

Our Society.

L. I.

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1891.

No. 35.

WE have had several complaints from subscribers lately about the non-appearance or lateness of their papers, rather more than the usual inevitable number, due to the vagaries of servants and the excessive sharpness of news boys. Upon enquiring the only cause that can be ascertained is that many of the papers were delivered under the street doors, and probably fell an easy prey to some lynx-eyed urchin who retailed them again for his own benefit.

WE regret to announce the death, on Monday, of Hon. W. H. O'Dell. Mr. O'Dell reached, as so many other Canadian Senators have reached, the advanced age of 80, and his death throws into mourning another of our most hospitable houses, and one that strikes every new-comer as almost the best appointed and most substantial home in Halifax.

THE Rev. W. B. King is back again, looking very much stronger than when he went away. Mr. King conducted the service at St. Augustine's Mission Chapel (N. W. Arm) on Tuesday evening, when he announced that the services would not be held again for some months, when they will be resumed in a new building. The work of tearing down the old building—which is in a very bad way altogether, and really unfit for further use—is, we understand to commence at once; and it is hoped that the new chapel, which is to be of stone, will be ready for use well before winter sets in.

Residents across the Arm feel the cessation of these services very much; of course, they can go across to St. Luke's, and no doubt many of them will do so; but somehow they seem to have Mr. King upre to themselves when he goes across. However, the prospect of having something worth being proud of is considerable consolation.

THE *Dominion Illustrated* is paying a large amount of attention to Nova Scotia lately, and has published some excellent pictures of Halifax and Halifax people.

The last number is of more than usual interest to us, containing a view of the old French battery in the Park, and a particularly good photo of Mr. F. B. Crofton, who certainly deserves a place among the literary men of Canada, and might, we venture to think, rank even higher if he were a little more ambitious, and not quite such a good whist-player.

The portrait of Major Weston in the Bisley team is also splendid; but of the article entitled "Among the Blue-Noses" we cannot say quite so much.

It may be within the bounds of possibility that there are towns on this continent so glaringly new that their citizens consider Halifax "a quaint old city," but to anyone who has seen anything of the outer world there is a sort of irony about the expression. It is true there is something approaching quaintness in the appearance of a wooden house that hasn't been painted for half a century, and it takes us back to the middle ages to trundle our corns along the old red bricks on the Hollis St. sidewalks;

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there is, perhaps, something rather old-world about the long distance one has to traverse in utter darkness at night to get from one light to another, but the lights themselves and the hydrants that provide the stars in the interim might well be consigned to an older and hotter world yet.

It is very nice to boom the old city, but we do not think "Sidney Owen" goes the right way about it. A few more facts, and not quite so many figures of speech, would go a great deal further with the general public. What we ought to do is to make the right use of the visitors who do come here,—take them to the Park, and take them to the Arm,—and you will find that they will come again next summer.

It was only last week that a wealthy American, who has spent a great part of his life travelling about the world, gave his unqualified opinion that the North West Arm is the finest summer resort in the world, and we fully endorse his opinion.

TALKING about the Arm reminds us that the so-called "American" syndicate—which is, in fact, composed chiefly of Halifax men—is losing no time in commencing operations. The scheme—so far as we understand it—is an excellent one. A good road down to and along the beach is to be built at once, and the beach itself will remain the property of the company, and will be equally at the disposal of all residents on the estate. So that those who buy lots on the land side of the estate will still have the use of the shore for boats, etc., and will in fact enjoy all the privileges of living on the Arm. There is some sense of equity about this arrangement; it is certainly not right that all the beach-sights of a large and beautiful piece of water like the Arm should be monopolized by some dozen or so of families, as they practically are at present.

The Royal Belfast Ginger Ale is a delicious and wholesome beverage being made from Wilmot Spa Water, Lime Juice and Pure Extracts, is gently purgative and helps the kidneys.

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