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OUR SOCIETY

A
WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., JUNE 5.

No. 27.

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MICHAEL JOSEPH POWER, M. P. P., son of Michael Power and Ann Lomorgan, both from Waterford, Ireland. Born in Halifax, N. S., 23rd Feb., 1834, and educated at the Union Academy there; married 20 Nov., 1860, Ann Sophia, daughter of the late Patrick Kent, merchant, Halifax. Is the Imperial Government contractor for land transport. Was an alderman for the City of Halifax for six years; chairman for the city Board of Works for one term; chairman of the Halifax Fire Depart-

ment for eight years; vice-chairman of the Board of School Commissioners for two years, and President of the Charitable Irish Society; is a captain of the militia on the retired list, and a J. P. for the county of Halifax. Was an unsuccessful candidate for present seat at general election, 1878. First returned to House of Assembly at general election, 1882; and re-elected at general elections, 1886 and 1890. Elected speaker of the house, 10 March, 1887, and again last year.

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153 GRANVILLE STREET

The Gorton Minstrels have had a very successful tour in Nova Scotia, and drew full houses in Halifax. We were very pleased with their performance, the get-up is good, and the jokes kept within some limits of moderation. Most Minstrel Troupes fail in one of two ways:—either they fail to get up and act anything like real niggers; or they carry the thing to excess, and disgust the audience by their vulgarity, spoiling the force of really good jokes, by their profusion of *double entendre*, or the downright filthiness of their language. The average nigger of real life is a refined gentleman in comparison with many of the stage niggers we have seen; and in fact, experience has taught us to think twice before taking a lady to performances of this kind. Why the fact of blacking—or partially blacking—their faces should give men the license to say and do things they would not dare to say or do under their natural color, is a question well worth investigating.

These reflections are not suggested by the performance of the Gorton Troupe, however, which is very funny, and goes in for moderation in all things. We would especially commend the Indian Club-swinging of Mr. Schröder, which is exceptionally good.

Col. Snow, who bought the Webster property at Pictou, will soon move into it. He has had the house thoroughly remodelled, and when finished it will present a fine appearance. The location is one of the most beautiful in Pictou, commanding a magnificent view of our famous harbour. We admire the Col's taste.

The following note from the Jamaica *Gleaner* is decidedly interesting:—"I am not aware whether our naturalists have yet discovered the reason of the pulsations in the light of the firefly. The supposition that they are a kind of silent call to their mates has often been debated, and it is certain that they respond to a light shown them. On one occasion while at May Pen I was walking along a road in the dark with a friend who was smoking a cigar, and we were discussing the firefly, large numbers of which were flitting before us. Discovering one creeping along a wire-fence my friend placed his cigar a few inches away from it and showed the glowing end for a moment. The insect instantly responded by showing its light, and as often as the cigar end was lit up the reply was flashed back. No light would be shewn unless the invitation was given, and this showed apparently that the action of the light is not mechanical, but is decided by the will of the insect."

We were unable to give but a very short account of Miss Laine's third and last song recital which took place at the Orpheus Hall on Thursday of last week, to a fair house. Miss Laine sang no less than 18 numbers, some of them were very pleasing, among the best may be mentioned "Starlit Eve" by Widor, and "Junge Noane" by Schubert, the latter with violin and cello accompaniment. The feature of the evening was the Rubenstein Trio, op. 15, No. 2, which was rendered in masterly style by those talented musicians, Messrs. Porter, Klingensfeld and Doering. Miss Laine was in good voice and her leaving the city will be regretted by our concert goers, and we hope that some other good singer will soon settle amongst us to supply her place. Mr. Porter, who played all the accompaniments so well, was very much handicapped to have to manipulate a Canadian Grand Piano, which is a poor substitute for those standard instruments of Steinway, Weber or Chickering to which we are used to listen, and one of which ought to be present at all first class concerts.

The 63rd had a grand parade on Wednesday and we caught a glimpse of the Regiment in all its glory as it marched through town in the evening with the band in full blast. We also caught a glimpse of three or four cigarettes, also in full blast, in the mouths of gallant officers marching beside their men. Now, of course, it is very unreasonable to expect a man to go without his smoke all day, just because he happens to be on duty; but we cannot help thinking that either the smoke or the band ought to be put out while passing through the city. It is just these little things that make some cynical sort of people smile audibly, and talk about "playing at soldiers."

The seventh and last of the Orpheus Club concerts was given on Tuesday evening, when the following programme was presented:—

PROGRAMME.

1. Overture (Scotch) *Bishop*.
Orpheus Club Orchestra.
 2. Part Song. "Sally in our alley." (Old English.)
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxillary.
 3. Song. "When all the world is young, lads." (Request.) *Henschel*.
Miss Louise Laine.
 4. Chorus. "The Brooklet." *Rheinberger*.
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxillary.
 5. Song. "Heaven hath shed a tear." *Kucken*.
Miss Anna Mack.
'Cello Obligato. Herr Ernst Doering.
 6. "The Shepherd danced." *Moskowsky*.
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxillary and Orchestra.
 7. Song. "Tell me, my heart." (Request) *Bishop*.
Miss Louise Laine.
 8. Valse. Dream on the ocean, *Gungl*.
Orpheus Club Orchestra.
 9. Recit. e-cavatine. "Plus grand dans son obscurite," *Gounod*.
(La Reine de Saba.)
Miss Louise Laine.
 10. Part Song. "Black-eyed Susan," (Old English)
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxillary
 11. Solo. a. Tarantella, *Mottet*.
b. Page's Song from "Hugenots," *Meyerbeer*.
Miss Anna Mack.
 12. "Fair Ellen," *Bruch*.
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxillary and Orchestra.
Solos: Miss Laine and Mr. D. C. Gillis.
- GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

While the programme did not present anything of a notable feature, as it was principally made up of part songs and "Fair Helen," previously heard, it was still enjoyable and pleased the majority present, which is, after all, the main point to be aimed at.

Miss Laine, who made her last appearance, sang at her best. She received hearty encores and a bouquet, and sang "Good-bye" very pathetically and feelingly. It was a fit leave-taking of the audience and the many friends of Miss Laine's, who are sorry to part with her.

Miss Anna Mack, who was new to a Halifax audience, has a very fine, well cultivated mezzo soprano voice of good quality and large range. She sings with cultivated taste and modesty. She received well merited encores to her well rendered songs, and a bouquet, and made a very favourable impression.

The orchestral work was thoroughly enjoyed and deservedly encored. Their selections were just what the audience wanted and were well done. A few additional good string instruments are sadly wanted to balance the forces, and Mr. Klingensfeld must look to that in future. The Club never sang better. They paid strict attention to the conductor's baton and produced fine effects, their voices blending well together. Quite a number of members of the chorus were noticed among the audience. It seemed to have made no very appreciable difference, as the audience testified their pleasure by generous applause and hearty encores.

We cannot close this notice without recording a protest against the bad form indulged in by some ladies near the front row, who indulged in talking and giggling while the stranger appeared on the platform, who had to wait quite a little while for the cello player to get ready. It was enough to have made anybody nervous to be stared at and criticized almost within earshot.

People who take prominent positions in society, in the absence of good breeding, should certainly take advantage of the opportunities offered to learn good manners.

The marriage of Mr. William Lithgow to Miss Louisa Worrall took place on Wednesday last, in Scotland, Massachusetts.

It is amusing to hear that a section of extreme Sabbatarians have petitioned Sir John Ross to stop the Sunday church parade to the Garrison Chapel. We hope and trust that the General did not commit himself when this astounding request was fired at him. Some of the "words they use in the army" might upset the delicate nerves of such serious-minded people. Oh no! We don't imagine such a thing for a moment. No doubt Sir John answered with his sweetest smile, that he was really very sorry, etc., etc., but military regulations, you know, and so on,—and "good morning." But it is not improbable that he blew their confounded cheek to some purpose when the front door was safely closed behind their backs.

The Orpheus Club season just terminated has been highly successful and very much appreciated by those who attended the course. It is to be hoped the subscriptions will come in freely to enable the management to continue their good work next season.

The contributor of the following paragraph is apparently in a bad way: "Rumour has it that the Orpheus Club with their Ladies' Auxiliary will have a Hare and Hound entertainment shortly, with a good tea at their Barracks. Who will be the Hare? The wily chairman would make a very substantial one, while the conductor would move more Rabbit-ly. (Excuse the spelling.)

The Encoenia at King's College, Windsor, takes place on the evening of the 24th inst. Mr. A. B. deMille is Secretary this year, and we notice the names of 3 Halifax men on the committee of 6 members,—they are Messrs. C. G. Abbot, K. Weatherbe, and M. A. Abbot.

The first yacht race of the season will come off to-morrow yachts starting from the Club House at 2 p. m., and sailing over the inside course. There are only 5 entries.

The "Mentor" (Cutter)	Mr. C. S. Stayner.
"Psyche" "	Mr. F. C. James.
"Yonla" "	Mr. H. M. Wylde.
"Hebe" "	Mr. G. E. Francklyn.
"Lenore" (Sloop)	Mr. H. C. McLeod.

The officers of the day are Consul-General Frye, and Rear-Commodore Jones.

The innovation in the regulations for admission to Sandhurst are sensible. The lowering of the limit of age to nineteen years will not give us cadets too young, while the extension of the course to three terms will place Sandhurst more on a footing with Woolwich as to length of study and habits of discipline. If candidates are to be admitted to the army from the Universities, it is certainly better to let them join their regiments at once than make them, at their comparatively advanced age, go through the cadet discipline at Sandhurst with men several years their juniors, and after the comparative liberty of the University. As to the question whether the authorities are of opinion that University candidates require no further education in drill, the answer of the authorities would probably be that young men of that age can best complete their military education with their respective regiments, and had better enter at once on a military career without the interlude of a year and a half at Sandhurst.

In America the Grip seems almost as virulent as the plague, and as speedy. It does not do to give medicine matters to the press, but there are times and seasons which nullify all rules. But now it is said that the disease which was so epidemic last winter in America, and has so much increased the death-rate in Chicago this year, is really not the "grip," but a disease of the nervous system which particularly effects the mucous membranes of the body. A writer in America states that he has made the peculiarities of this hitherto unknown affection his special study for over five years. He has corresponded largely with the districts of its devastating route, and gives us the benefit of his deductions. In a paper on the subject which he read before the American Association he stated that the "benzonate of soda" has a specific action in promptly

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alleviating all the symptoms, and is better as a curative agent than any other drug that has ever been administered. This mysterious malady simulates a wide range of disorders, but can easily be recognized by the fact that no matter what other symptoms may be—the symptoms of low pulse rate, high temperature between two and three a. m., a lightly coated but moist tongue, absence of thirst, and profuse perspiration called forth by the slightest mental or physical exertion—this remedy has immediate effect. But should these symptoms belong to another disease the benzonate of soda will have no effect whatsoever, though utterly harmless. Then it seems the disease is not self-limited; the patient does not die if let alone or wrongly treated, but the malady becomes chronic and may last for years. It closely resembles malaria, in the chilliness, flushes of heat, nervousness, loss of appetite, headache, aches in the back and limbs, loss of memory, dulness of intellect, and inertness or other lack of ambition. Paralysis has supervened, and insanity. Post mortem results show all the organs affected save the kidneys. It was this circumstance that suggested the use of benzonate of soda, as well as alcohol to stimulate the heart's action, and the results in every case have been marvellous. The remedy should be given in ten-grain doses every two hours, the alcohol in one-half ounce doses every four hours, and absolute rest added, without further medicine will cure an acute case in from 48 hours to three days. Chronic cases in addition can have bachu and sweet spirits of nitre, with alcohol in one half-ounce doses three or four times a day, when a speedy cure will certainly be effected. The disease is a poison in the nerve centres, and consequently the action of the heart is weakened, therefore all lowering remedies must be totally avoided. The name of this expert is Carl Seiler, M. D. After a cure has been effected, if possible a trip abroad, or from home surroundings ought to be taken.

We notice that Miss Bessie Rogers has returned home again from school in England, where she has spent the last year and a half.

Col. and Mrs. Ryan are spending a few days in Montreal.

The Polo club opened the season with a most successful "at home" on the club grounds last Tuesday. The weather seemed to brighten up for the occasion, and society showed up in great force. It was an enjoyable afternoon in every way.

HAZELINE.

There are a number of toilet preparations on the market of various degrees of excellence. Some are good and others, and probably the larger class, are positively harmful. The proprietors of that exquisite toilet article, known as "Hazeline," claim that their preparation is the best, and this claim is substantiated by the verdict of all that have ever used it and compared it with other preparations. It is free from the stickiness and greasiness of cream and glycerine mixtures, is quickly absorbed and makes the roughest skin soft as velvet and delicate as a child's. Its frequent use removes tan and freckles, while for sunburn it has no equal. The price is only 25 cents a bottle. Six bottles by express, prepaid, to any address in the Maritime Provinces, for \$1.50.

Prepared solely by the St. Lawrence Co., Pictou, N. S., and sold by most druggists.

Many a man who thinks he is going to set the world on fire finds to his sorrow that somebody has turned the hose on him.

PATENT ELASTIC EGGS.

Since the earliest appearance of man on the planet, the adulteration of food has been practised. The earliest writers (to give this article a further encyclopaedic flavor) speak of the herdsmen going down to the river to put water in the goat-skin milk-bags before starting for the city. This mixture was the prototype of the present wholly artificial compound now delivered at our basement doors and dumb-waiter shafts every morning by the milkman. There are not many other natural food products which have not been superseded by the artificial article. Eggs have been among the few things which have held out against the inventor. True, Keely, of Keely's Motor, has experimented on eggs, but nothing would satisfy him but an egg which he could hatch out under an artificial hen connected with steam pipes, and so far he has not succeeded in producing such an egg. It is announced, however, that the question of artificial eggs has at last been settled by a Parsons, Kansas, man named James Storey. Mr. Storey has secured letters patent on his invention, and will immediately begin manufacturing on a large scale. "I can," says Mr. Storey in his circular, "put in an egg plant for \$500 and manufacture for three cents a dozen." The gentleman does not seem to have intended any fun in this, so the country will wish him success.

In the Storey egg no deception will be attempted. Mr. Storey could, if he wished, produce an egg which could not be distinguished from the natural product of the hen, but he prefers something different for various reasons. Instead of being inclosed in a brittle and unsubstantial shell, the Storey egg will be contained in a thin rubber bag, just the size and shape of an ordinary egg-shell. The egg can thus be carried in the pocket or even sat on with impunity. This will greatly lessen the cost of transportation, as they can be shipped as ordinary freight, or even, in the case of small quantities, be sent through the mails. The Storey egg will be soft and elastic and will make an excellent plaything for the children until wanted in the kitchen for omelet or frying-pan. The empty shells can be returned by mail and ten per cent of the first price will be allowed for them on future orders. The egg proper will be exactly like a hen's egg in chemical composition and appearance. "There is one place, though," says the ingenious Mr. Storey, "where the hen's egg will probably be continued in use. I refer to public entertainments which do not meet the approval of the audience. My eggs would not break when they struck the person aimed at. Later on, however, I may, during the humorous lecture season, supply an egg aged at the factory under my personal supervision, with an ordinary shell."

Mr. Storey does not intend his eggs for hatching purposes, as the vital principle is lacking, but he believes in the idea that electricity is life, having seen the statement in a newspaper somewhere, and he hopes some time to imprison a spark of electricity in his eggs (where it will be insulated by the rubber shell) which will render them so that they can be hatched by a hen of ordinary intelligence. This seems reasonable, though we fear that Mr. Storey will have to put up a small pair of scissors or a sharp knife in each egg for the little artificial chick to use in cutting his way through the tough rubber shell. But time no doubt, is the only thing that is needed to solve all of these points, and certainly the whole country (barring a few conservative hen-owners) will be glad to know that eggs are soon coming down to three cents a dozen.

MYLIUS'
IRON and QUININE
TONIC.

CHARLOTTETOWN. - His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor aroused a great deal of indignation on the Queen's birthday, by preventing people walking to Victoria by way of the shore in front of Government House. It appears that some person or persons unknown, had moved some fencing or had been guilty of some other mis-deed displeasing to Mr. Carvell, who punished the whole community on the same principle as a schoolmaster thrashes all his boys in turn to be certain that he gives the unknown guilty one a taste of the rod. Mr. Albert McNeill, one of our younger lawyers, has since published a letter questioning the legality of the Governor's act, but whatever be the merits of the question from one side or the other, the fact remains that many citizens were inconvenienced and forced to take a long, hot and dusty walk, which must have seriously interfered with the pleasure of their visit to the Park. Mr. Carvell, who is known to be a very kind man, must have been much annoyed, and probably now regrets the way he vented his displeasure.

His Honor the Master of the Rolls entertained at breakfast on Tuesday of last week the Chief Justice, the Attorney-General, the Bishop of Charlottetown, the Queen's Counsels, the Masters in Chancery and the Registrar of the Court.

The Caledonian Club, at their last quarterly meeting, congratulated Hon. A. A. Macdonald their chief, upon his call to the senate.

By his will the late Hon. John Lefurgy of Summerside, leaves his personal property, together with the annual interest of \$50,000 to his widow. The balance of his large fortune, remaining after paying a few small legacies to relatives, is divided among his children, each of his three sons receiving \$20,000 for every \$50,000 to each of his four daughters.

On the feast of corpis christi, about one hundred children received first communion at the first mass in St. Dunstan's Cathedral. At the second mass, Reverend John P. McGrath and John A. McDonald were ordained priests by His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown, who, in the afternoon, confirmed a large number of children.

In the bye-election of Friday last, Mr. A. B. Warburton (Liberal), defeated Dr. McNeill (conservative) by a majority of 223 votes.

The academical year of Prince of Wales College ended last Friday: the closing exercises of speech-making, singing, reading of valedictory and essays, taking place in the Philharmonic Hall. The standard of this school is fast being raised, and the character of the instruction given made more in keeping with the requirements of our people. The staff has been added to this year by the appointment of Prof. Shuttleworth as teacher of Agricultural Chemistry.

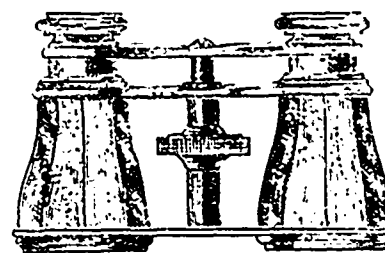
Captain Alexander Cameron arrived on Monday in the new steamer "Northumberland" which he brought out from England for the Charlottetown Steam Navigation Company. The new vessel is a beautiful boat, handsomely fitted and furnished with all modern improvements. She has ample passenger accommodation, with such luxuries as smoking room and lavatories.

The Captain was accompanied by Mrs. Cameron whose coming home must have been a sad one. During her short absence her father, Henry Longworth Esquire, had died, and, on the day before her return, her niece, Isabel Helen, the only daughter of Mr. Warren Longworth, was buried. The death of this child, who was but ten years of age, throws gloom over the home at Glynwood, where she was much loved.

Mrs. W. Owen arrived last week from Ottawa to spend the summer with her family. Miss Edith Longworth returned with her. We understand there will later on be a further re-union in the advent of Miss Agnes Longworth from New York.

Rev. Dr. McGlynn is lecturing here. The Philharmonic Concert is announced for Thursday of this week, the principle feature to be the rendition of "The Golden Legend."

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CONCERNING YOUNG MEN.

Some time past I have felt it has been expected of me that I should offer a little wholesome advice to the young man of the present day. And if there is one thing more than another which encourages this feeling, it is the unquestionable certainty that good advice has no more effect on the average young man than onion stuffing on a time-worn spring chicken. I feel, however, more than usually competent to undertake the task, seeing that, up to the present, I have been a conspicuous and melancholy failure in almost every walk of life. If you are a young man about to start in business, and have rather more capital than you want to lay out at once, I should strongly advise you to lend me five pounds till Saturday. I don't charge anything for this tip; I give it away free, out of pure good nature.

Just now there are a lot of interfering people who go about saying that a young man who wants to get on in the world should put in a good deal of his spare time reading useful books and cultivating the acquaintance of sober and respectable people. What extraordinary nonsense, isn't it? What does a healthy-minded young man want to do but to read a reliable sporting paper, and try to become acquainted with cultured people who have got a good tip for the next horse-race to sell cheap? Many a young man who has begun in this modest, unassuming way, has risen to the position of faking the books at his office, and doing seven years for fraud.

It may happen that a young man in reading the paper comes across an advertisement saying that a clerk is wanted, of gentlemanly appearance and good address, to complete the furniture of a great merchant's office in the City. Now, you can't be too careful in answering an advertisement like that. Don't rush off at once to the place, because you will only mix with a lot of inferior fellows who are always trying to shove themselves in where they're not wanted. Take your time. You know that the merchant is bound to engage you directly he sees you, so that there's no need to hurry. Besides, it would look as if you were running after the place, and you don't want that, naturally. The first thing to do is to get your light summer suit of—that is, from your tailor's. Take your silver-mounted cane; and be careful to wear only one glove, so that you can show to advantage your real diamond ring that cost no less than two-and-six, second-hand. When you get to the merchant's office, above all, preserve a genial demeanour. If he makes a joke, let him see that you are not too proud to laugh at it. Great men like these little attentions. Refer to him cordially as "old cock" occasionally in the course of the interview; and if he says anything particularly smart, slap him on the back and indulge moderately in profanity. Ask first of all what the holidays are, and if there is a billiard saloon near at hand, and whether the clerks are allowed beer. If you are an expert whist-player it might be useful to mention it among your qualifications. Considering the low price of this paper, it is really wonderful how we can afford to throw in all this good advice for the money.

The new kind of fashionable coffee-and-cake shops that have sprung up all over the City of late years have come as a ray of light into the existence of the modern young man. Here, you can have some coffee and a piece of cake, say something rude to a good-looking girl, and break the handle off a cup—all for threepence. You generally go there with a friend who is a very decent sort of a fellow, and all that, but not nearly so smart as you are. If the waitress who attends to you should be a quiet, well-ordered girl, you say something across the table to your friend that will make her blush. If your friend laughs loudly and brings all the eyes in the place to bear upon you and your victim, it makes you appear "jocsid" clever, don't you know. When you have finished your frugal meal, don't hurry away like a low-bred fellow who can't stick up for himself, but sit in some exposed position and pick your teeth with a bent pin. If you are in a shop where smoking is not indulged in, on no account omit to light a cigarette in the doorway

as you go out, and cough a good deal over it just for a lark, to annoy the people in charge. It shows at once that you are at your ease in any society—the hall-mark of good breeding, you know.

If you should be travelling anywhere by rail, young man, don't attempt to get into the train so long as it is standing still. No self-respecting young man would do that. Wait till it has fairly started, and then scramble in at the door and sprawl over the knees of the nearest passengers with the remark "Close shave, that," or some other apposite quotation from Shakespeare. Then you make your way to the seat, and after smiling genially around the compartment, you remark to the man next to you that you were only just in time. He will, of course, be very glad to know this, because, being quite a stranger, he naturally takes a great interest in you, and would have felt it keenly if you had missed the train. After that you cross your legs, clasp your hands at the back of your head, and whistle softly all about Little Annie Rooney. Railway travelling is very monotonous, and the other passengers will enjoy being so agreeably entertained. In case you should find yourself accidentally seated opposite to a young couple in the first wild fling of early love, do your best to catch the young lady's eye. She will then be able to see what a fine thing she has missed in taking the other fellow and not waiting till you came along before she gave herself away, so to speak. You will naturally feel sorry for her; but it wasn't your fault, was it?

I think it was Horace Greeley who gave the sententious advice: "Young man—go West;" but now-a-days it almost seems as if the young men were steering due South—if the popular theory as to the position of the region of uncomfortably high temperature is in any way correct.

FISHY INCIDENTS.—Another tall story from America—though of course we believe it. On three nights this spring the Gleococ Paper Mills, N. Y. State, belonging to Mr. Potts, have been stopped by the number of eels which clogged the water-wheels; but now the same event has occurred in the afternoon. (Eels ought to be cheap in the States.) What an extraordinary country it is to be sure! Only the other day a waggon, drawn by four horses, was crossing a ford, when the salmon came down so thick that when in mid-stream the waggon and horses gradually rose on the fish until they were level with the surface of the water, and the remainder of the crossing was done on the "salmon bank." On another occasion the salmon came up the stream in such a mass that they stopped the water, which flooded the surrounding country. There is such an air of truth about these stories, that we feel bound to believe them, though really we shouldn't have thought it. —*Fishing Gazette.*

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Answers to Correspondents.

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

Mac.--There are eight millionaires in the Upper House and four in the Lower House of Parliament. In the House of Lords the millionaires are the Dukes of Westminster, Sutherland, Fife, Northumberland, Buccleuch (sitting as the Earl of Doncaster), the Marquis of Bute, Baron (Nathaniel Mayer) Rothschild, and Lord Brassey. The millionaires in the House of Commons are: Baron F. J. de Rothschild, member for Aylesbury; W. McEwan, member for the Western Division of Edinburgh; Isaac Holden, member for the Keighley Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire; and Sir Julian Goldsmid, member for St. Pancras, who on the death of his uncle, Sir Frederick Goldsmid, was said to have come into a fortune amounting to £10,000,000. There are 700 millionaires in the world, of which 200 are in England 50 in Russia, 50 in India, 100 in the United States, 100 in Germany and Austria, 75 in France and 125 in other countries. Last year five millionaires died in the United Kingdom, only one of whom was an M. P., namely, Mr. Christopher Talbot, known as the "father of the House."

H D.--An untrue statement disparaging a rival tradesman's goods, published without lawful occasion, is actionable if it has caused special damage to the tradesman in question. But it is not actionable to say that your goods are as good as his, or that you can make as good articles as any other person in your trade. If a rival publishes a statement which is injurious to your trade, you cannot recover damages against him unless you prove actual damage has been the result of the publication. But you can obtain an injunction restraining the continued publication of the statement without proving such actual damage.

Querist.--It is perfectly correct to talk of the Archbishop of York as "Primate of England." The Archbishop of Canterbury's title is "Primate of all England." What the exact force of the distinction is, we cannot tell you, except that of course the Archbishop of Canterbury is the (ecclesiastical) head of the Church of England.

There are 32 Bishops in England and Wales, whose salaries vary from £10,000 to £2000. The Bishopric of Durham was formerly enormously rich, but part of the revenue was transferred to endow other sections. Even now, however, the Bishop of Durham draws £7000, coming second only to the Bishop of London. Westminster and Windsor are Deaneries, but are as good in point of pay, and probably better in point of rank--social, if not ecclesiastical--than many of the minor Bishoprics.

Young Student.--*Pragmatic Sanction* comes from the Latin *Sanctio*--a decree with a penalty attached, and *pragmaticus*--relating to affairs of state; so that properly speaking a Pragmatic Sanction is a penal statute bearing on some important question of state. The term was first applied by the Romans to statutes relating to their provinces, but the French afterwards appropriated the phrase to certain statutes which limited the jurisdiction of the Pope; and generally it is applied to ordinances fixing the succession in a certain line. The chief instances you will come across in the text-books are (1.) that of Charles VII, 1438, defining the power of the Pope in France, by which the authority of a general council was declared superior to the dictum of the Pope; the clergy were forbidden to appeal to Rome on any point affecting the secular condition of the nation; and the Pope was forbidden to appropriate a vacant benefice, or to appoint Bishops or Parish Priests.

(2.) That of S-Louis (1268) which forbade the court of Rome to levy taxes or collect subscriptions in France without the express sanction of the king. It also gave plaintiffs in ecclesiastical courts the right to appeal to civil courts. This was, in fact, just the same in France as the Constitutions of Clarendon were in England.

(3.) That of Germany, (1439), making the succession of the empire hereditary in the house of Austria.

(4.) That of Naples (1759), by which Carlos II. of Spain ceded the succession to his 3rd son in perpetuity.

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THE LUCKIEST MAN IN THE COLONY.

That is ever a nice moment when your horse knocks up under you, and you know quite well that he has done so, and that to ride him another inch would be cruelty—another mile a sheer impossibility. But when it happens in the Bush, the moment is apt to become more than negatively disagreeable, for you may be miles from the nearest habitation, and an unpremeditated bivouac, with neither food nor blankets, is a thing that demands a philosophic temperament as well as the quality of endurance. This once befell the manager of Dandong, in the back blocks of New South Wales, just on the right side of the Dandong boundary fence, which is fourteen miles from the homestead. Fortunately Deverell, of Dandong, was a young man, well used from his boyhood to the casual hardships of station life, and well fitted by physique to endure them. Also he had the personal advantage of possessing the philosophic temperament large sized. He dismounted the moment he knew for certain what was the matter. A ridge of pines—a sandy ridge, where camping properly equipped would have been a perfect luxury—rode against the stars a few hundred yards ahead. But Deverell took off the saddle on the spot, and carried it himself as far as that ridge, where he took off the bridle also, hobbled the done-up beast with a stirrup leather, and turned him adrift.

Deverell, of Dandong, was a good master to his horses and dogs, and not a bad one to his men. Always the master first, and the man afterwards, he was a little selfish, as becomes your masterful man. On the other hand, he was a singularly frank young fellow. He would freely own, for instance, that he was the luckiest man in the back-blocks. This, to be sure, was no more than the truth. But Deverell never lost sight of his luck, nor was he ever ashamed to recognize it: wherein he differed from the average lucky man, who says that luck had nothing to do with it. Deverell could gloat over his luck, and do nothing else—When he had nothing else to do. And in this way he faced contentedly even this lonely, hungry night, his back to a pine at the north side of the ridge, and a short brier pipe in full blast.

He was the new manager of Dandong, to begin with. That was one of the best managerships in the colony, and Deverell had got it young in his twenties, at all events, if not by much. The salary was seven hundred a year, and the homestead was charming. Furthermore Deverell was within a month of his marriage; and the coming Mrs. Deverell was a girl of some social distinction down in Melbourne, and a belle into the bargain, to say nothing of another feature, which was entirely satisfactory, without being so ample as to imperil a man's independence. The homestead would be charming indeed in a few weeks in time for Christmas. Meanwhile the "Clip" had been a capital one, the rains abundant; the paddocks were in a prosperous state, the tanks overflowing, everything going smoothly in its right groove (as things do not always go on a big station), and the proprietors perfectly delighted with their new manager. Well, the new manager was sufficiently delighted with himself. He was lucky in his work and lucky in his love—and what can the gods do more for you? Considering that he had rather worse than no antecedents at all—antecedents with so dark a stain upon them that, anywhere but in a colony, the man would have been a ruined man from his infancy, he was really incredibly lucky in his love affair. But whatever his parents had been or had done, he had now no relatives at all of his own: and this is a great thing when you are about to make new ones in an inner circle; so that here, once more, Deverell was in his usual luck. It does one good to see a man thoroughly appreciating his good luck. The thing is

so seldom done. Deverell not only did this, but did it with complete sincerity. Even to-night, though personally most uncomfortable, and tightening his belt after every pipe, he could gaze at the stars with grateful eyes, obscure them with clouds of smoke, watch the clouds disperse and the stars shine bright again, and call himself again and again, and yet again, the very luckiest man in the colony. While Deverell sat thus, returning thanks on an empty stomach, at the northern edge of the ridge, a man tramped into the pine from the south. The heavy sand muffled his steps; but he stopped long before he came near Deverell, and threw down his swag with an emancipated air. The man was old, but he held himself more erect than does the typical swagman. The march through life with a cylinder of blankets on one's shoulders with all one's worldly goods packed in that cylinder, causes a certain stoop of a very palpable kind; and this the old man, apparently, had never contracted. Other points slightly distinguished him from the ordinary run of swagmen. His garments were orthodox, but the felt wide awake was stiff and new, and so were the moleskins; these, indeed might have stood upright without any legs in them at all. The old man's cheek, chin, and upper lip were covered with short grey bristles, like spikes of steel; above the bristles he had that "lean and hungry look" which Cæsar saw in Cassius.

He rested a little on his swag. "So this is Dandong," he muttered as if speaking to the Dandong sand beneath his feet. "Well, now that I am within his boundry-fence at last, I am content to rest. Here I camp. To-morrow I shall see him!"

Deverell, at the other side of the ridge, dimming the stars with his smoke, for the pleasure of seeing them shine bright again, heard a sound which was sudden music to his ears. The sound was a crackle. Deverell stopped smoking, but did not move, it was difficult to believe his ears. But the crackle grew louder, Deverell jumped up and saw the swagman's fire within a hundred yards of him; and the difficult thing to believe in then was his own unparalleled good luck.

"There is no end to it," he chuckled, taking his saddle over one arm and snatching up the water bag and bridle. "Here's a swaggie stopped to camp, with flour for a damper, and a handful of tea for the quart-pot, as safe as the bank! Perhaps a bit of blanket for me too! But I *am* the luckiest man in the colony; this wouldn't have happened to anyone else!" He went over to the fire and, the swagman who was crouching at the other side of it, peered at him from under a floury side palm. He was making the damper already. His welcome to Deverell took a substantial shape; he doubled the flour for the damper. Otherwise the old tramp did not gush. Deverell did the talking, lying at full length on the blankets, which had been unrolled, his face to the flames, and his strong jaws cupped in his hands, he discoursed very freely of his luck. "You're saving my life," said he gaily. "I should have starved, I didn't think it at the time, but now I know I should. I thought I could hold out, between belt-and 'baccy, but I couldn't now, anyhow. If I hold out till the damper's baked, it's all I can do now. It's like my luck! I never saw anything look quite so good before. There now, bake up. Got any tea?"

Continued on Page 12.

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Our Society

Vol. I. HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1891. No. 27.

ARE THE PEOPLE OF HALIFAX REALLY MUSICAL?

This question has been often asked, and without wishing to offend, we must from a musical standpoint give a reply in the negative. There is no doubt that they are *fond* of music, but therein lies the difference; the subject is a very extended one and is worthy of some investigation. We admit that a great deal has been done to elevate the musical taste in the community within the last 15 or 20 years, and great improvement is noticeable in every branch of the art, and our older citizens notice this more in the comparison of the present to the former concert programmes, but this elevation is of a slow growth.

The facilities for obtaining a musical education here are now much better, and the young generation have a fair chance of cultivating their taste to better advantage: a good deal, too, has been done to introduce good teaching talent, and we have now excellent professors resident here, such men as Messrs Porter, Klengenfeld, Doering, Hutchins (and a number of good lady teachers) who exercise an undoubted beneficial influence in their respective spheres; but the true love for the higher class of music or the desire to become acquainted with the literature and works of great masters is as yet at a very low ebb. This was lamentably illustrated by the lack of interest taken in the recent Leipzig Trio Concerts, which were of the highest order and excellence, and well worthy of patronage if not for the love of the music only, but from a desire to give encouragement to the artists. Our audiences are in reality too fond as yet of ballads, negro melodies and comic songs, which are very well in their way; but this sort of music does not advance musical art or musical intelligence. Some excuse may be made that the place is small and opportunities are rare of hearing anything first-class as in larger cities; and this is true, and is greatly the cause for the existence of the present condition.

People who have the good fortune to live in large cities or in places surrounded by a musical atmosphere absorb culture and correct taste naturally and scarcely known to themselves. Hearing fine singers and artists in operas, concerts and large symphonies with fine, large orchestras, is of the highest benefit; it stirs musical sentiment into such action as to produce progressive results. The absence of all these are a serious drawback to our people, which those who have travelled can readily appreciate. In the connection of musical progress in Halifax we must not overlook the valuable services rendered the cause by our friend Mr. S. Siebel, who has been the musical standard bearer of many hard fought battles for progress in this line, the results of which we now enjoy to such a large degree. It is now nearly 20 years that that gentleman has been active in this direction; it was he who first introduced us to first class opera and artists, and who got first-class teachers to locate here. He was always connected with the best musical societies and introduced those fine pianos by Steinways, Weber, Chickering and others, into our market, which created a musical revolution all over Nova Scotia. The building of the Academy of Music is largely due to his energy and influence, and the creation of the Orpheus Club and Hall are crowning edifices of his work for the advancement of musical art in this city.

Other co-workers deserve credit also, most of whom we shall speak of later on. The Conservatory of Music under its competent management is doing good work, not alone to Halifax but to the whole province. And another institution, the Orpheus Club has also done much good by giving excellent programmes of good music to create a more elaborate taste. Our church music has also received an impetus for the better; the old foggy idea which has clung so tenaciously to the old style has had to give way gradually, after a good deal of grumbling, to more progress. Who could have supposed a few years ago that in St. Matthew's Church you would hear a Te Deum, or selections from compositions by Gounod, and have a paid choir? Other churches follow suit in getting new organs and paying for professional choirs to assist the preacher to attract larger attendance, which is all an evidence of musical progress, but to be truly musical requires very much more, and it is to be hoped that we will continue to work up towards that end. Let people understand that music is not alone an amusement but a great science and a very useful one at that, as the earnest student and devotee readily testify.

There is a rumour about, that Preeper is down with consumption. If this is the case, surely the boy ought to be released at once.

To those who know the nature of the papers and affidavits forwarded to the Minister of Justice, it has been a matter of great surprise that the order for Preeper's release was not sent down long ago.

We have the greatest contempt for the fashionable custom of making a sensational appeal on behalf of every man or woman who happens to be condemned for murder. But Preeper's case is quite out of the common, in fact, it is simply phenomenal. There are—and have been since shortly after the trial—a dozen people in Halifax who *know* ("Justice" was probably quite right,—we have no doubt that he is one of those who *know*) that Preeper is innocent, and who have seen sufficient documentary evidence, chiefly an affidavit, to clear the boy from all suspicion of being even accessory before the fact.

As most of this evidence has been in Ottawa for several months, it is, as we said above, nothing short of a phenomenon that Preeper should remain in goal. The only explanation is that by some remarkable freak of nature the minds of all those who investigated the evidence here are cast in one mould, while the minds of the officials in Ottawa are cast in another, the two being of such entirely different forms that what appears to the one to be proof positive of a man's innocence does not strike the other as worthy of any consideration whatever.

In any case, the thing is a phenomenon in an English-speaking country.

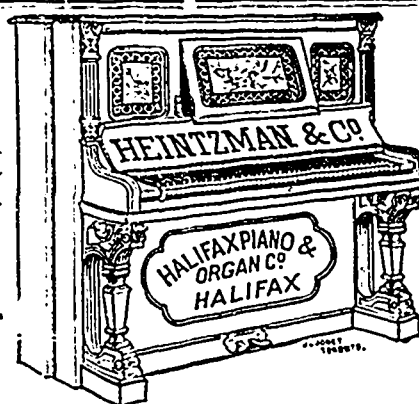
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English Jottings.

It is a pity the authorities cannot arrive at something like an approach to finality in their arrangements for officering the army. It is not many days since they announced that in future Cadets would be able to join the Indian Staff Corps directly on leaving Sandhurst, without passing through a line regiment; and now it is suddenly proclaimed that the maximum limit of age for entering Sandhurst will be nineteen instead of twenty, as heretofore. This change is, of course, made in order to favour the public schools. The tutors will, however, always be able to hold their own as long as painstaking work is the main element of success. Much nonsense is talked about the lax discipline of the tutors. No tutor can hope to succeed without discipline; and we know of at least one whose *regime* is stricter than that of any public school.

We hope that the next change in the system of appointing officers to the Army will abolish the present ostrich-like policy which takes away about a hundred and fifty subalterns from the Militia every year. No one joins the old constitutional force as a youngster now-a-days except with the intention of quitting it in two or three years—as soon, in fact, as he has learnt his business. Those who pass the prescribed examinations join the Line; those who fail resign their commissions. It is not too much to say that the Militia is now practically without subalterns, for young fellows who join it for a couple of years merely as a stepping-stone are of no real use.

At a recent sitting of the House of Commons a solemn function was performed, the like of which has not been witnessed for more than forty years, but of which there may not improbably be a repetition after Whitsuntide. The First Lord of the Treasury had been seated for only three minutes upon the Government Bench after being sworn in on his re-election for the Strand when his name was called by the Speaker, and a sudden hush fell upon the House. Here and there were painful gaps upon the green-covered benches, all due to a common cause; but making allowance for the compulsory absences through illness there was a large attendance, and amongst the strangers in the galleries several ex-Members could be distinguished. Mr. Smith's duty was a painful one—"the most painful of his life," he discharged it with dignity and grace; and Mr. Campbell Bannerman, upon whom devolved the Leadership of the Opposition, seconded him with sympathetic skill. The only expression of feeling amidst which the Motion for the expulsion of Capt. Verney was made and seconded, was a subdued echo of sympathy with the innocent persons upon whom a great sorrow had fallen through the misdoings of the inheritor of an honoured name. Old Sir Harry Verney—"the very type and model of an English gentleman," Miss Florence Nightingale, the aunt, and others less widely known, but equally esteemed, were present to the minds of most of those who joined in the heart-felt "hear, hear," which followed Mr. Smith's entreaty that in consideration of the innocent sufferers the most painful duty the House could be called upon to perform should be discharged without unnecessary debate. And so amidst a profound silence the end of a once promising reputation was recorded upon the journals of the House.

I am pleased to hear that the disquieting rumours about Lord Lansdowne's health are entirely devoid of foundation. The Viceroy has been wonderfully well throughout the Winter—better, in fact, than for many years—and he does not think of resigning. On the 4th of June he will give his annual dinner to the Old Etonians, a gathering which is always looked forward to with pleasure by the host and his guests. By the way the banquet in celebration of the 450th Anniversary of the School, to which I referred a few weeks ago, is fixed for the 27th of June. The Provost of Eton will preside, and it is expected that Mr. Gladstone will give the toast *Floreat Etonia*. The Old Boys in India intend to take advantage of the *re-union* at Lord Lansdowne's to send a joint

message to the *Metropole* dinner-party, conveying good wishes to all old schoolfellows, and expressing regret at not being able to take part in the bigger functions.

A very interesting paper appears in the *Nineteenth Century* for May, over the signature of Archibald Forbes, on "The Warfare of the Future." Mr. Forbes is never wanting in forcible language, and this article is not an exception. In it he very truly says that the warfare of the present, as compared with that of the past, is "dilatatory, ineffectual, and inconclusive," and puts his arguments fairly and clearly for the assertion. But when he speaks of the Franco-Prussian war he only goes over the old ground. Germany was prepared for war and France was not, but the French *chassepot* was superior to the German rifle, and so on. Talking of rifles reminds me that Mr. Forbes does not like our new magazine rifle, the Lee-Speed, but he undoubtedly makes his point when he says that to the defence of the future belongs the victory, and I am bound to say that, looking at his clearly-put arguments, I am with him in that opinion. The paper is too long and important to be properly reviewed in a few lines, and I am sorry I have not more space at my disposal for the purpose.

A new method of loading the cavalry carbine is being adopted in the French army. The weapon will be provided with a detachable magazine holding three cartridges and loading automatically. The discharge of one cartridge causes the next to fall into position for firing, while the empty cartridge case is thrown out by the same action. It is said that the apparatus is the invention of a railway employee. At the forthcoming French manœuvres a larger scale map will be issued to all officers than has been the case in former years. Last year the general officers only had maps on a scale of 1-80,000, while the regimental officers used maps on a scale of 1-320,000. This year all officers will be supplied with the larger scale maps, which will be a great and much-needed improvement.

Whilst willing to admit that there are many genuine cases of influenza about, I cannot help coming to the conclusion that in not a few instances an ordinary cold is magnified into an attack of the fashionable complaint. If a man is suffering from a simple cold he gets very little sympathy, but the moment his malady is described as influenza his name appears in the papers and he becomes quite an important personage. This temptation to exaggeration is more than some people can withstand. As I said at the outset there can be no doubt as to the prevalence of the epidemic, but when a Member of Parliament, apparently in robust health, prefers the modest request that to-morrow his name shall be given amongst the published list of invalids, a little scepticism is pardonable.

ORIGINAL ENGLISH.

A Board School teacher has recently published a book under the above title in which are to be found some amusing examples of "English as she is spoke." For instance, the examiner asked for examples of diminutives such as "manikin," and at once got "lambkin."

"Very good, indeed," said the Inspector; and he pointed to another lad.

"Tomkin, a little Tom," was the answer.

The gentleman somewhat demurred at this, but finally accepted it. He then pointed to a further lad.

"Buskin, a little 'bus," was the response.

The Inspector's countenance fell.

"Now, my lads," he pleaded, "do take time to think before you speak. The last answer was altogether wrong."

And he pointed to a little yokel behind, who, in his desperate eagerness to catch the Inspector's eye, had ventured to half mount upon the form.

"Well, you, my lad," said the Inspector, pointing at last to this young hopeful.

"Pumpkin, sir, a little pump!"

**SCOTCH DYE WORKS.**

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DYER AND CLEANSER.Particular attention paid to Cleaning or Dyeing every class of Goods.
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CELERY A LA VERSAILLES.—Cleanse two or three heads of well-blanch'd celery and trim them nicely, leaving on just as much of the stalk as is tender; parboil the vegetable in well-salted water, then rinse in cold water and drain on a sieve. Having about a pint of boiling white stock ready in a saucepan, lay in the celery, with a large onion cut in quarters and a good seasoning of salt and pepper, and cook very gently until the celery is quite tender, then drain the vegetable carefully on a napkin so as to absorb all the moisture, and cut each head into quarters lengthwise. Fold the pieces into as neat a shape as possible and make them even in size; mask them entirely over with thick béchamel sauce and allow this latter to stiffen; then dip the pieces in beaten egg, roll thickly in fine white bread-crumbs, and fry in boiling fat. When sufficiently browned, drain on blotting-paper, and pile up high in the centre of a hot dish covered with a napkin. Garnish with sprigs of fried parsley, and serve.

HAM FRIED IN BATTER—Cut even slices of cold cooked ham, and pepper them lightly. Make a batter of a cup of milk, two eggs, and a scant cup of prepared flour; salt slightly, dip the ham slices in it and fry them in boiling lard or dripping. Drain off the grease and serve on a hot platter.

RICE WAFFLET.—Two cups of flour, two cups of cold boiled rice, three cups of sour or buttermilk, three eggs, a teaspoonful of lard. Melt the lard and beat it well into the rice; add the milk, the eggs whipped light, finally the flour. The batter should not be stiff, so have "a light hand" with flour. Bake in well-greased waffle irons.

The Court Drawing-rooms are over for this year, and both her Majesty and the Princess of Wales must be rejoicing that they have seen the last of this Season of the crowd of ladies who thronged the staircase and Throne-room of Buckingham Palace. To the student of fashions, there were several interesting points observable at the last of these functions.

In the first place the trains were unquestionably longer, but happily for the wearers not wider, and the trimmings added were reduced in abundance. Except in the case of Dowagers and the ladies averse to change, very little trimming was seen on the trains, which were of richer material, and made more like those worn in

LE BON MARCHE* **SHOW DAYS** *

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the earlier days of her present Majesty's reign. Attempts not wholly successful have been made to revive the use of old lace, which is generally discouraged by milliners. The French modiste looks with disavour upon heirlooms when she has imported gauzes and rich embroidered trimmings from her own country. Diamonds, especially when mounted as stomachers, are favourable to the lace revival, as a soft background is a necessity, and colored, or gemmed embroidery would be out of place. Shoulder knots of fine descriptions of old lace, with wire run in the edges to keep the puffs erect, were, at the last Drawing-room fastened down with diamond sprays and stars.

The increase in the wearing of diamonds is another modern feature, even young ladies appearing in stars and necklets which would once have been considered bad taste. The young Princesses of England for two or three years after their *debut* wore no ornaments but a string of pearls. Even on her wedding day the Duchess of Fife left all her splendid gifts at home, and kept to her simple pearl necklet.

The movement to promote the wearing of English silks instead of foreign shows progress this Season. Macclesfield has turned out brocades beautiful as a dream, and the silk dyeing at Leek, in Staffordshire, satisfies all the severely aesthetic tastes. Princess Maud of Wales wore an entire Court costume of English silk, bodice, train, and skirt alike, the last trimmed with pearl embroidery. The Marchioness of Londonderry also wore brocade of Spitalfields manufacture, so rich that her milliner left it unencumbered with frills, ruches, or other adventitious embellishments.

Shower bouquets were the favourite style for young people, the flowers mounted artfully to look as if a breath of wind would blow them all apart, with drooping fringes of maiden hair, lily of the valley, laburnum, and other light flowers. The orchid bouquets cost fabulous sums, and of these there were a large number, the pale lilac shades toning in with the delicate pink, and mauve dresses. What the cost of the yellow and other rare varieties must have been it would be rash to hazard, for an ordinary orchid bouquet, large enough to conform to custom, costs ten guineas.

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Continued from page 8.

"Yes."

"Meat?"

"No."

"Well, we could have done with meat, but it can't be helped. I'm lucky enough to get anything. It's my luck all over. I'm the luckiest man in the colony, let me tell you. But we could have done with chops. Gad, but I'd have some yet, if I saw a sheep! They're all wethers in this paddock, but they don't draw down towards the gate much." He turned his head and knitted his brow, but it was difficult to distinguish things beyond the immediate circle of firelit sand, and he saw no sheep.

To do the man justice, he would not have touched one if he had; he had said what he did not mean; but something in his way of saying it made the old man stare at him hard.

"Then You're one of the gentlemen from Dandong Station, are you, sir?"

"I am," said Deverell. "My horse is fresh of the grass and a bit green. He's knocked up, but he'll be all right in the morning; the crab-holes are full of water, and there's plenty of feed about—Indeed it's the best season we have had for years—my luck again, you see!"

The tramp did not seem to hear all he said. He had turned his back and was kneeling over the fire, deeply engrossed with the water-bag and the quart-pot—which he was filling. It was with much apparent pre-occupation that he asked:—

"Is Mr. Deverell, boss there now?" "He is," Deverell spoke dryly, and thought a minute. After all there was no object in talking about himself in the third person to a man who would come applying to him for work the next day. Realizing this, he added, with a touch of dignity, "I'm he." The tramp's arm jerked, a small fountain played out of the bottle neck of the water-bag and fell with a hiss upon the fire.

The tramp still knelt with his back to Deverell. The blood had left his face, his eyes were raised to the pale, bright stars, his lips moved. By a great effort he knelt as he has been kneeling before Deverell spoke, until Deverell spoke again:—

"You were on your way to see one, eh?"

"I was on my way to Dandong."

"Wanting work? well, you shall have it," said Deverell, with decision. "I don't want hands, but I'll take *you* in; you've saved my life, my good fellow, or you're going to, in a brace of shakes. How goes the damper?"

"Well," said the old man, answering Deverell's last question shortly, but ignoring his first altogether. "Shall I sweeten the tea, or not?"

"Sweeten it."

The old man got ready—handful of tea and another of sugar to throw into the quart-pot the moment the water boiled. He had not yet turned round. Still kneeling, with the sides of his boots under Deverell's nose, he moved the damper from time to time, and made the tea. His hands shook. Deverell made himself remarkably happy during the next half hour. He ate the hot damper, he drank the strong tea, in a way that indicated unbounded confidence in his digestive powers. A dyspeptic must have wept for envy. Towards the end of the meal he discovered that the swagman—who sat remote from the fire, and seemed to be regarding Deverell with a gaze of peculiar fascination—had scarcely broken his bread.

"Aren't you hungry?" asked Deverell, with his mouth full.

"No."

But Deverell *was*, and that, after all, was the main thing. If the old man had no appetite, there was no earthly reason for him to eat; his abstinence could not hurt him under the circumstances, and naturally it did not wrong Deverell. If, on the other hand, the old man preferred to feed off Deverell—with his eyes—why, there is no accounting for preferences, and that did not wrong

Deverell either. Indeed, by the time his pipe was once more in full blast, he felt most kindly disposed towards this taciturn tramp. He would give him a billet. He would take him on as a rabbitier, and rig him out with a tent, camp fixings, traps, and even—perhaps, a dog or two. He would thus repay in princely fashion to-night's good turn—but, now, confound the thing! He had been sitting the whole evening on the old fool's blankets, and the old fool had been sitting on the ground! "I say! Why on earth don't you come and sit on your own blankets," asked Deverell, a little roughly, for to catch oneself in a grossly thoughtless act is always irritating.

"I am alright here, thank you," replied the swagman, mildly, "the sand is as soft as the blankets."

"Well, I don't want to monopolize your blankets, you know," said Deverell, without moving.

"Take a fill from my pouch, will you?"

He tossed over his pouch of tobacco. The swagman handed it back—he did not smoke. Deverell was disappointed. He had a genuine desire at all times to repay in kind anything resembling a good turn. He could not help being a little selfish; it was constitutional.

"I'll tell you what," said Deverell, leaning backward on one elbow, and again clouding the stars with wreaths of blue smoke. "I've got a little berth that ought to suit you down to the ground." It's rabbiting. Done any rabbiting before? No. Well its easy enough, what's more, you're your own boss. Catch as many as you can, or care to, bring in the skins, and get sixpence each for 'em. Now the berth I mean is a box clump, close to the tank, where there's been a camp before; and the last man did very well there; still, you'll find he has left plenty of rabbits behind him. Its the very spot for you; and look here, I'll start you with rations, tent, camp oven, traps, and all the rest of it!" wound up Deverell, generously. He had spoken out of the fulness of his soul and body. He had seldom spoken so decently to a pound a week hand—never to a swagman, yet the swagman did not jump at the offer.

"M. Deverell," said he, rolling the name on his tongue in a curious way. "I was not coming exactly for work. I was coming to see you. I knew your father!"

"The deuce you did!" said Deverell.

The old man was watching him keenly. In an instant Deverell had flashed up from his collar to his wide-awake. It was manifestly uncomfortable. "Where did you know him?" he asked doggedly.

The tramp bared his head, the short grey hair stood crisply on end all over it. He tapped his head significantly, or ran the palm of his hand over the strong bristles of his beard.

"So," said Deverell, drawing his breath hard. "Now, I see; you are a brother convict."

The tramp nodded.

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"And you know all about him,—the whole story?" The tramp nodded again. "By god," cried Deverell. "If you've come here to trade on what you know, you've chosen the wrong place and the wrong man."

The tramp smiled, "I have not come to trade upon what I know," said he quietly, repeating the other's expression with simple sarcasm. "Now that I've seen you, I can go back the way I came; no need to go on to Dandong now. I came because my old mate asked me to find you out and wish you well from him: that was all. "He went in for life," said Deverell, reflecting bitterly. I have the vaguest memories of him; it happened when I was so very young. Is he well?" "He was." "And you have been in goal together!"

"And you know what brought him there, the whole story?" Curiosity crept into the young man's tone, and made it less bitter. He filled a pipe. "For my part I never had the right of that story," he said.

"There were no rights," said the convict, "it was all wrong together, your father robbed the bank of which he himself was manager; he had lost money in mining speculations; he took to the bush and fought desperately for his life."

"I'm glad he did that!" exclaimed Deverell.

The other's eyes kindled, but he only said: "It was what anyone would have done in his place." "Was it?" answered Deverell scornfully. "did you, for instance?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders. Deverell laughed aloud. His father might have been a villain, but he had not been a coward. That was one consolation. A silence fell between the two men. There were no more flames from the fire, but only the glow of red hot embers. This reddened the face of Deverell, but it did not reach that of the old man. He was thus free to stare at Deverell as hard and as long as he liked, and his eyes never left the young man's face. It was a sufficiently handsome face, with eyes as dark as those of the old man, only lightened and brightened by an expression altogether different. Deverell's pipe had soothed him. He seemed as serene now as he had been before he knew that his companion had been also the companion of his father in prison. After he had grown up with the knowledge that his father was a convicted felon; to be reminded of it casually, but also privately, could not wound him very deeply. The tramp, staring at him with a fierce yearning in his eyes, which the young man could not see, seemed to divine this, but said:

"It cannot be pleasant for you to see me. I wouldn't have come, only I promised to see you, I promised to let him hear about you. It would have been worse, you know, had he got out on ticket of leave and come himself."

"It would so," exclaimed Deverell sincerely.

In the dark, the old man grinned like one in torment.

"It would so," Deverell repeated, unable to repress a grim chuckle. "It would be the most awkward thing that could possibly happen to me—especially if it happened now. At present I call myself the happiest man in the Colony; but if my poor father were to turn up—"

Deverell was not interrupted—he stopped himself.

"You are pretty safe," said his companion in an odd tone which he quickly changed. "As your father's mate I am glad you are so lucky, it is good hearing."

Deverell explained how he was so lucky. He felt that the sentiments he had expressed concerning his father's possible appearance on the scene required some explanation, if not excuse. This feeling growing upon him as he spoke, led him into explanations that were very full indeed, under the circumstances. He explained the position he had obtained as manager of Dandong; and the position he was about to obtain through his marriage was quite as clearly—though unintentionally—indicated.

It was made clear to the meanest perception how very awkward it would be for the young man, from every point of view, if the young man's father did turn up and ostentatiously reveal himself. While Deverell was speaking the swagman broke branches from the nearest pines and made on the fire; when he had finished the faces of both were once more illu-

minated; and that of the old man was stern with resolve. "And yet," said he, "suppose the impossible, or at any rate the unlikely—say that he does come back. I know him well; he would not be a drag or a burden on you. He'd only just like to see you. All he would ask would be to see his son sometimes! That would be enough for him. I was his chum, mind you, so I know. And if he was to come up here, as I have come you could take him on, couldn't you, as you offer to take me?" He bent forward with sudden eagerness his voice vibrated. "You could give him work, as you say you'll give me, couldn't you? No one would ever guess!"

"No!" said Deverell, decidedly. "I'll give you work, but my father I could not. I don't do things by halves. I'd treat my father as my father, and damn the odds! He had some pluck. I like to think how he was taken fighting! What ever he did, he had grit, and I should be unworthy of him—no matter what he did—if I played the coward. It would be worse than cowardly to disown your father, whatever he had done, and I wouldn't disown mine—I'd sooner shoot myself! No, I'd take him in and be a son to him for the rest of his days, that's what I'd do. that's what I will do, if ever he gets out on ticket of leave and comes to me."

The young man spoke with a feeling and intensity of which he had exhibited no signs before, leaning forward with his pipe between his fingers. The old man held his breath.

"But it would be devilish awkward!" he added frankly. "People would remember what they've been good enough to forget; and everybody would know what now next to none know. In this country, thank God, the man is taken for what the man is worth—his father neither helps nor hinders him, when once he's gone. So I've managed to take my own part, and to get on well, thanks to my own luck. Yes, it would be devilish awkward; but I'd stand by him, before Heaven, I would!"

The old man breathed hard.

"I don't know how I've come to say so much to you, though you did know my father," added Deverell, with a sudden change of tone. "It isn't my way at all. I needn't tell you that from to-morrow forward you're the same as any other man to me. And if you ever go to see my father you must not tell him all I have said to you about what, as you say, is never likely to happen. But you may tell him—you may tell him I am glad he was taken fighting!"

The old man was once more quite calm. "I shall never see your father again, no more will you," he said slowly and solemnly, "for your father is dead! I promised to find you out when my time was up, and to tell you. I have taken my way of breaking the news to you. Forgive me, sir, but I couldn't resist just seeing first of all if it would cut you up very badly!"

Deverell did not notice the quiet bitterness of the last words. He smoked his pipe out in silence. Then he said: "God rest him! Perhaps it's for the best. As for you, you've a billet at Dandong for the rest of your days, if you like to take and keep it. Let us turn in."

The worn moon rose very late, and skimmed behind the pines, but never rose clear of them, and was down before dawn. It shone faintly upon the two men lying side by side, packed up each in a blanket—Deverell in the better one. From the other blanket a hand would steal out from time to time, grope tremulously over Deverell's back, for a minute, and then be gently withdrawn. Long before dawn, however, the old man noiselessly arose and rolled up his swag. He packed up everything that he had brought everything except the better blanket. Over that he smiled, as though it was an intense pleasure for him to leave it behind wrapped round the unconscious form of Deverell. The worn moon glimmered through the pines upon them both. The faces were strangely alike; only Deverell's was smiling sweetly in his dreams, while the other's shone moist with something.

A few minutes later the gate in the Dandong boundary fence closed for the last time upon the gaol bird and tramp, and Deverell's father was dead indeed to Deverell. Lucky for Deverell of course. But then he was the luckiest man in the whole colony. Did't he say so himself?

CAKE AND PASTRY.

Delicious Bread and Biscuits,

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Provincial Notes.

ARICHAT.—Mrs. D. A. Hearn is visiting Sydney. She will be present at the nuptials of two charming nieces, formerly of Arichat.

Miss Emma Cameron of St. Peter's is spending a few days in town.

Miss Janie Fixott and Miss Rosie Madden are visiting Canso.

Miss Annie Madden is spending a few days at home.

Mrs. Hallett leaves on Tuesday to join her husband in their new home in Weymouth.

A batch of jolly commercial travellers, among them the inimitable Bob Wilkins, did Arichat this week.

Master Willie Carbmell took a peculiar fish in his Baddeck net on Monday. It measured three feet in length and had a projecting nose and a saw back. Many and varied were the guesses as to its species. One who knows everything says it is a shovel-nosed shark. Some one suggested to one of our barristers that he might hang it up, near the wires, as a sign.

SARDINE.

WINDSOR.—The many festivities of May 24th, should have been chronicled by me last week and I am afraid they are now of too great antiquity to be of general interest, but I must just refer to one event, viz: the large dance given on that evening by Miss Allison. Besides a large number of the *élite* of Windsor there were present some few strangers from Halifax. Dancing was protracted to a late hour and all present seemed to have had a most enjoyable and jolly time.

But the event of last week was the large "At Home" given by Mrs. Lawson on Thursday the 28th ult. These affairs are inclined to be somewhat dull, but this occasion was a brilliant exception to the general rule. The large and prettily furnished rooms were filled with a gay assemblage, rendered strikingly so by the bright new spring costumes of the ladies. The charming hostess and her two pretty daughters always make these drawing-rooms very attractive and all the guests seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves on this occasion. The regret at leaving was to some extent dulled by the invitation of the kind hostess to a little dance on the following evening. This latter event was, needless to say, as pleasant as the former, perhaps more so to the young people.

The Reverend Owen Jones, of Halifax, was visiting his brother at the Rectory last week. He preached in Christ church on Sunday.

We were all glad to welcome back from Halifax, Miss Kate Smith, whose studies have been rudely interrupted at the Ladies' College in that city by the recent outbreak of diphtheria.

Saturday last was the monthly holiday at "Edgehill." Many of the girls were entertained by their friends in town.

The Bishop-Coadjutor of Fredericton administered lately the rite of Confirmation to a large number of young people. They were several candidates from the Boys' Academy and from the Girls' School. The service was a very impressive one and the excellent addresses of the Bishop will doubtless remain for a long time in the memories of the large congregation present.

Miss Minnie Campbell has returned from England and is staying with her sister, Mrs. Vroom.

Professor Roberts returned to Windsor on Monday last from a short visit to Montreal, where he has been attending the meeting of the Royal Society of Canada.

Fish stories seem more plentiful now than the fish themselves, but nevertheless many of our fishermen have secured good hauls.

MISS LEAR, ART STUDIO,
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Pupils taken on Tuesday and Saturday by appointment.

ALL MY EYE?

["The bespectacled parlour-maid," the *Figaro* hears, "is not likely to long remain an exceptional incident. Short sight and defective vision is becoming more and more common in our Board schools, and I am assured that domestic servants wearing spectacles must, in a generation or so, become a common sight."]]

We're seldom disturbed by a panic or scare,

(Which are things that the present is rich in),

But it must be confessed we are tempted to swear,

When we read of short sight in the kitchen!

We read it with twinges—with many a twinge;

For the wearing of optical glasses

Is a privilege, sir—like the feminine fringe—

And reserved by the privileged classes!

The sight of old Ann in a perky *pince-nez*

Would incense you whenever you met her;

You'd snatch them and smash them to atoms some day!

Ann's fringe were a thousand times better.

The looks—the effect of it nobody kens,

But as host you could scarcely be joocular,

With your butler adorned by a one-barrel'd lens,

And your maid by a cocky binocular!

Yet this, it would seem, we have got to expect,

For the eyesight of Britain is failing;

Degree by degree, if report be correct,

Bad sight of all kinds is prevailing.

If true, it's unpleasant for all and for one—

Starved pauper and bloated patrician.....

Meanwhile, if you want to do well for your son,

Why, 'prentice the lad an optician!

Fashionable Hats and Furs.

C. S. LANE, 113 GRANVILLE ST

Trunks & Valises at Factory Prices.

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AFTERNOON & EVENING CLASSES,

TWO DAYS EVERY WEEK.

Private Lessons can be arranged for.

Those wishing to join should send in their names AT ONCE to

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ADVERTISING FOR A HUSBAND.

Mr. Budge was so henpecked by his wife, that he often declared he would commit suicide. Mrs. B. laughed at him, and said he hadn't the courage. One day, after being fearfully bullied by his wife, Mr. B. said to himself: "I'll give her a fright. I'll absent myself from home some days, and then she will think that I have really committed suicide. P'raps that will bring her to her senses—nasty great bully!"

So Mr. B. went off.

Three days after he saw the following advertisement in the "agony column" of a daily paper:

"MISSING.—THOMAS BUDGE, aged fifty. An under-sized, mean-looking individual, with a face that would make any tradesman say 'cash down' and then test the coin that he—T. B.—tendered in payment. Greenish eyes, with a squint in one, and a cast in the other. A nose (any shape or no shape—impossible to describe) six sizes too large for him, and a mouth the same, only more so. A bald head, which slopes back in front, like a lunatic's. A few bristles—red and grey mixed—on cheeks and chin. Has a habit of getting drunk, and will probably be found in that state in some gutter. Will most likely be dressed in a battered tall hat, and a coat of mud. Information of his death will be thankfully received, and handsomely rewarded (no reward if alive), by Maria Budge, 3, Wicklow Villas, Peckham, London."

Mr. Budge felt hurt when he read the foregoing. He came to the conclusion that the "suicide dodge" was a ghastly failure, so he sneaked home, where he was received by a pair of muscular arms, and a broomstick of great strength of character!



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Fishing Rods made to order and repaired. Fishing Tackle. Also, Powder,
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Stuffed and Mounted. Orders from the Country promptly attended to.

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

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

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

"Oivat  Regina."

* Queen * Hotel, *

1st "Mr. Sheraton has fitted up a Hotel which is a credit to Halifax and the Maritime Provinces. Every visitor to Halifax will find at the Queen all the requirements of a first class hotel." *The Sun*.

2d "The 'Windsor' of Halifax" *Montreal Gazette*.

3d "The cuisine is the best of any hotel in the Maritime Provinces." *Globe*.

We are still improving and intend to keep on so until the
QUEEN IS THE BEST HOTEL IN CANADA.

A. B. SHERATON, . . . Manager.



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Native—Yaas, most of 'em.

Tourist—What do they do for it?

Native—Most of them die.

D'Oyly Carte and Sullivan have had great opera-tunc-ties for becoming rich.

The "May Meetings" at Exeter Hall, in London, are not, as is popularly supposed, the only occasion in the year upon which provincial clergymen can pay a visit to the Alhambra. Most of them bring their wives with them.

Fulness under the eyes denotes language. When the fulness is large and discoloured and hurts, this denotes that the man has been using too much of it.

You occasionally meet a rich man who says that the greatest happiness is found in poverty; and you occasionally remember that all men are liars too.

It has at last been found out that the reason poets wear their hair so long is because they can wear one collar an entire season without being detected.

The difference between the real and the ideal is never more powerfully portrayed than in the vegetables you raise yourself and those whose pictures are seen in the seedsman's catalogue.

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The Fashionable Winter Resort of the Maritime Provinces.

EXCELLENT accommodation for Permanent and Transient Guests. Hot and Cold Water. Open Fire Places. Comfortable and Cosy. Thoroughly English Cuisine. Private Parties by Rail or Road entertained at shortest notice. Permanent rates very moderate for the winter Months. TELEPHONE 580.

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