

one generation of readers. Sir Arthur was called to the bar in Halifax, but he abandoned the law for the army and served with the commissariat department in the Crimean War. He has since served with distinction in various parts of the globe, and his home in London is fitted with curios collected by himself and Lady Haliburton.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Hole have taken the house 128 Morris Street, and are now installed there.

Miss Baker, of Yarmouth, is in town, but leaves with a small party of friends for a trip through Cape Breton.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stairs are spending the Summer at their delightful summer residence, Harman's Island, Mahone Bay. They generally have their house full of visitors who much enjoy delightful sails on the "Eulala," amongst the islands of the beautiful Chester Basin and Mahone Bay.

Dr. Farrell leaves for England to-day, to attend the International Congress of Hygiene, which is to be held at London in August. He will be away a month or more.

A great many people turned up at the Tennis Party at Wellington on Wednesday, most of them in new gowns, and most of them came early in order to go afterwards to Mrs. Wood's tea. It was a lovely day, and the band played beautifully and everyone chattered away. We were glad to see Sir John Ross at a social function again; he was accompanied by his niece Miss Coltman.

We are sorry to hear that Dr. McDowell met with an accident on Tuesday evening, while driving in from Preston. The horses ran away, and the carriage was upset and both he and Mrs. Twining who was with him were thrown out. They escaped with only a few bruises, but the carriage was smashed to atoms. We hear that the "P. M. O." will be confined to his room for a few days.

Mrs. Hervey had a very large picnic on Thursday. According to latest accounts, everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

Some allusion is made elsewhere in these columns, to the monopolization of shore-rights. These rights are many and various, but the one that is of most general interest is the right of bathing. The question of public bathing places will before long become a pretty serious one. As things stand at present, people are absolutely forbidden to bathe in any part of the Harbour when the water is fit to bathe in, except before 8 a. m. And as to the Arm, of course it is not to be expected that residents will allow visitors to disport themselves in front of their houses: and it is by a mere fluke that a few spots are still in existence where a man can get into the water without fear of being run in for trespassing or indecent behaviour.

When Oaklands and the adjoining lot are occupied, and when Sir Sandford Fleming starts putting up notices to trespassers on the other side, the lines of bathers who free themselves from the city grime, by a plunge in the clear waters of the North-West Arm, will be driven far, far away, to MacNab's, perhaps, and Devil's Island.

It seems as though something ought to be done. We are Britons, more or less, and our fathers prided themselves on their cleanliness; and yet it seems as though the future generations of Haligonians would be little better than Mongols or Esquimaux, clothed with accumulated filth as with a garment.

It seems to us that the city should lose no time in securing some suitable spot or spots on the water's edge for the use of the public in perpetuity, while, for the sake of residents in the neighbourhood, the wearing of some sort of dress when bathing should be made compulsory.

When you come to think of it, there is probably no seaside town in Europe of one-fifth the size of Halifax, that does not possess elaborate conveniences for bathers. In fact, many English villages of less than 500 inhabitants sport their bathing-machines, with

towel and dress supplied at a small charge. And here in Halifax there is simply nothing, except prohibitory laws that make it almost impossible for most people to bathe at all. Surely Halifax deserves to be called a "arty city, though no worse than her neighbours.

We have derived a certain amount of amusement, though not much satisfaction, from a perusal of the programme laid down for the American newspaper men who leave Boston on Tuesday next, to inspect the beauties of Nova Scotia in general, and the new railway between Digby and Annapolis in particular.

The visitors are to be taken through the most beautiful parts of Nova Scotia, but—save the mark—they are to 'do' the Annapolis Valley in the railway train, and confine their driving tours to the towns. We presume that those who are not too sleepy will beguile the time with a pack of cards, and report on the 'beauties in general' from the guide-book at their leisure.

As we have remarked before, a few hours loaf on the N. W. Arm, a drive into Bedford, and a lunch at Morrison's would give the Yankees a good deal more to say about the 'beauties of Nova Scotia in general.'

Dr. Oliver returned to the city yesterday.

The programme for next week's performances is nearly unique in the history of comic opera in Halifax. It indeed says a great deal for the versatility of the performers in this company, and the cleverness of the manager to be able to secure talent sufficiently good to give representations worthy of support, so many plays being given. We trust that the energy displayed by both may reap a rich harvest.

Halifax is a town where as a fact the law is honored more in the breach than in the observance. This was brought to our mind, and more especially vision, taking into consideration the amount of dust which found its way into our eyes from a cause which we append. In front of the offices of Mr. B. G. Gray, *inter alia*, there is now placed a not very elegant looking scaffolding. No doubt it is of use, but why, by the utterly absurd carelessness of the men who work on it, or the foreman who looks after those men, it should descend to being a public nuisance, we cannot understand. For men to be allowed to shovel off a pound or two of shingles from the height of this building is simply monstrous; and if such a performance is necessary then would it not be far better to go back a 100 years, to the times when Halifax was content with a one-storeyed dwelling, and build as they did, and endanger no one. We have a strange fancy that Mr. Naylor was on the *qui vive* for any stray dog to be hurt, when he would at once have taken the initiative; but we, Venuses and Apollos in everyday clothes, have not even the City Council, to look after us.

The cable steamship Mackay-Bennett is in harbor once more, having come back from her cable-repairing trip.

Miss Lawson and Miss Morris, of Windsor, have been visiting friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Twining, of New York, are visiting Mrs. E. C. Twining, of Morris Street.

Mr. A. Short, of Montreal, is expected to arrive within a day or two to relieve the accountant of the Bank of British North America during his holidays.

The paragraph that appeared in the daily papers stating that a dance was given on the U. S. S. Philadelphia on Tuesday afternoon was incorrect. What really happened was that several parties of ladies happened to be visiting the foreign man-o'-war in the afternoon, when the happy suggestion that there should be a little dancing was made, and promptly acted upon, the band of the Philadelphia being at hand to furnish the music. The programme only consisted of three waltzes and one militaire.

Many ladies took advantage of the opportunity afforded by the officers of the Yankee man-o'-war to inspect their ships this week. They all agree in expressing their obligations to the officers for their kindness in showing everything of interest on board.