

aloft, and again the little black ball travels up, breaks out, and shows once more the British flag. But this time the jib has been set, and bellies in the wind. That means a salute to an officer aloft and the flagship is ready. Bang, bang, bang, go the guns; down come sail and flag, and bang, bang, bang, go the Admiral's thunders in reply. Next, each national flag present will be saluted, with great expenditure of smoke, and to each salute due answer will be returned. These are naval courtesies, and in no port will you see them more friendly than in that of Halifax.

Here we are ashore. We shall come back to the harbor by and by.

A ramble through the streets is interesting. Halifax is a busy commercial centre, though it is part of the Sch'ma daily said by every merchant in the place that "business is very dull—never knew it worse." This is a blessing in disguise. It leaves these merchants—whom you will find mighty pleasant and hospitable people—time to look after you. Probably one of them will take you for a ramble through the market on a Saturday morning. The market is held in primitive fashion on the street itself, or rather streets, for the worthy Chezze cooks, and Prestonians, Acadians and negroes respectively, take up a large portion of Bedford Row, and overflow up the sides of the Post Office on to Hollis Street. Thanks to the long practice gained by weekly marketing through the labyrinth of vegetables, flowers, fish, fowl and fruit, no Haligonian has ever been known to slip on a banana or orange peel—he is used to feeling his feet go from under him and knows how to recover them before the equilibrium is lost. A stranger, of course, goes about more cautiously and finds enough to detain him in the quaint costumes of the Chezzetcook women, whose kerchief-covered heads remind one of *la belle France*, a reminiscence strengthened by the *patois* pattered out all around. The richly colored darky dialect, so well adapted to the odd wit of the race, strikes on the ear even less than does the thorough English accent which here is so frequent.

To enjoy the market to the full, the visitor must go early; really early, not at nine or ten o'clock, but between eight and nine, before the crowd of purchasers has overrun and the traffic of the day seeks a devious passage between the carts of the vendors and the toes of the tourist. Then other interesting points may be visited. The older streets, the quaint Dutch church, and close to it the giddy St. George's; St. Paul's, the oldest church in Halifax, full of colonial reminiscences, hatchments, rural tablets that record tales of the olden time when men made history very fast.

The truth is, there is just enough of this historical interest in Halifax to satisfy without satiating, and to give enjoyment without entailing fatigue. One can comfortably see and study all points of interest and have ample time for other pleasures. To feel, as one does in some of the great European towns, notably Paris, that days and weeks will not suffice to exhaust the mass of houses, churches, palaces, squares, places, bridges, and so on, which have intensely historical memories attached to them, causes a sense of desperate weariness which is hard to remove.

Then what place is there in which one can so quickly escape from the habitations of men and plunge into sylvan retreats? Take a car on Pleasant Street, leave it where it turns into Inglis, and walk along the shore road to Point Pleasant. The whole city lies behind you; before you the ocean on one hand, flowery, shady woods on the other; and such woods! Not the painfully formal result of careful planting, where trees are evidently placed where they will present the finest appearance, but woods of nature's own handiwork; thick in places, open in others, with a mass of flowering plants and shrubs beautifying every hollow, carpeting every glade; with bold rock faces, softened by fronds of ferns, breaking through by pathway side or drive edge; calm pools, reflecting the greenery around them; still tarns, homes of aquatic plants and resort of water birds; crystal springs dropping down in silvery lines amid blooms and blades of grass. Here and there, through the interstices of the foliage, between the trunks of pine and fir and maple, the blue of the sea or the azure of the sky. The squirrel leaping from branch to branch; the robin chirping his note of gladness; maybe a partridge startled by a wandering hound, give life to the place. Through these woods one can drive along beautifully made, perfectly smooth roads, or ride down green lanes that remind one of the famous lanes of Old England, or roam at one's own sweet will, and never exhaust the beauties of the place.

Only, to remind you that you are in the great fortress of British America, the sudden appearance of a fort, with its monstrous guns trained on the entrance to the harbor; huge pieces of ordnance tenderly cared for by the stalwart artillerymen in jaunty uniforms. And on one spot, close under the frowning embrasures, a wealth of the glorious Scottish heather

planted there by loving hands mindful of "Caledonia stern and wild," of Scotland "land of mountain and of flood."

There lies the Arm; right at your feet; and what a fairy view up the lovely sheet of water which repeats every tint of the firmament, now gleaming like burnished gold, now shimmering like polished silver, now steel gray and lurid, now calmly, deeply, beautifully blue. What a place for the swift canoe—it is covered with boats full of happy pleasure seekers, drifting, sailing, idling the sunny hours away; drinking deep the clear, bracing air, just cool enough to invigorate, just warm enough to fan as the soft westerly air comes stealing down the gullies rich with scent of fern, and pine, and wild flower.

See it at night, and particularly see it from a boat out lobster spearing. Never been lobster spearing? Ah, then you do not know one of the pleasantest, liveliest, most picturesque bits of amusement Halifax affords. The boat had better be a beamy one; if with good height of side all the better. The party, four in number, with a "gooseberry"—to chaperon? oh no; to pole. If you want to take her alone, you still need gooseberry; a good-natured brother is first-class, and there are some excellently trained ones. But an ordinary humble individual will do very well. Apparatus: two long spears, which are not spears at all, but long, light poles fitted at one end with two springy wooden barbs, the barbed part turned inwards; a torch, which can be made of birch bark stuck in the cleft of a pine stick, but is handier if made of tin with a big Wick that will give a flaring flame. Don't be afraid of getting wet; splashes will occur; and don't take a tub for the crustaceans; it is much better fun to let them crawl round; leads to no end of pretty shrieking and affords many chances for reassuring. And reassuring, I have heard, is a charming part of the sport. Now, with your torch lighted and held well out over the side of the boat, "gooseberry" pushes out and poles the boat slowly along close to shore on the edge of the long eel grass that waves eerily in the transparent water. As two heads are better than one—well, anyhow, you keep a bright look-out over the ground and presently you see a big green fellow sculling along leisurely. Plunge in the spear—probably you will forget to allow for the refraction and noble His Nibs near the tail only to see him wiggle out with marvellous ease and rapidity. Try again; doing better this time. The barbs grip master lobster clean behind the head and up he comes, his huge pinchers waving a frantic invitation to your fingers, an invitation you had better not notice. Give the spear a shake and plop the gentleman into the boat; he will probably make first for the gooseberry, at the Arm lobsters know a thing or two by this time and invariably turn back before going far. They are conscientious in giving the desired opportunity for reassurance.

That's all very well for those who want to spoon, grumbles a lone fisherman, whose soul is enthralled in a split bamboo and whose mind is wrapped in a double multiplying reel—but that's not fishing.

No one says so, my excellent friend, but if it is fishing you want, you'll get fishing galore. Right on this same Arm you can have good sport with pollock; fish for them with a fly and look out for your rod, for the little beggars will often come two at a time. Or if you want sea fishing, just drop a line at the turn of tide near Blackrock or off Belmont and you will soon haul up nice pan fish. But if it's trout you're after, yer honor, why shure you can git them for the askin'. Lakes and brooks abound round Halifax. Sambro Road, Prospect Road, Margaret's Bay Road all traverse districts abounding in game trout, and day after day you can drive out and return with a basketful. I could tell you of half a dozen Haligonians who know every inch of good water, and like the hospitable fellows they are will put you up to all the best spots and enjoy your getting good sport.

Or if it is sea-fishing you crave, trot down to the Market Slip and ask for either of my good friends Stone or George Liston. If you can't swim and tumble overboard you will be quite safe; George will have you out before you can get wet. Either of them will take you to good spots and make your arms ache with the pulling in of fine cod, or the hauling inboard of frisky mackerel if so be that capricious fish has chosen to "strike in," that is, pay a visit to the harbor for your benefit.

Yes, but there's Sunday, and Sunday in summer resorts is generally so—so—so unlike Sunday any where else.

Granted. But Sunday in Halifax is Sunday, even though horse cars still run, greatly to the satisfaction of thousands of people who find them useful. On Sunday you see the people going to church—not a few of them—but great crowds streaming towards the different places of worship; while the bells ring out gladly. There are two curious things for you—

for elsewhere you see the crowds not going to church and you hear the bells toll, as if the clergy themselves meant to warn their people that the inside of a church is a very gloomy and depressing spot. Further, what you will not see elsewhere, is the church parade of the troops—scarlet and blue-coated soldiers marching along with a band at their head and the usual crowd of interested loafers keeping time with the men and basking in the reflected glory. The military service is always very attractive to strangers, who are taken by the brilliant uniforms of the staff and the various regiments, the band helping the organ, the volume of sound produced by the singing of so many men, the military precision with which the chaplain ends his sermons and closes the service in ample time to allow his audience to go back to dinner.

The soldier pervades Halifax. You come upon him everywhere, as sentry upon a property which apparently consists of wooden fence and a poster; at barracks gate, at dockyard entrance; marching in squads through the streets, under the charge of a sergeant or subaltern officer, just going in or coming off guard; patrolling streets and looking for lark private; escorting in the dusk of evening or in the silvery sheen of moonlight the young woman temporarily occupying the fortress of his heart. Sometimes he marches out with his regiment, and then he is well worth seeing, as rank after rank goes by in steady form; or he is out on the Common going through manoeuvres of the profoundest interest to every one who does not know what they mean.

And with the soldier, the jack-tar—rolling along with his trousers tight around his waist, wide on the feet; his jumper and rolling collar and black necktie, showing off his firm neck and well set on head, and the big round straw hat with his ship's name on it. The tar is a splendid fellow, take him any way you please; and while the citizen may grumble at the soldiery once in a way, he has only a forgiving smile for the wildest pranks of the blue jacket. And when Jack Tar goes ashore, if you please, with guns and muskets and all, and constitutes himself into a naval brigade for field service, as you often may see him in Summer, he is worth going a very long way to look at, as he handles his guns, and wheels, marches and counter-marches all over the place.

In his glory on board ship, of course, and down to the harbour you must go again to see him. Lying off the big war vessels in a shore boat, or standing upon a neighboring wharf, you hear a word of command; you don't quite catch it, especially as it is at once drowned by piercing whistles of boatswain and mates—but the effect you see: a crowd of heads above the bulwarks; another command, more pipes—and away aloft swarm the sailors. And now those long yards and tall spars that a moment ago were traced against the sky have disappeared, and under lower masts and top-masts the ship lies, stripped for action, or bad weather, giving you just that impression of resolute force which you expect from a man-of-war.

Pull round at night, in a row-boat—on a still clear evening, and in the bows of each ship you will see clustered the men, yarning together. From yonder leviathan come the strains of music; she is the flagship and the band is playing during dinner, but as its strains cease a voice, clear and sweet, begins a simple, touching ballad, and in the hush of the starry silence is heard afar on the sleeping waters of the harbor. Or a strong and stirring chorus rolls from ship to ship and is taken up by the listeners in the boats.

The fleet, indeed, offers a unique attraction in itself. The manoeuvres of boats under sail, the drill of the men, whether in making and taking in sail, sending up or striking masts and yards, the arrival and departure of ships, generally under steam of course, but not unfrequently under sail, afford visitor and resident plenty of food for enjoyment. I have seen a large corvette beat out of harbor in a good working breeze, and H. M. S. Contest, bowling out under a crowd of canvas, all at once set stun' sails on both sides, aloft and aloft, as she made the most of a rattling northerly wind. A visit to the ships is always agreeable. The admirable order and neatness which reign all around, the snowy whiteness of the decks, the brilliancy of the metal-work, the jaunty look of the tars swinging up the ratlines or tailing on to a purchase, the formal etiquette of the quarter-deck seen at close quarters, the thousand and one objects of interest from many-ton guns to new sounding apparatus, make a morning or afternoon spent on board ship one long to be remembered. The invariable courtesy met with from every one is not the least point in the visitor's estimation.

Citadel and forts are different; they can only be looked at from outside; whatever secrets they contain are reserved for the military men, and civilians and strangers must be satisfied to know that the works are very strong indeed, and capable of sinking an