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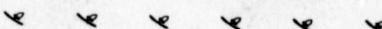
Saturday, Dec. 8th, 1900.



Price Five Cents.



VOL. I.



NO. 10!



The alert looking young gentleman that occupies such an honorable and prominent position in this week's BLUENOSE was during the days of his pilgrimage on this earth, Mr. W. C. Northup's Skye terrier, "Snap." Snap is dead, now, poor chap, but during his life he was well and unfavorably known to a large and influential colony of rats about the vicinity of Pickford & Black's wharf, with working branches at other places. Only nine short years passed over "Snap's" head and he died. But his little life was one continuous process of victories, for he is reported to have killed more members of the old, established family of rodents than he had hairs on his body. His office was on Granville Street where he constantly associated with a fox terrier that still lives and rejoices in the Apostolic name of John. Snap was a constant companion of his master, and the envy of all well behaved dogs even including John. There was nothing retiring or modest about Snap. He never lost an opportunity of opening his mouth to make known the fact that he was. But no more does his bark resound in the warehouse of 119 Granville Street and there consequently has reigned much grief and less noise at that place.

ALWAYS ORDER



HOWARD'S ALE.

JEWELRY

was never more fashionable than it is to-day. This is particularly fortunate, as it makes it an easy matter to decide what one shall give for a Christmas present. We have anticipated a great demand for jewelry this season, and have bought largely of the most up-to-date goods on the market. We have every reason to feel proud of our stock this year, and we are proud of it. If you call and inspect our selection we are sure it will please you. We buy for cash, and no one in Canada can undersell us.

M. S. BROWN & CO., Halifax, N. S.

We allow Ten per cent discount to our customers on cash purchases.

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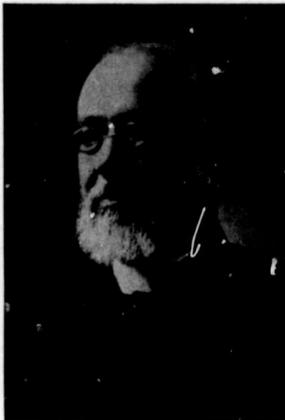


THE LATE JUDGE JOHNSTON.

Editor's Note:—The death of the late Judge Johnstone occurred at a time when it was too late for us to publish anything concerning him in the number of *The Bluenose* previous to the last, and we had intended to publish the following sketch and half-tone engraving accompanying it in last issue, but unfortunately we were not able to get the copy in time, the gentleman whom we had asked not being able to arrange things so as to give it to us until a few days ago. We have great pleasure now, however, in presenting a sketch which will be read with satisfaction by all who were fortunate enough to be acquainted with the late Judge.

In the death of Judge Johnstone, not only the legal profession, but the community at large, have sustained a loss to be long felt. Not those alone who knew of his varied attainments, but those also who shared the benefits of his incessant toil, will find that his death has left a blank not to be easily filled. His antecedents are known to all Nova Scotians. We should expect from his father's son attainments of no low order. He was one of a family of lawyers, and it is as a lawyer that the late Judge was most distinguished. His capacity for work was unlimited. A year or two ago when it was suggested that, by reason of falling sight, he might retire with the allowance provided for his position, his constant answer was that without professional work he could not live. And he did more professional work than any other Judge in the province. We would not be surprised to learn that he tried as many causes as all the judges of the Supreme Court put together, and these causes he tried and decided with as much acceptance to the suitors before him as ever falls to the lot of any judge. The judge who conceives that he can discharge the judicial function without antagonizing some of the unsuccessful

suitors who come before him, holds but a very inadequate idea of his office. Yet Judge Johnstone contrived to carry the heavy burthen of his work without a suggestion being made that he was otherwise than fair. His fund of rugged common sense was his standby and wall of defence. The witness who hoped to mislead him by falsehoods had a thorny path to tread. He had an instinct, bred both of training and natural gifts, which enabled him with an almost infallible



THE LATE JUDGE JOHNSTON.

judgment to know in what quarter lay the truth of the case. His speaking was not ornate, but at times he rose to a high level of eloquence, a thing not to be wondered at when we reflect upon the marvellous gifts of his father. Those who knew him best admired him most; his modest demeanor, his untiring patience, his unlimited capacity for work. We can only hope that when his place is filled one will be chosen who in some sense can emulate the high example he has set.

VARIOUS NOTES.

That successful novel, "To Have and to Hold," by Miss Mary Johnston, was first published by the *Atlantic Monthly*, and afterwards brought out in book form by the publishers of that magazine, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The *Atlantic* is probably the best type of monthly literary periodical published in America. For the year 1901 its editor announces three serial stories, one of which, "Audrey," is by the talented authoress named above. The other two, "The Tory Lover," by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, and "Penelope's Irish Experiences," by Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin, have already commenced publication, beginning with the November number.

The Bernhardt-Coquelin combination in *L'Aiglon* is certainly going to be the red-letter event in this season's dramatic annals in New York. The advance sale of seats was almost unprecedented, amounting to \$100,000. In one day alone \$10,000 was paid for tickets. The line of buyers often extended clear around Madison Square Garden. Prices for tickets ranged from \$5, in orchestra circle, to \$1.50 in the second balcony, while the boxes are \$20 and \$25. Sidewalk speculators, of course, secured a large number of tickets.

In addition to "L'Aiglon," the "divine Sarah" will appear in "Camille," a play which she has put on a number of times already in America. The advance sale, however, comes close to "L'Aiglon" for demand. A fairly accurate estimate shows that Mme. Bernhardt and M. Coquelin will play to a \$4,000 house at each performance.

The Christmas Ladies' Home Journal offers a superabundance of literary and artistic features in most attractive form. It has nearly two-score contributors. Apart from the articles having special holiday timeliness of interest are many notable features. Edward Bok has a thoughtful article on Christmas celebration, and there are various articles on women's wear, Christmas presents and edibles, while various other practical, helpful themes are ably presented.

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PEOPLE.

Halifax people will be interested to know that Professor MacMechan, of Dalhousie College, has recently finished a book of imaginative prose sketches, which will be published in the form of a gift book, and placed on sale in ample time for Christmas. It is called "The Porter of Bagdad, and Other Fantasies," and is being published by the enterprising Toronto house of George N. Morang & Company, Limited. I consider myself fortunate in having seen some of the advance sheets of this book. The title page is of very chaste, artistic design, and the letter-press is in large clear type on antique paper, with ample margins. The sketches, some of which are in the nature of parables, number altogether thirty-five, and fill about one hundred and fifty pages. The edition, I understand, is to be limited, and only a comparatively small number of copies will be on sale here. I have no doubt that Halifax book dealers will have many enquiries about it from gift buyers, who will be anxious to secure this work before the edition is exhausted. I believe the price is to be one dollar.

Miss Kate Forrest left this week for New York, where she will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Munroe.

The announcement made in Monday's papers to the effect that Robert H. Murray was re-appointed to the position of secretary for the S. P. C. A. was received with approbation by his many friends in the city, and by everybody throughout the province who takes an interest in this organization. Mr. Murray has been an indefatigable worker, and his efforts have already realized considerable good. He will leave here Monday or Tuesday to institute a branch of the society at Yarmouth.

After their latest musical triumph it seems that the Orpheus Club must sigh for new audiences to conquer, but the club is very conservative and prefers to retain its traditional exclusiveness, as it were. It will probably continue doing its utmost to provide the highest class of musical entertainments for the music lovers of Halifax when this generation shall have given place to others. There could be no better instance of the esteem in which this organization is held than I was told occurred last Tuesday morning when the box-office was open. As early as 7.30 persons were in line to the number of one hundred and fifty, or thereabouts, an excellent testimony from such a staid city as Halifax is regarded to be in such matters. On the occasion of the next concert it would not be surprising to see camp stools called into requisition by the visitors to the box-office, as in the United States. The

audience Tuesday night was one of the largest and most fashionable ever assembled in the hall. Anyone who willfully missed this performance will attend a number of musicales and not yet have made up his loss.

Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, of St. John, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. M. A. Currie, have returned home. The many friends of Mr. G. DeBlois Smith are glad to see him at home once more after a five weeks' stay in St. Pierre, his annual visit to the little French Island in the Gulf.

Mr. F. Huntress, manager of the Halifax Electric Tramway Company, is back from a ten days' visit in Boston and other American cities.

It is seldom that expressions of regret are so numerous and so sincere as those which have attended the announcement of Mr. Gandier's departure. The congregation of Fort Massey have never parted more reluctantly with a pastor, while Presbyterians throughout the city all feel that their denomination will sustain a loss. And the regret is not only denominational. Mr. Gandier has won the esteem of the citizens in general. Mrs. Gandier, who came here a bride, is also a great favorite, and will be universally missed.

Mrs. Kinney is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Power, at Hillside Hall.

The Charybdis sailed on Wednesday for the West Indies, carrying with her a very popular lot of officers. The navy men have such a stimulating effect on society that one positively hates to say good-bye to them.

The Church of England Christmas sale opened at the Institute on the sixth with a promising patronage. This is the twentieth annual sale under the Church auspices. There was no end of pretty novelties, appropriate for gifts for both grown-ups and little folks. The fragrant tea, which was served to customers, was greatly relished by everyone, and in many instances, when people had come some distance, it was almost indispensable.

Mr. Geoffrey Morrow, who has been quite ill, is recovering.

Dr. Farrell is another of our prominent citizens who is ill. He is suffering from an attack of slow fever and pneumonia, contracted while driving from Ellershouse to Windsor. The doctor has the sympathy of a large number of enquiring friends.

Mrs. John Duffus gave a party this week to a select coterie of young friends in honor of Miss Cady, who is soon to leave us.

The many friends of Mr. George Dustan in this city, as well as on the other side of the harbor, will be pleased to hear of his success in graduating as chartered accountant in Montreal. He is the son of G. G. Dustan, Dartmouth, and was for some years bookkeeper at Murdock Nephews.

An engagement that will interest Halifax society is that of Harry King and Miss Sadie Caldwell, daughter of Mrs. Caldwell, Boston. The family spent the summer at Jubilee, and are well known here. Miss Caldwell is the niece of Mrs. Walter Lawson, of Windsor.

Mrs. Taylor and her daughter, Miss Bertha, will spend the winter in Florida. Mr. Edward Kenny has taken their house on Inglis Street.

Any social notes would be incomplete without some mention of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's "At Home" other than I was able to give last week. The affair was a pronounced success from start to finish. Everybody seemed to know everybody else, and in consequence no one objected to the slight crushing that was inevitable at times. Considering the sparing way in which men patronize afternoon functions, the hostess on this occasion was exceptionally favored, there being an unusually large male contingent present. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who was assisted by the Doctor, received her guests attired in one of the most daintily pretty gowns I have seen this autumn. It was of soft gray material, with facings of blue satin, and front and undersleeves of white chiffon and lace. Misses Annie Keith, Nan Lithgow, Dottie Holmes and other fair girls assisted in serving all sorts of tempting edibles. Mrs. M. A. Currie and Mrs. Wickwire presided at the tea table. Among the most strikingly attired women were Mrs. Will Currie, in a handsome tailor gray, with pink front; Miss Edith Weston, in dark cloth with ermine trimming and white satin underfront; and Mrs. (Dr.) Gogswell, in blue cloth with white applique trimming. Miss Lillie Farquhar looked exceedingly well in a clinging gown of old rose, with black and white trimmings, and wearing a large black velvet hat.

Following this "At Home" was a dance the same evening at Mrs. (Lieut.-Col.) MacDonald's, Inglis Street, when Miss M. MacDonald entertained about fifty young people in honor of her friend, Miss Ethel Miller, of Dartmouth, whose marriage to Mr. Fred Pearson, of this city, is to come off the twentieth of this month. The honors of the evening were done in a charming manner, and the affair was a thoroughly enjoyable one for everybody present.

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PEOPLE.

On Saturday evening of last week about forty members of the Y.M.C.A. sat down to dinner at the Carleton House. The occasion was a sort of double-barrelled one in honor of the football team, which was successful in capturing this season's junior trophy; and also in honor of Mr. Andrew Robb, until lately assistant secretary of the Maritime branch of the Y. M. C. A., and recently appointed general secretary of the Charlottetown branch. Mr. Robb has not been in Halifax a long time, but has made himself very popular on account of his jovial manner. Mr. Robb left on Monday morning for his new duties, which his friends know will be discharged with the utmost faithfulness. The dinner last Saturday evening was a very enjoyable affair. A number of toasts were proposed and responded to, in many cases with a great amount of felicitation.

The Rev. J. B. McLean, of Upper Stewiacke, and the Rev. P. M. McDonald, of St. Paul's Church, Truro, are among the number of reverend gentlemen who will deliver lectures before the Students Society of Pine Hill College during the present session. Mr. McDonald and his wife were in town this week.

These are the days when old Father Time seems to be on an automobile—one that works without a hitch. This is generally realized with the effect that Society holds back her trump cards till the busy season is over, and more or less contents herself in the meantime with delightful little gatherings of a rather nondescript nature. The feminine members of the smart cliques have little parties almost daily, when the guests—who are always restricted to a limited number—initiate one another in the mysteries of shades, designs, stitches, and all the little items of this nature so dear to the feminine heart. Work combines itself with pleasure in just the right combination till everyone is led to pronounce this institution no end of a benefactor. It is really a slight world, describing. Fingers were never so nimble before, nor were brains ever so ingenious as they appear to be at these unique gatherings. Silks and finens and ribbons and a host of dainty eteteras in this line lie about in an artistic disorder that would look very chaotic to a man. I have no doubt. The evolution these materials undergo in the few weeks before Christmas is little short of magical. A number of these entertainments have been given this week by bright hostesses, but they were in every case of a thoroughly impromptu and informal character. One of the most enjoyable of these came under the heading of a **thimble party** given last Monday by Miss Curren.

Mrs. Alexander Forest and her two daughters, Misses Sadie and Helen, left this week for Columbus, Ohio. As they expect to be absent some months their house on Spring Garden Road is closed for the winter. The family will be much missed socially by a large number of friends.

Our sister city, St. John, is to have quite an addition to its business and social circles in Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stavert. Mr. Stavert has been appointed from the post of manager in the Bank of Nova Scotia's agency at Boston to the position of manager in the Bank of New Brunswick at St. John. So much of the business intelligence of the Maritime Provinces is drawn to the United States that when the return of a man of Mr. Stavert's calibre is effected, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves. Mrs. Stavert was a Miss Thompson, of Newcastle, and is a sister of Dr. Thompson, of this city.

Mrs. J. M. Davison returned last week from a visit to her friend, Mrs. Munroe, in New York.

Despite the fact that "Comparisons are odious," I hear they are going to be drawn in abundance next week by a number of Lieut. Carpendale's friends, who will attend "Hamlet" on Monday night for the sole purpose. There are also some persons who were not aware of the identity of "Horatio" at the time of Hamlet's first presentation, but who saw the play, who are going with the same "odious" intent. I am ready to wager, however, that Lieutenant Carpendale will not have occasion to endorse the above aphorism, though whether through partiality or not I must confess my inability to speak until next week. Lieut. Leith, who appeared with his brother officer, unfortunately had a part that did not give sufficient scope for one to judge of his histrionic abilities.

Mr. A. E. Jones, the organist of St. Luke's Cathedral, is among the passengers by this week's steamer for England. He will be away several months. Miss Dore, of this city, will fill his capacity at St. Luke's during his absence. A friend tells me that business in connection with a legacy calls Mr. Jones to the other side. I hope for once that Rumour is correct, and a host of persons echo the same sentiment.

Members of the Valentine Stock Company were dined after the performance of "Our Regiment" Wednesday night by the officers of the Royal Artillery Mess. An evening of perfect enjoyment was spent. The chaperones were Mrs. Wilkinson and Mrs. Tudor.

Mrs. Crowe, who sails for England by this week's mail steamer, will be absent until spring, during which time she will be the guest of her daughters. She will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends, who join The Bluenose in wishing her a pleasant passage and a safe return.

A delightful little card party was given by Mrs. Northup, Bland Street, on Friday evening of last week. Mrs. Northup is such a charming hostess I always consider her guests exceedingly fortunate.

J. M. Davison, H. B. Stairs and W. B. McCoy, all three holding the degrees of B.A. and LL.B., start a law partnership in this city with prospects of more than ordinary success. The members of this new firm are all well known, and are men of excellent standing both as citizens and as members of their profession.

A pleasurable function on this week's social programme was the "At Home" given by Mrs. Walter Doull, at her residence on Pleasant Street. Despite the snowstorm the attendance was excellent. Though quite a number of smart winter toilettes were dauntlessly worn, handsome blouses predominated. Mrs. Doull, wearing a magnificent black silk skirt and blue waist, received her guests, assisted by her debutante daughter, Miss Nellie, who looked charming in a dainty white organdie. Mrs. C. N. S. Strickland and Mrs. Baud presided at the tea table, while Misses Jessie Mowbray, Edith MacNab and Dottie Holmes attended to the comforts and enjoyment of the guests.

On the following afternoon Miss Nellie Doull entertained her young friends with a thoroughly successful tea.

Mrs. Baker, of South Street, has cards out for an "At Home."

Miss Nora O'Brien has become quite a social favourite during her stay in this city. I hear she will be the guest of honor at two or three functions next week.

An entertainment which is bound to meet with generous patronage will be held next Tuesday evening in St. Luke's Hall when Bishop Courtney will give a talk on his late trip to Australia for the benefit of St. Stephen's Chapel. There will also be some numbers of instrumental and vocal music. The people—and I believe they were numerous—who expected to hear some reference to his travels from the Bishop last Sunday night will have an opportunity of hearing him discuss the subject at length and in a thoroughly entertaining manner.

Both charity performances at the Academy of Music this week were exceedingly well patronized. I do not think one would be far out of the way in calling them the occasions of the banner houses of the season. They were certainly responsible for the most brilliant and fashionable audiences. CATRIONA.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

ON Tuesday evening, Dec. 4th, the Orpheus Club gave its first concert of the season 1900-1901, and also commenced the Sixteenth year of its corporate existence having been incorporated in 1885.

It however existed as a club for some years previous to that date, and is to-day the oldest singing society, with a continuous history, in Canada, and probably in America. We think the people of Halifax should be proud of this record, for without their support, the club could not have survived for so many years, and be in the flourishing condition it is to-day.



MR. C. H. PORTER,
Director of the
Orpheus Club.

In spite of the disagreeable weather the hall was crowded with an audience that was both fashionable and music-loving.

The first item on the programme was a part song by J. Pache, for male voices—a

capella—"May Morning" which was roughly sung and showed a want of shading and lack of practice.

This was followed by a violin solo "Airs Russes" by Wieniawski—played by Mr. Leo Altman. This composition is written on the well known Russian Folk song the "Rothe Sarafan," and a Russian dance. It fairly bristles with difficulties—which, however in Mr. Altman's capable hands, appeared as nothing. To an enthusiastic recall he responded with a set of Polish dances.

The only person in Mr. Altman's class that has played in Halifax was Wilhelmj—the difference between the two, being all in Mr. Altman's favour. That Wilhelmj could play the music and in the masterly way that Mr. Altman did, we do not doubt, suffice it to say that in his concert in Halifax he did neither the one nor the other. It follows therefore, that Mr. Altman's performance last Tuesday night was the finest ever heard by a Halifax audience. His tone is splendid and technique colossal as was shown in his encore number, at his later appearance when he played the famous sextette from "Lucia" unaccompanied, filling in all the parts. This we would venture to say was an exhibition of virtuosity never before heard by any member of the audience present. Mr. Altman's other numbers were a "Madrigale" by Simonetti and "La Ronde des Lutins" by Bazzini—both exquisitely played.

A delightful feature of Mr. Altman's solos was the accompaniment of Miss Louise Tupper who again showed herself a past mistress in piano playing.

The third item was made up of two part songs, sung a capella by the Ladies' Auxilliary, "A Slumber Song" by Barnaby and "The Hoar Frost Fell" by Thompson. Here Mr. Charles B. Wikel made his first bow as associate conductor of the Club. The delightful singing of these two songs—the careful attention to expression prove him an excellent conductor and the ladies most apt learners.

Miss Frances Foster was in excellent voice, but was unfortunate in her selection "In May Time" by Buck, a most uninteresting song. The audience in spite of this, insisted on an encore—when Miss Foster sang the popular song, Mona. One feels that Miss Foster appears to disadvantage in concert work—her gifts being essentially those of the operatic stage.

Mrs. Kennedy-Campbell was in "grand feckle." Her first song "The Spring Has Come," by Maud Valerie White, was magnificently sung and with such a feeling of exultation and exhilaration, that one for the time quite forgot that the snow was gently falling outside; her encore was Lassen's "As Once in May." It may be here noted that of twelve items on the programme—five dealt with the Spring Time and May, and as we are told by the poet, "in the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to . . . thoughts of love."

We have the logical explanation of No. six, vocal waltz . . . "Loves Dream" by Czibulka, which as sung by the chorus, left nothing to be desired and was rapturously encored.

Miss Frazee sang a beautiful song of Bemberg's, a "Hindu Song" and sang it well. Miss Frazee has a voice that is especially good in the lower register and should sing Mezzo songs only. The charms of her singing would also be much enhanced if a certain harshness of enunciation were overcome. As an encore Miss Frazee sang an Italian Colerature selection.

Mrs. Jas. M. Slayter sang the Recitative and Aria, "Ah, fors e lui" (Traviata) by Verdi and was warmly welcomed on her first appearance, since her return this summer. Her selection was rather a long one, but she more than compensated for this in her encore, a song of Frank Lynes, which was extremely short. She also sang the soprano solo in the concluding cantata and in this showed to best advantage,

the beautiful and refined quality of her voice.

Of the choruses Benedick's "Hunting Song" under the able direction of Mr. Chas. H. Porter was the gem of the evening. We have heard many organizations sing; some of them acknowledgedly the best in the world, but never yet have we heard better work than was done by the Orpheus in this particular number.

For crispness of attack, precision and shading, we have never heard anything better.

The volume of tone of the chorus is not only great; but the quality is lovely—no straining and no effort.

In past years the Orpheus Club has done good work, but this year, if last Tuesday's concert be a fair criterion, will surpass anything it has ever done before.

Who can sing Scotch songs like Mrs. Kennedy-Campbell? Her finished phrasing and distinct enunciation, the apparent simplicity but really finished art, are a delight to all who love good ballad singing. She first sang the "Caller Herrin" and as encore "Comin thro' the Rye."

The final Cantata "Spring and Love," by Greger, we think stupid. The Orpheus Club did as much with it as could be done, but in spite of good singing could not make it anything but boring. The solos were sung by Mrs. J. M. Slayter and Mr. D. C. Gillis.

The club was very fortunate in having the aid of such a number of clever accompanists as Miss Margaret White, Mrs. Kearney, Miss Francis Foster, and the club's old standby Mr. T. J. Payne.

ADVENT SERVICE OF SONG.

On Thursday evening quite a number of persons attended St. Luke's to hear the Advent Service of Song given by the Choir and Ladies' Auxilliary under the efficient direction of Mr. A. E. Jones, the organist. The music showed admirable selection and was well rendered. "Hearken Unto Me My People," a composition by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, was one of the most impressive numbers, Mr. Shute, taking the solo bass and Mrs. Curran the treble. "Seek Ye The Lord" with Mr. Crawford as tenor, was also well received. "Now The Day is Over," the words of which are familiar to everyone from childhood, produced a marked effect on the congregation.

Mrs. Arthur Curran's solo work deserves considerable praise. She had a great deal allotted to her and she acquitted herself admirably. Her solo, "No, Not Despairingly" was sung in a full round voice that reveals the effects of good training and much study. Some voices are adapted to special places and Mrs. Curran's friends claim that she is always at her best in St. Luke's.

The full ladies' auxilliary is made up as follows—

Soprano: Miss Bullock, Miss May Bullock, Miss Maggie MacKenzie, Mrs. Will Wier, Mrs. J. F. Shatford, Mrs. Arthur Curran, Miss Bowman, Miss Fenn.

Contralto: Miss Hansard, Miss Forbes, Mrs. Bezanson, Miss Wainwright, Miss West.



MR. LEO ALTMAN,
Violinist.

♣ MUSIC AND DRAMA. ♣

Sullivan's Music at St. Paul's.

The Sullivan Memorial numbers in the musical service at St. Paul's Church on Sunday evening were expressively rendered by the full choir of the church. In the "Homeland," Miss Lithgow took the second part as a solo most effectively. She has a most sympathetic voice, and did the great composer's composition full justice. The "Lost Chord" was given with an increasing grandeur, and the climax reached in the word "Heaven" profoundly impressed the congregation. Mr. George Suckling, the eminent musical critic of Toronto, says that from ocean to ocean in his travels he has heard no Anglican choir that can sing the "Lost Chord" as well as that of St. Paul's.

Mrs. Bloodgood in Boston.

"Cold critical Boston," as it styles itself, gave Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood an almost regal reception, as such things go in stageland. The dramatic critic of a leading Boston society journal says:—

"Keith, in engaging Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, secured an artist who is delightful to hear, and also to look at. She is given every advantage that comes from lovely stage setting, and she gives herself the further advantage of fine clothes. Her contralto voice is certainly one of the finest ever heard in Boston, and I don't wonder that during her engagement the regular patronage of Keith's has been hugely augmented by the purely musical contingent."

A warm welcome awaits this talented singer should she ever decide to revisit Halifax.

At The Academy.

The Valentine Stock Company offer an unusually strong list of attractions for the closing days of their engagement. The bill includes both a number of Shakespearean productions and modern society plays, and will be changed each night. The success which has been achieved by this company will no doubt be brought to a fitting climax, and much is anticipated. They have certainly left nothing undone in order to realize an artistic triumph next week. He will be a strong-minded individual, if at all a lover of the dramatic art, who can deny himself frequent indulgence in the following programme.

In response to many requests "Hamlet" will be repeated Monday night. It is undoubtedly in this play that Everett King does his best work, of course, excepting the Shakespearean dramas in which we have yet to see and judge him, but it is difficult to imagine him outdoing his subtle acting as the Danish Prince. The comedy, "A Scrap of Paper," Tuesday night, and "Frou-Frou" Wednesday night, will be sandwiched be-

(Continued on page 25.)

A CHIP FROM A SAILOR'S LOG.

It was a dead calm—not a breath of air—the sails flapped idly against the masts; the helm had lost its power, and the ship turned her head how and where she liked. The heat was intense, so much so, that the chief mate had told the boatswain to keep the watch out of the sun; but the watch below found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had all drunk all the previous day's allowance; and now that their scuttle butt was dry, there was nothing left for them but endurance. Some of the seamen had congregated on the top-gallant fore-castle, where they gazed on the clear blue water with longing eyes.

"How cool and clear it looks," said a tall, powerful young seaman; "I don't think there are many sharks about; what do you say for a bath, lads?"

"That for the sharks!" burst almost simultaneously from the parched lips of the group; "we'll have a jolly good bath when the second mate goes into dinner." In about half an hour the dinner-bell rang. The boatswain took charge of the deck; some twenty sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck trousers; among the rest was a tall, powerful, coast-of-Africa nigger of the name of Leigh; they used to joke him and called him Sambo.

"You no swim to-day, Ned?" said he, addressing me. "Feared of shark, heh? Shark nebber bite me. Suppose I meet shark in water, I swim after him—him run like debbel." I was tempted, and, like the rest, was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spritsail yard, the black leading. We had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when some voice in-board cried out, "A shark! a shark!" In an instant every one of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship's sides, half mad with fright, the gallant black among the rest. It was a false alarm. We felt angry with ourselves for being frightened, angry with those who had frightened us, and furious with those who had laughed at us. In another moment we were all again in the water, the black and myself swimming some distance from the ship. For two successive voyages there had been a sort of rivalry between us; each fancied that he was the best swimmer, and we were now testing our speed.

"Well done, Ned!" cried some of the sailors from the fore-castle. "Go it, Sambo!" cried some others. We were both straining our utmost, excited by the cheers of our respective partisans. Suddenly the voice of the boatswain was heard shouting, "A shark! a shark! Come back for God's sake!"

"Lay aft, and lower the cutter down," then came faintly on our ear. The race instantly ceased. As yet, we only half believed what we heard, our recent fright being still fresh in our memories.

"Swim for God's sake!" cried the captain, who was now on deck; he has not seen you. The boat, if possible, will get between you and him. Strike out, lads, for God's sake!" My heart stood still; I felt weaker than a child as I gazed with horror at the dorsal fin of a large shark on the starboard quarter. Though in the water, the perspiration dropped from me like rain; the black was striking out like mad for the ship.

"Swim, Ned—swim!" cried several voices; "they never take black when they can get white."

I did swim, and that desperately; the water foamed past me. I soon breasted the black, but could not head him. We both strained every nerve to be first, for we each fancied the last man would be taken. Yet we scarcely seemed to move; the ship appeared as far as ever from us. We were both powerful swimmers, and both of us swam in the French way called "à la brasse," or hand over hand in English. There was something the matter with the boat's falls, and they could not lower her.

"He sees you now!" was shouted; "he is after you!" Oh, the agony of that moment! I thought of everything at the same instant, at least so it seemed to me when I swim. Scenes long forgotten rushed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning, yet in the midst of this I was striking out madly for the ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the plot-fish touching me, and I almost screamed with agony. We were now not ten yards from the ship; fifty ropes were thrown to us; but, as if by natural instinct, we swam for the same.

"Hurra! they are saved!—they are alongside!" was shouted by the eager crew. We both grasped the rope at the same time; a slight struggle ensued; I had the highest hold. Regardless of everything but my own safety, I placed my feet on the black's shoulders, scrambled up the side, and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed roaring with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel. Since then, I have never bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Sambo been ever heard again to assert that he would swim after a shark if he met one in the water.—Chambers' Journal.

"I wanted to go out shopping to-day," sighed young Mrs. Maddox, "but I couldn't on account of the rain."

"Wanted to get something for nothing, as usual, I suppose," said her husband, attempting to be facetious.

"Well, I did think of getting you some neckwear," replied Mrs. Maddox, innocently.

THE MAN ON THE STREET.

Sorry He Stopped It.

3 WENT ALONG HOLLIS STREET about noon on Saturday last, and as I was passing the Halifax Hotel a gentleman came out—he had been in to look at the register—and halted me. "I just want to remark to you," said he, "that the paragraph in to-day's *Bluenose* about the man who thought the paper could succeed without his individual support, appealed to me very strongly. I am one of the unfortunate individuals who was instrumental in establishing Turkish Baths in this town some few years ago, and I guess you know the result. It's all past and gone now, but if all the people who have come to me since and expressed their regret that the baths were closed, had only bought a book of tickets and patronized the institution occasionally, one would still be able to get a Turkish bath in Halifax. The *Bluenose* may have its defects—I am not sure that it hasn't—but I'll tell you this, that if it is discontinued at the end of its first quarter, you will have five hundred people within a month after come around and say, "I am sorry you stopped it. It was just one of the things the town wanted." The *Bluenose* isn't going to stop, at least not yet and if all the nice things that our friends have been good enough to say about it of late are true, I would not be surprised to see the babbling brook of Tennyson, "it goes on forever."

What Is Modesty?

I had occasion to remark on the idiosyncrasy of modesty a week ago. I don't know that I ought to mention it here, but it has been on my mind ever since and I am anxious to get it off. I have a friend—a married man—who lives down on ——— Street, in the south end of the city, and occasionally I go over and smoke a pipe or two with him in the evening. He has a room in the attic, which he calls his "Den," and a very comfortable apartment it is in which to put in an hour or two when one is in a lazy humor. His wife is a charming woman, at least that is my impression although I know her but very slightly; she seldom honors us with her presence when I am there, but that may not be any fault of hers. The last time I went to their house the maid was at the door and let me in without knocking, so I went right up to the "Den," tapped at the door and walked in. My friend was propped up on a sofa with a pipe in his mouth, and his wife was in an easy chair near by. He had changed his coat for a Wanderer's blazer, and his wife, in a pink flannel

dress-gown, was looking as pretty as a picture. I wouldn't have thought anything about her apparel if she had not immediately proceeded to get violently red in the face, and when within two minutes she excused herself and went out, I came to the conclusion my visit was not exactly opportune. Her husband smiled rather broadly and said: "I am afraid my wife has a good deal of mock modesty, although it is real enough as far as she is concerned."

The rest of my stay has nothing to do with the story.

Two evenings afterwards I went to the theatre; it was a patronage night, and in a seat just four ahead of mine sat the same lady, whose modesty I had shocked, wearing a low-cut bodice—I think they call it a bodice—without any sleeves. There were a number of other ladies similarly dressed (?), and while I haven't the least fault to find with the custom—I admire a beautiful woman—I couldn't help thinking how little logic and how much Fashion has to do with determining what is modest and what is not.

In the Vicinity of H—I.

I have only heard one story this week that is worth telling, and it, I regret to say, is almost profane. I hesitated for a day or two as to whether I should relate it at all, but a clergyman whose opinion I asked seemed to think it would not greatly damage the morals of *Bluenose* readers, so here it is: Many years ago there lived in this province a Presbyterian divine named Rev. John Sprott, and a great and good man he was. His parish extended from the eastern part of Halifax County away down to the shores of Minas Basin; and to visit his parishioners individually was a work which demanded heroic and exhaustive efforts. The reverend gentleman was a noted pedestrian as well as an exponent of Scripture, and he was also celebrated for the quickness of his wit. On one occasion while at Brooklyn, Hants County, he found it necessary to pay a visit to Rawdon, and as his horse was somewhat tired from a long journey, he decided to walk over to this little village among the hills. After he had been tramping along for an hour or so on a strange path, without knowing positively that he was going in the right direction, he chanced to meet some five or six country youths skylarking by the roadside, and as he met them he halted. "Say," said he, addressing no one of the party in particular, "can any of you young fellows tell me whether this road goes to Rawdon?" The answer came back from a youth who to-day is de-

scribed in the language of the country as "Smart Alec": "No, Mister Trumper, this road goes to h—I." The Reverend John smiled pleasantly, as though he felt no displeasure or discomfort at the words which had fallen from the mouth of the silly youth; but in his most suave and gracious tone replied: "Thank you, my man. Judging from the company around here, I must be quite near the place. Good morning."

Some Discourtesies to Halifax.

At the recent quarterly meeting of the Halifax Board of Trade, President W. A. Black reported that on September 21th a communication was addressed to the Minister of Railways with regard to Halifax getting a share of winter export trade, but that this letter had not been acknowledged or answered, and, as far as he knew, no arrangements made by the department. The reader should underline the last clause or two. Then he reported that the need of better shunting facilities at Richmond had been brought to the notice of the railway officials on several occasions, but no change had taken place and nothing, so far as he knew, had been done in the matter. Underline this also. A little later in the meeting Mr. J. E. Butler said that the dangerous state of the railway crossings at Richmond demanded an overhead crossing to take the place of the present one, and that a letter had been sent the department covering the point, but no answer had been received so far as he knew, nor had anything to his knowledge been done. Another sentence to underscore. Then Mr. James Hall called the attention of the Board to the discrimination of 1 cent per 100 pounds freight against Halifax on the I. C. R. It had been agreed, he thought, that east of Montreal the rates to Halifax and St. John should be even. But this was not the case, and all letters addressed to the department had failed to have the arrangement put in force. This is another point to draw a line under.

President Black gave emphasis to it when he said that the council seemed to be unable to do anything, as one railway man passed letters on these subjects to another, and he to another, and so on, thus making it impossible to get satisfaction.

Comment on the above is hardly necessary. If the departments under the direction of the government pay so little heed to our demands, what are we going to do about it? It is a matter for protest on the part of everyone. I don't mean that it should mean a political question. That's just what it shouldn't be. But everyone should forget their respective parties to unite in a request that our enquiries shall at least be answered one way or the other. It doesn't become the dignity of Halifax to put up with so much discourtesy on the part of governmental departments.

ONE WEEK IN HALIFAX.

The Customs returns of the port for November were published this week, and show a gain of several thousands of dollars over November of last year. The total increase amounts to \$17,125. The total receipts last month were \$119,014.

Much interest is taken in the announcement made this week that Mr. H. B. Clarke is about to build a new theatre on Barrington Street, between Mahon Bros.' store and the Roy building. The building will be a distinct improvement to the locality, which, it will be noted, has been greatly modernized during the past few years. The Roy and Redden buildings are quite new, while there is only one building on the other side of the street in the same block that is not either quite new or so improved as to bear the appearance of being up-to-date. A theatre must be a large building, so that people will live in anticipation of seeing something substantial erected in place of the present wooden structures that occupy that space.

We have had some encouraging industrial news this week. Reports published regarding the establishment of steel ship-building works here were somewhat vague, but for all that, more or less reassuring. If there were not some foundation for these reports they would not likely have received currency. We know as a matter of fact that certain Halifax parties have been engaged on the scheme, and names are attached to it that seem to guarantee that the thing will be carried through. The Dominion and local governments and the city are ready to lend assistance, and it is possible that the British Admiralty may also do something. There certainly seems to be some certainty that we shall have the steel shipbuilding works at last, about which we have heard and seen and written so much of late.

Another industry that it seems we are to have is a flour mill. It will be remembered that about a year ago an Ontario miller visited Halifax and was met by some of our business men at the Board of Trade, when the project of establishing a flour mill was discussed. This gentleman was Mr. N. H. Stevens, of the Kent Mills Company, Chatham, Ont. A company including Halifax capitalists and those interested in the Kent Mills was formed later, called the Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited, with a capital stock of \$650,000. The head offices of the company are to be in Halifax.

During the week we have had some excitement following the capture by the police of a gang of bold, bad boys. These

young burglars were commencing early a career of crime that would make them in a few years the most efficient of rascals. People are inclined to blame them. They should rather pity. It is not possible, in the absence of knowledge of their environment, to understand why boys develop such traits. If we had a more complete system of education we would not have to send boys of that age to penitentiaries and reformatories.

The North British Society again honored the pious memory of St. Andrew on November 30th. The dinner was as usual an enjoyable function. Lieut.-Col. Irving, president of the society for the year, presided, and near him were seated Lieut.-Governor Jones, Col. Biscoe, Hon. W. Ross, R. L. Borden, M.P., Wm. Roche, M.P., Rev. Dr. Forrest, Mayor Hamilton, Senator Power, Attorney-General Longley, George Mitchell, M.P.P., Dr. Trenaman and Capt. H. B. Stairs.

An effort is being made to make the fire alarm system more satisfactory. The boxes accordingly are to be rearranged after a better plan, which has been prepared by the city electrician. Nearly every box in the city will be re-located.

The season of Advent marks the beginning of the Christian year in the Church of England. It is a time set apart for direct teaching concerning Christ's coming. Rural Dean Armitage, in his sermon at St. Paul's last Sunday morning, made a strong plea for more earnest study of the second coming of Christ. He said that belief in the Second Advent has been called the oldest of Christian dogmas. It fills a large space in the New Testament, where it is referred to in no less than 300 different pages. It is the most practical of truths, a test of the reality of religious profession, an inspiring hope amidst life's duties and trials. There is nothing more certain than that the Bible teaches that Christ will come again, but the time of His coming is hidden in the counsels of the Almighty. God has His holy purposes in keeping the time secret. It serves as a warning to the careless and unbelieving. It furnishes an exercise in watchfulness; it is a clear call to preparation; it is a lesson in the school of Christian patience; it is a source of comfort in trial and difficulty.

The church was crowded to the doors in the evening, when the Bishop of Nova Scotia preached. Many no doubt expected to hear an account of the Bishop's visit to Australia, where he represented the Church of England in Canada, and the Protestant Episcopal Church

of the United States. But the Bishop gave instead one of his practical sermons, marked by great spiritual power, which gained the close attention of the vast congregation. He expressed the great pleasure he felt in being back again amongst his people.

The Rev. Prof. R. A. Falconer preached the first of a series of two sermons on the results of the higher criticism at St. Matthew's Church Sunday morning. He discussed the question very broadly, and showed how the New Testament and Christianity stand in a better position at the end of the nineteenth century than at any time in the world's history. The light of scholarship thrown on the Scriptures has not resulted in tearing down the fabric of our Christian religion as might have been anticipated a hundred years ago. The second lecture on this subject will be delivered next Sunday morning.

Rev. Mr. Gandler, in Fort Massey Church, referred briefly at the morning service to his approaching departure. He said that since the decision of the Presbytery had been concurred in by him, he seemed to know his people more thoroughly and love them more deeply. He asked the congregation to forget his approaching departure, and let them spend a profitable month together before the final parting.

Haligonians will take considerable satisfaction in the announcement that Halifax will be the winter port of a new line of steamships which Liverpool, Manchester and London capitalists will establish for the purpose of carrying on pulp export trade between this country and Europe. The promoters of the line propose to make a point on Baie des Chaleurs their summer port.

Coming so soon after the general elections the local contests for seats in the provincial legislature almost fail to excite interest. It can be said at least that there does not appear to be great excitement. While the party workers are untiring in their efforts and the press discusses the issues to some extent the average man on the streets of Halifax hardly knows more than that there is an election on in the county, and in it Mr. Keefe represents the Government party and Mr. Crosby the Opposition. So far as we can learn the fight is being carried on in the different provincial constituencies on straight party lines, except in Pictou County, where there is no fight at all, each party having compromised to avoid the trouble of carrying on a campaign, and thus returning Mr. McDonald, liberal, and Mr. Tanner, conservative, by acclamation.

A PLEA FOR BETTER
RAILWAY ACCOMMODATION.

A Correspondent Suggests That All The Land on the East Side of Lockman Street Between North and Cornwallis Be Converted Into A Terminus.

To the Editor of The Bluenose:

Sir,—As your paper is a non-partisan one in the political field, I write to solicit the use of your columns to draw attention to the very unsatisfactory state of affairs at the railway quarters in this city.

I have for several years, but more especially during the past few months, heard numerous references from other merchants to the difficulty in having cars shunted into position in order to get at their contents. I have also frequently heard shipping men complain bitterly about the crowded state of the yards, and the difficulty in having cargo supplied to vessels loading at the wharves. I recognize fully that the increased number of complaints that one hears is due, not to any change in the management—as you know this is not the case—but feel that it is entirely due to the greatly increased pressure upon the service, and that the facilities have not been added to in proportion to the increase of freight handled.

Our local papers frequently point out how certain lines of trade, such as apples, deals, etc., have grown very much at this port, and we have been for years endeavoring to attract a much larger quantity of through freight destined for Europe and the United Kingdom, but I think it will be admitted by everyone conversant with the situation that before such freight can be handled with satisfaction to either the railway or the vessel, that better facilities and more room must be provided. It will be apparent to anyone who is familiar with the location that from the Narrows south, the railway yards are much the shape of an hour-glass, and that consequently all freight being brought to the present main freight sheds and to the Deep Water wharves must be shunted over the single line of rails running within the limits of the Dockyard.

I have also been informed by the officials that for years we have had no proper shunting engines, and that those in use are freight or passenger engines, which are in bad order and cannot safely be sent out upon the road. I have been told that these substituted engines waste a great deal of steam by leakage, and that this loss of power increases the cost of shunting very materially. In fact, one authority told me that, in his opinion, the increased cost by lack of power and leakage of steam was about 200 per cent. Discussing the

question with other officials, I have been told that the plan of the yard was obsolete, and that the entire terminus should be re-modelled and modernized. And, discussing as I have with merchants, shipping people, ship masters, railway employees and others, I am forced to conclude that more room is an absolute necessity. This I think can only be obtained by taking that part of the city bounded on the north by North street, on the west by Lockman street, and on the south by Cornwallis street, and turning the whole section into a railway terminus. This portion of the city has been so injured and has depreciated so much owing to the present state of the railway, that it would not only be fair play to the owners of it, but would settle for many years to come the question of "railway facilities at this port."

I am not aware of the actual figures showing the increase of tonnage handled in the Halifax yards, but do know that the increase has been very great: and it can be confidently counted upon that the growing business to be looked for from the Sydneys will also, in some measure, swell the amount. Besides, there are movements on foot to build a railway from Yarmouth running along the South Shore, into Halifax, and one from the Gut of Canso, along the Eastern Shore, through the Musquodoboit Valley. Both of these would require yard room, and it is a matter of public knowledge that to-day the space is more than crowded.

In taking this matter up, I do it with the hope that it will elicit correspondence from others, many of whom could speak more authoritatively, and with greater knowledge of the details of the situation than I have. The subject is one that is of great importance to the entire community.

Thanking you for your space, I remain, dear sir,

Yours faithfully

ANON.

An edict has been recently issued by the Malungeons Indians, who live in the Hancock mountains in Tennessee, to the effect that the maidens of the tribe may have the hitherto proscribed right of selecting a husband from among the pale-faces. Moreover, any white man who will espouse an Indian maiden, and give his solemn promise to eschew forever the daughters of his nation, and love and protect his dusky bride alone, will be given from fifty to one hundred acres of mountain land, according to his recommendations.

The tribe of the Malungeons claims the most noted Indian descent. Their magnanimous offer is made solely to guard against the extinction of their sect, which has only one hundred and fifty living representatives. The edict is null and void after a certain period of time. It must be understood that only the best whites are wanted, and hoboes need not apply. A rush is evidently anticipated.

MILITIA TOPICS.

THE BAND of the First Regiment Canadian Artillery will entertain at dinner at the Halifax Hotel their fellow-bandsman Miller, who has just returned from the Transvaal.

The lecture room of the new Armories will be used for the Laurier banquet, which is to be held next week.

Colonel Wilson, commanding the fortress at Quebec, and so well known in Halifax, is at present quite ill. We understand his duties are being performed by Colonel Farley, who visited Halifax quite recently.

At the inspection of the 63rd held last week and noticed in the last issue of The Bluenose, there were 246 present out of a total establishment of 367. There were thus only twenty-one absentees, and six of them were officers. It is hardly correct to say that there were six officers absent, inasmuch as four out of the six have not yet been appointed. When the Dartmouth companies were formed, officers from the other companies were taken away to command them, thus leaving some vacancies, all of which have not yet been filled. There are two officers yet to be appointed to the Dartmouth companies. The new appointments will not likely be made until after the new year.

The Mess Committee of the 63rd are hard at work finishing the officers' mess at the new Armories. The painters are now in possession of the rooms, and it is expected that everything will be finished in a short time.

The 66th Regiment P. L. F. have finished their drill for the season, and it is expected that the pay parade, at which the shooting prizes will be given to the winners, will take place on or about Tuesday, December 18th, if the annual grant is received from Ottawa by that time.

The officers' mess of the 66th P. L. F. have completed the furnishing of their new quarters at the Armories. The mess room is very handsomely decorated and furnished, and the officers have had a large number of callers on their "at home" days. At present they are "at home" on Tuesday evenings and Saturday afternoons.

Despite many rivals in the field, Mrs. Cornwallis-West is the best known, most talked-of American woman in British high life. The name of Lady Randolph Churchill clings to her with a tenacity that ceases to be surprising only when her prominence as the wife and widow of Lord Churchill is taken into consideration. The title page of the Anglo-Saxon Review bears her former title, with Mrs. George Cornwallis-West after it in parenthesis.

OUR FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS. FIFTH ARTICLE.

IN previous articles we have briefly traced the histories of four of our local banks. The prevailing conditions at the periods when each came into existence have been described so far as space would permit. We have followed them through the various stages of their progress and development. The names of the gentleman to whose energy, enterprise and ability their success has been due, have been given. Almost all these names have been closely connected with the city and many of them are still household words among the business men of the Maritime Provinces.

Our object has been to impress our readers with the importance of our banking institutions and to endeavor to arouse a just pride in the fact that Halifax stands as the cradle of Canadian banks. Brought into existence down here by the sea they have extended their business and influence farther and farther until now, through branches and correspondents, they have become known in almost every country in the world.

Commencing with the Halifax Bank we have taken up each bank in order of age. Following the Halifax Bank established in 1825 came the Bank of Nova Scotia in 1832, the Union Bank of Halifax in 1856 and the Merchants Bank of Halifax in 1864. The old Provincial Savings Bank established in 1832 and the Bank of British North America which opened a branch in Halifax in 1836 were also briefly referred to. We hope that the articles have not been without interest and that they have not been altogether in vain as far as the object is concerned.

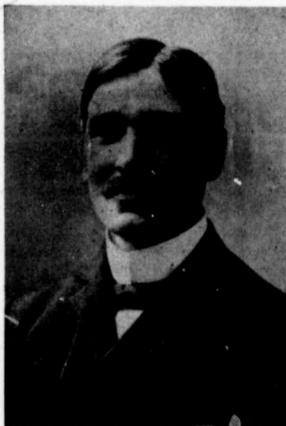
We now complete the series with a brief sketch of the Peoples Bank of Halifax. One would naturally think that with six banks doing business in the city there would have been but little to encourage the opening of another. It is an evidence of the confidence which the business men of the city had in its future that they should determine to start still another bank. Some of the gentlemen who took the lead in promoting the new enterprise had been disappointed at being left out when the Merchants Bank was established and were determined to be in the swim. They therefore took the lead in the movement which resulted in the establishment of the

People's Bank of Halifax.

In point of fact the Peoples Bank is older than the Merchants as an incorporated bank. The act of incorporation was passed in 1864 the same year in which the Merchants was established as a private concern.

The latter was not incorporated until 1869 and the old Halifax Bank was not incorporated until three years later.

On 16th February 1864, a meeting was held at the office of Messrs Young and Hart. At which were present Messrs John. W. Young, Benjamin Wier, W. J. Coleman, Peter Lynch, William MacKay, C. E. Wiswell and J. P. Mott. It was resolved to establish a Bank in the city to be called the Peoples Bank of Halifax with a capital stock of \$400,000 in \$20 shares, 300 shares to be the maximum number to be allowed to any one subscriber. On 9th March 1864, 67 subscribers met with Mr. Benjamin Wier as Chairman and Mr. C. J. Wylde as Secretary and on motion of Hon. Charles Tupper



MR. D. R. CLARKE.
Cashier Peoples' Bank of Halifax.

the action of the provisional trustees in purchasing the present Bank Building was approved. At a general meeting of the shareholders held in Mason Hall on 20th May 1864 the first Board of Directors was elected as follows, Hon. James Cockran, George W. Starr, W. J. Coleman, Benjamin Wier, N. L. West, R. W. Fraser and John Doull. Mr. Geo. H. Starr was elected President.

The Bank was opened for business on 27th June 1864 with Mr. Peter Jack as Cashier; W. E. Harrington, Accountant; Alex. Forrest, Teller; and H. G. Wiswell Messenger.

The capital of \$400,000, has been increased from time to time to the present amount of paid up capital of \$700,000.00. The Reserve Fund amounts to \$240,000. Deposits and circulation have increased from \$265,883, in 1865 to \$2,593,420, in

1900, Loans and Other Securities from \$385,954 to \$3,123,468. Assets from \$473,763, to \$3,655,409.

In addition to having two offices in the city of Halifax the Bank has Eighteen Branches at different points in the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Cape Breton, making altogether twenty offices.

Mr. Patrick O'Mullin, President Mr. George R. Hart, Vice President, J. J. Stewart, W. H. Webb, and G. J. Troop constitute the present Board of Directors.

Mr. Geo. H. Starr filled the office of President until his death when he was succeeded by Mr. R. W. Fraser. Upon Mr. Frasers retirement in 1889 Mr. Augustus W. West was elected President which Office he continued to hold until his death in 1894 when Mr. Patrick O'Mullin became President which Office he at present holds.

Mr. O'Mullin is a prominent citizen and one of the leading business men of Halifax. Besides being President of the bank he is a director of two or three other large corporations. The directors are all men of enterprise and business ability. Mr. D. R. Clarke, whose photograph we publish, has been connected with the bank for about 12 years. He was inspector for a time and about three years ago was appointed cashier. During the past few years there has been a great development in the business and the bank can be said to have had a full share of the general prosperity. Three new branches have been established this year; one in Cape Breton, one in Lunenburg County, and one in the Province of Quebec. The following extracts from the Government Statement for October shows the satisfactory condition of the business of the bank at present

Deposits and Circulation.....	2,593,419
Current Loans.....	2,836,647
Call Loans and Government Securities.....	235,955
Capital.....	700,000
Reserve.....	240,000

Some of the figures in the report and balance-sheet of the Bank of British North America are noteworthy. There is, for example, an increase of \$1,140,000 in deposits and current accounts in six months; and the circulation went up from say \$2,150,000 to about \$2,670,000, a remarkable increase in so short a period. This of course implies great activity of business; and the steady growth of the bank's transactions of late years is shown in the advance of the totals of the balance sheet from £4,478,000 sterling in June, 1895, to the large sum of £7,335,000 sterling in June, 1900.

A DEPARTMENT OF INSPIRATION.

A SIN AGAINST OURSELVES.

Indifference Exerts a Baneful Influence and Keeps us at a Standstill.

IF indifference has never before been classed as a sin, I would like to enter it in the proscribed category. I care not where it is found, its influence is pernicious. It is the cause of more misplaced vocations and more dead weights to progress than anything else. People get on "indifferently well." That seems sufficient, at least to them. Of course there is a great deal that others enjoy which they might share; they even dream sometimes of making such advantages theirs. But when they turn their faces in the direction of the successful ones and see that effort and self-assertion are the passports to be purchased at the cost of old prejudices, they fall into the old rut and let existence continue at the same jog trot—if, indeed, their method of getting on in the world deserves even the questionable dignity of this title.

AS PRACTISED IN HALIFAX.

It will be admitted that this spirit is not foreign to Halifax. There are too many of our young people getting on "indifferently well." Freely translated, this means that young men can board and clothe themselves, buy their own cigarettes and indulge in patent dancing pumps when occasion requires. I can think of only one thing it means with a certain class of girls. They are spared the disgrace of "working," though in private they may be the veriest slaves in their farcical effort to "maintain appearances." Opportunities come and go unheeded. These girls are simply content to go through life "indifferently well." Their case seems to be more in evidence here than that of the other sex.

A VIRTUOUS EXAMPLE.

In the United States girls in the same position, or even better placed, would be earning a neat weekly salary. If they already had a moderate home income they would be on the alert to increase it, when occasion offered, by soliciting magazine or newspaper subscriptions, making sales or introducing some new household invention. They would be learning something and earning something. Later on this extra money might be spent on a pleasant trip, for educational purposes, or for realizing some long cherished and laudable scheme. They would not be a

source of worry to themselves or a monument of apathy in the home. In a word, they would not be indifferent.

This is not an argument in favor of our girls imitating their American sisters. Far from it. One example is merely cited wherein resemblance would be to our credit. I know of no better proof of this than one sees in Yarmouth, a town in close touch with American cities. Young girls there work irrespective of that divinity which seems to hedge members of society's circle. Some of our young people would be surprised at the beautiful, even luxuriant, homes they would find if they escorted these energetic workers from their tasks at six o'clock. And yet there is nothing lost of that conservatism Nova Scotians cling to with such pardonable tenacity.

WORK DEVELOPS WOMANHOOD.

The plea that outside work unfits a girl for her probable destiny of wife and mother is a weak one, and one that is practically played out. The individual who carries understanding and thoroughness in her business duties does so because they have become part of her nature, and she will carry them into the home, where they will be stronger because the heart recognizes this is the highest sphere. She will have learned that no duty should be assumed by the totally inexperienced. She will fit herself, if she is not already fitted, for her new position.

A MILESTONE OF PROGRESS.

The change in social conditions will come about here as elsewhere—in fact is making progress daily—but we seem called on to bear the maximum amount of patience. Fifteen years ago or little more a lady employee in an office would have been a startling innovation. Now there are hundreds of stenographers in the city, with positions opening every day for new ones. But this is not the only work available to girls who are not required at home and who are getting along only "indifferently well." If you who read this secretly wish to do something, say so. Announce your desire in the face of empty criticism and then hold yourself in readiness for opportunity that you may grasp him by the forelock. Remember, however, that it is not merely a game of going in and winning. It requires work and perseverance. It requires grit. Calling these to your aid, you will start with your armour buckled on aright.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

A High Example for Those Who Chafe Under the Irksomeness of Daily Toil.

IWONDER how many Halifax girls, or girls the world over for that matter, would choose the path that Miss Grace McKinley, the beautiful orphan niece of President McKinley, has selected for herself? This young girl has resolutely turned her back on the highest social position her country can offer, and has taken a position in the High School of Middletown, Connecticut. Instead of being the social leader of the capital and the reigning belle of the nation, she has elected to become simply Grace McKinley, School Ma'am.

It was just a year ago that President and Mrs. McKinley, with a party of distinguished friends, witnessed the graduation of their niece at Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass. The event was one of keen pleasure to the President and his gentle wife. Miss McKinley's record was that of the clever and diligent student, and she stood at the head of her class.

Just after this event the President offered to adopt Miss Grace. She was well equipped by nature for the high position opened to her. She is described as the most attractive girl in the McKinley family. She possesses a handsome figure, tall, lithe and full of grace. Her hair is dark brown, curling over a high intellectual brow, and her bright face is rendered more striking by the deep blue eyes, which are said to resemble those of her uncle. If she had taken her station at the presidential mansion she would have been the only girl within its walls. Mrs. McKinley, being delicate, much of the official safety would have been under the direct control of this talented girl. No doubt she would have become the precedent in social etiquette for the belles of the American nation.

However disappointed the President and his wife were at the decision of their niece, they are both sufficiently broad in their ideas to appreciate the qualities which actuated her in this choice. Miss McKinley entered on the duties of her position in Middletown High School last September.

It was not because she was unfamiliar with the power of wealth and the usages of the best society that she chose to earn her bread in a public school. She spent last winter at the White House, in Washington, and scored a brilliant success. Perhaps it was because she realized the restricted sphere for the exercise of her desire to do good; perhaps it was solely because she knew just what such a career was worth, that she remained unshaken in her decision, and sought a more fitting field of usefulness. Whatever her motive, it seems to me that many girls who are obliged to work, and who chafe under the irksomeness of their daily tasks, might find some inspiration in the simple story of this gifted girl.

FOR BLUENOSE WOMEN.

On the Christmas Shopping Problem.

WHAT must politicians, the city fathers, and public characters in general not hear of themselves in that auditorium of public opinion, the street car? The newspapers, even in the competitive times preceding election, however sweeping their denunciations, must sometimes be as lame to the wounded spirit after it has gone through a gratuitous criticism carried on by a number of patrons of the street railway. Possibly the fame attached to public characters establishes their identity and shields them from the snafus of thoughtless censure. A humble scribe can claim no such protection. That is why on taking my seat in a homeward car the other evening, after the duties of the day were off my mind, I found myself the subject of comment by my immediate neighbors, and was the recipient of a peculiar mixture of praise and blame—mostly blame.

There is a maxim, older than humanity, for the monkeys must have formulated it, when they swung by their tails to overhear chatterings on a neighboring branch, which says that listeners hear no good of themselves. Personally I have considered the role a thoroughly dishonorable one. But what was I to do? To have made myself known would have had an effect I was not anxious to produce. Besides, I objected on professional grounds. I might have left the car, but there was my dinner perhaps already getting cold. No, I would remain a listener, albeit an unwilling one, though I must confess I was not wholly blind to the little humor there was in the situation. The group was composed of two women and a child, the women having met by accident.

"Bluenose, did you say? Oh, yes, I always get it."

"Did you see that column about Christmas? Do you know, I thought it was going to help me. I thought I could fill in some of the puzzling blanks opposite the names on my Christmas list, but it only told us what not to do."

"Too bad—yes—so it was. Things we all know, that is, if we'd take the trouble to think of them. Fare? Yes (this to conductor). There, Kitty has swallowed it! Ticket? Oh, thank you, all right."

"Now, if it had made some new suggestions or even placed old ones," resumed the other, "it would have pleased everybody."

"Yes, indeed, I quite agree with you. It's all rather a trial anyway. Kitty, don't wipe your feet on my skirt."

Kitty immediately proceeded to wipe them on the friend's skirt, which of course did not matter in the least. Apparently undisturbed, the friend continued:

"A busy person has really no time to make a tour of the stores. No doubt there are lots of new things, but it is difficult to hunt them all up. I know I have only time to make purchases I have decided on before leaving home. Now this column fairly got us ready to expect a solution of the problem and then flatly disappointed us." And much more followed in the same vein.

Presently Mrs. Dash's social aspirations and the contrast between these and her financial standing formed the subject of discussion. I fancied I saw a friend of Mrs. Dash checking a half ironical smile, within perfect hearing of the two talkers. Indeed it may have been Mrs. Dash herself. So it continued till Kitty and Kitty's mamma reached their destination.

I don't know if Mrs. Dash will change her social aspirations on account of this little street car entertainment, but I decided to act on the suggestions I had overheard. It was too late for this week, as my plans for the remaining days were already made. I have devoted one entire day on my next week's programme to a tour of the stores, and an earnest, conscientious study of the Christmas problem for busy women. I sincerely hope that Kitty's mamma's friend and others in the same position will derive some assistance from my letter next week.

And now comes the moral to adorn the tale, for I have not related this incident in its entirety only on one score. I have a fraction of a hope that this true recital may add something to the comfort of many Mrs. Dash's and the travelling public in general.

On the Quantity of Tact.

The benevolent godmother of fairy-tale days is never on record as having bestowed tact, one of the greatest of all gifts, on the individuals who knelt under the magic of her wand. Her stock in trade seems to have been wholly composed of beauty, riches, genius and sundry little cakes, according to the age of the favored person and the lesson, if any, to be enforced. There are many of us who still believe these things leave nothing to be desired. Some no doubt would be quite willing to forego the little cakes in consideration of one of the first three offerings. Seriously speaking, tact is one of the most potent factors toward happiness that we can possess. Perhaps the little godmother knew it was something we could acquire, and was wiser in her generation than we.

Beauty without it fails in its mission. I know a case in proof in this very city which my readers may know also, and it may not be the only one, though

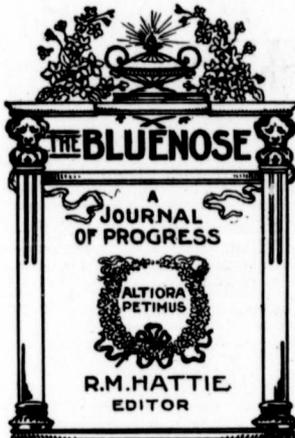
the most notable. The woman in mind is beautiful—undeniably beautiful—and yet so lacking in tact that acquaintanceship at once mars the effect of her almost perfect form and flawless face. Mere manner doesn't fit. I also know—and my readers will not have to hesitate a moment to find a number of instances—women whose beauty is taken for granted and accepted everywhere as an established fact; yet if we attempted analysis we would assuredly find this beauty as evanescent as a certain class of moralists would have us believe all beauty is. These women are not impostors. They understand the potency of tact. It is the charm of their presence that beautifies them, and they have a perfect right to the laurels they win.

Genius without tact is a bugbear. We admire its force and power, but are never anxious to become intimately acquainted. Genius with tact is irresistible, something we can never forget if we come under its spell. We all know of young aspirants in some field of art or letters whose whole life has been made happy, if not always successful, by some inspiring association or interview with a gifted person whose genius brought him swiftly over the highway along which the beginner must toil. Like everything else worth having, tact cannot be acquired in a day or by mere volition. The mind must be constantly on the alert and our consideration for others to the fore. If we set earnestly about it we shall have our reward, if it be only in the increased happiness we have brought into our home.

Dame Fashion's Vagaries.

Nothing illustrates more conclusively the extent of Dame Fashion's domain than the fact that even the human figure is not exempt from her vagaries. The tall thin woman comes in vogue only to be supplanted by the shorter, well-developed type, and vice versa. It looks decidedly as if the capricious lady rather enjoyed setting a style that even the most ultra fashionable must give up in despair, for there is no remedy for the woman inclined to embonpoint when her tall, thin-faced sister is the rage, and almost as little chance for the latter if the German type holds the place of honor. For a little while Dame Fashion seemed to be neutral. Her present modes in dress are adaptable to either tall or short, and by judicious handling one can vie with the other. In the new hat, however, she has cast the deciding vote in favor of the tall, slim girl. Everything smart in the line of head-gear is round and flat. Plumes and buckles and bows have all fallen to the crown level, and completely as though a mowing machine had been in operation in this field—and indeed it looks like it. Consequently the tall, thin girl is in her element, and the short or medium-sized is face to face with alternatives. She must either sacrifice her looks or disregard the fashion. I am sure she will choose the lesser evil, taking a crumb of comfort in the fact that her tall sister will soon be facing a similar problem. This extreme is bound to run to another in the opposite direction, when the tall individual must ignore the fashion or look like an attenuated sign post.

THE HEMPIE.



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* * *

ONE SOURCE OF INDUSTRIAL SUPREMACY.

ENGLISHMEN at last are taking serious alarm at the progressive invasion of their markets by foreigners. England is not holding her own. Germany and the United States have stepped out from the rear to the front rank.

It is not to be wondered that the United States should extend her trade by leaps and bounds. Over seventy-six and a quarter millions of people, intelligent, active, industrious and efficient in a degree higher on the average probably than even in the old country, should not find it difficult to push their way to commercial supremacy even in the face of odds. But add abounding natural resources to the immensity of intelligent population, and one does not need to enquire whether there will be unprecedented progress. England is at a disadvantage as compared with the United States. Her

population cannot greatly increase, while there will be room to spare in the United States when the latter's population has doubled, nay, even trebled. England does not possess many or varied resources within the confines of her home territory. Consequently while she may not actually decrease, she certainly cannot to a great extent increase, while the United States can. Natural advantages are on the side of the latter.

On the other hand, it is different with Germany. While education has done a great deal in the United States towards bringing about the progress that makes that country the admiration of the world (and it has not played by any means the same part that it will be playing in the very near future), it is to Germany that we look and see the fruits reaped by wise educational movements that have educated the masses as well as the classes for their respective spheres. Not exceptionally favored by nature to excel industrially, the rise of Germany into the front rank of commercial powers is the most remarkable illustration to be found of the value of practical education.

The growth of technical education in Germany has been accompanied by great results, and in England people are commencing to realize the need of following the same methods. In the United States, not satisfied with the advantages conferred upon them by nature, the people are establishing vast educational institutions all over the land, among which technical schools are numerous. In view of what Germany has been able to do by means of technical education in the absence of any special natural resources, what may the United States not expect to accomplish with both?

* * *

WHERE DO WE COME IN?

THE ABOVE REFLECTIONS are full of suggestions for us. Where do we come in? We Nova Scotians confidently boast of our natural resources, and look forward to the day when they shall be converted into more tangible wealth. Yet we neglect the very thing that has made Germany great, and which the United States, great as she is, thinks it absolutely necessary to cultivate. Is it wise? How formidable a rival is a great country on our borders with over seventy-five millions of people! Equipped as it is with the knowledge-making power of her numerous institutions of learning, and particularly of her schools of technology, how can we expect to excel unless we have at least a proportionate equipment for our own people? In other parts of Canada, happily, education is directed more along such lines, but in Nova Scotia it is almost entirely neglected, and that, too, in the face of the greatest reasons why we should not neglect it—namely, the United States and Germany.

PROFANE ARCHITECTURE IN HALIFAX.

WHILE THE BLUENOSE has been persistently protesting against the erection of a "Khaki" monument that will not stand artistic criticism, it does not feel that this is the only protest that can be made. The truth is, we can stand an artistic monument better than we can stand the outrageous styles of architecture that are generally followed in house building. The classes of dwellings that are put up here may be roughly brought under two heads: (1) the packing box, (2) the larger and more "ginger-bready" structure that belongs to those who have more money to put into a home. The Bluenose, in making a protest, does not make objection to the building of houses, but to the building of those profane structures that swear at every passer-by. In these times wooden affairs exist one of the greatest obstacles to a beautiful city life. Sog saw trimmings, grotesque gables and excrescences, and patches and stripes of various colors often make as unpleasant a conglomeration of offensiveness as the world can produce. The plain, old-fashioned modes to be seen here are, even in all their severity, more pleasing to the eye than some of the modern outrages. In any case, a wooden house in a city the size of Halifax is (except in the extreme suburbs) a danger. A much larger section than that at present so proclaimed should be a brick district, and there should be regulations regarding the setting of houses. In the suburbs the law should certainly prohibit the erection of wooden buildings nearer one another than fifty feet. In crowded portions of the city brick or stone should be compulsory. Continuous blocks of broad, shallow brick houses, built around large open squares, would be highly desirable for any portion of the city, for they can be made architecturally beautiful and harmonious, and far better than the fantastic possibilities of wood. It should, however, be a matter of sufficient private concern, and citizens should strive to make the city's appearance better without the interference of law.

* * *

FOR BETTER RAILWAY FACILITIES

WE WOULD DRAW the attention of shipping men and merchants generally to a letter published in this number reflecting upon the inadequate railway terminal facilities in this city. The letter is written with the evident intention of beginning an agitation for needed reforms, and is in the interests of the government as well as the officials of the railway and merchants and trade of Halifax. We would suggest that others of our readers who have had personal experiences, and are familiar with the defects of the yards, should assist us in a further and continued agitation until the matter is remedied. As the Hon. Mr. Blair, the minister in charge of the railway department, will be in the city on or about the 13th day of this month, we would be glad to receive and publish any articles dealing with the subject. In this way we may be able to assist the merchants and the railway department to effect reforms.

New Industries That We Could Establish in Halifax.

Editor's Note:—The Bluenose has already laid down the general principle so to speak, of manufacturing in Halifax. The principle that we need more industries in this city may be considered established. It is recognized by everyone. The thing to do now is to show what new industries can be started and carried on successfully. In order to do this we give not our own opinions, but those of practical men. Accordingly the reader will find on this page what The Bluenose has learned from the firm of Clayton & Sons regarding the manufacture of cloaks, trunks and woollen goods; and from Mr. W. H. Johnson regarding the manufacture of pianos and organs.

Can We Make Cloaks in Halifax?

THE BLUENOSE approached subject, and had a conversation Messrs. Clayton & Sons with both members of the firm, who expressed themselves as pleased to give us the benefit of whatever information or ideas that would assist the work of this journal in giving publicity to an agitation that will have effect in the development of Halifax as a manufacturing centre. The substance of the Messrs. Clayton's argument follows:—

It is not likely that cloaks could be manufactured in Halifax on a large scale right away. This industry has been so well developed in Upper Canada that one starting anew in Halifax would have to face very severe competition. Canadian manufacturers excel in their trade, and cater to our needs in the lower provinces very well. But despite this competition a practical man could establish the industry and carry it on successfully. He would need to manufacture in a small way at first, producing a limited number of lines suited to a particular class of trade. If he knew how to sell he could easily dispose of his output in the lower provinces. Then he could study all the requirements of the market and gradually introduce new lines, extend his factory and increase his output; and finally he might extend his market beyond the bounds of the Maritime Provinces and enter into competition at last with the other Canadian producers in their own territory. In this connection it may not be generally known that cloak manufacturing is carried on here to some extent, for Mrs. O'Connor has installed a small plant and is beginning in this prudent way.

A Woolen Mill Among The Possibilities.

An industry that would be of great value to Halifax is a woollen mill. It would give employment to a number of people, and would likely be successful inasmuch as there exists a market for goods of good quality right here in Halifax. Makers of clothing, of which there are two or three prominent concerns, in-

cluding Messrs. Clayton themselves, would no doubt find it to their advantage to use a large part of the output of a good-sized mill. The woollen mills already in operation in the province have been successful, and some of them have achieved some distinction for their output even in the old country, whence we import so much of the material used in finer clothing. There is no reason why a mill in Halifax should not achieve celebrity and displace some of the materials we import. In this way there would not only be a new industry for the province, employing more Nova Scotian labor, but our farmers would find their wool market enlarged to that extent. The success of the Parks cotton factory in St. John ought to be a good example, for if it could carry on the pucky and successful right it has against the combine, why could not a woollen mill, commencing at a capacity for which it would be certain to find a market, get a firm hold here and then expand with experience of the market's requirements?

Trunk-Making Another Possibility.

This is something that has probably never occurred to people as being a possibility. Yet it is. And it is an industry that could be established with considerable ease. The making of trunks is something that can readily be picked up by intelligent men, and we have no dearth of such labor. It does not require an extensive nor an expensive plant, and there is a large market right here. It is true that a trunk factory in Halifax would have to face a Canadian combine, but with sufficient capital behind it, a competent man to oversee the work and conduct the sale of the plant with experience of the market's should not be successful.

We Must Not Discourage Industries.

Halifax is destined to be a manufacturing centre. That is, if we do not discourage people who would have the enterprise to go in for new industries such as those named above. We do not encourage them to-day. Our system of taxation bears so heavily on manufacturing industries that projectors are afraid to go ahead, feeling that while problematical at the best, it is dangerous to try the establishment of a concern whose profits are threatened by the "mild-mannered gentlemen" who conduct affairs at City Hall. As far as existing manufactures are concerned, it does not much matter whether the law is changed or not, though the chances are that a reform would encourage them to enlarge their factories, increase their output and employ more labor. There is one great condition to be attached to manufacturing in Halifax, which is that we must have tax reform. The prospects are much more favorable than they have been that we shall have such reform; wherefore the discussion of what industries might be carried on in this city is more apropos than it would be otherwise.

Why Not Make Pianos and Organs Here?

This information was obtained from Mr. W. H. Johnson, president of the W. H. Johnson Company:

With sufficient capital, a good mechanical superintendent and a manager with the force to sell such goods, the manufacture of pianos and organs—particularly organs—could be carried on successfully in Halifax. Strangely, the market would not be so much local as European, for a large and growing percentage of the organs produced in Canada to-day are for export trade. There is a great field in Europe. This is because of the reputation that American producers have in those countries. The Americans certainly have attained great proficiency in the art of making organs, and Canadians are not behind them. Canada profits by the reputation of the United States, for to European buyers instruments produced on this side of the Atlantic are all American, whether made in Canada or the United States; both are put in the same category. This refers particularly to reed organs. But at the same time Canadian instruments live up to the reputation as American, and are not placed in a class by themselves as being of inferior quality. This will be a strong point in favor of a Halifax concern undertaking such an industry. Another point will be our situation, for being an accessible port all the year round, freights to the old world are always much lower than from the centre of the country. Hence we stand a better chance in the European market. And the freight on a piano or organ is not so much but that we could compete easily with other Canadian makers in central Canada, and in even the far West, provided we produce the right kind of instrument. The question of a market is an easy matter. As far as that is concerned, it consists in an ability to sell, and after the first product is sold, in the making of a good reputation. The rest is easy.

But there arises some difficulty in the matter of getting the proper kind of labor. It is not an insuperable difficulty, it is true, but a difficulty that is not to be lightly esteemed. We have cabinet makers here who can make handsome enough cases for instruments, but we would have to import polishers. With regard to the man who knows how to adjust the actions of pianos so as to produce the best tone, he is not an easy man to get. But he can be had, and when he is obtained he is of great value. A few men of this sort would have to be imported, after which there would be little trouble. Native talent could be trained by these, and before long we would have a number of our own people skilled in a very fine art, which would have a cultivating influence upon Nova Scotian labor, and be a step in the direction of the diversity of employments necessary to keep our young people at home.



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❖ "LADY" DICK, PICKPOCKET. ❖

(A STORY FROM *Answers*.)

I.

He looked a thorough little gentleman, in his carefully folded and brushed blue serge suit, his irreproachable collar and cuffs, and highly polished boots, and was no more likely to be suspected of pocket-picking than an archbishop of throwing stones.

In the "profession" he was known as "Lady" Dick, from his smart dapper appearance and soft purring manners. Only once had the police caught him napping, and then he escaped punishment, thanks to the cunning pretence of repentance and the First Offenders' Act.

But "Lady" Dick was not a mere pocket-handkerchief snatcher. He was a young man of comparatively good education, who formed his plans in advance and took a deal of trouble in studying the habits of his victims.

Just now he was on a particularly good "thing." Strolling through Richmond one day, he noticed the name of an old schoolfellow, Charles Whitby, writ large over a prosperous looking grocer's shop. His first instinct was to enter and make himself known, but on second thoughts he decided to study his old schoolfellow's habits before introducing himself.

"Lady" Dick was a past-master of the art of picking up information, and within twenty-four hours he had learnt, amongst other things, that Mr. Whitby did not bank in Richmond, but was in the habit of going home every Saturday night, and carrying with him his week's takings, which he banked early on Monday morning in the city.

This was interesting to "Lady" Dick. A man who carried a large sum of money about with him late at night was worth knowing; and the following Saturday evening entered the shop with his most innocent air, for the avowed intention of purchasing some chocolates.

His eyes met the proprietor's, and in a moment they were shaking hands eagerly, and "Lady" Dick was wondering why powerfully-built men like Whitby must needs grip your hands as if they wanted to crush all your fingers.

At school these two had not been particularly friendly; but the school tie is a strong one, and the big eccentric Charlie Whitby was as glad to see the little man as if they had been close friends.

"I shall be awfully busy for about ten minutes," said Whitby. "What are you doing? Are you living in Richmond?"

"Rather not!" said the pickpocket, with a man-about-town air. "Only here for the afternoon, don't-cher-know. Saw your name up, so I thought I'd look

in and see if it was the same. I'm going up to town by the 10.20."

"So am I," said Whitby, little knowing that all of this had been carefully mapped out in advance. "We shall be able to have a chat."

The two travelled up by the train, Whitby with his brown bag containing the week's takings, and "Lady" Dick casting about in his mind for a chance to annex it.

Luck favored him, they travelled alone, and at Capham Junction Whitby found he had left the cigarette case behind.

"Lady" Dick had smoked his last, and the two were faced by the awful prospect of travelling to Waterloo without a smoke.

"I have it!" said Whitby, who was bubbling over with energy. "There's an automatic machine down the platform. I'll cut along and get some. There'll be heaps of time."

So the little pickpocket was left alone with a bag containing upwards of £200.

He lifted it, and felt the weight perching with excitement. It was a miserable business to rob an old schoolfellow, who had often stood between him and a bullying; but instinct was strong. He must have the bag. But how was he to get away?

To merely change carriages would have been absurd, and to leave the platform would have been impossible. A "down" train was standing alongside his own, and the adjacent carriage was empty. It was already on the move. Quick as thought, he opened the two doors, transferred himself and bag to the other train, and so made good his escape.

II.

It was between two and three years afterwards, and no later than half-past eight in the morning.

"Lady" Dick was seated on a suburban omnibus, which was bearing its freight of human beings to their eight or nine hours of hard daily work.

He was not so smart-looking as of yore. His clothes were distinctly shiny, his boots out of repair, his linen was no longer spotless, his tie was riding over his collar.

In short, "Lady" Dick was already losing caste. His face was harder and coarser, and his long, thin hands were no longer delicate and lady-like; they had been introduced to the task of picking oakum.

Things had not prospered with him. He had lost that easy, graceful manner which had so often duped people. In the old days he had deluded himself with the idea that at some future time

(Continued on page 18.)

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| One Elm Writing Desk | 8 " |

AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBIT.

A MEASURE OF THE FINANCIAL RESOURCES OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

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

J. A. JOHNSON,

General Agent,

HALIFAX, N. S

A Dollar Saved

*** IS ***

A Dollar Earned

WE have been wondering whether a number of ladies in the north and south end of this city who occasionally pass our door in the street cars realise that it would pay them to come in and get some prices on grocery supplies. If they did we know we would see quite a number more of them than we do at present. For instance, in a house where many canned goods are used, it surely ought to pay to buy them by the dozen instead of by the single can. We are wholesalers as well as retailers and the customer who buys a dozen gets our wholesale price. We try to carry absolutely everything that the average household is likely to want in the way of food supplies. We buy in the biggest quantities and we buy for cash so that we know to a certainty that at least our cost prices are as low as anybody can obtain. Our telephone number is 795 and if you want to know what we sell things at, all you have to do is to call us up. Our team delivers goods at all parts of the city. Some of the shrewdest housekeepers in the province get practically all their groceries from us. They have found it pays.



H. W. Wentzell & Co.

Corner BELL'S LANE
 and BARRINGTON ST.,

Halifax, N. S.

(Continued from page 16.)

he would turn over a new leaf and go straight. Now he knew that he couldn't. He was a hunted man; the police watched him; nobody trusted him.

He was sitting next to a young girl who was apparently on her way to the city. By her side hung the usual little bag, which the merest novice in pocket-picking could unhook without risk of detection.

As soon as the conductor had collected his fares, and the girl had relapsed into her far-away thoughts, "Lady" Dick seized his chance, and a few minutes later left the omnibus.

That night he again entered Charles Whitby's shop in Richmond, walking in with as much composure as if he had nothing to fear. But his reception was not a very cordial one.

"You villain!" said the old school-fellow, hotly, when he saw who it was. "I've got you at last!"

Then he turned to one of his assistants and told him to fetch a constable.

"Before you send for the police," said "Lady" Dick, with his affected drawl, "I should like five minutes' chat with you."

"Not a second!" said Whitby indignantly. "I don't want to hear a word you have to say!"

"Please don't excite yourself, my friend," said the pickpocket, with perfect composure. "I only wanted to speak to you about a lady—Elsie Forrest."

"I don't want to hear it!" "Just as you please," drawled "Lady" Dick. "Look sharp and fetch the constable, John."

The assistant disappeared with a grin. "How's business?" said the pickpocket affably. There was no answer, so he lighted a cigarette with a luxurious air of easiness which perplexed Mr. Whitby.

"You seem to have made a mess of your love affairs, dear boy," he continued; "and if you'll forgive me for saying so, I don't think you have behaved well."

"What the dickens is it you have to say?" snapped Mr. Whitby. "Go in there, and, by George, if you try on any of your tricks I'll knock you down!"

"Lady" Dick smiled, as if a delicate compliment had been paid him, led the way into the "private office," and took his seat.

"You are engaged to be married to a Miss Forrest," he began calmly. "Last night you took her out to a theatre."

Whitby made no remark, but watched the speaker as if he expected him to attempt some bold crime.

"You quarrelled with her," said Dick drily—"in fact you seem to have been in a beastly bad temper. When you got home you wrote her a letter."

"How do you know?" said the other.

"Have you been robbing a post-office?" "Without answering the question, Dick continued:

"It was a blackguardly letter—a cruel, unmanly letter. The kind of letter which no woman would ever forget or forgive."

"How do you know anything about it?" repeated Whitby with a flushed face.

Still Dick paid no attention to his interruption.

"Now, Miss Forrest, instead of writing a spiteful, malicious letter like you did, got up early this morning and wrote this to you."

As he spoke, he produced a letter written in a feminine hand, which Charles

(Continued on page 20.)

Why Not Give Furniture?

There is nothing so appropriate for a holiday remembrance, and assuming you agree to that, why not get it here?

WE HAVE GOOD REASONS

... for claiming your patronage. We have a beautiful stock prepared expressly for the . . . Holiday trade.

Fancy Chairs,
in endless variety.

Artistic Tables and Stands,
in Wood and Brass.

German Straw Novelties,
Something new.

Morris Chairs,
a great department.

Children's Chairs.

In fact, we have something for everybody, and our prices on all lines will easily convince you that we are . . . offering the best Furniture value in the city.

OPEN EVENINGS.



NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING CO., Ltd.,

Complete House Furnishers,

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

that Xmas pudding.

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

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

His Telephone is
262.

Pale, Thin People,

whether suffering from consumption or impaired digestion, should make every effort to build up and fortify their systems against a further and more complicated development of their ailment.

PARK'S PERFECT EMULSION

Of Cod Liver Oil will correct both the disorders of digestion and of the Pulmonary Organs, and will strengthen and gradually reconstruct the entire system. It will make possible and assist materially in the taking on of healthy flesh and will go far toward imparting the ruggedness and vigor belonging to each patient. It is easy of assimilation and devoid of all the objectionable features of the crude oil. Prepared from the purest Cod Liver Oil, combined with the chemically pure Hypophosphites and Guaiacol.

Price 50c. per bottle, of all Druggists.

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

(Continued on page 20.)

REASONS Why

you should buy your Footwear
at Canada's Big Shoe Store. 

We are the only shoe dealers in Halifax who buy all our goods direct from manufacturers.

We do business on the strictly one price system.

We are the only shoe house in the city that sells exclusively for cash, and hence our prices are not made as others must be on the basis of average losses, resulting from the credit system. No other house therefore does or can afford to sell as cheap as we do.

Our December sale and souvenir presentation is now on. The premiums, we give this season are the kind particular people like to give, and tasteful ones like to receive.



L. Higgins & Co.,

97 Barrington Street.

IF

you want a first-class SEWING MACHINE you can certainly save money by coming to us. We are wholesale agents for the

"Victoria."

W. B. ARTHUR
& CO.,

Lower Water Street.
HALIFAX.

UP-TO-DATE Clothing and Furnishings!

WE LEAD—with the best stock of new stylish, up-to-date Clothing and Furnishings . . .

MEN'S OVERCOATS,
\$5, \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$15.

BOYS' REEFERS,
\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.75, \$3.50, \$4.50

NEW NECKWEAR,
15c. 25c. 35c. 50c. 75c.

NEW WINTER GLOVES,
25c 35c. 50c. 75c. \$1.00, \$1.50,
\$2.00, \$2.50.

SCOVIL & PAGE

Barrington Street,) Halifax.
Cor. George ")

THE BLUENOSE.

"LADY" DICK, PICKPOCKET.

(Continued from page 18.)

Whitby took and read eagerly. It was a beautiful little letter—sensible, good-tempered, womanly. She took all the blame for their little squabble on her own shoulders, but was quite sure she would be forgiven long before this letter reached him, because he was always generous. Every line was full of a deep, strong affection. It was a letter which any man would be proud to receive.

"What would you give to have your own letter back?" asked Dick with a chuckle.

"I'd give five years of my life not to have written as I did!" said Whitby hoarsely.

"Here it is then," said the pickpocket coolly. "And she hasn't read it. Probably it arrived just as she was leaving home, and she was no doubt saving it up to enjoy it at her leisure. I opened it myself. Of course, I didn't know it was yours—not that it would have made any difference," he added drily.

Then he explained how he came to possess the two letters with cynical indifference, which only showed the depth of his misery.

Charles Whitby read his own letter and trembled at the thought of how near he had been to sacrificing his lifelong happiness.

"Dick," he said frankly, holding out his hand, "you are one of the biggest scamps unhung, but you've done me the greatest service one man can render another—you've saved me from myself. What can I do for you?"

"You might send the constable away," said "Lady" Dick promptly.

A few words whispered at the office door, and the officer of the law disappeared, with half-a-crown in his pocket.

"What else can I do for you?" said Charles Whitby eagerly. "Come, old man, you are going down the hill already. I can see it in your face and in your clothes. Chuck this beastly life, and I'll put you on your feet."

"No, my friend," said Dick, speaking for one quite naturally, and without his usual drawl; "it's too late. I'm a gao' bird; I'm worse than that—I'm a thief from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet. If you left me alone for ten minutes I should rob your till. No, I'll accept no money from you. It's the first decent action I've done in my life, and I'll take no reward. Good night."

He buttoned up his shabby jacket turned up his collar against the rain, and went into the shop.

"But where are you going now?" asked Whitby, who was genuinely distressed at his inability to help.

"Going? Well, I suppose I'm going to the devil!" said Dick, assuming once more his jaunty air. "On the way I shall probably make the acquaintance of one or two prisons, a workhouse, and the gutter. But it's all the same in the end. In the meanwhile, I'll trouble you for a light. Much obliged. Good-bye, old chap. It's a beastly night, isn't it?"

And so, with a great affectation of indifference, "Lady" Dick disappeared in the rain, never to reappear in his old school-fellow's shop. But he may still be seen haunting the tops of omnibuses and suburban trains, becoming every year a little coarser, a little more reckless, a little more depraved.

Nevertheless, a certain young tradesman and his wife owe the poor vagabond some gratitude. May it count in his favor.—(From Answers.)

Thoroughness!

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

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

What the Judge said!

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



HANIFEN,

Merchant Tailor,

23—Barrington Street—23

D. C. GILLIS,

141 Hollis St.

Fownes' Gloves!

Lined and Unlined.

:::FOR:::

Ladies' and Men's Wear!



COLWELL BROS.,

**2 BROTHERS
STORES.**

123 Hollis St.,
93 Barrington St.

SPECIAL XMAS GOODS.

DRESSING GOWNS.

You all know we are headquarters for this line. Our assortment this season is larger than ever. **Prices, \$5.25 to \$20.00.**

HOUSE JACKETS.

Made from the newest cloths.
Imported Direct, \$2.25 to \$20.00.

FANCY WAISTCOATS.

200 of these French and English patterns with warm backs. **From \$1.50 to \$6.00.**

SCOTCH WOOL RUGS.

The finest stock of these ever shown in Halifax. **\$1.75 to \$20.00.**

HANDKERCHIEFS.

We sell all kinds of Handkerchiefs. The prices range from **2 1-2c.** each to **\$2.00** each. We claim to have better value in this Department than any other dealer.

SILK MUFFLERS.

All the latest novelties in colorings and designs. Squares and made up, **25c. to \$5.00.**

SHIRT COVERS.

These make an acceptable present. **\$1.25 to \$2.25.**

SLIPPERS.

We are sole agents for Dr. Jaegers Slippers for Ladies, Gent's and Children.

PURSES.

We consider ourselves the largest dealers in Ladies' and Gent's Purses—the prices are right.

GARTERS.

Silk with fancy buckles, **52c. to \$2.25.**

GLOVES.

You all know that we sell Gloves. Most all of you have bought them from us. We can suit any Man, Woman or Child, in Gloves. We have them in the low prices and in the highest grades made. Prices from **10c.** all the way up to **\$6.50.**

LEATHER PORTMANTEAUS

and Valices in English make—fitted or plain—all kinds.

TRAVELLING CASES.

Manicure Setts, Dressing Cases, Brush Setts, in Leather and Fancy Cases, Hand Mirrors, and a lot of useful fancy articles. **10c. each to \$25.00.**

UMBRELLAS

for Ladies and Gentlemen in Gold and Silver Mounting.

NECKWEAR.

If there is one Department we are more proud of than another it is our Neckwear. You cannot fail to be suited, 2,000 dozen on hand. **2c. each to \$1.50.**

HATS.

Wouldn't an order on us for a good felt Hat of "Christy's" make be a nice present. **\$1.25 to \$3.50.**

GOLF HOSE.

Some of the prettiest patterns you ever saw. **40c. to \$2.50.**

JEWELRY.

We are the people for Cuff Links, Scarf Pins and Studs. **10c. to \$2.00.**

SUSPENDERS.

Silk and Satin, put up, one pair in a box. **30c. so \$3.00.**

Our Values are better at Xmas time than at any other part
* * * of the year. * * *

You will receive polite and careful attention from our staff of 16 members.

Ungar's

THE BIGGEST AND
BEST IN THE MARI-
TIME PROVINCES.

Steam

PROMPT
DELIVERY
GUARANTEED.

Laundry.

WORKS :
BARRINGTON ST.,
Halifax.
PHONE 653.

A Tea
You Will
Surely Like.

Its name is ———●
**LYON
BLEND!**

and we sell it at
25c. a lb.

W. E. CROWE & CO.,
GOTTINGEN STREET.

SOME RECENT JOKING.

A FABLE IN SLANG.

George Ade on the Bureau of Public Comfort and the Man in Charge.

THE Druggist stood in his Place of Business, surrounded by Capsules, Hot Water Bags, Perfume and Fluid Extracts. A Man came in and said he wanted to look at the directory. Then he asked if "Murphy" was spelled with an "f." He looked at the Hair Brushes, whistled a few bars of the "Tiger Lily" and went out.

A Small Boy entered and wanted to trade two empty Sarsaparilla Bottles for a Piece of Licorice Root. The Deal fell through because the Bottles had a Name blown in the Glass.

A Woman came in and said she was waiting for a Friend. She had the Druggist bring her a Glass of Plain Water. She said she could not drink Soda Water because the Gas got up her Nose.

Another Woman came in for a stamp. She did not have any Change with her, but was going to Come In and hand him the Two Cents some time, that is, if he was Small Enough to remember it.

The next who came in was a Man with hardly any Chin. He wanted a Free Sample of Liver Pills and an Almanac telling the date of the Battle of New Orleans, when the Sun rises and sets, and why the Chicken crosses the Road.

After him there came a Man who was in a Hurry and wanted to use the Phone. He was vexed when he learned that Skinner & Skinner did not have any number. He asked the Druggist why it was. The Druggist said he was sorry and would See to it before the Man came in again.

Soon after two little Girls came on a Run and helped themselves to Picture Cards. They left the Door open, and a Boy in Overalls stepped in to ask if he could hang a lithograph in the Window. The Druggist went back into the Laboratory and got a large stone Pestle. He was just ready to beat the Life out of the Cash Register when an Elderly Gentleman came in with a Prescription.

The Druggist stayed the Blow and chirked up quite a bit. "This is where I get even on the Day," he said. It was no Mirage. He had to and he did.

Moral: Don't blame the Druggist.

♦ ♦

SHE'S A BIRD.

The Windsor Review notes that a lady in Colchester township has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband's name was Robbins, the second Sparrow, and the third Quails. There are five children, two young Robbins, one Sparrow and two Quails. Let us hope that birds in their little nests agree.

Wilson's Stove Store

**BASE BURNERS,
SILVER MOONS,
HARVEST MOONS,
OAK STOVES,**

in all makes.

**The Cumberland Hot
Air Furnace** fitted up in any
part of province.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

F. R. BROWN,
206 and 208
Hollis Street.

These Are New!

We have some of
the new Crown and Panel effects in

WALL PAPER

for drawing and dining rooms, and
chambers, and would like our friends
to call and see them.

HARRISON BROS.,
54 Barrington St.

The Last Moment

. . . . is the wrong one.

Now! is the time to get one of
our nice

JARDINIERS.

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

WEBSTER, SMITH & CO.,
172 Granville Street.

SOME RECENT JOKING.

Eating His Way to Fortune.

The Boston Transcript is responsible for the following story, of which the worm, instead of the usual fish, is the subject:—

A certain small Boston boy got into the habit of teasing his mother for pennies, until at last she said to him: "Now, Willie, I don't like to give you pennies; if you want money you should go to work and earn it." The boy remained thoughtful for some time. Then, within a few days, the mother perceived that Willie had plenty of pennies. She wondered a little where he got them, but did not question him. But one summer day she noticed that some sort of hulla-balloo was going on in the back yard. Looking out, she saw Willie surrounded by a mob of boys, who were yelling with delight. She went down into the yard to see what was going on; and as she passed out, she saw, stuck up on the back wall of the house, this notice, quite neatly "printed" out with a pencil:

WILLIE JONES WILL EAT,

- 1 small green worm for..... 1 cent
 - 1 large green worm for..... 2 cents
 - 1 small luzzy worm for..... 3 cents
 - 1 large fuzzy worm for..... 4 cents
 - 1 small green toad for..... 2 cents
- And Willie was apparently doing a thriving business.



Sherlock Holmes, Jr.

"Do you see that man with the dark moustache?" said Sherlock Holmes, Jr., according to the Chicago Times-Herald.

"Yes. Do you know him?"
 "I never saw him before. He is married. He ought to live in a flat, but doesn't. His wife is afraid of the hired girl, and he is left-handed."

"Mr. Holmes, you are an everlasting marvel. How can you tell that about a man you don't know and whom you never saw before?"

"Look at the second knuckle on his left hand. You see it is bony skinned. Also, there is a black mark on his left cuff. Now let us see what we must make of this. When a left-handed man pokes up the furnace fire, how does he do it? By putting his left hand forward, of course. Thus it happened that it was his left hand which scraped against the furnace door. The blackened cuff shows that it was a furnace door. Having this foundation to work upon, the rest is easy. If he lived in a flat, he would have no furnace to look after, and if his wife were not afraid of the hired girl they would make the latter do the poking up. It is all very simple, if one's perceptive faculties are properly trained. He can't really afford to live in a house, because if he could he would have a man to look after the furnace. Therefore he ought to live in a flat."

"But hold on. How do you know the man is married? He can't be over 30 at the most. Why may it not be possible that he lives at home with his widowed mother?"

"My dear sir," said Sherlock Holmes, Jr., "I am surprised at your lack of perspicacity. If he lived at home with his widowed mother he would permit her to tend to the furnace herself."



Why Not?

- Why not insure in a Home Company?
- Why not invest your money to the best advantage.
- Why not have faith in Canadian Institutions.
- Why not read the following letter?

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 24th, 1900.

To the North American Life Insurance Co., Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen:—

Mr. W. F. MacPhie, your manager for the province of Nova Scotia, has this day handed me a cheque for \$1,931.66, being the Cash Value of my policy in your Company, which matured today.

I took out this Policy, which was for \$1,500, on the 15 Year Endowment, 15 Year Investment Plan, and if I had died during the fifteen years, my family would have received the face of the policy. Recognizing the fact this protection must have consumed a considerable portion of my yearly premiums, I consider the return a very admirable one, and it is in every way satisfactory to me.

I have no hesitation in recommending the North American Life to any one desiring Insurance, which would at the same time return a good investment on the money paid.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) A. MILNE FRASER.

Why not invest in the NORTH AMERICAN LIFE?
 Assets, - - - \$3,500,000.
 Everything desirable in Life Insurance.

W. F. MACPHIE,
 Provincial Manager,
 Metropole Building, HALIFAX, N. S.

White China
 For Decorating!



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



ROSBOROUGH & THOMAS,

174 & 176 Granville Street.

LEGGINGS
 AND
 OVERGAITORS

We have all the new ideas in this line of goods. Our gaitors for Ladies, Misses, and Children. Leggings for Ladies, Misses and for the Little Fellows. We have Leggings and Overgaitors... made from Cloth... Corduroy, Felt and Leather—Comfortable, useful and cost but little.

TAYLOR'S
 PALACE BOOT & SHOE STORE,
 156 Granville Street,
 SOLE SLATER SHOE AGENTS.

W. & C. SILVER,
 Cor. George and Hollis Sts.

CARPETS

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

KID GLOVE SPECIALS!

FRENCH KID GLOVES, Donee Fasteners, - 95c Our Special UNDRESSED KID GLOVES, - 85c These lines are stocked in all the newest shades, also in Black.

BLANKETS

If you haven't bought your winter's supply we'll make the buying easy, as these prices indicate:—
 \$1.98 a pair, for Good Heavy, Ordinary Sized Blankets.
 2.95 a pair, for our Special 6-pound Wool Blankets.
 3.00 a pair, for our Special 8-pound Size, California Blankets, extra large.
 4.00 a pair, for A-1 Quality Blankets, actually worth \$5.25.

SPECIAL LINE SILK TRIMMED
 COMFORTABLES, \$4.00.

Portieres Close to Half
 Price!

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



FOR MANY XMASSES

we have been endeavoring to impress upon the minds of probable purchasers, the advisability of buying the many useful things we prepare for Christmas buyers, such as Cutlery, Tableware, Brassware, — these, and other things which besides being useful, are also handsome, and goods of such a character are lasting remembrances of the joyful season. It must be borne in mind that we have very many fancy articles besides the above, and Athletic goods also, for the young man and the modern girl.

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

NEXT WEEK IN HALIFAX.

SUNDAY:—Rev. Clarence McKinnon will deliver the second of a series of Sunday lectures in Park Street Church at evening service. Course: "Twilight Reveries of the Century." Subject: "Its Man."

Dr. Black will take "John Bunyan and Pilgrim's Progress" for his discourse at St. Andrew's in the evening.

The Rev. Rural Dean Armitage will deliver the sermon at St. Paul's Sunday evening. General subject: "The Lessons of the Nineteenth Century."

At the morning service in St. Matthew's, Rev. R. A. Falconer will conclude his discourses on "The New Testament at the End of the Nineteenth Century."

MONDAY:—Mr. Frederick Hamilton, war correspondent of the Toronto Globe, will give "The Story of the Canadians and His Experiences of the War," at Orpheus Hall in the evening. This event will be under the distinguished patronage of Colonel Biscoe and staff, Lieutenant-Colonel White, Lieutenant-Colonel Weston, Lieut.-Colonel Crane, Lieut.-Col. Oxley, and Lieut.-Col. Irving, who will act as chairman.

The Valentine Stock Company will produce "Hamlet" at the Academy of Music.

TUESDAY:—Public meeting of citizens at City Hall to consider what may be done as respects the reception here of Colonel Otter and the remainder of the 1st Contingent, and also to the Canadian Artillery, the Mounted Rifles, etc., when they reach Halifax.

"A Scrap of Paper" will be presented at the Academy of Music, Valentine Stock Company.

WEDNESDAY:—"Richard the III." will be the matinee at the Academy of Music.

"Frou-Frou" will be the evening bill.

THURSDAY:—Premier Laurier will be banquetted at the Armouries by the Liberals of this city.

A grand concert will be given in Orpheus Hall. Mr. Ernest DuDomaine, the violinist, will play a prominent part in the programme.

"Romeo and Juliet" at the Academy of Music; Miss O'Brien's benefit.

FRIDAY:—"Richard the III." will be presented at the Academy; Mr. Everett King's benefit night.

A general Recital will be given at the Halifax Ladies' College at 8 o'clock.

SATURDAY:—"Young Mrs. Winthrop" will be the bill at the matinee, with the same piece in the evening. This will be Miss Blancke's night, and the farewell performance of the Valentine Stock Company in this city for the season.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

J. D. MEDCALFE, MANAGER.

Valentine Stock Company.

Week commencing Dec. 10th.
Monday, **HAMLET**, Tuesday,
A SCRAP OF PAPER, Wednesday
matinee, **RICHARD III.**
Wednesday Night, **FROU-FROU**,
Thursday, **ROMEO and JULIET**,
Friday, **RICHARD III.**, Saturday
Matinee and Evening, **YOUNG**
MRS. WINTHROP.

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

A Source of Supply

that you can trust
for variety, quality, price,
attention, promptness. . . .
WE ARE THAT SOURCE.

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

TRY US.



Le Bon Marche,

Corner Barrington
and Sackville Sts.

Telephone 1041.
P. O. Box 323. HALIFAX.

New Things

— AT —

HOLLAND & KUHN'S,
Granville Street.

NEW PICTURES,
New Calendars,

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



UNDER MILITARY PATRONAGE.

Frederick Hamilton,

The Toronto Globe's Correspondent
in South Africa.

His Story of the Canadians and Experiences of the War.

ILLUSTRATED BY

STEREOPTICON VIEWS,

from Photographs taken on the spot
by himself.

LT.-COL. IRVING in the chair.

Lecture begins sharp 8 o'clock.

Monday Evening, Dec. 10th.

Prices:—Reserved Seats, 75c.
Admission, 50 cents.

Christmas Confectionery

For some time our factory has been busy turning out the fine Christmas lines that will fill the stockings of Bluenose children, on the morning of Dec. 25, 1900. . . You should bear this in mind, so that you will know when the time . . . comes, where to get the best that can be had. . . . That is, at

MOIR, SON & CO., Halifax.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

tween two Shakesperian productions, "Richard the Third" being the piece for Wednesday's matinee, and "Romeo and Juliet" for Thursday evening. The last named piece will be for the benefit of the talented Miss O'Brien. Everett King's benefit night will follow, with that actor in the title role of Richard III. "Young Mrs. Winthrop" will hold the boards at both Saturday performances. Saturday will be Miss Blanche's benefit.

The Valentine Stock Company will go from here to St. John, and will be followed by the D. W. Truss Stock Company, now in St. John. The new company will present "The Lady of Lyons" at the Academy of Music Christmas night.



Some Coming Musical Events.

Mr. C. M. Pyke, whose name is connected in the Halifax mind with some nice theatrical performances, such as "Patience," has been in the city again for about six weeks making preparations for two or three musical events that are to come off during the present season.

For one of these, a Memorial entertainment out of respect for the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, arrangements are about complete. It will be given in the Academy of Music. Mr. Pyke has it in charge, and will give, with the assistance of local talent, a few scenes from two or three of Sir Arthur's most popular operas. These scenes will be interspersed with several of his most popular songs. "The Lost Chord" will be a special instrumental number. The receipts, after deducting incidental expenses, will be forwarded to the memorial committee in London, as a token of respect, and to be applied by them in helping to delay the erection of a monument to his memory.

Another event will be an elaborate production of Planquette's charming opera, "The Chimes of Normandie," by amateurs. This will also take place in the near future, at the Academy of Music, under the joint management of Mr. C. B. Wikel and Mr. C. M. Pyke, both of whom will appear in leading roles. A splendid cast, a large chorus and an orchestra will be carefully selected for this production.

In conjunction with Mr. Hebb, Mr. Pyke will produce at Orpheus Hall two very attractive operettas without chorus. The two will be produced the same evening with separate casts. A small orchestra will be selected principally from among the young lady musicians of the city. The casts will be published later

A Scotchman, living in London, ran across two of his countrymen, and took them with him to a big public dinner. In his hospitality he sent to their table champagne, and yet more champagne, and, after a time, went himself to see how they were faring. He found them depressed. "How are you getting on?" he asked. "Oh, we're getting on fine, but we're vera fategitt with thae mineral waters!"

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CHAT ABOUT BOOKS.

THE first Canadian "Fadazine" is to hand. A Fadazine—for people who are unfamiliar with the term—is a fad idea in periodical production, illustrated in *The Philistine*, *The Bohemian*, *The Blue Sky*, and others similar. "The Scroll," as the Canadian fadazine is called, is devoted to the reprinting of literary selections from masters past and present. The first number contains "The Tale of King Constans, the Emperor," by William Morris. This production is very neat, and should please the literary taste well.

Charles G. D. Roberts' new book has had a great sale in Halifax, due to a more than ordinary interest in an author who is known here personally as well as through his work. It is a tale of Acadie, and has a particularly romantic interest for our own people. The title, "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," is suggestive, but the book really is unique, striking an entirely new note in literature. It is an animal story different from those of Kipling and Seton-Thompson.

A new addition to the book world that will be highly appreciated by the people who have read "The Choir Invisible," and James Lane Allen's recent writings, is a volume containing two comparatively early stories by this author, namely, "Aftermath" and "A Kentucky Cardinal." The book is illustrated by a hundred charming drawings from the pen of Hugh Thomson, the English artist, and is rendered more valuable by a new preface, in which Mr. Allen tells the circumstances of his childhood.

Miss M. E. Braddon undoubtedly stands foremost among the prolific writers of the century. Since 1862 her output has been sixty novels. This will probably eclipse F. Marion Crawford, whom Americans accuse of turning out novels by some process akin to machinery. Miss Braddon's stage career, previous to her entrance into the literary world, must have materially assisted in broadening her range of character and situation. It is on record that during the five months following her initial performance at Brighton Royal, in 1851, she impersonated fifty-eight different characters. The authoress' real name is Mrs. Maxwell, and she is a widow.

From a successful sale in novel form David Harum attained the distinction of stage production, and now makes its appearance in a nicely illustrated edition. B. West Cundinist, the artist, seems imbued with the spirit of the book, and the pictures are thoroughly successful. There are no elaborate plate reproductions; in fact, there are few full-page drawings, the bulk of the illustrations consisting of little pen-and-ink drawings set in the text, and almost, in many cases, of a marginal nature. The total number of sketches is two or three hundred, yet from the manner of their arrangement, the story remains the chief thing. The volume is not expensive. It will no doubt have a large Christmas circulation among admirers of the David Harum type.



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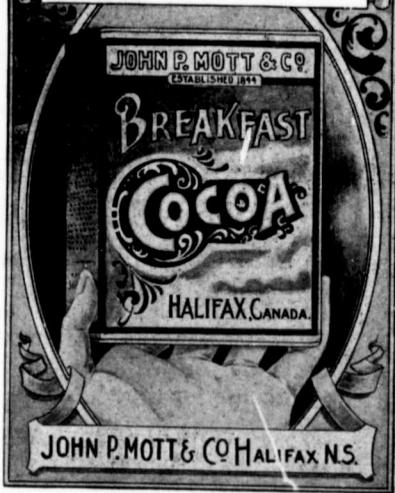
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