

tennis (in summer), euchre parties, and all sorts of gaieties flourish, and it is a popular resort for society, both young and old.

Then comes Admiralty House, but its doors are open only from June to November, the rest of the year the admiral and family being in Bermuda. Nevertheless, during their five months residence here, they do their full share towards entertainments. The grounds are very beautiful, there being besides the large gardens and conservatories, a perfect tennis court, which is kept in beautiful trim by the jolly tars. The band of the flagship discourses sweet music on the Admiralty "At Home" days, and crowds flock there, to enjoy the music, and walk about the gardens, where they can breathe the strong sea air, fresh from the ocean.

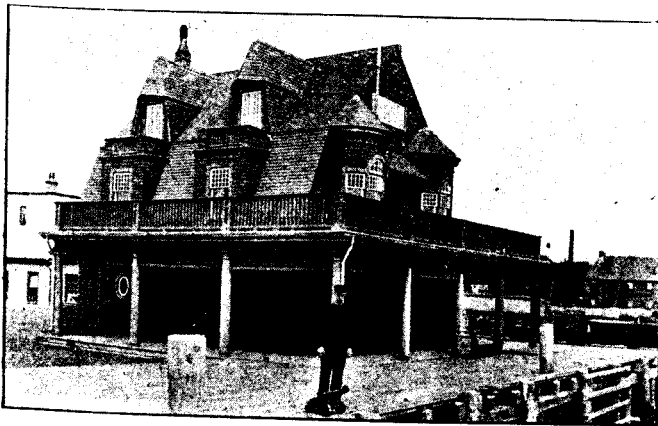
In the summer "when the ships are in," society *must* keep an engagement book, because every day brings not one, but many invitations, and it really taxes one's brain to remember how they come. Naval officers are always bright and merry, full of vim and go, and where they are, dullness takes wings and flies away; so that during their stay, Halifax is in a perfect whirl of ship parties, afternoon dances, (which *entre-nous*, dear reader, are not much to the taste of the elite), theatricals on board ship (by the sailors), which are most amusing and entertaining. Concerts, are also given by the sailors, assisted by the officers and their lady friends. On Sundays it is very customary for a favoured few to be asked on board the flag-ship to church—a morning service. This is always followed by an elaborate luncheon on board, and the worshipper (?) does not get home to real Sunday quiet till the afternoon.

During the summer months, the pretty little Club House of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, is thrown open on Saturday afternoons, to the friends of members, and this is a favorite resort. Yacht races and canoe races, boat races of all kinds, are eagerly watched by the fair sex and their gallant escorts, and for those who do not take any interest in all such, there are seats and benches, both inside the house and on the pretty verandah, where the lads and lassies can sit and sip tea, or eat ices, enjoying the delicious shade, and cool sea breezes, and being far more interested in each other, than in the races which they have come ostensibly to view.

A few miles outside of Halifax is the famous rocking stone, an immense boulder of many tons weight, which was at one time so well balanced by nature, that a gentle push, even by a feminine hand would set it reeling. Now, however, it has got slightly off this wonderful balance, and one must use a lever to set it going. This is a favourite spot for pic-nics, the rocking stone being in the midst of a beautiful wood. A ladder set against it enables the pic-nicker to mount to the top, where they can enjoy a fine view of the surrounding country. It is a most picturesque spot, and makes a beautiful and ideal target for the amateur photographer.

Our public gardens are too well-known throughout the Dominion, to need comment from me, but it is here that Society finds its way, on hot summer afternoons, and it is here that the band of whatever regiment is stationed in Halifax, discourses sweet music once a week, for two hours in the afternoon.

The horse races at the riding ground is a good place at which to study a certain phase of social life. "Spring and autumn races" there are, and all the world and his wife assembles to witness them. The ladies turn out in fresh new gowns, and some of them are indeed lovely to look upon, as they stand or sit in the grand stand, watching with parted lips, bright eyes, and flushed cheeks for the success of their own particular jockey. Betting is free, but I think the ladies never go



Club House, R. N. S. Yacht Squadron.