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Society Notes.

The first of May recalls many recollections. Some are entering upon the troubles of housekeeping, little knowing—poor souls!—what these troubles are. Others—and their name is legion—are going to ‘board’!—these are they who have trodden the rough and thorny road, those who *know*, who have tried their best, and determined at last to give it up while yet there is a little life left to enjoy. From one of them, a man, too—comes the following true and veracious history, which those who run may read.

“It is two years,” says our correspondent, “since I took the large and comfortable house which I am now—heaven be praised—relinquishing for ever. At intervals before the 1st of May 1889 I had endeavoured to live as a gentleman should, but only for a few months at a time, and always in a small house. My first experience of Halifax servants was long, long ago, and terminated somewhat suddenly when I happened to return home early from church on Sunday evening and found the cook comfortably tucked up in my favourite chair in the drawing room, and the housemaid on the sofa, both sound asleep. There were certain details also that led me to suspect that my spirit decanters had not been untouched through the evening. Being an Englishman, and not quite understanding how these things are managed on this side, I terminated my connection with the two young ladies next day: which rash action I had never ceased to regret. If the same thing happened again now, it is open to doubt, with my views mellowed by experience, I would not offer the sweet creatures my biscuit-tin, and lend them my arm to their respective bedrooms.

For the rest, these early years of trial and suffering must remain a blank. It is of the near present I have to speak. On May 1st, 1889, I started off with a big house and an excellent staff of servants—a cook whom I forget entirely, and a couple of highly respectable housemaids. At the end of a month there was a slight misunderstanding between the maids and constant disputes as to the division of work. Cook could not stand it and left. The day after there was bad language, pulling of hair, and even blows in the pantry, and the upper housemaid appeared in a dishevelled and excited condition to give notice that either she or the other one must quit at once. As she was really a valuable servant the other was dismissed and quietness reigned supreme for a time. Jane did wonders and kept things in very fair order till the following week, when the staff was recruited by a French cook. Now of all the servants I ever knew, Louise (mad Louise we called her afterwards) was the most wonderful. Her cooking was superb, and her kitchen like a new pin at all times of day. When Jane was obliged to leave to spend a few weeks with her friends and relations, our Louise ran the house single handed. Then, whether it was the heat of the kitchen or hereditary madness, I know not, but all at once there was a wonderful and portentous change. No breakfast, no dinner, and sounds from the lower regions. I pulled myself together and descended, to ask in my quiet way, whether we were to expect anything to eat in the future. The question was never asked. There was Louise, pale with fury, shouting to herself at a fearful pace, gesticulating wildly and using many naughty words. My appearance turned the torrent of her wrath, and she burst out into frenzied denunciations of all in the house, the only intelligible words being “cats,” “dogs,” “beasts.” After several vain efforts to get in a word, I seized a chopper and banged violently on the table. This violent action was followed by a short silence, just long enough for me to request the lady to leave the house, and retreat gracefully. The storm of gesticulations burst forth again before I got to the top of the kitchen stairs, and continued unbroken till late at night, when the prolonged silence told us that the lady had left.

The staff was then reorganized. We started a man and wife—of impeccable character—who occupied premises of their own apart from the rest of the household. Also an aged but very capable cook, and a buxom housemaid, whom I always considered rather shady. The staff worked well—for three weeks. Then the housemaid caused a little unpleasant excitement by attempting to blackmail a gentleman staying at the house. An interview with Detective Power, however, revealed the fact that the police had known her before, and she was glad enough to resign her position to depart in peace.

At the same time things began to disappear from the pantry in a mysterious fashion; a barrel of flour was found to last little more than a week, and the last quarter of a chest of tea evaporated in about the same time. Yet the weather was by no means bracing, and our appe-

tite did not seem to have increased perceptibly. Then the Sunday cake took unto itself wings and fled and we contented ourselves with bread and butter, though not without marmoring.

In the interval of doubt, conjecture and suspicion that followed, cook's monthly wages were duly paid and the same day we had no dinner till 9 p. m. It happened in this wise: At seven o'clock the family assembled in the dining room and waited, hungry and expectant. No sign from the kitchen, however, till at last one of the juniors volunteered to investigate, and returned after a short absence with a face denoting suppressed merriment. He beckoned, and we followed, *en masse* to the kitchen door. A sound of steady snoring greeted us, but, alas, no smell of dinner. There was poor old cook stretched full length before the fire enjoying sweet oblivion. Arguments proving useless we moved her gently, but firmly, to a distant corner, and I kept guard over her senseless form while the ladies did their best to wrestle with the mutton chops. And so we had dinner at 9 p. m.

In the morning there was an interview—entreaties, tears and promises, and—tell it not in Gath—final forgiveness and complete reconciliation. I was beginning to become charitable towards human failings.

And here we must break off. The subject is a fascinating one, and the story does not by any means fall off in interest. But we have other things to talk about, so will reserve the rest of this harrowing tale for a future time, when topics are low and the social tide is at its ebb. Perhaps, in the meantime, others there are plenty of them—will give us some of their little experiences.

We quite agree with our respected friend “Wrangler” when he says that people are much at fault in their surmises as to the identity of the various society writers: we even venture to doubt very much whether he is right in saying, “We all know him” of the writer of a certain paragraph in *Our Society*. It would imply very careful reading and no little critical ability to distinguish the writer of the various paragraphs in these columns. The variety of noms-de-plume is so great already that we almost invariably erase those attached to stray jottings, which would only tend to produce a feeling of bewilderment. This method in some cases leads to unpleasantness: correspondents have before now retired in dudgeon because we refused them any personality; and we on our part have been called upon to father some statements which we had by carelessness overlooked, and of which we could not by any means approve. However, *chacun a son goût*,—we prefer the existing method; and feel gratified that any one should take the trouble to work out the identity of our correspondents.

As to calling the *Wrangler* cynical, in the approved philological sense of “misanthropical,” we certainly should not dream of such a thing. But it is an extraordinary fact that people now-a-days do not talk—or write—dictionary English. Our dictionaries are things of the past—dead, and never revised up to date, to keep pace with the living language. A man who attempted to write according to Webster's unabridged, would be voted stilted, and hardly intelligible. We have known first-rate English writers talk about “good-natured cynics,” but a “good-natured misanthrope” would hardly be admitted. What sort of a cynic our correspondent meant to call the *Wrangler* it is impossible to say, but he is certainly one of the most powerful of the society writers, and no one could call him bad-natured, though he is sometimes a little—ahem—*caustic*.

Everybody who is the happy possessor of a yacht is having his craft “fixed up” now, and in the course of a few weeks we may expect to see the harbour dotted with the white wings of the trim squadron, belonging to the members of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Club. Owners of row boats, from the humble canoe to the huge family barge, are deep in consideration of sprung timber and painting.

Cambridge House Magazine

(QUARTERLY.)

No. 6 Contains:

“The Bear.”
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Brigands and Beetles.
The Death of the Sea Serpent.
Some Funny Mistakes.
School Compositions.
Conference of English Head Masters.
Poems, etc.

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Dr. and Mrs. Fitch have not, as was reported, left the country, but are boarding now at Mrs. Esdaile's.

The Orpheus Club gave a Complimentary benefit concert last night to Mr. S. Porter, organist, of St. Paul's, who is about to change his residence to Annapolis. The hall was well filled, and the programme a very taking one. The soloists were all popular favorites; both orchestra and chorus did good work, and altogether the concert may be called a success both musically and financially. Mr. S. Porter has done a great deal for music in Halifax, and has been connected for a very long time with our musical affairs: he was always ready to give a helping hand to all movements in musical matters here, and it was therefore only to be expected that a good house would testify to our appreciation of his long, and faithful services.

We trust that we will be pardoned for remarking that what is called a "Testimonial Complimentary Concert" is somewhat of a misnomer: there is always a good deal of trouble in selling the tickets,—intending purchasers scrutinize the quality of the programme, and are careful to secure 75 cents worth of music in return for a 50 cent investment, not to mention the satisfaction of passing as patrons of music and friends (!) of the beneficiary.

In England and in the United States, a substantial Benefit is given by friends taking a number of tickets, and paying for them,—not for sale, as is done here,—but to give away or even not use at all. This is the true and correct meaning of a "Benefit," which is not understood or appreciated in Halifax.

The Academy was thronged on Tuesday night, to witness an Assault-at-Arms, given by members of the 63rd Rifles, and great credit redounds on all concerned. The full band of the Regiment was in attendance and played a good selection of music.

It is needless to say that the chief attraction was Instructor Sergt. Kelly, who proved himself a first-class man all round, and his pupils may congratulate themselves on having one with them that can not only *tell* them, but also *show* them how. Through unforeseen circumstances one or two lines in the programme had to be omitted, but the only harm this did was to render the termination of the performance rather abrupt. The dumb-bell exercise was noticeable for the good time kept by the performers. In the parallel bar, and vaulting exercises, the squad was seen at its best, no one member could with truth be put in the "awkward class." Where all were good it may seem invidious to pick out any for special praise, but perhaps after all it may lead to a greater spirit of emulation to mention one or two names—W. J. Forbes as an all round man, is an athlete of whom any Gymnastic Society might be proud, doing all his work clearly and well, looking all the time as if he meant business. And the latter remark applies to all the men, and tho' we have seen many such performances, we have very seldom seen one go off with so little stiffness. Private McCulloch was very neat in all his work, doing it in a quiet unobtrusive manner, and showing in the Trapeze act with Instructor Kelly an amount of nerve not generally possessed by amateurs. We do not wish to find fault, but we think that this number might very well be omitted from an Amateur performance, and left to those who make a living by taking these extra risks. We must not forget to mention the magnificent vaulting of Private Ruggles; it was a treat to witness. The foregoing acts introduced a new feature to Halifax, except when we are visited by a peripatetic circus. "Skibbo" is a clown, and a good clown too; there is no amateurishness noticeable in him, in fact, we have a very strong idea, that this was rubbed off years ago, by the aid of a ring sprinkled with a liberal supply of saw-dust. We can only say that if he is as good a soldier as he is a clown, he is of value to his regiment. We expect when he next appears he will show that he can even do more than he did at this entertainment. And here we must enter one protest, and that is that when an individual takes part in any performance, under an assumed name, for reasons known only to

himself, it is worse than bad taste for a newspaper man to publish his proper name. The Indian Club-swinging by Private A. Smith, cannot be too highly commended.

The only thing we can say about the boxing, the exponents being so unequally matched, is to congratulate the receiver on the good-tempered way in which he took the "gruel" administered by Instructor Kelly. We congratulate the 63rd on having secured the services of such an able man as their Instructor, and the Instructor on having such material to work upon.

So Mr. Ferguson is not going to be flogged, after all! This humanitarianism is a sign of the times, and almost more than would be expected in a new country. The question of violent punishment by the state is, and will be for some time, one of the burning questions of the day. We would ourselves take one of two standpoints. We do not believe in the present system, which is obviously a transition stage, and therefore unsatisfactory. It is very doubtful whether capital punishment or flogging act as deterrents to any extent; most men who commit the crimes so avenged are either mad—by anger, drink, or constitution—or think themselves clever enough to escape detection. On the other hand, this method continually familiarizes the public mind with ideas of brute force and murder, and familiarity in the long run is the strongest incentive. We would, therefore, advocate one of two courses; either to abolish capital punishment and flogging altogether, endeavoring to utilize the labour of convicts so as to make it pay expenses; or to make the system more general, and administer the floggings to all who are convicted of being useless to society, so long as there is any possible hope of their redemption; those who are found hopelessly useless being eventually hanged, or otherwise disposed of. This latter system will be condemned at first sight as brutal, but it is more just and more rational than the one at present in vogue: as it is we dismiss to the other world an occasional member whom we are quite capable of reforming, and who has possibly done his share of real service to the community at large; while we keep in our midst many who are, and always will be, utterly useless, whose presence is a constant hindrance to social progress, and whose reformation lies beyond the power of earthly appliances. If we are to refer any to the highest Tribunal before their natural time, surely it should be the latter class and not the former.

But all this has nothing to do with Ferguson. The real question at issue just now is whether or not it is time for flogging to be erased from our penal code. If so, let it be erased, and have done with it; but if not, let it be enforced; one thing or the other; but it is absurd to keep penalties in the statute-book only to be waived in response to a sentimental petition.

Major Bor and Mr. MacGowan have returned from their shooting expedition in New Brunswick, with hardly a big enough bag to compensate for so long a journey.

Mr. H. B. Clarke has arranged for the Redmund-Barry Company to appear at the Academy in a few days, starting off with "*A Cure for the Blues.*"

97 — TO — 101
BARRINGTON STREET.

MAHON BROS.

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It is not often that Halifax starts anything that entails the outlay of money; however flattering the prospects may be, it seems as if the monied men of the community prefer to allow the American speculator to come here, and take the cream, while they afterwards content themselves with the skimmed milk, in the shape of 4 per cent. Now, an industry has been started under Haligonian management, and with Haligonian capital. We refer to the "Parkins Cutlery Company," which is in process of incorporation--Mr. Parkins has been working at his factory at the North West Arm for some months, and has through the energy of two well known citizens been sent home, within this time, to bring out more machinery and "Sheffield lads" to be able to fill the orders received. It is needless for us to remark that there is no reason why men who have made cutlery of all kinds for the best firms in Sheffield, should not be able to turn out the same work here. This manufactory can at the present time turn out about a gross of pocket knives per day, at prices with which imported goods cannot compete, and it is satisfactory to know that it has been well patronized by the leading hardware stores in the city. The company has started on a firm basis with small capital, of which nearly all is paid up. We certainly wish success to an enterprise which must commend itself, not only to our citizens, but eventually to the whole of Canada.

Lady Commerell's dance at Admiralty House, Portsmouth, was quite successful. At least two hundred and fifty people responded to the invitations, but the rooms were not uncomfortably full, and everything was exceedingly well arranged. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived early, and were accompanied by the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg; Miss Minnie Cochrane was in attendance. Some handsome gowns were worn by Lady Fremantle. Mrs. Crease, Mrs. Woodward, and Mrs. Beaumont, who herself looked very handsome. Miss Commerell and Miss Hewitt (the latter in a charming pink frock) were in great request as partners. Royalty supped in a solitary state, and left soon after twelve but the dance was kept up with spirit until one o'clock.

A very pleasant dance was given by Mrs. Franklyn of Emscote, for Miss Slayter, on Tuesday evening. Dancing began at 8.30, and was kept up till a late hour. Only young people were asked, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

Mrs. John Wallace had a very large "tea" on Tuesday, every one was there, and as the day was cold, dull colored gowns were chiefly worn, but still the bright colored flowers worn in the hats of this season--cheer and lighten up any social function.

Captain Stairs has departed once more to Africa, having been appointed to a command; this will hardly be a surprise to anyone, for the taste for African life was in him. And it did not seem possible that he could put up with the hum-drum, and monotony of ordinary garrison existence, even though it was at Aldershot.

The paper chase was so popular, that there are to be many such meetings during the early summer.

The officers of the 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers, are giving a Smoking Concert in the Masonic Hall, next Friday evening.

Mrs. Kaulback of Lunenburg, is a guest at Government House for a short time. Senator Kaulback has left for Ottawa.

We are sorry not to be able to report the "Mouse Entertainment" at the Ladies' College. The principal performers are, Miss McGarry, Mr. Campbell, Miss Eva Holmes, Miss Alida Seaman, Miss Lida Mott, Miss Edna Mackenzie, Mrs. Somers, Miss Lily Falconer, and Miss Edith Skinner.

We think it would be an excellent idea if all the many and multitudinous society correspondents to papers in this town and

the neighboring one wrote over their own names instead of adopting *noms de plume*, which do not enable one to discover their identity. By doing this one would avoid such irresponsible paragraphs as have appeared lately in one or two of our contemporaries. These paragraphs give information about the most personal affairs of a young lady of Halifax who is travelling abroad, as there is not the slightest foundation, as far as we can learn, for this rumor, we believe that no one has the slightest right to write, nor the slightest right to publish such an item.

An item of that kind might do such harm, as is impossible to calculate, not to mention the annoyances caused to both parties; a friendship of many years standing might be broken in consequence of irresponsible act of journalism on the part of an ill-informed person. We do not wish to take this paragraph alone, but many others that do appear, and have appeared. It has been the aim of this paper, to give offense to no one, whether in society or out of society. The truth of every paragraph that is sent is thoroughly tested, and if there is not the breath of scandal about the paper we have it at least inoffensive to any one, as it ought to be in a small country like ours.

Of course, if these ladies wrote over their own names, we are afraid it would reduce their number somewhat; this might of course be a loss, but still we would, we think, be able to put up with that loss; for it would be for the good of the community at large, but if they still retain their adopted names and titles, let them be well instructed in what goes on, and well informed as to the truth of all the rumours that are flying around this town.

A charity Bazaar is being organized by Mr. and Mrs. Klingefeld and some friends and pupils, opening with a concert on Tuesday night at 8 o'clock, and continuing on Wednesday and Thursday, afternoon and evening. Among the attractions are a genuine Vienna Coffee house, fancy and stationery stalls, with the usual complement of fortune-tellers, etc. Refreshments will be served at intervals. General admission tickets are 25 cents each, and reserved seat tickets for the first night (concert and bazaar) 50 cents. Admission to the bazaar alone from 4 to 6 in the afternoon, 10 cents.

S. Andrew's Lodge claims to be the oldest Masonic Lodge in Nova Scotia, and probably in Canada. It was established March 26th, 1768, by a warrant from the Grand Lodge of England, and possesses a number of interesting relics, among others a punch bowl presented by the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

Dr. Cowie has removed his office to 111 Barrington street, opposite St. Paul's Church, and is at present boarding at the Halifax Hotel.

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STRANGER THAN EVER.

"Out you go!" cried Mr. Snipps to his only child, a youth of some twenty summers. "Out you go, William Snipps! I disown you! I'll harbour no play-actors beneath my roof. Your refusal to enter my—your father's—office, augmented by your wild desire to don the sock and buskin, leaves me no alternative."

So saying, the outraged father projected his offspring into the street. The latter picked himself up, and, standing outside the window of his parent's room, exclaimed:

"All right, Samuel Snipps! The day will come when I, the outcast, will pass you by with the smile of supercilious scorn." And the banished heir of the house of Snipps walked proudly away.

The night was cold, and the moon looked watery. With a slight shiver—he had reached the street minus his top-coat—he stood beneath a lamp-post, and proceeded to investigate the contents of his pockets. First came a letter. "Ah, an invitation to Bungley's fancy ball on Friday next! No use now," And he tore it up. His purse contained a five-pound note and some silver. His watch, ring, and scarf-pin he calculated to be worth about twenty pounds.

"Over twenty-five pounds to start my career on!" he cried. "Why, thousands of fellows have started on nothing!"

Cheered by these thoughts, he walked along briskly until he found himself in the neighbourhood of the Strand. Here his eye caught sight of a card in the window of a tavern, which stated that all the theatrical and sporting papers were "taken."

William determined upon entering, having a look at the *Era*, a smoke, and then seeking a bed in one of the numerous adjacent hotels.

And presently he might have been seen sitting at a little round table gloating over the *Era*. Suddenly, on looking up, he discovered a man seated opposite to him—a smooth faced, sharp-nosed, bead-eyed man.

"Pardon me, sir," said the stranger—"but after you with the *Era*. Oh, no hurry! Pray continue your perusal—I can see you are deeply interested in it. You—ah—belong to *our* profession?"

"No, indeed, sir," answered William; "but I hope soon to."

"Ah," exclaimed the man, drawing closer, "it is a noble profession! I have introduced some hundreds of my pupils to it. I am a dramatic instructor."

"Are you indeed?" cried William, gazing on the man with reverence. "May I ask you to join me in a drink?"

The dramatic instructor said he wouldn't mind having a brandy and soda. When the liquor was placed before him, he continued:

"Yes, I am Kemble Kean, the great dramatic instructor. My terms are five pounds for ten lessons. Now, I should say that your genius is for tragedy—Hamlet, Othello, and such parts."

"Yes," William confessed, "and 'The Stranger.'"

"Ah, a splendid character!" declared Mr. Kemble Kean. "'The Stranger' might have been written to suit your cast of countenance. I could coach you up in it in ten lessons. "Yes, and if you were *very* promising, perhaps I could get up a *matinée*."

William rose like a spring trout. There and then he agreed to take ten lessons from Mr. Kemble Kean.

"I am changing my studio just now," said the latter; "but meet me here to-morrow evening, and I'll give you my address."

Two days afterwards William drove up to the door of a very gloomy-looking house, in a very retired sort of street. He had with him a large carpet-bag and a band-box. These contained a "Stranger" costume which he had hired—just to see how he would look in it—from a costumier in Long Acre.

He was admitted by a stout, florid landlady, and in another moment he was seated in a shabby sitting-room with Mr. Kemble Kean. After handing the latter five pounds, he asked where he could dress. Whereupon Mr. K. K. conducted him to a small musty bed room. In half an hour he was dressed in the full traditional "Stranger" costume, down to the Hessian boots with

red tassels, and up to the black hat with sable plumes. Indeed, the costume was very handsome, and William looked right well in it.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Mr. K. K., when "The Stranger" returned to the sitting-room. "Now to give you your first lesson. But wait until I order some refreshments."

So saying, he left the room, and—never returned.

In about half an hour the landlady appeared, and wanted to know if he wished to engage her room.

"What do you mean, woman?" cried William. "Where is Mr. Kean?"

"Gone off this 'alf-hour in a cab with his box. Only just 'card it from the parlour floor, who seed him go," answered the landlady. "An' 'e only came a day ago, an' owes me for his breakfast."

With a bound William rushed to the bedroom. All his clothes were gone, and with them his purse and watch. He had parted with ring and pin.

"Great heavens, woman, I have been robbed!" cried William.

What was he to do? He couldn't go out into the street dressed in a "Stranger" costume; and where was he to go? After much entreaty, the woman consented to allow him to remain until it was dark.

Suddenly a thought flashed through his brain. This was the night of the Bungley's fancy ball, and all were expected to wear masks until supper-time. Supper-time? William was so hungry!

When night came, he boldly entered the street and hailed a hansom.

"First drive to Koke's, the costumier, in Long Acre," he said.

* * * * *

The ball is at its height, when suddenly a figure, masked like the rest, enters, and arrests every one's attention—a tall figure, wearing a beautiful black velvet costume, with Hessian boots and sable-plumed hat. There is nothing approaching him in the room, all the other male guests being either disguised as sailors, soldiers, or other conventional characters. Even Mr. and Mrs. Bungley are in ignorance as to who the stranger is, for he appeared quite suddenly in the room.

Now, among the guests is a lady dressed in a costume consisting of stars and stripes. She is neat in figure, and her eyes flash through her mask like diamonds. The stranger walks straight towards her and offers her his arm, which she is not slow to accept, and together the pair walk towards the conservatory.

"There!" muttered old Mr. Snipps. "There's the sort of fellow to win a rich wife. That mysterious chap will get that Boston heiress for a wife, if he has a mind to. Ah, if my son only had sense! But"—

Here the old fellow stopped short.

Meanwhile "The Stranger" is seated with the Boston heiress in a shady nook, and is telling her, in his simple way, the whole story of his appearance.

"What a shame!" she cries. "Your father must be a real brute, and as for the one that robbed you, I reckon he ought to be hanged!"

But supper is announced, and the pair come from their hiding-place and join the rest at the table. At a given signal all the masks are removed. All eyes are turned towards "The Stranger."

"Heavens, it's my William!" cries Mr. Snipps, in astonishment and delight.

"Well, I declare, I suspected who it was all along!" exclaims the hostess. "You are certainly the success of the evening, William."

"Do you say so?" whispers William to the little Bostonian.

"Yes," she whispers back.

And—well, the fact is, William and his father are better friends than ever. William has given up all thoughts of going on the stage. He marries the heiress next week.

FISHING.—No. V.

There are indeed fishing rods *and* fishing rods; there are some people who prefer greenheart others who swear by split cane. There is only one opinion held on the very cheap rod;—it is sure to be a poor one. Yet again there is the unlucky rod; I have never myself been the possessor of such a thing, though I have had rods with which I could catch fish far more readily than with others, and just the same at cricket, some bats seem to be able of their own sweet will to make more runs than others, but I have always put these little idiosyncracies down to the weather, ground, &c., &c.—On the other hand an esteemed friend once showed me a rod and gave me some of its performances. "You see" said he "that its a nice light greenheart, tho' I feel more of the old gentleman in its composition than greenheart. The number of trains I've missed when carrying, it are not to be counted. How well I remember that fine evening I started with this same rod to my favorite stream I hooked a fish—well I won't exaggerate, but when it came at the fly it made a wave two feet high at the least. That trout was well hooked but it went to the bottom and broke the gut at its leisure. all that rod's fault, I'll swear. It is aggravating, isn't it, to have a rod like that?" I did most certainly agree with my friend and only wish that should one of my readers think he has become possessed of a such a one, my advice is, he will burn it or hand it over to the fellow who cut him out in his first love affair.

Rods are made with such different materials, and in such different forms, that it is rather hard to recommend *anyone* in particular, as the selection should be more in accordance with the ideas of the practitioner than of the theorist. Some people like a rod made all out of one wood, others prefer one with half of one sort and the several joints of another, and again there are those who swear by the spliced cane rod as used this side the water. Again as to the *form* of the rod, many there are who still stick to the old-fashioned straight butted rod, which tapered away from the reel to the point, but I fancy the majority of fly fishermen go in now for the Castle Connell, which tapers away quickly straight from the butt, thereby giving much "swishy" play.

One word as to these now fashionable cane rods. Thirty years ago someone wrote of them as "the beautiful rent and glued up bamboo-cane fly rod," so that even they were used as long ago as this. The wood employed comes from India, and if cut at the proper time, rod made well, and *properly looked after*, will last a young life time.

Some good judges have urged that these rods cannot stand the wear and tear of Salmon fishing; now on the other hand Mr. Kelson—who was, in his day, as good a cricketer as he is now an angler—says, an eleven years experience has taught him differently.

Personally the first time I used one I found great difficulty in casting against the wind, but Messrs. Hardy & Co. soon tried to remedy this by putting a steel centre to each joint. I never tried one of these myself, but Mr. Pennell says he had a 14 foot rod made in this way, and that with a heavy head wind he can make better casting than with any he ever used; and on a calm day with heavy salmon line he could cast thirty yards, which casting is about as good as will be made with a 14 foot rod. It is all very fine talking about casting with a 20 foot Castle Connell 40 or 50 yds., which certainly has been done in competitions, but I should like to see the man who would go on doing it all day. As regards these new American—lighting conductor—rods made of tubular steel, the formation does not allow of outside rings, therefore I should take it that in casting, the friction right through the rod would make it impossible to get out line. This must be taken for my opinion only, as I have not tried the rod, but on enquiring of a friend who has done so, he remarked they were "pretty little toys."

A single handed rod should not be over a 11 feet, for should you require a longer cast than this will give you, you will of necessity have to use a double-hander. With regard to rings I must say I am with even the highest rod in favour of upright rings, however

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small; there is far less danger of the rings getting broken, and a hitch occurring at the most critical moment. There are so many ways of putting the joints together that I must leave the choice to the user of the rod himself, tho' at the same time, giving my opinion that the spliced rod gives more play, and, therefore, more satisfaction than the other.

Now for the Landing net. It is really not to the net I am going to refer, but to the using of it. Let the man who has it to use it keep it as much out of sight as possible, until such time as the fish is really "settled," then do not make a dash, but just act quietly, and bringing him to land or into the boat, catch hold of him first *in* the net, give him his *coup de grace*, and take out the hook. This will often, in a boat more especially, save many useful minutes during the day. I will next week refer to "Gaffs," Fishing Bags and Baskets.

WALTER LEIGH.

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THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

This building is, as it stands, really a credit to the city of Halifax. There is no denying the fact that this town of ours is very much in want of a few more such, before it claims for itself the title of city, tho' I presume it has a charter to that effect, or its equivalent. As a proof of this want, in taking my walks abroad in the interests of "OUR SOCIETY" on Albemarle Street, I heard the remark "Where's the blooming town?" Now if I am not a *cicerone* as regards Halifax, I am nothing, therefore it was my bounden duty to show the fair enquirer the beauteous surroundings of Water Street. She—it was a she—did not seem to take in at once the fact that this same street contained in former years the mansions of the ancestors of those who now are in Society. Far from it, for on my pointing out where the palatial residence of Mr ——— had stood, she cast her eyes at me with a look of scorn, and tilted her nose in a very disdainful fashion, at the same time murmuring, "Go long cant yer!" "Who yer getting at?" "Where's the shops?" Had it not been for the kindly intervention of Detective Power, Sergeant Baker, and 114 of our able-bodied police, who happened not to be on duty at the time, I should never have lived to tell the tale. I congratulate myself that I introduced my fair friend to the safest shop in the town—Stipendiary Motton I hope will deal gently with the "fair but frail one." But what had this do with "The House?" virtually nothing, but just as relevant to the matter in hand as many speeches made in the august assembly brought together there. As I have said, the House itself commends itself to the eye, but would not a little Spring cleaning enhance its natural beauty?

To a stranger this building inside is a bit of a wilderness and it was not until I met an oasis in the desert in the shape of a good looking lounge, that I was enabled to find the flat which I was to occupy in purgatory. Oh, Mr. Editor, you have a lot to answer for, but there, I will forgive you, and trust that your afterwards may be no more uncomfortable than you deserve. Arrived on my flat, naturally I selected the wrong door to present my envelope—I mean ticket—being met with the stern voice of the attendant: "Ladies Gallery." This was quite sufficient; I may be a bold, bad man, but to participate in the enjoyment of a speech given even by Mr. Longley, with a political woman by my side, No, never! I bolted, and finding the door unbolted, through which my ticket gave me ingress to this abode of those who make our laws, and for all I know break them just as easily as they make them, I was allowed to take a seat. I then, naturally recognizing the fact that I was above my proper sphere, took off my hat, this of course as a matter of courtesy to the Hon. gentleman with the "Topper" who sits in a big chair, and who really looks to the chair born. That "Topper" is a "Topper," there's no doubt of it, but the question now is, are there any traditions of Noah handed down with it? No matter, there is a very benevolent looking—may he leave me a thousand a year,—gentleman underneath it. Any M. P.P. can tell who I mean! I may say before I mention any names which I shan't by the way—that I have engaged Sir Charles Russell and Sir Henry James, instructed by Mr. B. F. Pearson, to appear for me in any libel action that may crop up through this article, and on the other hand those Hon. members who may recognize any virtues portrayed, may without loss of time send in their several mites to the widow and orphans of the undersigned.

Business has commenced, and I see from my point of vision a grey head arise, and on straining my neck, I see the features that lend to the making of a good looking man; he is small in stature, still he is made, as a man should be made, to a model. He speaks as a man endowed with his authority should speak, plainly, and to the point, and even his actions say "If you don't believe me, disprove what I say?" However rabid a politician I might be on one side or the other, this is a man that I, if I had a vote, would never go against. Hullo! who is this that has seemed to find his seat so uncomfortable for some time? Surely no school boy tricks have been played in the way of placing the business end of a tin tack in his chair? No! There are no school boys there, so let us dub him Jack in the box!

Who is that lengthy looking individual who now arises, and in accents mild, but yet with a sardonic grin, shuts up that Jack in the Box?

Who is that Hon. gentleman who thinks that by writing private letters, the whole time debates are going on, he is doing his duty to the constituency that placed him in these realms of bliss?

Who is the Hon. gentleman who, sitting back in his chair, about one-fourth awake the remainder asleep, looks—one-fourth of him I mean—as if he was honouring the whole crowd by his appearance on the scene?

Who is that Hon. gentleman who, by being such a favourite of the fair sex, has received a *mandamus* from the Speaker to keep one eye on him—the Speaker—the other eye being allowed to roam in vision to the ladies gallery, and is it a fact that this Hon. gentleman has been entrusted with the care of a junior member of this Honorable House?

Again—Who is that Hon. gentleman with a not too musical voice, but as I heard a gentleman say "coin enough to buy us all up?"

There is yet a pompous old wind bag, who reminds me of the bladder of a football, which having been patched in several places, one patch giving way the whole thing collapses, so this man—Who is he?

And now there is one little question I wish to ask of the members of this, our House of Assembly,—who were the means of passing the Liquor Laws? How many of you who voted for it have carried that law out in its entirety? None! Good, preach what you practise!

One more question, to that respectable and highly to be commended door keeper. Why, oh why should you so soon have learnt to use those little prevarications—so called on the floor of the House, but which in your case degenerate into common lies, by telling me "This gallery is for ladies only!" Either you tell a crammer or the individuals I saw in that gallery are indictable for appearing in public in men's clothing. One thing is certain; not one that I saw was an ornament to either sex.

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Our Society.

VOL. I. HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1891. No. 22.

LET us remind our readers—respectfully yet firmly—that subscriptions for the year commencing with the 14th issue are now considerably overdue. Subscriptions are to a newspaper what coal is to the steam-engine, and perhaps it would not be inapt to add that if the engine had to go round the town to get its coal, dinner would be very late at the 'Bedford.'

THE second number of *Olla Podrida* is as interesting as the first. A little essay on Queen Elizabeth, by Enid McLean, contains some bright ideas; for instance that Elizabeth 'laid the foundation of the honour and respect now so universally accorded to woman.' Students of the 'Morte d'Arthur' may be inclined to dispute this, but it is a good idea.

New exchanges this week are the North Sydney Herald and the Eastern Chronicle (New Glasgow). Several columns of the latter, which is an 8-paged paper, and energetically conducted, are devoted to a lecture on Drainage, with a very practical discussion of some of the points raised. One speaker—Mr. Ross—says 'we are too poor to drain land. The government ought to be got to help us by advancing cheap money on easy terms, and a government engineer ought to be appointed to help farmers drain difficult land' We are not experts in the matter of farming, but there seems to be some common-sense in this suggestion, though as a rule private speculators ferret out anything that is worth doing long before government takes any notice of it.

OUR Charlottetown correspondent complains, with great justice, of the mutilation of one of his paragraphs last week. The letter-press in our last few issues has been nearly perfect, and by an extraordinary fate, the errors have accumulated in the Charlottetown news, which are as a rule excellent. Last week, for instance, instead of "The Supreme Court has secured upon its bench the presence of our most brilliant orator," we read "the Supreme Court has secured upon its *back* the *pressure* etc. We apologize without reserve, to the Judge, the Court, and most of all our correspondent.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.—A talented young lady seeks position as Ladies' Help in a small and strictly respectable family which is able to give and take the highest references. She is affable and condescending, a good judge of wines, and willing to play the piano or sing operatic airs while the lady of the house does the cooking and scrubbing. Will not require more than five days out in a week, and will allow her employer to retain for himself a portion of his weekly income and the use of two rooms of the house. Applicants for the privilege of obtaining this treasure must call, by appointment, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, at the Levee Hotel. Come early and avoid the rush.

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

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DEAR SIR OR MADAME.

I thought I would like to write you in respect to your notice of my performance of "Lord Alleash" in "Fra Diavolo" the role I always have played is "Lorenzo" and have always been very successful in it. Mr. Jules Grau came to me at the last moment and said the gentleman who was to play "Alleash" could not "get up" in the part in time for the opening performance of "Diavolo" but knew "Lorenzo," and asked me (as I was a quick study,) if I would take up the part. With much reluctance I did and when the opening night came, there was no costume for me, so I had to wear an ordinary private street dress. Now I am sorry you may possibly be doomed to disappointment as to my ever being raised to the Peerage, as there is but one older brother to have the title of "Sir" before me, I being one of the late Sir Josiah Mason's heirs, (Birmingham, England.) You cannot ever have studied the part of Lord Alleash, or you would see he was one of those who inherited the title without the former holder's brains, there are plenty of such asses now-a-days. I was well acquainted with "Lord Cairns" who promised to marry Miss Fortesque, as we were (Miss Fortesque and I) in the caste of Iolanthe at the London Saloy Theatre, and I know Lord Dunlo very well, the simpleton who married Bella Bilton the Variety performer, we were engaged in the same pantomine, the Xmas of 1889, at the Princes' Theatre, Manchester, England. I am sorry to trouble you and would not have done so had you not harped on the subject two weeks running, because I never take notice of newspaper notices as they are often written by people who are utterly devoid of musical education, the fact that I have been engaged by the Carl Rosa management for England is quite enough guarantee of my standing in the operatic world.

Yours respectively
VICTOR DELACEY.

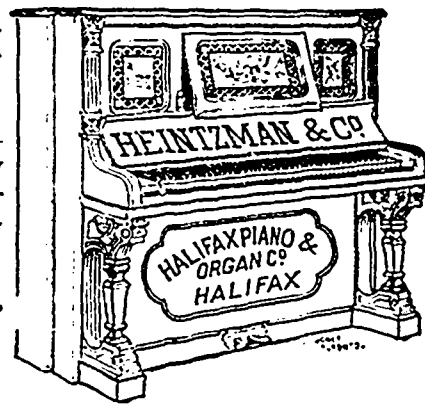
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Answers to Correspondents.

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.

MAE: Nearly all the postage-stamps in the world are manufactured either in London, Paris or New York. They are engraved from steel, and the process is complicated and costly. The perforating machine is a comparatively recent invention, though it seems strange that none should have thought of such a simple contrivance for so long a time.

H. GRAY: We really cannot give you a proper list of all the English issues of stamps during the present reign. We could only do so from memory, and the changes lately have been so numerous as to make this almost impossible. Ask a stamp-collector: he may have a list.

K. T. L.: To become a full general in the British Army is no small attainment. The reason why there appear to be so many retired "Generals" is simply that those who retire as Major-Generals; or Lieut-Generals; are commonly known in private life as "Generals." In point of fact, there are only 18 full Generals on the active list, including Prince Christian, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and Lord Wolseley. Nearly all the rest are distinguished men, whose names are well-known outside the Service. There are 50 Lieut-Generals and 138 Major-Generals on the active list.

KITTY: The only text in the Bible that contains all the letters of the Alphabet is, so far as we know, Ezra VII, ver. 21. If you are asking with a view to prize competitions, we shall expect our share of the spoils.

PHILO: The saying "when Hempe is spun, England is done" is a very old one. The best explanation is that given by Lord Bacon, viz: that Hempe is composed of the initial letters of Henry, Edward, Mary, Phillips and Elizabeth, and that the words "England is done" refers to the fact that after the death of the last named Sovereign the title was changed from "King of England" to "King of Great Britian and Ireland." Lord Bacon says he heard the saying in his boyhood. We do not know on what grounds he devised his explanation of it, which is certainly very clever.

There are many instances of Notarica, sometimes it is hard to distinguish whether the word sprang from the sentence, or the sentence was fitted on to the word. For instance there is *Tory* from *True Old Royal Yoman*, and *Whig* from *We hope in God*. Then again there is the old Jacobite toast *Limps*, from *Louis, Jms, Mary, Prince* (of Wales). Addison's nickname, *Clio*, was from the fact that he always used one of these four letters as signature to his papers in the *Spectator*. The derivation of *Hip! Hip! Hurrah!* is almost too good to be true. *Hip* is said to be a notarica from *Hic solyma est Perdita* (Jerusalem is destroyed,) and certainly *Hip! Hip!* was the favorite cry of the mediæval German knights when engaged in the then-popular sports of Jew-hunting. *Hurrah* is said to come from the Slavonic *hura-j*—to Paradise, which would fit in very nicely with the other.

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The Ladies' Column.

Such strange things have been used lately for dinner-table decoration—odd lengths of dresses, old silver gimcracks, flowers stuck in satin sacks instead of sensible vases, ribbons by the yard and vegetation by the peck—that an aquatic notion ought to take, as a change. Very handsome shells, equal to jewels in looks, can be purchased at very reasonable prices. Several kinds, with delightful mother-of-pearl effects, come to sixpence each, as a rule. Coral in all its branches is a pretty and instructive sight, when clean and fresh. An aquarium as a centre-piece, stacked about with these oceanic trophies, might give the plush and plate embellishments a rest; and gold and silver fish floating round would be as pretty to gaze at as anything. I would leave out water-snails, sea-slugs, and newts, as they sometimes make non-scientific people feel squeamish, especially the newts. They are not nice enough to place so close to one's dinner, even with glass between.

Ca pue de lor; and the expressive, if rather vulgar, phrase appears to have influenced the New York belles, who have discarded gold in their ornaments and jewellery, and replaced it with silver, and—iron! In the latter material some really "elegant" chains have been turned out, the links being made of metal of various shades and temper; and it is hardly necessary to state that the acute jewellers charge just as highly as for the more costly material; the labour, the chasing, and the design—to say nothing of the novelty—being alleged as an excuse for keeping up the price.

Another and a prettier craze has temporarily found favor among maids and the matrons in Fifth Avenue and its aristocratic vicinities. This is the painting on the arm, neck, shoulder or breast, gorgeous butterflies, or brilliant blossoms. Special artists are making large sums by "hand-painting" designs on the cuticle of their clients, as much as fifty dollars having been paid for a "Camberwell Beauty," reproduced in oils on the shoulder of a daughter of the house of Astor. In certain "sets" a flower, or one particular butterfly, forms a badge of *entrée* into the inner circle of confidence and scandal; and the *remions* of the Joiceys have for some time been characterised by the Death's-head moth, plainly delineated on the left arm of each guest.

American ladies, I am told, spend fabulous sums on floral decoration for dinner parties and balls. At one of the latter a floral bell measuring two feet in diameter was suspended from the ceiling, which opened during the evening and released a flock of white

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doves and a shower of bon-bons and flowers. At another two large eagles of Florida moss were hung at either end of the room, while an immense palm tree, twenty-eight feet high, rose from a miniature garden in the middle, the promenade being hedged off by a little fence of evergreens, and thus served to keep the floor clear for dancing.

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CONCERNING THE SERVANT GIRL.

BY ARNOLD GOSSWORTHY.

Under a strong sense of duty I take my pen in hand to write these few lines in defence of that unhappy victim of tyranny and oppression, the servant girl. There never was anybody more hardly done by in the world. People are so ignorant and wicked now-a-days that they don't seem to appreciate the honour that is done them when a servant girl condescends to come and live with them, and grace their humble home with her illustrious presence. They are actually so unreasonable as to expect her to help in the house-work, just because they happen to keep her in very ordinary board and lodging and give her a few paltry shillings a month. And when her day's business is over she is never asked to come upstairs and sit round the fire with the master and missis, or take a hand at whist with the family; and if there's a dinner-party in the house it's ten chances to one if she is taken into the drawing-room and introduced to anybody. Oh, it's shameful, that's what it is.

And then people are so abominably selfish. Because they happen to want breakfast about eight o'clock in the morning they must needs start a bell ringing right over a girl's head just as she has got into the middle of a lovely dream where she is the Princess of Wales and is going to marry the new policeman at the corner as soon as he can get trusted somewhere for the furniture. Of course, she doesn't move the first time the bells rings. No self-respecting girl would do that; and besides it's contrary to the etiquette of the profession. The thing is to wait until the brutes are tired of ringing, and then to go to sleep again, just to preserve one's independence. Even then, however, a poor girl will often be obliged, just for the sake of peace, to come downstairs at the unearthly hour of seven in the morning. Isn't it monstrous! Can you imagine anybody calling himself a *man* being mean enough to expect a girl to get up at that hour and prepare his breakfast just because he happens to pay her for doing it? I wonder it's allowed—I do really.

Common fairness in the treatment of the servant-girl is, of course, not to be expected. Oh, dear no! The missis can come down to breakfast in her dressing-gown right enough; but if the poor servant should happen to wait at table in her old flannel petticoat, the fuss they make about it is positively awful. And if she should keep the new bread for the kitchen, and serve up a day before-yesterday's loaf in the breakfast-room, they don't give her any credit for her thoughtfulness, but begin to speechify about it in a manner that is completely subversive of the traditional decencies of debate. And the little things they find fault with—it's something dreadful! Some people will even object if they find a dirty thumb-mark on the bread-and-butter—as if a girl could clean the stove and get breakfast at the same time without a trifling slip now and then. Why, I have known people to get quite uppish just because they happened to find a hairpin in the teapot. Isn't it fearful?

Everybody knows what an appalling amount of suffering is inflicted on the poor servant-girl by the cat. I don't mean the cat-o'-nine-tails, but the cat-o'-nine-lives, that no family should be without. If that misguided brute should happen to make a little too free with the biscuits and sherry, the servant-girl gets the blame of it. It is quite a common thing for a cat to take the kitchen coal scuttle round to the pawnbroker's till the end of the month; but when anything of that kind happens the servant-girl is accused of it directly. Oh, of course! Sometimes a cat, in the diminution of its moral vigour, will make off with a couple of silver spoons. And just because they happen to find those spoons wrapped up in an old stocking in the servant-girl's box, they declare she wanted to steal them, in spite of the fact that she can prove beyond dispute that she comes of a most respectable family, and that her father knew some one who was related to a man who used to go round with the plate at prayer meetings. Isn't it abominable?

If a girl tries to do the people of the house a good turn, she

never gets the credit of it. One day she grieves to think of that beautiful spring bonnet lying idle upstairs, and in the goodness of her heart she takes it out for an airing to freshen it up a bit. And then, just because she doesn't happen to use the same kind of hair oil as the missis, there's quite a scene. They talk as if she wanted to wear the horrid old thing for her own pleasure. The idea! Then, again, she is naturally concerned about the master's appearance, out of pure personal regard for his welfare, perhaps, she'll take a few of his last new collars, that really don't suit him at all, and give them to the soldier who comes in to sing hymns with her on Sunday evenings. But do you think she gets any thanks for her kindness? Not a bit of it! The way they treat the servant-girl now-a-days is simply preposterous. There'll be a question asked in the House of Commons about it soon, you'll see!

MAY-DAY.

[We have some doubt as to the circumstances under which our contributor must have written this article. We will let it pass this time. Ed.]

By a judicious use of obsolete magazines, such as say *Household Words* twenty years after date (a long term that,) there could no doubt be compiled a long and possibly interesting account of May-Day, and of the many curious customs once extant that have now pass into the nevermore. Plagiarism, annexing or cribbing (a rose by any other, etc.) is at all times most reprehensible, especially in Literature (with a big L.) It, however, cannot be satisfactorily practised in the present instance, on account of want of material, although the spirit, like Barkiss, is willin'.

"No matter-r-r-r," as Tyrone Power used to say with that inimitable deep chest roll of his. May-Day was observed right royally in England in the old days before them (*before them!*—how the deuce did those words creep in? they've no right there. But the long faced sanctimonious Puritans nearly killed it. When most of them had emigrated, however and the remainder had grown tired of their super-holiness, then did May-Day "bob up serenely" again: though shorn of much of its splendour. At the present time May-Day is still observed in many out of the way villages in England, peaceful communities far from the busy haunts of men, where rustic simplicity still pursues the even tenor of its whey. It is in the midlands principally that this is kept up, within a day's march of the Black Country. There there are hamlets in which the May-Pole (resembling nothing so much as an under-sized telephone post without the cross-bars) still stands and stands still in the centre of the village green. With the Maying there is assimilated, in certain districts another *divertissement*, the origin of which is equally unknown, but frequently said to be pagan. Pagan is such a satisfying and comfortable word to use you know, it as it were "terminates or pulls up short," as Adam Smith might say, an investigation that might otherwise prove disastrous. This custom is known as "well dressing," nothing to do with "dressing well." The principal well or spring of the village is enclosed in a bower of flowers that bloom in the spring, and with the may-pole shares the honours of the day. There is a Queen of the May of course, and equally of course many a black black eye, especially in the neighborhood of the village pub, about closing time.

The day starts decorously enough, with service in the village church. Things progress in a fairly respectable manner during the afternoon, but the evening—well "a sup o' ale does no man no 'arm, beyant makin' him just a bit feekless." The custom is so English you know—attend church in the morning, do a little bow-making in the afternoon, get howling drunk at night. The man who can't get drunk for a shilling in England, on country brewer's beer, is worthy of a stand in a dime museum.

For a stranger who attends a function of this kind every one has open house, the inhabitants vie with one another in showing hospitality (that's the way it's usually expressed, isn't it?) unto them. One drives home with a very confused notion of plough-boys in their best black, dairy maids in white, beer in barrels, with dancing and kiss in the ring in unlimited quantities.

Provincial Notes.

YARMOUTH.—All Yarmouth nearly has been a victim to "la Grippe," your correspondent among the number. As Solomon says "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," so if I consulted my feelings just now, I should talk of nothing but that interesting and all absorbing topic, the "Grippe" but that would be scarcely fair to the general public, who nearly all have a little story of their own on the same subject, so I will cast about for something more original. Society does not seem to be in a very brilliant frame of mind just now, perhaps owing to the fact that the melancholy days of house-cleaning have arrived. And every one stands in deadly peril of stumbling over a scrubbing bucket or a step-ladder. The lawns are getting beautifully green, and patches of crocus with their brilliant coloring of yellow, Heliotrope and white gladden the eye on every side. The May-flowers have been beautiful this year, but are misnamed as May flowers in this locality, as they are about done by the 1st of May. I wonder if they smell as sweet when they are called trailing Arbutus.

Mr. T. B. Flint, M. P., left for Ottawa Saturday evening, accompanied by Mrs. Flint. They intended leaving by Wednesday's boat but were detained by the sickness and death of Mr. Flint's mother who was buried Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Goff of Charlottetown, P. E. I. passed through here Saturday on their way to Europe *via*. New York.

The Milton Brass Band have presented their leader Mr. W. C. Kaine, with an elegant silver cornet valued at £75.

Mr. Ken. Webster, returned from Halifax Saturday, where he has been attending Dalhousie.

Miss Kelley has closed her Art Studio for a couple of weeks, and is visiting friends in Boston. We understand Miss K. is going to Europe in the early summer.

Miss Baker is spending a few weeks in Halifax. Mr. Baker, returned from there Friday night.

Miss Eva Pelton left for Halifax on Monday to visit at her friend Mrs. Harrington's, Tower Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Jolly celebrated their crystal wedding Monday evening. They are both noted for their genuine hospitality.

The Rev. Mr. Smithson, of—most anywhere,—supplied the pulpit of Trinity Church last Sunday morning and evening. He is said to speak three languages, and, judging from his efforts on Sunday, he must have been trying them all at once. What he said might have been orthodox, or might not. We could not understand a word of it, but seemed to be listening to a succession of whispers and crows.

Mr. George Tooker and Miss Tooker returned from Bermuda a short time ago, where they had been spending the winter.

Mr. T. V. B. Bingay, jr., is visiting in Digby.

Mrs. Cummings of Truro, is spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Byron Robbins.

Mr. Charles Pelton leaves for Boston, Wednesday evening, to take a position in an attorney's office there.

Miss Dora Murray entertained a few of her young friends last Friday evening, at one of those inexpensive, but none the less pleasant, little dances, for which Yarmouth is so justly celebrated.

Mr. Dave Saunders also had a dance, at his residence, on the same evening, at which all enjoyed themselves immensely.

County Court is being held here this week, Judge Savary presiding.

SACKVILLE, N. B.—Sackville is not a large town nor a very gay one and weeks go by sometimes without special events, though other weeks seem pretty full. On Friday evening last Mr. Powell M. P. P. delivered one of the series of popular law lectures in the University lecture hall. He is a distinguished Alumnus of Mount Allison and the attendance of students and others was large. This series has been a most interesting and useful one with the general design of teaching the duties and privileges of good citizenship.

I hear that the band are to have a concert very soon. They have engaged Mrs. Harrison, Miss Landers and others.

I hear Mrs. Harrison is engaged also for concerts in Moncton and Amherst, and in June goes West to fill engagements in Ontario in July and August, including Grimsby Park during the August season.

Prof. Mack and his staff are busy preparing for the closing concert of the conservatory. By the way, the closing exercises of the three Mount Allison institutions are always of a very interesting character. As they are the principal concern of which our town boasts the convocation and closing entertainments form the chief event of the year. I shall have more to say after they have come off.

Miss Landers and Mr. Barnaby of Amherst give a concert next week in that town.

Prof. Sterne was in town this week.

Dr. Inch was at St. John, Saturday, attending the funeral of a former student.

Mr. J. Wood, M. P., left for Ottawa on Monday; Mrs. Wood accompanied him.

Most places have peculiar local fashions of some sort. Here it is quite the style for people of both sexes to kick their toes against nails and ends of boards and to stumble on the sidewalks, I really believe though that most people rather unwillingly follow this fashion. Surely it is somebody's duty to mend our ways.

CLEOPATRA.

ARICHAU.—Fish news in a society journal may offend the nostrils of your aristocratic readers; but as I notice in MacAlister's list the names of a great many of the so-called *codfish aristocracy*; perhaps they may, at least, find originality in the subject, and not leave my communications unread.

To-day there are eight sail of American fishing vessels in our harbor, ice bound. Two of them are commanded by Arichat boys, William and John Thomas, sons of Thomas Thomas, who a couple of years ago emigrated to the United States. The crews of these vessels, numbering 130 men in all, are making the town quite lively.

The lobster fishermen are prosecuting their calling under difficulties. Besides being menaced with drift ice, they find it impossible to procure bait.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Gruchy entertained a few of their young friends, before breaking up their winter house-keeping and taking their departure for Petit de Grat, one evening last week, dancing was indulged in and a very pleasant evening spent.

Dancing is the prevailing amusement here and considering the scarcity of partners, our young ladies are very proficient in it. A Quadrille party is spoken of at Mrs. Bosdit's to take place next week.

Commercial Travellers are more or less lionized by "Society" people here. This is due, first, to the scarcity of young men in the town, and secondly, to the very deserving way in which they conduct themselves. I don't know if it is only the deserving ones who visit Arichat, or whether they are all deserving, but I write as I find them. Since spring trade opened a half dozen at least of these gentlemen visited the town every week, and in certain social circles quite a flutter was discernible while they were here.

The social reciprocity that existed between Canso and Arichat appears to have been "abrogated." This is to be regretted, because we have a surplus of females and Canso a surplus of males.

Several young ladies are taking lessons in painting—hand painting. The walk to the class gives them an opportunity of displaying their new spring dresses and meeting their high sprung shadows.

Dr. Hallett and his charming wife are about leaving us and settling at Londonderry. They will be missed in social circles.

The spicy game of poker is only indulged in and that moderately, by the incurable male veterans.

SARDINE.

English Jottings.

The latest to become an "Immortal," as those elected to the French Academy are called, is Charles Louis de Sancies de Freycinet, who has been so prominent in French politics since the coming in of the republic. He is sixty-three years old, and until 1870 was a mining and railroad engineer by profession. In Paris, where he has been nicknamed "the Little White Mouse," he is known as an accomplished speaker and writer. M. de Freycinet, in Paris, is prodigiously proud of his election to the Academy, says the New York Sun. He attributes his success to his literary merits, which he has himself always rated much higher than the world has done. In reality his election to a seat among the Immortals is the result of the feeling that to him is due most of the credit for reorganizing the French army, which it is fondly believed by all Frenchmen is now quite a match for the hosts of Germany. Here is a good description of De Freycinet, written by a man who knows him well: "As a writer and speaker he has a thin, elegant, and lucid style. He excels in clean statement, an orderly marshalling of facts, and delicate, though striking, inuendo. In arguing most he never seems to argue, but gently compels his hearers to deduce the conclusions at which he wishes them to arrive. He is a delightful fire-side talker, and one of the best chess players in France. American visitors to Paris should be well acquainted with his stately courtesy and his wonderful mastery of the English language."

"The Commonwealth of Australia," though the most practical and advanced of the would-be independent colonies, is wise in its generation. By an overwhelming majority it has determined to remain true to the mother country, and has voted £ 0,000 a year towards the stipend of the Governor-General, who is to be in every case appointed by the Queen. The Governor-General must approve of all measures before they become law, and should he see fit he has the power to refer measures to the direct consideration of Her Majesty in England. This is really very marvellous moderation in view of the fact that the Australians are the proud proprietors of a really very useful little fleet. It is not at all likely that they will ever get into trouble with Chili, which is the paramount naval State of the Pacific, but a few additions to their navy would enable them to do even this with every prospect of success.

Some people affect to despise titles, and to regard orders and decorations as little better than pickle-bottle labels. But even a baronetcy has its uses. It should not be overlooked that nearly everyone of the fathers whose collective wisdom has framed the new constitution of "the Commonwealth of Australia" is a Sir Somebody Something. We do not attempt to suggest that the fact affected the deliberations of these statesmen, but even a Colonial Governor has his ambitions, and his wife invariably thirsts to be called "My Lady." When Independence spends no more knight-hoods, loyalty is proportionately stimulated. If the Powers that be were to recognize the recent labours of Sir Henry Parkes and his fellow "sirs" by elevating the lot to the Peerage, it is all Lombard Street to a tin of preserved mutton that Independence in Australia would receive its death-blow!

Experiment has been in progress for some time to establish telephonic communication between London and New York. The idea was started long before the Paris telephone was successfully carried into effect, so that the present endeavour was not suggested by that event. Up to the present, the attempt to talk across the Atlantic has not been successful, but this much has been accomplished—it has been found feasible to transmit sounds, though they are unintelligible. That is so far encouraging that it is believed it is only a matter of perfecting the mechanical means to establish perfect telephone communication. It is probable that a specially-constructed cable may have to be laid for the purpose, the experiments now, of course, being conducted over the ordinary telephone line.

An American physician, who has just returned to the States after a visit to this country, has written very plainly, and very sensibly, in a New York paper on the much- vexed question of the nasal twang affected by his countrymen, and more especially by his countrywomen. "Let us," he writes, "absent ourselves from our beloved country for a few weeks' travel across the sea, and there hear for a time the soft and musical voices of our English cousins; then it is upon our return that the American drawl—it is not a voice—of our beautiful young girl in Society grates upon our sensibilities, and we feel as though the beautiful creature and the thing by her side that by courtesy is called a man, ought to be taken in charge by a doctor, who will first cure their 'nasal catarrh,' and then cure their nasal 'twang.'"

A monitory voice comes from America on the passion for consuming chocolate, which is not unrequired, we are afraid, on this side of the Atlantic. Five million pounds of the pulverised meat of the cocoa bean found its way into the American stomach last year, and the American stomach suffered accordingly. Several persons died from the effect of over-indulgence in cocoa mixed with sugar which is called chocolate. Cases are perpetually cropping up of persons who have permanently injured their digestive powers by the nibbling chocolate in lieu of food, and a foremost New York physician has pronounced an emphatic opinion on the subject. This is described as a "chocolate age," and those who prefer the little brown tablets to any other food are warned to remember that there is such a thing as "chocolate inebriety."

Henry George has retired from the editorship of *The Standard*, and will henceforth devote himself mainly to the oral publication of what Goldwin Smith calls, the Doctrine of Unrest. As a lecturer in England, Scotland, Australia, and New South Wales, Mr. George is a great success. There his single tax ideas are listened to, and, best of all, understood. The chances are that Mr. George will locate in London and devote himself to authorship. His present plans include a primer of political economy, an annotated edition of the "Wealth of Nations," and a reply to Professor Huxley's attack on "Progress and Poverty." It is a curious commentary on the fitful character of appreciation that Mr. George—fame as a thinker, a forcible and logical writer, and a lecturer or not—"George the social philosopher and George the man" are two curiously different persons. He stands alone among modern political economists, but socially he is the simplest and most approachable of men. He is conspicuous as a listener rather than a talker, and in any company of men he seems anxious rather to draw out the opinions of others than to exploit his own. His intellectual methods are peculiar. He has a habit, when reading a newspaper, of tearing out articles bodily and handing the ragged fragment to his son, with instructions to preserve it. Perhaps a month later he will suddenly call for the article, having hit upon a subject to which it bears some relation. In habit he is the most active and restless of mortals. He sits still only when at work, and a formal dinner has peculiar terrors for him because it does not admit of peripatetic performances between courses. He is a devoted husband and father, a sympathetic friend. His chief associates are a little group of faithful single taxers, some poor, some well to-do, and a few rich.

Earl Granville was a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, besides being his *fidus arhates* in politics. The world must be getting very empty and cold to the Queen—one by one her contemporaries, trusted advisers and friends drop off, and with the new she is not in touch. It was a sad beginning to her sojourn in the sunny south. The exaggerated news, too, of the disaster in Assam affected her Majesty sensibly, and the day on which she received the news she dismissed the band which nightly serenades her at the dinner-hour—she was too sad for music. A deep-feeling, sympathetic, tender-hearted woman in all that touches the human breast is Victoria Regina.

ON THE FENCE.

Two women leaned over the backyard fence
(The same old fence) as the sun went down,
While each told the other, in confidence,
The scandals she'd gathered around the town.
For women must gossip, or they can't sleep,
They think that secrets weren't made to keep:
So they lean on the fence in the gloaming.

Two women sat out on the front-door stoop,
In the evening glow, as the sun went down,
They told how their children had skipped the croup,
And they sneered at the ministers wife's new gown.
For women delight in a friendly chat,
Without it their lives would be stale and flat:
So they sit on the stoop in the gloaming.

Two husbands came home from the base-ball game
(From the office, they said), as the sun went down,
Both ready and eager to hear the same
Sweet scandals their wives had hunted down.
For men, though they work, love gossips too—
And that's why their wives seek something new
As they meet and talk in the gloaming.

Old Mrs. Darnley is a pattern of household economy She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years by only knitting new feet to them every winter, and new legs to them every other autumn.

If people worked as hard after marriage, to keep each other, as they did before the engagement, to win each other, marriage would be more of a success.

Miss Tucker, otherwise A. L. O. E. (A lady of England), and one of the most popular of the English religious writers, is now actively engaged in mission work in a city in Northern India; she is described as a charming old lady, living in a pretty little cottage, and spending the largest part of her days in visiting, praying, and singing with the women of the Zenanas.

First Farmer: "How is it you no longer put up at the Golden Crown when you drive to market?"

Second Farmer: "Why, they are regular swindlers! Last winter, when I lodged there for the night, they made a great fuss, and gave me a bottle to take to bed with me, and when I opened it, what do you think it was? Nothing but hot water.



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GABRIEL'S, 17 BUCKINGHAM ST.

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

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

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

"Vivat  Regina."

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"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 equipments of a first class hotel."—*The Sun.*

"The 'Windsor' of Halifax" — *Montreal Gazette.*

"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.

THE CLIMAX.

It was only a newspaper story,
And, yet, as I read it o'er,
My eyes grew moist and heavy
As they have not in years before.

It was not the art of the writer
That on my heart-strings swept,
But the story, simple and tender,
Went to my heart, and I wept.

But when I arrived at the "finis,"
It caused my heart to ache,
And I said bad words, for that tender tale
Was an advertising "fake."

Some men must think that the lamp of life is a spirit lamp, judging from the way they pour in the alcohol.

After all men are strange creatures. They will waste an hour hunting for a collar button instead of having an extra supply and letting the wife find the missing one. You never see a woman look for the pin she drops Her husband finds it when he walks around on his bare feet.

Officer (of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to grocer).—Do you keep the cover over that cheese all the time?

Grocer.—Yes, sir.

Officer.—Well, that won't do. You must lift it off occasionally and give the cheese air.

Norah: "O'm sorry to say, sor, that Miss Giddy isn't at home

Mr. Cole (facetiously): "Why are you sorry, Norah?"

Norah: "Because, sor, it's the biggest shtory Oi ever towld in me life."

Hockstein. "I vos tired of life. Gif me some poison, and so I vill kill meinself."

Chemist (jocularly): "All right. What do you want—arsenic or strychnine?"

Hockstein: "Vich vo der sheapest?"

ARMY AND NAVY DEPOT

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Selections.

Lord Randolph Churchill has been going through a series of farewell entertainments during last week preparatory to his departure on the 24th, Captain Giles, who has already started to organise the expedition, and Mr. Gwynth Williams accompanying him; and, if the authorities can be persuaded to allow him to go, Surgeon-Major Parke will go with him as medical officer. Lord Randolph will be away for nine months, returning to London in time for the opening of the next Session. Lady Randolph will remain at Newmarket during the season with her mother, Mrs. Jerome, the house in Connaught Place being let for the season to Captain and Lady Agneta Montagu.

Talking about Arnold's new poem, the New York Critic says: "It is interesting to know that the idea of The Light of the World was suggested to Sir Edwin Arnold by Henry M. Stanley. It was as the correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph as well as of the New York Herald, that Mr. Stanley made his second expedition to Africa, in 1874, to rescue Livingstone, who, as it proved, had died during the previous year. Returning to England in 1878, one of the persons he met first and of whom he saw the most was the editor of The Telegraph. Sir Edwin was then at work upon The Light of Asia, which appeared the next year and scored an immense success. Mr. Stanley read it before it was given to the public, and was profoundly impressed by its beauty. 'Now, if you would take the Christ as the central figure of such a poem,' said he, 'and lavish upon it the same wealth of language, you would command an audience as wide as the civilized world.' The poet expressed no disinclination to the task, but seemed to feel considerable doubt as to his power adequately to treat so great a theme; Mr. Stanley continued to urge him, yet it was not till years afterward that the plan of The Light of the World took final shape in Sir Edwin's mind."

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