



Band Stand, Public Gardens

beyond gloves on these occasions.

Then we have the polo grounds to amuse us, where the dear intelligent little ponies enjoy themselves and take as much interest in the exciting games as their riders. They are clever little brutes, and I am always far more sorry for a hurt pony than for a hurt rider!

Of cricket there is an abundance, and though female society adores the game and flocks to see it, still we have not yet got up a ladies club, though why we should scoff at lady cricketers and call them hoidens, and romps, and unlady-like, and unsexed, I know not. To me it seems a no more unfeminine amusement than tennis, about which all the women are quite mad. The Tennis Tournament which takes place at the end of the season, is one of intense excitement, to the social world, and indeed we have some fine players. It will forever remain a mystery to me, why there are not more "Society Sunstrokes." It sounds a new and odd expression, but it embraces just what I mean. A delicate girl—who would think it certain death, to get up in the morning in time to attend to some of the household duties, and thus lift part of the burthen from the shoulders of her mother—will come down to a late breakfast or early luncheon, whichever you please to call it, and then go off to a game, or a dozen games of tennis, and for hours will rush and jump about in the hot sun, till she resembles nothing on earth so much as a boiled lobster; till her hair hangs dank and curless on her wet forehead, and till every bone in her body aches. To me, it is wonderful the amount of exertion a fashionable woman will take without complaint, *as long as it suits her*. Ah! women are kittle cattle, and not

*always* to be depended upon. Truly, an unselfish woman is the *most* self-sacrificing being on earth, but in order to be an unselfish woman one must first become a wife, and then a mother. It takes such, to humor and put up with the foibles of the being, who has dubbed himself the "lord of creation!"

In the autumn we all rush off to the foot-ball matches. Now that is a horrid, brutal game, fit for nothing but savages!

and yet we applaud, and glory in the strength of our "Jim" or "Joe," and when he comes out of the fray, dirty, torn, bleeding, with a black eye, tousled hair, a gory nose or a broken front tooth, such is the nature of woman—society-woman, as well as other woman—that we think him handsome and more lovable than in all the freshness of a recent cold bath and immaculate evening clothes. In these football matches, when the men get their heads down, and all mixed up, with only waving arms and kicking legs visible, they look, to me, like some writhing many-armed, headless monster, and it gives me a horrible feeling that each arm and each leg is a big wriggling snake. I hate the game, and yet to watch it is perfectly fascinating.

Social life in Halifax, is usually more sociable in winter than in summer. Each lady has her "At Home" afternoons, some times once a week, some times once a fortnight, and even in a few cases



Mrs. Longley.