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# The Young Bluenose.

—“MUL TUM IN PARVO.”—

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., JUNE and JULY, 1878.

NOS. 4 and 5.

## Written for the Bluenose. DIVING FOR PEARLS.

BY FRED E. NEWCOMBE.

IT was once my good fortune about twenty years ago to be in the vicinity of the diving grounds near one of the largest of the South Sea Islands. Perhaps, after you hear my experience, you will think it was my bad fortune instead of good fortune, but I consider it one of the most pleasant reminiscences of my life. Perhaps my readers do not know how the process of diving for pearls was then conducted among the natives of those islands. I will tell you.

Early in the morning a boat, which we here in the States might denominate a barge, would leave the island with perhaps eighteen or twenty divers aboard, and would row for the diving ground, which at this time was about half a mile off shore to the West. The native divers were clothed in a very primitive costume such as we are told Adam and Eve were accustomed to don when they were in the full enjoyment of their property in the Garden of Eden. One of them bore at this time a paper collar and a delapidated stove pipe hat, and for this, and only this reason, was accounted quite a chief among his fellows. Although the collar was of a rich golden color, and under no possibility could have been suspected of ever having been white and although the hat did certainly have a rather care worn appearance, this made no difference. I

ges, a paper collar was like a piece of meerscham(?) is with us, its value is enhanced by its color. However this may be, certain it is that from the moment any one of the natives donned any article of wearing apparel, he was then and there rated as a dandy of the first water.

Before the start from the island, the boat is loaded as heavily as possible with stones varying in weight from thirty to sixty pounds. The grounds reached, the boat anchored, and each one of the divers takes a stone either between his feet or in his arms and jumps into the sea. The weight carries him directly to the bottom, where he immediately employs himself in looking around for an oyster bed. This found and the diver proceeds to knock off as many of the attached pearls as he can see or until his breath gives out. These he stows away in a leather bag which is hung around his neck for the purpose, and after letting go the stone, he swims to the top and thence to the boat, where he deposits his treasures, and proceeds in a like manner for more. This is continued at short intervals until dark, when all operations must of course cease.

Although sharks abound in these waters, they will rarely if ever molest a dark skinned native, but the moment a white man is adventuresome enough as to mingle with the natives in the water, the sharks will at once be attracted in great numbers. Anything white seems to have something attractive to a shark's eye. Indeed, I have seen natives swimming in the sea, in

and out among the sharks, immediately a white piece of rag was thrown into the water, the sharks seemed to have their anger aroused and once in this condition would attack any one of the human persuasion be he black or white. Blood acts in a like manner, and once blood is drawn, be it in ever so small quantity, there is little hope for that man.

One day, however, the sharks seemed to have utterly deserted us, and I became fool-hardy enough to determine to try diving myself. I was then one of the proprietors of the boat, and the natives endeavored to dissuade me from making the trip to the bottom of the sea; but no, I wouldn't be dissuaded, and nothing would do but I must try it myself. I thought I couldn't come back to the States and not be able to say I had once tried diving for pearls.

The natives of course had to give in and stripping off my clothes and taking one of the smoothest stones I could find, they assisted me over the side of the boat and down I went. The sensation was peculiar to say the least, and it seemed to me hours before I reached the bottom. Once there, my breath was all gone and there was nothing for me to do but to drop the stone and swim up again.

After a few moments, nothing daunted, I took a larger stone and a longer breath and started downward again. When I reached the bottom this time I was too surprised at first to open my eyes, but when I did, I saw lying at my feet one of the nicest lot of pearls

it had ever been my good luck to see together. I went to work immediately and kept at it until I felt my breath giving out.

I had been warned by the natives always to look aloft before starting upward so that I might not come across any of those ugly monsters I spoke of above. I did look and there saw a wily old shark just waiting above ready to snap me as I came up. I determined not to be snapp'd under any circumstances if I could possibly help it, but how to avoid him I could not for the life of me tell. His age was so great that his' under jaw was entirely covered with barnacles and sea-weed, and he was no doubt thinking what a delicious meal a white man would make him. The mind works rapidly in such situations, and while he was indulging in his speculations I had crept around to the other side of a huge bolder in front of me, but unfortunately, when I looked towards the surface again, there was the same old fellow grinning, it seem'd to me over what he considered my folly in attempting to avoid him.

My breath was fast giving out, and how to get rid of him I knew not. Suddenly I conceived the idea of muddying up the water by stirring up the bottom, thus blinding the monster, and then taking my chances of avoiding him. No sooner thought than executed, and walking rapidly quite a distance from that spot, I commenced my ascent. My tactics no doubt surprised the shark, but he recovered his presence of mind, if I may call it such, and, just as I neared the surface and got above the muddy water, he spied me. He no sooner saw me than he went for me, and you may guess I went for the boat.

The natives had become rather alarmed at my prolonged stay, and

were on the *qui vive* for my appearance. The shark reached the boat just behind me, and his jaws came together with a snap as I was being hauled into the boat regardless of shins or anything else. If I should take off my boot and stocking on my left foot, you would see that the little toe and the one next were missing, and if it had not been that a shark's jaws are providentially situated on his lower side, forcing him to turn over in order to use them from above, I would probably have been at this moment hobbling around on a pair of cork legs, even if I had been here at all, which is very doubtful.

You may rest assured it was my last experience at pearl-diving for I never had the least desire to repeat it.

Written for the Bluenose.

## TROUT FISHING.

BY H. L. W.

In genial spring beneath the quivering shade,  
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead;  
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,  
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;  
With looks unmoved he hopes the scaly breed,  
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.—Pope.

Who has not indulged in the healthy and exciting pastime of fishing; those blissful excursions that pass away so rapidly, and are filled with so much pleasure; the keen enjoyment of those spring morning walks; such bracing weather that raises the young anglers' spirits to an exhilarating degree, as with rod in hand and pipe in mouth, he gaily foots it o'er the road to tempt the flashing trout to seize the gaudy fly; this is rare enjoyment indeed, and well calculated to refresh the mind and body; a thing so beneficial to dwellers in cities, where one is continually confined in close offices and stores.

As the augler proceeds on his

journey, the various charms of Nature unveil their beauties to his view, all the loveliness of spring bursts upon his senses like a bright vision, he experiences a delight that cannot be explained; the woods seem to be alive with harmonious music, the birds gaily flitting about from tree to tree, their sweet melody, as Cowper has it

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day; and we may add, cheers the angler also, for as he catches up the spirit of the scene, his voice bursts forth in song, and his happiness is complete.

But now the broad, blue lake comes in view, and his musing subsides to a more practical form as his eye takes in the surroundings, with its shaly trees and grassy banks all clothed in verdant green.

'Tis a goodly scene—  
You river like a silvery snake, lies out,  
His coil 't' th' sunshine lovingly; he  
breathes,  
Of freshness in this land of flower  
meadows.

The water glides over the pebbly bottom, with a soft murmuring noise, ever tranquilly flowing onward. The angler now selects a good position, and preparer his line with deftly made flies, having properly fastened, he gently drops them, and they float up stream as if they were imbued with life. He—already have the well played flies deceived, there is a sudden strain and he seeks out hastily to allow the prize exhaust itself in desperate struggles to break away but it has changed its tactics and comes dashing suddenly back; 'tis quick work to reel in the slack line, but the fish is now getting exhausted and the angler is enabled to bring it safely ashore where it lies panting in all its speckled beauty. From the bank it is transferred to the basket.

Thus the angler fishes on till the setting of the sun proclaims the day is done, and as the twilight deepens around him, he shoulder-

his heavily laden basket, and proceeds homewards, to rest and sleep—sleep made doubly refreshing by the sport of the day.

In these flowery meads would be;  
These crystal streams should solace me;  
To whose harmonious bubbling noise;  
I with my angels would rejoice.

Issue Walton.

For the *BLUENOSE*.

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

BY H. L. W.

Oft in the stillly night,  
When I lie dreaming,  
I awake with sudden fright,  
To hear ton. cats screaming.

Felines of all degrees  
Howling in chorus,  
Robbing all sleep and ease,  
Anger comes o'er us.

Projectiles are in demand,  
Odd bricks and loots,  
Anything that comes to hand,  
To stop those howling brutes.

Howls from the shades below  
Seem to grow stronger,  
Human nature tortured so  
Can stand it no longer.

Down with the trusty gun,  
Ready for action:  
Bang! there, already one  
Is blown to distraction.

Good, load it up again,  
Once more we'll pelter;  
Stop! it were work in vain,  
They've flown, helter-skelter.

Thank Heaven they're gone,  
In bed we dive once more,  
Awa till the early dawn  
We musically snore.

Halifax, N. S.

The *Comet*, La Crosse, Wis.,  
is a splendid publication.

## OUR YOUNG Ladies' Portfolio.

Edited by . . . "Cassius."

The lady readers of the *YOUNG BLUENOSE* are invited to contribute items of interest to this dep't.

Address all communications to I. N. Halliday, Berwick Station, N. S.

To the Young Lady Readers of the *Bluenose*:

Your respected editor, "X. L. C. R." electrified us on Thursday, June 6th, by a request, per postal card, to prepare MSS. for this column before next day's mail.

Now in justice to ourselves we state that we had not before given the idea of controlling a department in the estimable "*Bluenose*"—much less a "*Ladies' Portfolio*"—more than a passing thought. And as we had received no instruction from your editor concerning the nature of the contents, what to prepare is a conundrum to us,—a conundrum which, however, we hope to solve as our acquaintance ripens into intimacy.

Though it has always been our high ambition to please the fairest sex, we feel at this critical period entirely incapable of "preparing something to please" as "X. L. C. R." requested, nor have we time to use brains or scissors this month but shall endeavor to be prepared in the future.

But we would emphatically remark that the apostrophe in "*Ladies*" denotes possession; (i. e.) this is *your* Portfolio and you are to use it.

Webster defines the word "*Portfolio*" thusly: "A case to keep loose papers in," and we may infer from this that you are expected to contribute largely.

We are but to hold the case, you to fill it.

Ask lots of questions, and we shall endeavor to answer, or leave

the mystery for others to solve; write your opinions on any subject you wish; tell us how highly you esteem the *BLUENOSE*; and, in short, you must put the Portfolio to such uses as you wish.

As we probably address "young ladies" of varied ages, we shall expect varied correspondence, but we shall be impartial. In conclusion, we feel it our duty to state briefly that, firstly, we are not a "young lady," though we style ourself "Cassie-us," secondly, we are extremely young and inexperienced, and too much must not be expected; and, thirdly, ladies are requested to send their names—in confidence—with all communications.

*Au Revoir,*

"CASSIUS."

LOOSE PAPER, No. 1.

To the young lady who sends us the largest number of words made from the word

### SEMINARY,

using no letter twice and no proper names, we shall be happy to send a large steel engraving; for the second largest, a pretty chromo.

All lists to be in by Aug. 1st.

Does the Eastern Amateur Press Association (which was recently organized at Philadelphia, Pa.) admit to membership amateurs residing in Nova Scotia? Will some of our exchanges published in Eastern United States enlighten us on this subject!

Now plant lager.—*Puck*.

And a dead beat will come up.—*Norristown Herald*.

Why didn't you say, dead beat will turnup?—*Nymph*.

Will they lettuce turnup a dead beat? Next!

# THE Young Bluenose.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

George E. Frye, { Editors, Publishers,  
Hudley A. Grant, } and Proprietors.

Subscription, 25 cents per annum. 15 cents for six months, postage prepaid. Cash invariably in advance.

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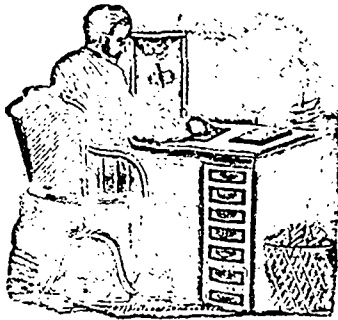
Special Notice.—All yearly subscriptions begin with Vol. I, No. 1. If we cannot furnish back numbers, the number of months deficient will be reduced from the subscription.

Address all communications,

THE YOUNG BLUENOSE,

Box 58,

Halifax, N. S.



## MAN'S INVENTIVE GENIUS.

It has been truly said that "we live in an age of wonders." The numerous appliances of steam to the various modes of locomotion, the chaining of the electric flash, the catching of the shadows and photographing them upon paper; together with the many other inventions of the past, have caused us to wonder in astonishment.

Nor does man's inventive genius stop here; not satisfied with what has been accomplished, he is continually making improvements, ever on the alert, until at last new inventions are almost every day occurrences.

The latest and what we consider the most wonderful inventions of the age, are the Telephone, Phonograph and Aerophone.

The Telephone is an invention of a Mr. Bell, a native of Scotland. The Phonograph and Aerophone are the inventions of Thomas Alva

Edison, a native of Milan, Erie county, O., born February 11, 1847, and is only 33 years, quite a young man.

The following description of his personal appearance, we clip from an exchange, the *Snowflake*, and as it may prove interesting to many of our readers we give it in full:

"He is a man about five feet ten inches high, with a thin face, high cheek bones and lean, long neck. He would not be picked out from a crowd as a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and he the person whom a bank steerer would be likely to take into his confidence. Time he evidently considers too valuable to waste on personal decoration, for his boots have not been blackened this week, and, although he is ostensibly whiskerless, his beard has had about a five days' growth. His hair is of a chestnut brown, and I judge he cuts it himself, for it stands up in anxious way all over his head, with a striking tendency forward, and at the crown it stiffly radiates like the thorny top of a pineapple. There is a quid of tobacco in his cheek. His mouth is sensitive, the blue veins show on his hands and the fingers flutter as if each had an intelligent purpose; but the only feature that would immediately attract the attention of a stranger as worth a second look is his keen, deep, eager gray eye, which reveals the intensity of the man. This is Thomas Alva Edison."

The Phonograph is so constructed that it will repeat distinctly all sounds spoken in it, by simply turning a handle or crank, in fact, any sentence or sound spoken in it can be repeated at pleasure innumerable times. In a few years people will wonder how we ever got along without it. We have not space to give a lengthy description of it or its various uses, but will give a short account of the Aerophone. In construction it is much simpler than the Phonograph. By speaking into it the vibrations opens and closes a valve in the steam pipe, and thus gives to the

whistle the articulations of the human voice in tones so loud as to be heard 4 miles.

It is almost impossible to conceive an adequate idea of these wonderful inventions by reading an account of their usefulness.

The old adage, "seeing is believing," is the only remedy.

Besides these, Edison has invented numerous others, we may mention the electro-natalograph, the stock reporter, the automatic system, the chemical recorder, the speaking telephoto (an improvement on Bell's patent,) and the electric pen.

If his inventive genius continues as active in the future as it has been in the past, we may have the pleasure of chronicling a few more inventions.

## PUZZLEDOM.

At last it has become our painful duty—as puzzlers—to take up the cudgels and assume a defensive attitude in the interests and advancement of that fascinating and instructive, astime, puzzling.

Puzzledom within the last few years has made rapid strides toward perfection, puzzle papers have sprung into existence, puzzle columns have been the ruling passion and puzzlers have made their *debut* from all portions of—we were going to say the world, but will curtail that somewhat by saying America and Canada, in fact, it has extended its influence from Atlantic to Pacific.

But in these latter days, puzzling has become the favorite theme upon which the average amateur editor has given vent to his feelings until at last it has become a threadbare subject.

It is *needless* to relate that we do not intend to *mend* it by *patching* up from what others have said but shall endeavor to give our candid opinion.

We were initiated into the mys-

series of the "art" long before the *Bluenose* was thought of, in fact, the *Bluenose* owes its existence to puzzling. We have received a great many notes advising us to give up the puzzle column, but we have considered the matter carefully and the conclusion we came to was this: give up the puzzle column, why give up the paper, it is the backbone of the paper, and as long as we have ten fingers, "Intricate Idens" will flourish.

We relish puzzling. It is our favorite pastime. Many a long, weary hour have we passed sitting in our sanctum, and by the dim light of two lamp, our fingers crooked and cramped, have we solved a few "Hidden Thoughts," or constructed a few hard 'uns to try the patience of "ye mystic knights."

Having spread ourselves sufficiently over this subject, we will come to a somewhat abrupt conclusion by propounding the following puzzle:

To certain Amateur Editors with our compliments.

VEREN BUMLERG HWTTCO SACUE.  
P.S.—If the cap does not fit do not wear it.

**Editorial Effervescences.**

—If you have not seen the *Kazpr* send 3 cent stamp for a copy to this office.

—The sketch, "Trout-fishing," was written for the May number, but was too late for insertion.

—We were made the recipients of one of those Autograph Albums advertised in another column; they make a neat present for your "animated sugar plum" or a small memento of friendship, in fact, we could enumerate a thousand and one uses, but as our space is limited, we'll curtail them. Send for one and live happy, or by obtaining an agency in a few years you

can live on the interest of your money.

—Alas! Alas!! Our intended visit to that great and beautiful City of Boston vanished like snow before the sun, and here we are still in the city of our birth, sitting by the open window of our sanctum, and as the cool, invigorating breeze sweeps past, we exclaim, "this is a perfect paradise."

—Geo. W. Hancock of the *Club* seems to be the "Daddy" on puns. Bub managed to get hold of a copy of the paper the other day and we really thought he'd never stop laughing.

—An entertainment was recently given before a few highly colored brethren in which they billed the performance as an "Ice Cream Entertainment." The result was that they had a full house, but what was the mortification of the audience when they were informed that this entertainment was to consist entirely of vocal and instrumental music, in fact, it was an *I'se scream* affair. There was a great deal of *cold* feeling among the audience, we can assure you.

Written for the *BLUENOSE*.  
**POOR TOM CAT.**

BY A. T. B.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As creeping o'er the fence there past  
A something I made out at last  
To be a Tom Cat.

And then for sure, another look  
At this strange animal I took  
But he was there 'safe as a book.'  
Poor Tom Cat.

Yes, there he stood, as "boïd as brass,"  
And looking like a solid mass.  
So innocent, alas! alas!!  
Poor Tom Cat.

Altho' his spine it had a bend,  
He little thought how near the end—  
He did not mean us to offend,  
Poor Tom Cat.

For quietly I found a stone  
And let fly at his spinal bone.  
And down he dropped without a groan.  
Poor Tom Cat.

And now no more the murmuring sound  
Of that glorious "mew" we'll hear around,  
For I buried him 'neath the "cold, cold ground."  
Poor Tom Cat.

And I said to myself now this is hard,  
As I dug him a grave in our back yard,  
And I whistled the last notes of the "Mulligan Guard."  
O'er that Poor Tom Cat.

I wonder if Angels o'er his head,  
Will ever a tear of pity shed,  
As they silently gaze on the face of the dead  
Old Tom Cat.

Halifax, N. S.

**TOBIAS BOTTLES.**

BY SKINFLINT, JR.



Tobias Bottles, the subject of this sketch, was an exceedingly mischievous youth, which he ex-

hibited from his earliest infancy.

The inhabitants of the village where he resided were so well acquainted with him and his history that he went by the name of Botts. Several times we are afraid that an exasperated villager indulged in a more forcible expression toward him.

On the 21st of June—the day we *Bluenoses* celebrate—the villagers noticed that Botts was in a thoughtful, sober mind, and they feared that he was conjuring up some diabolical plot to disturb their peaceful slumbers, but not so, our hero had just invested in a T. D. pipe, a plug of Tobacco and a few other delicacies of the season, as he intended having a good time.

The reason of Botts' strange conduct was this. He had been to the city and got initiated into the mysteries of the filthy weed, and he intended having a smoke all to himself.

About 10 o'clock A. M. he started for the woods so as to be a respectable distance from the parental roof.

We will not tire the reader with too long an account, suffice it to say, that he went, and the sensation he experienced was anything but pleasant.

The weed did not agree with his stomach, the delicacies ceased to be delicious and our hero felt very uncomfortable.

He did not venture home until the shades of night had fallen, when, tired out and miserably sick he threw himself upon his crib and soon was in the Land of Nod. at any rate, he did not stay in the Land of Nod, as the sick feeling in his stomach caused him to awake, and as he lay tossing and moaning, the idea struck him—infllicting no damage—that there was a bottle of Pain Reliever on the shelf in the pantry, so up he jumps and makes a bee line for that bottle. After fumbling about ten

minutes in the dark, his search was not rewarded and with feelings of sorrow he started for bed. As he moved his hand, it came in contact with a smooth substance, and to his relief, found it to be a bottle.

Hearing the sound of an approaching footstep, he hastily took a long draught. But, O! horror! what was his intense disgust to find that he had swallowed about half a pint of Brunswick Black.

After much spitting and washing of his mouth, he managed to navigate his way to bed, and once more was in the Land of Nod.

As he sat at the Breakfast table next morning, his parents gazed upon him with astonishment, an explanation followed as also a lecture from his "dad."

Botts does not like "Bacey" now worth a cent, and he always celebrates the 21st of June.

The following portrait represents the features of Jonas Bottles, a brother to Tobias. Our space is too limited to give the readers of the *Bluenose* the biography of this worthy minister,—for he is a preacher of the Gospel,—but let his portrait suffice for the present. Hang it up in your chamber, and, surely, pleasant dreams will be the result. Here's the portrait.



This is Jonas's dog.



Jonas says he pays a yearly license of ten dollars for keeping this canine, but as Jonas was never known to give him a morsel of food, but prefers to let the poor creature starve, we rather doubt the assertion.

From the Eastern Sunbeam.

### KISSING AT THE GATE.

BY RETLAW.

Let lovers think, and talk and write  
Of wandering 'long the shore,  
Of writing names in shifting sands  
Or hark'ning to the roar.  
Of pleasures gained in such a walk  
I've often heard them prate.  
And yet, I know there's twice the  
joy,

In "kissing at the gate."

I've walked along the river bank,  
And watched its rippling face,  
I've sat within the shadowy dell,  
Or roamed from place to place;  
I've watched her truly queenlike  
form  
And waited till quite late,  
Ere I would give a fond farewell,  
By "kissing at the gate."

A Spanish proverb, quaint and old,  
I never new to miss;  
It says, "a man is half in Heaven  
When woman yields a kiss."  
The man who spoke those truthful  
words,

Had sure a loving mate;  
He must have oft enjoyed the sport  
Of "kissing at the gate."

"Life's a dream, an idle fancy;"  
True, and here is more,  
There is little in this world of ours  
To heal the heart that's sore.  
But ah! there is a something,  
If you try ere it's too late—  
A beauteous, true and loving girl,  
And "kissing at the gate."

# INTRICATE IDEAS.

Interesting and Instructive

Edited by - - - X. L. C. R.

All communications relative to this department must be addressed to Geo. E. Frye, Box 58, Halifax, N. S.  
Answers to puzzles respectfully solicited. Contributions always in demand.

## ANSWERS

1. — PAVEN  
TAPET  
TIARA  
CLAIM  
MYRR I
15. — Fish-meal.  
16. — BASALT  
ACCRUE  
SCAMPS  
ARMPIT  
LUPINE  
TESTER
17. — PANEL  
PETER  
TAMED  
RAYED  
CARED
18. — P.a.k.
19. — Vespriary.
20. — Cow, hen at, goat, horse.

Now, dear puzzlers, two months have flown since we had the pleasure of placing "Intricate Ideas" before you. We want a spirited contest this month, as we are endeavoring to animate our puzzling fraternity to a sense of their duty.  
X. L. C. R.

## 21. — CHARADE.

Respectfully Dedicated to "Dick Shunary," by "Wells."

A state of union is my whole,  
My second is to win,  
My third a female is for sure—  
To tell you is no sin.  
I hope first, second, third esteem—  
Nay third love second long;  
When we my total be for life  
How joyful then my song.  
Smith's Cove. N. S.

## 22. — KNIGHTS' SPRING.

By O. P. Q.

O O N L U S O N  
O O W H C D H T  
E H U A F E E N  
R I O N P I H T  
F V Y R S I V V  
T P I M T U H G  
E N A S L C E E  
P A R O R R I E

South Rowdon, N. S.

## 23. — MALTESE CROSS.

By "Dick Shunary."

o o o o o  
o o o o o  
o o o o o  
o o o o o  
o o o o o  
o o o o o

Top: a device, an animal; a consonant

Bottom: intervening; a water newt; a vowel.

Left side: a man's name; a Roman measure; a vowel.

Right Side: tiny; a liquor; a consonant.

Centrals, across: an iron ring.

Down; fury.

Newport Station. N. S.

## 24. — DIAMOND.

By D. S. Namor.

A consonant, knowledge, a stone, a planet, net working, a meadow, a consonant.

Halifax, N. S.

## 25. — LOGOGRIP.

By Nutmeg.

Complete. I am a frame.

Change my head and I become successively: supplied, conducted, a boy's nickname, a tint, to spread and to unite. Restore to first, change my tail and I become successively: an insect, to ask, a fruit, to stake and a title. Restore to first, change my centre and I become successively: ill, to offer, and part of a plant.

Danbury, Conn.

## 26. — DIAMOND.

By Reggie Ray.

A letter from Scotland, accomplished, to shape, afflicted, blasted, slandered, musical instruments, conducted, a letter from Scotland.

Hodgdon, Me.

## SPECIAL PRIZES.

No. 23. — For first correct solution, two Motto Cards. Second, a bundle of Amateur Papers.

No. 26. — A pretty chromo.

In addition to the above, we will give 50 cents for first correct solution to No. 22, and an amateur book for first solution to No.

24.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

"D'Artagnou" answered Nos. 17, 18, 20.

H. L. W. answered Nos. 15, 18, 20.

"R. A. B. N." answered Nos. 17, 18, 20.

"Wells" answered Nos. 15, 18.

"Quip" answered Nos. 18, 20.

PRIZE AWARD was as follows: H. L. W. won prizes offered for Nos. 18 and 20. "R. A. B. N." No. 17. None of the other prizes were won.

## CHAT-CHAT.

Ellsworth. — Could you visit us occasionally? We would be happy to have you contribute, either as a solver or a batch of "Ideas."

X. N. Trick. — Why don't you resurrect "Our Puzzle Box?" Has it been used for kindling wood?

Reggie Ray. — Please pardon our negligence in not writing sooner. Thanks for flattering in your puzzle column.

## X. L. C. R.'s

# Puzzle Portfolio.

Filled by X. L. C. R.

This department will contain short selections, spicy news, puzzle and puzzlers' proceedings, interesting items and sanctum sketches from a puzzle editor's diary.

The *Puzzler* has suspended.

"Titus Marx" intends to issue a puzzle journal to be called *The Sphinxiana*.

The *Mazy Masker* comes all the way from San Francisco and is indeed the representative paper of American puzzledom.

"Ellsworth" edits three puzzle columns, one in the *Religious Intelligencer*, one in the *Torch* and another in the *St. Croix Courier*.

We have seen the two former and can say that they are edited in an able manner. He has quite a cove of puzzlers. If any of our puzzlers should wish to send him a few contributions, they can do so by addressing, "Ellsworth," P. O. Box 3421, Boston, Mass.

In looking over a file of the



*Alliance Journal*, we find that Geo. M. Sweet, better known to the puzzle fraternity as "Dick Shunary," was the pioneer of Puzzledom in Nova Scotia, he being the first to originate and edit a puzzle column, which appeared in the *Journal* of Feb'y 9th, 1876.

The first puzzle is from the pen and brain of one who signs himself "By Jimminy," but as no place of residence is given it is impossible to give it.

We also notice the *noms de plume* of "Reclab" and "Templar." The former was one of Scotia's best puzzlers, as Dick Shunary remarks in his "Chat" to him, "you must be a born puzzler."

(Continued in next.)

## Whittier's Review.

Books, papers, &c., if sent to the following address, will receive an extended and impartial review.

Edward W. Frye,  
17 Edinboro' St.,  
Boston, Mass.

—As this page of the *BLUENOSE* goes to press. (July 19.) we learn that Wm. T. Hall of Chicago was elected President of the National Amateur Press Association, and A. J. Huss, Vice President. It seems very strange that Hall secured the Presidency, for he had about the poorest paper support of any candidate. As Kendall had business to attend to that detained him at Boston, this gentleman was surely defeated, and taking this fact in consideration, we thought that Hancock, positively, would rule the day.

THE EGYPTIAN STAR, CAIRO, ILL.—Some several months since the City of Cairo was known to have half a dozen papers published within her borders, but alas, only

the *Star* visits our domicile now, the Post Office Officials having banished the remainder from the city. The number before us—April—consists of fourteen pages. "The Flower," a poem by Nameless, is grand, noble, and the sketch, "Light-houses", by Rere, does credit to its author. "Mardi Gras" is a humorous sketch which we enjoyed reading. The *Star* has nearly five pages of good editorial matter, which at once places the paper as a leading amateur journal.

THE PHOENIX, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—We gladly welcome the *Phoenix* into our sanctum, for, with its eight, large pages of excellent original matter, it certainly holds the enviable position as being one of the best papers in amateurdom. "Queenie," a bright, young lady of Halifax, contributes an "Ode to the Sea," which is excellent and is deserving of more than a passing thought. Richard Gerner's sketch is good, as is also Buckley's serial. The editor occupies two pages describing a visit to his native land,—Halifax. The editorial in question is splendidly written, conciseness being the beauty of it. The *Phoenix* is Official Organ of the Metropolitan Amateur Journalists' Club, a body recently organized at New York City. The Club assembled at a hall on the evening of July 17th, a despatch from the Chicago convention being a notable feature of the meeting. The *New York Sun* says that one hundred youthful journalists were present.

INDEPENDENT TIMES, NEWARK, N. J.—This journal enlarged with its July issue and is now New Jersey's representative. The printing is executed in colors, in honor of the "Glorious Fourth." "Lottie" is an excellent sketch,

written by that far-famed author Richard Gerner. The leading editorial is splendid, and by the items which follow, we presume that Frank is a rather humorous fellow. By the report of the New Jersey Amateur Press Association, which appears in the *Times*, we come to the conclusion that the convention far surpassed the late convention of the New England Amateur Journalists' Association.

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