The Boul-de-Ville Times.

No. 4.

In the streets it sells like wildfire

It is advertised everywhere

and is largely read by the fire men and policemen

The new women and active read it out bicycling

It is smuggled into the prison

And is eagerly bought at the earliest opportunity

It turns up at strange places and times

and it is read at the club and opera

No. 654324
Otherwise, No 4.

The Bout-de-Ville Times
Summer Number 1895

September 19th 1895.

Births.

On Sunday, September 8th, at Gallina Lodge, Chaplain's Garden, Royal Military College, Camberley, Surrey, the 5th or 6th wife, "Brownie", of Chanticleer Townend Esqr., of Quintuplets, sex uncertain, but one at least supposed to be a representative of its Father. Mother & babes doing well, & already out in the Open. A cradle suited to the wants of the young fledglings, & affording them a run of 8 feet by 4, has been provided by the kind thoughtfulness of Master Harry Wyn-yard. Great praise is due to Bernard Townend Esqr., who has watched over the hatching process with an assiduity beyond the power of pen to express.

~~Also~~ On Friday August 16th, there arrived on the Townend premises a pair of Pigeons, of the Fantail tribe, to which Master Bernard Townend has since acted foster-father, with marked success.

A suitable & commodious Pigeon Cote was erected for their accomodation at the top of the Fowl-House, duly protected against the possible, & probable assaults of Mistress Betsy Bustles Josp, who, being altogether too aristocratic to feast upon mice much less rats, is much & sadly given to birds, & all things feathered.

Deaths.

Fortunately Nil, since the terrible tragedy which caused the death of Jo-tertia, faithful & prolific hen, the property of Master Jolo Townend, some months ago.

Jo-tertia was one of the first members of the Fowl family, established in the Townend paddock. She was the very first to enter on the egg business,

which she carried on, to quote Miss Alice's expression "with zeal & candour". A long list of eggs did she produce, long before any of her companions commenced business, or apparently even thought of it.

A wicked thoughtless boy threw a stick at her, & broke her neck. She was found dying on the road, & her remains were handed-over to Sapper Preece for interment.

N. B. It is rumoured that the Sapper having a sympathetic stomach if not a heart, buried poor Jo-Tertia within the former; so in death as in life she devoted herself to the comfort & pleasure of her fellow-creatures en masse.

In this melancholy column must also be chronicled the sad loss sustained by the Animal-loving Bernard Townend, on Saturday, September 7th.

Having travelled to Reading for an additional pair of pigeons, & having duly laid out his patrimony (more literally his Leily money) on a lovely & promising couple, & having brought the same home to the "happy hunting grounds" of the garden & hen-run, he proved, alas! how easily a hen-run can be converted into a pigeon-run, & how easily pigeons can run from it.

The evidence is somewhat conflicting, but it is to be presumed that the operation of wing-cutting performed by Doctors Barney & Leily, was not as complete & successful as it might have been, & the newly arrived strangers had still sufficient pinion left to enable them to fly back to Reading which they immediately did. At least this is the Sporting Editor's o-pinion.

An illustration of this melancholy surprise will be found in the next column. Also some other pictorial details of our family farmer's daily life, by the pen of our Talented Artist, William Townend Esqr:—

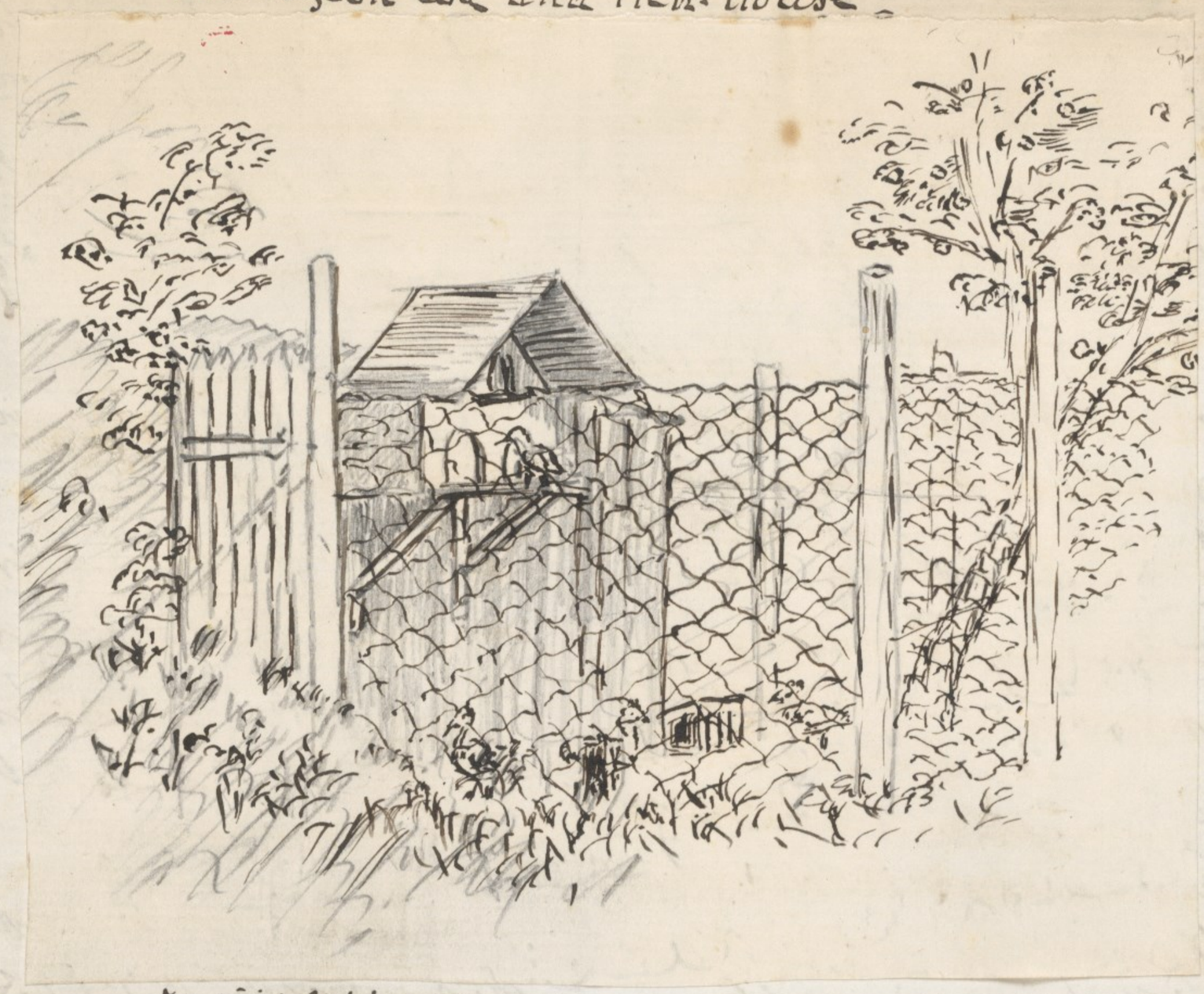
Fyttle 1. Soon come, Soon gone! The Pigeons take to themselves wings

Fyttle 2. Barney findeth a strange Rooster, which he captureth, & throweth over the garden fence.

Fyttle 3. Barney's usual early morning's exercise — chasing the fowls back to their enclosure

Fyttle 4. Barney ministereth to the wants of his youthful family.

The Pigeon-Cote and Hen-House.



The joint artistic effort of Organist & Chaplain, R.M.C.

Personal

The most important event in the history of the Townend family, this Summer has, undoubtedly been the expedition to Halifax, Nova Scotia, undertaken by the Chaplain, his wife, six children, & their faithful nurse, Leily Cameron.

Various details of this eventful journey will be given in the succeeding columns of this issue. Suffice it, in brief, to chronicle here, that the family party embarked on board the Furness Line Steamer "St. John City" on Saturday, May 25th, arrived in Halifax on Friday June 7th, after a very stormy passage, trying alike to temper, & — ahem stomach — spent seven most pleasant weeks on Nova Scotian shores — & returned to the realities of ordinary hum-drum English existence on Wednesday August 7th, — thankful for a holiday all too short, & for immunity, under God's Providence from the many "might have been"s of evil, disaster, accident & loss.

"Hoc olim meminisse juvabit"

The three eldest offspring of the family had five days' interval of holiday & home, in the midst of their Summer Term, as some slight compensation for being left behind, & also to have a parting glimpse of their seafaring relatives. Coming to Sandhurst for one night, they remained four days; & witnessed the R.M.C. Sports, which occupied two days of the four. They had returned from School, & were keeping house for their Parents, when those parents presented themselves at the Chaplain's Quarters.

Since that period, Summer-holiday life has been pleasant but on the whole uneventful. The Father of the family has

After an effort, got into harness again, fallen into the old groove of Services & Sermons, posted the Choir Picnic, straightened the Church Accounts, & conducted sundry of his Sons on various expeditions, London, Aldershot, Reading, &c.

The Mother, after a brief spell of indisposition, after her voyage, has settled down to her usual life of home duties the smallest of which is yet so big with comfort & help to all the members of this Home, from her entertaining her bedroom full of youthful guests at early morning tea, to playing childish games with children going down to bed; besides giving three Picnics on an Island in the Lake, & dispensing hospitality in house & garden to many guests—

William has occupied his holiday hours in Cricket, (which he considers a Graceful pastime, bathing), bicycling and Reading—

Barney, in attending to his family of fowls & rabbits,

Alice in still discussing her Canadian adventures "with zeal & cauchoor!" to her faithful Maimie

Frank, in photography, & sundry escapades with Daddy, from which it may be hoped he has derived a Deal of pleasure,

Jolo principally in carpentering,

Roy in bicycling, & getting into mischief,

Susie & Harry in their usual inseparable pursuit of food.

Gerald, in perfecting himself in the Arts of walking, & investigation.

And so the holidays are drawing to a close.

The Golden Wedding

June 16th was a Sunday.

The Day was specially observed in the afternoon at Mr. & Mrs. Stairs' Residence, 16 South Street, by a gathering of nearly all the branches of the Family—to the number of 45.

The Revd. H. Townend conducted a short Service in the Drawing Room, & said a few words on the special meaning of the Anniversary, & its Lessons—

The following Report appeared in the Halifax "Herald."

REV. MR. TOWNEND'S SERMON.

At Mr. Stairs' residence on Sunday afternoon divine service was held, on which occasion Rev. Mr. Townend preached a sermon of which the following is a summary:

"Of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named."—Ephes III : 15.

First.—God's family in Heaven. There is no reason to suppose that love and friendship will alter or cease after death, or that our identity and personality will end with death. We shall meet again to know each other and care for each other, even as now on earth, only more perfectly and more happily. There will, then, be no misunderstandings, no quarrels, no changes, and, thank God, no separations. The former things will have passed away and amongst them all partings and sorrows, in the glorious and eternal companionship of Heaven.

We know not, it is true, what things God has prepared for them that love Him, and we can leave our future in His hands, Who is gone to prepare a mansion for each of us in His Father's house. But the whole tendency of Scripture, and particularly of our Lord's teaching, is to assure us of this continued personality, identity and communion, one with another, through and after death. Moses and Elias

appear to the three disciples in the Mount of Transfiguration; surely no mere shades, or unsubstantial phantoms, without likeness to the actual Moses or Elias of earthly days. Our Lord assured His little band that they should sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God. Surely these patriarchs will be real persons with real and individual identity, similar to their forms and features while in the flesh! The rich man in hell is represented as seeing Abraham and Lazarus in Paradise and identifying them, particularly, be it noticed, Lazarus whom he had known on earth. Surely our Lord never founded a fiction upon a fiction; surely it cannot be contended that no such recognition could be possible, that Lazarus could not have borne any resemblance after death to that which he bore while lying at the rich man's gate; nay, we will believe that when we wake up after the likeness of our blessed Lord, and with that "likeness" satisfied, we shall have the further likeness to our present form and face, the further satisfaction of being known by and loved by each other, our friendship perfected, our love purified in that place where all friendship and love will be hallowed by the presence of Him in whom we shall be one for evermore.

(2) - Second: *The family on earth.* Christ's household, church, bride, bound to him by sacramental grace. Deriving all life and existence from Him. All the members in communion with each other, as and because they are in communion with him. So prays he for them, "That they may be one, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may know that Thou hast sent me."

So also we are told by His great missionary apostle that the oneness of, and the sympathy between the members of this family, are as perfect as between the members of our earthly body, so that "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." So then must we act and live as brethren united in Christ showing forth this binding tie of love for Christ, and praying for the time when we shall all be actually and visibly united in Him, through Him, with Him, in our common home, the eternal jubilee of glad rejoicing in Heaven.

Third: *The family in Heaven and Earth together* There is nothing in the Bible to hinder a full belief in the perfect communion existing between the saints in Paradise and the members of Christ's church on earth. The angels are represented as continually ministering to Christ and His disciples. Yes, and are ministering to us even now. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto them who are heirs of salvation?" Now note that the only strong argument against a belief in our dear ones departed being permitted to see and visit us in this world they have left, lies in the presumption that such sight and visitation would interfere with the perfection of their happiness, while beholding the sin and misery and continued impenitence of those to whom they ministered. If this were true, then must the angels experience a similar grief. Yet we find no difficulty in believing that their state is one of perfect bliss. Why not trust the happiness of our brethren departed to God's care as implicity as we do in the case of these angelic visitors of ours. Surely pity, tenderness and help are almost necessary ingredients of the happiness of a redeemed disciple of Christ, but the complete separation between this world and the next on which so many well-meaning Christians insist, would deprive Christ's saints of all such blessed means of conveying blessing and of showing forth the love of Christ which is in them! While the great joy of being with Him and for ever safe in His arms, will swallow up all such ideas of grief and mourning, as we associate with the sight of, and contact with, earthly sin and earthly suffering.

"One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death."

And that stream is narrow indeed, or, to change the metaphor, the division between God's host above and His church militant below, is only as the pillar of the cloud between the camp of the Israelites and that of the Egyptians—light on the one side and darkness on the other, and only dark and opaque on this earthly side, where we are.

So will we believe that our gathering this afternoon consists not merely of us who are visibly present, but of those also whom God has taken to Himself from time to time, during these fifty years past—

those

"Whom we have loved long since
And lost awhile."

And so will we walk on in perfect trust, that, no matter how far asunder our earthly paths may henceforth diverge, and no matter how or when death may divide us, as the years go on, we shall still be kept one family, one household, in our Divine Master's love, to meet at last, in actual presence and perfect communion, at the golden jubilee before the throne of God and of the Lamb.

Monday - June 17th - was kept as the Golden Wedding-Day, not only by the Stairs-Morrow-Troop-Toronend households themselves, but by several hundreds of Haligonians, who thronged, from 3 o'clock till 7, in the afternoon, in one continuous stream, through the rooms of 16 South Street, offering their congratulations to the Venerable pair, & lingering, most of them, long & fondly around the huge Wedding Cakes, & 36 Quarts of ice-cream, which vanished & were no more seen.

One of the first Visitors was a very old lady, formerly — and a long past "formerly" it must have been! a governess in Mrs Stairs' family, & who had actually held her as a baby in her arms; & in connection with this, comparatively humble, visitor, it was interesting to notice how many of the poorer, & lower-class community, joined with the rich & influential members of Society in presenting themselves & their congratulations on this memorable occasion. It was no Official Levée — no mere manifestation of polite recognition expected from & rendered by, the fashionable world; — all classes, all ranks, all creeds & denominations were present: — the Roman Catholic Archbishop, the Church of England Dean, the Ministers of the Presbyterian Church, mingled with the crowd — nor were children wanting: a goodly assortment of the many grandchildren of the Golden-wedded Couple, lent a special grace & beauty to the scene; & it would be interesting to know what proportion of the good things eatable, & especially of the aforesaid 3 dozen quarts of ice-cream, found its way into the mouths of these prettily attired young people. Many of the guests noticed with much approbation the zealous efforts of the youthful Stairs & Toronends — not forgetting the Grandson Macdonald,

6

to satisfy the wants of all the visitors particularly in the matter of ices. They went about, did these voluntary young waiters ~~with~~ holding trays covered with strawberry & ginger creams, which they offered assiduously to all who were ice-less; but to a careful observer it was remarka-ble that when only one or two ices were left on a tray, both it & its bearer disappeared for a time, & during that time, a choice band of young people outside, in the garden, remote from observation, received a new contribution, & the tray was emptied, & duly returned for a fresh supply, which again was taken first to the guests, & then re-moved once more with a couple or so of the much loved dainties for private & youthful consumption. Thus came it to pass that one young scion of the Townend race con-fessed to having demolished nine ice creams!

The newspaper reporters shall tell the rest.

The "Echo" Saty June 22nd 1895

EVENT OF THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

WAS THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. W. J. STAIRS.

Some of the Incidents of the Celebration—Tennis Party at Wellington Barracks—The Events of the Holiday—The Glory of the Halifax Ascot Departed—The Wanderers-Garrison Dispute.

The most interesting and enjoyable event of this week was the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Stairs. There were no invitations issued, and the enormous gathering of relatives, friends and acquaintances who called to offer their warm congratulations on the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding day showed indeed the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Stairs are held. Everybody one could mention was there, and a more cheery and better gathering would have been hard to find. Among the guests were some half-dozen who had been present at the wedding fifty years ago: Mrs. Duffus, aunt to Mrs. Stairs; Mrs. Troop, her sister, and Miss Stairs, who is the only surviving sister of Mr. William Stairs.

The arrangements were of course admirable, Mrs. Stairs having long been known as one of the best of hostesses. Tea was served in three rooms, so that all crowding in the tea rooms was avoided, and one of the features of the tea was of course wedding cake. The rooms were very prettily decorated with palms and cut flowers, and innumerable baskets and bunches of the latter had been sent to Mrs. Stairs by her friends.

Mrs. Stairs wore a very pretty gown and looked extremely well as she received her friends. She carried a lovely bouquet hanging on her arm from golden yellow ribbons, and wore a charming little cap with some gold in it. Her daughter, Mrs. Townend was very handsomely dressed in black and gold and received a very hearty welcome to her old home from her many friends after her absence of ten years. All sort of pretty frocks were worn by the guests, for the day was delightful and every one was out in their best to do honor to the occasion. But what I thought one of the prettiest features of the event was the bevy of pretty and daintly dressed grand children who had come with their elders to offer their congratulations to their grand parents. The very tiny ones looked especially pretty, and made quite a large children's party in addition to the grown up ones. The presents received by Mr. and Mrs. Stairs were much admired, and made a very pretty show, for it is not every day that one sees a golden wedding.

It was hard in a way to believed that it was really half a hundred years since the marriage of the host and hostess, so lightly have the years of a well spent life sat on them. Both were untiring on Monday in looking after the well being of their guests, each and all of whom spent an afternoon which will be a land mark in the lives of young and old, for, as I said, a golden wedding is not a frequent occurrence, and this one was in every way particularly delightful.

"Lady Jane" in The "Recorder" June 22nd 1895

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Nearly all Halifax went to No. 19 South Street, the residence of the Hon. Mr. Stairs, on Monday last, to congratulate him and his wife upon having reached their "Golden Wedding." It is a long time for two people to live together, is it not? A lifetime almost. Mr. and Mrs. Stairs look as if they had many years before them still, and one can hardly believe that they have actually been married fifty years. They have had a large family of sons and daughters, and have now somewhere in the neighborhood of forty grandchildren. In this respect, being like our good and gracious Queen, but being unlike her in that there are no great-grand-children. Mr. and Mrs. Townend are both looking remarkably well, and but very little changed since they left here, about fifteen years ago. Mrs. Townend certainly looks young to be the mother of nine children! Three of them are at school in England, and six most beautiful, sturdy girls and boys are here. I do hope we are to hear Mr. Townend either preach or lecture during his stay in Halifax.

not quite 10.

....

The "Evening Mail" June 18th 1895

THEIR GOLDEN JUBILEE.

THE MANY FRIENDS OF HON. W. J. AND MRS. STAIRS

Who Called to Pay Their Respects Yesterday — More Presents and Telegrams—Rev. A. J. Townend's Sermon at the Family Gathering Sunday Afternoon.

The celebration yesterday and the day before of their Golden Wedding by Hon. W. J. and Mrs Stairs, though a matter chiefly interesting to themselves and their numerous relatives, is nevertheless an event which in a community like ours, assumes a degree of public importance. The number of families who keep together and

act together—who stand in the foreground in any walk of life for over nfty years—is necessarily limited. The family of the Hon. William J. Stairs is conspicuously one of that sort. Mr. Stairs' ancestors were Irish, but his own father, William Stairs, and his uncle, John Stairs—father of Lieut. Stairs of Africa fame—were both we believe born in Halifax. Mr. William Stairs, father of William J., who may be called the founder of the present family, was a hardware merchant doing business at the corner of George and Water streets, and William J. became a partner more than fifty years ago. The firm was afterwards augmented by the admission of Robert Morrow, brother to Mrs. W. J. Stairs. As every one knows the firm of Stairs, Son & Morrow, or we should say, Stairs, Sons & Morrow, gradually grew and expanded into its present status and dimensions.

Mr. William Stairs who lived to the age of 75 or 76, was a man of more than ordinary capability. He was a sturdy reformer in politics, a friend of Howe in the fight for responsible government, and a representative for the city of Halifax in our local parliament for some years. He was the chief founder of the Union bank. Mrs. W. J. Stairs was the daughter of John Morrow, an English gentleman, who was head bookkeeper and accountant to his brother-in-law Samuel Cunard. It is safe to say that there is not a commercial house on the continent of America that bears a more honorable record than the firm of Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow.

THEIR GOLDEN JUBILEE.

YESTERDAY'S CALLERS.

The following named called at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stairs, South street, yesterday afternoon. The decorations were very attractive. A table was laid in the large dining hall, loaded with the very best.

The friends of the venerable couple continued calling till 7 o 'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Stairs are both in excellent health, and were untiring, as well as the rest of family, in their efforts to make the afternoon a most enjoyable one for these present.

Among these who paid their respects were the following:

J Taylor Wood
John Pugh
Miss Revett
Mr Scott
The Misses Scott
Mr and Mrs R Boak
Miss L Boak
Miss M A Boak
Mrs A Anderson
The Misses Anderson
Mr and Mrs G M Smith
Mr and Mrs W A Black
Mr and Mrs Fuller
Mrs F J Phelan
Mrs E J Kenny
Mrs W H Bullock
Dr and Mrs Wickwire
Miss Wickwire
Mrs Keith
The Misses Keith
George Mitchell
Mrs G P Mitchell
Miss McColl
Mrs John Stairs
Mr and Mrs C S Harrington
Dr DeWolf
W J Coleman
George E Francklyn
Miss Francklyn
Mrs John Duffus
Miss Grant
Mr and Mrs J C Mackintosh
Miss Black
C A Creighton
Mrs C A Creighton
Mrs Forrest
Edward Goreham
Mrs E Goreham
Miss Caroline Lawson
Mr, Mrs and the Misses Tremaine
Miss Fairbanks
Levi Hart
Mrs Hart
Mrs E G Davies, Dartmouth
Miss K F Prescot, Dartmouth
Miss Ella Creighton
Rev. Mr and Mrs Laing
Miss Clark
Mr Richardson
James W Carmichael, New Glasgow
Miss C E Carmichael, New Glasgow
Mrs H H Read
Mrs Liddell
Miss Meynell
W H Creighton
Dr and Mrs Parker
Dr and Mrs T Milsom
Dr Slayter
Miss Slayter
Mrs Allen
Miss Lewis
Donald Keith
John Duffus
James Mitchell
William Roche, MPP
M S Troop
L P Troop
Mrs R C Howe, Dartmouth
Miss Mott, Dartmouth
Mrs McKay, Dartmouth
E M Stairs
James W Stairs
Mr and Mrs Robertson, Armdale
Miss Robertson
Miss Mollie Robertson
W. G. Robertson.
Mr and Mrs A S Mitchell
Lewis P Fairbanks, Dartmouth
R I Hart
John Starr
Mrs John Starr
Mrs U C Starr
Mrs R H Ross
Miss B C Starr
Miss Starr
Mrs Stayner
Mrs Gordon Andrews, Fenwood
Miss Lawson
E Tupper
Mrs W Johnston
J Donaldson Ritchie
Surgeon-Major and Mrs Dorman
William Twining
Mr and Mrs John H Symons
Mr and Mrs. C. N. S Strickland
Frederick F Coombes
John Warring Creighton
N R Burrows
J R Watson
Mrs R Douglas Clarke
Miss Clarke
Mr and Mrs E L Thorne
R W Fraser
Mrs R W Fraser
W C Silver
Mrs Silver
Mrs W H Harrington
J A H Harrington
Mrs Musgrave
Miss L M Harrington
E G Harrington
Mrs Owens, Annapolis
Dr Bullock
The Misses Bullock
Harry Jones
Mrs Jane Hodgers
E I Macdonald
C C Blackadar
Mrs Blackadar
J T Wylde
Mr and Mrs G J Troop, Dartmouth
Miss Stairs
Mr and Mrs James Morrow
Lt Col and Mrs Stewart
Mr and Mrs Charles Wylde
Mr and Mrs M R Morrow
Herbert Stairs
Mr and Mrs E C Fairbanks
Dr A C Cogswell
Mrs A C Cogswell
Gilbert Stairs
Capt and Mrs R L Hartley
J W S Grant
Dr and Mrs Currie
Mr and Mrs A DeB Tremaine
W Stairs Duffus
Emily Duffus
E C Twining
Mrs Twining
L S Whitman
S Norwood Duffus
Mrs R D Dickson, Dartmouth
C B Burns
W Noel Forbes, Dartmouth
John Priest
Mr and Mrs William Duffus
Mr and Mrs Krabbe
Judge and Mrs Johnston
Rev Mr Willis
J G Greenwood
Miss Henry
Thomas Douglas
John Y and Mrs Payzant
The Misses Payzant
Mrs W H Scott
Miss Annie Macdonald
George H Gordon
Dr and Mrs Dodge
Miss Campbell
Miss Stayner
Geo Foot, Dartmouth
W Symons
Dr and Mrs Farrell
Miss Farrell
Mr and Mrs Fred Jones
Captain and Mrs G S Duffus
Mrs Lyde
Mrs Esson
Mrs Augusta Agnew Brown
Mr and Mrs F W Bullock
Miss M Bullock
Miss Allison
Mr and Mrs R Pickford
F O Robertson
J E Smith
Dr J F Black
Dr and Mrs W Tobin
E J Davys
Mr and Mrs C D Macdonald
Mrs Street
Mrs Fitch
Dr Fitch
Walter G Jones
Mr and Mrs H H Thompson
Mr and Mrs Morrow.
Mr and Mrs S E Guy
Mrs and Miss Payzant
Frank Salter
Archbishop O'Brien
Rev Dr Murphy
Rev Dr Gordon
Mrs Gordon
Miss King
Mrs Peter Ross
Mr and Mrs George Boak
John Duffus
W J Thomson
Mrs J B Oxley
Mrs A H Mackay
W H Wiswell
Mrs Moren
Mrs J B Duffus
W C Harvey
Mrs N Fairbanks
H B Stairs
James Imrie
Dr W B Slayter
Thomas Brown
Mr and Mrs E D Tucker
Mr and Mrs J Wetmore
Maynard Bowman
Augustus Allison
K F Hill
G Christie
C Christie
H Ackhurst
Mrs Alex James, Dartmouth
Miss Janie Murray, Chicago

Miss Emma Murray
Miss L Pryor
Mr and Mrs W A Henry
Guy C Hart
Mr and Mrs Alfred Shortt
Rev C Willis
S J Porter
F H Bell
Allan W Duffus,
Mrs Gilpin
Rev Dean Gilpin
Miss Gilpin
Mrs Gregor
G S Troop
Rev T J Daly
Mr and Mrs John W Stairs
Mr and Mrs Wurzburg
McC Grant
J Willis
Mrs J Taylor Wood
Misses L and N Wood
Edward and Belle Stairs
Mrs and Miss Wainwright
F J Tremaine
Edward G Stairs
Kenneth Stairs
M K Wetherall
Mr and Mrs W E Leverman
Arthur G Troop
Charles Macdonald
Mrs Herbert Stairs
Edith Stairs
Mary Stairs
Miss Ethel M Stairs
Mrs Gavin Stairs
Miss Geraldine S Stairs
Jessie E MacKenzie
George William Stairs
Denis Stairs
Dorothy Stairs
Eric Stairs
Miss Susie J Stairs
W J Stairs, Jr
John F Stairs
James W Stairs
Miss Jean W Stairs
G L and Mrs Stairs
Gordon Salter Stairs
Herbert Morrow Stairs
Joan W Stairs
Olive Mary Stairs
Kathleen Stairs
Cyril Stairs
Hugh Stairs
Rev A J Townend, C F, R M C, Sandhurst
Mrs Townend, Sandhurst
Miss Alice Townend, Sandhurst
Herbert Townend, Sandhurst
Roy Townend, Sandhurst
Susie Townend, Sandhurst
Harry Townend, Sandhurst
Gerald Townend, Sandhurst
Deputy Surgeon General Oliver
Miss Mackay
Miss Mary Mackay, St John's, Nfld
Miss Sutherland
Alexander Stephen
Rev Allan Simpson
Miss Campbell

The following called Saturday, being unable to be present yesterday:

Lieutenant Governor and Mrs Daly
Judge Henry
Archdeacon and Mrs Kaulback
James McGregor
Alexander Thompson.

With regard to the foregoing, be it remarked that the Revd A.J. Townend wrote down the names of his six offspring in the Golden-Wedding Visitors Book, with no idea that said names would be published, but merely that their grandparents might possess the record of their Townend guests in toto — full & complete, even to the 20 months Baby, Master Gerald Arthur, who, by the way, did figure amidst the gay crowd, in gorgeous apparel, & looking as spruce as the best of them.

The Presents

First on the list stands two Silver-gilt Candelabra, bearing each an inscription on a shield, to the effect that they were presented by the Officials of the Union Bank, Mr Stairs being President of this Institution, as his Father was before him.

The Inscription runs "To Mr & Mrs W. J. Stairs on the 50th anniversary of their marriage, from the Officials of the Union Bank of Halifax, June 16th 1895."

Next, follows a gold-handled Umbrella presented by the Directors of the Bank. N.B. The Revd A.J. Townend could better describe, & expatiate upon the merits of, this really costly & handsome present (for he is told that it is both) if he had seen it; but somehow he failed to do so — he knows not how or why.

Next, a massive gold-headed Cane, presented by 31 employés of the Firm of William Stairs, Son, & Morrow, accompanied by a congratulatory address.

N.B. This the Revd A.J. Townend did see, & greatly admired, though he will always wonder how any one can feel comfortable while carrying such a costly walking-stick, especially when obliged to leave it in an entrance hall or corner of an Office.

These 3 gifts were public & official presentations.

Of what may be called private gifts the first in magnitude & value is what the papers described as a "Gold ice-cream slice, a dozen gold spoons & dish, in a case three feet long and one and half feet wide, the interior fittings being white silk and gold. This was the gift of the 6 sons — John, James, Edward and George, Halifax: Herbert, Cornwallis; and Gavin, Maitland"

Exception must needs be taken to this description, as it would seem to state that the dish was as golden as the spoons; the fact being that it was of cut glass — but the spoons, themselves were gold, & solid gold, — a fact which was not grasped at first by Mrs Stairs, who was greatly astonished & delighted thereat.

The Revd A.J. Townend cannot call

to mind having ever before in his life eaten ice-cream, or anything else with a spoon of such costly material.

His own and Mrs Townend's present of a silver Grape-Stand, partly gilt, with silver-gilt Scissors, is mentioned next, not as at all comparing with the foregoing in value, but that Mrs Townend may figure alongside of her brothers in their filial offerings.

The Lieutenant-Governor & Mrs Daly sent a gold-rimmed Reading-Glass.

Miss Kidston of Fernieglair, Helensborough, Scotland contributed a case of gold Salt-Cellars & Spoons

A solid gold handle & pen were given by Mrs Troup – Mrs Stairs' sister. It is curious to notice that she experienced great difficulty in obtaining a real gold pen-handle, & had at last to get one specially made for her in New York!

Passing by many valuable as well as beautiful presents, we halt at one thus briefly chronicled in the public prints:–

"Alice Eaton, Canard – Table Spread, worked in gold lace."

For "gold lace" Mrs Townend explains "Gold Silk" should be understood.

"Table Spread" being interpreted, is a Table cover.

So much by way of critical commentary on the text.

But think what this gift means! The labour it must have involved! The pain of that labour!

Alice Eaton, Herbert Stairs' sister-in-law, is a confirmed invalid – for years she has not left her room & her life is one continued & continuous torture with chronic rheumatism, which has crippled her limbs, & particularly her hands which are crumpled & bent & distorted, until they are practically useless – yet the "table spread" is proof to the contrary. And it is a marvel. Each stitch must have taken more trouble than the whole of the work on this "Table Spread" would have given to any one with two sound hands. She must have pushed her needle with her poor misshapen fingers, & pulled it out on the other side of the linen, with painful toil, stitch by stitch & verily, this embroidery has worked in it the very heart & life of the poor sufferer – each thread a witness to the patient persevering love of one whom "fiery trial" is turning into a "golden Christian", one day to keep her golden wedding day in Heaven.

A special notice must be given to the Flowers.

First, in the shape of gifts. Mrs Stairs' bouquet, which she carried all the afternoon was the offering of Miss Maggie Sutherland, – an exceedingly beautiful bunch of yellow roses, tied with ribbon of a similarly golden colour.

There were several most lovely baskets of floral gems – the appropriate golden-yellow tint being carefully chosen, & therefore roses & lilies preponderating largely.

The tables & rooms were also decorated profusely with the same tinted flowers, even the yellow buttercup not being forgotten.

The effect was exceedingly good, as well as suggestive. The golden treasures of God's fields & gardens brought under tribute for the Golden Anniversary of a union, blest with many a golden ray of sunshiny blessing, & to end only in the beginning of the golden light of God's fairest garden of Paradise.

We had nearly omitted to mention the gold-stoppered scent bottle, presented by Mrs Duffus Senior, – a venerable old lady of 85. The newspaper comment is worth inserting:–

> Mrs Duffus—Perfume' bottle, gold ornamentation. The donor, who was present yesterday, was also present at the marriage, fifty years ago.

In connection with the above recorded fact of Mrs Duffus having been present at the actual marriage of Mr & Mrs Stairs, it is interesting to notice that there were 5 visitors on this Monday 17th June, at 19 South Street, who had witnessed the event, thus related in The Halifax Recorder 50 years previously, "On Monday evening, 16th inst:"

i.e. 16th June 1845.

"by the Rev. Charles DeWolfe, Mr William J. Stairs to Susan, eldest daughter of John Morrow Esqr."

These five were

Mrs Duffus, Senior.
Her son John Duffus Esqr.
Her nephew William Duffus Esqr
Miss Stairs, – Sister of the Golden Bridegroom
Mrs Troop – Sister of the Golden Bride.

In addition to these, there is a 6th surviving witness of the marriage ceremony in 1845, although not able to witness its 50th anniversary celebration: – Mrs Thomson, née Duffus, sister of Wm Duffus Esqr., & now for many years residing in England –

Also a 7th – also long time in England – Mrs Bushnell, née Sutherland, cousin to Mrs Stairs

There would appear also to be an 8th, in the person of a Mrs Harvey, née Jane Murdoch, a distant cousin to Mrs Stairs, & residing at Falmouth, near Windsor, N.S.

Our Poetical Corner.

For Mr. and Mrs. Stairs on their Golden Wedding Day, June 16th, 1895.

"Jesus was called and His disciples to the marriage."
"Thou has kept the good wine until now.'
St. John, 11, 2 and 10.

1. "*Jesus was called*"—'Tis all that's said,
We know He came—The prayer that's made
For this sweet presence, *shall* be blest,
And *shall* be answered. He will come
At once, when summoned, to our home,
Our God, our brother man, our guest.

2. "*And His Disciples*"—Not alone
He comes, but with Communion
And fellowship of Saints—all one,
All knit together by one tie—
In him, *through* Him one family—
His fellow Guests, and by Him known.

3. The water made He wine, to prove
How *common* things, by His sweet love
May be transformed and glorified;
The simple, quiet homely life
Bring untold gifts to man and wife,
If He be ever by their side.

4. "*The good wine thou hast kept till now.*"
The best gift was the 1st, for how
Could human vintages compare
With what *He* made? And so life's cup
Grows sweeter as we drink it up,
If left entirely to His care.

5. "On joyful Golden Wedding Day!
What is it best that we should pray
For you now standing side by side,
As you have marched these fifty years,
Through joys and sorrows, hopes and fears—
Your jubilee of Groom and Bride.

6. *Christ at your feast*, then pray we this,
That He may lead you, hand in hand,
And both your hands clasped close in His,
Along this lower Cana land
To that still brighter, fairer Strand,
Which bounds all earthly jubilees,

7. Not only Cana's Guest be here,
But 'His disciples' true and dear,
To *Him* to *you*—not merely these
Who gather round you both to-day,
But those His kindness took away,
Along these fifty years, that they
Might be spared Earth's infirmities.

8. For Cana's *miracle* we know
Our prayer is answered long ago,
Your Lord's abiding form divine
Has through your wedlock, now grown old,
Poured out his blessings manifold,
For *you* turned water into wine.

9. Yet one prayer have we left; that through
The years which God may grant to you,
Each one in turn He may endow
With *increased* blessing, till you say:
"Oh, Lord, still brighter is our way,
The good wine thou has kept till now!"

10. Doth not the promise stand confessed—
Your children rise to call you blest;
Your children's children at your knee,
Riches and honor, length of days.
Oh, Lord of Cana, Thine the praise,
Shed down to day Thy golden rays
On this our Golden Jubilee!

A. J. TOWNEND.

June 16, 1895.

In contrast to the above, we publish the following result of the stormy voyage across the Atlantic, which happily ended on June 7th.

The Lines were written on board the St John City, after the great Gale of June 3rd–4th, & when off the Coast of Newfoundland,

The Parson's Alphabet

A were the Apples, he filched for his youngsters;
B was his Baby – most tuneful of songsters;
C were his Children, the rest of the Six;
D his Kind Doctor, most skilful to fix;
E his poor Eye, which gave out like the Lemons,
Oh, & E the Electric-light – Blessings on Siemens!
F the great Frost – 8 degrees on June four;
G the Gales lasting for six days or more;
H were the Heavings of Ship – and of Man;
I were the Ice-bergs which helped the Can-can;
J was the Joy when the Can-can was done;
K the great Kindness of every-one;
L was for Lelly, who groaned with despair;
M for the Marm'lade that never was there;
N – Nova-Scotia – long delayed Shore! –
O the Ohs sighed for it, – sighed by the score;
P the Party who revelled in "Cyclones" galore;
Q the Quartette who played Whist evermore;
R the Rigs and the Rolls which we cut on the floor;
S warlike Stores which we shipped for our sins,
And also the Stewardess, run off her pins;
T the Tempest which Tossed us last Tuesday – three Ts;
U the Use of a medicine Chest, full if you please!
V Vanitas Vanitatum! – Vain hope of quick run
W for our Wants, from fresh milk to the Sun;

X Extensively wished-for, now happily won;
Y Yesterday's gloom, changed to brightness to-day;
Z Zeal of our Skipper, and all 'neath his sway,
To guide us all safely, and brighten our way
A way which is ending now—Hip, Hip, Hurray!

As an apology for the above, it must be remembered that very little amuses on board ship.

Canadian Jottings—

The following speaks for itself:—
Halifax "Chronicle"—June 8th 1895.

Address To Captain Harrison.

Captain Harrison of the Furness line steamer St. John City, which arrived this morning from London after a very boisterous passage, was presented with the following address by the passengers:

Steamer St. John City,
Off Halifax Harbor, N. S.,
June 7, 1895.

Dear Captain Harrison,—The passengers on the steamer St. John City from London to Halifax and St. John desire unanimously to thank you for the exceeding care you have taken of their safety through the tedious and hazardous voyage now happily ending. We know the hindrances the ship has encountered from the winds and fogs, especially the severe gale of June 3 and 4, have not been without their actual danger, and we beg to express our gratitude for the caution with which you have watched over us and brought us safely to our journey's end.

Wishing a long and increasingly prosperous career, not only to yourself but to the staunch vessel you command, and that this may not be the last time we may sail together, we are, dear Captain Harrison,

Yours very faithfully,

(Signed), A. Townend, Chaplain H. M. forces, Royal Military college, Sandhurst; M. W. Townend, Alex. Mitchell, M D., Ellen Ugene Mitchell, E. Blake Crofton, J. C. Oland, Sarah A. Oland, W. Cameron, G. St. C. Schofield, Earnest H. Turnbull, Frank Rand, Mabel Pooley, Mary Willis Turnbull, W. Giodavetti, Mary Giodavetti, W. H. Cameron.

On first landing it seemed to the Sandhurst Chaplain as if he must have married every Halifax postman & policeman in the good old days of his service in North America; at least the first two of the former profession, & the first one of the latter, whom he met, greeted him with many smiles as the clerical instrument of their wedded bliss.

Also on his visit to Government House the man who assisted him out of the carriage, assumed a friendly grin, which, as the Yankee humourist puts it, ran across his face & met behind his neck.

"You seem to remember me", quoth the Reverend gentleman

"I ought to", was the response—"You united me, Sir."

"I trust it was a successful piece of business", said the Chaplain.

"Successful! I should think so! Seven of them, Sir!"—with gleeful emphasis.

Never know a druggist intimately. This is an axiom worth remembering.

There existed in the olden days, & there exists still, a certain bald-headed, cheerful, much advertising, & withal, tuneful drug-store keeper, Mr. Godfrey Smith.

He was great at singing, & used to assist at various Garrison & City entertainments.

The Revd. A. T. Townend turned into his shop to see him, & was greeted most enthusiastically.

"Why, it's Mr. Townend! Now, Sir, we must have a glass of tonic together!"

"I don't think I want a tonic, Mr. Smith;—thanking you all the same", said the invited one, in some alarm.

But the little man would take no denial.

"Come this way, Sir," he exclaimed & led his victim into a private den behind the shop.

"Now, Sir, will you try a drop of something stronger?"—

The clerical visitor declined the offer:

"Then we must have the tonic"—&, on hospitable deeds intent, the man of pills & potions proceeded to pour certain fluids into two tall glasses, & fizzed them up to the brim with soda water.

Well, he had mixed for himself also, so surely the compound could not be very unpalatable! So thought the clergyman, & he quaffed the draught to the dregs—

Alas!—Draw a veil!—It was indescribable!—Words fail!—That Parson eat, drank, felt, breathed, thought, nothing but tonic—that tonic—for a whole day afterwards!

When he was going away, he paid another visit to the shop

for sundry comforts on the voyage — Mr. Godfrey Smith was as sorry as on the former occasion he had been glad. "We must have a parting glass of tonic, Mr. Townend!" was his final exclamation.

"No," said Mr. Townend. "We don't!" — and turned himself & fled.

The Reverend Gentleman paid a visit to the Meat Market at the corner of Buckingham Street, in quest of an old acquaintance who used to supply his household with meat, & whose name as well as his occupation was Butcher. It turned out that this gentleman had made his fortune by inventing & patenting an Inhaler for the cure of Bronchical diseases, & had left the Province. This information was given by a strictly professional butcher, who had not invented an inhaler, but stuck steadily to the profession of meat purveyor, in blue linen blouse & apron. Great was Miss Alice Townend's astonishment to hear him address her Mother who was also present on the occasion:—

"How do you do, Mrs. Townend? I'm so glad to see you! You know I'm an intimate friend of your brother Mr. John, & of George".

"Mamma", said Alice, "is he really an intimate friend of Uncle John's?"

"I suppose", replied her as-little Mother, "he votes for your Uncle John, & if he does, I haven't lost your Uncle a vote, for I have shaken hands with the man twice".

Thus did the Chaplain's Wife help to support the National Policy.

Mr. & Mrs. Townend, their daughter Alice, & Aon Roy, spent a Sunday at Truro, N.S., with Archdeacon Kaulbach. Two very amusing stories are told of him — The first was related by one of his parishioners, the second by his wife.

No. 1. was when he was preaching one Sunday, on the Parable of the Prodigal Son.

"Think, dear Brethren", he said, "of the reception which awaited the poor penitent wanderer:— the Calf — the fatted Calf killed to do him honour, — the Calf which had very likely been the cherished household pet for years, — and years — and years!"

No. 2. A coloured gentleman & his equally dusky bride gave notice of their intended nuptials. It was Saturday. The Archdeacon expected them at a certain hour, but they appeared not. It was late on in the evening & the Venerable friend was in his dressing-gown & slippers, when the couple arrived. At first he refused to marry them at such an hour, but Mrs. Kaulbach had pity on them, & induced him to relent. They were shown into his Study, & he took off his dressing-gown, & put on coat & surplice. Mrs. Kaulbach attended to witness the ceremony. In the first instance she had hard work to keep her countenance when she saw that her Spouse had forgotten to change his slippers; — they were aged, — what are called carpet-slippers, but the carpet had worn considerably away, & though anything but a-propos may be considered appropriate to a sacred service, yet their appearance beneath the hem of his surplice was, to say the least of it, peculiar.

But this was as nothing to what ensued. The black gentleman & black lady stood side by side in front of the Venerable Archdeacon & the service began. When it drew near the time for the ring to be placed on the Bride's finger, Mr. Kaulbach leant forward & whispered politely

"Please take off your glove".

No notice, apparently was taken, & he repeated, a trifle louder.

"Will you be good enough to remove your glove!"

Still no notice taken, & no attempt to obey — The Reverend gentleman waxed a little impatient & said aloud, & with emphasis

"I must trouble you to take off your glove".

"And then", said Mrs. Kaulbach, "I could keep silent no longer, & was obliged to say to him 'She has not got any glove on! — It is her skin'"!

Poor soul, it was her native blackness

which she could not well "take off"; & to make the thing more absurd, Mr. Kaulbach, who is colour blind, declared afterwards that he thought she had a green glove on her hand!

Alice is a worthy descendant of Mrs Malaprop.

One of the Servants at 16 Kent Street, where she stayed, was talking to her about her Grandpapa Stairs' Cows

The information Alice gave must have been slightly bewildering.

"I told her, Mamma, that I was not certain whether the Cow was a Jessica or an Alderman!"

After some reflection, her Mamma discerned that her daughter meant "a Jersey or an Alderney."

If Alice is a Malaprop, Susan Townend is still more a "derranger of epitaphs" (vide The Rivals). She was trotting about the garden with her Mamma & Grandmamma, on the Golden Wedding Day, when she heard a robin singing, & observed

"I hink a robin hinging to hay a folden Weddin' come hoon"

(Put "s" for "h", to understand this oracular observation) –

Dear me, it seems to our Editorial mind but as yesterday, that James Stairs' little daughter – now a grown-up young lady – used to sing

"I haw a hip a hailing – a hailing o'er the hea,
Ah it wa' ~~[illegible]~~ a' pretty thing' for hilren
And for me"

HALIFAX HERALD

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1895.

THE CONVOCATION EXERCISES.

Addresses by Principal Ker, Rev. A. J. Townend and Others—The List of Graduates.

THE SPEECHES.

President Laing expressed his disappointment at not having the governor present at convocation. His honor was absent from the city, though he desired to be with the friends of the college on this occasion. Mr. Laing had also expected to have had the mayor, the first magistrate of the city, as one of the speakers, but he feared that his worship was not in sight. But we had in the meeting an old friend, well known in the city, and one whose pulpit and platform speaking made him a prime favorite —Rev. A. J. Townend, whom he cordially invited to address the meeting.

REV. A. J. TOWNEND

expressed the diffidence he felt in addressing for the first time an audience made up exclusively of ladies. With Tommy Atkins he had had a long experience. Generally speaking, he found he could talk to him and get at his heart. A more difficult work was his present post with the cadets of Sandringham. The difficulty of suitably addressing ladies he thought was proportionately greater. Yet he felt it a privilege to be asked to address this meeting. In all his wanderings, and they had been varied,

NO PLACE HAD EVER TAKEN HOLD OF HIS HEART

as had fusty and musty old Halifax. He came back to it and found the streets as dingy as ever, the houses as much as ever in need of paint, but he would not change an inch of the dear old city. Educational subjects had caused much thought and discussion of late in England. The boards found it hard to make up their mind what amount of religious teaching should be imparted in the schools. For himself he had no dread of the so-called solely secular education. The educated mind is the better qualified to receive good religious impressions. Science and religion, knowledge and piety, could never be antagonistic. Evolutionistic and other theories might prevail and carry everything back to the original protoplasmic atom, but God was back of that, for nothing can generate but nothing.

THE QUESTION OF FEMALE EDUCATION

had been much discussed, and the rapid strides of advance made by schools intended for ladies was matter for congratulation. But these schools have only kept pace with the progress of scholastic advantages for those of the sterner sex. Rev. Mr. Townend amused the audience by a humorous description of the old limited curriculum in girls' and men's schools, comparing it with the great variety of optional studies presented to the student of to-day. There was one sphere, beyond all others, for which education should fit our girls, the great and truest sphere of women—that they should be the better qualified to take their proper place in the home and fill it to perfection.

THE HIGHEST PRAISE THAT COULD BE GIVEN A WOMAN

was that she was a good daughter and a faithful wife. He wished for the graduates that they might be centres of happiness and usefulness in their homes. He hoped that at the last grand examination day all the graduates might be found to have used their talents in such wise that they would hear the words from the great white throne: "Come ye blessed of my father . . . . enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

Studley Quoit-Club, Hodge-Podge, July 25th 1895.

Please note the proud position of the Revd. A.J. Town-end, with the Hon. Alfred Jones on his right, & the Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia, (the Hon. Malachi Daly) on his left. Beyond him, again, the G.O.C. Halifax, N.C. – Lieut.-General, the Hon. G. G. Montgomery-Moore who, by the way, was more than civil to the Chaplain, & his wife.

= A Hodge-Podge is peculiarly a Nova Scotian institution both as regards its composition, in which meat & vegetables are subtly (the Dictionary so spells it, but it don't look right) blended together; ~~and also~~ for the accompaniments of its consumption, which mean a large

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hearty of men, & a goodly spread of other provisions, & in the case of the Studley Quoit Club, plenty of cold rum-punch.

= This July 25th was one of the busiest & gayest of our last busy & gay days in dear old Halifax. We sailed for home the next day but one.

~~Breakfd.~~ before breakfast.
= Morn. Halifax Club with Frank Willis
= Lunch at Jim Stairs'
= Aftn. Hodge Podge Studley Club.
= Evening High Tea at Fred. Stairs'

(also asked to Ethel Stairs' Evening Picnic on McNabb's Island)

= In fact, this last week was doubly & trebly filled with invitations of all sorts. The good folks wishing up to the sad fact that the Townend family was off.

= There is no place like Halifax for sociability.

At Gavin's - Monday - July 15th 1895.

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JOSEPH THOMAS

THE GREAT INDIAN

SLACK WIRE WALKER

WILL PERFORM IN

Space left here in the Advertisement for name of place - In this case Mr Stairs' Barn, Park Farm, Selmah, Maitland, Nova Scotia.

These are some of the feats he will perform while on the Slack Wire:

Will Play the Violin,
Spin the Hat,
Swing Two Indian War Clubs,
Toss three Rubber Balls, etc., etc.

During the evening's entertainment he will while on the stage, Toss Three Knives, Three School Bells, and Three Indian Clubs, besides balancing every available article on his chin.

Joseph Thomas is without doubt the most wonderful Slack Wire Walker in the world, and is second to none on chin balancing.

The public should not miss attending this entertainment. It is first class in every respect.

Doors open at 7 p. m. Concert at 8. Admission, adults 15cts., children 10cts.

This was great fun. The Barn was not very good for an Entertainment. The Company perched themselves on the partitions between the centre avenue & the hay on one side & the cattle on the other. The big Bull helped the tinkle tinkle of the Indian's fiddle, with a deep bass roar, every now & again. The poor fellows balancing, whether on wire or on chin, amounted to very little. However he was generous, & repeated his performance outside, when it grew dark. He cleared Seven Dollars.

Holiday Jottings.
R. M. C.

Master Frank Toronend has distinguished himself, beyond all expectation, in the photographic line. His five-shilling Camera — the gift of his faithful friend & nurse, Lelly — on this birthday 1893 — has at last proved a really useful present.

The family — Father, Mother, Children, Servants — have all been taken in various attitudes, & brilliant success.

The only pity is that our talented Artist cannot photograph himself.

On Friday night, September 6th, or rather about 4 a.m. on Saturday morning September 7th, there burst upon the R.M.C., a storm which for suddenness, violence, & ruinous effect (so far as the Chaplain's Quarters were concerned) surpassed anything we have ever experienced.

The Revd. Ag. Toronend was awakened by the noise of falling waters — "rain" is a weak term for it — & jumped out of bed to close the windows all over the house, for the weather had been so hot, that there was not a closed casemate in any room. The sight, outside, was simply marvellous. Waves of electric light were rolling, falling, rising, stretching from one side to the other of the limited landscape, without cessation. There was literally no interval, no intermission of the unearthly light. It was not forked lightning. No flash reached the ground, yet all the flashes seemed only a short distance above it. Indeed there was no distinct & separate flash at all. This was a truly tropical display. I have seen something very like it in Switzerland in 1869, & in Burlington Vermont, in 1875, but never before in England. There was no heavy thunder claps, but just one continuous growl, or rumble, the whole time. And the hail fell in big lumps, rattling on roof & windows like shot. This again was similar to the storm I referred to in Switzerland, when, on the top of Pilatus, the hail was literally piled on the ground like shot, & some of the pieces of ice so large that I could not span one or two of them with my thumb & forefinger. I don't say that the hail this morning was as large as this, but it was abnormal.

But the rain-deluge! — The Chaplain went back to bed, but drip-drip-drip went the drops through the ceiling & on to the floor — and on the bed also — this time, both the Reverend Gentleman & his wife arose — the former made a rush upstairs to the room overhead, where Masters Frank & Herbert Toronend reposed, tore them out of their beds & out of the room, carried clothes books, ornaments away from the shower bath which was descending from the ceiling, pushed away beds & got sheets & blankets & pails underneath the downfall, to stay the flood from the room beneath — while the latter, did much the same in the lower apartment, except that there were no children to be rescued — while servants were called up — & there was a regular commotion.

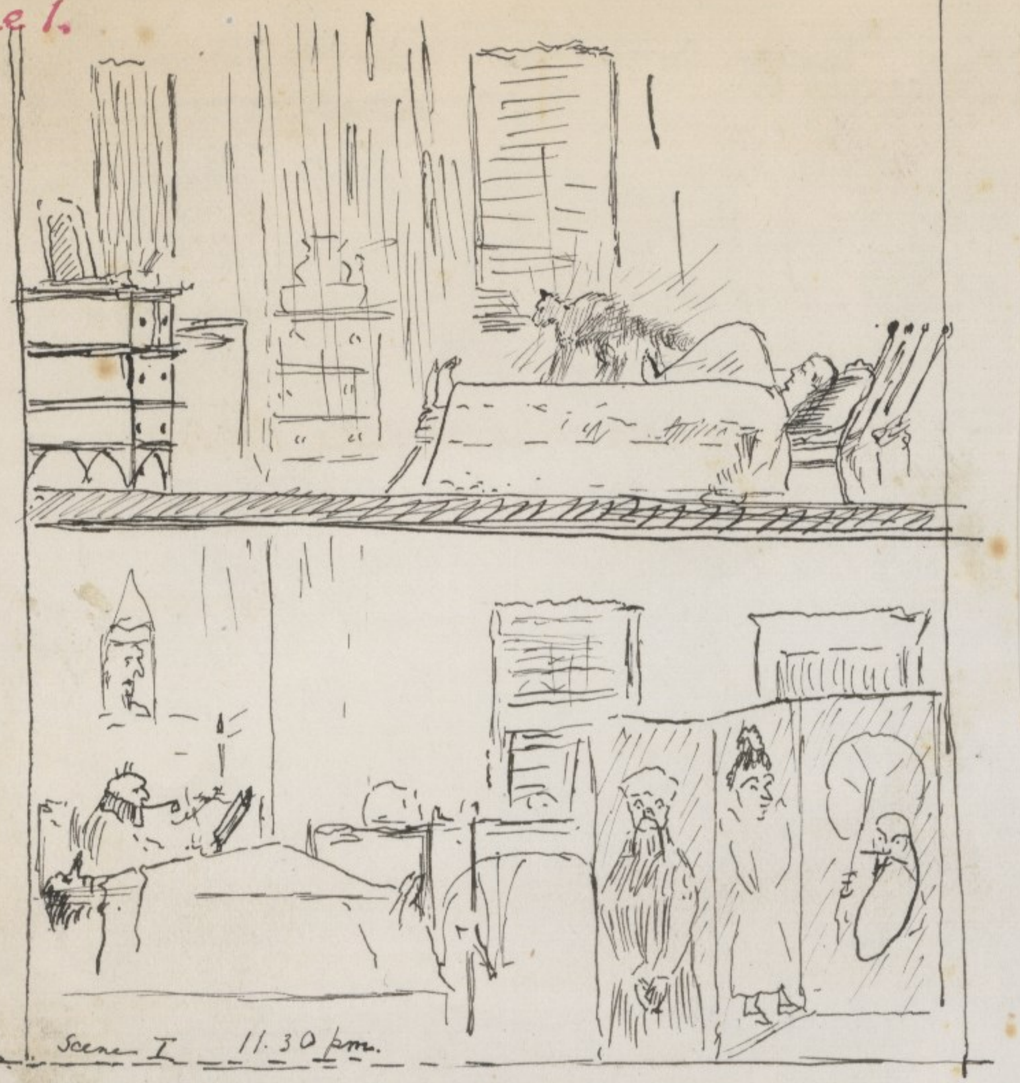
Cold & damp was the Chaplain after this episode & the ever-useful bedroom Altna had to be lighted & tea made & consumed, before he recovered warmth & complacency.

Our Artist's facile pen shall complete the story:—

See next Page.

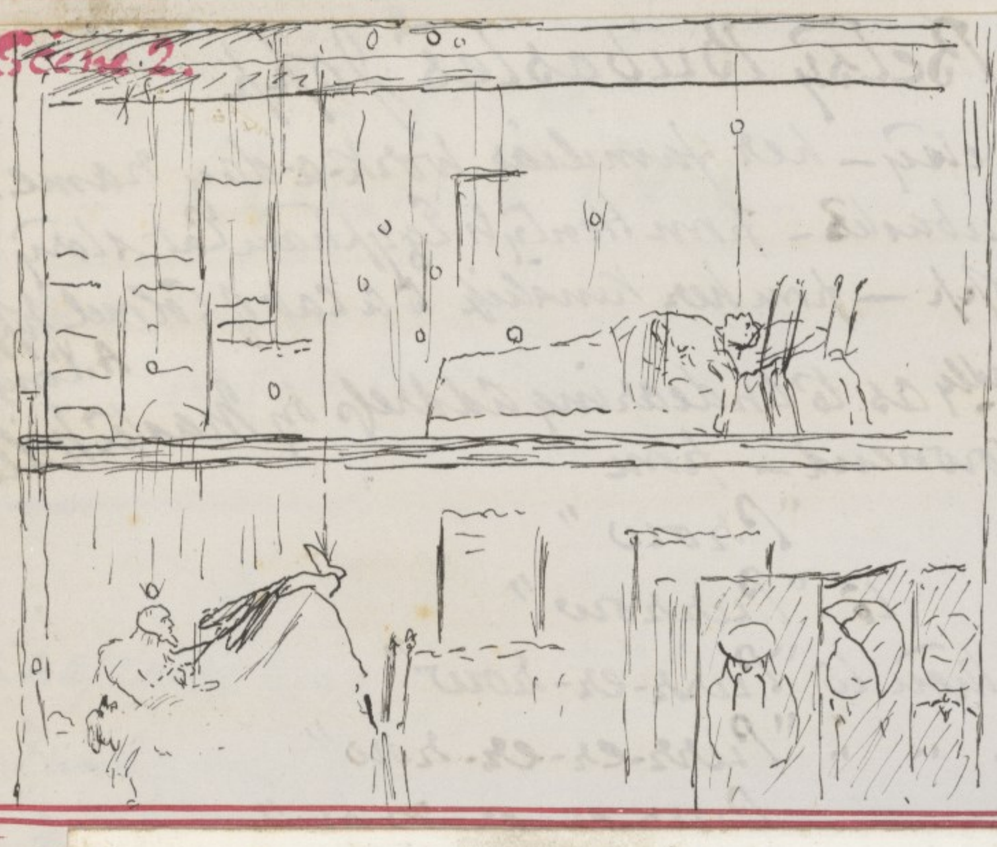
William, the Page, Buttons, Boots, "Man of all work", & h.b. generally doing no work whatever — that he can help — has actually shown some zeal at last under the weekly eye of Bourne, the Chaplain's one-day-in-week Gardener! Mirabile dictu!

Scene 1.

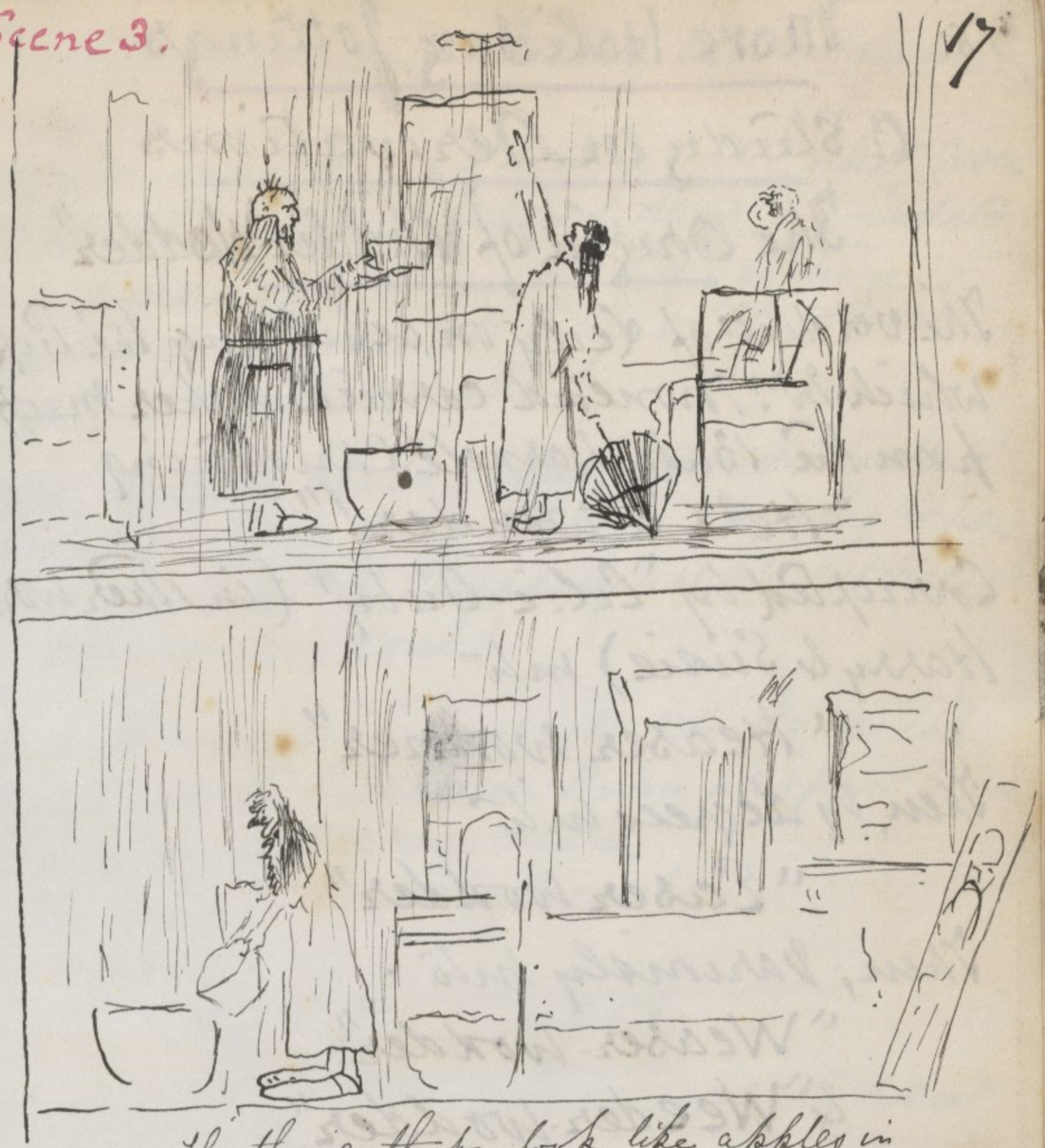


Scene I 11.30 pm.

Scene 2.



Scene 3.



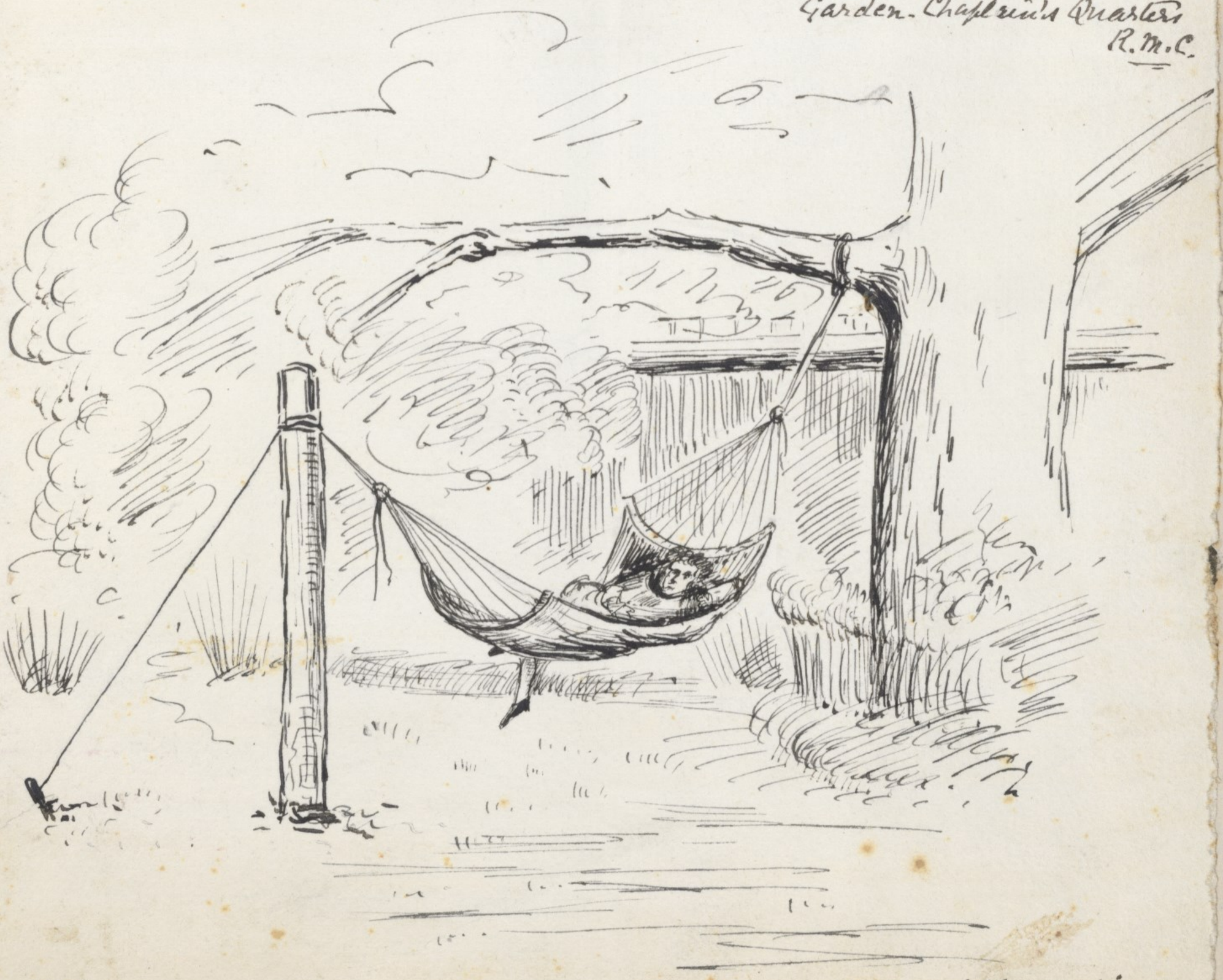
N.B. 1 The things that look like apples in No 2 are hailstones

N.B. 2 The elegant woman you see is Mrs M. W. without her false hair and teeth and pomade, rouge etc. She herself says that her feet are enormous

N.B. 3. The chaplain R.M.C. suggested turning his room into a public swimming bath but owing to unforseen difficulties the undertaking was postponed

We are happy to be able to record the really satisfactory progress made by Master Francis Townend in playing on the Violin, under the gratuitous tuition of "Jimmy" Curtis, Band R.M.C. What seemed like a mere passing fad in the Easter Vacation is now a real amusement

Portrait of Miss Alice Townend, as she appears in the Halifax Hammock.
Garden. Chaplain's Quarters
R.M.C.



Mc Martin fecit

More Holiday Jottings.

A Study in Derivations

The Origin of "Widder-Wodder"

The verdict of Lily on beholding the pup which Mrs. Townend carried in her muff from the Baby-Barnell Christening

"He's a wonder!"

Corrupted by "Lilie-Ouby" (in other words Harry & Susie) into

"Heaser wonner"

Then, by degrees into

"Easer wodder"

Then, variously into.

"Weaser-wodder",

& "Weeder-wodder",

And generally, if not universally

"Widder-wodder".

Variations on the above, these Summer holidays: —

"Idder-wodder"

or "Eader-wodder" and "Louisa Wodder"

And, principally by the 3 Appuddercombe boys, — simply

"Eader"

N.B. Widder-Wodder is like the famous description of Sir John Moore, in his Grave at Corunna

"Little he recks, if they let him sleep on"

And to do him justice, he can & does "sleep on" anything that is soft & warm, Lately, as a rule, on Barney's bed.

His Portrait By Townend

It may be noticed also that the household Cat has become an instance of the Theory of Evolution.

1st as to her appearance. She entered the established with a Persian reputation.

Down to the time of the family's departure for Canada, she had badly disappointed all hopes of persianic development.

On the return, however, of the Canadian travellers, it was found that she had successfully evolved a bushy, magnificent Eastern tail, the joy & pride of Mrs. Townend's heart almost compensating the latter for the loss of the ever-lamented Esmeralda.

2ndly as to name. She has gradually been christened, & re-christened until her full title at the present day is

Betsy Bubastes Jopp

Betsy — her familiar work-a-day name.
Bubastes — from Herodotus Egyptian Cat-story.
Jopp — from her kinship to a cat of Colonel Jopp's A. Company

3rdly as to endearing address by Master William Townend — from

"Prow"

to "Purrow"

& then to "Purr-er-row"

" " " "Purr-er-er-row"

" " " Purr-er-er-rrow"

& finally to Purr-er-er-rreow"

A 3rd instance of Word-evolution may be cited.

Master Herbert Patrick Victor Townend, was about his 2nd year, or indeed prior to that period, noted for his powers of lung.

Frank his next eldest brother endeavoured to imitate his nurse's constant exclamation

"He's a Aquaker" —

His version was

"He's a Corker"

Which fell to be simply

"Corker"

And from this to

"Co-Ker"

Then "Co-Ko"

And thus somehow, to

"Jo-Jo"

Which title has more or less stuck to him since: though friends & acquaintances outside the family mansion, address him as "Herbert", & will please accept this intimation.

Mrs. Townend's Picnics on the Lake.

This title must be further explained to mean on an Island in the Lake — opposite the Boat-house.

The Chaplain's wife has given four entertainments, of a most successful nature, after this fashion:—

The College-boat & one or two more are requisitioned, & manned by the Revd A. Townend & his elder offspring — Also by Master Harry Wynyard, who with his fellow scions of the Dpty. Commandant's family are invariable, included in the invitations.

Oil-stove, Tea-kettle, Crockery, Cakes Fruit, Sweets, &c, taken over to Island under charge of Kate —

Mr & Mrs Townend receive at landing-place on Island —

Guests arrive in the boats, & squat on logs, shawls, or ground —

Smaller Townend chicks under charge of Lily & Grace also arrive & make the Island cheerful —

The tea is made, from kettle boiled in the bushes — the table-cloth is spread the guests, young & old, partake — The gentlemen smoke, the ladies chatter — Both sexes take excursions in the boats — The children bark about & occasionally slide from the banks into the water. The sun begins to set — the flotilla of boats convey passengers, kettle, stove, & debris of provisions back to main-land —

"Thanks ever so much, dear Mrs Townend, for your charming entertainment!"

The 1st Island Pic-nic was on August 17th, for young people — Wynyards, Berryman's, Mrs Gastle's Grandson &c — This was in honour of Willie & Frankie's birthdays

The 2nd was a Grand Grown-up affair, including General & Mrs Moody, Major & Mrs Young, Major Chippendall & his wife, & the Revd Clark (formerly Chaplain, R.M.C.) & his daughters, &c.

And there were Ices!!! Home-made but very good —

The 3rd was also a Childrens affair (Townends & Wynyards) but honoured by the presence of Colonel Wilson (one time 87th R.F. Fus.rs) & his Ladies.

The 4th came off on September 17th, kept as Barney's birthday, & was joined in by the Revd F. Page-Jellicoe & Lieut Duffus of the 2d Cheshire Regt. A birthday festival always means Crackers, be it noticed —

Really we must editorially remark that all these entertainments have been gigantic successes — complete even to the hot cakes. And, with a little make-believe, hosts & guests might fancy themselves miles away in the woods, or along the banks of the Thames, and it is something to be able thus to entertain within a few yards of one's own door.

Bravo, Mrs T.!

Odds and Ends,

Items; and Advertisements —

"How to make Home happy" — go to Halifax, and bring back a hammock

Useful motto for Master B...rn...d Townend "Never cut off your nose to spite your face"

Also, for the same young gentleman: — A lesson to-night, lessons work tomorrow.

A Bible text very suggestive of Boy-William's method of weeding "Lest, whilst ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them"

Problem for Mathematicians — Given a garden and hen-house, how much, on the average, does each cabbage and egg cost the proud proprietor?

Another problem, involving wild speculation, how does a bachelor, without children to feed clothe & educate, manage to spend his money?

A 3rd problem, almost impossible of solution: — How many ices can a school-boy, & especially a school-girl, of the age & type of Miss Alice Townend, consume if given a liberal amount of time & money

N.B. In connection with above, if you want good ices — large, delicious & of colder ice than is known to English boys & girls — go to Halifax!

Notes for a School-Board Examination: — State distinctive meanings of Alie and Arlie.

When did the verb "To wobber" become obsolete?

Explain the following sentence; — "Alie awly ont to 'el e'el"!

What is the Grammatical force of "I are"?

Mr. & Mrs. Townend are now more than ever convinced how truly Charles Dickens wrote from actual experience. Mrs. Todgers, the Boarding-House keeper, in Martin Chuzzlewit, complains that a whole animal wouldn't yield the amount of gravy expected by her lodgers from one joint. Similarly a foot-bath full of gravy would not be too much for the wants of the young Townends at dinner.

Wanted the name of the Author of a beautiful poem, beginning

"Oh, there was a little Cellar,
And he had an Umbrella,
And its colour it was yeller" — &c

Also the other lines of this sweet composition

Wanted a bicycle of extra strength to support the Chaplain, R.M.C. Suggested that two wheels of a disused locomotive, & a small iron girder might serve for framework.

Wanted all the Comic Songs, popularly in Vogue, during 1894-95.

Editorial Note. The Advertiser had better apply to the boys of the R.M.C. Church Choir, failing these, to Master Francis Townend, Chaplain's Quarters, R.M.C.

Wanted seven of the most respectable members of the Royal Military College, to dress themselves in their night-shirts, with a rope bound each of their throats, & in this costume to go before the Governor, & petition for reconsideration & the countermanding of Order recently published that all hens must be kept at home, & not allowed to wander on the College Square or Terrace.

Wanted a Sign-board suitable for a Hotel or Inn. Mr. & Mrs. Townend finding that their friends "love them so", & come to them so tumultuously, have resolved to turn an honest penny by letting out beds, & providing meals at reasonable rates. Otherwise, the hospitable pair will have to head a procession of indigent offspring to the District Poor-house.

N.B. This is specially applicable to the last few weeks

Notice to Collectors of Curios, Antiques & Bric-a-Brac: — A constant supply of cracked China, fragments of Antique Crockery, specimens of rare pottery of the Victorian Era (mostly of the year 1895), unique remnants of Art in all materials, — also a job lot of lots dolls, books, & miscellaneous goods — all more & less extensively damaged, but warranted genuine, — to be disposed of at ridiculously low rates, fifty per cent discount for cash down & no questions asked; — seventy-five per cent if the purchaser will send money & accept goods without previous inspection —

Apply Messrs Roy, Susan, Harry & Gerald Townend & Co., Ltd (most distinctly "limited" — at least, let us hope so, & with no "power to add to their number") R.M.C., Sandhurst.

N.B. No money returned, or goods taken back.

The Chaplain, R.M.C. is desirous of meeting some gentleman who is totally unacquainted with the value of stamps, & who has a collection made in school-boy days when Sydney "Views", Triangular Capes, Shilling Nova Scotians & New Brunswicks, & old West Indians were obtainable by school-boys at face-value.

An early answer is requested with a view to business.

Any one in want of Eye-water can obtain a plentiful supply, of best quality going, & delivered fresh, every day, — or as many times a day as may be desired, — by applying to Master Harry Townend, R.M.C.

Good Music, in every variety, by the Townend Band — on reasonable terms. Orchestral Concerts given on the premises daily. The Heads of the Firm are quite willing to furnish one or more performers, with undeniable lungs, & enormous wind power. The performance of Mademoiselle Suzanne Oubini, & Signor Henrico Allini, strongly recommended.

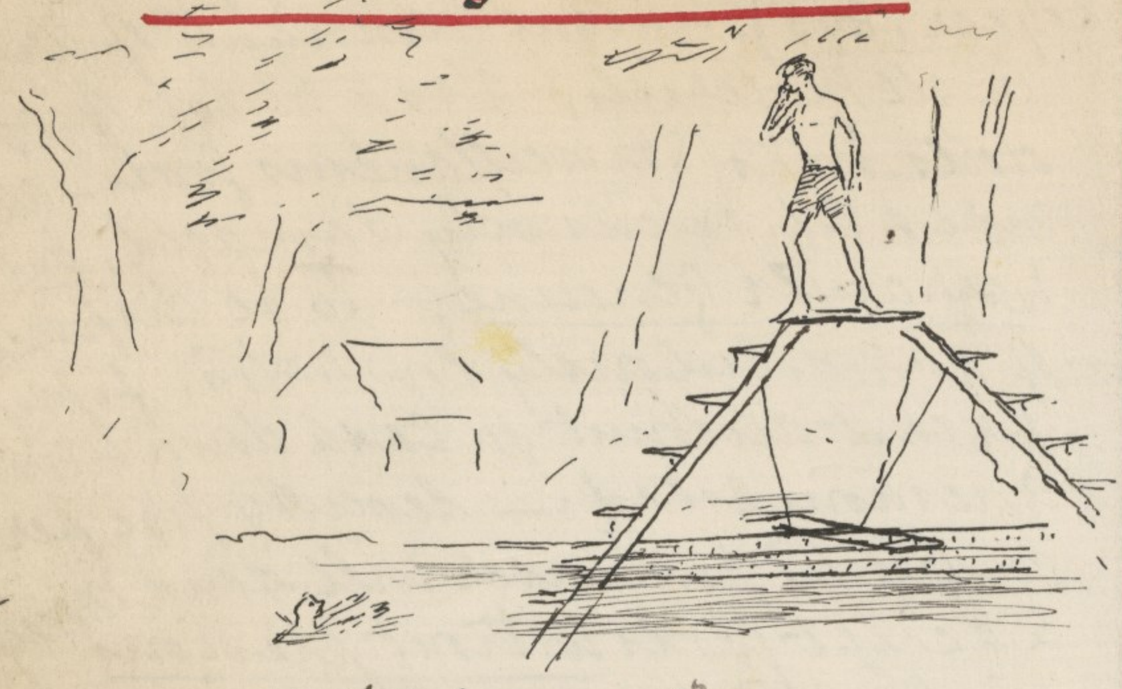
Three of the most prominent Solo-ists are starting on a foreign tour to the Isle of Wight almost immediately. They will be open to engagements for Christmas.

Testimonials can be obtained from the next-door neighbours, & all passers-by.

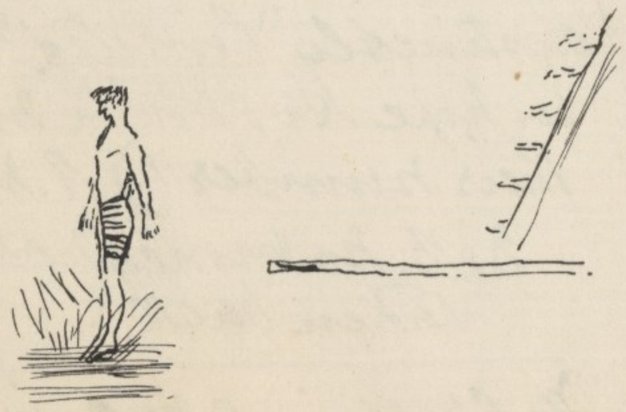
In addition to the above Vocalists, the Townend family is to be congratulated on possessing a Violinist of marked ability & success.

Now the puzzle is "Find the Violin."

22. The Bathing Lake, R.M.C.



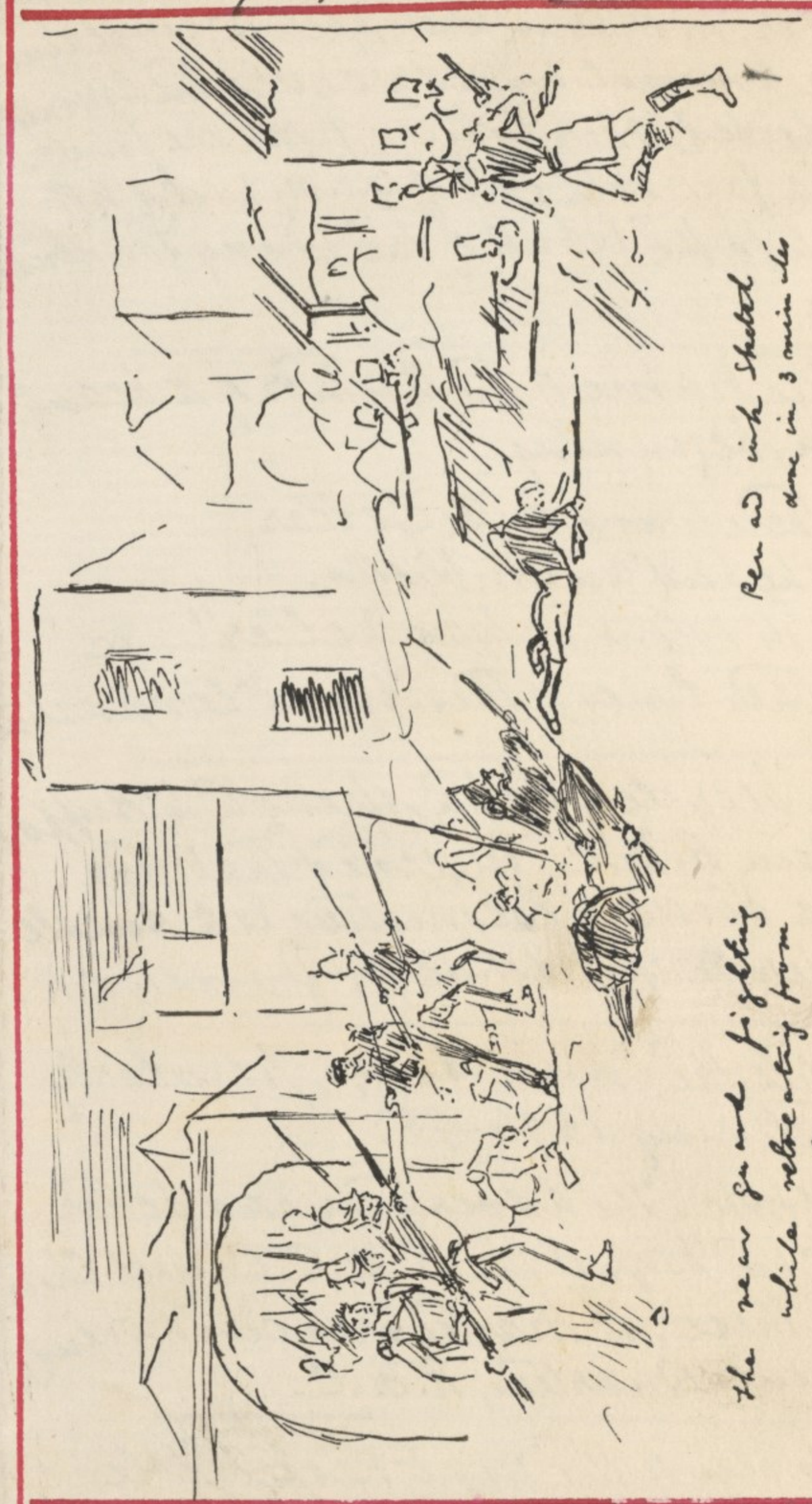
1. Shall I go or not?



2. I slip to have to go.

3. I come up proud and puffed
N.B. That fat ugly little chap standing on the bank is B— y J— d.

In connection with these sketches by our Talented Artist – William Townend – it may be mentioned that bathing in the Lake by the Chaplain & his boys, ceased on, & with Tuesday – September 17th

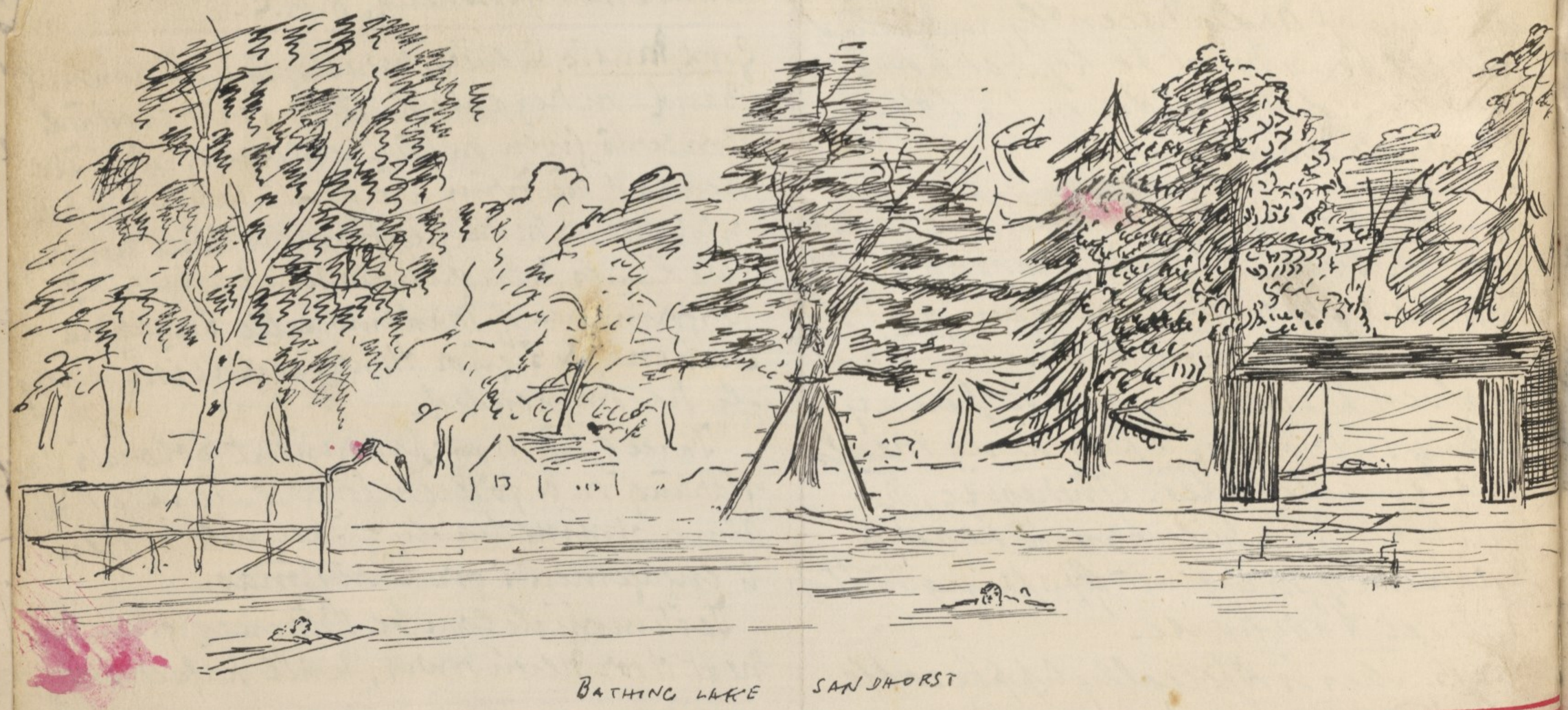


The new game of fighting while retreating from Germans.

Pen & ink sketch done in 3 min. etc

Zeppy & 95 rifles

Published, with the exception of Pages 14 & 15 and the latter half of Page 13, on Thursday September 19th 1895, at 1.30 p.m., in the Chaplain's Quarters, Royal Mil. College, Sandhurst



BATHING LAKE SANDHURST

So ends the Summer-Number of the Townend Family Chronicle & Boulde-Ville Times, & so ends also the Summer itself, with its Canadian trip & Childrens holidays, & many bright & happy days, unflecked with any clouds – for which Thank God!

W. Townend, R.M.C. Sept. 19th 1895