

The Ladies' Rowing Club evidently means business. Pair-oar races are arranged for next Friday, to start from Mr. T. Ritchie's wharf and finish at Mr. Franklyn's. The entries are as follows:—

Miss Farrell.	Miss Blackadar.	Miss Almon.
Mrs. Tobin.	Miss Stairs.	Miss N. Almon.
Miss Abbott.	Miss Wallace.	Mrs. Reader.
Miss K. Kenny.	Miss W. Corbett.	Miss F. Goldie.
Miss Noyes.	Mrs. Alexander.	Miss Watson.
Miss Flood.	Miss Edith Duffus.	Mrs. Rolph.
Mrs. Grier.	Miss Story.	Miss Lyde.
Miss Thompson.	Mrs. Mullins.	Miss Lawson.
Miss L. Kenny.	Miss E. Goldie.	Miss Robinson.
Miss Morrow.	Miss Stokes.	Miss Macbean.
Mrs. N. Lee.	Mrs. Waldron.	
Miss M. Corbett.	Mrs. Peacock.	

This bids fair to be just about as exciting a race as has been seen on the Arm for many a day, as several of the crews are really very strong, and possess fairly light boats. We could pick out half a dozen pairs, however, who won't have much of a look-in.

THE THREE TOWNS OF HALIFAX.

What we are pleased to call the city of Halifax is really made up of three separate and distinct towns. I am not referring to the suburbs at all. We find that the boundary of the southern town, popularly called "the South End," is, let us say, Spring Garden Road or, rather better, Sackville Street. The northern town, "the North End," is bounded on the south by Cogswell Street. The middle town is that between these boundaries. Socially, the middle town is not in it. It unfortunately belongs to a lower level of society, with, of course, some exceptions, who either through business necessity or by preference live there. They socially do not belong to the quarter in which they live, but are strangers and sojourners in the land.

Let us take the "South End." That very expression has something that is not pleasant about it. It is offensive to the ears; it is *snobbish*, and one can say nothing worse of it than that. There are a certain class of people who are proud of living in the "South End;" there are others who are not aware of the fact, because they never have considered it, having lived all their lives in that particular district, it has never entered their heads to be proud of it. They do not refer to "*our end of the town*" in contradistinction to the other. It is evident that the South is of higher social standing than the North, for we have seen families migrating from the latter to the former for the sole reason of rising in the social scale. There is also no doubt that the majority of people who are "in the swim" socially, and in the sets nearest approaching the highest set, live within the southern boundaries. It is not because they live in that district that they are in those sets, it is from other reasons. They would be equally as fashionable if they lived at Richmond. Therefore those who live in the South End should not think themselves in charmed circles simply because they do so. They should remember the old adage, "King amongst dogs, dog amongst kings." I would recommend all persons thinking of moving South to pause and consider the matter, and weigh the advantages and disadvantages. I do not think that the "South ends" have anything to be proud of, for the word is, as I have said, synonymous with snobbishness, and snobbishness is synonymous with most that is nasty in this life. I am sorry to see that estimable tennis club has adopted that name. It does the club much harm.

Let us look at the "North End." I must confess I have a hankering after the North End, and think if I was going to buy a house I would choose that locality. Where could be found more

delightful town houses than those on the east side of Brunswick Street, with their magnificent view of the harbour and Dartmouth? I would far sooner live in one of them than in dingy Hollis Street, or dusty and noisy Morris Street. The society of the North is of a healthier, wholesomer character than that of its presumptuous and younger sister. People seem to be taken more for what they are than for what they have, and snobbishness is not so rampant. Of course there are some people who live in the North who belong to social sets of the South; but the great mass of people of that district form a separate and distinct society, and one that is more pleasant to contemplate than the Southern one. Let the North, therefore, take heart, and refuse to be sat upon by the upstart South, and if it has lost some of its members, they having gone off to the enemy, let them remember that geographical situation does not make social position, but that social qualification ignores geographical landmarks.

SOCIETY SAMUEL.

The Venerable Bede, feeling that his last hour was approaching, called to his bedside a young monk to whom he was deeply attached, but whose moral conduct had lately given the old man great cause for anxiety.

"My young son," said he, "strive earnestly to control those carnal passions and desires which militate so strongly against a saintly life. Let me on the present solemn occasion impress upon you the truth of the text, 'Be sure your sins will find you out.'"

"Indeed, father," replied the young neophyte, "I have carefully pondered those words. I do not so much mind my sins *finding me out*; what I fear is lest on their calling for me at any time they should find me *at home*!"

The saintly man sank back and expired.

Never was the truth of the well known saying, "Heaven preserve me from my—good-natured friends" more eloquently exemplified than in the *souvenirs* of Disraeli by his friend Sir William Fraser Bart., just published, though this little book can hardly be a source of unmitigated delight to the Dizzy worshippers, "showing up" most unmercifully their idol as it does. Sir William Fraser was a very dear and intimate friend of the Semitic Sorcerer, but would seem to have used his intimacy with the statesman merely for the purpose of exposing his weak points and foibles. He certainly has not shown toward Lord Beaconsfield what that statesman calls "the mercy of my silence." He tells us a great deal about Disraeli's brown liveries which were not well made, about his hair dye, about the gold chains with which he adorned his velvet waistcoat, about his velvet trousers, about his wife's age, about his being dreadfully bored before dinner, and waking up in the course of that meal.

"Disraeli's main object in life was to make himself conspicuous at all costs and all hazards. A better-bred man would not have done this." Nor perhaps would a less candid friend make such a very caustic remark. But there are little bitter bits like this all through. For instance: "Disraeli had not been at a public school. His repeated efforts to get himself talked about were all part of an ignoble but profitable comedy." Then there are many sneers at the gaudy costume of the young Jew, the green velvet trousers, &c. "He could be dismal, not pathetic," says Sir William. "Soon after I knew Disraeli he discoursed on life and a career; he exaggerated the advantages of physical beauty."

Sir William remembers his saying in a lugubrious tone, "Wait till you are no longer irresistible." Surely it would be impossible to push buffooning and vulgarity further! "In the first Parliament in which I sat Disraeli wore his frock coat open, displaying his plush waistcoat; he had a nervous trick difficult to describe. It was this: he raised both forearms from the elbow as if struck with a sudden idea of throwing the lappels of his coat wide open, but invariably failed to accomplish his object. He twitched each lappel of his coat with the points of his finger and thumb, producing no effect upon the coat."