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OUR SOCIETY

A

WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., JULY 10.

No. 32.

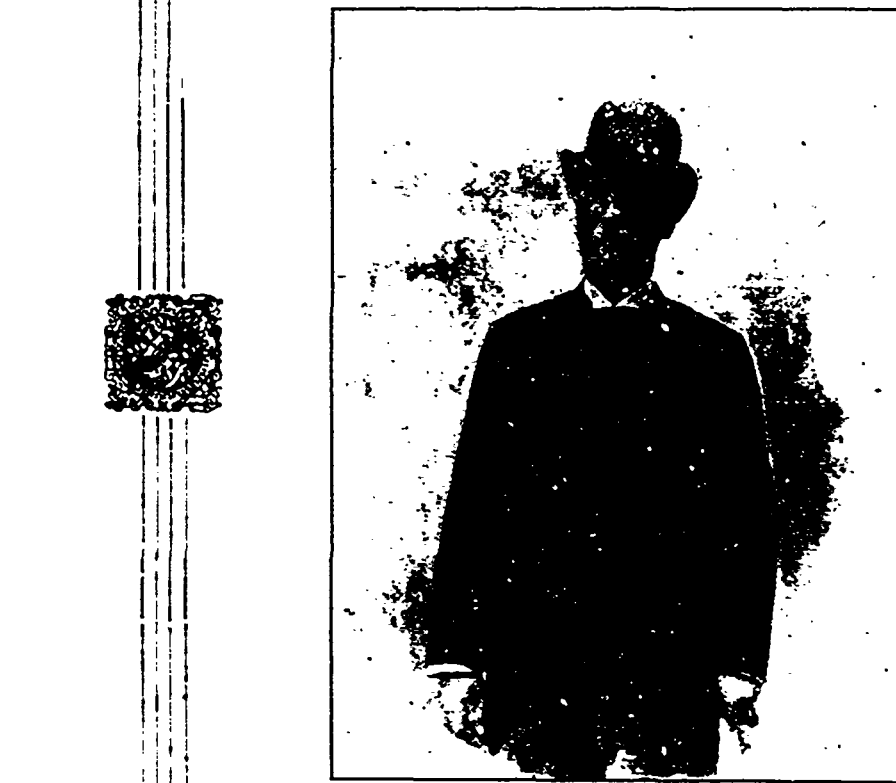
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failing good humour that characterizes the Saturday afternoon meetings. Mr. Wylde is also well-known as the best whist player, and one of the best chess-players in the province, and was one of the representatives of Canada in the recent International chess match with the States. Mr. Wylde also takes a prominent part in church matters, and is Treasurer of the Church Endowment Fund.

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We are indebted to the *Toronto Empire* for the following resume of the characters of the Canadian cricket XI, as finally organized:

R. P. STOCKWELL, Halifax—A strong, free batter, who played for Sandhurst college in 1889, with an average of 98, the immensity of which is partly accounted for by his numerous not outs. Has made runs on innumerable creases in England. Has played for Brighton, Windsor, Home park, Bath, Worthing, Preston park. In addition to his batting powers he is a very nippy field.

F. A. KAIZER, Halifax C. C.—One of the very safest bats in Canada. Especially renowned for his defence, which is of the stone wall character. Of him Henry says: 'The international cannot afford to do without him.' His average last year for the Halifax C. C. was 19.3.

REV. F. W. TERRY, London—A county player. Has been one of the regular eleven of Somersetshire for the past two years. Last year in Somersetshire matches he had an average of 29. His name is Lilly-white for several years back among the century scorers of the season. He is also a change bowler and change wicket keeper, besides being very smart in the field.

D. S. SAUNDERS, Toronto—A magnificent wicket-keeper, who has few equals anywhere. On the English tour his ability in this direction astonished the old country players. Is a good bat, combining great strength with excellent form. Excels in hard forward play. He has played in previous internationals, and was second in the batting of the English team, with an average of 23.

A. GILLESPIE, Hamilton—No representative Canadian eleven is considered complete without him. Is a high over-arm fast bowler, and a strong and especially steady bat, in fact, a good general all-round man. Has played on every international for the past decade. In last year's international he scored 18 and 15.

W. W. JONES, Toronto C. C.—A member of previous international elevens and one of the English tourists of 1887. His batting is remarkable for the pretty gallery cuts. Has made high scores this season. A sure and quick fielder.

P. C. GOLDINGHAM, Toronto C. C.—If scores are any indication, he is the most reliable and brilliant bat of the season. His height gives him a great reach and an advantage over other cricketers that he sometimes seems to reap full benefits of. Gives very few chances, and plays a good, clean game. If any members of the eleven score he is sure to be among their number. As a bowler he is at times very destructive, and is the slow bowler of the team. His delivery is straight over-arm, with under medium pace. His first appearance on the international.

G. S. LYON, Rosedale C. C.—He is the pride of the daleman, who justly point to his performance in last year's international, when he made 26 to 34. He started to score early in the season.

M. M. BOYD, Toronto, C. C.—Has not been able to play much, but has shown on the few occasions he has appeared his wonted good form. Is an excellent all-round man, a strong and pretty bat, one of the few good medium-paced bowlers in the country and quick in the field. Was captain of last year's Canadian team.

W. ROSE WILSON, Toronto C. C.—The "demon" of the aggregation. Has earned his place by his wonderful fast bowling, which has been known to mow down opposing wickets even as a hailstorm does a field of grain. Did not play last season, but is in good shape this year. Has bowled on previous internationals.

F. S. DICKEY, Toronto, C. C.—Moderately fast bowler, with an average thus far of 4 runs per wicket. Has been exceptionally effective and has also developed batting qualities that may be in evidence at critical time.

The purchase of part of Belmont and Maplewood estates by a syndicate—partly Americans, of course—is a significant fact. Citizens of Halifax generally have never thoroughly appreciated the value of property on the Arm, and its possibilities. With a little capital and enterprise, the North-West Arm would become the favourite watering place for the Eastern States, and we have no doubt whatever that the venture of the syndicate will be an immense success if it is properly carried out.

We have just received a copy of the Provincial Exhibition, prize-list. The list of prizes is surprisingly long, and seems to cover pretty nearly every department, except, perhaps, weekly newspapers. The book shows no lack of advertisements, too, and is really a very representative catalogue of the leading Halifax and provincial firms.

Mr. and Mrs. Doering gave a most successful concert in the hall of the Toronto College of Music on Monday, the 29th ult. The only vocalist was Miss Scrimger, a student at the College. The programme will no doubt be of interest to many of our readers:—

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Rubinstein	Sonata	Piano and Cello
Herr Ernst Doering and Frau Doering-Brauer.		
Servais	Fantasia-Variations	Cello
Herr Ernst Doering.		
Haydn	"With verdure clad."	Vocal
Miss Scrimger.		
Schubert	Impromptu.	Piano
Frau Doering-Brauer.		

PART II.

Handel	a Largo	Cello
Schuman.	b Dreaming	Cello
Herr Ernst Doering.		
Listz	Fantasia-Variations	Piano
Frau Doering-Brauer.		
Bishop	"Bid me discourse."	Vocal
Miss Scrimger.		
De Sivert	Carnival de Venice.	Cello
Herr Ernst Doering.		

The piano used on this occasion is from the waverooms of Messrs. Heintzman & Co.

WANDERERS vs. LEICESTERSHIRE REGT.

Following is the score:

WANDERERS.		LEICESTERSHIRE REGT.	
Kaizer, b Clay, c Drew.....	11	Capt. Hopkins, b Leigh, c Mackintosh.....	0
Allison, b Ketchel.....		Sergt. Farley, run out.....	6
Henry, b Ketchel.....	0	Lieut. Bengough, b Cahalane.....	12
Mackintosh, b Ketchel, c Reader	69	" Stockwell, b Cahalane.....	17
Leigh, b Ketchel.....	4	Major Reader, b Leigh, c Allison	1
Cahalane, b Mattock.....	3	B. Hughes, b Cahalane, c Courtney.	23
Stewart, b Mattock, lbw.....	8	Lt. Drew, b Leigh, c Kaizer.....	2
Courtney, b Hughes.....	6	Pvte. Mattock, b Leigh.....	4
Moren, b Ketchel.....	2	Capt. Sandworth, b Cahalane.....	10
Johnstone, not out.....	0	Pte. Ketchel, b Leigh, c Stewart.....	4
Cassels, b Stockwell, lbw.....	1	" Clay, not out.....	10
Byes.....	2	Byes.....	2
Leg byes.....	5	Leg byes.....	2
		Wide balls.....	3
Total ..	111	Total.....	96

This match was played on the Wanderers ground and resulted in a victory for that club, this being brought about by the excellent and plucky batting of Mackintosh, whose 69 was the feature of the match. It is long since the Wanderers turned out such promising young players. Cahalane and Leigh bowled well for the Wanderers, and barring a drop catch or two, the fielding of the team was fairly good. For the Leicestershire Regt., Bandmaster Hughes played well, as did also Messrs. Bengough and Stockwell. Ketchel bowled extremely well to start with, but tired towards the finish, and it would have been better had he been allowed a rest for a few overs. We congratulate the Wanderers on their win, and trust it may be the precursor of a successful season.

If further proof were necessary that a 10-cent show is a boon and a blessing to the proprietor, one only need have had a look at the Masonic Hall on the last nights of Mr. Somerby's stay. We do not wonder at the patronage he has received, for irrespective of the things on show, Mr. Somerby has carried out his promises so faithfully that he has only got his deserts. We wish him all luck while visiting Yarmouth.

The Harkins' Company finished their season at the Academy on Saturday night. Certainly it has not as a rule played to good houses, which to a very great extent is due to the utterly superfluous "puffing" the company received in the daily papers. Miss Arthur is not a wonderful actress, though she is very good, and certainly a complete social success. Mr. Snader has deserved it not the whole, still a great part of the praise lavished on him. Miss Percy Haswell deserves all that has been said and indeed more, for she combines in one personage, good acting, sympathetic voice, and gentleness of demeanour. One word now in regard to Mr. Harkins.

A whisper has been going the rounds that Mr. Harkins disappeared too quickly to suit the pockets of some of his company. This is not so, and we are glad to be allowed to give the facts as regards his leaving before the rest of the company. Mr. Harkins received a telegram saying his son was dying, and immediately left for New York, leaving instructions with his manager, Mr. Hudson, that six of the company had not received their full salaries, and empowering him to arrange a performance at the Academy on Tuesday night. This was done, and resulted in every member of the company receiving even more than their ordinary salaries. We are pleased to make these facts public, and would suggest that those who rave over the photos exhibited of any favorite actress should shew their appreciation of the original by paying their money at the Academy doors.

We must congratulate Judge Weatherbe on the successes won by his boys in their different courses. The eldest, Dr. Lewis Weatherbe, completed his medical course last year with honors in surgery at Edinburgh University, and now Paul has won honorable mention at Kingston, and is eligible for a commission in the army; Karl has taken his B. Sc. degree at King's College, Windsor, on exceptionally good papers, and Darcy gives promise of equal success by winning at the same time the Governor's French prize at the Collegiate School. Those who have begun so well are likely to do better, and we have no doubt that before long we shall have the pleasure of chronicling new distinctions won by them.

We are glad to see that the Wanderers are to be represented on the International team in the person of F. Kaizer. He well deserves his place, and we only hope he will "come off."

The yacht race, postponed on 27th June, will be sailed on Saturday, July 11th. Time allowance will be taken at the start. Yachts will be started as follows:—

YACHT.	OWNER.	H.	M.	S.
Cutter Mentor	Guy Stayner,	2	0	0
Sloop Etienne.	J. E. Butler,	2	2	6
Cutter Psyche,	F. H. Bell,	2	2	50
" Youla,	H. M. Wyld,	2	4	9
" Lenore,	H. C. McLeod,	2	6	0
" Hebe,	G. E. Francklyn, Jr.,	2	7	29
Schr. Wenonah,	Com. A. C. Edwards,	2	11	45

The R. A. Band will play during the afternoon on the lawn.

We are glad to hear that the supporters of the Bishop's Chapel have decided to give a Kermesse—otherwise called a strawberry feed—on Thursday, July 23rd. There is no method of raising funds that is less troublesome to the general public of all ages, and the small charge of 15 cents for adults and 10 cents for children does not by any means represent the amount of pleasure to be derived from a delightful afternoon in Mr. Spike's pretty grounds on the North-West Arm.

Mr. Alex. Doull of Oriel College, Oxford, is spending the long vacation with Mr. and Mrs. William Doull. Mr. John Doull (Jr.), who is home from Kingston for the summer, is giving an "At Home" at Westenwald on Tuesday.

A novel entertainment will be given on Saturday, and each day next week in aid of the fund for the Church Institute. Miss Story has enrolled herself in the vast army of Patentees, and shows practically the working of her Summer Toboggan slide.

From what reaches us it should be a great success, at any rate Miss Story has our best wishes for its success. Refreshments that oasis in the desert of some entertainments will be provided. For the sake of the cause alone, the whole affair should be patronized.

A correspondent in Ingonish writes that comparatively little angling has been done in that neighborhood so far, though prospects are good. Mr. Sutherland, of North Sydney, was up at Cape North a short time ago, and reported, or some one else reported—a bag of over six dozen fish, weighing from 2 to 5 lbs. each. This is not on oath, however, though the bag was undoubtedly very large.

Dr. and Mrs. Wickwire left for England yesterday.

Dr. Allison, Superintendent of Education, leaves to attend meeting of teachers at Toronto next week.

Mr. A. Nagle has returned from Toronto, having completed a course at the School of Infancy there.

H. M. S. Thursh sails for England to-morrow night. A farewell dinner is being given H. R. H. Prince George, at Admiralty House this evening.

A series of three lacrosse matches is being arranged between the Wanderers and the Unions of St. John, one to be played at St. John, one here, and the other on neutral ground.

The officers of the Bellerophon intend giving a dance on board ship Wednesday evening next, which will no doubt be a very enjoyable affair.

Halifax has indeed awakened out of its Rip Van Winkle kind of sleep, in the last few months; it has given us a Cutlery Company, a Peptonized Beef Company, and now it has so remembered itself as to supply us with a Cigar Factory, yecept the Nova Scotia Cigar Manufacturing Company. The formation of this company has really been premeditated, and now when we mention the name of Mr. Robert O'Mullin as President, and among others as Messrs. S. Mitchell, A. L. Miller, Geo. L. Flawn, R. Sheppard, and E. H. Wright, as Directors, we may be assured if money can accomplish a success, then this enterprise will be a credit to Halifax. This hoped for success may well be claimed by Mr. Percy Lear, who by his business abilities and urbanity of manner has brought this company to a head. By invitation we were allowed to smoke the cigar of peace, in the presence of the manager himself, which proved conclusively he was not afraid of our dictum. We then were shown over the establishment and introduced to the foremen of the different departments.

Mr. T. Glend, who has had 27 years experience in cigar manufacture, which surely is sufficient to prove he knows his business, guaranteed to us the same that we have known in England, that a "home made" cigar made out of really legitimate tobacco leaf, is equal to an Havana. Those smokers who think that *age* lends enchantment to the smoke of course may differ, but no matter, the real weed is there all the same.

Mr. H. Bonn, who for nearly forty years was a tobacco planter in Virginia, examines the cigars before boxing, and what he does not know about the business it is needless for us to mention. One great advantage this company will have is that there is a monthly boat from Havana, through Pickford & Black, this firm doing the commission business. Therefore it goes without saying that this department will be perfect.

As a coincidence we may mention that it was on a 4th of July that P. & J. O'Mullin opened their old establishment on this site, and it was on the 4th of July, 1891, that the Nova Scotia Cigar Factory claimed patronage from the public. After thanking Mr. Percy Lear for his courtesy, we made our exit from a building to which we wish the success, the undertaking carried on therein deserves, whilst we could not help admiring the notes of those occupants of the "sorting room" who were mingling with heartfelt pathos, Nearer my God to Thee, and Annie Rooney.

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. Francklyn'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."

English Jottings.

The census returns are full of suggestive and interesting reading. It seems that Ireland suffers most from decrease of population, which, indeed, is just one-half what it was 50 years ago. In 1841 the population numbered 8,000,000 now it counts under 5,000,000. In the last ten years the decrease exceeds half a million. In England the only great town registering a decrease is Liverpool; but this is accounted for by the tendency of city people to pitch their tents in the suburbs or the country. Cardiff has in ten years added 50 per cent. to its numbers.

Just as the Darwinian theory of our monkey ancestry had waxed cold, except among savants, Professor Garner, of that mischievously restless country, America, revives it, imbuing it with new life. If his thesis be true we must succumb to the inevitable, and each of us hang up among our family portraits, the handsome presentment of an ape! The professor elects to have discovered monkey language, by the phonograph. In this way. He "separated a pair of monkeys and received in his phonograph the disconsolate chatter of the female, afterwards releasing it in the ear of her mate. The result was very gratifying to the experimenter, the monkey responding at once and extending his paw into the trumpet of the phonograph in search of his lost companion. Then Professor Garner entered upon a laborious personal study of the sounds produced by monkeys, and soon became convinced that one particular and oft-repeated monkey-word meant drink of some sort—probably milk. This word the professor himself repeated to a strange monkey who sat in a cage with an empty pan near. The monkey, we read, was astonished—very naturally; but he recovered his presence of mind quickly enough to seize the pan and offer it to be filled. This triumph was followed by others, and eight or nine more simian words were speedily added to the professor's vocabulary." Where this gentleman, says my authority, will stop there can be no telling. "The whole animal world is before him, and no doubt lions and tigers, birds and fishes, will in course of time yield up their lingual secrets to Professor Garner and his phonograph. Then a school of animal language will be formed and nobody will be considered liberally educated who cannot chat pleasantly with a kangaroo, or exchange greetings with a flying fish from the deck of a P. and O. steamer. Simian or some lower language may take the place of the discarded Greek in public schools, and the tribulation of the schoolboy be added to by a cow lexicon and a camel accident."

We have heard almost too much about Manipur lately, and yet how few of us have any definite ideas about what sort of a place it is. I must say that my own ideas were of the vaguest possible, till I picked up the *Nineteenth Century* for June, and came across Sir James Johnston's paper on the subject. I kept the following clipping for the enlightenment of others:—

"It is scarcely two months since all India and England were startled by the news of a great disaster in Manipur, and the cry instantly arose 'Where is Manipur?' most people in India being quite as ignorant of its whereabouts as inhabitants of the United Kingdom. Yet Manipur is a country with many features of much interest, it contains scenery of surpassing beauty, every variety of climate, and is the home of an intelligent people, quite distinct from any other Indian race, and having a history and civilization of their own. The valley of Manipur, the heart of the country, and the only part where the pure Manipurs live, is an open plain 650 square miles in extent and of irregular shape, its extreme length from North to South being perhaps thirty-five miles, and its breadth from East to West twenty-five. With the exception of the villages, which are well planted, and a few sacred groves here and there left for the benefit of the sylvan gods, the country is devoid of timber. The capital, called Imphal, is a large mass of villages, and from the neighboring heights presents the appearance of a forest; it covers a space of about fifteen square miles. Every house in the capital is in its own well planted garden, hence the large space covered. The population at the census of 1881 showed it to contain 60,000 inhabitants; the remainder of the valley had another 60,000; while the hill tracts accounted for 100,000—making in all a population of 220,-

000; the extent of the state, hill and plain together, being 8,000 square miles, or a little larger than Wales."

I have not the honour of being personally acquainted with Miss Baskett, of "Captain Verney" fame, nor do I aspire to be numbered among her friends, for I should be excessively chary as to my future safety were I to allow myself any little pleasantries which might perhaps be looked upon as harmless by anybody else in this wicked world but the aforesaid damsel. Her latest appeal for notoriety bids to even outdo her previous exploits in the witness-box at the Old Bailey, whence her extreme purity induced the judge to send Captain Verney to jail for one year.

After this pleasant little episode in the young lady's life, she unblushingly requests the good vicar of her parish to send the following letter to the *Daily Telegraph*:—

Sir,—I am asked by Miss Baskett, as her vicar, to let it be known that as soon as ever legal proceedings were over, Captain Verney prepared to do all that was in his power to show his regret for the pain he had caused her, and that within the last day or two the sum of £100 has been forwarded to her by his solicitor.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ALLEN EDWARDS, Jun.

South Lambeth, June 8.

If this is not downright shameless impudence, I don't know what is. Here is a woman who gets a man condemned to prison for no other ostensible crime than stroking her gloved hand, and when she has the satisfaction of getting him there, coolly advertises the fact that she has received from the poor prisoner £400 in return for her kind act. That Verney should have been such a blatant idiot I quite understand, but that Miss Baskett should wish to advertise the fact—but stop! I have it. She is probably putting in a cheap advertisement for a husband now that she has some money. Much good may it do the future Benedict!

The Queen has lost another of her old servants. William Ross, Her Majesty's well known head piper, died suddenly at Windsor Castle on Wednesday, aged 69. He was a well-known feature on all occasions on which the Queen appeared in public, and had been for nearly 40 years in the Royal service. He was originally in the 42nd Black Watch, and was Pipe-Major there when he entered the Queen's service. He was one of the best pipers going, and was a handsome, sturdy Highlander.

A strange thing—or, more poetically, a fickle goddess—is Fashion. In dress, the ladies, and the ladies' dressmakers, tell us we are coming round again to the fashions and modes of some hundred odd years ago. In art, too, perhaps, the same thing has a tendency to take place. It must strike anyone who has spent any time in the galleries at Windsor Castle and has looked at the beautiful miniatures there, what a lost or neglected art is that of miniature-painting at the present day. But we may, nevertheless, be coming back to it. Since the excellent work in this line coming from the brush of Lord Bennett, I have seen nothing to equal this delicate handicraft like that of a rising young amateur painter, at whose studio I saw some very good and promising work the other day. Mr. Montagu Wilson will do well to re-establish this once popular branch of art. His miniatures of the pretty Miss Hammersleys and others are excellent in detail and careful delicacy of finish.

Last year we had a sensational marriage when H. Stanley led Miss Tennant to the altar at Westminster Abbey with all the show and fuss that could possibly be arrayed; and now this season has seen one of the greatest sensations finished up by a quiet wedding. On Wednesday morning Sir William Gordon-Cumming was married to Miss Garner at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane street. Had they only known, all fashionable London would have crowded there. But they didn't, so half a-dozen casual people were the only spectators. The bride was quietly dressed in grey, and carried her gloves in her hand, and was bright and gay, while the bridegroom looked worried and careworn. The ceremony was performed at the side altar, and the bride was given away by Lord Thurlow. I am sure

everyone, whatever their judgment on the case may be, must have thought that she was a very plucky girl to stand by a man so bravely when he was down in his luck. Long life and happiness to Sir William and Lady Gordon-Cumming!

Ex-King Milan is said to have recently won £7,000 in one night at buccarat.

Sir Wm. Gordon-Cumming yesterday week resigned his membership of the different clubs to which he belonged.

When the Prince of Wales a few days ago went to open a mission hall at Camberwell, one of the banners floating across the street bore the significant words, "Welcome to our Prince; but no gambling."

The following announcement appears in Friday night's *Gazette*:—"War Office, Pall Mall, 12th of June, 1891. Scots Guards: Major and Colonel Sir William Gordon-Cumming, Bart., is removed from the Army list. Her Majesty having no further occasion for his services. Dated 19th June 1891."

The current *cause celebre* has been utilised ingeniously by a tobacconist at Leeds, whose name happens to be Wilson. During the last few days sandwich men have been walking round the streets with the following query:—"Where do you get your buccar-at? Why, Wilson's."

At the Conference of General Baptist Churches of Lancashire and Yorkshire, held at Todmorden on Wednesday, the following resolution was directed to be sent to the private secretary to the Prince of Wales:—"This conference desires to express their hope that, in view of the wide-spread misery and ruin caused in the country by gambling, the Prince of Wales will in future decline to practise or countenance it in any form."

The Primitive Methodist Conference at Northampton, on Monday, passed a resolution regretting that so exalted a personage as the Prince of Wales should sanction gambling, and that he did not follow more closely the footsteps of his father and the example of his mother. It was decided to send a copy of the resolution to the Prince direct.

In a letter to the editor of the *Dwarf*, Sir William Gordon-Cumming says:—"I must only beg of you, whatever you may know, not to insert any statement in the papers likely to cause pain or annoyance to anyone who has been a friend of mine in the past. I can only tell you that I am as ignorant as before as to who was the person who diffused the news, but I do know for certain that it was known to several in no way connected with the matter a very few weeks after Doncaster of 1890. I can only say that, though I have been unsuccessful before a court of law, I feel I have done better in fighting and losing than in not fighting at all."

Some of the papers are democratically indignant that the Duke of Fife's little daughter is not to be styled Princess. It is said the Queen has so ruled. But it is also stated that the Duke was strongly opposed to such a title for his progeny, and it is well known that he stipulated the Princess his wife should be styled the Duchess of Fife simply, and have no lady-in-waiting or such-like Royal impedimenta.

Those not in "the know" have been asking why and wherefore Mr. S. C. Lister should have been raised to the peerage. This is why. Mr. Lister is essentially a notable instance of a self-made man, and what he possesses he made by the sweat of his brow, and his own native talent. No man in England, has registered more patents, useful patents, that have revolutionised trade and brought money galore into the country, specially into the pockets of the mechanic. He used to work 15 to 18 hours a day. He spent hundreds of thousands of pounds before he perfected his wonderful wool-combing and silk-waste-utilising machine. His hard work at last brought him £200,000 a year. With this he bought lands in Yorkshire and elsewhere to the amount of 35,000 acres. It is for his services to Labour he has been be-titled. A well-known historian computes that the English throne has been in one family 1,000 years, and that the Prince of Wales, being a direct descen-

dant of King Alfred, is his 33rd great-grandson. But the last king of England was Charles I. With him died Right Divine! a peculiar quantity asserted by the German Kaiser. "There is only one lord of the realm, and he stands before you," crowed the little bantman at Dusseldorf—a pill rather too much of the bolus nature for even the Germans to swallow. The Emperor saw his mistake, and has fraternised with his subjects since wonderfully; but the spirit is the same. At the recent Cologne festivities the caterers of the Guazerich banquet contracted with a firm of French champagne-growers for the fizz, binding themselves to have no other brand of champagne for the occasion. The Emperor heard of the arrangement, and desired that only Rhine wine should be at table. An action for breach of contract is imminent. The Kaiser has also ordered the Court chaplains not to give longer than 15 minutes' sermons noting even a few minutes excess of that quantity. The Orthodox are up in arms.

The following little narrative from one of *M. lern Society's* vivacious young ladies is rather amusing.—

"Positively I had the funniest experience in my life last night. You see I went to town yesterday to dine and stay all night with an elderly friend of mamma's. Thinking to make it pleasanter for me the lady had invited another girl, a quiet little thing, who scarcely spoke, but was charmingly gowned and wore some splendid rings. We were given an apartment in common, but even under the inspiration of curl papers she refused to talk freely. As girls will, I begged her to let me see and try on her rings, praised their great beauty, suggested that their value might make her nervous, and asked what she did with them at night. The poor thing stammered and looked so embarrassed I at once changed the subject and thought no more about it. Nine out of ten of us take off our shoes and stockings as a first move towards retiring. I did, and paddled about while my room mate brushed her hair and teeth, read timidly from a tiny pocket testament, said her prayers, and never unfastened one button of her boots till I turned the gas out and jumped in under the clothes. Then for fully five minutes I heard her fumbling at her shoes, and a curious clinking noise before we were settled to repose. Being a light sleeper, and in a strange bed, I remained awake long after my companion set up a gentle snore: but such restlessness! She moved about from side to side, plunged here and there, her feet fairly dancing with uneasiness. Oddly enough, with every movement some hard substance struck the foot of the bed. Finally I got off to sleep, and knew nothing till a sharp pain in my ankle brought me to consciousness, while the daylight flooded the room. Then, so ridiculous was the picture beside me, I went off into convulsions of laughter in spite of my bleeding limb.

"There lay my silent friend sound asleep in her pretty lace-frilled night dress, her yellow hair tumbled, cheeks flushed, and to! sticking out below the disordered bed clothes, two small, white feet, with jewels sparkling on every toe. By actual count she had seven rings on these short jointed digits, a marquise for the great toe, a solitaire next, and so on to a tiny cat's-eye, winking where the last pink one was standing at a painful angle from its fellows. Of course my loud laughter woke her at once, and with a face crimson to the roots of her hair she gave a hasty glance at her ridiculous extremities and, burying her face in the pillow, burst into tears. I grew sorry in a moment, tried to stop smiling, and begged a thousand pardons, while she explained. It appears her older sister had gone to a hunting party the day before, and had left the jewels in her charge, with many injunctions for their safety. All that evening while we thought her so quiet she was studying the best means to preserve them from any casual burglars, and had at last struck upon that novelty."



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PONIES AND PONY RACING.

Once a year in Halifax a great deal of interest is taken in ponies and in pony racing. The interest reaches its climax on the 21st of June, and then suddenly and completely dies away. And with the exception of a few, no one thinks about these ponies till the fever comes again in the following year.

Every lover of horses and racing must deplore this, and regret that we cannot have many meetings during the season. Pony racing is not what it used to be in this community. I don't mean to say it is not as good—on the contrary, it is better—but there is not that same element of sport and fun about it as there once was, when the 97th and 101st were stationed here. I think the reason of this is that the class of ponies that have been brought here for the simple reason of racing, and nothing else, have been too good. Not that it has not been a good thing to have had these ponies, but all the same it has kept the owner of the average nag from entering and running his pony.

Looking at old race-cards, I find that there used to be as many as ten or twelve starters in each race, and generally with owners up, and even if the pace was not fast, the fun was.

We have at present more ponies than we have ever had before, and surely there are some of them that can race. We have also an excellent course for pony racing, and also excellent accommodation for spectators. Why, then, are not all these things utilized, and why can we not have many informal meetings during the season? I am sure the proprietors of the Riding Ground would be only too glad to rent the ground for the day at a very small figure, and I am positively certain that society would patronize it to an extent to clear all expenses, including a few dollars of "added money." Five races in an afternoon will fill the card nicely, and no doubt there would be occasionally a match between two ponies, to make things exciting. I hear some one saying at once, "Oh, what is the use? Tramp and Mignonette would win all the races." Quite true, if they were allowed to run, but could not we have races in which both of these flyers would be barred? It is impossible to handicap Mignonette after her showing in the Suburban Handicap, and the Tramp can give any other pony forty lbs. and a beating. But think what excellent racing there would be between all the others. Then again we could have hurdle races, which, by the by, were very foolishly cut out of the programme on the 21st, and in a hurdle race it is any one's race; or it would not be hard to have made a small steeple-chase course, like there used to be on the old ground. All the races could be sweepstakes of a few dollars, and if the meeting could add some money, all the better, and all the entries could be post entries, so as to make up a field. If the Polo Club could not take it up, could not a "Pony Racing Club" be formed for the purpose? I am sure it would be a success, and even if it were not, the experiment would be worth trying, just for the fun of it. One might say that all the racing the people of Halifax ever see is pony racing, and there are many who would patronize such a meeting just for the pleasure of seeing the silks and satins and the galloping ponies more than once a year.

Talking of pony racing, I cut this from an English paper. Funny things have happened on our own ground, but nothing funnier than this. The description of the weight might read for any of our meetings:—

Ringdove won the Pony Plate very easily, but perhaps the way may have been cleared for her to some extent by the falling out of Gas. Nearly twenty minutes was cut to waste by Mr. Hamilton in weighing out, but even after this delay the mare must have been saddled in very

careless fashion, for, after going a little more than a furlong, the saddle slipped right on to her flank and, of course, she at once started kicking. Thereupon the saddle came bodily off, and the mare, catching her legs in the girths, rolled clean over, and appeared to turn two somersaults before getting up again. It looked from the stand as though Mr. Hamilton was bound to be badly hurt, but fortunately this was not the case, as beyond a nasty shaking, he was none the worse for the mishap. It needn't have surprised anybody if instead of its being Gas's saddle that slipped it had been Ringdove's. The latter was carrying nearly 1st dead weight, the leads being packed into no less than five weight-cloths, which, surmounted with a big saddle, gave the pony the appearance of a miniature pack horse. She had to carry 21st. 7lb., which, under Rule 139, is the highest weight that a 14 hand animal can carry. It is too much. And what is more, there was no earthly object in it. There was no reason whatever why a 21lb. lower scale should not have been adopted.

Racing and Polo ponies are bringing an enormous price in England now, as shown by the following:—

The price of ponies still keeps up, as is testified by the sums realized for four ponies that I have previously made some mention of, the property of Mr. Locke King, of Cairo, and which have been played lately at Hurlingham by the 17th Lancers. The following were the prices obtained:—Star, 220gs., bought by 17th Lancers; Monk, 75gs., bought by 15th Hussars; Cambridge, 155gs., bought by 15th Hussars; Steele, 40gs., bought by 17th Lancers. 220gs. is a high price for an Egyptian countrybred pony, and is significant as showing what a good polo pony will fetch, no matter where he is bred. I hear that all these ponies were selected by Mr. Locke King from the Mena Hotel Stables, Cairo, and brought over as an experiment, and that, encouraged by the good prices he has obtained, he intends bringing over another lot next year. May they be all as good.

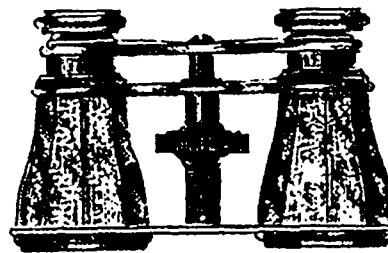
Here is a chance for enterprising Nova Scotians to make money—buy ponies here for \$70—train them to Polo and sell them in England for \$1,500. Not a bad profit. M. G.

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Our Society

Vol. I. HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1891. No. 32

We are glad to see "Society Samuel" to the front again. This is the first occasion on which he has spoken without provocation, poor "Grandma" roused the sleeping lion in the first place, but this time the lion appears to have roused himself.

A VERY small misprint in our account of the Lacrosse match in St. John made a very large difference in the meaning. We read, "Of the play of the attack field too much cannot be said;" instead of, "so much cannot be said." The intention of the writer was to call attention to the strength of the centre and the comparative weakness of the attack field.

We would call particular attention to the article in this issue on pony racing. The suggestion of our correspondent that a Pony Racing Club should be organized for the purpose of holding numerous small meetings commends itself to us as an excellent one, which there should be no difficulty whatever in carrying out. We should be glad to receive further correspondence on this and other questions relating to the turf.

During the time that Edward IV.'s relations with Jane Shore were causing considerable scandal at Court, two of the Queen's pages, who were waiting in an antechamber, beguiled the time by discussing the tittle-tattle of the day. At last the King's foibles becoming the subject of their discourse, the elder of the young men remarked that in his opinion His Majesty was "sailing very close to the wind."

"Well, I don't know about sailing close to the wind," replied the other, thoughtfully, "but I feel certain that as I passed the summer-house in the private garden yesterday evening, I saw him hugging the Shore."

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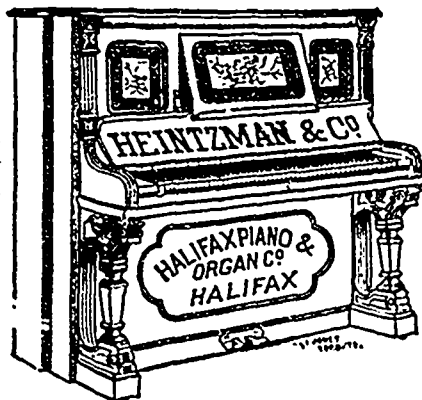
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HINTS FOR THE LADIES.

Here are a few hints for all whom it may concern:—"No feature of a woman's beauty needs more attention than her hair. It should be absolutely clean, soft, bright and perfumed. Not laden with scent, the odour of which makes a sickening combination with the redolent natural oil of a neglected head; but the fresh, wholesome perfume that comes of frequent washing and thorough drying. 'A magnificent head of hair' is an exacting adornment. It is difficult to keep in order and unwieldy in effect in the ordinary coiffing; it suits a Lady Godiva best after all.

"It is almost worth while to sacrifice length of tress, cutting the locks to just between the shoulders on the back and shorter toward the ears and face. Singe off the last inch or so of this length. Singeing leaves the ends of the hair more manageable than are cut ends; besides, barbers say such treatment prevents escape of the hair fluid from the severed ends. This shoulder length will do up in almost any style. It makes the very prettiest coil at the neck. Do not twist the coil round as you would with longer hair, but roll the hair from the ends up to the head and then gather the roll in shape with hair-pins. The result is a 'soft knot,' that has no untidy escaping short ends, and that conforms itself admirably to the shape of the head.

"This length makes the real French twist. That is, roll the hair from the side, from ends to the head, and let the roll follow the line of the head from above the nape of the neck toward the forehead. Drawn to the top of the head and secured there while the ends are rolled into puffs (some of them left loose and held in place by a pompon or an ornamental comb or pin), a most elaborate head-dressing is accomplished and most easily. This length, too, can be pinned in flat about the head—a most becoming style where the head is well shaped. Some of the ends can comb in with the 'bang,' and the result is a coiff which defies analysis, but which is charming. Of course this length of hair must be curly to be manageable; but even if nature has been unkind and the locks are straight, it is no difficult matter to keep them, when so short, in curl."

Everyone is interested as if in a personal affair in the approaching marriage of Princess Louise of Schelswig-Holstein the daughter of the good and practical Princess Christian, the fourth daughter of our gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria. The manner in which the silver wedding of the Princess was marked suffices to show how the public have appreciated her self-sacrificing efforts to utilize her prestige in philanthropic undertakings. People little know the strain it is on Royalty, this incessant and increasing demand on its presence here, there, and everywhere, laying stones, giving prizes, opening institutions, visiting hospitals holding bazaars,

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attending receptions, and listening to addresses—in short, being in North, South, East, and West. Driving one day to open a moral something with their mother, the Princess of Wales, one of the princesses was heard to say, "How much nicer it must have been to be princesses when there was nothing to open." I have frequently been at such openings, and on one occasion sat very near the "operating" circle. I could not divest myself of the idea that they were like a troupe of professionals performing the roles. When the Prince came forward with his sheet of notes in his hand, and waited till the welcoming clapping had subsided before he read his speech, I almost felt surprised that he did not break forth in an operatic air, or a comic song. It all seemed so set, so artificial, and the expression on the faces of the young princesses and their charming *mamma* was just as "dressed" and repressive. The Princess has but one part to play, to look beautiful, a part she plays to perfection.

Just now a great deal of attention is centered in the trousseau of the Royal bride. The wedding dress is sumptuous, of white satin of lustrous sheen. The folds are straight and plain behind, from which the skirt pays out gracefully. It is rounded and bordered with orange blossoms, and it is not of the exaggerated length of some Court trains, nor so wide. The magnificent Honiton lace on the skirt that was worn by the bride's mother on the occasion of her own wedding. It shows a long design of roses, ivy leaves, and scrolls, the creation of the late Prince Consort, and the lace was a presentation to the queen. The bodice has lace and chiffon beautifully arranged, and the skirt, which fits tightly, is placed above the bodice beneath a girdle of orange blossoms trailing behind over the satin folds of the train. There is also a berthe of the lace, and long shoulder sprays of the blossom. This has been called a white season, and it would seem to be so in weddings. The going-away gown is on this occasion white also—pure white sicilienne, trimmed over the hem with white ostrich feathering. The coat-shaped bodice has broad, sharp lapels, bordered with the same feathering, which curves softly and coaxingly up over the edging. The vest is of gathered chiffon, with baby ribbon run through in strands, and done up here and there in tiny rosettes such as we ourselves wore when capped in our best in the nurse's arms. Corded ribbon makes a pretty band set on round the end of the bodice. Then there is the coming-home toilette. This may be a German costume: I have not heard of it in our cosmogony before. The

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dress is to be worn by the young wife when she enters her new home in Berlin, a palace bridged to the young couple by the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau, the bridegroom's father. It is of cashmere, dove-colored. As to mode, the skirt is plain to plainness, but above the deep hem is an inserted band of pale pink silk, covered with dove-grey silk net, embroidered. The yoke and sleeves are of pink silk, similarly embroidered. A plain tight bodice at the back has folds in the front fastened on the side. A dove-coloured bengaline mantle is to be worn with this soft and modest gown. It has a high collar and yoke, embroidered in pink and gold, and the cape—now an indispensable addition to the mantle—has a gold fringe and is lined with pink silk. A wire-drawn hat of pink lisse, with a flat crown of velvet—is trimmed with a thick aigrette of pink ospreys. Describing gown after gown is like writing the details of each dish in a menu, and only those who can understand such creations really care to read such descriptions. The Queen presented her granddaughter with some very rare and costly old rose-point lace, and this has been arranged over the skirt of a gown of grey-blue satin, brocaded in gold, lilac tints, in a design of fruit and foliage. There is an evening gown of cream veloutine, with round the bottom a festoon of fine Maltese lace, with buttercups between the festoons. The bodice is treated in the same manner. A pale green ball dress very beautiful, chiffoned liberally in hem, flounce, and little bows. The chiffon is embroidered in silk, moons and crescents.

It seems that if an Arab woman who has lost her husband decides to marry again she visits the grave of her first husband the night before her second marriage and prays him not to be offended. As, however, she feels that he will be offended, she takes with her a donkey, laden with two goat skins filled with water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour the water on the grave. The object of the custom is to keep the husband cool under the circumstances, and having well saturated him she departs.

IN MEMORIAM.

Thus my wife died. No more will those loving hands pull off my boots and part my back hair as only a wife can; nor will those willing feet replenish the coal-hod or water pail. No more will she arise amid the tempestuous storms of winter, and hie away to make the fire, without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doted on her so artlessly.

Her memory is embalmed upon my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but found I could embalm her memory cheaper. I procured of Eli Undgett, a neighbour of mine, a very pretty gravestone. His wife was consumptive, and he kept it on hand several years in anticipation of her death; but she rallied last Spring, and his hopes were blasted.

Never shall I forget the poor man's grief when I asked him to part with it. "Take it, Skinner," he hoarsely whispered, "and may you never know what it is to have your soul disappointed as mine has been;" and he burst into a flood of tears; his spirit was indeed utterly broken.

I had the following epitaph engraven upon the tombstone:—"To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the *Trombone*, (Terms 6s. a year, invariably in advance.) A kind mother and an exemplary wife. (Office over Coleman's Grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard.) We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee! (Job printing solicited.)" Thus, like Rachel weeping for her children, did my lacerated spirit cry out in agony. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his job printing, and the sexton owed me a little account I should not have gotten any other way.

POLITE GUEST: "My dear Mrs. Smith, you do succeed in bringing the most charming people together!"

Hostess: "Oh, thanks. You are so kind; but I only wish you could have been here last week. Why, I haven't one of my best people here to-night!"

'Tis but a threadbare piece of cloth,
But it recalls the better
The night I mocked her father's wrath
And went and met her.
And as I gently take it up,
Its frayed-out ends remind me
Of how her father's mongrel pup,
Detached it from—behind me!

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I can tell you how to get away with the crows," said neighbour Stokes.

"How?"

"Get you a gallon of whisky and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's the crops?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruint," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried that 'ere scheme o' yours, and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, the next morn' I went to the new groun' to see how it worked."

"Found m' drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'. I hearn a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch and went to see what it was; there was a dad blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whisky corn an' had it on a stump, an' he was retailin' it out to the others, givin' em' one grain of that sort fur three grains o' my planted corn, and dinged if they hadn't clawed up that field in sections."—*Wasp*.

NEW ESSAY ON MAN.—Man that is born of a woman is small potatoes and a few in a hill. He rises up to-day and flourishes like a rag weed, and tomorrow, or the next day, the undertaker hath him. He goeth forth in the morning warbling like a lark, knocked out in one round and no seconds,

In the midst of life he is in debt, and the tax collector pursues him wherever he goeth. The banister of life is full of splinters and he slideth down with considerable rapidity. He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone and meeteth the bank teller with a sight draft for \$357.

He cometh home at eventide and meets the wheelbarrow in his path. It riseth up and smiteth him to the earth and falleth upon him and runneth one of its legs into his car.

In the gentle spring-time he putteth on his summer clothes, and a blizzard striketh him far from home and filleth him with cuss words and rheumatism. In the winter he putteth on winter trousers and a wasp that abideth excitement. He starteth down into the cellar with an oleander and goeth backward, and the oleander cometh after him and sitteth upon him.

He buyeth a watch dog, and when he cometh home from the lodge the dog treeth him and sitteth near him until rosy morn. He goeth to the horse trot and betteth his money on the brown mare, and the bay gelding with the blaze face winneth.

He marrieth a red-headed heiress with a wart on her nose, and the next day the parental ancestor goeth under with a fee, arrest and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law.

"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter to a rather green lad, whom he had taken for an apprentice.

"All but the saw, sir," replied the lad promptly: "I couldn't get all the gaps out of that!"

THE HORTICULTURIST.

Mr. Twigg became the tenant of Mrs. Mellum under a solemn vow and covenant that he was to enjoy all the rights of a proprietor in the garden. There was a clause in the agreement that existing rights were to be respected, and the dustbin and Coldboy's dog, together with the barrel which served it for a kennel, were duly recognized.

It was evident to Mr. Twigg as he gazed round the rubbish-filled yard that there was plenty to do, and he took off his coat and vest and put them on the kennel, with a stern admonition to the dog to watch them. Later on when he had finished his day's work he relaxed his stern address and called the animal all the pet names he could think of to induce him to give up the garments which he had taken into the kennel and was using as a bed. He was so nice that Augustus put his head out of the kennel and gratefully licked his hand. Then the hopeful Mr. Twigg redoubled his attentions, and the animal who was far from clean, lay on his back on the clothes and kicked with joy, and to show that he knew how to appreciate kindness, tore off a piece of the coat and laid it at his feet. Then Mr. Twigg stooped down and patted him on the head with the pickaxe and the suddenly enlightened animal, after biting him severely for his hypocrisy, retired to bed with a bad headache.

After this mishap, Twigg let him alone and toiled steadily on at the garden with such success that by the time summer arrived it was a mass of bloom. The other lodgers seemed to appreciate it highly, and Mr. Coldboy never left home in the morning without a flower in his button hole.

Then with the suddenness of a bilious attack on Derby Day the end came. Mr. Twigg returned home one evening from business to enjoy his pipe in the garden and found his ears assailed by the murmurs of a distant multitude.

"What a noise there is in the garden, Sarah Ann," he remarked.

"Yes," said Sarah, "that's the garden party."

"The *what*," said Mr. Twigg, with great violence.

"Mr. Coldboy's garden party," replied the damsel; "didn't you know? Why, it's crowded."

Mr. Twigg said something grossly improper, and opening the back-door, stood petrified on the step. The yard was full of strangers, smoking and drinking in the highest good humor, while Coldboy, sitting on the wall, was doing the honors in famous style.

"I beg your pardon, Twigg," said Mr. Coldboy, jumping from the wall as he caught sight of the intruder, "but you can't come here—you haven't been invited, you know, and this is quite a private gathering."

"I insist upon my right of entering the garden, sir," said the other.

"Well, I'll refer to the Committee," said Mr. Coldboy—"You stay here."

Mr. Twigg by dint of great self-control stayed, and Mr. Coldboy, after a brief consultation with Captain Green and two other men, returned and told him that he must withdraw.

"You see," he explained, "the Battle of Flowers will commence in about a quarter of an hour, and we're afraid you'd be a sort of kill-joy on the proceedings if you stayed."

Mr. Twigg hoarse with emotion murmured that he'd be a kill something if they didn't mind, and casually inquired where they would procure the flowers.

"They will be provided," said Mr. Coldboy. "There's a costermonger coming with two barrow-loads."

Mr. Twigg gave him the lie direct, and after a painful scene was overpowered by numbers and retired in a frantic state to his room, overlooking the yard. Seating himself by the window he placed the coal-scuttle by his side and lit his pipe, smoking silently while the light faded slowly from the sky and hid the pewter-pots from the

eyes of their anxious owners. Then Mr. Coldboy gave the sign and the battle commenced.

There was great wonder expressed by the guests as they lay that night at the fascination exercised over some minds by flower battles. One gentleman, who went home with a black eye and his head bandaged, said he'd as soon have bricks thrown at him a flower any day, a remark which Sarah Ann understood better when she discovered a rich vein of Wallsend in the yard next morning.

TYPE-WRITER:—There was shown lately in America a model of the first writing machine made in that country. It was patented in 1843 by a man named Charles Thurber, of Massachusetts, and is a really amusing affair in its very clumsiness. It consists of a wheel about a foot in diameter which turns horizontally upon a central pivot: the rim of the wheel is bored with twenty-five holes in each one of which is a rod bearing at the top a glass letter and at the bottom a similar letter of steel. The paper sheet is so arranged that the line to be printed is under the rim of this wheel and the letter wanted is swung into place by turning the wheel, and in place a rod bearing it is depressed until the steel letter of type touches the paper. Even the fastest operator could not write more than half as fast as a man with a pen. Yet it was a writing machine, and Thurber succeeded in getting people to invest 15,000 dollars in this curious device. At present there are no less than forty-seven different kinds of typewriters made and sold in America and in New York City alone there are said to be more than three thousand expert operators making a living by type-writing.

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S. S. "FASTNET," A. H. KELLY, Commander, sails every Monday night at 10 o'clock, P. M.

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S. S. "HARLAW," J. A. FARQUHAR, Commander, sails every Tuesday, at 8 P. M.

EXCURSION TICKETS are issued by all the Routes.

Provincial Notes.

TRURO.—The entertainment in aid of the T. A. A. C. on Dominion day was a big success. The sports on the athletic grounds were well attended. In the evening a large crowd assembled to participate in the many attractions held forth in the rink. The building was handsomely decorated with evergreens and bunting. The shady nooks, the pretty walks and bright-colored booths presented a very pretty appearance. The flower booth, under the supervision of Mrs. Oliver Cummings, was certainly "a thing of beauty," if not "a joy forever." It was most tastily arranged, and the pretty girls in their becoming costumes selling flowers made it appear like a fairy scene. I should like to tell about the lovely fortune-teller and her wigwam, also the pretty post-mistress and her office crowded with *mobs*; the sweet candy vendors, the attractive owners of the fish pond, and the fascinating maids, wives and widows who dispensed refreshments with lavish hands, but time and space will not allow. Great credit is due Mrs. Henry Blair and Miss Dimock, who expended so much time and labor in collecting so many valuable gems and curiosities for the art gallery, and every one was sold. It was the best thing of the kind ever in Truro.

W. D. Dimock arrived from Jamaica on Monday last, looking hale and hearty, and can still be called the "prophet with the flowing beard."

A prominent lady member of the German Club is soon to *wile* the happy hour away at Acadia Mines.

Prof. D. Murray, of New York, is spending his vacation at his home on Pleasant Street. "Dannie" is looking well, and although enjoying life in the "big city," is "true blue" to his native land.

Mrs. A. C. Page entertained a large number of ladies at afternoon tea on Saturday.

We are glad to hear of Prof. F. Eaton's good fortune in having been offered the chief mathematical position in the Boston Latin school. Prof. Eaton made many friends the years he labored so faithfully in the normal school, and we all wish him every success in his new sphere of labor.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitch, of Shubenacadie, with their nieces, the Misses Sutherland, spent a few days in town last week.

Mrs. W. S. Muir gave a very pleasant euchre party on Tuesday evening. The first prizes were won by Miss Tremain and Mr. G. Hall. Miss Page and Mr. W. Odell were presented with the "hooby."

Mr. S. E. Bigelow returned last week from his visit to New York.

Mrs. Henry Blair and family are spending the summer at Maitland.

Miss Anderson, of Montreal, is a guest of Archdeacon and Mrs. Kaulbach.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clark, of Bedford, spent Sunday in Truro.

Miss Cochrane, of Maitland, is visiting Doctor and Mrs. Page, Church Street.

Mr. McKinnon, of Westchester, preached in St. Andrew's church, on Sunday last, both morning and evening.

Everything that is good comes out of Truro. Even the handsomest dress at the Windsor ball was worn by a Truro lady.

ARICHAT has been no exception to the other Nova Scotia towns in the matter of dearth of social events, and plenitude of rain and thunder storms. On Friday last, however, the weather cleared and things took a bound socially. The latter was caused, chiefly, by what the "Warden" styles "the event of the season"—the Hazel Hill Ball. Twenty-one of the youth, beauty and elite of Arichat, attended. The sail to Canso, in the "Rimouski" was much enjoyed, and the Ball was a brilliant success.

Miss Beatrice Ballam left early last week on a visit to the United States, she was accompanied as far as Hawkesbury, by her mother and Mrs. Andrew.

Several young men, hitherto amateurs in deep sea fishing, have procured a seine and are trying their luck with mackerel. They haven't succeeded in making a haul yet, but their enterprise is commendable.

The toppers and moderate drinkers are in a state of forced total abstinence, from the fact of it being next to impossible to procure a drop of the ardent in the town.

Mrs. R. Benoit is visiting the capital.

A Mr. Hayden, a Nova Scotian, is here booming the live lobster trade. He proposes shipping them to the United States in a small vessel fitted for the purpose which is now in port.

A small haul of mackerel, 20 bbbs., was made in St. Peters Bay on Saturday, by a seine owned by Edward Brine of Descourse.

The Richmond fishing fleet numbering about fifty sail have arrived from the North Bay on their first trip. They all brought in good fares. After resting they will return at once on a second trip.

Mr. DeGruchy gave a hop at his bachelor residence to a few select friends, some evenings ago.

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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. Our Wine and Liquor department is complete.

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Private Lessons can be arranged for.

Those wishing to join should send in their names AT ONCE to Cambridge House.

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LONDON DRUG STORE, 147 Hollis Street, J. GODFREY SITH, Dispensing Chemist, Proprietor.

Agent for Laurance's Pebble Spectacles and Asurine Glasses; Nisbet's Milk of Cucumber; Eagar's Wine of Rennet; Church's Gout and Rheumatic Remedy, &c. Smith's Preparations on sale at the "**DARTMOUTH PHARMACY**," recently opened by Wm. A. Dymond, formerly dispenser at the London Drug Store.

The late Archbishop of York's readiness to retort was proverbial, as the following will show:—Dr. Magee had been a recruit at a watering-place, and on the morning of his departure asked for the bill. It was unexpectedly extortionate, but he paid it without complaint and gave the waiter a *douceur*. Just as he was leaving the hotel the landlord came up obsequiously, "Hope your lordship has had the rest and change you were in need of." "Indeed, I haven't," said Dr. Magee, adding, "the waiter has got the change, *you've* got the rest, and I've got nothing."

MORE "SIAMESE" TWINS.—A remarkably interesting phenomenon (says the *Daily Telegraph*) has been shown at the office of the *Figaro* newspaper to a very limited number of specially-invited guests, comprising the most distinguished medical men of Paris. The phenomenon consists of twin sisters, Rosa and Josepha joined together at the lower part of their bodies. They were born in Bohemia, and are fourteen years of age. M. Maurice Lelivre—a member of the *Figaro* staff, who introduced the young ladies—told an amusing story of how after they had tasted champagne for the first time both were ill. Josepha made up her mind she would not touch the dangerous wine again, and she has kept her word, whereas Rosa still indulges in the beverage she prefers. When one was ill the other was very angry at having to go to bed, and insisted in feeding in her usual way. They are thus quite different beings so far as sensations, inclinations, mind, and heart are concerned. The children are quite pretty, they are healthy in appearance, and they appear to be very amiable and good tempered. On their way to Paris a curious question was raised. The officials wanted to reckon them by heads, whereas the manager insisted on an opposite decision, and he gained his point, so they came for a single fare.

The way in which the people use the word "respectable" is funny, if not a little vulgar. As the result of his investigations, Carlyle concluded that a respectable man meant one who kept a gig; and he consequently coined the word "gigmanity" as an expressive substitute for "respectability." It certainly seems to mean going the pace, anyhow; for lately a lawyer complained in court of the insanitary state of the City police cells, and fervently declared that it was a disgrace to the nineteenth century "that these respectable men" (pointing to his clients) "should have had to pass a night," etc. More recently, Dalziel's Agency waxed quite enthusiastic about the respectability of the people who gathered to see two prize fighters try to kill one another. Finally, we once heard an old lady explain, concerning a ne'er-do-weel—"He was a most respectable man, but a great blackguard!"

HIS THREE-GUINEA SERMON.—There is a good story of a minister who was paid to preach a sermon on some special occasion in the chapel of a neighbouring town. As the congregation was not very rich, he was informed beforehand that they could not afford to pay him more than a guinea for his discourse. When the sermon was over he received in the vestry the congratulations of the elders, who were loud in their admiration of his eloquence. He turned round upon them with almost a smile of contempt, and said, "Do you call that an eloquent sermon? I should just like you to hear my three-guinea one!"—*Comic Paper*.

OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES AND THE IRISH SECRETARY.—At Oxford Commemoration on Wednesday Mr. Balfour was greeted with cries of "Non placet" and "Remember Mitchelstown," and the right hon. gentleman was requested to sing "God Save Ireland," and also to give a speech. The inquiry, "Have you brought an emergency man with you?" was made, and some one in the upper gallery in solemn tones ejaculated, "Dr. Balfour, for shame; you are laughing." As Mr. Balfour shook hands with the Vice-Chancellor he was greeted with the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

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MR. H. M. BRADFORD has made arrangements to take 8 resident pupils through the Summer Holidays, in the Cottage on the North-West Arm, which affords excellent Bathing, Boating, etc.

With the assistance of a competent resident Master, Mr. Bradford will continue with about a fortnight's break to take private pupils both in town and at the Arm. Two or three more non-resident pupils can be taken if arrangements are made at once.

CHOICE PEARS,
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DR. SCARD: Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a Carbuncle.

Mrs. SMITH: Suffering, why he is delighted with it. He wears it in his scarf!

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* "The 'Wine-on' of Halifax" *Montreal Gazette.*

* "The cuisine is the best of any hotel in the Maritime Provinces" *Globe.*

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