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OUR SOCIETY

A

WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1

HALIFAX N. S., JULY 24.

No. 34.



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Professor Sumichrast's letter in the *Chronicle* on our hotels, etc., has called forth a long reply in the *North Sydney Herald*, in which the Professor is pretty severely handled. The point at issue is the accommodation afforded by the *Grand Narrows Hotel*, of which Mr. Sumichrast says: "It is an uninteresting place, and cannot expect to attract summer visitors who want something more than an iron bridge to look at and a locomotive whistle to listen to." In reply, *Cape Bretonian* points out that visitors from the States express the greatest satisfaction with the situation of and accommodation afforded by the Hotel, while the fishing, bathing, boating, and driving are excellent. Now, it seems to us that this controversy touches a very important subject in journalism. Of course, we expect a writer on Hotels to point out the relative merits and demerits of the principal houses, but he should be excessively careful about making statements that are likely to do direct injury to any particular ones. It is difficult to define how much should be said and how much unsaid, but we certainly do not think that a casual passer-by—however keen his powers of observation—has any right to pass such a severe judgment as Mr. Sumichrast does of the *Grand Narrows Hotel*.

We must confess that our own first impression of the place was pretty much the same as Mr. Sumichrast's final one; but on passing it a second time we could not help thinking what a grand resting place it must be for the tired city many, to whom its isolated position would be a great attraction.

The Sydney papers record the arrival of the newly-married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Helsby.

Why doesn't someone start a 'merry-go-round' at some of our numerous outdoor entertainments? It is rather suggestive of 'Amstead' Earth, but, like the immortal Punch and Judy Show, is a never-failing source of revenue. At the Jamaica exhibition, for instance, while the whole amount received by the Commissioners from amusements was £744, the share that came from the Merry-go-round was £103. This represents about 15 per cent. of the whole takings.

With all our Historical Antiquarian, and Natural History Societies, no-one up to the present appears to have noticed the extreme scarcity of the Joneses in Halifax. This remarkable state of things had been overlooked even by our own philosopher until the other day, when one man casually asked him in the railway car whether he knew Mr. Jones of Halifax. "Good Heavens, man," replied the collector of subscriptions, "what an insane question to ask! Why! there must be at least a hundred Joneses in Halifax! And yet, wait a moment; now I come to think of it, I do know Mr. Jones of Halifax. Of course I do; everyone knows him!" And the train had gone nearly a mile before the Philosopher finished his meditations, and came to the conclusion that there must be something wrong in the geographical distribution of the Joneses.

So he handed the matter over to the Grub, whose time is generally occupied in distinguishing between those who haven't paid but think they have, and those who have paid but think they haven't. Now, the Grub has very keen perceptions, though his skin is rather thick; but anyhow, he has a natural aptitude for statistics, so he just dug the thing out. Taking McAlpine's Directory as his text-book, and counting firms as well as private individuals (so that a small allowance must be made for repetition) he found that the Joneses number only 32, of which 7 at least belong to one family. There are actually 37 names more common than Jones. Smith coming first with 148, followed by MacDonald 135, Johnson 100, Murphy 96, Brown 92, Power 75, Sullivan 67, Walsh 67, O'Brien 60, Fraser 54, Taylor 53, Ryan 52, and Thomson 50. The Robinsons are out of it, scoring only 48, but such names as White, Wilson, Harris, Gray, Connors, Doyle, Campbell, Anderson, MacKay, Kennedy, Kelly, Mitchell and Young make the Joneses look small. Even the MacGraths, Martins, Hubbleys, Clarks, Saunderses, Murrays, MacLeods, Butlers and Burnses lead on the list, with slight variations of spelling. Talking

about spelling, it is a deplorable fact that the aristocratic varieties DeJones and Smyth are non-existent, while the sub-genus Clerke has but one distinguished representative.

All these statistics, and more besides, were handed in by the Grub, with the suggestion that the Provincial government should be petitioned to import a ship-load of Joneses and a dozen or so of Robinsons to restore the balance of names in our fair city.

There is to be a concert in the Gardens to-night, by the Leicestershire Regt., and St. Patrick's Bands. These concerts seem to be in greater popularity than ever this year, and bid fair to rank well among the social functions of the summer; which is decidedly a good sign.

The St. Mark's Church Excursion to Birch Cove is also fixed for to-day.

Again has Mr. Harry Wylde to be congratulated on scoring a success with his beautiful little yacht, *The Youla*. This boat now has shown we think, conclusively that she is about the fastest of her size that has ever been on those waters. Of course, in saying this we are open to correction. The history of the race will not take up the space that one of Queen Victoria's reign will do some day, but what there is we append.

The *Leonore* got a bad start in making a mistake as to the gun firing, thereby losing nearly 2 minutes, but *Youla* gained considerably on the beat out, the *Hebe* at this time doing very well. There was a nice light sailing breeze going out, which died out considerably at Thrump Cap buoy. The *Youla* was eventually the winner of the race by 8 minutes. In congratulating the owner, we cannot forget that Mr. Harlaw of Dartmouth in building the boat is a "power" in regards to its winning capabilities, and therefore, we are doubly pleased to give Mr. Wylde our congratulations on owning such a boat, and having been able to get it so close home.

The Kermesse to have been held yesterday in aid of the Bishops' Chapel was unavoidably postponed until to-day. There is no doubt but that this will be the pleasantest pic-nic of the season. Novel entertainments will be introduced, in which for a slight charge, Youth, Beauty and Decrepid Old Age, may join, and thereby spend an enjoyable day.

It is amusing to notice how some of the papers dwell on the increasing unpopularity of the Prince of Wales, and the hisses and groans of the crowds at his appearance; while others are full of the enthusiastic welcome accorded to him. We have not been there to see, but we find it difficult to believe that the great body of right-thinking Englishmen, of whatever party, go any further than to deplore the unlucky chance that might have befallen any one of themselves as well as the Prince of Wales. We do not claim infallibility for our Princes—not by a long way, in fact; and until the time comes when they are elected by competitive examination in Paley's Ghost and Elementary Ethics, we must be prepared to extend a little charity to them on special and exceptionally trying occasions.

The Dufferin Medal will be played for on Saturday next, at the Studley Quoit grounds, where a large attendance is expected.

WANDERERS VS. THE GARRISON.

A very pleasant match was concluded on Saturday afternoon, and resulted in a victory for the Garrison, which was gained on its merits. No excuse can be offered for the collapse of their opponents. In batting Sergt. Farley played very well in both innings for the victors. Hon. Hawke hit with great vigor for his runs. The batting of the Wanderers was disappointing in the extreme, neither can they as a team be congratulated as to their fielding, though individually we must exempt Henry from any blame, as he fielded perfectly and made two splendid catches in the long field. Leigh and Cahalane again did all the bowling. It is a great pity the Wanderers cannot get a good fast bowler to relieve one of these occasionally. The following is the score:

OUR SOCIETY.

Garrison—First Innings.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-------|
| Lt. Barnes, st. Mackintosh, b. Leigh | 1 |
| Lt. Hawke, b. Leigh | 17 |
| Lt. Bengough, b. Cahalano | 0 |
| Bomb. Hughes, c. Mackintosh, b. Leigh | 10 |
| Sergt. Farley, not out | 31 |
| Lt. Stockwell, b. Cahalano | 0 |
| Lt. Drew, c. and b. Cahalano | 1 |
| Corpl. Hopkins, c. Henry, b. Leigh | 0 |
| Lt. Babington, b. Cahalano | 5 |
| Private Clay, c. Henry, b. Cahalano | 0 |
| Private Maddock, c. Neal, b. Leigh | 1 |
| Extras | 5 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 71 |

Garrison—Second Innings.

| | |
|--|-------|
| Lt. Barnes, c. Cochran, b. Leigh | 1 |
| Bomb. Hughes, c. and b. Cahalano | 19 |
| Sergt. Farley, b. Leigh | 30 |
| Capt. Hopkins, c. Burns, b. Leigh | 3 |
| Lt. Stockwell, c. Henry, b. Leigh | 26 |
| Lt. Hawke, c. Henry, b. Leigh | 2 |
| Lt. Bengough, b. Cochran | 15 |
| Lt. Barnes, c. Cochran, b. Cahalano | 14 |
| Lt. Babington, c. and b. Leigh | 0 |
| Lt. Drew, not out | 0 |
| Lt. Clay, c. and b. Cahalano | 1 |
| Byes, 8; leg byes, 3; wide balls, 0; no balls, 0 | 11 |
| | <hr/> |
| Total | 123 |

Bowling Analysis—Garrison.

| | O. | M. | R. | W. |
|----------------|------|----|----|----|
| W. Leigh | 11.3 | 2 | 44 | 5 |
| T. J. Cahalano | 11 | 2 | 21 | 5 |

Wanderers.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|------|---|----|---|
| Private Clay | 12.3 | 6 | 16 | 8 |
| Private Maddock | 12 | 6 | 17 | 2 |

Wanderers—First Innings.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------|
| E. Allison, c. sub., b. Clay | 5 |
| W. Leigh, c. Hughes, b. Clay | 7 |
| W. A. Henry, c. Farley, b. Clay | 2 |
| W. Burns, c. Clay, b. Maddock | 0 |
| J. Mackintosh, b. Clay | 15 |
| T. J. Cahalano, c. and b. Maddock | 3 |
| W. Neal, b. Clay | 0 |
| T. J. Cochran, c. Maddock, b. Clay | 0 |
| C. Stewart, c. Hawke, b. Clay | 1 |
| M. Johnson, not out | 0 |
| Extras | 4 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 37 |

Wanderers—Second Innings.

| | |
|--|-------|
| Mackintosh, b. Clay | 7 |
| Leigh, c. Hawke, b. Maddock | 12 |
| Allison, c. Maddock, b. Clay | 0 |
| Henry, b. Clay | 15 |
| Cahalano, b. Maddock | 3 |
| Cochran, b. Maddock | 0 |
| Neal, c. Barnes, b. Maddock | 6 |
| Burns, c. Stockwell, b. Clay | 0 |
| Stewart, b. Clay | 1 |
| Bligh, not out | 11 |
| Johnson, c. and b. Maddock | 2 |
| Byes, 2; leg byes, 1; wide balls, 0; no balls, 0 | 3 |
| | <hr/> |
| Total | 60 |

Bowling Analysis—Wanderers.

| Bowler. | R. | W. | O. | M. |
|----------|----|----|------|----|
| Leigh | 54 | 6 | 22 | 4 |
| Cahalano | 44 | 3 | 21.1 | 7 |
| W. Burns | 6 | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Cochran | 8 | 1 | 4 | 1 |

Garrison.

| | | | | |
|---------|----|---|----|---|
| Clay | 29 | 5 | 14 | 3 |
| Maddock | 28 | 5 | 14 | 6 |

A good story is sent us by a friend in Charlottetown:—

It appears that His Honor the Master of the Rolls—Mr. Justice Hodgson—is possessed of a generous disposition as well as a fine garden producing vegetables earlier than even those of the market gardene— A few days ago His Lordship sent a package of early cauliflowers to a lady relative, whose cook received the parcel during her mistress' absence. Upon the lady's return the domestic produced the packet and in reply to the query "what's this, Annis" affirmed. "It's *buns*, ma-am" substantiating her statement by producing the visiting card attached to the parcel and bearing the legend "The Master of the Rolls."

'Bradley's Players' opened at the Academy on Monday, in "My Partner," the play is so essentially American, that we should not have been surprised if its nomenclature had been by the author cut down to "Pard."

The Partners Messrs Collier and Montaine, were good in their parts as was also Mr. Hudson Liston—*Place aux dames*.

Miss Grace Huntington, as Mary Brandon, of whom the programme says "she had no mother to guide her" looked to us very like a lady who did not require such an appendage, appearing quite capable of looking after her own affairs, and showed to great advantage in the part.

On Wednesday Aunt Jack was placed on the boards. This is an exceedingly funny play, but very English, and should remain so, not only for the good of the play itself, but also for those who take part in it—We might point out in respect to this, that in England we hardly think that with Judge Hawkins on the bench, such goings on, would be allowed as were portrayed on the Academy stage, it looked too much like making a farce of a burlesque. The character of Aunt Jack simply will not suit Miss Huntington until she will overcome that love of youth, or of looking youthful, so inherent in Woman. In our travels we have not come across a lady the age that Miss Huntington looked, who had sufficient confidence to pose as an advocate of Woman's Rights.

Might we also suggest that strong-minded women even though they may have the most speaking of visual organs are not wont to make use of those same eyes so freely, for, not only do they consider it wrong, but also they know that even good things pall upon men, if given too freely. That Miss Huntington looked a charming Plaintiff in the witness box goes without saying.

Mr. Hudson Liston played Bruce—a barrister, exceedingly well, in fact, it would be very difficult to find a fault.

Take it altogether the Company is a very good one, and deserves the support of the theatre-going public.

Despite the postponement on account of wet, of what should have been Labor Day there was a good turn out for the procession on Wednesday. By some these processions may seem a waste of time and money, and yet there is much to be said on the other hand, but life is too short to argue. In the procession we noticed more particularly, Mr. Motton, with that bland and child-like smile for which he is so noted, when giving some poor wretch six years more or less, he being accompanied by an enormous bouquet, presented no doubt, by those grateful admirers who had not to appear before him that morning.

Messrs. Stephens & Co., made an exceptionally good show,—as did also the McDougall Distillery upon which, Mr. Mackasey should have been in attendance, tho' he seemed perfectly content to be at the head of the Labourers Union, with Mr. George Tracy, who no doubt was representing Messrs. Cunard & Co., and could not have had a better companion in his arduous labors. The Nova Scotia Cigar Factory also turned out well, but we must say we were a little disappointed when we heard the public would not be allowed to sample the brands. Messrs. Leaman & Co., if number and weight of teams goes for anything, showed they were indeed to the front as regards the victualling department.

The surprise of the show, was the splendid turn out made by the Truckmen, they deserve more than a mere word of praise, there are very few towns of the size of Halifax, that could turn out in one

day so many good looking, and well groomed horses. We trust that this state of things may continue, and that it is not but a flash in the pan just to be glorified on Labor Day. And now let us settle to work once more, till our worthy Mayor shall again give the trumpet call for revels.

The New York Bijou Opera Company appear at the Academy on Monday, in the Princess of Trebizonde. It is one of the brightest and freshest of comic Operas. We have tender reminiscences of J. L. Toole, in the principal part.

Bradley's Players will not perform at the Academy this evening, as by a mistake Mr. Clarke had booked another company for this date. On application Mr. Bradley kindly waived his right, so that Mr. Clarke should not be rendered liable for a law-suit. This on Mr. Bradley's part was a kind and courteous action, which we are sure Mr. Clarke will reciprocate if it is ever in his power. The company give two performances on Saturday of "Mr. Barnes of New York," the evening performance is under the patronage of Vice Admiral Watson, Sir John Ross, Naval and Military officers. By the kind permission of Col. Rolph, the Band of the Leicestershire Regiment will be in attendance. This alone should be conducive to the bringing together of a full house.

On Friday the 17th inst., the Ladies Regatta which Mrs. Grier and Mr. Norman-Lee had taken such pains to arrange, took place and was a great success in every way. The grounds of Bilton Cottage presented a brilliant aspect. The large number of guests on arriving were received by Surgeon-Major and Mrs. Grier in the garden. The course was from halfway down Mr. Ritchie's wall to Mr. Francklyn's, who had most kindly placed his wharf at the disposal of the guests so that they might see the finish of the races. The day was beautifully fine, and the North-West Arm looked very picturesque in the sunshine, and with numerous launches and boats upon it. We noticed the "Zuleika" belonging to General Sir John Ross, with a large party on board, the launches of Sir George Watson, the French Admiral, and one at the disposal of Mr. Norman-Lee, who acted as starter. Amongst the guests were, Gen. Sir John Ross, Admiral Sir George and Lady Watson, Sir Charles and Lady Hunter, Miss Colman, Col. and Mrs. Goldie, Col. and Mrs. Ryan, Major and Mrs. Waldron, Major and Mrs. Harvey, Miss Flood, Col. Carr, Col. Wright, Lieut. Trowbridge and Col. Rolph.

Sir George Watson acted as Judge and Umpire-in-Chief, Sir John Ross as Referee. Mr. Norman-Lee as Starter. There was some difficulty in clearing the course the numerous boats on the Arm being somewhat in the way. About 4 o'clock Mr. Norman-Lee boarded his launch and towed the crews up to the starting post, and soon afterwards having got the first heat into position fired the gun and started the four crews on their way. All the crews looked neat and workman like in sailor blouses, blue serge skirts and sailor hats.

FIRST HEAT.

- 1.—Miss Abbott and Miss K. Kenny.
- 2.—Mrs. Peacock and Mrs. Mullins.
- 0.—Miss Goldie and Miss C. Story.
- 0.—Miss Flood and Miss V. Noyes.

This was a walk over for the winners. Time 3 mins : 39 sec.

SECOND HEAT.

- 1.—Miss Stokes and Miss Albro.
- 2.—Miss Morrow and Miss L. Kenny.
- 0.—Mrs. Reader and Mrs. Duffus.
- 0.—Miss Blackadar and Miss A. Stairs.

A fairly good race, the winners not being hard pressed. Time 3 min : 42 sec.

THIRD HEAT.

- 1.—Miss N. Almon and Miss L. Almon.
- 2.—Miss Lawson and Miss Lyde.
- 3.—Miss Corbett and Mrs. Norman-Lee.
- 0.—Miss Farrell and Miss Wallace.
- 0.—Miss Watson and Mrs. Rolph.

A well contested race, not two boats lengths between the first and third. Time 3 mins : 38. 5 sec.

After this every one landed from the boats and refreshments were served under the trees on the lawn and the names of the winners posted, and drawn for places in the final heat. The seven crews were towed up and marshalled in position, and after a little delay a good start was

effected and an exciting race ensued: Miss Abbott and Miss Kenny were again victorious, but there was a hard struggle for second place, the three boats being nearly level towards the finish, Miss N. Almon and Miss L. Almon got a little ragged, while Miss Lawson and Miss Lyde kept on bravely, we noticed that Miss Corbett had unfortunately rowed herself out, Mrs. Norman-Lee being fairly fresh, but all kept on; however it was no use and the two Miss Almons after a plucky race obtained the second place.

FINAL HEAT.

- 1.—Miss Abbott and Miss Kenny.
- 2.—Miss N. Almon and Miss L. Almon.
- 0.—Miss Lawson and Miss Lyde.
- 0.—Miss Corbett and Mrs. Norman-Lee.
- 0.—Miss Morrow and Miss Kenny.
- 0.—Mrs. Peacock and Mrs. Mullins.
- 0.—Miss Stokes and Miss Albro.

The winners have the making of a fast crew, strength and endurance, and a little good coaching and a few tips, would materially help them in the future, they are undoubtedly the best crew on the arm. Everyone then assembled in the grounds and were photographed. After which, Sir George Watson presented the prizes.

FIRST CUP.—Presented by Sir George Watson—Miss Abbott and Miss Kenny. A handsome prize, a ladies silver and ivory button hook and shoe horn: Silver mounted cane for Cox.

SECOND CUP.—Prizes presented by Mrs. Grier and Mr. Norman-Lee—Miss N. Almon and Miss L. Almon. Silver boat broaches: and a silver pin for Cox.

After which the guests separated. Mrs. Grier is much to be congratulated for getting up and bringing to such a successful issue her Ladies' Regatta.

We hear that the married ladies went to try conclusions with the unmarried ones, at some day soon on the arm: but more of that anon.

Mr. Norman-Lee will have the range finished shortly for the Ladies' Rifle Club and also is trying to start a ladies and gentlemen's Golf Club.

Invitations are to be out in a few days to a very large garden party at a house in the western suburbs. Everyone is to be asked, and it is to be a very grand and gorgeous affair.

Col. Hill had a small picnic at MacNab's on Monday. On the same day there was a large picnic at Bedford. The guests going up on a steamer, dining at Morrison's, and have a dance afterwards. All had a very pleasant time and thoroughly enjoyed the whole entertainment.

Sir John Ross had his usual tennis party on Monday, as also had the Garrison.

The dance at Wellington on Monday was a grand affair, although it was supposed to be quite small. It is the first time this regiment have come out as hosts at an entertainment of any size, and they certainly did well, and contrasted very favorably with some of their predecessors. The supper was awfully good, there being many new and novel dishes which were well worth trying. Everyone enjoyed themselves, especially one young lady, who seemed to be having a very good time, but then it was very fresh and new to her.

Mr. and Mrs. John Duffus gave a dinner last night in honor of the American bride, places were laid for sixteen. Some of the guests adjourned to Wellington to the Ball given by the officers of the Leicestershire Regiment.

The Kermess for St. Stephens is being held to-day (Friday) at Hillside. It is distinctly under fashionable patronage and many well known society leaders are going to have stalls. It promises to eclipse anything ever held on the shores of the Arm, if the weather permits.

Mrs. Walter Jones' pic-nic was a great success and would have been more so, if the fog had not have come down and caused some dampness. After an "al perco" dinner at Lawson's the guests adjourned to "Maplewood" where the large ball room was chased and a jolly dance set going and kept up till midnight. No doubt some of the young people were glad that the fog came so that they had a dance.

NUMBER ONE.

BY COULSON KERNAHAN, F. R. G. S.

Respecting the following strange story I wish to observe, before commencing, that I can in no way be answerable for its truth. I give it in the very words in which it was communicated to me, and without reservation or addition.

I was for many years one of the crew in charge of a very small lightship which marked the position of a dangerous sand-bank, a few miles from the East Coast. The crew comprised four men altogether, but only a couple were required on board at the same time—the rule being that two months on duty should be followed by two months off, so that our work was not as monotonous as might have been expected.

It was a very lonely time on board the ship, however; for, although we were only a few miles from the coast, we were not allowed to go ashore; and except the lad who rowed out twice a week to bring us oil, wick and provisions, we saw no one with whom to exchange conversation from week's end to week's end.

One afternoon, in late autumn, as my companion, Hughes, and myself, were engaged in hoisting the lanterns for the night, we heard the sound of a man's voice hailing us, and saw that a solitary oarsman was approaching from the shore. We threw him a rope in response to his request, and in another moment a tall, dark, powerful-looking man had clambered up the side, and stood before us.

"Look here, messmates," he said, in a voice that had, I thought a foreign accent, "I've got into trouble on shore there, and I want you to put me up till the hue-and-cry's over. Fact is, I shot the man who had come between my wife and myself, and I know, by the look of you both, that you'd have done the same in my place. Unfortunately, however, he happened to be a nobleman, and it will be more than my neck's worth if I'm taken. Will you put me up a bit, comrades? I've plenty of money, and will pay you handsomely for your trouble besides which you'll be doing the friendly thing to a poor fellow who's "down on his luck."

There was an air of authority in the way he spoke which, in spite of his appealing words, made me feel that he would be a dangerous man to thwart; and although I had an uneasy presentiment that his coming forboded trouble, I had not the courage to oppose him. I noticed also a sinister look in the eyes, and certain lines about the mouth and chin, which told me he would pause at nothing to attain his purpose. The recollection of a time when I was myself in somewhat of a similar plight came to my mind, however, and I turned to Hughes, saying that, if he were willing to allow the gentleman to remain, I had no objection—to which he nodded a surly assent. I knew the man's tale was true, as, in a paper which had been wrapped around some groceries, I had read of the very case to which he alluded—namely, the shooting of a profligate and abandoned nobleman by a gentleman named Rissler; and I remember that I had felt at the time that what he had done was the very course I should myself have pursued under the circumstances.

"Your name, sir," I said, "is——"

"Rissler—Max Rissler," he replied, showing a row of white, tigerish-looking teeth, and with a strange smile, which made me shudder; "but why do you ask?"

"Because I have read your case in the papers," I answered, "and must say that I entirely sympathize with you."

"Thank you, thank you," he said, with another glitter of white teeth. "Then you will understand how necessary it is that my whereabouts should not be traced. I took the liberty of borrowing that boat from the beach, but, unfortunately, had no time to obtain the owner's permission. Perhaps you would oblige me by taking it back again, as it might lead to inquiries when missed. You can easily tow it back after dark, fastened to your own boat. Here are five pounds between you, to show that I intend treating you fairly; and you shall have the same sum for every week that I remain here. Is it a bargain, gentlemen?"

Hughes eagerly closed with the offer, to which I also assented, and so it was arranged that he should take up his quarters with us, we having first solemnly promised to keep his presence a secret. He had not been with us a week before he was complete and sole master of the ship. Neither Hughes nor myself were particularly weak-minded, but there was something about that man which so cowed us that we dared not oppose him in any way.

A month went by, during which our strange guest had made no mention of leaving, although he had paid us the five pounds regularly and fairly each week. We knew no more about him than when he had first come on board—indeed, we felt more mystified than ever, for both Hughes and myself soon came to the conclusion that the assumption of the name of Rissler was merely a ruse to disarm suspicion. Hughes' opinion was that he was a French spy, while I believed him to be connected with the smuggling trade. All we knew was that he was frequently engaged in writing of some sort, the manuscripts being invariably locked away in a box in his cabin. This cabin he never left without carefully locking the door, the key being always kept in his own pocket. But the most suspicious thing of all was that every evening, provided the weather would admit it, he would have the boat out, telling us that he was going to take a little exercise, and would then disappear for four or five hours, generally returning with a parcel, which appeared to contain newspapers, letters, and plans. That he had newspapers I knew, for he would sometimes give them to us when he had done with them; while at other times he would carefully and deliberately destroy them.

Frequently, after reading and destroying a paper, he would sit looking out to sea, with a smile on his face that was positively hellish in its malignity. On such occasions his exultation would render him almost jovial, but it was joviality which made me shudder. He would invite us to join him in a cigar, and press us not to spare the grog, although I noticed that he carefully abstained from more than merely wetting his lips with it himself. There were times, however, when the news seemed bad, and then he would grind and gnash his teeth, whilst he had a look in his eyes such as I have never seen in the eyes of any other human being. If I were asked of what he most often reminded me, I should say, without hesitation, "a serpent," for there was that in his face, at certain moments, which vividly recalled the look I had once noticed in the eyes of a dying viper. At other times I saw a tigerish, treacherous expression glide across his countenance, but it was only when he thought he was unobserved. I must confess that I was intensely curious to discover the mystery that hung over him, although my fear was so very great that I dared not take any step to gratify that curiosity.

At last Hughes, who was an ignorant, credulous man in every way, was seized with a strange superstitious dread about our visitor, and said that, unless something were done to set his mind at rest, he could not stay on the ship any longer. One night, when the subject of our suspicions had gone for his usual nocturnal row, Hughes told me that he had manufactured a rough skeleton key to unlock the cabin door, and that he was engaged in making one which would fit the box in which Rissler's manuscripts and correspondence were so carefully kept. I endeavoured to dissuade him from any such project, as I felt a firm presentiment that evil would come of it; moreover, I was positive that Rissler would discover that his papers had been tampered with, and would be revenged in some terrible way upon the delinquent. But Hughes refused to listen to my warnings, declaring that, come what might, he was determined to set his mind at rest, and I was obliged to leave him to his own devices. The night came at last when everything was ready for the examination of the box. I declined to have anything to do with the matter, so, when we had seen Rissler safely off on his evening voyage, Hughes descended to the cabin, while I remained on deck to watch.

Whether our mysterious visitor suspected anything or not I cannot say, but he had not been gone more than half an hour before I heard the stealthy plash of his returning oars, so I hastily called down the cabin stairs to apprise my companion of his danger. Never

in my life have I seen a face so terror-stricken as was the face of Hughes when he came on deck.

"Barton," he whispered to me, in a strange unnatural voice, "for God's sake don't let him see us talking together, or he will suspect something, and we are both lost! We have hell itself on board the ship to-night! That man would—but hush, he is watching us! Wait till he goes out to-morrow, and then I will tell you all. I am going below now; I dare not face him!" and, with a look of terror in the direction of our visitor, he vanished downstairs. It was my night to remain on watch, so I wrapped myself in my great coat, and took up my position at my favourite place in the after-part of the vessel. I crept down once during the night to Hughes' cabin, but he was sleeping calmly; and I returned on deck again. It was a very rough night, but nothing of any note occurred although I fancied once that I heard Rissler's door open; but as all was quiet directly after, I concluded that I must have been mistaken. In the morning I went to call Hughes rather earlier than usual, as I felt strangely nervous. The cabin door was shut, just as I had left it, but Hughes was gone, nor could I find any trace of what had become of him. To this day I have never learned his fate, although I feel sure now, as I felt sure then, that he had in some way been murdered in his sleep by Rissler, and the body concealed in his own cabin until he saw an opportunity of disposing of it. That Rissler had discovered that his papers had been tampered with, and that he knew by whom it had been done, I felt sure, from certain questions he put to me, although he never once inquired where Hughes was.

And now something of the panic which had possessed my unfortunate comrade took hold of me also. I felt that I could not any longer bear the company of this man, unless something were done to clear up the mystery; that I should not be able to rest until I discovered who he was and what he was. I knew he would be going out that night on his strange errand, whatever it might be; and as Hughes had told me where he had put the keys of the cabin and of the box, I determined to solve the mystery for myself that same evening, cost what it might. I took the precaution, however, of getting out my revolver, and carrying it ready loaded in my pocket in case of necessity.

As I had expected, Rissler lowered the boat as soon as it was dusk, and started in the direction of the shore. I watched him well out of sight, and then I took the keys, entered the cabin, and opened the box, placing my revolver on the table at my side, in case of being disturbed. I am neither emotionable nor excitable, but to this day I have not forgotten the horror which seized me when I learnt who our mysterious visitor was. I will not go through a list of all the papers I had to pursue before I made the discovery. There were many of them, and it took me two hours or more to go through them. But I had soon read enough to know that this Rissler, as he called himself—this devil in human shape—was no other than the fiend who had been the prime instigator and schemer of every one of those horrible murders and atrocious outrages perpetrated by the wretches calling themselves Fenians. This man was the mysterious "Number One"—the head and centre of the whole hideous plot. There I found, *in embryo*, the plan of many of those inhuman murders and outrages which had filled the world with indignation. Here was an order, written by Rissler himself, containing full instructions and particulars for the murder of a whole family—man, woman, and child. Here was a scheme conceived with devilish cunning and ingenuity, for the destruction of hundreds of innocent persons, by the wreckage of a train; and here, a long list of persons (many of them names with which I was familiar) whom this wretch had condemned for "execution," as he called it, as "enemies of the cause and the country." And then I came across a document containing full particulars of a plot conceived by this Rissler, upon which all the dynamiters and Fenians of the world were at that moment engaged. It was a scheme, planned upon a most gigantic scale, for the destruction of London, and which if carried out (and I firmly believe it would be carried out, but for my discovery, and the events which followed it), must

have resulted in the slaughter of thousands of innocent beings. But I will not enter further upon the sickening details of what I read, except to refer to one more document. It was a copy of a letter from this Rissler, "Number One," as he signed himself, addressed to "Number Two," presumably his next officer in command. He said that the police knew of his being in England, and that, while the strictest watch was kept at all parts, to prevent his escape, the whole country was being scoured from north to south in search of him. He knew that, if he remained on land he must inevitably be taken, and his capture, he added, "meant the ruin of the cause." All chance of escape by sea was cut off, besides which he wanted to be somewhere where he could still keep up communications with his colleagues. And then he went on to speak of the lightship. He was perfectly secure, and no one would dream of his being there; and from that spot as vantage-ground he could direct and superintend the work of the "cause" all over England and Ireland, and would also have ample opportunity for communication with his brother workers.

He then came to the part of the programme referring to Hughes and myself. He had made all preparations for leaving the lightship when the time came. "In the side of my cabin," he wrote, "I have sawn through three sides of a large square, filling up the chinks as I went along, to prevent the water coming through. A smart blow from a good-sized hammer will snap off the fourth side, and there will be a square hole in the ship, big enough to sink her in five minutes. When the time comes for my departure, I shall drug, or otherwise settle the two men on board; get the boat lowered, with the oars in readiness, knock out the square in my cabin, jump into the boat, and make for Dry Beach Corner, where you will be waiting for me. 'Dead men tell no tales,' you know; and by this plan I shall dispose of the two fools in charge of the ship, as I have ascertained that neither of them can swim. It would not be desirable to have any inquiries about the mysterious stranger they had on board, and, by the above plan, everything will be pleasantly arranged for everybody."

No sooner had I read this precious document, than my mind was made up. The boy whose duty it was to bring us our provisions, etc., would be coming next morning, and I determined to slip into his hand a note to the superintendent of the nearest police-station, telling him whom I had on board, and asking that a guard might be despatched immediately to effect his capture. And I then carefully replaced the papers just as I had found them, locked the box and the cabin, and went above again.

I was only just in time, for I had not been on deck five minutes before I heard the splash of oars, and saw that Rissler was returning. He appeared to have no suspicion that his papers had been tampered with, and, in fact seemed inclined to be friendly; but I took good care, all the same, to carry my revolver with me wherever I went, and to have it where I could lay my hand on it at a moment's notice.

In the usual way it would have been Hughes' turn on watch that night, but as I was the only one left in charge of the ship, I had, of course, to do double duty till I could obtain assistance. However, watch or no watch, I determined not to close my eyes again while I had that man on board; and so I wrapped myself up in my great coat, and took my usual place in the after-part of the vessel.

In spite of my determination, I must have fallen asleep for some little time—how long I cannot say—but I was aroused at last by stealthy steps, and I could hear distinctly the sound of the boat being lowered. There was no doubt about it—Rissler was preparing for flight. He got everything ready, put the oars in, and then crept on tip-toe back to the cabin. And then the recollection of the square, with the three sides sawn through, flashed to my mind. In an instant I had leapt swiftly across the deck, swung myself over into the boat, and had rowed some twenty yards out from the ship's side. It was just as I had suspected. I heard the dull, heavy blow of the hammer thrice repeated, the crash of breaking wood, and then Rissler sprang on deck, and rushed to the side where he had left the boat waiting for him. Just at that moment the moon broke out

from behind a cloud, and shone full upon the doomed vessel, and upon the one solitary figure staring down in blank amazement at the spot where he had expected to find the boat. To my dying day I shall never forget the look of fury that passed over his face as the truth flashed across his mind. It was the look of a baffled fiend—the look of hell defeated.

"Foiled, by God!—and by a cur like that!" I heard him hiss to himself, between his clenched teeth; and then, even in the wan light of the waning moon, I saw that ghostly, glittering smile break over the livid face, and I caught the fang-like gleam of the white teeth as he suddenly dived over the side of the sinking vessel, and struck out straight for the boat with the vigor of a madman. I was seized with a panic, for I had been idly drifting with the waves, and never for a moment suspected such a movement on his part. I made a wild dash at the oars, let one of them slip in my hurry, and almost fell out of the boat in an ineffectual attempt to recover it. In another moment he was alongside, and I saw once more the hideous glitter of that devilish smile, as he noticed the predicament I was in. I seized the remaining oar, and stood up the farther end of the boat, waiting for him. His hands were grasping the gunwale his head was peering over the side, the eyes fixed upon mine like the eyes of a tiger. I made one wild, desperate lunge at him, but he ducked under, and in another second had wrenched the oar from my grasp, almost jerking me into the water as he did so. Before I could recover myself, the long, claw-like fingers were clutching the side of the boat again, and that devilish face was glaring into mine as he nerved himself for a final spring. I saw the hideous smile—almost triumphant this time—gleam and glitter in the moonlight, and then I drew my revolver from my pocket, pressed the muzzle almost to his very forehead, and pulled the trigger. I heard an awful cry, saw two dark arms suddenly upflung to the silent heavens and then the water—already curdled and clouded with a dull crimson—closed over his head, and I saw him no more.

I told my story to no one, for I feared that if it were made public one of that gang of human devils, of whom he was the leader, would be despatched to accomplish my "execution." So far, however, from suffering any remorse for my share in his death, I feel now, as I felt then, that, in wiping such a wretch from the face of the earth, I rendered an important service to humanity and to the world.

Dr. Charles Steele, in the *London Lancet*, suggests a simple, painless and reliable plan which any member of a family can adopt with a probability of success, before efforts at removal have driven the needle farther into the tissues. The plan is to apply at once over the point of entrance of the needle one or two thick felt corn plasters, the central opening of the plaster being over the point of the needle. The patient is then allowed to walk about a foot as before. The act of walking will be perfectly painless, for the plaster removes the pressure from the point of the needle. In a few days the needle works out through the opening, and can be extracted without danger. If the needle is broken off in the wrist or hand, instead of the foot, a smaller plaster can be applied and pressure obtained by an elastic wristlet or a light steel circular spring. This method has the merit of simplicity, and is one that can be applied at home when surgical aid cannot be obtained. Dr. Steele has always found it successful so far.—*New York Mail and Express*.

At a negro wedding, when the minister read the words "love, honour, and obey," the groom interrupted him and said, "Read dat again, sah; read it wunce mo', so's de lady kin ketch the full solemnity ob de meanin'. I'se been married befo'."

MYLIUS'S IRON and QUININE TONIC.

Provincial Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Last Thursday, Mrs. Alexander Brown was "at home" at Fitzroy Hall to a large gathering of guests, who enjoyed the afternoon very much.

We are exceedingly sorry to have to report the serious illness of Miss May Haviland, but are much pleased to hear that she is now "easier and out of danger."

Mrs. Parker Carvell, Miss Palmer and Miss Carey are spending a few weeks at Victoria.

Rev. E. A. Harris, rector of Malbone Bay has been visiting his relatives in Charlottetown.

His Honor the Master of the Rolls left for Georgetown, to preside during the session of the Supreme Court beginning to-morrow.

Our old friend Mr. C. R. Coker is here.

Hon. Senator Prowse paid us a flying visit on his homeward journey on Saturday last.

The Stipendiary Magistrate and Mrs. Fitzgerald with their family and Mr. Chalmers, are camping at Holland Cove.

Rev. Fred. E. J. Lloyd, was married last Friday to Miss Greer of Quebec, at Kensington by the Rector, Rev. Thos. Lloyd, father of the bride-groom.

Mr. David Stewart and Miss Dorothy Pope, (daughter of the late Judge Pope, are to be married at Summerside to-morrow, (Tuesday). Mr. Fred. Green, supports Mr. Stewart. Miss Amy Desbarris, Cousin of the bride, acts as bridesmaid. The Tennis Club, of which Mr. Stewart has been Secretary since its formation, have presented the bride-groom with a substantial assurance of their regards and well wishes.

Last week the Philharmonic Society held its annual meeting, to which all lovers of music were invited. "As matters will be discussed which affect the future existence of the Society." A new directorate was elected, but all other important matters were allowed to rest for a month or so.

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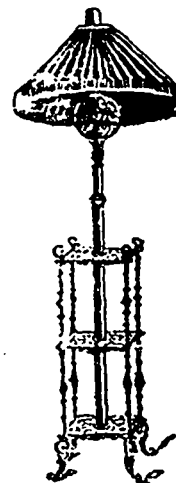
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Our Society.

Vol. I. HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1891. No. 31.

COLONEL NOYES, the subject of our Portrait this week, is now quite an old resident among us, and is probably more widely known than any other British officer on this station. He is Vice-President of the Curling Club and a prominent member of the Studley Quoit Club. With Mr. John Wylde he represented Canada in the International Chess Match with the United States, and has been most successful in a long series of correspondence games with some of the best players in Canada and the States. Colonel Noyes is also a rising member of the Virgin Lodge of Freemasons. On his departure from Halifax towards the end of the year, Col. Noyes will be regretted by a circle of real friends such as it takes most men a lifetime to form.

DIANA'S DIARY.

FRIDAY.—I got up early just to see what sort of day it was, and delighted to find it fine for I thought of my new frock and the Regatta. Did nothing all the morning but loaf. A couple of girls came in and bothered me talking about the Regatta.

Mamma would not go, such a nuisance. I do hate asking people to chaperon me. What is a mother for anyhow? However, I managed to get there. It was hot but it was pretty. I was sorry I had worn my new frock for when I got there Mr. M— asked me to go out in a boat with him. It would have been a lovely chance as mamma was not there; but alas! I could not. I envied the people in launches and some in boats and canoes. Those in canoes looked particularly comfortable. It was hot and stupid on the wharf. There were no programmes and you could not make out who the girls were or who won, as they all wore the same kind of dress. I thought it was not well managed. Mr. M— said it was slow but then he is no judge. We had tea just before the final heat at Mrs. Grier's, such a squash and a jam. One poor "middy" trod on my toe and another upset a cup of tea over me, but fortunately it only just touched my gown. Everyone was there and everyone looked well. The American bride was gorgeous, but the dress did not become her at all. A Mrs. Nordheimer from Toronto looked well, having on a white cloth trimmed with gold. I did enjoy the final heat, but was sorry to see that the Arm girls took first and second. I wanted the town girls to win. Arm girls are very stuck up and think no one can do anything but themselves. Now, I think and Mr. M— thinks that the town girls rowed best. They were all photographed. I tried to push myself to the front to be in it, with my new dress. I would like a photo of it. After they gave the prizes I left. I don't think I enjoyed it very much. It was hot, slow and stupid and to tell the truth I don't know much about rowing. I wanted to have been introduced to a Frenchman to air my French, but I couldn't. Madam at the Convent always said my French was good.

SATURDAY.—Like a good and righteous person, I went to market, why going to market early should make one feel virtuous I don't know, but it does. Market is a pretty sight on a fine morning, but a sad and dismal one on a wet. When I got home I found all my family very scratchy and I thought horrid, but perhaps they thought me the same, however, I could not stand them. and went out to see L—, who was trimming a hat and full of news and gossip.

I did not go to Mrs. Walter Jones' pic-nic, for an excellent reason not necessary to specify, except that I was not asked. So I went to the Yacht Club to see the race and hear the band. Mamma hates the Yacht Club, she says it is so dangerous. What is so dangerous I never can quite make out. Perhaps she thinks the balcony will come down and she will be precipitated into the sea. By the bye, can ladies who belong to members, wear the becoming uniform. I rather fancy myself in a yachting cap with a flag on it. It is more becoming to me than to most of the members who wear it. I never can understand a yacht race J— tried to explain it to me but I was no wiser at the end. I can't understand why the yacht that comes in first does not get the prize.

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SUNDAY.—A horrid rainy day; mamma made me go to Church. I did not want to go, for my mackintosh is very shabby and is not very swagger. J— came to tea, but mamma talked what she calls gossip to him all the time and I could not get a word in anyhow. I was glad when Sunday was over.

MONDAY.—Monday morning in a family is an awful time of it and this morning was one of the worst of its class. I slaved around the house and could not get out. Mamma dragged me off to pay visits, when there were such a lot of things I could have done. I wanted to go to Garrison Tennis but could not do so. Then there was Polo I could have gone to that, as I had an offer of a drive, and I have not been to Polo this year, I hear it is awfully good and awfully swagger to go. Only a few of the very smartest people turned up. One person I met told me she was going on a pic-nic to the Bedford Hotel, I wish I was. I love pic-nics to Bedford. However, I got through the visits splendidly and was rewarded by having a lovely time during the evening but I won't tell how.

TUESDAY.—I was so sorry to see it raining for the poor "Labour" people. I saw one or two truckmen pass the house riding their truck-horses, they looked funny. I like a procession and was going to see this one, will do so to-morrow. I was going to the Tennis to-morrow, but of course, that was postponed. So I did nothing all day but get my dress ready for the dance in the evening.

What a rain! and what a night, but I was glad I went I had such a good time, I only had four partners, but was engaged for every dance, so everyone must see what a good time I had. Poor mamma would not go, I think mamma has been neglecting her duties in a most shameful manner lately, I am going to complain. The floor was pretty good and the supper was very nice, although I have not got to the age when I care much about supper. I find it very hard to swallow things, my mouth is dry, I think it must be from excitement. If it had been a fine night there would have been delightful places in the grounds for "sitting out," I expected them at the garden-party. It was 4.15 a. m. when I got home, thoroughly tired out, and my beautiful semi-new dress torn to rags.

WEDNESDAY.—I spent all the morning recovering from last night, So did not see the procession. Had a good talk over the dance with M—, she was rather cross at first, for I flatter myself that I spoilt two dances of hers. Well, she brought it on herself.

Did a lot of Wednesday visits, under maternal patronage, not bad fun at one house, but all the rest were very slow indeed. In the evening went for such a jolly row on the harbour. Such a night, I never in my short life saw anything more beautiful than the harbour, with the moon rising over McNabs. We rowed round the American Yacht, they seemed to have a very jolly time on board.

THURSDAY.—Mamma says I cannot go to the dance at Wellington. She says I have been out enough this week, as though anyone could be out enough. Why it is impossible I am mad. What am I to do all day. Go to the Yacht Club I suppose in the afternoon, and do nothing all the evening. With this prospect before me, I won't write any more.

DIANA.

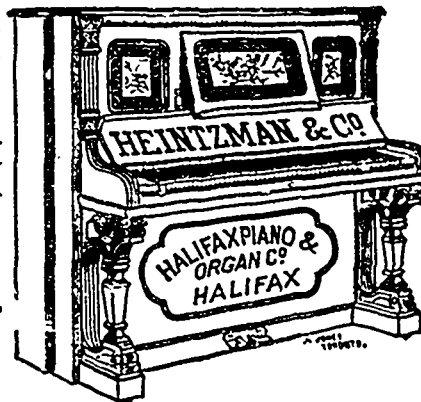
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SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER.

Mr. Editor from this time forth I am going to eschew Sunday night suppers, for in indulging in these luxuries, which by right belong solely to the bloated aristocrats, I am not acting fairly towards my digestion, nor to you. You will naturally ask, "How do these suppers effect me?" Well, the fact is, you ought to consider yourself shot as dead as the proverbial door nail, for last Sunday night by the aid of an unlimited supply of cold pork, cold vegetables, topped up with just a morsel of cold plum pudding, I, on retiring to what, in the language of the melo-dramist, is called "my virtuous couch," and on falling asleep—no very difficult task, considering the weighty business I had been attending to—dream't a dream, wherein you took a prominent part. I think you will agree with me that you did deserve the punishment I meted out you My dream.

"Here's a note for you from the Editor," were the words uttered by a grinning, half-starved looking printer's devil, who in disappearing added, "and he said as you was to go at once, and not go wasting your time on the Wanderers Grounds." The contents of the note was to the effect, written in your most dictatorial tone, that I was to attend the hanging of a man found guilty of murder and report thereon. I did think on reading this, that at last you had gone too far, and the proverbial worm would have to kick, but yet I bethought myself. No I will not! Because why? Well, just because it is my editor's power to put me through even a more trying ordeal than this. "Fancy his taking it into his head to send me to write up a City Council meeting." No; I will do my duty like a man, and pray to the immortal Gods, that I may be spared an infliction such as I suggested. While packing my portmanteau preparatory to starting on my journey, I could not help thinking as to what suit of clothes I should wear for the occasion, whether it would not be a nice, delicate little attention to the one most concerned, if I wore my best Sunday-go-to-meeting suit of black, instead of that class of suit beloved of actors, which puts them in the category of walking chess boards. I finally decided upon wearing a coat of a cerulean, hue thinking by this to lead the poor wretch's thoughts heavenwards, and by wearing knickerbockers I thought it might be a gentle reminder of his short continuance on earth. My journey to the scene of execution was not what one would call a happy one. I wanted to settle down but could not; I wanted to write a true and particular account of the whole business, but no words would come. I felt that there must be something wrong, how often, I thought, I have written on what I have not seen, and now why can I not picture to myself and portray in words the hanging of a man? All this and more passed through my mind as the train carried me on to my destination, which I eventually reached, but in such a state as not to quite know whether I was to pose as the gentleman whose neck was to be elongated, the gentleman who was to elongate that neck, or the person who was to report for Our Society. On arriving at the hotel, the name of which I would not give if wild horses had me in tow, I rummaged myself and on rummaging my pockets found your note which made me certain that it was a fact I had something to do for Our Society, now knowing that you were not the high sheriff of the county in which I found myself, I was certain that you could not have deputed me to carry out the dread sentence of the law, so on carefully weighing the matter, I came to the conclusion it was only to give a report of the performance I was commissioned.

As in duty bound, on my arrival I had to identify myself as a reporter by interviewing the one most vitally concerned. I was ushered, or rather pushed, my way, as is the wont of really good reporters, into the presence of the person who was on the morrow to leave this sub-lunary sphere for better or for worse. (Considering the climatic influences under which I am writing, his destination could not be much worse.) Now, can you imagine anything more ghastly than having to talk to a man who has to be hanged next day? You not being a parson, and therefore not being fit to be hanged, could hardly talk to him in a goody-goody style. Common-place talk is rather debarred, for it would hardly do to say, "You don't look very bright to-day, but I see, it's only bile; take a bottle of Carter's little liver pills, and you'll be all right to-morrow!" Nor again, would it be consoling to say, "Well, of all the weather I ever saw in June, this is the most awful, and by Jove, old Cogswell says we've got another ten days of it, and then a lot of fine weather!" And then being led away with this happy thought, you add with a burst of enthusiastic good will to all men, "Come down to Halifax, old chappie, stay with us over at the Arm. Cricket at the Wanderers, quoits at Studley, introduce you to our president, Mr. Wylde, good sort, rum punch, good bizz; then go back

to Academy, see Harkins' company, and—why, old fellow, you look pale. Good God! Forgive me, I forgot!" Fancy being let in for a thing like that! No! interviewing under these circumstances is a mistake, and should, in the language of some editors, "degenerate" into one look, one firm grip of the hand, and one long-drawn sigh, and exit. This I did. On my return to the hotel I found an order from the sheriff giving me permission to witness the event. This, in my eyes, even though I have been the recipient of hundreds of writs, Victoria, by the grace of God, etc., being the most ghastly document I ever received.

I went to the theatre, in the first act of the play and even though the murderess was as pretty as Miss Haswell I fled. I picked up a novel in the first chapter a murder had been committed. I went to bed. Great Heavens, what a night, the poor wretch in his cell passed just as comfortable a one. I awoke with a gleam of hope that someone or something had intervened to prevent the carrying out of the sentence. But no! At six o'clock with an awful sinking at the heart, and a fearful lump in my throat, I entered the gaol and mixed with other members of the third estate, we all looking just as miserable as the condemned, but trying to pass it off in that nonchalant manner, by which bar-tenders always recognize the newspaper man, when he takes "free drinks." At eight the bell tolled, and then we poor devils were conducted to the scene of execution. A little place this, but in bitter irony it seemed, scrupulously clean. To see a man hanged is bad enough in all conscience, but for the spectators to have to be within touching distance of the criminal is a little too much. How well I remember that room, the cheery tones of the hangman as he said, "Good morning, Mr. B. Oh, all right; sorry he's not here." "Good Lord," thought I, "I wish he was!" Then came the man's last moments, the chaplain reading the burial service, the culprit walked steadily to the scaffold. It was fearful to stand in front of him while being piioned. How he stared! His eyes seemed to have a mesmeric effect on all. The white cap was pulled down, the noose adjusted, the lever was pulled and the murderer passed from view.

"For weal or for woe
Is known but to One."

In departing with the saddest heart that ever beat in the bosom of man, I vowed I would shoot the man who had been the cause of my suffering. I bought a revolver, returned to Halifax, and shot my editor. The idea of the expected report awoke me. It will indeed be a long time before I partake again of a Sunday night supper.

Ubiqwe.

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PICKFORD & BLACK'S Agencies.

In addition to the routes mentioned on the outside cover, we beg to call attention to the following:

HALIFAX TO CHARLOTTETOWN,

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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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 Guaranteed.

A little while ago it was as common for actresses and prima donnas to float into popularity on a foam-crested wave of somebody's soap as for Governments to get stranded on the still water of somebody else's beer. The thing that was matchless for the complexion was also the best recipe for social and professional success. At present the fashion is slightly different; but it still consists in publishing facts of an entirely domestic character. As people were once interested in knowing that Mrs. Langtry washed herself with Pear's Soap, they are now, it would appear, gratified to learn that Miss Puffy, for instance lives with her mother. A startling fact, isn't it?—her very own mother. We lived with our mother for a while ourselves, though we never thought of making a fuss about it; but then, we never did know how to make the most of our advantage.

If 'Tot Fay Rothschild Vere de Vere
 And Bessie Bellwood you
 Would make the beak your name revere
 Or get them raise your screw:

If you, ye bookmakers would pose
 As angels in disguise,
 Or cabby'd have his fare suppose
 He "wouldn't tell no lies:"

If company-promoters long
 To gain the public trust,
 If preachers wish to draw a throng
 Until their chapels bust:

If politicians out of place
 Are dying to be in;
 If lawyers want to gain their case
 And turn their brass to tin:

All ye who wish to raise your charge
 Or rival quacks to smother,
 Go out and tell the world at large
 You're living with your mother!

Mr. Spurgeon and several other influential clergymen have thought it advisable to publish the following:—

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

"We, the undersigned, banded together in fraternal union, observing with growing pain and sorrow the loosening hold of many upon the truths of revelation, are constrained to avow our firmest belief in the verbal inspiration of all Holy Scripture as originally given. To us, the Bible does not merely contain the Word of God, but is the Word of God. From beginning to end we accept it, believe it, and continue to preach it. To us the Old Testament is no less inspired than the New. The book is an organic whole. Reverence for the New Testament accom-

LE BON MARCHE.

*** SHOW DAYS ***

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"Discount for Cash"

panied by scepticism as to the Old appears to us absurd. The two must stand or fall together. We accept Christ's own verdict concerning 'Moses and all prophets' in preference to any of the supposed discoveries of so-called higher criticism. We hold and maintain the truths generally known as 'the doctrines of grace.' The Electing Love of God the Father, the Propitiatory and Substitutionary Sacrifice of His Son Jesus Christ, Regeneration by the Holy Ghost, the Imputation of Christ's Righteousness, the Justification of the sinner (once for all) by faith, his walk in newness of life and growth in grace by the active indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and the Priestly Intercession of our Lord Jesus, as also the hopeless perdition of all who reject the Saviour, according to the words of the Lord in Matt. xxv. 46, 'These shall go away into eternal punishment,' are, in our judgment, revealed the fundamental truths. Our hope is the Personal Pre-millennial Return of the Lord Jesus in glory."

The object of this declaration is evident, and it will do far more good to the cause of the Christian Church than any amount of pulpit oratory. The points touched on are just those on which the mediocrity are most shaky; and this bold statement will do much to strengthen their faith.

It will do more than this; it will go far to protect the shaky members against the attacks of pronounced sceptics. For years it had been a point of great vantage to the sceptics that they could say, especially with reference to eternal punishment:—"Your clergy do not believe these things themselves; they say so from the pulpit, as in duty bound; but very few will tell you so in private, man to man."

And though this may sometimes be said with perfect truth, it will not count for much against such a confession of faith as the above, written over the signatures of men of the highest education and ability.

Every Churchman will recognize at once that this is the main point at issue in the Church of to-day, and indeed in each sect of it.

It is becoming more and more urgent that the Church should adopt one of two courses; either to stand firm on the old articles of faith, and force those who cannot heartily subscribe to them to secede altogether; or else to revise its creed and broaden its limits so far as to include all those whom it deems worthy of the name of Christians.

But unless it can clearly show that it believes all that it professes, it can never be safe against the attacks of modern scepticism.

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English Jottings.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING IN LONDON.—Ten years and two months have elapsed since, on April 1, 1891, the streets from London Bridge to Blackfriars, St. Paul's-churchyard, Cheapside, including both open spaces and narrow thoroughfares, were lit by what were then called the "Siemens system" and the "Brush system." High lattice posts supported clear glass globes at such a height above the pavement that it was fondly hoped that the atmosphere, about the transparency of which we so often complain, would tone down the shadows and subdue the glare. Unfortunately, the very contrary was found, and when, after many troubles, the premature attempt was abandoned, little or no effort was made by the contractors to renew the work, for it was not remunerative, and the public, so far from finding that they could not do without it, have almost forgotten that they ever enjoyed it, and it is only remembered as a rather unpleasant combination of flickering glare and exaggerated shadows. The inscrutable workings of fate, operating in conjunction with the hardly less intelligible doings of the Commissioners of Sewers, have so ordered matters that the revival of street lighting by electricity should fall at the summer solstice, and it follows that he who would criticise the result must make a special expedition to Queen-Victoria street, unless he be among those few stragglers who are detained there after nightfall. Such a special journey will be undertaken by but few enthusiasts, or by duty. The result appears not only to be satisfactory, but to have an air of permanence about it which says that it has come to stay. No part of London is so well paved, kept in such first-rate repair, so carefully cleaned in the small hours of the night, and generally looked after, as the city. The vestries, with their petty squabbles, and constant endeavors to make the rates go as far as possible, and to throw their burdens on to other shoulders, look after the streets with varying success. None of them have attempted to light their thoroughfares by electric light as yet, and we doubt whether the ratepayers would sanction the expense. In the meantime, we shall have an excellent opportunity of judging the comfort and usefulness of arc lighting, as shown in the city, and the details as to the height of the posts and the current required; and there can be but little doubt that while nineteen Londoners out of twenty are at present quite satisfied with the lighting of the streets by gas, they will gradually be convinced that an illumination ten times greater than that which they now have is absolutely indispensable to their convenience and safety.—*Electrician*.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, of Lew-Trenchard, Devon, a priest of literary tastes and most versatile talent—writing full-blooded novels and "devotional manuals" with equal success—has just been recording his impressions of the general "stage management," so to say, of Continental churches. Very amusing and entirely instructive are Mr. Baring-Gould's impressions. He considers the Church in France to be in the "most healthy state," which all persons who have heard otherwise (a vast number, by the way) will be glad to know. The prevalence of male sopranos in the choirs of Italian cathedrals and large churches is very abhorrent to Mr. Gould, who says, with a diction and emphasis worthy of the late Charles Reade, "the piping of the chunchs makes one long for a whip of cords with which to drive them forth from the temples of God." Bravo, Mr. Baring-Gould!

Mr. Baring-Gould is certainly a striking example of the *fin de siècle* clergyman. Some twelve months ago he organised a tour of certain towns in Devon and Cornwall with an "entertainment" consisting of a lecture (delivered by himself) on the old songs and folk lore of the two counties, the discourse being illustrated by songs and *tableaux vivants* rendered by regular "professionals," with all the usual accessories of scenery, costumes, limelight, and general "fit up." Mr. Baring-Gould's "company" travelled with their own acting manager, agent in advance, property man, and

what not, just like a regular "show," and was, I believe, extremely successful, both financially and otherwise.

Still we are bored with controversies, "questions in the House," and much other ridiculous comment on the subject of Mr. Calderon's picture of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. It is positively lamentable that representative men like the Duke of Norfolk and others should concern themselves in serious argument over an artist's treatment (truthful treatment, if one may credit contemporary chroniclers) of one phase in the existence of an absurdly idealised maniac, whose life was of no use to anybody, not even herself, and who (happily for those connected with her) died at an early age by means of a system of insane "self-denial"—practically suicide. It is to be hoped that the preposterous agitation against this picture will (like the "saint" in whose name it is supposed to be got up) speedily wear itself out in the exuberance of (not its own verbosity) but its own hysterical maundering. I daresay I shall be accused of "breaking a butterfly on a wheel" in thus seriously commenting on what must appear to many but an absurd trifle, but I think the matter wears one serious aspect: it shows only too plainly that the drivelling superstitions of the middle ages have by no means so completely departed from among us as all rational persons must have hoped they had.

The young girl who committed suicide by letting herself down into the bear-pit at Frankfort, is said to have been alive in the animal's clutches for full forty-five minutes. Much indignation is felt at the refusal of the keepers to shoot the animal, because it was a valuable one, though called upon by the bystanders to do so, and the two keepers have been arrested for manslaughter.

The harvest prospects in Russia are unfavorable and in certain provinces a famine appears inevitable, although holy water is being lavishly sprinkled on the parched fields. People are already on the verge of starvation, and a disease has broken out among them, their bodies being swollen out to enormous dimensions. They only have bread every other day, and then it is made of oatmeal mixed with tree-bark.

A pneumatic gun, which is, "almost noiseless, absolutely smokeless, and has no recoil," is the latest invention of an English engineer, Mr. Batt. Unlike other pneumatic guns, the projectile itself carries the store of air compressed, if necessary, up to 10,000 lb. per square inch.

A curious case of gross superstition was recently brought before the Criminal Sessions Court at Samara. Six persons were tried and sentenced to imprisonment for terms of various duration up to four months, for deliberately disinterring the body of a woman who had died of intoxication, and floating it down the Volga as a means of causing rain. It seems to be quite a fixed belief among the Russian peasantry that throwing the dead body of a drunken woman into the river is a sure cure of want of rain.

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THE THEOSOPHIST.

Mr. Keats, the theosophist, was a nice refined young student from the same hospital as Tanson, but so quiet about his powers that if he had not seen Coldboy reading a theosophical book one day they would probably never have been heard of.

The old gentleman was delighted at being in the same house with a theosophist. He had been reading principally of phenomena—of cigarettes which travelled invisibly on psycho-electric currents, of letters from Thibetan adepts found in the centre of pillows whose probity was above suspicion, and of the astral bodies of the adepts themselves, which sometimes appeared to their most favoured disciples; and his heart yearned towards the new-comer.

Mr. Coldboy being perfectly hungry for miracles, Mr. Keats borrowed his box of cigars and dispersed them on the mysterious currents all over the house, and for the next three days the old gentleman ransacked the house from basement to garret in his endeavours to recover them. Despite his utmost efforts he only found five, and the theosophist said that he had put on too strong a current and burnt them up. He said that Mr. Coldboy would find that the five which were left wouldn't burn well, a statement which Mr. Coldboy sorrowfully verified.

Three days later, when all the lodgers were sitting in the front parlour, a perfect shower of paper roses fell in the midst of them. Everybody was greatly impressed except Captain Green, and he swore disgracefully, as he fished an overblown specimen out of his whisky, and smacked the theosophist in the eye with it. He said that if the "Brothers" hadn't got anything better to do than drop dirty rubbish in other people's grog it was time they were taught. He said it was d——d ungentlemanly, to say the least of it, and it all came through not having been properly trained when they were young.

Mr. Coldboy was so horrified at this blasphemy that Keats told him that a "Brother," named Get-Homey-hall-Sing, who lived in Thibet, had conceived a great affection for him. The old gentleman was charmed, and soon found that the information was correct. Epistles from Get-Homey-hall-Sing turned up in the most inconvenient places, but generally in the interior of cushions or pillows.

Mr. Coldboy got so used to receiving epistles in strange places that he thought nothing of them. Once, when he had a friend in to dinner, the stuffing of the fowl he had provided proved to be a long essay from Get-Homey-hall-Sing on the transmigration of souls and incarnation, in which the writer stated most solemnly that the fowl was none other than Mr. Coldboy's late Uncle Bill. The two men looked at each other in consternation, and the friend, who had already eaten some, turned pale and said he'd go home. He said he'd had quite enough of Uncle Bill for one day, and he couldn't stay in the same house as the remains another minute.

A week later an event occurred which caused Mr. Coldboy to abandon theosophy and return to his every-day heathenism.

He had just retired for the night when he felt something hard under his left ear. In a moment he had lighted the gas and opened the pillow and discovered a chunk of wood on which was written the tender greeting, "Good night."

Mr. Coldboy, without any enthusiasm whatever, turned the gas out and returned to bed. Almost directly he crawled out, bored and annoyed, and lighted it again, and with the aid of his penknife disinterred a large clinker from the centre of the mattress, which was described as a sacred brick from the Thibetan monastery.

With the *billet-doux* on one side of his pillow and the brick on the other, the old gentleman fell asleep. He was awakened by a gentle tap, tap, tap at the window, and sitting up in bed, beheld a mysterious form standing on the window-sill.

Trembling with horror, Mr. Coldboy realised that this must be Get-Homey-hall-Sing himself, and hardly knowing what he was

about he snatched up the sacred brick and heaved it at him. There was a crash of broken glass and a shrill cry, and then the voice of Get-Homey-hall-Sing, hoarse with pain, was heard frantically urging somebody above the "Haul up."

As Mr. Coldboy gazed, he slowly ascended, and the now thoroughly aroused old gentleman sprang out of bed and threw up the sash just in time to see Captain Green and Tanson haul him in at Keats' window, and went to bed, and for the next three weeks the house was disturbed by guerilla warfare of a most blood-thirsty nature between the erstwhile theosophists.

ONE OF A GANG!

Miss Grip is a strong-minded old lady, who lives alone, save for a simple-minded maid-of-all-work. One day Jane announced that a man was coming up the front walk with about a gross of toasting forks on his arm.

"Go and tell him we do not want one," said Miss Grip. "He'll be one of a gang, sure enough. Those fellows only come to see if there is any chance of robbing the house. Or stay; I will go with you, and you shall hear how to talk to such scoundrels."

"Well! what do you want?" demanded Miss Grip of the pedlar.

"Please, ma'am, would you like to buy——"

"No! I don't want a toasting fork. But I can tell you all you want to know. My husband is a very powerful man and always at home. I have three grown-up sons, no umbrellas in the lobby, you see. The best silver is in a safe in the dining-room; a large dog sleeps there; the door is doublelocked, and the windows are iron-framed. We have also two dogs and a man-trap in the back-yard; and the wall is spiked."

As the pedlar walked away with an air of injured innocence Miss Grip remarked. "That is the way to talk to those fellows, Jane. They won't bother this house much, you'll see!"

Five minutes later up from the lower regions came Jane in a high state of excitement. "Oh, miss! while we were at a street-door, talking to that toasting-fork man, some-one has come in the back-yard, and stolen all the best silver and I don't know what out of the breakfast parlour!"

That some elements of Detroit society have enthroned themselves upon very lofty pedestals of virtue has been proved by the recent demand for the covering or at least partial draping, of nude figures in the Museum of Art there. The insertion of the legs of the Disc Thrower into a pair of chintz pantaloons, the adornment of the Dying Gladiator with a large metallic fig-leaf, and the furnishing of the Venus of Milo with a chest-protector resembling a huge hand-painted sand-bag, all tend to show what virtue can do when it gets an early start.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

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WEEK
BEGINNING Monday, July 27th.

COMIC OPERA,
New York Bijou Opera Company

In one of the best Comic Operas,

"THE PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE."

USUAL PRICES.

Here is a good story of the late Tranby Croft scandal, taken from an English paper:—

"How deep a hold this scandal has taken upon the popular fancy a little incident which happened to myself may go to show. I was coming home late the other night from my club, when an urchin, undaunted by the fact that I held a lighted cigar between my teeth, persisted in striking matches in front of me and offering a light. When I sent him about his business, he pleaded hard for a copper to obtain the chronic night's lodging. I truthfully confessed I had not one with me. Then he stopped suddenly, and, looking up knowingly, said "Beg pardon, sir, but might I make so bold as to ask if you have a baccarat counter with you? I left mine at San'rin'am, and I spects to meet a friend to-night." From any Radical his wit would have earned for him sixpence, but from me and my empty pockets it merely evoked a loyal sigh."

The Prince of Wales is referred to as the Gordon-Coming, King of England.

According to this Prince Victor is having his customary "good time" It sounds a little more exciting than Halifax:—

A SENSATION AT A RECEPTION.

"Society is startled by a remarkable incident which happened at Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh's reception.

"His father though a coward and a sneak, was physically a fine-fellow and he took a fancy to a ballet girl at the Alhambra who was known as Florrie. As he smothered her with diamonds, she became known as the Maharance, and this in course of time became contracted to Marini, by which name she is now known.

"Prince Victor favors the society of the lemon-squash drinking boys, a number of whom were present at the party, among them young Lord Craven, a clean-shaven, effeminate creature, whose principal dissipation consists of smoking small cigarettes in an amber holder set with diamonds.

"In the course of the evening a charming silent play or pantomime by Mr. Augustus Moore, the editor of the society paper the Hawk, was produced with little Miss Norreys.

"Mr. Moore was naturally enough present at the production of this fanciful play, and after the performance Lord Craven, addressing the author, protested against Mr. Moore's denunciations of Mr. Charles Paston Cooper's imprisonment in Paris for complicity in the celebrated Rue de Penthièvre scandals.

"Mr. Moore was thunderstruck at this, but with the best possible grace suggested that for an English nobleman to champion such a nameless cause was the reverse of desirable.

"Lord Craven still, however, stuck to his guns and denounced the comments on the conduct of his friend Cooper, so Mr. Moore cut short the conversation by saying, very quietly, but with a degree of reserved force: "I cannot shut you up, Lord Craven, but I can knock you down if this conversation proceeds any further, I shall."

"It will be remembered that Mr. Moore was the gentleman who was selected by the "butterfly artist," Mr. Whistler, as the object of an attack at Dury Lane Theatre some little while ago, which furnished a good deal of gossip at the time, and Mr. Whistler with the occasion to rearrange his celebrated white tuft."

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Undertakers and Embalmers,
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INFANTS' CLOAKS AND HATS A SPECIALTY.

THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN'S outfit is incomplete without a bottle of the "**SHOO-FLY REPELLENT**," a protection against the bites of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Sand Flies, Gnats, &c., prepared at the

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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.

Provincial Notes.

LIVERPOOL.—Summer has fairly set in, and the season for pic-nics, boating, ice-cream parties and strawberries is now on. Liverpool is A. 1. for boating, as we have "up the river," and "down the bay" to choose for that purpose.

Dr. J. C. Farish returned from Europe last week. Our old friend, Charles DeWolfe, is home on a visit from Kansas. He gives an amusing description of a "pow-wow," he witnessed between N. S. officials and Indians, when the latter received payment on account of reservation lands, and the squaws indulged in parasols and other finery, the store-keepers reaping a rich harvest.

Mr. and Mrs. McCormick and the Misses Beardsley are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Haliburton.

Mrs. Heber Williams of New York is on a visit to her native town, with her two daughters. After an absence of many years Mrs. Williams undoubtedly finds much change.

Several other visitors are here making the town quite stirring.

Mr. and Mrs. Beamer left yesterday on their return to the States. They had a very enjoyable visit, and were much pleased with Liverpool. Garden strawberries abundant.

!

Say, Come in and See Us!

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

We keep in stock many things not usually kept by Grocers generally. Try our Royal Beefsteak Sauce, and Imperial Tomato Ketchup, as sold by us by the pint, quart or gallon.

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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TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene.
Sister, lemme see your ring.
HIS SISTER:—Why Tommy?
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WHEN YOU WANT ME AGAIN
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YOU HAVE TO BUY A NEW ONE,

IF

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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
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