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OUR SOCIETY

A

WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1

HALIFAX N. S., JULY 17.

No. 33.



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The ladies of Halifax have shown extraordinary activity this year in the matter of sports, and so far all their efforts have been completely successful. Now that the Crown County and Rowing clubs are an accomplished fact, we hear rumors of a Ladies Rifle Club, which intends to have its first meeting very shortly. The ground is in the vicinity of Mr. Francklyn's house, and gives room for short ranges from 50 to 100 yards. What weapon that is to be used we have not yet heard, but shall be able to give fuller details later on.

A fortnight ago we said a few words about the Peerless Steam Cooker, which has been recently introduced into Halifax. Since then we have had ample opportunities for testing its capabilities, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it a complete success. For three days we were without a stove, and used the Cooker on a three-wick oil stove. On one occasion the Cooker contained leg of mutton, potatoes, spanish onions, and jam pudding; and—to our surprise, we must confess—everything turned out perfectly done, and the flavor of onions strictly confined to the onions themselves. For cooking any large joint, like a ham, the machine is just perfect; and when the inside shelves are taken out, there is room for a larger joint than any ordinary pan will hold.

Besides all this, the Cooker is very clean, and does not want any watching, as the steam whistle gives a quarter of an hour's notice before the water supply is run out.

We went altogether off the track last week in the matter of Mr. John Doull's "at Home," and a notice in one of the daily papers, meant to set matters right, didn't do much to improve things. However, all's well that ends well, and we can congratulate Mr. John Doull (*not* junior) on the success of last Tuesday's entertainment.

It is some small consolation that we were not the only ones that muddled up the accounts of this same "At Home;" a contemporary eclipsed us altogether by describing the whole business several days before it came off.

Mrs. W. M. Doull is giving a dance at Westenswald next Tuesday, (the 21st)

La grippe epidemic is having terrible results on the Labrador coast. At River Pontecoste, point Aux Esquimaux, Plaster Cove and Mingan, dozens of people have died, dozens are dying and many have gone insane, and to make matters worse provisions have run short. Bishop Bosse is down with the disease, his prelate is dying and a number of nuns are among the dead. Bishop Bosse's medicine chest has run out. It was the only one on the coast. The Bishop telegraphed the Quebec government to send immediate help. Doctor Fiset, ex-M. P. for Rimouski, has left with medicine and provisions. The result of his mission is anxiously awaited.

We have heard many well-authenticated accounts of large flights of grass-hoppers and locusts, but the following, from *The Register* (Berwick, N. S.) took us a little by surprise;—

"Grasshoppers, in a column about five miles wide, recently appeared in such quantities in Colorado, fifty miles west line of Kansas, so as to stop the Rock Island train. They covered the rails to a depth of two inches, and the driving-wheels of the engine revolved and ground through them unable to move the train. Another engine was secured to push, and then it took two hours to cross the five-mile column. The grasshoppers are young, having been hatched within the last two weeks. Fears are entertained that their wings will develop enough for them to fly and devastate the corn fields of Kansas."

This may be true, and then again it may not. We record it because it is an extraordinary addition to the annals of Natural History; and we hope in time to be able to look back through the files of OUR SOCIETY and make a collection of clippings that will form a fair treatise on Natural History, as she is wrote.

The beauty of these items lies in the fact that if they are difficult to believe they are more difficult to verify and most difficult to disprove.

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE, -PAST AND PRESENT.

WINDSOR COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, -PAST AND PRESENT.

By the kind courtesy of the committee of the Wanderers this match took place on the Club grounds on Monday, it having been postponed from Thursday on account of the weather. Mr. Irons the custodian of the ground had provided a really good wicket, which notwithstanding adverse criticism as regards the look of the ground, he has done each match played this year. As far as the cricket goes, we cannot say much for either side, both being pretty poor, the match eventually ended in a draw, the Windsorians leading on the first innings. We might suggest to the Windsor team that it is usual when playing in a neutral ground, to abide by the rules of that ground, and not bring their own rules, with their cricket paraphernalia. This refers to drawing of stumps which, on the Wanderers' ground is fixed for half-past six. To say the least the Windsor team owe an apology to the Wanderers' for having broken one of the club rules. The following is the score:—

COLLEGE SCHOOL XI.

<i>First innings.</i>	<i>Second innings.</i>
Holmes, ct. Stewart, b. Leigh 0	b. Cahalane 6
J. Mackintosh, b. Leigh 8	b. Leigh 3
J. Overy, ct. & b. Leigh 2	b. Cahalane 0
Masters, b. Leigh 1	b. " 0
N. Pickering, ct. Ryan, b. Leigh 0	ct. Courtney, b. Leigh . . . 15
F. Payzant, b. Cahalane 0	ct. Leigh, b. Cahalane 0
G. Worsley, run out 9	ct. " b. " 7
R. Bauld, ct. Ryan, b. Cahalane 1	ct. Courtney, b. Leigh 4
A. Reynolds, b. Leigh 2	not out 0
Jones, not out 9	b. Leigh 0
S. Mitchell, std. b. Cahalane 5	b. Cahalane 0
Extras 18	Extras 8
Total 52	Total 43

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE.

First innings.

R. MacIreith, b. Masters 0	
C. Stewart, ct. Overy, b. Worsley 0	
R. Moren, b. Worsley 0	
W. Courtney, b. Masters 9	
T. Cahalane, b. Masters 16	
W. Leigh, b. Worsley 2	
T. Ryan, b. Masters 1	
J. Roue, b. Worsley 0	
L. Kenny, ct. Overy, b. Worsley 0	
D. C. Bradford, not out 2	
F. Parsons, did not bat 0	
Extras 16	
Total 37	

THURSDAY, JULY 23rd, 1891.

GRAND GALA DAY! "HILLSIDE," NORTH-WEST ARM.

"KERMESSE,"

Strawberry Festival, Water Concert, Fireworks and Illuminations, Bands of Music and innumerable smaller attractions. The Committee having the affair in hand will do their best to make it a success in every particular. Ample means of communication with the City while the entertainment is in progress will be provided by means of Busses and Steam Tugs, which will give patrons a choice of routes to and from the grounds, and will afford them a chance of enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Arm during the afternoon and by moonlight.

The Kermesse in aid of St. Stephen's Chapel, as advertised in our columns, is bound to be a success, it being for such a deserving object. It is needless to ask the why and the wherefore of this want of funds. Suffice it to say that funds are required, and all good church folk should show their sympathy by attending, spending their money freely in the cause of charity, the greatest of virtues, thereby laying up treasures elsewhere, an end much to be desired, even though it be attained at the expense of one's digestive organs. No prettier spot could have been chosen for the Kermesse, and the thanks of the community are due to Mr. and Mrs. Spike for so kindly placing their grounds at the disposal of the committee. Apart from ice cream and strawberries, there will be side shows too numerous to mention. Music will be in attendance, in fact all that goes to make a happy day has been arranged, save fine weather, which the committee are striving to deserve by keeping their consciences clear and trusting in Providence to do the rest.

On Tuesday next—Labor Day—why Labor Day, when it's a pretty general holiday?—the Nova Scotia Cigar Company promise to give something out of the way, as regards a show in the procession. We are sworn to secrecy and dare not divulge, but wait and see.

The Company intend making a big hit at the Exhibition in September, which the manager tells us will knock everything else higher than the proverbial kite. The factory is now lighted by electricity, and each department is working with clock-like regularity. All who have smoked cigars from this factory do not stint their praise, and we have Mr. Percy Lear's word that the quality will continue the same.

A two-day cricket match is fixed for to-day and to-morrow between the Wanderers and the Garrison. Play to commence at 2 o'clock each day.

We do trust that our own, City Fathers will see their way to spend some of the superfluous hoard in extending the sidewalk improvements from Government House right to the corner of Salter St.

The Academy opens on Monday with a first-class company under the name of "H. B. Bradley's Players." This title is getting very near to old English. It only requires the "Ye" to make it really so. The company will present "My Partner," "Aunt Jack," and "Barnes of New York." We trust that the company will meet with that success which notices to hand show the individual members deserve.

At Dr. Dorman's pic-nic at MacNab's on Saturday last the guests amused themselves with a rifle competition, distance twenty-five yards. Entries restricted to ladies. We hear that Mrs. John Miller won first prize and Miss Morrow second. The first prize was a beautiful gold bangle, and the second a silver one. This will never do, to have an American beat our young ladies at shooting. Although we congratulate Mrs. Miller on her skill, still we hope she will not be so fortunate another time, and that Haligonians will be able to hold their own.

Mr. and Mrs. Eeshaw arrived on Tuesday, and are staying at the Waverly. They are going to take up their abode at Jubilee for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Twining and Miss Hilda Stairs arrived from New York on Tuesday. Mrs. Twining is going to stay here for the summer.

Major and Mrs. Maunsel return next week from Anticosti, where we believe they have had excellent sport.

On Monday last Sir John Ross had a small tennis-party; it is his intention we believe, to have a similar function every Monday during the season.

On Monday likewise the R. A. had a similar entertainment, but most of the fashionables were paying their respects to Mrs. James Morrow on her return from England.

Mrs. Walter Jones has a pic-nic to-morrow, (Saturday), at Lawsons; it is to be quite a large and grand affair, everyone who is anybody being asked.

The Polo days were changed this week, on account of the Regatta—in fact during the week everything has been *the* Regatta. The days were Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. On Monday it was a very fast game, and showed much improvement with many of our players.

The first meeting of the C. H. Boys' Swimming Club, was held at the cottage opposite Oaklands, on Wednesday last. Members, and those who wish to join, are particularly requested to attend next Wednesday, if weather permits, and if not, on Friday; when the question of building a house-boat will be discussed.

Boats will be at Oaklands from 2.30 to 3.30. Bathing dresses over the shoulders must be worn. Those who intend to join but cannot be present at the meeting should send in their names to the President, Cambridge House.

It was pleasant to hear the band once more in the gardens and no doubt the popularity of that resort will once more come back. Of course it will never be what it used to be. For in the first place there is no tennis, and in the second, there are other attractions, for example, the Yacht Club. What Halifax needs is some rallying point, suitable to all classes and for the public, and not restricted to anything private. If the commissioners of the gardens would see fit to make one arrangement this could be accomplished. They have put up or are going to put up gates in the hideous erection which they, in their wiseness have thought fit to create on the Park Street side. Now, if they would make a drive through the gardens on that level, so that people might take their carriages, sit in them and listen to the band, they would have a drive and lounging place unequalled anywhere. It need only be open at certain times when the band was playing; it would add much to the interest of the gardens and would not interfere with the nurse maid or the perambulator, to say nothing of the soldier.

It seems to us that this could be managed and we would then have some place where people could gather to show off themselves, their clothes, and their carriages and their horses. We would then have a great improvement in the turn-outs, and people would vie with each other to have the smartest of smart traps and the finest of fine horses. Strangers would admire the spectacle and everyone would be happy, and this ought to be the aim of the Mayor and every Alderman as it was of Gilberts Cabinet Council. You might say "people have the Park to show off," the Park is too large and not concentrated enough—people do not see each other, and what is the use of going anywhere if you are not seen? Lady Water Street does not like to go anywhere if the Duchess of Tintacks can not see her. This is the grand object of life; then let us oblige the fair ladies and institute a Rotten Row for Halifax.

A boxing match was held at the Lyceum on Tuesday night, between White and Jordan. We cannot congratulate anyone on the exhibition. We hear that the building was licensed for the purpose of an exhibition of scientific boxing, and we, even in the face of such masters of the noble art, or, rather, in face of the opinions of such professionals as Messrs. Cotter and Power, do hereby venture with fear and trembling that in our opinion these connoisseurs of all that is tame overstepped the bounds of common sense in stopping what was up to then a poor boxing match. Had they but used a little discretion, and waited till the middle of the third round, they might have had reason on their side in making their highly moral appearance. What we do wish to know is, why should a building be licensed for a show of this kind, the public mulcted in \$1 per head, and then for it to be stopped at the sweet will and pleasure of the above-named gentlemen. As regards the boxing, to say the least, it was poor. White most certainly not only showed better form, but had a very great advantage as regards height and strength. We would give him a small piece of advice,

viz.: that if he ever meets a man as long in the reach as he is himself, not to try that favourite "upper cut" quite so often, or most certainly an able opponent will take advantage of the opening. Verb, Sup.

The grocers seem to be having quite a high old time, and all about sugar. Combines may or may not be good for the public at large, this depends to a very great extent on those individuals who form it, but an association being formed by a certain trade for a legitimate object, it certainly behoves all those who are members of such, to stick together and carry out the laws and regulations as laid down and agreed to by that association.

Surely we, the public, should be satisfied if a body of our fellow townsmen, men of repute, men whom we meet day after day, meet together and say, "We can sell 17 lbs. of sugar for \$1, and make a fair profit," we say we ought to be satisfied, and take it that their representation as honest dealing men is at stake, and that for the small profit made on sugar, they would not risk that same reputation. On the other hand should there be members of such an association, who, agreeing with proposals brought forward, shall deliberately break the rules by selling say 18, 19 or 20 lbs. for the dollar, then we may rest assured they are making nothing in this line of goods, but are only throwing this proverbial sprat to catch the fattest of mackerel.

DIANA'S DIARY.

SUNDAY.—I had little or nothing to do on Sunday. In the morning I went to St. Luke's as every right minded and virtuous girl ought to, that is, if it is her church. I noticed some very pretty toilets, of course I did not notice them in church but afterwards. One in particular that a lady lately arrived wore. It was a kind of crushed strawberry color, beautifully made with all the latest accessories in the three quarter line, it was extremely becoming to the fascinating wearer. Finished up the day with a small supper, awfully good, that is the supper not the company.

MONDAY.—I thought I was going to have such a jolly day, as I was going to do a lot of shopping in the morning and then to Garrison Tennis in the afternoon and the Gardens at night. But, alas, I had such a head-ache that nothing would stop it, so I had to stay at home and do nothing, although I was not to had to read. I read Edgar Fawcetts last book called "A New York Family." It is awfully good and well worth having a headache to read. L.—, came in and told me that Garrison Tennis was jolly although there were not many there, nearly everyone being at Sir John's or else visiting in Morris St. He said it was awfully hot, but that the ices were grand, therefore the hotter the better say i. Alas I could not go the gardens in the evening.

TUESDAY.—At last I got my shopping done, I wanted to see if I could get any of those jolly shirts with soft fronts and stiff rolled over collars—they are the nicest of things—being both blouse and shirt. In the afternoon we went out to Mr. John Doull's "at Home." Mama did not want to go at first she said it would be so expensive. However I persuaded her to if I got some one to share the cab. We were rather crowded, there being six of us in one cab and nearly all of us with new dresses on.

Every one was there and the place looked lovely and the band was excellent, the ices and the tea more than excellent and I had a young man all to myself all the time. What more could you want? I said everyone was there; I wondered where all the people came from, some I had not seen for years—every one seemed to enjoy themselves. Some of the guests came round in the 'Lily' it must have been a jolly sail. Mr. Doull is to be more than congratulated on the success of his entertainment. The bride for whom it was given looked fascinating, I could not begin to describe her clothes, but mine soul was filled with envy, such as I don't like to think about. It was quite late when we got home and although we did share the cab, it came to an awful lot, and mama says that

I will have to pay the next one out of my own money—of which I have very little.

WEDNESDAY.—Our house was given up to strawberry jam in the morning. Bye-the-bye do you like scum? I do.

In the afternoon we journeyed up to the Wellington barracks in the cars. How hot it was climbing the hill up to the barracks. There were not many there, but it was very lively, the band played better than it did at Mr. Doull's, and the hosts were very attentive, I did not try tennis, but found it hot enough looking on. There were many pretty gowns. A young lady from Upper Canada was much admired and certainly is very beautiful. We had to hurry home, as mamma said we would be tired for the ship's dance. Oh that dance! I did enjoy myself. It was perfectly level, I don't think I ever enjoyed myself so much, but then I was very lucky, and only had to cut three partners out of dances. But they poor youths, were young and cheerful, and no doubt did not mind. I always think it such fun at a ship's dance, but then what is the use talking about it:—everyone knows, and everyone has been to lots of them, many more than I have, so you must put up with me. I was so tired when I got home that I could not sleep.

THURSDAY.—A dull, stupid, day except in the morning when I went out to the arm to see them practicing for the regatta. I was going to row, but had to retire. I went in for a dip, it was awfully jolly and not a bit cold. I have made up my mind to go in every day for the rest of the summer, that is a virtuous resolve. I don't know whether I can carry it out. Mamma and M—— and I went visiting in the afternoon. The mater will always insist on going to funny old places and to see old ladies she knew in her youth and we have to sit there and be as bored as possible. They are always in and generally keep you waiting quite half an hour while they change their cap, and they never give you any tea and never talk about anybody who has not been dead this twenty years. After one of these afternoons I always feel utterly depressed and bad. However, in the evening we made up for it, by going for the loveliest row on the harbour, unbeknown to our parents and thoroughly enjoyed myself.

To-morrow the great excitement is the Regatta, all the girls are going to wear sailor blouses. I lent the one I had for the Nautical fair, but I don't think it has a ghost of a chance of coming in first. I have a lovely gown to wear, but it is too good to go in a boat, so I will have to remain on terra-firma. DIANA.

P. S.—I hear the boat to back is one that is manned by two arm girls, from up the arm—and neighbours.

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THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

He had not even the distinction of being ugly. He was one of those drab-coloured featureless people whom one would never credit with being clever, interesting, or even wicked; and there are very few of us who do not judge the book by the cover. He was rather beneath the medium height, he was fat, and his clothes were not of a cut to display his figure to advantage. And the worst of it was that he possessed a keen critical faculty, and was a good deal ashamed of that common-place exterior of his. Moreover, he had expensive tastes, for he came of a good, though impecunious, family, he liked cultivated society, fine surroundings, well-cooked dinners, and he possessed sixty pounds a year, and an uncle from whom he had expectations; but he had had the expectations so long that he had come to take them as a matter of course, and would have been surprised to see them change into realities.

If his uncle had not had rheumatism he might have died sooner, but the rheumatism made him so careful that it seemed to have given him the gift of immortality. There were times when Tom felt tempted to lure the old gentleman out on a showery day, and leave him for an hour or two on a damp seat in the park; but he did not yield to this evil suggestion, nor to that other more subtle one, to provoke him to wrath after a heavy dinner and bring on the apoplexy which, to judge by the small space there was between his head and shoulders, would easily attack him. No, he let the old man live his selfish life in his bachelor apartments in Piccadilly, while he lived his unsatisfying one in the dull room in a low part of the Edgware Road neighbourhood, for which he paid the weekly rent of seven and sixpence.

He was very unhappy, poor Tom; he was oppressed by his sordid surroundings, depressed by his own lack of social qualifications, impressed by the stern realities of existence. Moreover, he was in love; so much in love that when of an evening he leaned out of his window and smoked the pipe which was his one and only luxury, he looked away from the busy, ragged, noisy crowds, which quarrelled and fought, and made their purchases, and did their rough courting, up to the still heavens, and felt at peace; so much so that he heard not the oaths or the laughter, or the loud talking beneath him, but only the low tones of Helen Power speaking to him kindly in the dimly-lit conservatory; so much so, too, that as she was his world, and all the other world but as a shadow across his path, he felt it would be better that death should come to him than that he should have to live without her.

For he would have to live without her. He knew that well enough. Even if he already possessed the money which one day might be his, he would have no chance, and certainly he had none as it was. Talented, wealthy, beautiful and good, there were great and clever and distinguished men who would be proud to have her for a wife, and he would never have dared even to let her know that he loved her, for though he was but too well aware of the fact, he did not wish her to tell him that it was impossible she should care for him. Out of a mistaken kindness, a City friend had asked Tom Cheadle to go and stay with him and have a little shooting, and Tom, who was weak in some respects, could not refuse the chance of two weeks' ease and comfort and pleasure, though he knew from bitter experience that he would feel out of place, and balance his enjoyment by suffering, for to a sensitive poor man there are many little things that go to make up a social martyrdom, and which would never occur to one uninitiated into the positive pain of not being able to give a servant a decent tip, and of having to keep his underclothing under lock and key, lest a curious eye should perceive its lamentable deficiencies.

It was while on this visit that Tom met Miss Power, and lost at once his heart, and his peace of mind. He was so altogether beneath her notice that he thought it kind of her to pay as much attention to him as she did. It was a mistaken kindness, arising out of her pity for the small, ordinary man who ate so much at meal-times, and said so little. There were two other gentlemen staying in the house, both society men, one of them brilliantly

clever, and they were willing to do more than flirt with her; perhaps it was to escape their attentions that she asked Tom Cheadle so many questions about himself, and proved how sympathetic a listener she could be.

The holiday came to an end. He had shaken hands with her, and walked the length of the great drawing room with tears in his eyes, due to the consciousness that he would in all probability never see her again, and a miserable feeling that he must be cutting but a sorry figure before her in that old short coat of his, which had seen so much service. The pathos of daily life often arises from details which may seem ludicrous to lookers on.

He had gone back to his seat in the office and to his dingy lodgings, to his insufficient meals and his monotonous evenings, with a weight of pain which yet was mingled with joy, and which he would not have been without; he had gone back to dream idle day dreams, to wish for the impossible, to taste the bitter sweet of hopeless love, to lie wide-eyed and sleepless on his bed, and to greet the dawn with tears, to awaken to the depths of hitherto unimagined passion in his nature, and to be for ever transformed and to see a transformed world, all for love of a woman.

He had no friend in whom to confide, he had very little to distract his thoughts; he had no taste for low pleasures, and he could not afford expensive ones; he had liked books once, but now he could not fix his attention on them; and there was no vent for the restlessness which possessed him, no mode of changing the current of his thoughts or of drowning thought altogether. One evening he went to see the same friend who had invited him into the country; they played cards and there was much whiskey; at first poor Tom was incapable of taking much interest in the game, but by and by he grew lively, even noisy. He felt gay and light-hearted as he had not done for weeks, and that though he lost—but they played so low, the loss was inconsiderable. He went home humming a song. The next day his friend gave him a small parcel; he was as good-hearted a fellow as ever lived. "Tom," he said, blushing, "you praised my whiskey last night, and—and you seem to like it, old chap. I wish you would accept a bottle. It comes in useful sometimes."

Tom accepted it gratefully. He knew it was the whiskey which had put so much spirit in him last night, in more senses than one; he took it home with him, and he opened it that evening.

He had been poor before, but now he seemed to be harder up than ever, and shabbier, and less respectable, and by and by his possessions began to diminish; the silver-mounted pipe, which his uncle had given him in a fit of unwonted generosity, found its way to an "Uncle," who was the brother of neither his father nor his mother, and the little teapot of Worcester China, which had been a valued memento of the latter, performed the gymnastic feat of going "up the spout," while one or two odds and ends of some slight value, which had been wont to lie about on his mantel-piece, were now, as he informed the landlady's daughter, "put away."

The landlady's daughter was sorry. She took a tender interest in Tom, did Polly Winter. She knew he was a gentleman, and she pitied him because he was lonely, and because, from experience she knew what it was to be out of harmony with one's surroundings, and the mere fact that beyond the greetings of ordinary courtesy he never was familiar with herself, was, according to Polly's standard, a point in his favour. And so it was a real grief to her when one evening he met her on the stairs and muttered some indistinct remark to her, smiling idiotically. She looked at him with astonishment, and then she ran into her room and threw herself on her bed, and cried. And from that day she regarded Tom anxiously when she saw him, and still more anxiously did she regard the bottle which he kept in his cupboard, and which was renewed more often than she cared to see. He never attempted to hide the bottle, and there was no need to keep it under lock and key, because the Winters had proved themselves so honest in the matter of butter and bacon, to say nothing of matches, that they were above suspicion.

One day Tom heard at the office that Miss Power was engaged to be married to a Member of Parliament.

He did not go home that afternoon, for he hated the thought of that little room of his; instead, he turned in the other direction and plunged into the heart of the City. His work was in the Law Courts. He went down Fleet Street at a break-neck pace, and on and on he strode till he found himself in Whitechapel. He had no reason for going there, only he felt he must go somewhere, and that did as well as any where else. It did not matter. Nothing mattered. What was it to anyone what he did, or where he went, or what became of him? He had no part in anybody's life, and his own was very little use. No use that he could see, and certainly no pleasure, either to himself or anybody else. What was the good of life at all? He looked about him. Squalor was here, poverty, misery, want. Look at the coarse-faced women and brutal men; look at the crowds of dirty children. How they swarmed! Look at the shops with their cheap wares and their flaring gaslights. What did those cheap wares mean? What, but cruelty? The youth and the strength of girls had gone to make them, the health of women the joy of children. Pah! It was a hard world, in which every man strove for himself, and his gain meant the loss of another. He was sick of this existence. The one thing he craved for was denied him. He was reckless as to what became of him. The world was full of human beings. How they suffered. One more or less, what did it matter? Who cared? Not he.

He went home very late, but he was not at all drunk. He was tired but, quite calm. He smiled bitterly as he went up the stairs. This was his *home*; there would be no one to greet him, no supper would be prepared for him, and he had scarcely tasted food that day and it would not matter to a soul if he stayed out all night in the cold. Ah, well! He felt the little bottle which was in his pocket, and the touch comforted him.

He had been mistaken in his surmises. There *was* some one to greet him, and there *was* supper awaiting him, and a fire, though he had not ventured to start fires yet. When he was cold in the evening he had one way of warming himself.

"Ah," said Polly cheerfully, "here you are at last."

She had her hair very well done, and she wore a pretty red dress and a holland apron, and her cheeks had a delicious colour, and her eyes shone.

"Here you are," she repeated, and she glanced wistfully at his face. "I took the liberty of lighting a fire for you, and my sweetheart must be in an excellent temper, it is burning so splendidly; and did you ever see such a beautiful chop? There!" and she popped it on the gridiron, and laid it above the red hot coals.

"I don't want anything to eat, thank you, Miss Winter," said Tom wearily.

"*Nonsense*," said Miss Winter emphatically. And she bustled about in a way that meant business. "You want that chop, and a cup of coffee, and some bread and butter, and I want to see you consume them."

And consume them he did before long, and Miss Winter watched him and chattered to him the while, and even made him laugh once or twice, by her funny tales. She knew what was the matter with him, bless you; she had been through it, and she was full of sympathy.

She did not rise to go till she saw some colour in his pale face and some light in his eyes; nay, she did not go even then. She waited till he began to look drowsy. Then she said: "Really, it's quite improper my staying so long. I shall have mother calling me. Good-night, Mr. Cheadle." She took his hand in her strong, warm grasp. "Good-night, Mr. Cheadle," she said again, "and—God bless you." Her words and her touch remained with him, and strengthened his heart to endurance. "Good-night, and—God bless you."

"God hasn't taken much trouble about me," he thought to himself, sadly, and he lay back in his chair; and as he watched the fire he reviewed his life dreenrily. It had been a life without great misfortunes, but, alas, without great joys—a colourless life—and it did not seem to him to have any guidance, or to have had any aim. He

was so occupied in dreaming over the past that he forgot the future, and for the time being he forgot, too, the little bottle, the contents of which he had meant to make use of that night. The result of his hot supper and the fire was to send him to sleep, and when he woke in the morning it was to find himself in his arm-chair, and to see the sunlight stealing in through the blinds.

He rose yawning, and wondering what it all meant, and then the recollection of last night flashed across him. Involuntarily he put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a small packet. With a steady hand he pulled off the paper, and held up the bottle before his eyes. It was labelled "Laudanum."

He flung open his window, and leant out. He was almost resolved to throw the poison far away into the street, but somehow he hesitated to do it. He glanced back into the room. In the grate were grey ashes, the remnants of last evening's meal littered the table, the gas had been burning all night, and the atmosphere, especially as contrasted with the outer air, was vitiated and oppressive. Suddenly the sound of bell from an neighbouring church smote upon his ear. They were ringing for morning service. They reminded him of other bells—wedding bells—and flinging his head up in an attitude of defiant recklessness, he strode up to his cupboard and placed the bottle on the shelf within easy reach.

He felt at peace now. He knew that when existence became unendurable there would be no need to continue it.

That morning, when he had gone to the city, the landlady's daughter came to do his room. There was a servant to do the rough work, but Miss Winter was not above helping, and she thought that Mr. Cheadle's room should have a thorough turn out, under her supervision. She was not a person to do things by halves and she gave orders that the cupboard should be cleaned. She herself took out the contents. She looked anxiously at the whiskey bottle; it was as she had seen it last. But—what was this little bottle?

Now Tom Cheadle had one good point in the matter of looks, and that was his teeth; he had particularly good, even, white teeth, and it had been his boast that he had never had the toothache in his life. So it was not probable that he intended to put this to the use for which many people keep it. No; Miss Winter had her suspicions, increased by the word above the label: "POISON," and by the recollection of the look in Tom's eyes when he came home yesterday; she knew what it meant, and she turned cold and sick.

She went through her work miserably enough, and she was so absent-minded that she did not rebuke the "general" when that lady stood upon Tom's leather chair—a personal possession—to polish the scratched glass over the mantle-piece. But she came to a certain conclusion, and it seemed to her that the end justified the means. She took the little bottle round to the chemist's at the corner, and gave it into his hands for a few minutes; and when she got back she replaced the bottle on Tom's shelf behind the big black one, just where it had been before, but she knew now which of the two was the more dangerous.

Whether it was the consciousness that he had the wherewithal to ease his heartache there is no knowing, but for some reason Tom was more cheerful for the next few weeks than he had been for a long time.

It was just before Helen Power's wedding day that the old misery came upon him. It seemed as if he had been sleeping, and that it was she who woke him up to a consciousness of his pain. She asked him to her wedding. She was so happy herself, that she could not but feel kindly disposed to all the world, and she remembered Tom Cheadle, and did not wish him to think she despised him for being poor. This was the only way she had of showing him a little attention, and she would not miss the opportunity. And how was she to know what a tumult of passion, and wrath, and misery, what visions of the unattainable, what pangs of envy, were caused by the little piece of cardboard, with the invitation in silver letters upon it? But he did not refuse what she offered him. He would spend all he possessed to buy clothes, in which he should

he fit to appear at her wedding; he would see her in her beauty, may he touch her hand; he would see, too, this man who had gained so much, because he had already been blessed with wealth and knowledge, and position; he would hear the words said, which would bind them to one another for life, and he would find strength to wish them happiness. And then—they would go away, and he would come home, and never more would he mingle with his fellow-men, neither would he have cause to envy them.

And so the evening came, and she had been put out of his reach for ever.

He felt no passion now, no anger, no fear. All that was spent. He was only very, very tired. His face, as he took down the bottle, was white and set. He did not care what anyone would say or think of him; he did not care if there were a future state, or if he would find God awaiting him in judgment; he was only so weary of living, so unfit to struggle, so anxious to be still. He knelt and said the Lord's Prayer in obedience to an instinct; then he poured the liquid into a glass, drank it, and lay down in his bed; he put out the light, folded his arms across his breast, and closed his eyes.

His last thought before he slid into unconsciousness was a trivial one. He missed the ticking of his watch, which he had pawned to buy his "wedding garments."

There was noise in the street without; but his room was all still. And he fell asleep.

At eight o'clock the next morning the postman delivered some letters into the hands of Miss Polly Winter, who, in her morning gown, was taking the air on the door-step. One of these letters was for Thomas J. Cheadle, Esq., and Polly thought she would take it up herself, and, together with it, as the morning was somewhat frosty, a jug of boiling water. She fetched this with great sweetness, and made her way up to the top story.

There was no answer to her knock, nor yet to the repetition of it. She opened the door and went in. Tom was a light sleeper, as a rule he did not stir. Polly's heart beat a little quicker than usual, as she put the jug down on the table. There was a sound as if it touched something, and then a small thing rooled on to the ground. She stooped and picked it up. It was the empty bottle. Then she realized from what she had saved him. But had she saved him? How still he lay! A fear seized her. She ran to the window and pulled up the blind to let in the sunlight; then she came back to the bedside and dared to look at him. He lived—he breathed. She had averted a tragedy. She burst into tears, and flung herself on her knees by the bedside, praying aloud.

Tom heard her before he had the strength to open his eyes.

"Oh, God! Thank you for sparing him. Help him to live his life bravely. Make him happy. Let him one day rejoice that he was prevented from doing this thing."

He was not dead, then. The laudanum had failed to do its work. What did it all mean?

"Sir," said Polly. "Mr. Cheadle! are you awake?"

Oh, the dreariness of it! There was a weight upon his heart as he gazed about him. He was utterly depressed and wretched. He pushed away the letter she handed him. His effort to die had been in vain.

"Go away," he said; "let me sleep."

She looked at him sadly.

"Sir, it is late. Are you going to take a holiday to-day, sir?"

He opened his heavy eyes again, and sighed.

"No," he said in a dull voice; "I will get up."

He sickened at the thought of the old dull routine, from which he thought he had escaped.

Polly rose. She still held the bottle in her hand. He caught sight of it, and a quick red flushed his face. He remembered the words he had heard her say, and the tears were still on her cheeks.

"What—what is that?" he stammered, as she laid the empty bottle on the bed.

"I think," said Polly, hesitatingly, "it must have held the sleeping draught you took last night."

He knew then that she had guessed the truth. He looked away from her honest eyes, and began fumbling with the letter, mechanically opening it, and reading it. Suddenly he gave an exclamation and set up in bed, his eyes shining; and then he broke into hysterical laughter.

"I—I shall not go to the city to-day," he said, in almost incoherent tones. "I think—I shall never go back. I am rich."

"Mr. Cheadle—Sir," cried Polly, wondering if he had taken leave of his senses.

"My uncle died yesterday evening," said Tom more soberly, though he could not pretend to any grief.

"Oh, sir!" cried Polly, taking hold of his hand. "Be happy with the money—and good. And thank God for saving your life!"

"What do you mean, Miss Winter?" said poor Tom, awkwardly.

The landlady's daughter was not good at deception. She went down on her knees, and told him all the truth.

"I couldn't bear to think of it," she sobbed; "I knew you were unhappy, and I believed you had a use for the horrid stuff, and so I took it to the chemist's and I made him change it to a sleeping draught. There's—there's laudanum in it, but there wasn't enough to hurt you. And—oh, I hope you will forgive me!"

"Polly!" said Tom, and then he gave a great sob, and hid his face on the pillow.

The landlady's daughter patted his shoulder in a motherly manner.

"You will thank me one day" she said, "when you are very happy. Never think God deserts us. If he takes away one thing He gives us something else to comfort us. Don't / know!"

"Have you ever cared for some one?" asked Tom, sheepishly.

"I have," said Miss Winter, "and I wouldn't marry him now for the world."

"Why not?" asked Tom.

"There are reasons" said Miss Winter, "and one is, that I have found someone else I think I shall be happier with."

"Are you going to be married?" he enquired, with interest.

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said she, with a twinkle in her eye. "He hasn't asked me yet, but I should make him such an excellent wife, that I believe he will. He is the sort of person," she continued, moving towards the door, "that needs looking after."

"Polly" Tom cried, for she was blushing so furiously that there was no mistaking her, "come back!"

It might have been forward of her, but he did not think so. He needed love so sorely.

Polly shook her head.

"Not yet," she said.

"Polly," Tom urged, "you have saved my life. It belongs to you. Be my wife."

"I will," said Polly, "when you have learned to love me."

Just think of a penny-in-the-slot machine which furnishes hot water! It is in successful operation in various parts of Paris. Nine quarts are delivered for five centimes (about a halfpenny). A coil of copper wire inside the machine is connected with a street main, and is heated by gas-burners. Housekeepers use the water for making tea, washing and other purposes. A similar machine supplies a glass of hot wine.

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Our Society.

Vol. I. HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1901. No. 33.

WE are somewhat late in congratulating *The Warden* on its acquisition of more extensive press and the consequent improvement in its appearance. The original get-up was decidedly dowdy, but we were rather struck by a certain freshness of tone which has not fallen off.

Of course, there is not much startling news in a little place like Arichat, but there cannot be much going on in the neighbourhood that the *Warden* doesn't manage to get hold of.

THE State of Massachusetts is dealing with the liquor question in a truly liberal spirit, and with a view to offending no-one—not even the habitual toper. By a law passed on the 1st of July, if a man is arrested for drunkenness after that date, and if he is ready to make affidavit that he has not been arrested on a similar charge twice within a year, he will be discharged, unless the official who takes the affidavit can prove it to be false next day. A third offence within the year is punishable by imprisonment of as much as 12 months, without the option of a fine.

Provincial Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN. —Twenty-two gentlemen of the Parliament dined last Tuesday (7th) at Government House. Both houses of the Legislature adjourned last Friday until Wednesday of this week, when the Legislature will be prorogued. His Honor the Lieut.-Governor was too ill last Saturday to leave Government House.

Miss Laine's song recital last Friday was, as anticipated, a delightful treat to all lovers of music who were fortunate enough to hear this talented possessor of a voice whose like is seldom heard in Charlottetown. The programme consisted of some twenty songs, but no monotony was felt by the audience, which was charmed with each number. Mr. Heartz, who shortly leaves us, accompanied Miss Laine. Some local talent furnished one or two numbers, allowing Miss Laine breathing space. We are more than delighted to hear that Miss Laine will visit us again in the autumn, when she will be warmly welcomed.

Your readers will remember reading of a booklet published some months ago entitled, "Society as it is in Charlottetown," which production disgusted every one by its crude abuse and ridicule of clergy and laity, ladies and gentlemen, high, low, rich and poor, the living and the dead. It is needless to repeat a description of the lampoon—suffice it to say that it was anything but the clever production the Charlottetown correspondent of the *Halifax Herald* says it was a great sensation was produced last week by Mr. Chappelle (who published the booklet) openly charging a certain clergyman with being its sole projector. This gentleman published a denial in the evening papers, to which Mr. Chappelle retaliated by a lengthy accusation to which the Rev. gentleman has as yet not replied. The affair is not yet settled to the satisfaction of the public, who would like to discredit the accusation. This, however, is more emphatic than the denial which preceded its appearance, and is libellous if false.

Hon. Daniel Davies and Mrs. Davies have been visiting Souris.

Mrs. DesBrisay (Spring Park), Mrs. George Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Watson and the Misses DesBrisay have taken a cottage at Rocky Point, where they will reside during the summer months, their homes in the city being closed for the time.

Misses Maude Ball, Belle Newberry and Lottie Strickland, are also spending part of the summer at Rocky Point.

Miss Kate Davies and Miss Gertrude Davies have returned from "the old country."

Miss Bartlett, of St. John, is visiting Mrs. Bartlett.

As far as social entertainments are concerned, Charlottetown is decidedly quiet at present, but this is all the more in keeping with the warm weather we are enjoying.

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DARTMOUTH. The bazaar in aid of the Christ Church Organ fund held on Thursday and Friday in the Sunday-school room, may be considered a successful one. The weather on the first day was very rainy, but very fine on the second. The room was handsomely decorated and the different counters made in the form of booths, were very attractive. The out of door booths were three in number. One consisted of a large tent erected by W. M. F. Eagar, where special attention was given to cocoa, which, whether Mr. Epp's or not, was "grateful and comforting." Another, conducted by Mr. Chas. Young, was devoted to various refreshments, and the third managed by Miss Gertrude MacKenzie and Miss Winnie Carleton, was devoted to strawberries and cream. The tea-room indoors looked particularly well and the tea excellent, under the management of Mrs. W. R. Foster. Mrs. Milson, Mrs. Lawlor and Mrs. Harvey each managed a booth in the main room. Another corner contained a hundred and twenty dolls of all sizes and costumes, the credit of which were entirely due to Miss Annie Drake. There were several other excellent features of the bazaar, but it is impossible to mention all the hard workers. The grounds, on Friday evening, lighted with Chinese lanterns among bright-coloured flags presented a very bright and picturesque scene. The net proceeds will exceed four hundred dollars.

Miss Frances Willard, president of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, gave a remarkably eloquent and interesting lecture in the Reform Club Hall on Tuesday evening, speaking nearly one hour and a half. The audience was a very large one, and numbered many ladies. Miss Amy Johnston occupied the chair, Miss Willard advocated, striving for nothing less than prohibition, as the only true solution of the temperance question. She took a lofty ground as to women's positions in this matter. While the great forces of avarice and appetite were oppressing prohibition, woman out of weakness was to become strong to prevail. The tenacity of the age was in their favor. They were filling many professions and callings, all requiring means to enable them not only to be independent but to wield an influence in the state. The Knights of Labour movement to help them onwards, were favouring women suffrage, but when that was attained, women would exist as a tremendous political power to make prohibition a successful political issue. The independence of women is also to be a powerful instrument towards exacting a higher moral standard amongst men. The age in which we live with these possibilities is a beautiful one. Miss Willard was well received and opened up new ideas to many in the audience.

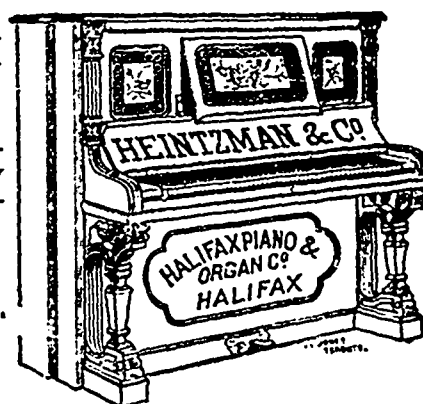
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CONCERNING CYCLING.

BY ARNOLD GOISWORTHY.

Just about the present time cycling is almost as popular as saying spiteful things about your neighbours. The most widely circulating medium of this class is probably the bicycle. In spite of the many improvements of late years people tell us that the bicycle is still in its infancy. I presume they refer to the fact that at present it is unable to stand alone. You have to let it hold on to the wall or something, if you don't want to watch it all the time. It is a proud moment for you when you make your first start on your new bicycle. You hop along behind it for a few yards, and then, without a word of warning, you fling yourself recklessly at the concern, turn round gracefully to wave your hand to the sweet face at the window, and the next moment you find you are trying to wave a piece of the road.

The tricycle is a machine of the more staid kind. It doesn't lose its head so easily as the bicycle, and it is more in favor with people who have a solid objection to coming in at the fag-end of the journey on a police stretcher. Even a tricycle, though, has its drawbacks. As you meander softly along some pleasant country road, it is somewhat apt to disturb your equanimity when you find all the misguided bow-wows of the neighborhood plunging in delirious ecstasy at the revolving wheels, evidently mistaking the concern for a sausage machine.

I am something of a cyclist myself. It is true that I have never broken the record—indeed, I don't remember to have broken anything lately, except my last engagement, which was all the fault of her mother, as I told her in a few well chosen words. I began cycling under advice. I was looking solid and healthy, I had a really genuine Spring appetite, and I could take eight hours sleep regularly without stopping for breath once the whole time. Then my doctor began to feel uneasy about me. He evidently thought I wasn't doing the square thing by his profession; and he told me I ought to go in for sports a little. So I followed his advice. I began gradually; I put something on the Derby for three years in succession, but I didn't seem any the better for it. Then I was told that I ought to take more exercise. As a matter of fact, I have done this moderately all my life. The most violent exercise I ever remember taking was when in a regretfully heated moment I called the old man next door a liar. He afterwards explained that but for the fact that I was the sole support of an orphaned father, he would have made a mummy of me.

I finally decided to buy a tricycle, as being more to be depended on than other kinds of machines. When you want to stop for a moment on a tricycle you can pull up and can feel pretty sure that the concern won't want to play any cunning tricks with you. There are several ways of getting a tricycle now on exceptionally easy terms. You can either buy it right out, or you can get it on the instalment plan by paying threepence a week for a year, and being summoned for the balance at the County Court. Some people put an advertisement in the paper and say they would like a second-hand tricycle in good repair in exchange for a couple of white mice or a tame canary. But, of course, we can't all afford to be so liberal with our household pets.

One of the jolliest forms of cycling is to have a machine with a nice little seat in front for the youngest Miss Thompson. You always put the lady in front, and then if you should happen to run into anything it doesn't matter very much. Indeed, the chances are that you won't get hurt at all. Considered as sport, this sort of cycling is, of course, enjoyable enough; but when the same thing is supplied at a reduced price under Government auspices, it is called the treadmill for short. To a really sensitive girl there are times when tandem cycle riding is capable of producing the keenest and most heart-rendering disappointment. At a critical moment you lean forward and murmur "Miss Thompson—Mary." On the utmost verge of expectation she stammers an encouraging "Ye-es, Mr. Smith?" only to hear you calmly add: "Would you kindly put your best leg foremost and help scrambling up the next hill!"

A rather good story is told at the expense of a gallant general commanding one of the English out-districts. At the time when the Suakim Expedition was being got ready, he was summoned by telegram to London. No appointment as commander-in-chief of the Suakim force had as yet been made, and he went to the War Office full of high hopes. These hopes were still further raised by the first words the Duke of Cambridge said to him.

"I have sent for you, General—, to ask you if you are prepared to accept the command of —"

The general's face beamed in anticipation of the high honour about to be conferred upon him.

"The command," went on the Duke quietly, "of the volunteers at the Brighton Review."

We believe the now disappointed general declined the honour. What made the disappointment the more bitter was that this gallant officer had, as a matter of fact, been talked of for the Suakim command, and he knew it; but the selection was not approved in certain high quarters.

Peter the Great was one morning informed that during the previous night part of the foundations of a large hospital near St. Petersburg had sunk some inches, and that it had become necessary to at once shore up the building with beams, pending repairs.

On the monarch arriving at the scene, accompanied by his son Alexis, a workman showed the Czar the extent of the damage and informed him that the whole of the building was then resting on wooden beams.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Czar, "I can remember the time not long since, when it was *entirely supported by voluntary contributions.*"

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HINTS FOR THE LADIES.

After all that has been written on the subject of Domestic servants, it is quite refreshing to find someone contending that in England at any rate, there never was a time when servants were better treated and better fed, and allowed more liberty than they are at present. The article in question is one by *Emily Faithful* in the North American Review, and is really excellent, written by one who has studied the subject in Canada, and in the United States as well as in England. We would commend the following paragraphs to the notice both of servants and of mistresses:—

“One of the trials of the English housekeeper who has a large retinue under her command is the servant who is always on the defensive respecting her individual rights and place. “I keep to my bargain; let other people keep to theirs,” is her obstinate cry, and she refuses to lend a hand outside her “own work,” no matter who may suffer. The most obliging and civil servants I have ever met with are those employed by royalty and in aristocratic houses. While the “little middle-class snob” treats her servants with curtness, the well bred woman of rank accepts their services with courtesy and grace; although she knows she has a perfect right to command them, *noblesse oblige*, and she has the self-respect which naturally accords the respect due to dependents.

The relation between mistress and maid would be undoubtedly improved if the former had a more practical knowledge of household duties. Many of “our daughters” marry young and in utter ignorance of the management of a house: if middle class girls knew something about domestic economy, the pockets of struggling husbands would be spared and many a domestic quarrel avoided. I am now alluding to the mistresses who “run their own households”: the aristocracy know but little of their servants—save their personal attendants—and complain still less.

The monotony and restrictions which surround the life of the ordinary servant have given rise to most of the objections which have been raised against the occupation. “To clean herself,” after a hard day’s work and sit down to needlework, or to the more exciting recreation afforded by *The Family Herald*, is scarcely exhilarating enough for the modern servant, and the joy of the alternate “Sunday out” and the occasional holiday is spoilt by the hour fixed for the enforced return. The parlour-maid hears her young ladies talking at the dinner table of the delightful play they have seen the night before, and she is naturally inspired with a wish to see it herself; but this is impossible if the doors are to be barred at ten o’clock, especially as she has to find her way home in an omnibus, for which she probably has to wait half an hour when the play is over. The truth is, that mistresses, as a rule, have not yet accepted a condition to which men in command of others have long since bowed—that pleasure and personal liberty in moderation must be accorded when the day’s work is done. Servants are mostly young women in the prime of life, with all the instincts of youth full upon them, and it is cruel to ignore their social needs. Their followers and visitors are not welcome to those in authority, and therefore less objection should be raised to their occasional efforts to obtain the companionship of their own class outside the house when their work is done.

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I fear we must own to another fault in dealing with our servants: women scold and nag in a way which is unknown to men who are really fit to rule. They listen to the gossip of other servants, and almost lie in wait for the suspected delinquent. A wise master knows the value of sometimes shutting his eyes, and will certainly let a good employee have time to recover himself before he attempts any expostulation. The ordinary mistress unfortunately summons the servant before she has controlled her own temper, and the result is disastrous to both. If once “a hostile attitude” describes the relation between the drawing room and the kitchen, a state of constant friction must ensue.

I do not ignore the trials experienced by the mistresses of untrained servants: too often a succession of wasteful, ignorant girls pass, like phantasmagora, across the threshold, leaving, however, a very convincing proof of their reality in the wreck of kitchen utensils, china, and other household treasures. Where large establishments are kept, young servants are carefully taught their separate duties; but it is a deplorable fact that girls who have passed the fifth board school standard, are often incapable of lighting a fire, or of washing a wine glass without breaking it. They can read the “penny dreadful,” but they cannot darn their stockings or mend their clothes. The want of technical training is the disadvantage which has threatened to make servants a failure; but our board schools are now waking up to their responsibilities; they have begun to include needlework and cooking in their list of subjects, and I hope they will shortly add laundry and house work.”

There is an amusing story—amusing, that is, to the reader—of a guest at some Highland lodge, who overheard this dialogue between his ducal host and head waiter.

The Duke: “Donald, young Lord—will go on the hill to-day.”

Donald: “Well, your grace, is he to kill a stag, or have a shot or only see deer, or just go for a walk?”

Long and terrible was the pause, and painfully excited the interest of the listener, before, in grave, measured tones, the evidently well-weighed and thought-out decision hailed his ear:

“Well, Donald, you may just take him for a walk!”

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HORSES AND HEARSAY.

Few people are aware that there is such a thing as a "Canadian Derby." There is, however, and it is run at Montreal under the auspices of the Bel-Air Jockey Club. The event takes place on Dominion Day. The conditions are these:

"Canadian Derby, for three year olds, foaled in the Dominion of Canada, a sweepstake of \$25 each, \$10 forfeit to be paid at time of entry, with \$300 added; \$75 from the stakes to second, and third horse to save his stakes; a mile and one-half; closed on Jan. 1st, 1890, with twelve entries. The runners and result were as follows:

Wm. Hendrie's b. c. Bullfinch, by Bullshead, Miss Jeffrey, 122 lbs., (Shauer)..... 1
 J. P. Dames' b. g. Mohawk, by Moccasin, Brunette (Innes)..... 2
 W. V. Henderson's ch. c. Milton, by Moccasin, Topsy (McCarthy)... 3
 Hugh McGee's b. c. Initoski, by Inito, May Bee (Suider)..... 0
 Time, 2.51. Betting, 3 to 1 on Bullfinch.

The time was 2.54. The time for the same distance for the Riding Ground cup on June 22nd, when Yorktown beat Emmeline, was 3.02.

The added money seems very little for such an important race, for we notice that in another race run the same day, the El Padre handicap, the added money was \$1,000; that was for 1 mile 1 furlong. Time, 2.01. Not bad going, that. Hendrie's Versatile was the winner, and only won by a short head.

I do not know if any Nova Scotian horse has ever run or been entered for this Canadian Derby, but if not, it is a pity. A race of this kind is of great importance for breeding purposes, and does more good for breeding than can be imagined. And it seems to me it is a pity that it is not more patronized.

I notice a daughter of good old St. Blaise, winner of the 1883 Derby, winning a race at the same meeting. Racing then seems to be making strides in the Upper Provinces, and is established on a firmer basis than it is here. Of course, this is only natural, but still horse-men ought to try their hardest to one day have the Canadian Derby won by a Nova Scotian horse, and perhaps the English and original Derby won by a Canadian horse.

I hear that Mr. Barry has sold the grey pony Tipperary for a good figure. Although Tipperary could not run at the summer meeting he will be a hard one to beat in the Autumn meeting, if he is a worthy son of his sire, Cabbogin.

There is to be a trotting meeting on the Riding Ground, on "Labour Day" next Tuesday that is. The races are restricted to the "Halifax Driving Club." Let us hope that they will be of a little better class and a little better managed than the last ones they held. There is room for much improvement in the trotting races that are held here, and if the officials would only use their authority and discipline sometimes, the meetings would be better patronized, and therefore the club would be more flourishing than it is.

Are the Colt Stakes to be held here during the Exhibition week? I hope so, for they are worth seeing. There being something genuine about them. The races are well and honestly contested and it is a pleasure to see them.

By the bye, where are the horses to be shown at the Exhibition, surely not on the grounds, there is not room there to show a cow, much less a horse.

I hear that Thomas Robinson is going to show ten fine yearlings by his imported horse "Yardly." "Yardly's" get seem to have all his good points, and they are all fine, strapping, strong colts, with good bone and muscle. It is pity that Yardly has never figured on the course since he has been here.

Americans are delighted because there is every prospect of both an English and French Polo Team, paying a visit to the States this season.

The last time an English Team came to this side of the water was in 1885, it consisted of Mr. John Watson, Lawley T. Howe and Malcom Little, and they carried everything before them. The American papers seem to think that any English team would have a bad time of it when it met the present Rockaway First Team, Foxhall Keene, Cheever, Corndon and Rutherford. I should be inclined to back the "Britishers" if the team consisted of the three galloping Peats and Lord Harrington. But they say that the Americans are exceedingly good. Foxhall Keene seems to be a good player, but is selfish, a very bad fault for a Polo Player, and one from which all the players in Halifax Club suffer; all the other three players are said to be excellent. Would it not be possible for the Garrison Club to arrange a match with one of

the many American ones, of course the home team would be hopelessly beaten, but still it would be a festive occasion, and one from which our club would derive much benefit. Or perhaps, the English team would be induced to come to this country, via. Halifax, and let us see some play.

Here is an account of a pulling match at Monmouth Park last Saturday. Rey del Rey and San Juan were two horses belonging to one stable, the stable's money was on Rey del Rey, and the public's was on San Juan. The latter could have won easily but was prevented doing so by Doggett pulling him, and as can be seen much excitement was caused: -

"All at once Murphy looked over his shoulder and called to Doggett. No one knows what he said, but Doggett at once pulled up and Rey del Rey won by a scant head.

"Instantly there was a commotion. The thousands who had their money on San Juan, and who saw their horse deliberately pulled under the noses of the judges, clamored for an investigation. The thing was done so openly that there was no possible excuse for inaction.

"Mr. Galway and Mr. Withers, who were both in the stand when the race was run, looked up the rules and immediately called a meeting of the Stewards, Doggett and Matt Allen, the trainer for Ehret, were sent for. Doggett admitted that he did not ride San Juan to win, and said that he received stable instructions to let Rey del Rey win. Allen said he thought a declaration had been made. After deliberation the stewards decided to declare all bets off on the race. The decision was a popular one and the crowd cheered the stewards.

"The next question was what to do with Ehret and Allen. Doggett was unquestionably obeying stable orders. It would have been folly to have punished him. But in Ehret's and Allen's case there had been a grave violation of racing law. If little Doggett had pulled his horse up a hundred yards from the Judges, the stewards would not have seen it, in all probability, and the San Juan backers would have had no resource. They would have been swindled, deliberately robbed of their money, and the robbery would have been done by stable orders, and the stable would alone have profited by it.

"After nearly an hour's deliberation, the stewards decided to investigate the whole matter next Tuesday. Trainer Allen said after the race that he expected Secretary Crickmore to come to him and ask him to declare. Mr. Allen has trained horses for nearly forty years; and it is difficult to imagine a man with so much experience being guilty of such an amazingly foolish speech.

"The decision of the Stewards was discussed at the track, on the cars coming home and at the hotels last night. The only people who disagreed with it were those who were betting on Rey del Rey. It was the unanimous opinion of those who had no money bet on the race, that as a fraud had been attempted upon the public, and a horse had been deliberately pulled, nothing was left for the judges but to decide as they did.

"It was a hardship on the place betters and the one, two, three betters, but somebody had to suffer; and, it was contended, it was better that some few should lose prospective winnings than that the public should be boldly robbed.

The following was the rule under which the Stewards acted. It was certainly plain enough: -

"Rule 85.—An owner running two or more horses in a race may declare to win with one of them, and such declaration must be made at the time of weighing out and is to be immediately posted on the notice board. A jockey riding a horse which his owner has not declared to win must on no account stop such horse, except in favor of the stable companion on whose behalf declaration to win has been made.

"The World can say for Morris Park," said Mr. Hennen Morris, after a race, "that hereafter we will couple the stable in the betting, as they do in the West. We have no jurisdiction over Monmouth, of course but we will have this rule when we run our own dates."

"I have advocated coupling the stable in the betting for years," said Mr. Galway. "I think this affair to-day will cause the reform."

"I am in favor of coupling the horses in all betting," said Mr. Philip Dwyer. "If a man wants to bet on an individual horse a private arrangement can be made with the book-maker."

The World has continuously advocated coupling horses in the betting. It is the rule in the West, and it works well there. It is the only way to prevent such scandals as that of yesterday.

M. G.

Awe-struck Visitor (in artistic studio): "It must be very difficult to produce such an exquisite work of art.

Von Dauber: "Nonsense! Almost every body can paint a picture, but finding a rich fellow to buy it after it is painted is where the art comes in."

One of the recent Society papers gives the following little romance from real life:—A certain Captain was promenading in the Bois de Boulogne, mixing with the gay crowd and enjoying the flattery conveyed through the attention of many a lorgnette. He had been cross to his poor little sat upon wife, whom he was always grumbling at because she could not make ends meet when he spent all the household money on his own flirtations. He had ogled a pretty girl in a Stanhope phaeton and one or two others, and the chill breeze was threatening to dislodge the lily-of-the-valley which rested on the lapel of his coat, when all of a sudden, as if she had fallen out of a cloud at his feet, The Captain saw the most beautiful woman of a generation right upon him, and before he knew what was happening this beautiful creature was clasping his hand and chatting to him about the weather, the news, the everything.

Puzzle as he would, the Captain could find no trace in his memory of the beautiful face that he was now watching so intently; the lady was dressed richly but quietly, and probably belonged to an aristocratic family, which her conversation and manners suggested. They had continued walking along the Bois, and the Captain put upon his gallantry, had warmed up and was talking in a most entertaining way to his companion. She had made a mistake and taken the Captain for some person of her acquaintance. Of course, the proper thing for the Captain to do was to acquaint her of her error and leave her at once. He looked at her beautiful face and the alternative was too tantalisingly sweet. So the charmed moments fled—the pair walked about and chatted, finally bringing up in the Champ de Mars at about an hour before fashionable folk sit down to dinner.

The time had come for the Captain to raise his hat, bow, and say farewell to madame for ever. Too horrible a contingency altogether. The Captain had lost his heart during the first five minutes, and by the time he reached the Champ de Mars he had lost his head also. "Adieu, madame. I have a confession to make to you," said the Captain, with a tender look in his dark eyes. "What is it?" replied his companion. "I am not the person you took me to be. I have never met you before; but you were so charming I could not help imposing upon your confidence," he stammered. The lady did not look in the least embarrassed, not even surprised. She only looked at the Captain rather sadly as she said, "And must you really leave me? I like you so much." An electric shock would not have affected the Captain more. Leave her! Why, no; never again unless she desired it. He could certainly endure her presence for ever; but he only said: "Well, then, you must dine with me." "Yes, let us have something to eat; I am hungry," answered his companion simply. So they sought a quiet restaurant in the vicinity.

During the progress of the meal the couple got better acquainted. The Captain learned, as he had surmised, that his mysterious companion was extremely well connected, and that she was wealthy, possessing a large fortune in her own right. At last, in spite of all spinning out, the dinner came to an end. Would his friend go to the opera? No, she did not care for any amusement of that kind. Then he would bid her good-night. Said she: "Will you not stay with me always?" Was the Captain in possession of all his senses? "That could not be, unless we were married," he stammered; for it was a little too rapid even for the Captain. "Then let us get married. I do not wish to return to where I came from. Let us get married and go away, far away," she answered. For a moment the Captain forgot that anything existed in the world but the beautiful creature before him. "I cannot," he replied hoarsely. "You

must," replied the temptress. "My fortune will keep us all our lives." The Captain looked into the fair face which was regarding him so fondly once more, and, like Lot's wife, he was lost. "We will go and find a priest," he said.

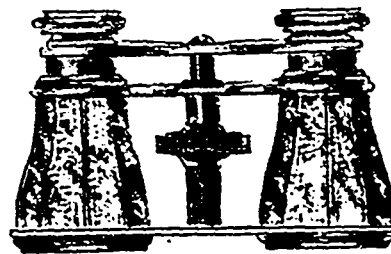
Two hours afterward the Captain and the lady stood on the railway platform waiting for the midnight express for the South. They were too engrossed with each other to notice that they were the subjects of *espionnage*. A man came out of the crowd and touched the Captain on the shoulder, drew him on one side and said something to him which made him reel as if intoxicated. They talked for five minutes. Then the Captain said to his newly-made bride: "We will not go out of town to-night. There has been an accident on the line. We will go to an hotel." The couple then left the platform and hired a cab. The man who had spoken to the Captain got up beside the driver. After traversing a considerable distance the carriage stopped before a tall, sombre building. Then a kind-faced woman came out and spoke to the beautiful woman in the carriage. A look of terror came over the beautiful face. Then the young woman came out of the carriage and walked into the house, the servants following and bolting the doors. The Captain stole softly home to his wife, but he did not tell her that he had met the mad wife of one of the most wealthy men in Paris, who had escaped from her keepers and induced him to marry and elope with her.

A Correspondent, commenting on an article on "Beauty and Ugliness" which appeared in MODERN SOCIETY of the 6th June, writes as follows on "Beauty of Countenance":—

"One touch of mind over the various muscles of the countenance daily is worth all the cosmetics. Now, it is well known in physiology that more blood flows to that part of the body than any other; and with more blood flowing, comes nourishment to the nerves and muscles, and therefore more strength, and the feeling of strength, warmth, and motion. If, therefore, the thoughts and feelings are separately directed to the various muscles of the countenance, they speedily become fuller, firmer, and feel stronger, and gradually pass into repose, peace, and even beauty; sometimes of goodness.

"Never omit, then, to repair and obliterate by daily self-healing and self-strengthening all the ugly ravages done daily to the various muscles of the face from the agitations of the feelings and emotions, and the troubles and anxieties of the mind."

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Provincial Notes.

SACKVILLE.--Lawn Tennis is now all the rage. Every afternoon and evening the courts of both the Sackville Club and the Salem Tennis Club are the scenes of many exciting sets and the profusion of so many youthful debutantes in the game, make the more mature bachelor members of the clubs call "Love 15" with additional fervour. On Saturday afternoon the second tournament of the season was played between the Salem and Sackville clubs on the court of the latter. After several exciting contests, the tournament was called a draw, each club winning 3 sets.

Mr. and Mrs. Wentthrop Fawcett, of Boston, are visiting friends in Sackville.

Mr. R. P. Foster spent Sunday in St. John.

Mr. M. J. Lane, of Dorchester, was in town on Monday.

Mr. Charles Willis spent part of last week in Amherst.

Dominion Day was quietly observed in Sackville, the great majority going away. Many, enchanted by the saline vapours of the Strait of Northumberland and soothed by the melodious strains and advertising blandishments of the Middle Sackville Cornet Band took the special train to Cape Tormentine, where a most delightful day was spent. Others who pined for the speckled beauties accepted the invitation of the owners of the frosty Horton waters and went there for the day. The races at the Driving Park attracted many, and not a few went to Amherst and Moncton.

On Wednesday evening a few of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. McDougall surprised them at their residence and spent a very pleasant evening dancing. Among those present were:—Mrs. Thos. Esterbrooks, Miss Esterbrooks, Miss Black, Miss Jennie Black, Miss Alice Esterbrooks, Miss Jean Rainnie, Miss Mabel Rainnie, Miss Ryan, (Moncton), Miss Knapp, Mr. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Lane, Mr. F. Black, Mr. Hender-on, Mr. B. E. Paterson, Mr. Murray, Mr. R. P. Foster.

Miss Ryan, of Moncton, is spending a few days with Mrs. W. B. Dixon.

Mr. Melbourne Wilson, of Paradise, N. S., of the Western Union Telegraph Co., has recovered from his recent indisposition, and is more popular with the ladies than ever.

Mr. L. E. Tapley and H. H. Magee of St. John, spent a few days in town this week.

Mr. Beverly Robinson who has been visiting his sister Mrs. J. F. Allison, returned home to St. John yesterday.

Miss Scovil of Shediac is the guest of her sister Mrs. H. S. Smith.

NORTH SYDNEY, C. B., July 5th., 1891.—R. A. L. Watson of this town has offered a handsome silver cup, which is open to both North and South Sydney Lawn Tennis Clubs. We trust that some one will come to the scratch, as it isn't every day we get a chance like this.

It seems a curious thing that persons travelling on the C. B. Railway should be stopped coming to their original destination by being told that there is no Hotel accommodation in North Sydney, but such is not the case. A lady and gentleman were fooled this way, and after stopping one night there, came to North Sydney, and remained here several days, remarking when they left, they had seldom in all their travels been more comfortable, it's curious but looks fishy, and more so as parties have been told the same thing on the Bras D'or boats over and over again. Who is to blame and who gets paid for it.

The sociable given by the N. S. Orchestra was not so well attended as usual, though those who were there had more scope.

Mr. Lowrey Christie left yesterday by S. S. Irthington for Montreal on a pleasure trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Weston of St. John are spending a few days in North Sydney. The former in a great piscator, but unfortunately the weather is not favorable, although a fine trout was taken yesterday by a party in town in Pottles Lakes, which weighed 4lbs. 2oz.

Curiously enough some one in town whilst reading the *Graphic* the other day, saw the following advertisement: I am a man who has 15.044 postage stamps, and wish to marry a lady who had in her possession a Mauritius stamp of a certain issue. We have it in this town, but unfortunately it isn't owned by a lady, and therefore cannot compete. The *Graphic* goes on to say that this same stamp is worth £200—Lucky Bargee.

The blind of course cannot see a joke, and it seems that other people have not charity enough to point out to them this branch of their misfortune. A poor fellow with an accordion who perambulates the streets of Windsor indicates by a placard that he has received help from Royalty, thus: "Blind from inflammation, assisted by Her Majesty, the Queen." This beats the beggar on the North Bridge at Edinburgh who appealed to public sympathy with these words: "Blind from my birth; I have seen better days!"

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All you who are looking for Best Goods at Lowest Prices!

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We are anxious at all times to see new faces. We will endeavor to make it worth your time to call and see us often. Just bring a little list with you and see if we don't surprise you. Mary Ann and John were here last week, and they were so well pleased that they resolved to become customers. We think you will too.

Are you looking for good Tea, then try our special 5 lbs for \$1.00.

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