

baskets filled with ferns. The Indians squat a little further off, and their warcs are artistically carved canoes, toboggans, bows and arrows, so joined with tomahawks and snow shoes as to form frames and wall pockets. Tea cups and saucers, big baskets and little ones, woven of sweet smelling hay, compose the rest of their stock in trade. Quite a little colony these Indians make on the sidewalk on market day. Each man brings his squaw—man-like and particularly Indian-like—to carry the pack, and of course each squaw brings her papoose. Up the next street and down another—I can never remember their “titles.” Still banks of flowers and stacks of vegetables and fruit, and the good wives and farmers, their lasses and lads, have a bright, pleasant way—so different from our persistent Dagones—of offering their goods. “Berries, please; vegetables, please,” they chirp to you, and you keep on buying until, hands full, Indian basket full, you beat a retreat.

All day Saturday people market and work, and get themselves tired for Sunday, the *dies non*. About 3 or 4 in the afternoon the market folk retrace their homeward way, and at the same hour the stylish and the unstylish of the town go for the afternoon at Spring Garden. The garden is laid out after the English manner, of course, but surpasses in beauty the gardens of Chicago, New York, or Boston. The swans in the lake come unhesitatingly to the water's edge and scare the small boy into dropping his cracker or cake; and what a swallow has the swan! and how he must enjoy the taste, if it tastes all the way down! To one side of the garden are the lawn tennis grounds for the exclusive use of the officers and their guests. Cut off from the common herd by a low hedge, the favored few enjoy a private game in public. The ladies wear striped blue and white dresses, and the men white flannels, much, very much larger than themselves—so long and so large in fact that I am sure the pants could accommodate, without squeezing, all the limbs of their family tree. Out of the way of the players is the tea table, where ladies sip their favorite beverage and indulge in their harmless gossip.

If the soldiers be of no further use in Halifax, they brighten the streets and gardens. At a distance, one might almost believe that a bright poppy or dahlia had stopped from its bed for a stroll. The crowd goes on walking and chatting, or enjoying the band in a rustic seat, under the trees, when of a sudden, “God Save the Queen” is heard. Up the sitting crowd gets, on the walking crowd goes, and the gardens are emptied. Would it not seem more loyal if the crowd waited to say amen to God Save the Queen?

Sunday dawns, you feel the effect of market day and spring garden, and would fain stay longer under the blankets—just a little more sleep. Church bells have murdered sleep—ring, ring, ring for early service, ring for services all day long, and in the midst of the day a chime plays the tune you have always sung to “Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing;” how you wish you could dismiss them without the blessing, but you cannot, cannot shut out the sound of the bells, the bells you have admired in villages, and you wonder why the church will force itself upon you; haven't you a watch, and don't you know the hour of service? The consequence is that you do get up, drink a cup of coffee—no you don't drink coffee here, although it is not worse than in many hotels in New York or Boston, but to a New Orleans corn, with the fragrance of *café au lait* still in your mind's nose, it is impossible to drink the fluid politely called coffee. Moral: When you travel carry your own coffee-pot and coffee. To go back to the subject, you take tea—English breakfast, of course—and you travel as fast as possible to Point Pleasant Park—a glorious bit of woodland just as God made and the Queen willed it to remain—on the extreme end of the peninsula on which Halifax is built; a drive winds in and out the forest, and foot-paths lead you down to solitary nooks, where, through the branches of the trees, you can catch a glimpse of the waves beating themselves into spray on the dangerous Drum Cap Shoals. In this temple of nature you feel more inclined to worship Nature's God than when driven wild by church bells. In most unexpected places of the park you find a fortress, and just over-head perhaps a huge gun, and now and then a soldier's uniform relieves the view as a red bird brightens a leafy tree. All day Sunday the town is quiet—save for the bells; the only sound, if indeed any sound comes from the houses, is the snatch of a hymn tune. I don't believe the women vivisect their servants or the men discuss politics on Sunday.

When in New Orleans I read the thrilling accounts of the doings of Capt Quigley and the Terror, I had little thought of ever seeing either. Had I been asked, however, for my idea of the Captain and his boat, I should have conjured up something as terrific as the name, with an ugly green monster of a captain. The schooner, with her misnomer, Terror, is just my ideal boat in which to cruise around Ship, Horn and Cat Islands. She is new, trim, finished and furnished for the comfort of the Captain and his crew of picked men. She is not large, to look at her beside the big ships in the harbor. You could believe (almost) that a skipper could put her, brass gun and all, into the pocket of his sou'wester. I visited this little Terror; indeed, was rowed over to her in her own yawl, by her own oars, and had a soft seat on the English ensign. I went to beard the lion in his den, to interview the monster, Capt. Quigley. I found him bearded enough. I found him a pleasant gentleman and I found him anything but a monster. Nobody believes one word of the stories of ill-treatment of sailors and sea faring men by Capt. Quigley; he merely enforces the laws; that sort of thing was new to the men who had long plied a comfortable little smuggling trade, the captain broke it up. They kicked, and voila tout. It is impossible to believe Capt. Quigley guilty of inhuman conduct, when he has only recently recovered from an accident when he nearly gave his life to save a child. Two horses running away, lashed into a group of children. Capt. Quigley rushed to the animals, seized the reins, but in so doing fell, and the entire load passed over him. He was picked up for dead; after many months he comes back to service, and is accused of cruelty to sick and suffering sailors! Like most old bachelors, the Captain puts on a rough exterior, and says he don't care for the stories. I differ with him, and believe he does care. M. J. S. in New Orleans *Picayune*.

OUR COSTY CORNER.

Horse shoe and cap-shaped crowns will be the leading feature of the new fall capote bonnets.

Astrakan—that is, imitation of the natural—in silk and wool fabrics, is used for the facing of felt hats for fall wear.

A great deal of material is swallowed up in the firm, graceful pleats now coming in vogue for the back portion of dress skirts.

Small bonnets are likely to remain in vogue for evening wear for some time to come, which will be good news for those who wish to enjoy dramatic entertainments.

A very convenient and economical fashion is the wearing of velvet jackets to any colored skirt. It is not even essential that velvet should enter into combination in the skirt.

Jet is liberally used on costumes and wraps, the very general liking for black serving to increase its popularity, since on a really elegant black toilette nothing looks so well, excepting fine lace.

There is an anxious parent writing to the papers to say he has just seen, on great authority, that short hair is decidedly unhealthy, and that as electricity is conveyed to the brain by the hair, that two inches in length, at least, must be left on the heads of our schoolboys, unless we wish to see a large increase of softening of the brain during the next generation or two. I suppose we shall shortly have a long correspondence in the columns of our papers on the subject, for the number of “cranks” in the world is something astounding. Still, if the result be to do away with the present convict-like manner of clipping lads' heads, as if a mowing machine had been passed over them, the “cranks” may do some good after all.

To have the hands white and smooth and the nails pink tinted and pointed, with the half moon showing at the root, requires constant attention. It is difficult for the woman who assists in household duties to keep her hands up to the fashionable mark. Sweeping, dusting, cake-baking, and other light work, is just as injurious to the hands as scrubbing. This may be obviated in a great measure by the wearing of old kid gloves when handling the broom or duster; nevertheless, to have perfect hands, housework of every kind should be avoided. The necessary set for being your own manicure are now sold in most fancy goods' establishments, and are absolutely necessary for the proper care of the hands. Soft water, with a little borax in it, is the best for washing, and after the nails are trimmed, a red powder is used to give them the proper pink tint. In fact, a society woman who poses for a beauty and a belle has little time for aught but the care of her person and the improvement of her charms; busy women can only follow at a long distance, and endeavor to retain as long as possible the advantages furnished by nature.

COMMERCIAL.

But little can be said of the general course of trade during the past week, except to reiterate with emphasis the fact that it continues to be in a most satisfactory condition. The volume of actual business is larger than has been the case for several years. Satisfaction is freely expressed that this is true in all departments. The financial and commercial situations are both sound and no serious failures have occurred. Money is tighter, which is an indication that funds are generally well employed. The country has, undoubtedly, more real wealth at its command and has it more profitably engaged than ever before. A very gratifying circumstance is that there is no speculative boom,—the healthy condition of trade that exists is solely due to legitimate requirements and there is no evidence of any mere gambling spirit of speculation. The textile industries of this province share the general welfare and the several Nova Scotia cotton factories have orders ahead that will keep them busy for six months at least. The factory in this city is contemplating materially adding to its machinery so as to be able to meet the demands of its customers. Its business is rapidly increasing and shareholders will probably before long reap the fruit of their faith in a dividend.

An important sale of seized liquors was made by R. D. Clarke, under directions of the Customs Department, this week. About \$10,000 worth of liquors were disposed of at very low rates. Wines and liquors will be very cheap to those retailers who improved the occasion.

The saloon and hotel-keepers in Halifax have their canvassers out soliciting signatures to their petitions for licenses. The work of securing the required number of names is more difficult this year than ever before, as the districts have been enlarged and the names of three-fifths instead of a majority of rate-payers have to be obtained. Whereas the average number of names in city districts has heretofore been between fifty and sixty it is now between two and three hundred. Applications also must be in on or before the 15th proximo. It is probable that many retailers will not apply within the statutory time, in the expectation that the new legislature may alter the Act in their favor, or make it, as regards this city, more reasonable than it now is. In any event the licenses that they now hold are good to the 15th of March next and their argument that the members of the late legislature passed the new Act more as an election “kite” than with any serious intention of carrying it out may have more weight than appears on the surface.

DRY GOODS.—The upward movement of silk, woolen and cotton goods