail from the Bluenose province.

Why are they there? Why are they not at home helping to make *this* country great? Why is not the productive power they possess being given to the land that gave them birth? The answer is simply that here there is no room for them. This county is too unappreciative.

Sam Slick always thought that nothing was quite equal to one of the "free and enlightened citizens" of his own country. He had confidence in them. So had every American. The confidence was well placed, and, succeeding in arousing enthusiasm in newly acquired citizens, the United States speedily got on the right path to success. We might do the same. If we would only place the confidence in the possibilities of the province and lose no time getting to work, then the province



would not be at a standstill— it would forge head.

There are many industries that we could establish in this province with profit. We have the men, we have the natural resources to develop, we have many other things in our favor, but alas, we have not confidence in them and in ourselves. If we could only get over these silly notions we would have a chance to progress. Isn't it nonsense to act this way while Americans come in and make money right under our very noses. We never see the way until they come and show us, and then we wonder why we never saw it before. It was not because we didn't have the men, the money and the means, but because it never occurred to us that the province is so favored by Providence that she might be a leader in the world's industry and commerce. Isn't it time to change our ideas? It is.

### STUMBLING BLOCKS.

HERE is a really worse thing in the character of our people than that lack of confidence in their fellows of which we speak, and people in Nova Scotia who succeed in their own country do so frequently despite the disheartening obstructions of their fellows. We refer to the spirit that makes a man say:—"I give him six months to stay in business." "Take my word for it he will never make it pay" is a sentence uttered without consideration of the damage it may do—without consideration even as to whether it is a true statement or not.

For example, a prominent Halifax man whose name, if we were at liberty to mention it, might fairly be taken as a synonym for prosperity, commenced business on Granville street a number of years ago, and at the time an inconsiderate citizen remarked in front of his store something similar to what we have stated above. The former is to-day numbered among our well-to-do merchants; the other is walking the streets and no doubt often passes the spot where he made his thoughtless and uncharitable remark. We wonder if he ever glances at this merchant's old business stand and realizes how far his speculation was wide of the mark. No doubt our readers could instance others. Perhaps they have in mind as they read this, the same kind of remark made only an hour, a day or a week ago, regarding a new arrival in the field of business or industry. Do they think it fair to the one about whom the remark was made? Do they think it will do him good? We hope that every BLUENOSE reader's sympathy is with the man who will not stay in business six months.

### A PLEA FOR PROVINCIAL LABORATORIES.

IN the last number of the BLUENOSE we had the pleasure of presenting a careful sketch of Prof. McGregor. Our purpose, as we explained at that time,

was two-fold; to provide our readers with the inspiration that a successful life possesses, and to show what a great resource the Province has in such a man. To-day we wish to amplify the latter a little.

It may not be generally known that a few months ago there was some possibility that Prof. McGregor might leave us and go to the Old Country. People who take an interest in the educational affairs of the Province and in its best development, heard this with regret, and when they enquired of one another if it had been decided whether or not he should go, they did it very much as they might have asked, "Is he dead?" The number of people who really appreciate Prof. McGregor's abilities are perhaps few, and to them it is a matter of some surprise as well as congratulation that he has remained with us so long. His name is well-known in Europe, probably even better known than in Canada; another illustration, perhaps, of the fact that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.

If Prof. McGregor had gone away, he would now be in a position where he would have greater scope for his talents. Although in Halifax he has had comparatively few laboratory facilities, still he has done excellent scientific work, and if he had had such facilities as exist in any of the larger Universities in Europe or America, he would have done vastly better work. As far as this article is concerned we do not intend to lay stress upon the fact that he has not done as much in Halifax to develop himself as he could have done in some large centre, but to emphasise the fact that he has not had the opportunity here to do as much for the Province as he would have done had he the laboratory at his command that a developing country needs.

It is difficult in a short space to explain why Science is so important in industry, but we think the fact is well enough known to require no further elucidation here. We only have to go to Germany to appreciate to the full what Science does to make a nation commercially prosperous, and if we were to go to Germany and see what science is doing for that Country, and come back to Nova Scotia, we would not wonder that we are so far behind. Throughout the former Country technical and scientific schools abound. In Nova Scotia the only schools of that kind are devoted to agricultural pursuits. This ought not to be; we should have at least one well equipped technical institution wherein would be gathered together a number of laboratories in which our young men might study the principles that underlie all successful industrial processes, and might make special investigations into the conditions that are undermining some of our sources of wealth. For instance there should be a biological laboratory in which to study the flora and fauna of our waters, and determine why it is that our lobster industry is waning, and why the fish have been driven off our shores to such an extent. Such study would result in the acquisition of knowledge that might preserve our fisheries, which may otherwise be ruined. The same applies to our

forests; the study of forestry would enable us to know how to preserve and make the best use of our forests and how to reforest where they are being destroyed. And so with regard to every detail of provincial industry. It may be argued that there are schools abroad where our young men can acquire such knowledge. But the existence of such a school in Nova Scotia would be an impetus to industry and an influence that would keep our young men at home who now go abroad in such numbers.

Now, for years we have had a man who is capable of teaching and inspiring students who take up scientific work, particularly in the line of Physics, which is a science that has to do largely with manufacturing; but what we have had him he has had no means of exerting his great influence to the full. The young men who have studied under him have been looking to other professions, and professions in which they would in most cases have to look abroad for a field. There has been no school in which he could direct the studies of students looking to industrial occupations, in which he could keep before them the best and most modern methods, and inspire them to excel. In other words, we have a man whose usefulness we have largely allowed to go to waste, simply because we have not had the sense to have the necessary school, and him in it. But while Prof. McGregor is still with us there is time to mend and enable that great teacher to do for his province what we have been preventing him from doing for so many years. We do not believe there is a better thing the government of Nova Scotia could do than to provide laboratories which would give him and others of our Nova Scotia scholars the opportunity to assist the development of the province. These laboratories are needed, and if we could have them they would form the nucleus of a great University which we could raise up in time to be a great influence for progress in the life and industry of the province.

### THE PULP INDUSTRY.

HERE is undoubtedly a great future for the pulp industry in Canada and its development is now being pushed forward rapidly. Mills of large capacity are springing up in different parts of the country and yet the demand continues to be greater than the supply. In the Maritime Provinces we have vast stretches of spruce land and all the natural advantages for manufacturing. The prospect is that the industry will be a great source of wealth to us in the not very distant future.

The spruce lands of the United States are being rapidly denuded owing to the remarkable growth of the industry there, and American capitalists are turning their attention to Canada with a view to supplying the future demand for paper making material.

Referring to this subject the New York Commercial says: "Canada and the other British provinces must furnish this continent with most of its white paper stock in the not far distant future. For a quarter of a century past this denudation of spruce lands has been going on steadily, with little or no effort at replacement, and for some years past some American paper manufacturers, alarmed at the prospect of a spruce famine in this country, have been hauling spruce logs from Canada at great expense, in order to put off as long as possible the day when our own forests shall cease to yield material for pulp."

❁ ❁ ❁ FROM THE EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK. ❁ ❁ ❁

**A Marital Parable.**

He settled back in his easy chair, put his feet on a foot rest, lit a cigar, and for five minutes let the smoke curl up around his head. He was a picture of comfort.

Then his wife interrupted his meditations.

"George, you're getting lazy," she said.

He shook his head.

"But when we were engaged," she persisted, "you were as active as any man I ever saw. Why, you were always getting up excursions, and you were the life of every party."

He puffed out a little whiff of smoke and nodded his acquiescence.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

He took another puff at his cigar, and then said:

"Ever seen a man try to catch a train?"

"Why, yes," she replied, in surprise.

"Ever see one rush onto the station platform just as the train seemed almost gone?"

"Certainly, I have."

"Got a pretty lively move on him, didn't he?"

"Why, yes; he ran the entire length of the platform as fast as he could. But, George—"

"Yes, he just barely caught it. He—"

"But he caught it?"

"Of course he did. But, George you're straying—"

"Did he keep right on running?" interrupted George.

"Certainly not. He settled down in a seat and made himself as comfortable as possible, got a palmleaf fan, and five minutes later seemed perfectly contented and happy."

"Well?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Do you expect me to keep on running?"

❁ ❁

**If They Would Only Do It.**

There's a needful occupation,  
For the people of each nation;  
And a study of the same would do them good

When we sit, and drink, and ponder,  
Then get up and gaze, and wonder,  
At the very few we know who would,  
Be kind enough to mind,  
The business of the kind,  
That we have always known  
As "our own."

A healthly recreation,  
For the whole of the creation,  
Would the practice of this virtue be;  
Mankind would be much kinder,  
And gossips would be blinder;  
To the faults of sins of others  
Don't you see!  
Because the business of the kind,  
They then would have to mind,  
Would exempt them from  
Discussing "you and me."

Oh, there's nothing can vie with the drug-  
gist's lot,

In the varying scheme of life.  
He can calm the nerves of the shaking sot,  
And quiet the scolding wife,  
And his very mistakes may now and then  
Bring lasting peace to the worst of men.

"Now, a bribe," said the politician who  
was speaking at the "Empire" "a bribe,  
as I take it. But the roar of delighted  
interruption that followed convinced him  
that further remarks would not be listened  
to with the respect due the utterances of a  
man of his standing."

Mr. Gumpss—That boy will never be  
good for anything until he marries.

Mrs. Gumpss—I suppose not.

Mr. Gumpss—No. He's got to get  
over the habit of hanging around the  
house.

The Old Dodge Didn't Work—Tramp  
—"Maiden, I'm starvin'! Kin I eat grass  
out here in the back yard?" Mrs. Home-  
spun—"Yes, but don't you stray over into  
that new pasture—We'er going to cut  
that for hay."

Judge Gore—How did the silver debate  
come out? Did the colonel carry his pint?  
Major Bleed—Carry his pint? Sah the  
colonel never carries less than a quait.

He had an auburn-haired girl and  
promised to take her out riding. She  
met him at the door when he drove up in  
a buggy exclaiming:  
"Hello! Ready?"

She misunderstood him, and they don't  
speak now. Thus slang makes another  
slap at loves young dream.

"You're a wicked, lazy tramp," shout-  
ed the red-faced woman. "Madam," re-  
joined the tourist calmly, "I decline to be  
drawn into any controversy. You will  
take notice that I did not claim to be a  
June bride."

Miss Elderly—What would you do if I  
should tell you my age?  
He—Multiply it by two.

"What are dried cherries a pound?"  
she asked as she stood in the open door of  
the grocery.

"Twenty-five cents, ma'am," replied  
the grocer.

"That's awful!"

"Regular price, ma'am, and they are  
very nice."

But I can't pay no such price as that.  
I see you have clothespins at a cent a  
dozen?"

"Yes'm—the very best."

"Well I'll take fifteen dozen. The idea  
of twenty-five cents a pound for dried  
cherries this time o' year! Make it twenty  
dozen pins, please, I did want some  
cherries, but—well make it twenty-five  
dozen pins. I don't need 'em, but when  
I can get clothespins for a cent a dozen  
I'd be foolish to pay such a price for dried  
cherries, wouldn't I?"

**Notability.**

True worth is being, not seeming,

In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good, not in the dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by;  
For whatever men says is blindness  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kingly as kindness  
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—  
We can not do wrong and feel right,  
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,  
For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,  
The bush for the robbin and wren,  
But always the path that is narrow  
And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story  
The heart of its ills to beguile,  
Though he who makes courtship to glory  
Gives all that he hath for his smile,  
For when from her heights he has won  
her,

Alas, it is only to prove  
That nothing's so sacred as honor.  
And nothing so loyal as love.

We can not make bargains for blisses,  
Nor catch them, like fishes in nets,  
And sometimes the thing our life misses  
Helps more than the thing which it gets;  
For good lieth not in perusing,  
Nor gaining of great nor of small,  
But just in the doing, and doing  
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through  
hating—

Against the world, early and late,  
No jot of our courage abating—  
Our part is to work and to wait;  
And slight is the sting of his trouble  
Whose winnings are less than his worth,  
For he who is honest is noble,  
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—Alice Carey.

❁

**Be Thorough.**

Whatso'er you find to do,  
Do it, boys, with all your might;  
Never be a little true,  
Or a little in the right.  
Trifles even lead to heaven,  
Trifles make the life of man;  
So in all things  
Be as thorough as you can.

Love with all your heart and soul,—  
Love with eye and ear and touch;  
That's the moral of the whole,  
You can never love too much!  
'Tis the glory of the story,  
In our babyhood begun;  
Our hearts without it  
(Never doubt it)  
Are as worlds without a sun.

## THE RETURN OF OUR BOYS IN KHAKI.

It's Soldiers of the Queen, my lads, Who've been my lads, Who've seen my lads,  
In the fight for England's glory lads, When we have to show them what we mean.  
And when we say we've always won, And when they ask us how it's done?  
We'll proudly point to everyone of England's Soldiers of the Queen.

### After A Year's Absence.

IF on Thursday next, the *Idaho* arrives in Halifax as promised, it will be exactly a year since the men of Company H left us for the seat of war in South Africa. A happy co-incident that those electing to return should see the familiar harbor of Halifax on the day one year later than that on which they saw it last, as they marched down North Street accompanied by throngs of admiring, enthusiastic citizens, and cheered heartily on their way as brave men should. Just as though an even piece of time should be cut out of home life to preserve its symmetry. And during all that long year what experiences have they gone through—the pain of parting with their kindred, the unmanning sight of their native land receding through the growing waters, the life of the soldier on board ship and on the field, and, above all, the horrors of war that, in the graphic phrase, we call—hell.

"True patriots all, be it understood,  
They left their country for the Empire's good."

### "A Health to Them That's Awa'."

And now they are coming home again, but not all the men that marched down North Street on that October afternoon a year ago. Some of them are still there on the fighting ground to be there when the last stroke of the war is struck, and the enemy compelled to give up their useless and inhuman adherence to a lost cause. Their presence on the field may not be absolutely necessary, but it is their choice, and we admire the spirit and enthusiasm that prompts them, and while we gladly welcome those that come, we have kind thoughts for those that stay, and change Burn's lines a bit and sing:

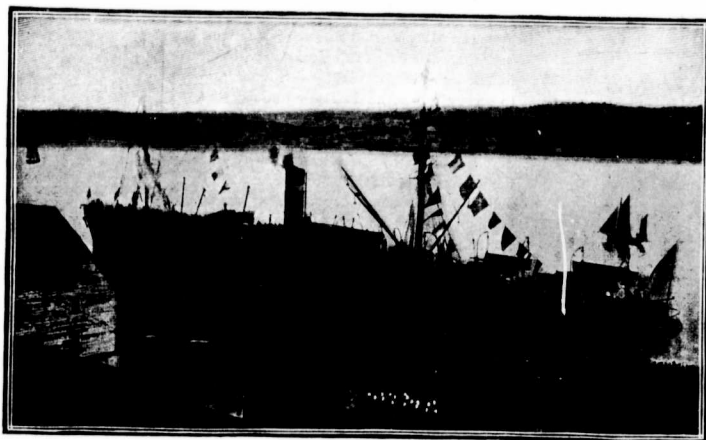
It's guid to be merry and wise,  
It's guid to be honest and true,  
It's guid to support the Empire's cause,  
And bide by the red, white and blue.

### The Men Who Will Never Return.

Nor can we pass on without saying a word about those who will never return. How many a parent, how many a brother, sister, friend, how many a sweetheart sent their loved ones away with mingled feelings of pride and tenderness. And how many watched and waited for news from the front with longing and yet with dread, and lived to have their worst fears realized—the news that their loved one had fallen, that

great stretch of country that lies between. They are all Canadians who went away with "The Maple Leaf Forever" on their lips, who shouted "Rule Britannia," who sang "God Save the Queen," and went into battle with as great an ardor and came out of it with as much distinction as the flower of the British army. We welcome them back, for they are all Canadians and "it's greatly to their credit." But if Canadians, none the less, but rather the more, Britons. Nothing but the sentiment that makes a Briton a Briton wherever you meet him on the face of earth, sent them forth to battle for their Queen and Empire.

"For Briton still to Briton's true  
Among oursel's united;  
For never but by British hands,  
Have British wrangs be righted."



The "Sardinian" Leaving Quebec October 30th, 1899,  
With the First Canadian Contingent on Board.

### What The Boys Went Through.\*

Paardeberg is a name that all Canadians in all ages will keep in mind. It was at Paardeberg that our boys showed the stuff that they were made of; it was there they won the admiration of the greatest soldiers living and proved to what Canada is capable of turning her hand with

honor and success. A memorable day was the day of Paardeberg.

All through that Sunday morning and late into the afternoon our Canadians advanced steadily, gaining yard by yard. Some of the men were almost mad with thirst. The thirst that comes over a man when in battle shows the fever that is raging within him. It was five o'clock. The centre of our line was about 700 yards, the right 250 or 300 yards away from the Boer trench. Then was made one of those blundering disastrous moves in which the British soldier proves himself a hero and dies like a man; a fatal blunder, made by whose orders no one seems to know.

The Cornwalls were near us, but slightly in our rear, and the Colonel of that regiment, thinking the fighting too slow asked

\*The paragraphs descriptive of the Battle of Paardeberg are taken from an article written by a Canadian eye-witness, in the *Canadian Magazine*, August last.

on the battle-field or even in camp he had met the foe in one form or other that everyone must meet and not deny, and so far away from home. Who can measure the longing of those hearts whose lot separated them from having a parting word, a last farewell. These are the men we honor most of all—these who not returning home, have gone, we trust, to the soul's long home. And in a time to come, let us honor them by lifting a monument to their memory who fell in the Empire's cause.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest."

### Canadians All, And Britons.

We forget, perhaps, that not all who are coming home are men of Company H. There are others. Men from all parts of the great Dominion; men from prairie, field and mountain as well as from the sea girt province that we call our own. These we will delight to honor with our own, and happy are we to be the first to welcome to their native land again the men of the distant west, as well as the east, and the

Col. Otter's opinion as to the advisability of a charge. Otter evidently did not agree, and the Cornwall's Colonel went back to his regiment, which fixed bayonets immediately and prepared to charge. At the same time our Canadians fixed bayonets. A thrill ran through the men. It was coming at last.

In front was an open space devoid of cover. Across that space was raining a hail of bullets that converted it into a perfect zone of death. In a strong cross fire nothing can live. Yet in spite of this our men began their desperate rush. Ah! the madness of it all. Heavens! what heroism! What mockery of grim death was in that charge! Like the great heroes of old they rushed upon the foe. Immediately the men began to drop. A shell bursts overhead. Here and there a man stumbles and falls, but he does not rise again. That was his last step on this earth. Another hero stops for a second and sinks down in a heap, motionless, silent. A few throw up their arms with a sobbing gasp and fall



LIEUT. J. C. OLAND, Co. H., R. C. R. I.  
From a photo taken at Bloemfontein.

prone upon the red sand, now stained a deeper red by the life blood that oozes from the little round hole in the dust-coloured tunics. Pierced through the body by two balls a Canadian falls, but so strong is the combativeness of his nature that with his last effort he points his rifle toward the trench, presses the trigger and—dies. But one Canadian that started from the centre of the line reached the trench, where he gave up his life. The Colonel, the Adjutant and a captain of the Cornwalls fell within a few seconds of one another. It was awful!

Poor Harry Arnold, the captain of "A" Co., and one of the finest men that ever buckled on a sword, went down with a bullet through his head and another through his arm. He never recovered consciousness. Lieut Mason was heading his half company when a ball struck him in the left shoulder and came out beneath the right arm-pit. Lister and Jackson were killed quite early in the charge.



CAPT. H. B. STAIRS, Co. H., R. C. R. I.  
From a photo taken at Bloemfontein.

On the right Capt. Joe Pelletier and Capt. Stairs succeeded in reaching the trench with their men after many narrow escapes—but on their arrival they found that the Boers, true to their traditions, had not waited for the cold blue steel, but had fled to the river banks. Standing up to survey the scene Pelletier noticed that the position was commanded by the Boer trenches on the bank and immediately ordered his men to lie down. Hardly had the order been obeyed when a crashing volley came sweeping over their heads. Some of the men of "C" Co., finding the trench empty when they had succeeded in gaining it, started over to the left, in the words of Pte. Kennedy, "to look for



CORP. C. F. FOOLEY, Co. H., R. C. R. I.  
The tallest man in the 1st Contingent.

trouble." They got it. A perfect hail of lead tore up the ground about them.

"So ends the bloody business of the day."

### LESSONS OF THE WAR.

A great event is always fruitful in great lessons, and the war just ended presents many. All are of importance, but here we will refer to two—one, the class of soldier Canada can produce, the other a suggestion from the growth of the imperial idea.

With regard to the first, Paardeberg, as we noted above, demonstrated the stuff that Canadians are made of. On the day of the departure of Company H. an officer of the Leinsters remarked to a Halifax man that a regiment of picked Canadians would make the finest in the world. Paardeberg a few months later bore out his statement and stamped it as the truth. It is because we live so near to nature that our men have the courage and the sense that make good soldiers. In the crowded cities of Europe how different. There the recruiting sergeant finds only those whose



LIEUT. R. H. WILLIS, Co. H., R. C. R. I.  
From a photo taken at Bloemfontein.

lives have been spent amid the artificial conditions of metropolitan life—men who have never breathed the pure, strong air of the country, who have been in contact with bad sanitary conditions and have lived on smoke and sewer gas; whose fathers before them lived the same sort of life and their fathers in turn before them; and so on for generations perhaps, all the hereditary weaknesses multiplying and acquiring potency, until the class that supplies the fighting man is supplying one that is not complete either in physical or mental fitness.

With our Canadians it has been different. They and their fathers before them lived near the soil, near to nature. Their years have been employed with occupations that have rounded out their characters and made them physically and mentally fit to survive. And because they have lived nearer to nature, they have lived in greater obedience to her laws and we may even venture to say that the



moral conditions of their lives have been better. And because of their stronger morality they are stronger men—have more of the backbone that enables a man to go into the greatest danger without flinching, when it is his duty to go there; more also of the healthy mind that comes of a healthy life and enables its possessor to think and act with greater quickness and precision. The conditions of life in a country where there is lots of land and few large cities, and where the climate is a temperate one, are such that its men must be strong in all elements that make up the man, and hence it is that Canada has been able to send out such a body of men as those of her contingents to South Africa. The first important lesson of the war, then, as far as we are concerned, is the ability of Canada to furnish competent fighting men.

One thousand years will have rolled between—at one end of that long period of time, a great King; a great Queen as the other; and during those ten fully rounded centuries the imperial idea has been growing, developing. It commenced when King Alfred first brought together the warring sections of the English race and became the first King of all England. That perhaps may be regarded as the commencement of Imperial Federation. Since that time the ever-changing years have brought about many additions to the Empire and many extensions, and now in this year of grace, under the rule of Victoria the Great, the ends of the earth are being drawn together, and strongly knitted in sentiment, if not in actual parliamentary union. The same navy that King Alfred founded has played a great part in leading up to this, but to more than anything else we must ascribe this fact to the sentiment that has been born of a good and wise administration of affairs in the home-

I went to see them march away—I hollered with the rest,  
And didn't they look fine that day, a-marchin' four abreast,  
With My boy James up near the front, as handsome as could be,  
And wavin' back a fond farewell to mother and to me!  
I vow my old knees trembled so, when they had all got by,  
I had to jest set down upon the curbstone there and cry.  
And now they're comin' home again! The record that they won  
Was sich as shows we still have men when men's work's to be done!  
There wasn't one of 'em that flinched, each feller stood the test—  
Wherever they were sent they sailed right in and done their best!  
And so they're comin' home again, who Kruger's powder smelt—  
But there's a grave sowewhere to-day, in far South Africa's veldt.



COMPANY H. ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.  
From a photo taken at Belmont, South Africa.

The second lesson to which we draw attention is the remarkable evidence of growth in the imperial idea. For the beginning of this idea we must go far back into History, and in doing so we may see some of the forces that promoted its growth.

Only a few years ago, during the time of the celebration of the Queen's diamond jubilee, Vice Admiral Erskine had occasion to remark upon the fact that the British navy was just 1000 years old; for in 897 King Alfred the Great set afloat the first ships for the defence of England's coast and commerce. In 1897 it became something more than a poetical saying, it came to be an actual fact that for a thousand years the cross of St. George had braved the battle and the breeze. Now, in a few months we will have reached the first year of the new century and the anniversary of King Alfred's death.

land and the loyalty that a life like that of Queen Victoria inspires in the hearts of her subjects. It only took the war in South Africa to bring that loyalty to a prompt and practical expression. Thus the war has demonstrated the unity of British sentiment and British interest all over the earth. This is the second of the two great lessons.

#### The One Who Won't Be There.

I don't think I'll go into town to see the boys come back;  
My being there would do no good in all that jam and pack;  
There'll be enough to welcome them—to cheer them when they come  
A-marching bravely to the time that's beat upon the drum—  
They'll never miss me in the crowd—not one of 'em will care,  
If, when the cheers are ringin' loud, I'm not among them there.

I guess that I'll not go to town to see the boys come in;  
I don't jist feel like mixin' up in all that crush and din!  
There'll be enough to welcome them—to cheer them when they come,  
A-marchin' bravely to the time that's beat upon the drum,  
And the boys'll never notice—not a one of 'em will care,  
For the soldier that would miss me ain't a-goin' to be there!

C. L.



## THE DOINGS OF BLUENOSE PEOPLE.

**W** HED I say that the principal subject of general interest among our own people this week is the return of the First Contingent?

I need not.

Almost a year ago, will any of us ever forget the day, we stood along North St. to see them off, to fight for Queen and country. How distinctly I remember the choking feeling in my throat as they marched across Lockman Street on their way to the station. One of them a smooth faced, bright eyed, young man, (somebody said he was from Bridgewater), looked up at me and smiled, as much as to say:—"Isn't this great?" I wonder what he thinks about it now.

How we all waved our handkerchiefs and tried to laugh at little things to keep our spirits up. I remember how much I appreciated the yell of the Dalhousie boys; it sort of made one forget. I remember too how the tears coursed down the inside of my nose until I felt like a fool and wished that every Dutchman in the world had never seen the light of day. I can still see Captain Stairs just as he stood on the rear platform of the military train with the flag of the Empire on his left. He looked so sad and lonely and yet managed to maintain such a cheerful air to his friends and relatives that if he had never done anything more to show his metal I would still regard him as a brave, strong man.

It was on the 25th of October, 1899, that they left us, and now they are coming home; but not all; there's a grave here and there on the trackless veldt and somebody's darling slumbers therein; for these are the fortunes of war.

Only a year since H Company went away—it seems longer than that, so much has happened in the meantime. Think of the wives, mothers and sweethearts whose thoughts were centred in the "boy in Khaki." What a trial and suspense they must have passed through during the days of Paardeberg.

Do you wonder that I say it seems more than a year? My dears there are people in this city to whom it has been a lifetime.

I hope everybody is doing what he or she can to make the reception to our gallant soldiers a success. Mrs. Archibald has very wisely asked the co-operation of all the young ladies and I am sure every Halifax girl should consider it a privilege to help in a service as worthy as this. I was glad to see Mr. Campbell selected as chairman of the sub-committee; he has good executive ability and whatever he undertakes is sure to suffer nothing from

lack of thorough and careful attention. I admire the individual who takes his duties seriously and I think Mr. Campbell is a man who does. How much better Halifax would be if it had more serious minded men—men who endeavor to leave the impress of a first class effort on everything they undertake. I sometimes think that too many of our people, (I mean our business men), think more of having a quiet, easy life than of improving their own position, and the town in which they live. Life is to me a very serious responsibility and I often ask myself whether I am really fulfilling to the best of my ability the obligations that I owe to it. Do you ever feel this way?

The clerk of the meteorological bureau must be in a bad humour at present. I'm sure we all appreciated the lovely fine weather which made the past summer so remarkably pleasant; I for one never tired of talking of it while it lasted. Rainy days at this season of the year are destructive to all active interest in outdoor sport, and in no place that I know of is there a keener liking for foot ball among all classes.

We were lucky to have one good afternoon for the Services-Wanderers match and fashionable society, which always patronizes football, turned out *en masse*.

I noticed a number of well fitting new tailor made gowns; (first appearance) in fact I heard a visitor remark "The girls of Halifax seem to show to better advantage at a football game than anywhere I have seen them."

As usual there were one or two small Teas immediately after the game but as everybody this week is busily engaged with preparations for the contingent reception, it is scarcely likely that much entertaining will be attempted.

A most happy gathering of the friends of Honorable Robert and Mrs. Boak took place on Saturday evening last at their residence, Fawson Street, this city, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the aged couple's wedding day. Some sixty people, young and old, enjoyed the hospitality extended.

There has been one delightful dance this week. It was neither small nor early, in fact the morning was well advanced when some reached home. The music was good, so was the floor, and as the majority of the men made very good partners, it goes without saying that the entire programme was thoroughly enjoyed. There was a good sprinkling of navy and army men, and of course a large number of civilians. Some of the new regiment are very good dancers—almost the equal of our own boys, who to a Bluenose girl are the best one could desire. I couldn't say anything nicer than that, could I?

Do you want to hear about the dresses? There were many pretty ones, some made especially for the occasion, but as my space is about exhausted I am afraid if you are very anxious to know about them you will have to ask somebody else.—H. E.



**M**ERSON had great insight into the human mind. He was able to grasp to great depth the influences that work in men toward ends. He saw either by inspiration or experience, probably both, that the little things of life influence in much greater degree than we are willing to admit sometimes. The palmist and other of the Hebrew writers saw the same things. Life works by law. Law works differently in each individual because of the varying lines in each individual along which principles move. What is moral to one mind is immoral to another. We look at things from different standpoints, consequently reach varying conclusions about the same thing. This is why the world is full of opinion, why honest men differ, and why it is important to judge with tolerance the opinions of others.

The conservative mind is usually willing to be tolerant. It allows for opposing judgment without branding it as necessarily unsound. The Brahmins have a story of seven blind men who touched an elephant at different points and their opinions of his shape from their sense of touch on leg, trunk, side and head. They were all in a degree right, and yet all were incomplete in what they felt must be the elephants shape. In other words, basing their opinion on a one-sided sense of a whole, they judged on a part rather than on the whole, hence formed an incomplete judgment.

The radical leads in the extreme of opinion, the conservative tears the radical opinion to pieces, and public opinion after a time settles on a basis of judgment that is pretty nearly right in both instances. The conservative and observing mind should always be studied. It is not always right, but it is usually more nearly so than the radical mind. The conservative mind can see the two sides of a question; the radical mind only sees one. The preacher who stands for a doctrine forms his judgment in advance, and his comment is bound to support his theory. He is shut out from impartial investigation, although pretending to make it when he sets up his argument, because he is there to draw a conclusion from so-called evidence which he submits. This is radical opinion, not conservative. No conservative ever brings his opinion to a level, but he always goes where the evidence leads him, even if it forces surrender of position previously taken. This is the spirit that should be cultivated. The truth we want; the fact that we differ in creed proves that truth is deeper than creed. He who has a creed seldom has truth. With this before one, the mind is in a position to grow.

ELI.

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

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## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

IF the attendance at Orpheus Club practices so far this season is a fair indication of the work the organization is prepared to do, we may expect their series of concerts to be especially good. I am told that on Monday evening last the seating capacity in the practice hall was taxed to the point of being crowded. "Never before," said Mr. W. H. Troop, the president, "have we had as large and enthusiastic a chorus as this season; there is not one part but is practically complete, Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass, and from the very best talent in the city. To my mind, the Orpheus Club has never given promise of better work than it expects to do this winter, and we hope the music-loving people of Halifax will generously respond to the solicitations our members are now making for subscriptions."

There seems to be a dearth of musical news in the city this week, the only event of importance being the Morning Concert in aid of the Garrison Organ Fund. Of the assisting artists, some were new to Halifax audiences, others had been heard before. The concert itself was, on the whole, up to the standard of the average church concert. Next week we shall have the pleasure of hearing Mme. Trebelli, a fact which affords much pleasure to all lovers of good music in Halifax.

A Halifax gentleman informed the BLUENOSE this week that a movement is on foot to erect a new music hall in this city. Shops and offices are to be on the ground floor, and the auditorium over them. One of the ideas is to have a moveable floor which could be put in over the tops of the orchestra chairs, so as to change the place into a ballroom, the same as is done in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York and other American cities.

We have received a suggestion from a city gentleman for this department which impresses us favorably. He says the the "Bluenose" would do well to keep in touch with Boston and New York Announcements, so that Bluenose people who are contemplating a short visit to either city can make plans as to what they shall go to see. It will take a week or two to make such arrangements as will secure this information, but our friends may expect us to do the best we can, as we are most anxious to give them a satisfactory service in all the departments. We should be glad to hear from any one else who has an idea that can be utilized to the mutual advantage of the paper and its readers.

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{ a. "Pena d' Amore" } - - - - -  
{ b. "La tua Stella" } - - - - -  
Mdlle. Trebelli.

"ECHO SONG," - - - - - Eckert  
Mdlle. Trebelli.

SOLO PIANOFORTE, - - - - -  
Mr. Louis Dannenberg.

{ a. "Oh! to Remember" } - - - - -  
{ b. "On the Ling Oh!" } - - - - -  
Mdlle. Trebelli.

"TARANTELE," - - - - - Bizet  
Mdlle. Trebelli.

SOLO PIANOFORTE - - - - -  
Mr. Louis Dannenberg.

"SPRING," - - - - - Tosti  
Mdlle. Trebelli.

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### MUSIC AND DRAMA.

good work, but it was a surprise, even to those who were more or less familiar with the productions of the company up to this date, that it could give such an excellent performance of "Othello."

The company is certainly to be commended for the skill, care, study and liberality of which it furnishes abundant evidence in every scene. This sounds like, and is meant to be warm praise. Neither time nor space however will permit of more than a brief reference to the individual actors. Some of them to be sure had very little to say or do, but all showed signs of conscientious supervision and drilling a fact to be noted with hearty appreciation and gratitude. There was some indistinctness, but there was no slovenliness in any of the speaking parts.

The greatest success undoubtedly was won by Mr. Everett King. He makes a better Iago than a Romeo. It would be difficult to do him justice in a short notice. At the first we were inclined to think the effect of his acting was a little marred by the sing-song of his speech, but this all disappeared as he warmed to his work. Undoubtedly his whole impersonation was superior to anything we have had here, and we shall anticipate with much pleasure his "Hamlet" as he says that this is his favorite of all the Shakesperian heroes.

Mr. Hagar made an excellent Othello. It was the first chance Mr. Hagar has had to give us an idea of his abilities, and he certainly made the most of a good opportunity. In his tenderest love passages as well as his vigorous speeches he showed himself a true artist. At times his enunciation was not quite distinct, but his whole impersonation exhibited constantly the signs of intelligence and purpose.

Miss Nora O'Brien, as Desdemona, added another to her long list of successes whilst in this city. This lady knows how to preserve the rhythm of blank verse in recitation. The variety of tone in her delivery was delightful, especially when we compare the dull hurdy-gurdyism into which most actors subside when they are asked to speak verse. She was particularly good in her scene with Emilia after Othello's suspicion of the loss of the handkerchief. She comprehended the vivid descriptive power of the lines entrusted to her, and gave it very full and free expression, abandoning herself to the influence of the images conjured up by her harangue. The applause which she received was direct and personal and she deserved it.

Miss Kate Blanche gave a charming interpretation of Emilia. In the last act she was at her best, and her denunciation of Iago was well carried out.

Mr. Woodall made an excellent Roderigo. Mr. Chesterfield also merits a word of recognition for his portrayal of Cassio.

Brabantis was well sustained by Mr. Edmund Whitley to whom was also intrusted the part of Lodovico. One word more ere we finish—Mr. William Harrigan is to be praised particularly for the clearness and distinctness in his enunciation of the lines of the Duke of Venice.

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Halifax, N. S.**

## FOR BLUENOSE WOMEN.

I AM not going to talk about fashions in this issue, as I don't believe my friends want this to be exclusively a department of dress suggestions. I have a strong disposition to preach, that is to say, I would like to find fault with a good many people and things I see about town, but the editor waives me back. He says that no matter how great the faults may be of the average woman, she decidedly objects to hearing them discussed, so I am rather at a loss for something to say. Last Sunday was a lazy day with me. I went to church in the morning and lounged about my room in the afternoon. I read our church paper and a few selected stories in a religious magazine, and, after I had disposed of them, picked up a volume entitled, "Poems of Pleasure," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. I don't know that it evinces a taste for the classical, but to be honest I must confess a warm admiration for this talented authoress.

Do you know anybody like the one in this poem:

**A PIN.**

Oh, I know a certain lady who is reckoned with the good,  
Yet she fills me with more terror than a raging lion would.  
The little chills run up and down my spine whenever we meet,  
Though she seems a gentle creature, and she's very trim and neat.  
And she has a thousand virtues and not one acknowledged sin,  
But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin.  
And see pricks you and she sticks you in a way that can't be said.  
If you seek for what has hurt you—why, you cannot find the head!  
But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating pain,  
If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain!  
A pin is such a tiny thing, of that there is no doubt,  
Yet when it's sticking in your flesh you're wretched till it's out.  
She is wonderfully observing—when she meets a pretty girl,  
She is always sure to tel. her if her hair is out of curl;  
And she is so sympathetic to her friend who's much admired,  
She is often heard remarking, "Dear, you look so worn and tired."  
And she is an honest critic, for on yesterday she eyed  
The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural pride,  
And she said, "Oh, how becoming!" and then gently added, "It  
Is really a misfortune that the basque is such a fit."

Do  
As  
20,000  
OTHERS  
Do—  
EAT

# MOIR'S BREAD

(Name on every loaf.)

## A General Breaking Down

of the nervous system, or, as it is commonly called, "General Debility," is often the result of imperfect digestion or mal-nutrition. Unable to receive proper nourishment, the system gradually wastes away and slowly but surely sinks into this deplorable state of debility.

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of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites and Guaiacol, is recognized by the Medical Profession generally as a valuable aid in correcting this condition. By improving the disordered digestion and furnishing through the Hypophosphites the element necessary to the strength of the nerve centres, it builds up the entire system and promotes a healthy and vigorous performance of the functions. Being free from all disagreeable taste or smell, it is highly palatable and can be retained by the most delicate stomach.

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MANUFACTURED BY  
**HATTIE & MYLIUS,**  
HALIFAX, N. S.

WHEN  
COAL  
IS  
DEAR



Then the  
**SACKVILLE  
HEATER  
FOR COKE**

can be ap-  
preciated.  
It is cheap to  
start with,  
consumes a  
cheap fuel  
(and is saving  
at that), is a  
strong heater  
and requires  
but little  
attention.

**F. R. BROWN,**  
206 & 208 Hollis Street,  
**HALIFAX.**

**FOR BLUENOSE WOMEN.**

Then she said, "If you had heard me  
yester eve, I'm sure my friend,  
You would say I was a champion who  
knows how to defend."

And she left me with the feeling—most  
unpleasant, I aver—  
That the whole world would despise me if  
it hadn't been for her,  
Whenever I encounter her, in such a name-  
less way

She gives me the impression I am at my  
worst that day.

And the hat that was imported (and which  
cost me half a sonnet),

With just one glance from her round eyes  
becomes a Bowery bonnet.

She is always bright and smiling, sharp  
and pointed for a thrust,

Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor  
does she gather rust.

Oh! I wish some hapless specimen of man-  
kind would begin

To tidy up this world for me, by picking  
up this pin!

**IMPULSE.**

If a thoughtful woman were asked;  
"What is the greatest curse of your sex?"  
she might well answer, "Impulse." It is  
responsible for almost all the mistakes  
made by the good hearted among us.  
May it not be safely said that a few  
minutes' thought before speech or action  
would prevent most fatal blunders?

Many of us are in positive bondage to  
our bird-like quickness to feel, to show  
our feeling, to retort or to respond.  
If we are hurt, we must immediately "give  
ourselves away," as the phrase runs, if not  
by bitter speech, at least by look and  
manner; yet reflection frequently brings  
the keenest regret for the lost dignity,  
the betrayed secret. Many a one has  
wrecked her own happiness for the want  
of the patient stoicism which would have  
led her to stand aside for awhile, watch-  
ing events until they brought with them  
her opportunity.

Even when we are happy, it is not al-  
ways well to let the bright stream bear us  
away rudderless. The impulsive mani-  
festation of affection, the hasty proposal  
of marriage, the hastier acceptance, have  
they never proved the beginning of misery?  
Or has a rash word never sundered true  
lovers, true friends?

If these things are true, it is likewise  
true that the fault in the commencement  
has been that of feminine impulsiveness.  
The defect is a generous one, and there-  
fore, commoner with us than it is with  
men, so that it handicaps us unfairly in  
the struggle of life.

And truly it is a weary task to be always  
"with a host of petty maxims preaching  
down" one's heart.

But we must do it; either we must rule  
feeling, or feeling will rule us.

It is a good servant but a bad master.  
Our loving women's hearts are like the  
fire of the domestic hearth—the light of  
the home when duly controlled, warming  
the whole house—but if the fire be not  
kept in its subordinate place, what a con-  
flagration ensues?

**PEAS**

FRESH STOCK,  
NEW CANNED  
GOODS. ❀ ❀ ❀

**Tomatoes**

PRICES LOW. ❀  
GLAD TO HAVE  
YOUR ORDER. ❀

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BEST IN THE MARI-  
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we will send a half pound  
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miles of our store, for the sum  
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or write your order.

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## Men and Boys..

We lead with the best stock of New Up-to-date Clothing to be seen in the Province.

**Mens' Overcoats,**  
\$5, \$6, \$7, \$10, \$12.

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**ROSBOROUGH & THOMAS,**  
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Our Wedgwood and Royal Worcester wares make beautiful Wedding Presents.

### OUT-DOOR LIFE.

ber of matches gained and necessitate a play-off to decide.

These of course are opinions held by people who argue simply on the basis of what they have seen, and while few will venture to make a definite prediction, yet many feel that the senior trophy will go either to the United Services or to the Dalhousie team; and the junior, either to the Y. M. C. A. or Dalhousie junior team.

On Saturday afternoon the last competition of the season was held at the Studley Quoit Links. Mr. G. H. McKenzie who had distinguished himself before this season in winning the Crescent cup, distinguished himself again in this last competition, which was the club handicap. The trophy for this competition was a cup presented to the Club by two American gentlemen who had visited the grounds on invitation during the summer, and so enjoyed the hospitality of Studley quitters that they afterwards sent this cup as an expression of their pleasure and good wishes to the club. The trophy is made of Tobin bronze, the material of which the Yacht "Columbia" was made, and is very artistic as well as a unique piece of work. Mr. McKenzie's average in the competition was five inches.

It is not a great number of years ago—perhaps it is not more than a quarter of a century, certainly less than fifty years—since there prevailed a "sedateness", if you like to call it such, that had the influence of discouraging people from participation to any extent in out-door sports.

What few sports we had were for men, and the least participation in them by the other sex was "unwomanly." Only the oddities among women shortened their skirts enough to allow them free use of their feet, and, it might be said that girls had no out-door sports except a brief and occasional walk or drive.

The overthrowing of this old "sedateness" has come about by successive steps, and has been assisted in many ways. We are now a sport-loving people, and only example has been necessary to put us on the track of something new. Amateur and college sports, which are the basis of all our male athletics, have practically come into active being within the time mentioned. Baseball, football, and track athletics were almost unknown to us as in the sixties, and while they may at times have outgrown their proper proportions they have had an influence in cultivating the "out-door habit" which nothing else could have done. The opening of out-doors as a playground for our girls has been assisted very much by the growth of clubs admitting ladies to membership and by the influence of colleges for women. There is always courage in numbers. What one young woman, or even a few young women, might hesitate to essay, a crowd will rush into fearlessly. So, when boating and many out-door games became popular, all the "wrong" there was in such sport as a recreation for girls disappeared, and hundreds of girls took up out-door exercises. Fashion, too, has come in to aid the out-door movement, with the popularity of the winter resort and the demand for "camps" in the woods, instead of hotels for summer resting-places.

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Our Fall and Winter Footwear is now in, and ready for your inspection, and we want everybody—mind we say **Everybody** in . . . Halifax to see our new stock of

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We are proud of our new stock, and we would like to get your opinion of it.

The styles in Footwear this season are very attractive, and there is not a shoe wearer in Halifax but will be interested in our display. . . . .

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Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and  
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Thursday, Friday, Saturday and  
Saturday Matinee,

**QUO VADIS.**

Prices 25, 35, 50 and 75c.  
Matinees 25c. to everybody.

## A DEPARTMENT OF IRRITATION.

Some More Pokes from A. McP.'s Long Pole.

WHO is to blame for the sediment that one finds in the water drawn from taps in many parts of the city? I know four houses on four different streets where people are unable to get water from their taps that is fit to drink. It seems to be full of decayed vegetable matter, and even after one uses a filter the water is scarcely fit to drink. One man told me that in making a repair to a tank in his attic a day or two ago he had occasion to put his hand down into the water in search of a break, and what was his surprise to find several inches of nasty stuff just like the sediment of a river bottom. The thing I can't understand is why this happens in some localities and not in others. What is the matter? Is it that the water mains are unclean? If so, I would like to know the reason, and whether it is to be remedied.

The people of Halifax deserve an especially hard poke about trees, and I am glad of the opportunity to give them one. Did you ever notice how erratically our streets are decorated? Take almost any street you like and examine the trees on it; here and there you will see some very beautiful specimens rising high in the air and spreading their branches over the street in wonderful beauty and symmetry of form, and in other places you will find no trees at all, or if any, you will find them on one side of the street only, and perhaps irregular at that. No doubt both sides of the streets were planted at the same time, but when some of the trees died no one took pains to have new ones put in their places, and it is only by accident apparently that we are as well off in this respect as we are. If trees could only speak, what a tale of neglect would they have to tell; and I am afraid that if those that are now flourishing are not taken better care of they also will die, and Halifax will be a bald-headed town for sure. I wish someone would start an arbor day crusade; he could depend on my support if he would.

There are one or two things, however, that will have to be changed before people generally can be expected to take much interest in the planting of trees. There is a city ordinance which needs amending, and in case you do not know what it is I will endeavor to outline the conditions of the act: Any citizen desiring to plant trees in front of his place must deposit \$5 at the City Hall as a guarantee that in doing so he will not spoil the street. After the deposit has been made the City Engineer is required to make a survey to be sure that the tree is planted in the right place; then the superintendent of streets must examine and certify that the hole for the tree is dug in the right way; and after him Mr. Power, Supt. of the Public Gardens, must leave his post to go and see that it is set out right. After a few months, if the street has not caved in as result of the planting, the man gets his \$5 back.

Now this process is disheartening to say the least, and the question is, what can we substitute that will meet the requirements of the street commissioners, and at the same time encourage more interest in tree planting among our people.

A. McP.

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can supply promptly every description of carriage at reasonable rates. They also conduct a Parcel and Baggage delivery throughout all parts of the city, and call at any address for same.

Courteous officials and moderate prices guaranteed.

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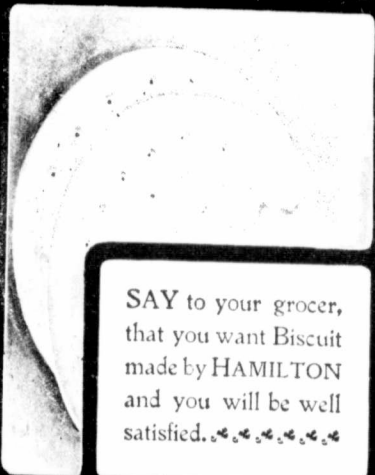
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