

MORE STYLE IN EVIDENCE AT HOUSE OPENING IN OLD DAYS

(Halifax Recorder.)

There was more style in connection with the opening of the Nova Scotia Legislature three-quarters of a century ago than there is now. For instance, on Thursday, the 21st January, 1847, there was a procession from Government House to the Province Building at the opening of Parliament on that day. Sir John Harvey was Lieutenant Governor and General Commanding the Troops. The Recorder of that date says:

Previously to the opening of the Session, the following General Order was issued, and the arrangements appointed therein were followed on the occasion, excepting—that the Quartermaster General of Militia was absent, in consequence of the recent decease of a near relative, and the procession was led by the Chaplain of the Garrison, the Rev. T. J. Twining, D. D.

"It being the intention of the Lieut. Governor to open the Provincial Legislature on Thursday next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the Commandant will be pleased to direct that a Guard of Honor, with its band and Regimental Colors, shall be formed at five minutes before that hour at the Provincial Building for the purpose of receiving His Excellency, and that a Company, complete in its number of officers, etc., shall be formed at one-quarter before that hour to line the hall and stairs leading to the Council Chamber, which

will pay the accustomed honor to His Excellency on passing. The Commandant, the Field and Staff Officers of the Garrison and heads of Military Departments will be pleased to attend.

Order of Procession.

Major of Brigade of Militia.
Major of Brigade.
Provincial Aide-de-Camp.
Aides-de-Camp—(Junior preceding.)
Surgeon General of Militia.
Paymaster General of Militia.
Quartermaster General of Militia.
Adjutant General of Militia.
Assistant Military Secretary.
Deputy Quartermaster General.
His Excellency the Lieut. Governor and Lieut. General Commanding.
The Commandant, Col. Calder, R. E.
Lieut. Colonel Jackson, R. A.
Deputy Commissary General.
Lieut. Colonel Nesbitt, 60th Rifles.
Lieut. Colonel Thorp, 89th Regt.
Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals.
Major Watson, 14th Regt.
Major Crombie, 60th Regt.
Major Lewis, 89th Regt.
Major Newman, 14th Regt.
The Ordnance Storekeeper.
The Garrison Barrack Master.
Major Burmester, R. E.
Major Sir James E. Alexander, 14th Regt.
Major Graham, 89th Regt.
The head of the procession to leave Government House at two o'clock.

(Sleighs or carriages with one horse or two abreast only.)

The Staff Officers who precede, on arrival at the Provincial Building, will await the Lieut. Governor's arrival, and then precede His Excellency up the stairs in the appointed order, and will place themselves on the right of the Chair. The Commandant and Field Officers of the Garrison and heads of Military Departments, etc., will also follow His Excellency in the order prescribed, and arrange themselves on the right of the Chair.

The procession returning observing the same order.

The Commanding Officer of Royal Artillery will be pleased to cause the salute to be fired."

Exactly at two o'clock His Excellency's arrival at the Legislative Council Chamber was announced by a salute of artillery from Fort George, and the members of the Assembly were forthwith commanded to attend him there. And in they walked, preceded by the Chaplains—looking in fine, robust health, with manners indicating high respect for the illustrious General, Her Majesty's representative, but, as we thought, not unwilling to show that they breathed the air of British liberty; and though quite anxious respectfully and carefully to consider whatever suggestions His Excellency might have to offer, yet had opinion as well as rights of their own. All parties being fully prepared, His Excellency read his speech from "The Old Arm Chair," which is usually called The Throne."

The present generation has not the pleasure of witnessing such a demonstration at the opening of our Legislature.

ADMIRING HER OWN WORK.

I am an admirer of pretty fancy work and do quite a lot of it. I presented my girl friend with a centerpiece at a bridal shower and some time later visited her in her home.

The centerpiece was on the table and forgetting it was the one I had given her remarked, "O, isn't this a beautiful piece of work!"

Imagine my embarrassment when she replied "Yes, I think so. It's the one you gave me."

"I do hope that you keep your cows in a pasture," said Mrs. Newlywed, as she paid the milkman.
"Yes'm," replied the milkman, "of course we keep them in a pasture."
"I'm so glad," gushed Mrs. Newlywed. "I have been told that pastured milk is much the best."

TRAVELLER PRAISES CHARMS OF TOULON; GUIDE BOOKS DO SEAPORT RANK INJUSTICE

Toulon has suffered much injustice from writers of travel booklets, and from tourists who regard it merely as a rather disagreeable place where one may have to change trains and eat a hurried lunch, but which one leaves as soon as possible. This in fact was my own view of it on first acquaintance before several visits showed me its varied charm, writes Lillian Tingle in the Portland Oregonian.

Toulon crouches between the towering chalky fortified crags, Mount Faron and Mount Coudon, beside its marvelous blue harbor. The streets are narrow and winding, the houses tall and old. The sanitary arrangements seem mostly "pure eighteenth century."

You skip across gutters of soap suds and dish water, discharged directly into the street. In many streets there is no sidewalk. In others it is so narrow that two persons cannot pass on it, and you must close your umbrella if a street car comes around the corner. I had to do so twice. Also I saw the meeting of a very fat policeman and a motor bus. Each occupied a good deal of the street but the policeman, being after all, still a little smaller than the motor bus, had to give way and backed into a wide doorway to let the bus go by.

There are, of course, some wide modern boulevards and squares, but not many. A line of villas, set in gardens of palm trees and orange trees and masses of gay flowers, runs along the narrow space between mountain and sea, outside the busier part of the city.

There are fortifications everywhere, on the outskirts and on the towering crags. There are huge barracks where you see gay good-natured black-skinned Senegalese troops, and smart chasseurs Alpins in their drooping berets.

Many Sailors on Streets.

Of course, you see sailors everywhere since Toulon belongs primarily to the navy; and if you are interested in such matters, you can hire a boat to take you to see the warships in the navy section of Toulon's wonderful harbor.

The streets that do not "wind about and in and out" run mostly down hill to the water front. You find Toulon's water front is different from any you have seen. There is a very wide paved promenade with good cafes and restaurants and all kinds of shops on one side; closely packed boats on the other, crowds of people in between, and the blue sea beyond.

The tall old buildings round the quay as well as the boats and the moving crowds are full of color and it is a gay and charming scene, the "front door" of the city.

Fete Lures Miss Tingle.

I was lured to Toulon a second time by the report that there was to be a week's "fete gastronomique" in the public gardens, where there would be exhibits of all the good things to eat in which Provence is so rich, while hotels and restaurants would make a point of serving famous old characteristic dishes of Provence. This seemed to deserve investigation.

A friend who knew and loved Toulon advised me to go in the early morning hours to see the markets which, starting from a quaint plane tree shaded mossy old fountain in the Place Puget, wanders in thickly clustered stalls, through several winding streets to another old square, most on the water front and culminates in a seventeenth century market hall entirely devoted to fish.

It was a glorious blue and gold morning. We thought we were early but already the market was in full swing and the space in the middle of the street, between the stalls, was solidly packed with soldiers and sailors, housewives and cooks, huge baskets, string bags and pet dogs.

You trip over the leading strings of the dogs, while stout elbows and sharp basket corners prod you on all sides and you have to say, "Pardon madame" at every step.

It is very warm and the air is full of mixed odors of flowers (these predominate, thank goodness!), cheeses, garlic, cabbages, sweet herbs, fried cakes, chocolate, roasting coffee and fish.

The flowers are glorious and you can will your arms and basket for a few cents. But don't be rash. Buy a few clove carnations to hold to your nose and go on. This is only the beginning.

The "stalls" are of all shapes and sizes ranging from an Isabella colored handkerchief spread on the curb, with a bunch of roses, a few beans and a little pile of edible snails on it; or half a dozen artichokes, a string of garlic and a bunch of wild flowers, or even stranger small assortments of

garden produce, to a small hand barrow or donkey cart piled with eggs and vegetables of a smart, brightly painted traveling grocery with many shelves, gay striped awnings and more kinds and shapes of "pasta" (macaroni, vermicelli, etc.) than you believe possible.

Every kind of vegetable you have ever eaten and many that may be new to you—washed, scrubbed and coquettishly arranged, are piled high on stalls and carts.

The fruits are most alluring. Strawberries and cherries (looking almost as good as Oregon berries and cherries) are side by side with luscious peaches and apricots, ripe figs, green almonds, oranges, pears, figs and "home grown" dates.

Roots and Herbs Interest.

We were interested in a stall full of roots and herbs with an old white-capped woman in charge, who looked exactly like a picture by an "old master" in a museum. I counted sixty, eight different kinds of dried herbs and, filled with curiosity, we stopped to chat with the owner and ask their uses.

As Kipling says, "Almost every green thing growing out of the mold was a 'wonderful herb' to our fathers of old," and so many things we call weeds were here for sale.

This one was good for the blood, that for the spleen, this for the kidneys. This would relieve rheumatism that made an excellent "tisane" against bronchitis. Of these, one made a healing salve for sore legs, and of these others a brew to cure fever. "No, these were not for cooking or flavoring," she said; the flavoring herbs be bought over yonder from another white capped witch-like friend; but these herbs of hers were all "real medicine" and very valuable when one had the care of a family, doctors being so expensive.

Supply of Lavender Bought.

I looked about for something I could buy from her, since she had given us so much information, and finally I hit upon some lavender.

"Ah! madame that is so good for headaches! When one uses the brain, how good is a tisane made of lavender!"

(Students preparing for examinations, please take notice!)

Of course, brains, to use, essential. Lavender tea alone won't do everything.

I thought I knew something about cheese; but the cheese stalls offered many previously unknown varieties. Every little district seems to have its own cheese, varying in size, shape, mold, growth and flavor.

The cream cheeses, in little rush baskets, were particularly good, eaten with fresh wild strawberries and a little sugar. Goat cheeses, also hung up to drain in curious shaped conical baskets excited my curiosity, but did not attract me. Quite the contrary.

Varied Provender Found.

Hurrying past these odoriferous stalls, and the stalls filled with joints of beef, sheep and kids, chickens, ducks pigeons, rabbits, mysterious sausages and all kinds of "internal" cuts, from various animals, we came to vendors of fresh olive oil and olives, of fresh tomato "conserves" (ready for spaghetti) of lace, of collar buttons of chocolate biscuits, of a kind of hot corn cake (to be eaten as you walk), of church candles, and of funeral wreaths made of beads.

"Venez vite, madame, venez vite si c'est beau" they called: "Dix sous la livre, madame, pour profiter," they called; but we turned a deaf ear to their blandishments, and went on to the fish market.

Such fish! Some of them more like rainbows than anything earthly. The big ugly "racasse," essential for the famous "bouillabaisse," sharp toothed "sea wolves," and long writhing "sea serpents" and conger eels, plump iridescent mackerel, tiny, shiny silver white bait, lemon soles, the famous tunny fish, skate, "John Dory," lobsters, langousts, prawns, mussels, cuttlefish and octopus.

Octopus Put on Sale.

We saw a well-dressed frockcoated, silk-hatted man buying last named fish and took courage to ask him if it was good. "Excellent," he said; "It should be cooked and eaten with lobster. It turns pink like lobster, and is hardly to be distinguished from it, though much less expensive. It is often used in lobster salad."

"Throw up your hands, I'm going to shoot you."

"What for?"

"I always said if I ever met a man homelier than I, I'd kill him."

"Am I homelier than you?"

"You certainly are."

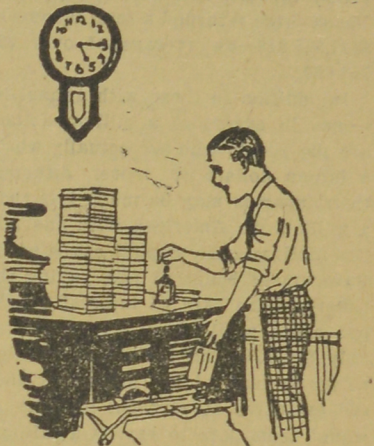
"Well then go ahead and shoot."



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Canadian National Railways

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Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Hardwood Ties" will be received at the office of the General Tie and Timber Agent, Room 802, Canadian National Express Building, McGill Street, Montreal, until 12 noon, Tuesday, October 19th, 1926, for Railway ties to be manufactured from Beech, Oak, Hard Maple, Chestnut and Yellow Birch Timber, cut between October 1st, 1926, and May 1st, 1927, and delivered between January 1st, 1927, and August 1st, 1927. F. O. B. Cars, Canadian National Railways, in accordance with specification S 3 W 1. 2, revised July 15th, 1926, for Number 2 Square sawn Hardwood ties.

Tender forms can be obtained at the office of the Tie Agent at Moncton, and Toronto, or General Tie and Timber Agent at Montreal.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on form supplied by the Railway Company.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. MacLAREN,
General Tie and Timber Agent,
Montreal, Que.

Sept. 28th, 1926.

Canadian National Railways

TENDERS FOR SOFTWOOD TIES

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Softwood Ties" will be received at the office of the General Tie and Timber Agent, Room 802, Canadian National Express Building, McGill Street, Montreal, until 12 noon, Tuesday, October 19th, 1926, for Railway ties to be manufactured from Fir, Hemlock, Jack Pine, Princess Pine, Tamarack and Cedar timber, cut between October 1st, 1926, and May 1st, 1927, and delivered between January 1st, 1927, and September 30th, 1927. F. O. B. Cars, Canadian National Railways, in accordance with specification S 3 W 1. 2, revised July 15th, 1926, for Softwood ties.

Ties of each grade to be loaded separately.

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Tenders will not be considered unless made out on form supplied by the Railway Company.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. MacLAREN,
General Tie and Timber Agent,
Montreal, Que.

Sept. 28th, 1926.

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