

Professor Sumichrast's letter in the *Chronicle* on our hotels, etc., has called forth a long reply in the *North Sydney Herald*, in which the Professor is pretty severely handled. The point at issue is the accommodation afforded by the *Grand Narrows Hotel*, of which Mr. Sumichrast says: "It is an uninteresting place, and cannot expect to attract summer visitors who want something more than an iron bridge to look at and a locomotive whistle to listen to." In reply, *Cape Bretonian* points out that visitors from the States express the greatest satisfaction with the situation of and accommodation afforded by the Hotel, while the fishing, bathing, boating, and driving are excellent. Now, it seems to us that this controversy touches a very important subject in journalism. Of course, we expect a writer on Hotels to point out the relative merits and demerits of the principal houses, but he should be excessively careful about making statements that are likely to do direct injury to any particular ones. It is difficult to define how much should be said and how much unsaid, but we certainly do not think that a casual passer-by—however keen his powers of observation—has any right to pass such a severe judgment as Mr. Sumichrast does of the *Grand Narrows Hotel*.

We must confess that our own first impression of the place was pretty much the same as Mr. Sumichrast's final one; but on passing it a second time we could not help thinking what a grand resting place it must be for the tired city many, to whom its isolated position would be a great attraction.

The Sydney papers record the arrival of the newly-married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Helsby.

Why doesn't someone start a 'merry-go-round' at some of our numerous outdoor entertainments? It is rather suggestive of 'Amstead' Earth, but, like the immortal Punch and Judy Show, is a never-failing source of revenue. At the Jamaica exhibition, for instance, while the whole amount received by the Commissioners from amusements was £744, the share that came from the Merry-go-round was £103. This represents about 15 per cent. of the whole takings.

With all our Historical Antiquarian, and Natural History Societies, no-one up to the present appears to have noticed the extreme scarcity of the Joneses in Halifax. This remarkable state of things had been overlooked even by our own philosopher until the other day, when one man casually asked him in the railway car whether he knew Mr. Jones of Halifax. "Good Heavens, man," replied the collector of subscriptions, "what an insane question to ask! Why! there must be at least a hundred Joneses in Halifax! And yet, wait a moment; now I come to think of it, I do know Mr. Jones of Halifax. Of course I do; everyone knows him!" And the train had gone nearly a mile before the Philosopher finished his meditations, and came to the conclusion that there must be something wrong in the geographical distribution of the Joneses.

So he handed the matter over to the Grub, whose time is generally occupied in distinguishing between those who haven't paid but think they have, and those who have paid but think they haven't. Now, the Grub has very keen perceptions, though his skin is rather thick; but anyhow, he has a natural aptitude for statistics, so he just dug the thing out. Taking McAlpine's Directory as his text-book, and counting firms as well as private individuals (so that a small allowance must be made for repetition) he found that the Joneses number only 32, of which 7 at least belong to one family. There are actually 37 names more common than Jones. Smith coming first with 148, followed by MacDonald 135, Johnson 100, Murphy 96, Brown 92, Power 75, Sullivan 67, Walsh 67, O'Brien 60, Fraser 54, Taylor 53, Ryan 52, and Thomson 50. The Robinsons are out of it, scoring only 48, but such names as White, Wilson, Harris, Gray, Connors, Doyle, Campbell, Anderson, MacKay, Kennedy, Kelly, Mitchell and Young make the Joneses look small. Even the MacGraths, Martins, Hubbleys, Clarks, Saunderses, Murrays, MacLeods, Butlers and Burnses lead on the list, with slight variations of spelling. Talking

about spelling, it is a deplorable fact that the aristocratic varieties DeJones and Smyth are non-existent, while the sub-genus Clerke has but one distinguished representative.

All these statistics, and more besides, were handed in by the Grub, with the suggestion that the Provincial government should be petitioned to import a ship-load of Joneses and a dozen or so of Robinsons to restore the balance of names in our fair city.

There is to be a concert in the Gardens to-night, by the Leicestershire Regt., and St. Patrick's Bands. These concerts seem to be in greater popularity than ever this year, and bid fair to rank well among the social functions of the summer; which is decidedly a good sign.

The St. Mark's Church Excursion to Birch Cove is also fixed for to-day.

Again has Mr. Harry Wylde to be congratulated on scoring a success with his beautiful little yacht, *The Youla*. This boat now has shown we think, conclusively that she is about the fastest of her size that has ever been on those waters. Of course, in saying this we are open to correction. The history of the race will not take up the space that one of Queen Victoria's reign will do some day, but what there is we append.

The *Leonore* got a bad start in making a mistake as to the gun firing, thereby losing nearly 2 minutes, but *Youla* gained considerably on the beat out, the *Hebe* at this time doing very well. There was a nice light sailing breeze going out, which died out considerably at Thrump Cap buoy. The *Youla* was eventually the winner of the race by 8 minutes. In congratulating the owner, we cannot forget that Mr. Harlaw of Dartmouth in building the boat is a "power" in regards to its winning capabilities, and therefore, we are doubly pleased to give Mr. Wylde our congratulations on owning such a boat, and having been able to get it so close home.

The Kermesse to have been held yesterday in aid of the Bishops' Chapel was unavoidably postponed until to-day. There is no doubt but that this will be the pleasantest pic-nic of the season. Novel entertainments will be introduced, in which for a slight charge, Youth, Beauty and Decrepid Old Age, may join, and thereby spend an enjoyable day.

It is amusing to notice how some of the papers dwell on the increasing unpopularity of the Prince of Wales, and the hisses and groans of the crowds at his appearance; while others are full of the enthusiastic welcome accorded to him. We have not been there to see, but we find it difficult to believe that the great body of right-thinking Englishmen, of whatever party, go any further than to deplore the unlucky chance that might have befallen any one of themselves as well as the Prince of Wales. We do not claim infallibility for our Princes—not by a long way, in fact; and until the time comes when they are elected by competitive examination in Paley's Ghost and Elementary Ethics, we must be prepared to extend a little charity to them on special and exceptionally trying occasions.

The Dufferin Medal will be played for on Saturday next, at the Studley Quoit grounds, where a large attendance is expected.

WANDERERS VS. THE GARRISON.

A very pleasant match was concluded on Saturday afternoon, and resulted in a victory for the Garrison, which was gained on its merits. No excuse can be offered for the collapse of their opponents. In batting Sergt. Farley played very well in both innings for the victors. Hon. Hawke hit with great vigor for his runs. The batting of the Wanderers was disappointing in the extreme, neither can they as a team be congratulated as to their fielding, though individually we must exempt Henry from any blame, as he fielded perfectly and made two splendid catches in the long field. Leigh and Cahalane again did all the bowling. It is a great pity the Wanderers cannot get a good fast bowler to relieve one of these occasionally. The following is the score: