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OUR SOCIETY

A

WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1

HALIFAX N. S., JULY 31.

No. 35.

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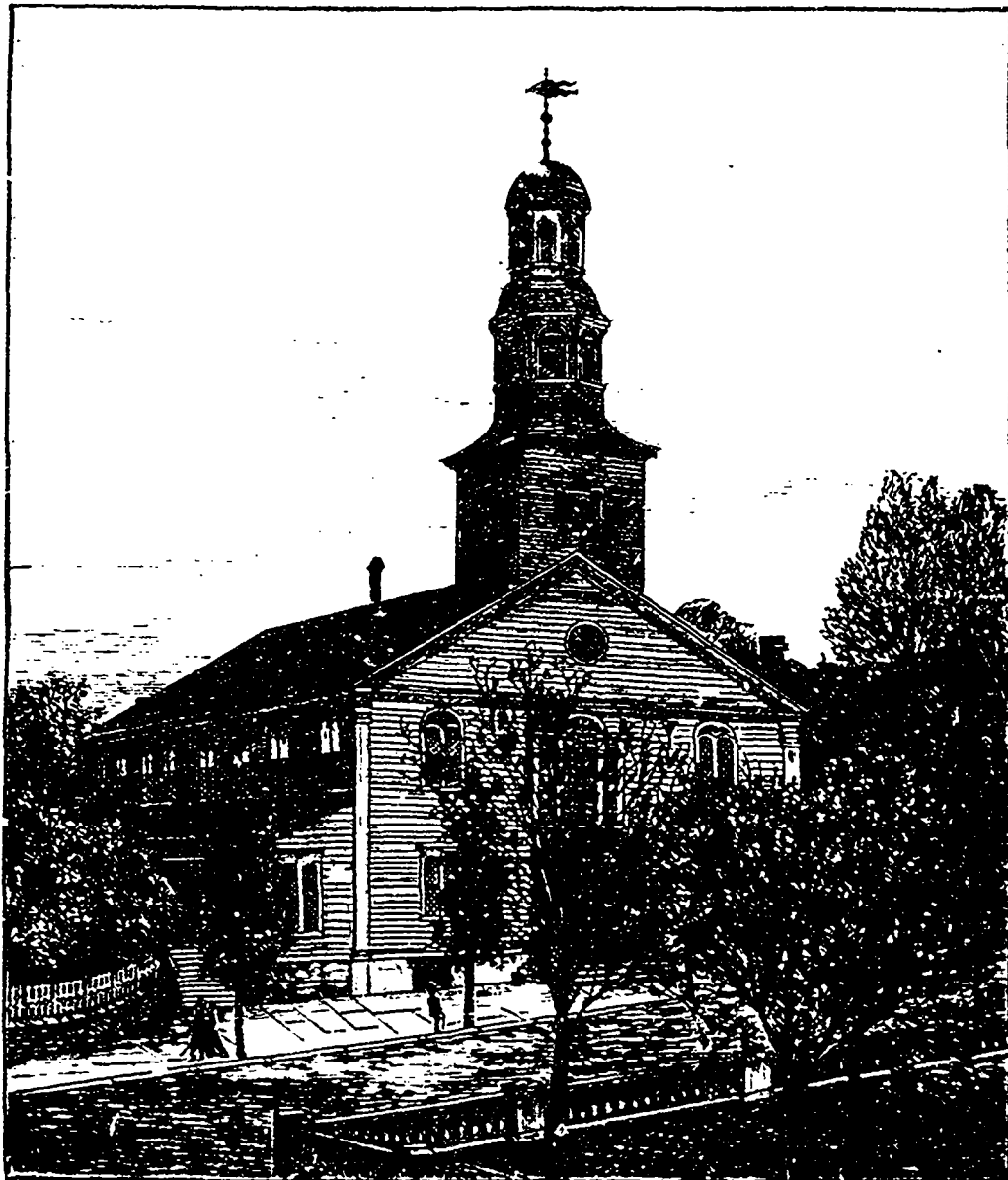
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Society Notes.

It was with many regrets we repeatedly heard remarked last Friday, "to-day is Lady Watson's last At Home," so, notwithstanding the numerous other attractions for the same afternoon, most of those who were favoured with invitations put in an appearance.

Being a lovely day the grounds of Admiralty House were looking quite their best. The view from the Terrace with the harbour below is a landscape rarely equalled. The band of the Flag-ship played most inspiring tunes which added greatly to the pleasure of the entertainment. Not being too hot for Tennis the two courts were kept fully occupied—judging from their appearance rather unusual for them. Those who availed themselves of the opportunity were delighted to play on such courts of size and quality, and some capital games were watched with interest, particularly those in which one visitor played far above the average, though he offered many excuses for not playing better, having only just come ashore.

Among others present were several officers of the American Flag-ship "The Philadelphia," who, like the late French Naval visitors, seemed to fully appreciate the welcome accorded them. The ladies' dresses appeared to be of much darker hues than befitted the occasion and the bright day. Probably some of them wishing to air their latest and best for this particular gathering, with ample room to display the material and style, before the "shine" is taken off them at crowded "Tea fights" and other "suffocations" which come with the dark days.

A white and gold dress richly braided, a silvery grey surah relieved with pale pink trimmings; a black broche with handsome passementerie; a slate cashmere with lighter drapery made in Mother Hubbard style; a cream foulard, and a shepherd's plaid were the most taking. White muslins always look nice, of which there were several, and they, with the more costly black dress showed up the varied coloured costumes—some similar to—that notable coat of old, as worn by Joseph. For instance, a Terra Cotta embroidered with green; a dark green with trimmings of blue and red, and the posy of flowers as a substitute for a hat, to correspond, but for the sake of fashion, one has to limit one's expressions of opinion as to whether it suits the wearer, or is unbecoming.

An account of a charming English Fete held lately is quite a novel entertainment, and may interest some who like myself were not there. It was held in some lovely grounds a short distance from London and was in aid of the Society which provides nurses for the sick poor in their own homes.

There were groups composed of perhaps a dozen little children, and each girl in the group was made up as a flower. Thus, one group was all scarlet Poppies, another pinks, a third appeared as Cornflowers, but the White Lilies were the prettiest of all.

The flower inverted formed the hats and the colours of the blossoms and leaves were very cleverly reproduced in the rest of the costume. All the young ladies present were dressed as waiting maids and served the tea, ices and strawberries and cream. There was good music and a great variety of entertainments for the visitors.

How delightful it would be if we could look forward to spending such an enjoyable two hours every week or oftener, as we were able to do last Friday evening, when the Bands of the Leicestershire Regiment and St. Patricks' Band played in the Public Gardens, on a most lovely night, and the Gardens as seen by the Electric Lights looked indeed beautiful.

That was the second Concert of its kind and was thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by the hundreds of people who attended. Each succeeding one will be more so—that is—if we may place any confidence in the report, that probably the public may have the great pleasure renewed to them—and shortly that will be followed by others. It is no ordinary Band, that the small sum of 25 cents

admits one into the gardens to listen to, and each time one hears it it seems to have improved if possible under the directorship of the new Bandmaster, so that the Leicestershire Regiment has indeed cause to be justly proud of its Band.

The Public Gardens in themselves have great attractions, yet how many who profess to be fond of flowers, never go inside them. Just now they are in full beauty: the designs of some of the beds being most elaborate and tastefully carried out, the plants themselves doing full justice to the manager. The paths and grass so well kept, and ample accommodation of seats for those who prefer to sit and admire the different aspects. Instead of it being the principal resort for the "Upper Ten" of Halifax daily, it is a rare occasion for any of them to be seen there. Impossible to realize how such beauties of nature have no interest for those people who are content to be in ignorance of their existence—though many are living within a few yards of them.

As the ladies of Halifax take part in so many active pastimes, how is it a Ladies' Cricket Club has not been started? Hunting has been styled the "sport of Kings," surely the noble game of Cricket might be justly termed the "Sport of Queens" in this instance. They are equal to Paper Chases, Regattas, Rounders, and Tennis Tournaments, and added to these, the idea of the Rifle Association finds great favour, which we hope will shortly be started, therefore why not Cricket. A contemporary tells us Lady Harris is the Captain of a Mixed Team of which her husband is a member. In a recent match curiously enough, their respective totals were the same, 28 runs each. An Indian Governor and his wife playing together in a Cricket Match in India, is surely unique in official experiences, and encouraging to those in other positions in society.

Mr. J. E. Dicketts came off first in the W. A. A. C. Bowling competition on Saturday, the first ten in order being

	Points.
1. J. E. Dicketts.....	18
2. W. F. Meynell.....	17
3. A. D. Tremaine.....	16
4. S. Howe.....	14
5. C. Cook, C. H. Mackinlay, E. Stavert.....	13
8. C. McLaughlin, E. P. Allison.....	11
10. A. E. Harrington.....	10

There was an unusually large attendance at Studley, on Saturday, when the competition for the Dufferin medal took place. Mr. J. R. Henderson was the winner, Mr. L. R. Kaye coming second, and Mr. J. E. Albro third. For some reason or other not explained, the averages were much poorer than usual all round, though all contained within a smaller range.

The speechifying that fill the order of the day at Studley on these occasions are of the most charmingly informal description. Mr. Longley fairly eclipsed himself on the occasion of somebody else—Mr. Chisholm to wit—winning the wooden spoon. The Hon. gentleman's speech, like his appearance on the field in club hat and pipe, was a gem in its way, and we regret the shortness of our memory in being unable to record it in toto.

Mrs. Massey, Montreal, is visiting Mrs. W. B. Reynolds, Inglis Street.

The Academy of Music is now occupied by the New York Bijou Opera Company. On Monday evening Offenbach's Princess of Trebizonde was played to a large house, Miss Adelaide Randall taking the part of Prince Raphell. Her voice has not lost any of its power or its sweetness. We were charmed with her rendering of "The last Rose of Summer." The singing of the whole of the principals was first rate. The operetta itself was of a slight character, and had a less talented company had the rendition in its hands, could not have been so successfully interpreted.

Sir Arthur Haliburton the newly appointed Under Secretary of State at the War office, is the youngest son of that famous old Nova Scotian Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, whose sayings under the pseudonym of "Sam Slick" have amused more than

one generation of readers. Sir Arthur was called to the bar in Halifax, but he abandoned the law for the army and served with the commissariat department in the Crimean War. He has since served with distinction in various parts of the globe, and his home in London is fitted with curios collected by himself and Lady Haliburton.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Hole have taken the house 128 Morris Street, and are now installed there.

Miss Baker, of Yarmouth, is in town, but leaves with a small party of friends for a trip through Cape Breton.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stairs are spending the Summer at their delightful summer residence, Harman's Island, Mahone Bay. They generally have their house full of visitors who much enjoy delightful sails on the "Eulala," amongst the islands of the beautiful Chester Basin and Mahone Bay.

Dr. Farrell leaves for England to-day, to attend the International Congress of Hygiene, which is to be held at London in August. He will be away a month or more.

A great many people turned up at the Tennis Party at Wellington on Wednesday, most of them in new gowns, and most of them came early in order to go afterwards to Mrs. Wood's tea. It was a lovely day, and the band played beautifully and everyone chattered away. We were glad to see Sir John Ross at a social function again; he was accompanied by his niece Miss Coltman.

We are sorry to hear that Dr. McDowell met with an accident on Tuesday evening, while driving in from Preston. The horses ran away, and the carriage was upset and both he and Mrs. Twining who was with him were thrown out. They escaped with only a few bruises, but the carriage was smashed to atoms. We hear that the "P. M. O." will be confined to his room for a few days.

Mrs. Hervey had a very large picnic on Thursday. According to latest accounts, everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

Some allusion is made elsewhere in these columns, to the monopolization of shore-rights. These rights are many and various, but the one that is of most general interest is the right of bathing. The question of public bathing places will before long become a pretty serious one. As things stand at present, people are absolutely forbidden to bathe in any part of the Harbour when the water is fit to bathe in, except before 8 a. m. And as to the Arm, of course it is not to be expected that residents will allow visitors to disport themselves in front of their houses: and it is by a mere fluke that a few spots are still in existence where a man can get into the water without fear of being run in for trespassing or indecent behaviour.

When Oaklands and the adjoining lot are occupied, and when Sir Sandford Fleming starts putting up notices to trespassers on the other side, the lines of bathers who free themselves from the city grime, by a plunge in the clear waters of the North-West Arm, will be driven far, far away, to MacNab's, perhaps, and Devil's Island.

It seems as though something ought to be done. We are Britons, more or less, and our fathers prided themselves on their cleanliness; and yet it seems as though the future generations of Halifaxians would be little better than Mongols or Esquimaux, clothed with accumulated filth as with a garment.

It seems to us that the city should lose no time in securing some suitable spot or spots on the water's edge for the use of the public in perpetuity, while, for the sake of residents in the neighbourhood, the wearing of some sort of dress when bathing should be made compulsory.

When you come to think of it, there is probably no seaside town in Europe of one-fifth the size of Halifax, that does not possess elaborate conveniences for bathers. In fact, many English villages of less than 500 inhabitants sport their bathing-machines, with

towel and dress supplied at a small charge. And here in Halifax there is simply nothing, except prohibitory laws that make it almost impossible for most people to bathe at all. Surely Halifax deserves to be called a "dirty city," though no worse than her neighbours.

We have derived a certain amount of amusement, though not much satisfaction, from a perusal of the programme laid down for the American newspaper men who leave Boston on Tuesday next, to inspect the beauties of Nova Scotia in general, and the new railway between Digby and Annapolis in particular.

The visitors are to be taken through the most beautiful parts of Nova Scotia, but—save the mark—they are to 'do' the Annapolis Valley in the railway train, and confine their driving tours to the towns. We presume that those who are not too sleepy will beguile the time with a pack of cards, and report on the 'beauties in general' from the guide-book at their leisure.

As we have remarked before, a few hours loaf on the N. W. Arm, a drive into Bedford, and a lunch at Morrison's would give the Yankees a good deal more to say about the 'beauties of Nova Scotia in general.'

Dr. Oliver returned to the city yesterday.

The programme for next week's performances is nearly unique in the history of comic opera in Halifax. It indeed says a great deal for the versatility of the performers in this company, and the cleverness of the manager to be able to secure talent sufficiently good to give representations worthy of support, so many plays being given. We trust that the energy displayed by both may reap a rich harvest.

Halifax is a town where as a fact the law is honored more in the breach than in the observance. This was brought to our mind, and more especially vision, taking into consideration the amount of dust which found its way into our eyes from a cause which we append. In front of the offices of Mr. B. G. Gray, *inter alia*, there is now placed a not very elegant looking scaffolding. No doubt it is of use, but why, by the utterly absurd carelessness of the men who work on it, or the foreman who looks after those men, it should descend to being a public nuisance, we cannot understand. For men to be allowed to shovel off a pound or two of shingles from the height of this building is simply monstrous; and if such a performance is necessary then would it not be far better to go back a 100 years, to the times when Halifax was content with a one-storeyed dwelling, and build as they did, and endanger no one. We have a strange fancy that Mr. Naylor was on the *qui vive* for any stray dog to be hurt, when he would at once have taken the initiative; but we, Venuses and Apollos in everyday clothes, have not even the City Council, to look after us.

The cable steamship Mackay-Bennett is in harbor once more, having come back from her cable-repairing trip.

Miss Lawson and Miss Morris, of Windsor, have been visiting friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Twining, of New York, are visiting Mrs. E. C. Twining, of Morris Street.

Mr. A. Short, of Montreal, is expected to arrive within a day or two to relieve the accountant of the Bank of British North America during his holidays.

The paragraph that appeared in the daily papers stating that a dance was given on the U. S. S. Philadelphia on Tuesday afternoon was incorrect. What really happened was that several parties of ladies happened to be visiting the foreign man-o'-war in the afternoon, when the happy suggestion that there should be a little dancing was made, and promptly acted upon, the band of the Philadelphia being at hand to furnish the music. The programme only consisted of three waltzes and one militaire.

Many ladies took advantage of the opportunity afforded by the officers of the Yankee man-o'-war to inspect their ships this week. They all agree in expressing their obligations to the officers for their kindness in showing everything of interest on board.

DIANA'S DIARY.

FRIDAY.—Went in the morning out to the common to see the Leicestershire Regiment inspected. It was a pretty sight, I seldom saw a prettier, it was almost like real war. The men looked very well and the officers especially so, although poor things they must have been fatigued after their efforts of the night before. When they left the ground they all looked as though they would make the mess waiter run for B. and S's. when they go to their welcome ante-room.

To Admiralty House in the afternoon and enjoyed myself hugely, the first time I have done so at that classic abode, but then there were circumstances. In the evening went round to the Arm to the Kermese. It was a very pretty sight, but might have been more so, if all the boats that were gathered there, had done their little something, even if it were only a chinese lantern a piece. The halls looked well, but by the time I got there nearly all the things were sold. The ice-cream was delicious. I noticed many people and everyone seemed to be very jovial. I hope St. Stephens benefited by the enterprise. One would not help thinking what a beautiful fete could be held on and about the Arm—if people would only join in. It was very late when I got in and mamma was very cross, but I brought her home a present which Mr.—— bought for me.

SATURDAY.—Went to the South End Lawn Tennis Tournament. It was very slow and I thought very uncomfortable, no place to sit down, if you had a new dress on, and no tea. Fancy that no tea, I don't know why it is, but when there is no tea I simply pine for it. I did not want sweets or ices, I wanted tea. Altogether I think the management of the S. E. Lawn Tennis conglomeration will have to brush up a bit, by next Saturday. So I went home early to read the Saturday nights papers. Papa says they are hateful and foolish things, but I notice he always buys them and reads them and generally reads them out loud for the benefit of his family that being a failing of old gentlemen. He is always complaining there is never any scandal in this paper.

However, to-day I got first go, I read good old "Lady Jane's" remarks about nothing and nobody, and also a new correspondent in the "Mail," she calls herself "Father" and writes afar off from the places she describes. I am glad "Gaseous" is defunct, so to speak, and I wish "Iris" would improve. There is somebody new writing in the "Echo" who is good, she seems to know of what she writes. Before the year is out there may be many more, but there won't be me, for I am going to stop when I am engaged and I expect to be engaged soon or I am no judge.

I went to the Academy, the acting was wretched, I have seen many bad things in our theatre, but this beat all. However, the house was fairly filled and everyone looked well and was jovial. I noticed one very pretty recently imported frock that I envied, but I had the proud conscience that my back hair was most becoming and that is a very important thing at the theatre.

SUNDAY.—St. Luke's was light and cheerful and I noticed many new gowns, but every one was sorry to hear of the sudden illness of an old member of the congregation. In the afternoon I walked a long way with a particular friend and brought him home to tea, he is rather shy, and mamma called him by the name of a hated rival all the time, I believe mamma does these things on purpose, she can be quite clever at times. After church we had a family supper and went to bed contented.

MONDAY.—I saw a lot of the American Sailors, what unny looking comic opera sailors they look. They were not nice looking. I would like to know some of the officers. But I can't will not call. Papa never will call on a Ship when he ought to.

As it was not much of a day I spent the afternoon in paying some visits and drinking tea. I heard some delightful scandals, but I

am frightened to put it down on paper. Went to the Theatre in the evening and enjoyed it muchly, although perhaps I ought not to say so. It was funny although not very good. I do like a comic-opera be it ever so bad.

TUESDAY.—Did quite a lot of shopping in the morning. They have some jolly things at Wood's and very cheap. I was going out to Polo in the afternoon, but could not manage it somehow everything went wrong so I had nothing to do, but stayed at home. I was glad I did for mamma went out, on some charitable work. I had a little tea all to myself, but not entirely to myself for Mr. M—— came and helped me. I am getting tired of Mr. M——, I do not find him original and his stock of conversation is not great. Spent a nice little quiet family evening, the joy of a family evening is to my mind doubtful.

WEDNESDAY.—Lots going on to-day to choose from, but I decided to go to the tea in Morris St. I wanted to do the Leicestershire Tea as well, but mamma thought it would be too much. It is a very grand feeling going to two shows in one afternoon, it makes one feel as though you were living in the very whirl of Society. Mrs. Wood's tea was very pleasant, not too crowded and everyone was jovial and the things were good. I noticed some very pretty gowns. One worn by one of the ladies lately came out, a beautiful effect of pink and green that was very becoming. I noticed a very pretty white corduroy worn by a young American lady, that was beautifully made. Corduroy is very fashionable this year, but is not the sort of thing that will last I am afraid. I also noticed two very pretty hats lately brought, I should think from New York. A very handsome gown of dark brown velvet and light fawn coloured china silk, was worn by a lady who is paying a visit to her family; it was exceedingly becoming. Many of the American officers were there, it is a funny thing about American navy men, that they never have the characteristic that English navy men have.

The chief topic of conversation was the accident that happened to Dr. McDowell last evening, every one was sorry to hear that that popular officer was laid up from the effects of it, but also glad to hear that his injuries were not serious. I don't know what Halifax would do without the genial "P. M. O."

Many people had been to the Barracks, and every one said it was much nicer than the one two weeks ago.

Such a jolly row on the harbour and up to the Ships and around the American ones. I did not go with Mr. M—— but with somebody else.

THURSDAY.—Went in for a moment to see L——, I found her doing what seemed to me a most curious thing, she had some powder ordinary face powder in a glass and she was squeezing a lemon on to it. She said it was an excellent way to test if powder was injurious or not, but if vesence took place then the powder was not pure. L—— is nothing if not scientific. It is hard though to get good powder here, and it is an absolute necessity in Summer. She also told me that a very swell wedding was going to take place in the last of October or first of November. Am just off to a jolly entertainment.

DIANA.

A large number of people responded to their invitations for the "at home" given by Lieut.-Colonel Rolph and the officers of the Leicestershire Regiment at Wellington Barracks on Wednesday afternoon, when the fine weather again favoured them, and a most enjoyable time was spent for those who either played tennis or sat in the shade listening to the band. Refreshments of all kinds, with teas and choice fruits, were served in a marquee. Admiral Sir George and Lady Watson and General Sir John Ross were among the guests.

We understand a tennis tournament is to be played there at the next "at home" next Wednesday, between the Leicestershire Regiment and R. A. and R. E.

The following is one of three very interesting short stories in *Cassell's Family Magazine* for July.

CHASED BY A LION; A STORY OF ALDERSHOT CAMP.

Morning parade had just been dismissed, and the long line of red-coats melted away from the drill-ground as though by magic. In twos and threes the officers moved towards their quarters, there to rid themselves of tunic and helmet and sword, and to rest awhile after the fatigue of a hot and dust route march. I gladly divested myself of the gorgeous costume in which I had been slowly grilling all the morning, and then stepped into the mess hut, where about a dozen of the officers were already congregated. The *badinage* of the mess-room when the colonel is out of the way is seldom very entertaining, and I avoided the little hilarious group which had collected round the spot where the waiter was dispensing cooling drinks and took my seat in an arm-chair at the further end of the apartment. I picked up a paper which lay within arm's reach of me, and scanning the columns, came presently upon a paragraph which stated how a lion had escaped from a travelling menagerie at Guildford: how it had eluded all pursuit: had already done no inconsiderable amount of damage amongst the sheep and poultry in the district: and had last visited a farm quite close to the town of Aldershot. I read the item of intelligence through merely, I suppose because it concerned that part of the country in which I happened to be, and then, with about as great or as small a degree of interest as one usually feels in such commonplace paragraphs, I passed on down the column, not giving the matter a second thought.

"Ferguson," called one of the officers—a captain named Angus—across to me, as we sat at lunch an hour later, "will you come for a ride this afternoon?"

"Where are you going?" I inquired.

"Anywhere you like—Bagshot I should suggest."

"Very well, I will go with you," I replied; and catching sight of my orderly at that moment, I called to him, and gave him instructions to see that my horse was saddled and ready for me by two o'clock.

Captain Angus and I mounted, and set forward at a leisurely canter down the long line of huts which reach from the banks of the canal to the limits of the North Camp. It was a very hot day and I was not a little grateful for the shade we presently got from the thick woods of pine-trees between which run the Farnborough road. We chatted briskly on various matters as our horses jogged along, and by-and-by, catching a glimpse of a field full of sheep through a break in the foliage, I recollected the paragraph I had read, and asked my companion whether he knew that a lion was supposed to be roaming at large in the vicinity of the camp.

"A lion!" said he quickly. "No; you don't mean that?"

"So the papers say," said I. "The beast escaped from a menagerie at Guildford, and has not yet been recaptured."

"It's no joke for a lion to be roving about at his own sweet will," said Captain Angus, scanning the trees with a slight expression of uneasiness.

I gave a little laugh. "You are not apprehensive that we shall be attacked by the brute?" said I.

"Oh, no," he answered, "I do not fear that. But a lion is a formidable creature. I recollect that when our battalion lay at the Cape some of us were ordered right away up country on an expedition. We camped one night on the banks of a river, and about three o'clock in the morning, when all was quiet, a huge lion suddenly sprang out of a thicket near which we had established a post and killed the sentry on duty before the guard could turn out to save him."

"I believe," said I, "that I am right in saying a lion will never attack a man unless driven to do so by hunger. Not so with a tiger. But so long as our friend from the Guildford menagerie continues to find the fields stocked with mutton, and the farms with poultry, I do not think he is very likely to risk his liberty by attacking men."

Thus chatting, we rode leisurely onwards. We tarried frequently by the roadside, so that by the time we had gained the summit of the range of Bagshot hills, the hour was close upon five o'clock. We dismounted from our horses to give them a rest, and stood awhile admiring the rich and varied landscape, spreading mellow in the sunshine, and gradually growing fainter and fainter till the prospect died out with the dim blue streak of the distant Portsmouth hills. The camp lay, a mere tiny patch among the surrounding foliage about nine miles away, but there was no occasion for us to be back in it before first mess-call, at half-past seven, and our horses were so fresh that we could easily have covered the distance in an hour had we any mind to hurry. After lingering for about ten minutes, Captain Angus and I again climbed into our saddles.

"Let us return through the Long Valley," said my companion, "It will take us a little longer, it is a true, but then we are in no great hurry, and it is a much prettier road."

Accordingly we descended the hill-slope, and entered a vale communicating with the famous sandy tract celebrated alike for reviews and dust. The ground here was rough and broken, there being, indeed, no regular road, but only a sort of beaten track, so that riding mares still at an easy canter, their progress was much slower than it had been over the hard, level highway. For about an hour we kept leisurely on, and by that time the sun had sailed close down to the brown and barren shoulder of Hungary Hill, and the near set furze bushes cast shadows which infinitely multiplied their stunted growth upon the thin sparse grass of the defile.

We had come to a tract of the valley from which the lofty banks rose precipitately on either hand, within a quarter-mile of one another. The camp was then about two miles away. There was a sort of foreign wilderness in the aspect of the little pass into which we were entering. The soil was of fine yellow sand: not smooth or level, but broken up into a succession of billowy ridges, with here and there an abrupt hillock rising high enough to impede the view. We were riding with our horses neck to neck. I had just lighted a cigar, and was following with some interest an account which Captain Angus was giving me of an exploit in the hunting field, which the reader perhaps would scarcely thank me to recount. Suddenly he stopped dead, and at the same moment reined his horse in with such vehemence that the creature reared right up on to its hind legs with a loud and long-drawn neigh. Wondering at the reason of this abrupt arrest, I checked my own mare, and came to a standstill beside my companion.

"What is the matter, Angus?" I enquired.

For answer he did not speak a word, but slowly raising his arm, and extending it from his shoulder, with the fore-finger pointing nearly straight ahead of us, he brought his eyes to my face, and remained in that posture watching my countenance as I perceived the object he was indicating. And what was it that I saw? Following the direction of his raised arm, I discovered upon the summit of one of the little hillocks about two hundred yards away, standing motionless as a statue, its form blending with the yellow colour of the sand, the figure of a great shaggy lion! The creature stood stock-still, its tail alone whisking slowly from side to side, intently surveying us. For our part, we sat equally motionless in our saddles, Angus with his arm extended and his eyes fixed upon my face, as though he had become transfixed in that posture, and I in the posture of astonished regard into which I had fallen on first perceiving the lion.

Suddenly my horse grew restive; it fretted and neighed, and commenced to curvet and paw the ground as though alarmed. My friend's horse likewise evinced the same signs of apprehension. I kept my eyes as steadily upon the lion as Angus did his upon me. The creature, with stealthy cat-like bounds, commenced advancing very slowly towards us, pausing at about every three steps it made to rear its head and stand staring at us, then continuing its sneaking advance along the ridge of the hillock upon which we had first discovered it.

I withdrew my fixed stare to turn in my saddle and look around

me. My movement seemed to break the kind of spell under which Angus sat; his arm sank slowly to his side, and his eyes rolled from my face to the figure of the lion. To right and left the sides of the valley shut in the view. In front stood the lion; behind the defile in which we now were, broadened out until it became little more than a mere undulation in the broad wild plain through which it ran. As I slowly swept the sandy tract in our rear, I suddenly observed a man on horseback emerge into the open, moving leisurely along at about the distance of a mile or so away, and, gazing intently, I made him out to be a cavalry soldier: probably a mounted orderly who had been sent from the camp on dispatch business.

"We must bolt," said Captain Angus at my elbow; "that lion means mischief by the manner in which it is advancing towards us; and mark you how restive the horses are! Their instinct is keener than ours; they can scent danger in the air. The instant we move to fly, depend upon it the lion will start in chase, and our only chance will lie in outrunning him, for unarmed as we are, what could we do to defend ourselves against such a brute."

"Look you, Angus: yonder is a mounted orderly riding across country. You have good eyes; see what you make of him."

Captain Angus shaded his sight with his hand and stared towards the retreating figure.

"It is a Lancer trooper," said he presently. "I can see the plumes in his head-dress, and I can also see the pennon fluttering from his lance."

"He is armed, then?"

"He is carrying his lance," replied the captain.

"Good!" I cried. "Now, if we can reach that soldier before the lion catches us we shall be all right. It will not take him long to touch the heart of the brute with the keen steel head of his spear. Fortunately we have not been working our horses hard, but they must go now if ever they did for their very lives. Are you ready?"

"Yes," said he, drawing his hat on firmly, and planting himself square upon the saddle. "Come now!"

We turned our horses about, and with shouts and slaps gave them rein. The intelligent creatures, as though conscious of their danger, started off like frightened deer along the sandy valley. I let the newly-lighted cigar drop from my mouth, and setting my knees firm against the sleek sides of the mare, grasped the reins with a grip of steel. A low sullen roar reached my ears, and turning for an instant to glance over my shoulder, I caught a glimpse of the lion flying after us in pursuit, its lithe form bounding like a flash of light from ridge to ridge, and its whole shape a mere fleeting vision of flowing mane, flashing eyes, and distended jaws.

"Hey-on! Hey-up!" It was like a dead heat with the order of the hunt reversed. The horses' hoofs thundered over the sand, raising a smoke-like column of dust, as they swept with the velocity of the wind towards the figure of the soldier, every instant growing more defined. My cap flew off; I tried to catch it, but it whirled away astern like a bit of chaff. Our speed was prodigious. I felt my horse tremble beneath me, and the steam rose from her reeking hide in a warm mist. I lay forward to whisper in her ear, although breathless as I was, I rather hissed than spoke the syllables of encouragement that came from my lips. My companion and I kept our stations abreast of each other with wonderful precision. We occasionally exchanged a few hurried words, but it was no time for talking; the whirl and tumult, and above all the sense of danger, were too great for coherence and almost for articulation.

Five minutes passed, although so much of *sensation* was packed into them that the time might well have been an hour. Once I turned again to see whether we still maintained our station ahead of the lion, and perceived that the creature was slowly but visibly gaining upon us. Yet the speed of our horses was prodigious. I could feel the heart of my mare beating with a violence that sent a thrill through her whole frame to each throb of it, but she kept bravely on, with no signs of flagging. Whether the soldier had perceived us or not as yet, it was impossible to say; but even had

he done so, there would be nothing in the sight of two officers galloping through the Long Valley to excite his curiosity. Such a spectacle would be as common to him as the sight of his own blue tunic. I could now clearly make him out, even to the glitter of his accoutrements. He was heading transversely away from us, his horse going at a moderate trot. Several times we united our voices in a shout, but he was apparently still too distant for our confused halloos to reach him, for he kept steadily on.

Presently, however, I saw him turn his head in our direction. I raised my arm and flourished it wildly, hoarsely calling to Angus to do the same. He snatched off his hat, which still adhered to his head, and waved it violently. The soldier continued looking our way, growing plainer to the view even as he did so; then apparently noticing our gestures and interpreting them into signals, he drew rein, and brought his horse to a standstill. Now that he had stopped, we swept down upon him like a whirlwind. As we approached we alternately shouted and pointed behind us, but he apparently made nothing of these signs—as indeed, what suspicion should he have of the real motive of our headlong flight towards him? Suddenly, however, he rose nearly erect in his saddle, and I saw him hastily release his lance from the sling which confined it to his arm, and lower the long glittering weapon down to the trail. I then knew that he had caught sight of the lion, and remembered amidst all the hurry and tumult of my thoughts at that moment admiring the prompt presence of mind of the fellow, staggered as he must have been by the unexpected apparition of our wild and fierce pursuer.

Then what followed took place, as it seemed to me, all in a breath. Ourselves, punting like a hare in its final spurt, and our horses reeking and spent, we darted past the figure of the soldier, crouching with his spear pointed low, and came to a standstill, wheeling round to see what would now happen. The trooper's horse reared up on to its hind legs till it seemed as though the man must slide from off the saddle. In a flash the lion was upon the creature, leaping upwards at its throat at the very moment that the soldier, like St. George slaying the dragon, plunged his lance with all his might into the quivering yellow body of the beast. The creature gave a loud deep roar, and a moment after the trio of man, horse, and lion rolled over into the dust with a dull dead thud. Captain Angus vaulted clean out of his saddle, and in an instant gained the side of the struggling group. The lion was doubtless badly wounded, but it was tearing the shoulders of the horse cruelly with its claws, and the soldier, who lay pinned to the ground by the weight of the animal's carcass, was in danger of being mutilated by the ferocious brute. The pole of the lance stuck out from its side, buried high as its pennon in the flesh. With the rapidity of thought my companion seized this, and withdrew it, the lion giving a prodigious howl of pain as he did so. Then stepping back a few paces, and gripping the spear with both hands, the captain poised it for an instant, and rushed full tilt at the prostrate creature, plunging the gore-stained head of the lance into the body with such force that I looked to see the barbed point appear on the other side. The lion sprang into the air, doubling itself nearly up in the rigor that ran through its frame, then fell with a flop upon the sand, tumbling over on its side with the lance sticking straight up into the air, as though it pinned it to the earth. A few silent struggles convulsed its form, and then it stiffened out, with its jaws distended, its eyes lolling out, its tail rigid as a spike—dead as a nail!

I dismounted, and hastened to assist Angus in raising the fallen soldier. Badly lacerated as the horse was by the terrible claws of the lion, it yet made shift to stagger to its feet when we laid hold of its bridle and encouraged it to rise. The man was confused and stunned by his fall, and made no effort to move when we accented him. However, after a few moments he sat up, supporting himself on his elbows and looking with a bewildered air at the dead lion. Then when, by our aid, he got upon his feet, he found that he could stand, though his knees trembled like those of a man in a fit. His helmet had been crushed and his tunic split, whilst his nose seemed to be bleeding a little, but beyond the contusion of his fall

he had sustained no other apparent injury.

"How do you feel?" asked my companion. "Any bones broken?"

The man in a dazed manner said he didn't know.

"Here, sit down for a little upon this wound. You will feel better directly. It is your horse which has suffered most."

The soldier seated himself upon a little sand-bank, whilst Angus and I proceeded to view the dead lion. It was a huge, massive creature, and could scarcely have measured less than eight feet from the tip of its snout to the beginning of its tail. Its distended jaws disclosed a double row of great gleaming grinders, whilst its claws, thrust out between its velvety feet, were as keen, and nearly as long, as the blade of a dagger.

"A formidable beast," said I meditatively walking slowly round it.

"Ay," replied my friend, "we have need to feel grateful to the Lancer. But for him we should have been run to earth by the brute. Yet it must have been very badly put to it to chase a couple of men on horseback. I should never have believed it."

In a little while the soldier rose to his feet again, and then told us that he felt sufficiently recovered to return to the camp, which, by a short cut across the valley, was about a mile and a half away. His horse, however was in no fit condition to carry him, but seeing that he now stood tolerable firm on his feet, we made no doubt that he was capable of walking the distance. He withdrew his lance from the body of the lion, and fitted it into the heel-socket upon his boot, slipped the sling of it over his arm; then taking the bridle of the horse in his hand, in this manner he and the animal moved slowly off.

We lingered a while watching him, till perfectly satisfied that he would do very well, we again mounted our horses, and set forward at a brisk trot. The drums and fifes were just shrilling and rattling out the "retreat" tattoo as we entered the camp, so that by the time we had gained our quarters and shifted our attire, the mess bugle was ringing its sonorous notes upon the quiet air. And when Captain Angus and I took our seats at the table that night, we had such a yarn to tell as robbed every other topic of its interest, and made our narrow escape the one absorbing subject of conversation.

The lion was stuffed, and is still among the most conspicuous objects of furniture in the mess-room of the—Regiment. A week later the Divisional Orders contained the announcement that Lance-Corporal Watson of the—Lancers, would be promoted to the rank of Corporal "for his gallantry in assisting two officers who were pursued by a lion!"

Mrs. A. E. Ellis, of Dartmouth had a large children's party on Wednesday. About eighty youngsters were assembled and enjoyed themselves immensely.

Col. Howard Vincent, Commandant of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, one of the crack London Volunteer Corps is expected to arrive here to day. Col. Vincent is sounding the colonies on the subject of Imperial Federation, and will address a meeting on this subject during his visit.

LORD CLANWYLL (making his everlasting boast).—The honor of our family, sir, has never been stained.

MUDROOT (who is sick of the "damned iteration").—Perhaps not; but hang me if you forget to varnish it!

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THURSDAY'S REGATTA.

Notwithstanding the somewhat limited time in which the arrangements had to be made what turned out to be a successful regatta, came off at the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron on Thursday afternoon. Although the committee only put forth their notice on Monday, the members of the squadron worked heartily in the cause, the result being numerous entries for each event.

A large and fashionable crowd was gathered upon the piazza, and dauntlessly faced the cool, almost cold, breeze.

The first race was for men-o'-war and engineer boats to Point Pleasant Buoy and back. No less than eight cutters and whalers came into line, from H. M. S. Bellerophon, Canada and Tourmaline and the Royal Engineers. Perhaps the sappers had an advantage over their naval antagonists from the fact that their boats are much smoother built and consequently travel through the water more easily. One of the R. E. crews made a good start, and throughout held the lead thus gained eventually coming in an easy first, a whaler from the Canada was second.

An item of great interest to the crowd of onlookers was a match between Mr. J. T. P. Knight in his Rob Roy canoe and Mr. E. Cornish, R. N., in a skiff. The course was to Reid's Rock Buoy and back. The canoe on account of the rough water had an advantage, her owner making a fine spurt just before crossing the line which brought him in three lengths ahead. We understand Mr. Cornish though defeated is not vanquished, and thinks that on smooth water he can come out first. We hope a match will shortly be arranged under these conditions.

Unfortunately the double skiff race had to be postponed, much to the chagrin of the fair coxwains. It has been arranged to row this race to-morrow afternoon, and as there are a large number of entries, it should prove interesting. Saturday afternoon will be ladies' day, and the band will play during the afternoon.

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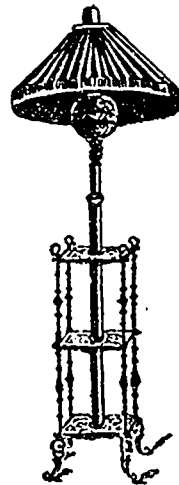
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Our Society.

L. I. HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1891. No. 35.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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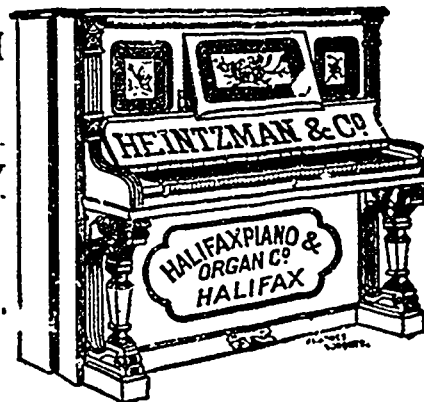
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HOW TO CHOOSE A SERVANT.

The servant grievance is as old as the hills, though always new. At least, it is as old as Ulysses, who suffered much from insolent domestics. The Romans had a proverb to the effect that "as many servants as you have so many enemies you have," a sentiment with which Seneca found fault. Since their day the grievance has cropped up perpetually. Petrarch was very strong against servants, protesting that he had tried them all ways but never found a good one. For hundreds of years one remark has been regularly made about them, namely, that (like the weather) they are not what they used to be." Some lay the blame on the servants, and some on the masters or rather the mistresses; for the observation of—

Sarah Scrubs, what cleans and rubs
The knives and forks and dishes,

that

She likes the master very well,
But cannot stand the missis—

is true of many households. But no one has laid his or her finger on the real cause of the prevailing dissatisfaction and the key to its remedy, though Shakespeare came very near it when he propounded his famous question about a name. The mischief lies in choosing servants on a wrong principle. Mistresses go by the character, the appearance, the "previous experience," the personal impression, and so forth; or they have fancies about country girls, total abstainers, training-homes, Church principles, and a hundred other irrelevant matters, which only lead to disappointment. The true guide to a right choice is something quite different; but when it has once been pointed out, everyone will recognize its value. That guide is the servant's name.

Some explanation may be considered necessary. Every domestic office requires certain characteristic qualities, which have their own appropriate name or names. For instance, if you want a middle-aged, competent, trustworthy woman—the sort of person who can cope successfully with tradesmen, tramps, peddlers and followers, or who can be left to look after the house and even the children with perfect confidence—it would obviously be madness to select an Ada or a Florence. There are only two names, perhaps, which come up to the required mark—Hannah and Bridget. Maria or Elizabeth might do at a pinch, but, though well enough, they are not so capable as the others. Maria cannot resist peddlers, and Elizabeth has no head: she would not know what to do if the house got on fire and would be frightened out of her life at an alarm of burglars; whereas Hannah or Bridget (particularly Bridget) would in either case manage better than you could yourself. Again a cook should as a rule, be either Eliza or Jane. Mary has been known to do, especially if qualified by Jane—as Mary Jane—or better still, by Ann: indeed, Mary Ann is really a very fair cook. It depends however, a good deal on what the mistress wants. If she is fussy about dripping and little things of that sort, Mary will perhaps suit her best; but she must be prepared to have the meat spoiled occasionally, and cannot expect light pastry. Jane has the best pastry hand. If, on the other hand, a lady wants an upper housemaid, she practically has no choice; it must be Elizabeth. No one else will be equally industrious, unobtrusive, and conscientious. Martha used to make a good housemaid, but she is seldom met with now. For under-servants there is more variety. Second housemaids, for instance, may be Emma, Harriet, Maria, and even Charlotte. For kitchen maids there will, of course, be those who are going to be cooks, namely, Eliza and Jane (transformed under these circumstances into Lizzie and Jenny) as well as some others, such as Susan and Emily. The best natural scullerymaids are Jemima and Sarah, the latter particularly if she has always been called Sally. As to parlour-maids, that depends on the sort required. If bright neat young girls are wanted, Annie, Laura, and Margaret (Maggie) will do very well, but they need looking after; if something older or more staid be desired, Mary and Catherine are as good as any.

It will be noticed that some names are admissible in various capacities. Mary, for instance, fills most situations more or less

satisfactorily, but her real sphere is the nursery. The worst of her is that she is liable to be called Polly, which is fatal to a responsible position. Charlotte and Lucy make nice nurserymaids. Some names, on the other hand, are good for no situation. Lily, for example, is not strong enough for the place, Adelaide has a doubtful past, Amelia is hysterical, Eleanor too grand, or, if abbreviated to Nelly, too pretty. Violet is preposterous, and Geraldine out of the question.

Other illustrations will at once suggest themselves to all experienced housewives, but the foregoing will suffice to convince every thinking person of the truth of the principle. Of course it is not meant that if you select the right name you are certain of a good servant; but if you choose the wrong, you are bound to have a bad one. How many mistresses have bitter reason to regret having put an Annie in the kitchen, or a Jemima in the nursery, or of having entrusted their china to a Sarah; whereas the same girls in their proper sphere would have done well enough. It is no doubt partly the fault of the servants themselves, who seek unsuitable situations out of mere fancy and in defiance of their own names. But if their first mistresses put the matter clearly before them all that might be avoided. When a youthful Sally presents herself as an aspiring parlourmaid, the lady should point out to her kindly but firmly the hopelessness of her ambition. Fate has marked out her career; she is Sally by name and kitchen by nature, and to struggle against it is mere folly. The principle is already partly recognised in an unconscionable sort of way. Some mistresses refuse servants with impossible names, or they change them for suitable ones or they use the surnames. It is quite useless. Maud will flirt with the postman, though you dub her Elizabeth; and Geraldine will be found in her bedroom absorbed in *The Penny Novelle*, for all that she is called Parker or Wilson. Some ladies call all their servants by their surname only, and there is no harm in the practice if due regard be paid to the Christian names also; but if it is meant as a blind under which square pegs are to be put into round holes, it is doomed to certain failure. Much more might be said on this important subject; lady's-maids, for instance, are a very interesting study; but the development of our modest hints may be left to the intelligence of female readers.

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Ostrich Feathers Cleaned, Dyed and Curled. Work done at Lowest Rates. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Madame Patti opens her new theatre at her castle, Craig-y-Nos, in Wales, on the 11th. August. Mr. Irving delivers the prologue for the inaugural address. The first act of *Traviata* will be given and the Garden Scene from *Faust*. Arditi conducts the orchestra, which embraces 25 performers, all drafted from the neighbouring town of Swansea. The next night Patti gives a ball, on which occasion the floor—the place is to be the theatre—will be raised by the mechanical means provided to the level of the stage, and the dancers will have full fling.

Mr. Irving takes a wholly unique position in London society. He is greatly in request, and is an admirable conversationalist at a dinner party, but during the season, Sunday and an occasional off night are the only available times to secure him. He is one of the few public men for whom everyone has a good word, and his tale of attached friends is long. He is always most courteous and generous to the press, and has not an enemy in the guild. Both his sons have chosen the boards for their walk in life. Their father would fain have had them in a profession, but the stage was their final choice. This will be a bad week for the theatres—there is so much in the programme elsewhere. The German Exhibition is doing very well. The brilliant bands and the artistic shows are very alluring. But we have had no summer to dally under trees, sit on benches beside flower beds, drink tea in the open, and saunter round the pretty walks about the enclosure. It is cold still, and months are bringing autumn fast. In about a fortnight the season will be over, and there will be a skedaddle out of London.

It was stated in a certain evening paper last week that Lord and Lady Brooke made an authoritative denial as to the truth of most disagreeable rumours, and now it is said that the lady intends to take action against the papers that accused her of letting the Gordon Cumming scandal eke out. Lady Brooke is perfectly right to take such steps—no one ought to lie under a false charge. Royalty is the only privileged person to grin and bear. Royalty never contradicts: however absurd, the rumour is allowed its free course, given lots of tether. This is regal living it down. Bismark does not bear remark with the equanimity of a lamb. A Berlin correspondent states that the Iron Chancellor will publish his memoirs during his life, as he then can defend them under attack. He says it would make him turn in his coffin if he could not answer "some persons" who might lie about him. Bismark is an aggressive quantity.

Not so Von Moltke; no dog snapped at his heels when he beat his last retreat. He was a lucky man all his life. Once he won 13 tricks at whist, and this, singularly, was in one game at the last rubber the great strategist played. He had six columns obituary

LE BON MARCHE.

→* **SHOW DAYS** *←

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101

MAHON BROS.

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notice in the *Times*. Some one remarks that there are living now only three men who would obtain the same honour, Tennyson, Gladstone, and Prince Bismarck. I think Lord Salisbury would. How many had Disraeli? quite six, I should say. What a cynic he was—in epigram, not perhaps in reality. On returning from a wedding once he said it was a dismal affair, and that marriage always depressed him. A funeral, he said, had the opposite effect on him—he felt that he had got rid of someone! Often the kindest-hearted people have the bitterest tongues—or, at any rate to modify that statement, they are capable of the most acrid sayings. Witness Thomas Carlyle, Rogers the poet, and yet biographical history bears testimony to good and kind deeds of both, and of a tender nature deep down—ay, deep down such natures often are—so deep they never or rarely come to the surface.

The Romish hierarchy in Ireland, to all but one bishop, has signed a resolution that Mr. Parnell has forfeited the moral right to be any longer the leader of the Irish people. I rather fancy the uncrowned king will turn a deaf ear to this round robin, and go on his way as he lists. *On dit* that he and his wife mean to settle down at Avondale, in Wicklow, his own place. I doubt it; such a brain will never be content with inaction. Healy—"it's Tim"—was always twitting Parnell with, "What did ye do with the £40,000 the Irish people gave you?" Mr. Parnell now makes a statement that he "quarried" it—that he spent it on unprofitable quarrying in the county of Wicklow—and now in his turn asks what Tim Healy did with the £20,000 or £30,000 paid him by Irish admirers and adherents during ten years? Then he tells us himself that Tim sent £16,000 of the money over to Scotland to put it into a Scotch floor-cloth factory. Says a Tory: "If all the glorious 86 have done as well as this, their savings ought to touch on £1,576,000. God save Ireland!"

IN THE SPRING.

In the Spring the poet pensive
Sings about the budding rose
In the Spring an actor's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of clothes.

Dreams of neckties quite æsthetic,
Kino's window-pattern rousers,
And off in the hazy distance
Visions of his Whitsun trousers!

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THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The Tennis Tournament at the South End Club ground, on Saturday, was a social—if not a scientific—triumph for Halifax Tennis players. The results of the day's play were as follows;—

Men's Singles.

First round :

Capt. Jenkins	beat Mr. Mahon	6-3, 6-3
Mr. J. Ryan	beat Mr. Burns	6-4, 6-3
Mr. Barnes	beat Mr. Edwards	6-1, 6-0
Mr. Tobin	beat Mr. Greer	6-5, 6-0

Second round :

Mr. T. Ryan	beat Mr. Duffus	6-2, 6-2
Capt. Jenkins	beat Mr. J. Ryan	6-3, 4-6, 6-1
Mr. Tobin	beat Mr. Burns	6-2, 4-6, 6-0

Men's Doubles.

First round :

Capt. Alexander and Dr. Grier	beat Major Mayoock and Major Bor.	6-2, 6-4
Mr. T. Ryan and Mr. J. Ryan	beat Mr. Tobin and Mr. Burns	6-3, 4-6, 6-1
Major Hervey and Capt. Jenkins	beat Mr. McLeod and Mr. Wallace	6-0, 6-0

Second round :

Mr. Barnes and Mr. Elliot	beat Mr. McKinnon and Mr. Thompson	6-1, 6-0
Mr. Almon and Mr. Mahon	beat Mr. Edwards and Mr. Mercier	6-1, 6-3

Third round :

Mr. Barnes and Mr. Elliot	beat Mr. Almon and Mr. Mahon	6-2, 3-6, 6-4
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Mixed Doubles.

First round :

Mr. T. Ryan and Mrs. Norman Lee	beat Mr. Duffus and Miss Chipman	6-2, 6-3
Capt. Alexander and Mrs. Alexander	beat Maj. Mayoock and Mrs. Mayoock	6-4, 6-2
Major and Mrs. Hervey	beat Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Anderson	6-3, 4-6, 6-4

Second round :

Capt. Jenkins and Mrs. Peacock	beat Rev. Norman-Lee and Miss Lough	6-0, 6-1
Capt. Mullins and Mrs. Mullins	beat Col. Clerke and Miss Wier	6-3, 4-6, 6-2
Mr. T. Ryan and Mrs. Norman-Lee	beat Dr. Grier and Mrs. Grier	6-1, 6-4
Capt. Alexander and Mrs. Alexander	beat Major Hervey and Mrs. Hervey	6-1, 6-0

Third round :

Capt. Jenkins and Mrs. Peacock	beat Capt. Mullins and Mrs. Mullins.
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Those to play off to-morrow are as follows :

Capt. Alexander, S. E. L. T. C.
Capt. Jenkins, G. T. C.
Mr. T. Ryan, G. T. C.
Mr. Tobin, W. A. A. C.
Mr. Almon, W. A. A. C.

In the Gentlemen's Doubles :

Capt. Alexander and Dr. Grier, S. E. L. T. C.
Mr. Stewart and Mr. Neal, W. A. A. C.
Mr. Barnes and Mr. Elliot, G. T. C.
Mr. T. Ryan and Capt. Mullins, G. T. C.
Major Hervey and Capt. Jenkins, G. T. C.

In the Mixed Doubles:

Capt. and Mrs. Alexander, S. E. L. T. C.
Capt. Jenkins and Mrs. Peacock, G. T. C.
Mr. T. Ryan and Mrs. Norman-Lee, G. T. C.

Provincial Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, of Bermuda, are visiting the Island, the guests for the present of Mrs. Carvell at Government House.

Mr. Frith, also of Bermuda, is in the city.

On Monday His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Carvell, with a small party of friends, visited Souris.

Our sick list is a large one this week.

Hon. Daniel Davies was seized with inflammation last week, but is now improving.

Mrs. John (Henry) Longworth (*nee* Annie Beer) has been very dangerously ill. Mr. Longworth was at one time telegraphed for, but a second message declared his coming unnecessary.

Miss May Haviland continues very much the same as she was last week. On Sunday last she was very ill, but rallied towards evening.

Mr. Aeneas Macdonald sprained his ankle severely at the gymnasium a day or two ago, and will be confined to the house for some time.

Hon. Senator Nowlan arrived home on Friday evening and departed for Ottawa again on Monday.

The Misses Murphy, daughters of Senator Murphy, of Ottawa, are visiting Mrs. Sullivan.

William Walsh, Esq., M. P., is home again.

Miss Edith Carmichael is here and will spend the summer at "Keppock."

The Admiralty survey ship *Gulnare* is in port. We welcome Capt. Wright back to Charlottetown.

The cruiser *Acadia* arrived on Friday and lay at anchor in the harbor until Monday, when she steamed outwards.

During the session of the Supreme Court in Georgetown, Mr. Justice Hodgson presiding, the Attorney-General, the Clerk of the Crown, and Messrs. Malcolm Macleod, Neil Macleod, W. A. O. Morson, H. James Palmer and F. L. Hazard were in the capital of Kings County upon professional business.

Mrs. Bayfield and Miss Aggie Longworth are guests at the Seaside Hotel, Rustico.

Rev. James and Mrs. Simpson returned to Charlottetown from their bridal tour on Tuesday.

Professor Robertson, of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, is visiting the Island.

Society is looking forward to the anticipated arrival of some of the warships from the Halifax station, and to the round of gaieties which it is whispered we are to enjoy at that time.

Mr. W. A. F. Scott has resorted to a country life for some months for the benefit of his health. We trust the anticipated result may be very fully secured.

The latest "notion" that comes from the smart people in America is said to be ballet dancing by young men in appropriate costume—a played-out pastime from Paris. It is likely to give considerable pain to the enterprising dude who has been struck by an unusually fine figure, when he goes round with a bouquet to ask for an introduction and hears the manager say: "Oh, yes interduce you with pleasure. That's my young brother; ain't he a ripper?"

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INFANTS' CLOAKS AND HATS A SPECIALTY.

English Jottings.

Sir William Cusack-Smith, Bart, has probably done a kindness to whist-players and would-be-whist-players, whose number is as the sand upon the sea-shore for multitude, by the publication of a neat little book entitled "Encyclopædia of the Game of Whist" (W. W. Gibbings, 18, Bury Street, W. C.), which is "prefaced with words of advice to young players." The advice perhaps is as good as possible, better than any ever issued in verse from a Delphic oracle; but experience leads one to doubt the utility of advice. We could, most of us, fill a few volumes quarto with what we have received and administered of that drug; but we should have a difficulty in filling merely a few lines with cases in which it has been of any benefit to anybody. Some of Sir William's observations lead one to reflect upon the extreme tenuity of the line which separates fairness from unfairness. "Most players," says he, "sort their cards on some constant plan, and place the trump suit always in the same position in their hands. This is bad policy; for it may easily enable a clever adversary to count their trumps, to his manifest advantage." This, of course, is quite fair; yet it would be considered unfair to take advantage of an adversary who held his cards so that you could look over them if you liked. You would be expected to warn him, and even to complain that he was not justified in leading you into temptation. As for "bad policy," is it not bad policy for Sir William to tell the young beginner that "the extreme average advantage to be obtained from the best of play does not, at short whist, exceed, if it reach, half a point in the value of a rubber?" It may be quite true; but it is not likely to encourage the tryo to give his mind to the game. Still the little work may well be kept within reach, wherever players or learners of whist are gathered together.

In the matter of Prince George's coming promotion, we would remark that Prince George has already entered his twenty-seventh year, and is completing his sixth year as a lieutenant. Moreover, he last month completed his fourteenth year of service in the navy. His promotion, therefore, cannot be said to have thus far been hurried. Of the seven living Admirals of the Fleet not one was still a lieutenant when he was as old as Prince George now is, and one was a post-captain before he was twenty-three, while two more attained post-rank ere they were eight-and-twenty. Nor had any one of them, when made commander, as many years service to his credit as Prince George has.

But the Prince's promotion has been wisely delayed. The Prince of Wales has expressed a hope that his second son would make the Navy his "profession for life." If Prince George would do this, he must not be advanced too quickly in the earlier stages of his career. The ordinary course of promotion prevents any officer from remaining a captain for more than about fifteen years, a rear-admiral about five, a vice-admiral about four, and an admiral eligible for a command about five. From the day, that is to say, when an officer becomes a captain to the day when he ceases to be eligible for ordinary appointments, less than thirty years usually elapse; and no one who really aspires to make any calling his "profession for life" can wish to be obliged to retire from the active pursuit of that profession before the age of sixty or sixty-five. If promoted to be captain at thirty, Prince George will still be able to enjoy all the highest commands before he is sixty.

The *Anti-Jacobin* denounces the German Emperor's visit to England in language which is quite Carlylian:—"It will be seen" it says, "that though this visit may be sport to him, it is no fun for us. The Emperor makes his announcement—must do it by his own lips—that the Triple Alliance is re-forged. Then, while those other two Powers are bitterly thinking of what we have done to infix the third leg of the stool, on he comes to England, with his Chancellors, and his War Secretaries, and all the high parade of imperial embrace. Couldn't he have let that alone? Is it friendly? Is it wise? Put England and her convenience out of the question

altogether, and is it wise? Peace is his desire, of course. He has thought deeply of the matter; and not for worlds would he disturb the avalanche which will one day fall on this side or that—upon his own house-hold or on his neighbours'—but yet he will never be quiet. He must needs run hither and thither with his sword-jangling and his trumpet-blowing, which, if it do no more harm, worries the nerves of everybody about him. Surely he should know that it is for the League of Peace to be still. Why should he make it appear what it is not? Be it what it may, however, it is for him to maintain its character—settled, serene, fearing nothing menacing nobody, sufficing to leave every member of it free to look after its own every-day affairs, and willing that all the rest of the world should do the same thing. But it would appear that nothing can suppress the restless stirring of the youthful Emperor, which he will find no advantage to himself while it is a misfortune for his friends. His junketing here will add nothing to the strength or the stability of his alliances, but it will increase the suspicion and the anger with which we, his allies, are regarded. Besides, his desires are not ours. His "game" is not ours, altogether. To see France utterly destroyed would be an enormous relief to Germany, but it would not at all do for England, to whom the existence of a powerful France is almost as necessary as it is to Russia herself; the necessity being to keep German ambition within due bounds. Moreover, there is bad blood enough between France and England already; and though it is none of our making we want no more of it. Yet before the useless and inconsiderate visit of the Emperor is half over—with its naval displays, its military displays, its Guildhall banquets, and the terrible speeches to which our imperial visitor is given—the hatred of France for this country will be super-heated, while, of course, there will be more annoyance and ill-will in Russia. And the good of it? There is absolutely none. A great deal of needless irritation—provocation, even—is balanced by no advantage whatever."

In his charming *Echoes of the Week*, Mr. Sala tells us of a Universal Help Bureau. He says:—"In connection with such a beneficent institution a circular has just been sent me. The manageress of the undertaking is a lady. Good. The public are bound in courtesy to help a lady who is willing to help them. The Bureau is in Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough-house. A very nice address indeed. The lady proposes to help her fellow-creatures by aiding them to find eligible furnished houses and apartments; engaging servants; providing care-takers; interviewing governesses; meeting children who are passing through the metropolis on their way to or from school; leaving visiting cards; providing entertainments for "At Homes;" undertaking shopping; arranging talk and other floral decorations, and inserting advertisements in the papers; while for the moderate fee of sixpence, people can have letters and parcels 'left to be called for.' Ladies can also write their letters at the office in Pall Mall."

The other night Mr. Fredericks, who is the manager of a music hall, was accosted by a small boy who proffered him three coppers, and at the same time demanded a check for the gallery. Mr. Fredericks surveyed the lad, and coldly remarked, as he noticed his indifferent attire:

"But you've got no collar on!"

"No collar!" cried the boy; "no collar! Why should I? Do you take me for a dawg?"

Mr. Fredericks collapsed.

The mean between extremes they say,
Is always best to hold;
So neither give yourself away
Nor let yourself be sold.

GIBBS.—I can quite understand why those political chaps are always abusing the City Corporation.

BLOBS.—Yes. They say corporations have no souls.

GIBBS.—What a disappointment that must be to the devil!

OUR DEADLIEST ENEMY.

It is blood I want—Blood of the darkest that washerwomen can produce. Gore will alone satisfy my cravings for revenge. Revenge is sweet, so say the poets, let me than drink of it to the very lees. Ah! Ah! She shall be mine! I will worry, tear and scarify her! Who, Who! Why that smug faced, innocent looking, long suffering individual yept our Washerwoman. This estimable lady has not up to the present time taken any unscemnly liberties with with me personally, but my shirts do cry out aloud, not only for repairs but also for reparation. My own opinion is that the shirts in crying out in such distressful tones are within their rights, for there is no doubt but that washing has descended to an infernal art, brought to a height of excellence by professed teachers, and experimentalists. I presume that if any printer could be found to print it, a curriculum after this fashion would emanate from the sordid brains of these same professors.

1.—How to put the largest amount of starch in the nether end of the shirt, whilst leaving the chest part limp and unsatisfactory.

2.—How to crush the buttons properly.

3.—How to tear the button holes to perfection.

4.—How to measure the vitriol to put in the wash-tub, so that the clothes may arrive home without falling to pieces. Other instructions might be quoted but space will not permit.

We all know that if a shirt maker can't make a Duchess of his daughter or marry her to a Bishop, he immediately makes a washerwoman of her, naturally, its good for trade. This is a mere trifle, and it is needless to dwell upon, it has been so for years, and has no doubt become a standing institution. By way of digression I would ask a conundrum. Why is it that washerwomen as a rule are inflicted, with more babies, and more useless kind of husbands than any other section of society? You owe your washerwoman \$3, the chances are, you have an application for the amount from a dirty faced little girl, prefaced with the remark, "mother's took sick, and Dr. F. says as how she wont be out again far a fortnight; it's a boy this time." Now I am fairly credulous, but this has happened—I mean the remark—four times in the last year! Can such things be so? Washerwomen are indeed a wonderful race, compared with them Hermann, Houdin, Maskelyne and Cooke, in the front rank of conjurers, are but pigmies.

How on earth these washlists achieve the wonders with collars that they do, is a perfect mystery. I have never had a collar go to the wash yet but that it has come back in such an incongruous shape; as to make one fancy it had assumed fancy dress for the occasion. Collars that are a part and parcel of shirts come back metamorphosed into the strangest of shapes, turned down ones, *turn up* the most ridiculous of "stuck-ups," and *vice-versa*.

Yesterday being Sunday, I put on a clean (?) shirt, which came from Freeman Elliotts but a few weeks since, but on putting it on, its appearance suggested its having been first in a Tug-of-War, and then been relegated to the tub in which the coffee grounds are deposited. The front of this article of attire was fairly stiff, principal with dirt carefully ironed in, and the skirts—if I am not modest I am nothing—were just like boards.

Being a married man, I have the advantage of taking feminine opinion on this subject. Ladies' lingerie is rather a delicate subject to touch, even with the pen, but when "duty calls" I must be to the front, and though I may blush unseen, still the fact remains I do blush. Do I not hear my better half swearing, at

least making use of as strong language as is permissible for the female sex to indulge in, as to the wilful mangling and ruination of laces, wholesale conglomerating with starch pudding of frills and ruffles, rupture of strings, sinashing of buttons, and general going to Hades of all that tends to cover and beautify lovely woman beneath her peignoir.

Brethern and sisteren, I appeal to you. Are we to stand this any longer? Are we to suffer without one word? Are we to be handed down to posterity as martyrs? No, my brother electors, let it not be so; let us not be subservient to a small minority! Remember, there may be an election coming on soon, therefore let us make a combine, and vote only for these candidates who will promise that the present state of things shall be rectified, and that they will see the foul shirt destroyer is blotted from the land.

UNIQUE.

[DEAR UNIQUE,—Why not try Ungar's steam laundry? It comes rather steep for a large family, but it puts the starch on the right place.—ED

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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.

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Flowers!

MILLINERY NOVELTIES! FINE WHITE GOODS!

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GABRIEL'S BY BUCKINGHAM ST.

DR. SCARS:—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!

TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene. Sister, lemme soo your ring.

HIS SISTER:—Why Tommy?

TOMMY:—I want to see if the galoot told the truth when he said his heart was in it

"Vivat  Regina."

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Mr. "The 'Windsor' of Halifax"—*Montreal Gazette.*

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

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JAMES SCOTT & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS.
117 & 118 GRANVILLE STREET, . . . HALIFAX, N. S.

YOU BUY ME,
I am an ordinary wooden pail or washtub ;
WHEN YOU PUT WATER IN ME
I leak and absorb the water, becoming heavy.
HAVING BEEN USED
I am put away till next time.
WHEN YOU WANT ME AGAIN
I have shrunk. The hoops have dropped off
me. I am worthless.
YOU HAVE TO BUY A NEW ONE.

IF

you had bought ME,
I AM ONE OF EDDY'S
INDURATED WOOD FIBRE WARE,
I would last forever and never become
water-soaked, Impure or Heavy.
I HAVE NO HOOPS,
and am made all in one piece.
CANNOT LEAK,
and will last forever.
MY FIRST COST IS LITTLE MORE
than the ordinary wooden, old style Bucket or Tub.

WHOLESALE ONLY,

JOHN PETERS & CO.,
Sole Agents

"THE BEDFORD,"

BEDFORD N. S.

The Fashionable Summer Resort of the Maritime Provinces

EXCELLENT accommodation for Permanent and Transient Guests. Hot and
Cold Water. Open Fire Places. Comfortable and Cosy. Thoroughly
English Cuisine. Private Parties by Rail or Road entertained at shortest notice.
Permanent rates very moderate. TELEPHONE 580.

J. C. MORRISON, Proprietor.

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NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY,

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HEADQUARTERS FOR

PLANTS, ROSEBUDS and CHOICE FLOWERS.

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JAMES H. HARRIS, MANAGER.

TO LET: during the summer months, suite of FURNISHED
ROOMS, large and commodious. Ground floor, very convenient
situation. Apply Editor.

TO LET:—Furnished Lodgings, with or without Board, at
Mrs. Redman's,
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BOARD:—Mrs. Symonds, 13 Inglis Street, late of Manor Hill,
Dartmouth, can accommodate 8 or 10 boarders. Very convenient
situation, close to the Park, with tram-cars passing every 10 minutes.

WANTED.—Three good general servants to live in Halifax.
Also a competent housemaid. Apply Editor Cambridge House.

PIANO FOR HIRE:—Fine Semi-grand Piano for Hire for 3
or 4 months. No reasonable offer refused. Apply Editor.

WANTED.—Situation as Lady Help, or Nursery Governess.

WANTED.—Situation as Cook. Thoroughly competent.

WANTED.—Situations by two good boys.

TO LET.—Handsome pleasant rooms, communicating by
folding doors, furnished or unfurnished, suitable for sitting room or
bed room. Also well furnished front bed-room with or without
board. Apply 9 Morris St.

LAW AND MEDICAL PRELIMINARIES.—Mr. Walter Leigh
is taking private pupils for the autumn examinations. Apply Cam-
bridge House.

LEITH * HOUSE,

Established 1818

KELLEY & GLASSEY.

(SUCCESSORS TO ALEX. McLEOD & CO.)

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.

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MISS M. TOBIN, Fashionable Dress Maker.

Tailor-made Gowns, Tea Gowns & Evening Dresses.

Fit and Style Guaranteed.

Dress Material and Findings on Premises. All Orders from Country promptly
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15 GRANVILLE STREET.

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Pupils taken on Tuesday and Saturday by appointment.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Tuition, with or without Board.

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

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