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OUR SOCIETY

A

WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., JULY 3.

No. 31.



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153 GRANVILLE STREET

This week has been one of the dullest on record. In the early days of "Our Society" we used to say, "Just for a little while, kind readers, bear with our want of news, wait till the Fleet comes again, and see what a variety of sports and pastimes we shall have to chronicle." And behold! The Fleet is with us, and things are slower than ever.

Of course, the rain has a great deal to do with it, after all. Last week we simply couldn't squeeze in all the sporting news,—cricket, lacrosse, racing, tennis, in fact, everything. And now for seven blessed days no one in Halifax has handled bat, ball, quoit racket, oar, or in fact anything but the handle of his umbrella.

And then, as to society and shopping, and all that sort of thing, it's simply no use mentioning them; society consists is one long monotonous wail about the weather, and extraordinary scientific investigations into the exact phase of the moon; while shopping, considered as a fine art, is practically extinct. Some few brave ladies have ventured as far as Mahon's and Crowes and Le Bon Marche, but whether they have returned home yet has not been ascertained.

What a grand thing it must be in these days to be a tobaccoist! Indeed, we envy Mr. Sarre; one can do without many things rather than get a wetting, but who ever smoked less than usual just because it rained all day? It is a common experience for a man to find his tongue just as hot after a spell of bad weather as though he had had a half-a-dozen Sundays running.

To return to our muttoms, there's no society in Halifax this week, though no doubt, to-morrow will bring forth the usual columns from the usual spinners of fine yarns, who would find themselves in the vortex of a whirl of gaiety in the Sahara. We must own to having found more interesting matter abroad.

All who had the pleasure of being at the undermentioned entertainment will appreciate the rich humor of the clipping which we give. It is taken from the last week's *Progress*, and we would advise the charming young lady who writes this paragraph in that paper to be more thoroughly up in her news and more partial in her comments on parties at which she was not present, before she writes about them. This is the clipping:

"Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Jones, gave a very delightful at home at their residence, North West Arm, on Monday of last week. The afternoon was spent by the guests in wandering about the charming grounds; there was tennis for those who cared about it, and during the afternoon ice cream and refreshments of all kinds were served in the large summer house on the grounds, and also in the spacious dining-room within doors. Among the numerous guests were, Sir George, Lady and Miss Watson Mr. and Miss Lynch, Mr. James, Mrs. and Miss Thompson, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Farrell, Miss Stairs, Mr. MacDonald, Capt. and Mrs. Mullins, Dr. Barefoot, Capt. and Mrs. Rolphe, R. N., Mr. and Mrs. Corbett, Dr. and Mrs. Grier, Mr. and Mrs. George Franklin."

Invitations are out for a dance at "Gorse Brook" next week. We are glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Uniacke amongst the hosts, and hope that will be only the beginning of many entertainments. "Gorse Brook" is one of the most charming and beautiful places in or about Halifax, with its old-fashioned but comfortable house, its well kept lawns and beautiful trees and vines. It always reminds us more of the beautiful English country mansion than any other property in this peninsula.

At last on Wednesday the Polo club got a good day and had an excellent game, in spite of the somewhat heavy ground. Capt. Jenkins has got down from Toronto three new ponies, they are of the cobby kind, and ought to make servicable ponies for polo, although they will want some schooling. We believe it is his intention to let them out to those members of the club who have not animals of their own or who are in need of an extra nag.

It is reported that Lady Macdonald is to be made a Peeress. It has been suggested that the Baroness Johnhay would be a good title for her to adopt.

Mr. McGowan has sent "The Tramp," the well-known pony, down to Barry Woods' to be trained, we believe, for the Autumn races. It is evidently with him win or die. But we would advise him to give it up, for "The Tramp," no matter how fit, never was, and never will be a match for "Mignonette."

We hear that the latter has been sold, and to a military gentleman, and is to be sent on to Boston and Newport for the races. We don't know if this is true, but we should most certainly doubt it.

It is said that a well-known Society lady has an extremely valuable chair made by Louis Quatorze, an exceedingly, she says, well-known Parisian maker.

We hear of many of our readers who backed our tips in the races having made quite a lot of money.

H. M. S. Pylades, Capt. Young, left for Hayti on Wednesday. Mrs. Young leaves for England on Monday.

There is no doubt that by the gradual progress of events "Dominion Day" is becoming more and more recognized and kept here. The generation that knew not the stirring times of "Confederation" are springing up, and their sympathies are not so keen, nor their hatred, one might say, so marked. To the older generation July 1st, instead of being a general holiday and day of rejoicing, will be, and always will be, a day of mourning and sorrow. It comes hard on Government officials and operatives who were not allowed a holiday on June 22nd, when there was plenty for them to do and to go to. All turned loose on a day which is not a civic holiday with absolutely nothing to do or nothing to amuse themselves with, therefore we think it would be better if we in Halifax tried to bury the old feeling and make up our minds to celebrate a day which is celebrated over the whole of Canada to which we belong.

Mrs. John Duffus is having a large and fashionable tea this afternoon, (Friday), the invitations are numerous and we believe the guests are asked to meet the charming American bride, Mrs. John Miller. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are staying at the Waverly where she has been receiving the visits of "all society" during the last ten days. Mr. Miller is quite an addition to Halifax society, and we can only hope that she will either stay here for good or will make an exceedingly long visit.

Mr. Sandford Flemming and Miss Flemming arrived from Ottawa last week to spend their usual pleasant summer at "The Lodge." Mrs. Eeskaw is to arrive shortly, and we hear she will take up her abode at "Maple Wood," which has become quite a fashionable place this summer.

Everyone who passes along Tower Road must have noticed two exceedingly striking houses, that have been built on the left hand side, near Inglis St. One is to be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Naylor and the other by Mr. and Mrs. James Lyons. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons will be quite an addition to the South-end, having hitherto lived in the "far north."

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 Cottage on the North-West Arm, which affords excellent Bathing, Boating, etc.

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

MOUNT ST. VINCENT'S FESTIVAL.

George Moore in that most excellent and clever book of his, "The Drama in Muslin," describes in master-strokes the closing exercises of a convent; all are much alike and all are exceedingly interesting. Somehow or other nothing makes one moralise or ponder over the things of this world more than the closing festival of a girls academy. It is much more impressive than that of a male institution and much more grave and much more pathetic in a way. If an ordinary occasion of this kind is interesting that at Mount St. Vincent on Tuesday was doubly so, it was so dainty, fresh, wholesome and thorough and even the most hardened could not fail to be impressed with the overwhelming feeling of goodness that reigned supreme.

After some difficulty about the trains we arrived there in good time and before the entertainment began, inspected the show of needle work and painting under the chaperonage of one of the good sisters. We were more than struck with the excellence of some of the fancy work, which was of a very bright character, dainty in design and strong in the carrying out. One in particular, a cushion, worked by Miss Putner, was exceedingly beautiful. Soon we were gathered in the large Hall waiting for the entertainment to begin. Amongst those in the audience we noticed His Grace the Archbishop, Rev. Father Murphy, Rev. Father Daly, Rev. Father Carmody, the Hon. Attorney-General, Col. and Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. Wm. Tobin, Mrs. Wallace Graham, Mrs. Lawrence Power, Mrs. James Dwyer, Mrs. Edward Farrell and Miss Farrell, Mr. Courtney, Dr. and Mrs. Jones, Dr. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Putner, Prof. and Mrs. Currie, and many other well-known people.

The Hall looked remarkably well, and one could not but admire the pretty scenery and well-painted drop scene. Everything looked so secure and stationery, as if it was what it meant to be, differing thus, much from ordinary amateur entertainments. The programme was as follows:

Battle March of Priests in Behalia.....	Horn.
Chorus.....	Randegger.
Selections—Violin.....	
Music—Nessay.....	
	Miss Angela Murphy.
Vocal—Scotch Melody.....	
	Miss K. Curren.
Adieux de Marie Stuart.....	
	Miss B. Laurence.
Serenade—Vocal.....	Gund.
	Miss L. Precourt.
Essay—A Woman's Kingdom.....	
	Miss G. Tobin.
Sognai—Vocal.....	Schirma.
	Miss Murphy.
Instrumental.....	Veller.
Quartette—The Arrow and the Song.....	
Lallah Rookh.....	Mounce.
	(Dramatised by one of the teachers.)
One morn a Peri at the gate of Eden stood disconsolate.	
Spinner lied.....	F. Liszt.
	Miss M. White.
Instrumental.....	

It would be impossible to choose from this varied programme the thing that pleased us most, but we think the cleverest, most original and careful was the essay "A Woman's Kingdom" by Miss G. Tobin. It was carefully and authorgraphfully written, and read in a most pleasing and unaffected manner. Miss Tobin

MYLIUS'S IRON and QUININE TONIC.

thoroughly deserved all the compliments showered upon her for her exceedingly clever attempt. Miss Katie Curren's Scotch song was pleasing to hear. The dramatization of Lallah Rookh, an exceedingly difficult thing to do, and one that we would not like to undertake by any means, there being many rocks on which women strike, was a credit to the dramatist. The most effective scenes were the two last, especially the last, which made a tableau impossible to realize in beauty. The shyest girlish figures robed in white, with their sweet, pure faces, and the rays of an indescribable pale pinkish purple light from stained glass windows was a sight not likely to be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of seeing it.

His Grace distributed the honors and prizes to the deserving pupils, and nothing could have been prettier than the manner of receiving them. After this we had some speeches by His Grace the Archbishop, the Attorney General and Mr. Motton. Mr. Longley's speech was as his sketches, always clever and to the point. Mr. Motton's reference to the violin bows, set the whole of the girl performers in fits of tittering. Then the performance was over and we all adjourned to the tea-rooms, where the good Sisters of the Convent, had spread a bountiful tea which all the guests enjoyed, and every one was sorry when the time came to rush off and catch the train for town. It was like going out into the cruel world again after being in a calm and peaceful abode.

Mount St. Vincent is a flourishing, and rapidly growing institution, and as it stands at present one that reflects the greatest credit on the energetic Sisters to whom its rise is due, and long may it increase and prosper is the earnest and heartfelt wish of all its friends, and they are many.

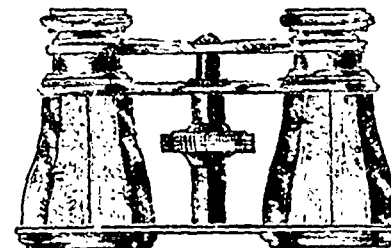
The Windsor Games were highly successful, as we anticipated, though the Wanderers' did not carry off quite so many events as we expected. Their list of honors is a good one, all the same:—

100 yds. (2nd.)	G. H. Bower.
High Jump, (1st.)	H. L. Ruggles.
Pole Jump, (2nd.)	" "
220 yds. (1st.)	G. H. Bower.
440 yds. (1st.)	G. H. Bower.
120 yds. Hurdles (1st.)	W. H. Henry.
880 yds. (1st.)	H. W. Mackintosh.

Thus the Wanderers carried off 5 first prizes out of 12.

Dr. and Mrs. Oliver leave town to-day for a three weeks visit to the Upper Provinces.

THEATRE-GOERS, PATRONS OF OPERAS AND CONCERTS KNOW HOW UNSATISFACTORY IS A POOR OPERA GLASS.



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The Masonic Hall is still crowded every night, not only by the youth and beauty, but also by the aged and infirm of the 44,000 — no, not for worlds will we give the exact census taken — fold of our citizens. Mr. Somerby has shown conclusively that a 10 cent show, such as he has provided, is a small gold mine. But of course, we must remember that all "dime" exhibitions are not carried out on the same lines. The great attraction this week has been Miss Miller, the Fat Lady whom we may mention would have come here by the Halifax, but that there was no state-room sufficiently large to accommodate such an amount of adipose tissue. There is no doubt but that Miss Miller is a great, a *very great* attraction, but whether that which makes her so attractive, is conducive to her own comfort is, well, it is a matter for her to decide. We see that on Saturday night Mr. Somerby gives away spoons for the prettiest girl in the house. By-the-bye, is there not something apropos in connecting spoons and pretty girls? Now the query arises, "Who is to be the judge?" We have in this office many young men, who would face a lioness cuddling her cubs, look Mr. Motton in the face without quailing, put their thumbs to their noses at Mr. Inspector Macksey, and yet one and all flatly refuse to be mixed up in this business. We trust that Mr. Somerby will have as great a measure of success in the town he is billed to visit as he has had here.

The *Encenia* at King's College, Windsor, went off very successfully from beginning to end, and drew an unusually large number of visitors from Halifax.

The following degrees were conferred:—

M. A.—Dr. H. P. Jones, and Rev. E. Lawlor.

B. Sc.—W. F. Campbell, B. E., and K. Weatherbe.

B. A.—W. L. Payzant, J. A. Payzant, and K. Weatherbe.

The Binney Exhibition was awarded to A. B. deMille; Bishop's prize to C. G. Abbott; Alma.—Welsford testimonial to T. B. Allison, and Bishop Walker's prize to C. G. Abott.

The *Conversazione* and Ball were crowded with visitors, who all seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

Upper Canada College played Trinity College, at Toronto last week and won by 6 wickets.

Dr. Cowie is now residing at 25 Morris Street.

The Harkins' Company at the Academy have not received that share of patronage which the class of performances merit. Opinions may differ as to the choice of plays put on, whether suitable for Halifax or not; but still the fact remains that each one has been put on in a satisfactory manner. We certainly cannot be enthusiastic over Captain Swift the only one in the caste who's part really suited him being Mr. Snader, he deserves every commendation, not only for the part he took in this, but also in the others he has taken since. Miss Arthur, this visit has made more friends even than before, and in *Woman against Woman* was able to show of what metal she is made, but still we would impress upon her the importance of marking in the sentimental portions of her part that imaginary line which divides the sublime from the ridiculous. Mr. Lionel Bland has acted consistently well, his Jacob Fletcher being perhaps his best effort, though even here the before mentioned line was nearly overstepped. One word as to the play *Woman against Woman*, we certainly do not consider it is the best that can emanate from a great brain, it strikes us being a little play too-well too, much for the "unco guid" and not quite "warm" enough for ordinary mortals.

In congratulating the management in the manner in which the plays have been put on, we are sorry that we cannot do the

same by some members of the audience. Simply because a play does not suit the wayward feelings of a certain clique who may take seats in the Academy, members of that clique seem to think that when they buy tickets from Mr. Wilson, they purchase at the same time, the prescriptive right of annoying others who paid their money, and insulting those who are trying to give them pleasure? If such a privilege is accorded to those people who one night last week, so far forgot their position, as to make themselves a laughing stock ever since, surely those, who were deprived the pleasure of listening to what was going on, on the stage, should claim a rebate on the money paid.

We have just invested in a new cooking machine, the "Peerless," which strikes us at first sight as one of the simplest and cleanest arrangements yet introduced into the market. One great advantage it has over the ordinary steam cooker, is a steam whistle, ingeniously designed so as to sound for a quarter of an hour before the water supply is exhausted. This relieves the anxious house-keeper from the trouble of constantly watching.

A GREAT COMPOSER.—"No, doctor," said the musical critic, who had been discussing the development of the divine art in Australia, "we have no great composers in this country." "I beg pardon, sir, but I believe we have one great composer." "The name, please?" "Chloroform!"

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TWO ARTFUL SCHEMERS.

THE SCHEMERS.

It was not absolute destitution, nor were the two heroes afflicted with the modern pessimism that looms so largely in the literature of the day; on the contrary, Ted Delaunay, chronically hard up, always took a rosy view of his surroundings, and Jimmie Bell's methods might be described as characterised by perennial boyish vivacity; moreover, he was blessed with a happy disposition and a sunny temperament, and debts.

Mr. Edward Delaunay was in the War Office, salary £180 per annum—"perfectly ridiculous," he acknowledged, and always laughed about it; and Jimmie Bell had top-floor chambers in that funny little court off Holborn, known as Barnard's Inn. Now, if anything would damp a man's spirits and render him a prey to gloomy forebodings, a daily residence in the smoke-begrimed dinginess of Barnard's Inn ought to do it; but, bless your eyes, Mr. James Bell would sit at the open window and gaze into the little dead-alive square with the liveliest satisfaction. He used to speculate about the antique-looking houses opposite and wonder when they would fall in from old age, admire the straight simplicity of the three lamp-posts, and reason whether the stunted trees intended to have a leaf this summer—not that he cared, he said, the country was good enough for him, and when he wanted leaves he knew where they were. He was perfectly fearless about briefs—that is, he never got in a fright about any coming his way.

Like many other youthful barristers, he did press work. He had lately written an amusing though thoughtful article, entitled, "A New Way to Remove Old Wrinkles," which had been at once published in the "London Lady's Journal," a rich, influential, and widely-circulated paper. Jimmie Bell was sitting at the open window with the cheque in his pocket, smoking expensive cigars, a box of which he had ordered but had not paid for; he had also a crumpled-up note in the other pocket from the editor, saying he would be glad of another article upon the same topic. It seems there had been a run on the paper that week, and the buyers were not all women. Wrinkles are the bane of fashionable life. A Jewess had once told Bell how to get rid of them, hence his mysterious knowledge.

It never rains but it pours. The postman coming upstairs handed him a letter; it proved to be from an American editor, and contained a cheque for a hundred dollars. Bell smoothed it out on his writing table, opened a bottle of ale, and returned to the open window.

"I shall go to the country to-morrow and see if there are any leaves." This airy remark was made to Mrs. Baggs, the char-woman of the chambers, who had entered in a desultory way after the postman, and was now supposed to be sweeping up the next room. In reality she was making a frightful dust.

Mrs. Baggs was accustomed to take things literally. Her life was too hard to develop humour; she always had a tired, set expression. She was likewise inured to all and any kind of remarks from "her gentleman," and merely asked if "Mr. Bell was comin' back immedjately, as she might have a spring cleanin', bein' considered wholesome this time o' year, a matter of two shillins for the ole day."

"You can spring-clean all over the place, Mrs. Baggs, only don't touch my desk. I'll be away two or three days, no doubt."

To tell the truth, he had not expected to receive the American cheque so promptly; it was in payment of a long and vivacious article he had written under the remarkable title of "Royal Rabbits," which was simply a number of minute details respecting European rulers, their numerous offspring, their lives, what they did with them, and how well paid they were for living.

America, generally speaking, revels in the daily details of Royalty, the inside track of State junketings, and the bottom facts of aristocratical error, though they pretend they do no not; most amusing pretence, which their newspapers typographically deny every day.

About half past four Ted Delaunay walked in, having finished reading the "Times" at the War Office, and otherwise got through the official hours; the two men greeted each other with the informality of old friends.

"Take a cigar?" said Bell. "They're Espanolas." His friend selected one from the box.

"I was just admiring the view."

"O hang the view," said Delaunay, "do you know, Jimmie," he continued laughing, "it's most ridiculous, but I'm hard up."

"Never mind."

"No, I know it doesn't matter at all; but I've lately been thinking out a scheme to settle ourselves—it seems monstrous that you and I at our age cannot do as we like. Let's see, how old are you?"

"I'm twenty-eight."

"And how much do you consider you are worth?"

"I'm worth five thousand a year."

"Well! that's the figure I compute myself at."

"Oh, then—have you heard of the heiress?" (It will be seen by this that the conversation had turned upon an old subject of theirs.)

"I have."

"Good! how old is she?"

"An elderly forty."

"She's not fifty is she?"

"Well, you know how difficult it is to tell a woman's age."

"Is she in town, Ted?"

"No, she lives at Park Lodge, Compton-road, Eastbourne, and she's got our figure, £5,000 a year."

"Good! What are you going to do?"

"We're going to save her life."

"But it isn't in danger, is it?"

"Not yet—but that can be arranged."

"That's all very well," commented Jimmie Bell, lighting a fresh cigar, "but," talking between the pulls, "I don't see it—two men can't—puff—marry one woman."

"Now listen. You remember my cousin, Amy Tudor? Well, of course, her father has smashed; most ridiculous, all her family are out and abroad; Amy, cleverest of the lot, has gone as a companion to this Miss Carmichael of Eastbourne. Now, I should want your assistance or you would want mine, so we'll toss up who proposes for her. Lend me half-a-crown to toss with."

Bell gave him the coin.

"Whoever wins the toss goes in for the heiress, and upon the marriage day pays to the other one—that is, the loser—£1,000 cash down, in consideration of his affording the uttermost mutual help and sympathy during the courtship."

"That seems fair and reasonable," said Jimmie Bell.

"Here, Jim, you'd better toss up," exclaimed Delaunay, suddenly growing and looking comically nervous. "I made the scheme, you know, so you'd better toss."

Bell span the coin and caught it.

"Woman! Sudden death!" cried Delaunay.

"It is," remarked the spinner. "You've got her, old fellow—I'll see you through—when shall we go down?"

"Have you got anything else to drink except beer? I'd like a brandy seltzer."

"Brandy's in the cupboard—I say," raising his voice, "Mrs. Baggs, just run over and order in a dozen seltzer at once. Better bring two or three bottles with you."

Mrs. Baggs, who always worked with her bonnet on, appeared for a second, dusty and dispirited, asked if she was to pay for it, and receiving an answer in the negative, slowly clattered downstairs, along the paved passage, past the quaint Hall of the Inn, stopped a few minutes to pass the time o' day with a laundress she met with a basket of clothes; drifted into Holborn a tired speck in a hurrying throng, and got lost down a side street.

"Look here" said Jimmie Bell, looking highly elated, "we'll

go and dine somewhere to-night—it's splendid," and he went into a fit of laughter, recovered himself, and continued, "We can arrange the whole campaign best over dinner, eh?"

"You needn't be so beastly hilarious," exclaimed Delaunay.

"No! old fellow, it isn't that. I'm just going over to the coachman's. Open the seltzer when it comes," and the speaker tore down the stairs like a schoolboy going for a holiday.

It should be explained that Mr. James Bell, barrister-at-law, not having any banking account, generally had his cross cheques cashed by his coachman; that sable tradesman simply stipulating that Mr. Bell should always allow him to deduct whatever might be owing at the time and as he not only had a coal-yard, but purveyed eggs and milk, there was generally an account, large or small as the case might be.

"It's a nuisance, of course," said Bell to his croney, "seems a pity to pay one tradesman in full, spoils the others, makes 'em tiresome, no confidence. Well, come along now, we'll go to St. James' and dine."

II.—"THE WOOING OT."

Most things can be achieved by determined men; the introduction was the easiest and most natural thing in the world. As Bell and Delaunay, faultlessly got up, sauntered slowly along the Marine Parade at Eastbourne, enjoying the breezes, listening to the strains of the town band and critically eying the passers-by—one might say stargazers, in view of the immense amount of fixed gazing that goes on by sea fronts—Mr. Delaunay bowed and stopped to speak a moment to a handsome dark-eyed girl, his cousin Amy, who was walking alongside an elderly lady who had just alighted from a victoria by the Cavendish Hotel, and in a natural order of events an introduction followed.

"Your cousin? Oh, indeed, Amy. Are you staying any length of time, Mr. Delaunay?"

"My friend, Mr. Bell—allow me to have the pleasure—and myself have just come down for a few days, Miss Carmichael. What a charming invigorating place Eastbourne is? Pretty town, bright and Continental-looking. I'm sure Amy is very fortunate in living in such a beautiful place."

"You cannot think, Mr. Delaunay, what a change it is from Scotland, where I lived until very recently;" and so on, little conversational tags that meant nothing, but served the young men's purpose by verbally breaking the ice. Little that poor lady who had lived so long in Scotland recked of the Southern's design upon her.

"I like Eastbourne," said Jimmie Bell that evening after dinner; and later that night he settled down with a book of Lavater, a lengthy treatise upon alcoholic skin-invigorators, and a bottle of essential oils, and began his second article upon the Erasure Wrinkles. There were certain emotions that creased the face, according to Lavater, more than anything else—such as immoderate laughter, or anxiety about money matters; so Jimmie Bell sat down with the sunniest of smiles, and commenced writing. Delaunay had filled his cigar-case and gone to the theatre. He said he needed distraction, and the sea air made him feel lively.

The next morning the two men, one of them leading a small dog (this was Delaunay's id.), arrived before the gates of Park Lodge and halted. Delaunay referred to his watch and made calculation; judging by the time they had met the ladies yesterday, that they might be expected to issue down the carriage drive in another five minutes. They lit cigars and strolled away; returning, Bell gently took the dog from Delaunay, slipped its leash off, and deliberately kicked it across the road.

The little animal yelped considerably as Delaunay caught it. Carriage wheels sounded behind them; Ted adroitly pinched the terrier's tail, its yelps were redoubled; he soothed it, and turned round, and—

"Why," said Miss Carmichael to Amy, "I do believe it's Mr. Delaunay; whatever can be the matter?"

The two men bowed, and the dog yelped again.

Miss Carmichael stopped the carriage.

"Is it hurt, Mr. Delaunay? Poor thing."

"A man," exclaimed Jimmie, "deliberately kicked this poor little beast right across the road by that gate-entrance, and Ted—I mean Mr. Delaunay—caught the animal. He says he doesn't think any bones are broken."

"Dear me," said the charitable Miss Carmichael, "how shocking! It's very kind of Mr. Delaunay, I'm sure. Would you,"—she hesitated, turned to Amy Tudor, then after a momentary conversation, "it would be dreadful if the animal were hurt and left on the road. Would you mind—Amy thinks I might trespass on your good nature, Mr. Delaunay—taking it up to the house?"

"Which house, Miss Carmichael?" asked Jimmie Bell, with the bland innocence of a courteous stranger.

"Park Lodge, there, that is my house, and ask Mrs. Joyce, the housekeeper, to care for it till I return; it seems a pretty little dog, and a Dandie Dinmont, I declare."

"It's a kind suggestion of yours, replied Delaunay, "which I will gladly carry out."

"Thank you. Shall we see either of you gentlemen on the front?"

"We cannot have that pleasure," said Bell readily, but with his blue eyes on Miss Tudor; "we were just off for a long walk over Beachy Head, when my friend saw this man kick the dog over the road."

"Poor thing," said Miss Carmichael afresh; "perhaps if we do not see you again to-day, you will call to-morrow afternoon and see how the dog is getting on. I do hope no bones are broken."

"I'll take it to the stables and examine it thoroughly before I hand it to the housekeeper."

"You're very kind. Then we may expect you to afternoon tea to-morrow afternoon?"

"We shall be delighted," said the men, and the carriage was gone.

"I think," said Delaunay, as they went to the stables to give the dog a drink of water, "that the two sovereigns for that pup were well laid out."

"Ted," said Jimmie, as they left the house, "I should discharge that housekeeper if I were you, she's too much of a madame."

As Amy Tudor was walking along Treminus-road that afternoon she met Jimmie Bell, and, of course, he stopped to inquire about the dog.

"I left it fast asleep," said Amy smiling, "after a very good dinner."

"The man starved it," said Bell decisively. "Did you ever read about the faithfulness of Bill Sikes' dog, hungry and kicked as it was? Which way are you going, Miss Tudor?"

"I'm going shopping for Miss Carmichael." She looked demurely up and down the street. "Where is cousin Ted?"

"He's resting indoors. Very delicate, you know."

"Oh, he's not, Mr. Bell. I mean, I beg your pardon, but I've often heard my brother Jack say that he's as strong as a horse."

"Well, horses are overworked sometimes. Will you allow me to accompany you shopping? I suppose you're going to the library and then the post-office. I was just going to those identical places myself."

The girl hesitated a moment, and then rather feebly said, "If it's not taking you out of your way?"

Jimmie laughed and said, "Let my way be your way, to-day, Miss Tudor."

So Miss Tudor, with a little extra pink in her cheeks, silently acquiesced, and off they went together to the library.

To a discerning mind it need scarcely be stated that Mr. James Bell not only suggested, but absolutely insisted upon going the longest way round the town, not to mention a walk through Devonshire Park grounds on the way home, and that he did not leave the young lady, though she earnestly assured him she was accustomed to walking about alone, until he had climbed the hill and seen her quite

Continued on Page 12.

THE BREEDING OF HORSES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Nova Scotia is a country endowed with many advantages for the breeding of horses, more especially the part either in or adjacent to the valley of the Annapolis. It is a country that should produce fine horses and in large quantities and be able to more than supply the home market and be then able to export a large number of horses to the great natural markets lying alongside, namely: Boston and New York. When I refer to horses I mean more particularly carriage horses, for which there is an ever increasing demand and an ever increasing market in such places as New York. One might say that the carriage horse pure and simple, has only been in demand in New York for the last few years, and this demand, as the wealth of the country increases and its tastes become more civilized, is bound to increase and therefore, we in Nova Scotia, having the natural advantages in order to meet and take advantage of this demand, ought to do something satisfactory to enable us to be fully prepared to reap a rich and certain harvest in spite of the increased duties on horses.

The breeding of horses in Nova Scotia at the present time is, in my mind, in a dreadful and deplorable condition. As I said, I confine myself to carriage horses and fully recognize the great strides that have been made in the breeding of heavy draught horses, which we can easily see in Halifax in the improved condition of the truck horses to what they were a few years ago. But as regards carriage horses, I think we can safely put the reason of the poor class of ordinary horses in Nova Scotia down to three causes. First, the second rate trotting stallions that travel the country; second, the ages to which farmers keep their mares before breeding from them, and third, the almost semi-starvation of the mare in foal during the winter and of the colt during the first two winters of its life.

Let us take the first cause. Trotting is all very well in its way, but ability to trot a mile in under three minutes under artificial circumstances is not everything. It would be all right if the average trotting sire at present in this country had anything to recommend him besides this so called speed, as a rule he has not, the very look of him condemns him at once, he is a poor shape in every detail and if it was not for the fact that he can get over the ground in a given time, he would not find favour in the eyes of the farmer at all. But this fact blinds the farmers and they can not see the importance of other points but this. They all have hopes of breeding a colt greater than his sire, for whom they may be able to demand and get a fabulous sum. I am not running down trotting, for I consider it an excellent thing at its proper time and in its proper place, but as well think of breeding a Derby winner from a Clydesdale mare as a Maud S. out of an ordinary barn door farm horse. Therefore, I say that trotting is ruining the breed of horses in Nova Scotia. Let the farmers put their silly idea of speed out of their heads and let them plant in their heads some thoughts of bone, muscle, form, limbs and such like when they choose a sire. Let us take the next cause, the age of the dam. The average farmer works his mare till she has no more work left in her and then he says unto himself I will raise a colt from her, mind I say the average farmer, there are many who do not do this and justly receive their reward in better stock and higher prices. Perhaps the mare is fourteen to twenty years old and this is no exaggeration, and he expects to raise from her a colt that will be worth a fabulous sum of money and beat the record of a Palo Alta. Fancy a poor hard worked broken down mare after twelve or fifteen years constant and incessant work on a farm with insufficient feed, fancy her taking up the cares of maternity at that date. It is absurd, it is more than absurd, it is wrong, for it floods the market with a poor miserable stock of horses of little or no use to any one. Let our farmers use some common sense in this matter, let them see the advantages of a young dam and then let them act on them and their reward will, if good luck be their's, be great.

The third cause is a difficult one to meet, for our farmers are poor, with few exceptions, and hardly able to afford to feed their

stock as they ought to be fed. But if they pursued a different system and were more energetic, and more thoughtful, I am sure some means could be found to meet this difficulty. Another cause which I have not mentioned, is that of putting two-year-olds and three-year-olds to hard work in order "to earn their food." It is not at all a rare thing to see in our country districts a three-year-old doing hard farm work. Such a thing is short sighted in the extreme. Can we find a remedy for some of these evils? For the first we certainly can. Instead of the weedy, lanky, ewe-necked trotting horse let us have some strong, compact, well set up "Hackney" sire introduced into this country. A horse that will get carriage horses of the stamp required and demanded for the United States market to say nothing of our own.

The breeding and fostering of the "Hackney" has been brought into great prominence in England lately by Mr. Burdett-Coutts, who has studied the Brookfield Stud Farm. He has lately issued a book on the subject, which is full of interest to the intelligent horseman and farmer. The best known importers of the "Hackney" in America are Mr. Fairfax, Dr. Webb and other breeders, Mr. Bloodgood and Mr. Cassatt, all these gentlemen have now established large stock farms on which they breed little else but this useful variety of horse. Let us take a description of one who is perhaps the finest Hackney in the world.

Candidate, by Benmark-Poll II., is a rich colored dark chestnut horse, looking taller than he is, about 15.3. His head is beautiful, his shoulders perfect. He also owns a grand middle piece, for his back is very level and his hind ribs deep, his quarters are excellent and he stands on good short flat legs, which show eight and one half inches of bone below the knee. He has an undeniable gift of going, his action is perfect, his track action being without a fault. He is peculiarly adapted to give size and substance to foals he gets from light mares. There are many such as him even in Mr. Burdett-Coutts' farm.

People seem to be of the opinion that "Hackneys" are small horses, they are not necessarily so. Witness Dr. Webb's (of New York) Courier who is over sixteen hands. One of the finest Hackney stallions in America, is Mr. Prescott Lawrence's "Fashion," he is perhaps the finest specimen on this side of the water, and his get have nearly all his superb characteristics, in fact, this is a peculiarity of the Hackney. Now, what I wish to show is, that this is the kind of horse we want to breed from in this country and this is the kind of breeding that ought to be encouraged. A Hackney is the most perfect carriage horse combining, as he does, shape, speed and strength, and moreover he is exceedingly handy. If stallions of this kind were imported into Nova Scotia we would soon have a breed of horses that would command any price on the New York market. Therefore, the government of this province ought to import two first class Hackney stallions and place them at the disposal of the farmers, of course for a small nominal figure in order to just pay expenses. If this was done it would be money well laid out and well spent, for it would return a hundred fold and instead of the poor miserable looking specimens of equine breeding that we see now-a-days, we would have fine strong, strapping carriage horses that would be able to bring \$300 or \$400 in the New York market any day of the year, and the miserable trotting sire would retire to his nominal and respectful place. M. G.

DEALER IN CURIOSITIES: "Here's a skeleton of Milton's pet cat."
Collector: "I don't want one so large. What's this small one?"
Dealer in Curiosities: "That's a skeleton of the same cat when it was a kitten."

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Provincial Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Hon. Senator Macdonald is ill of typhoid fever at Ottawa. Miss Macdonald and Mr. Eneas Macdonald have gone thither to be with the Senator of whose improvement telegram lately received give pleasing assurance.

Miss Rodgers from England is visiting her sister Mrs. Hamlyn at the Rectory.

Last Sunday Rev. Wm. Hamlyn took Rev. James Forbes' duties at Alberton while Mr. Forbes did duty in Summerside for Rev. C. F. Lowe, who officiated at St. Paul's here.

Next morning Mr. Lowe was groomsman at the marriage of Miss Maude DesBrisay to Rev. James Simpson, Priest Incumbent of St. Peter's. Miss DesBrisay is granddaughter of the late Colonel Peter Stewart, R. A., and daughter of the late Theophilus DesBrisay Esquire, of Spring Park. The bride wore a heavy blue travelling costume. She was given away by her brother-in-law, R. F. DeBlois Esquire, and was attended by her sister, Miss DesBrisay, as bridesmaid. There were no guests except the immediate relatives. The marriage ceremony, which was preceded by a celebration of Holy Communion in the Chapel connected with the Church, began at 6 o'clock. The altar was beautiful with a profusion of white flowers and the lights still further brightened the pretty scene. The service was fully choral. Mr. L. W. Watson, brother-in-law of the bride, occupied his accustomed place at the organ. A large number of persons crowded into the church in spite of the early hour and the rain which unfortunately was falling at the time. His congregation presented Mr. Simpson with a well-filled purse a day or two before the event, and the bride's presents testified to the number of her friends. After the ceremony Mr. Simpson and his bride drove to the Railway Station whence they set out for their honey-moon in various towns in the provinces.

Mrs. Simpson and Miss Simpson went to Georgetown the following day to spend the summer months.

The Misses Sullivan have returned from school in Montreal. Miss Newburn of Lethbridge, N. W. T., is visiting her sister Mrs. Leslie MacNutt.

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Dawson (India), are visiting Mr. W. E. Dawson and family.

HER HANDS FULL.—Excited Boy—Come on, quick! The ould man is batin the ould woman again.

Police Justice.—Why don't she come herself if she wants to make a complaint, or have him arrested?

Excited Boy.—She's too busy; she's got him down and is bumpin' his head on the flure.—Texas Siftings.

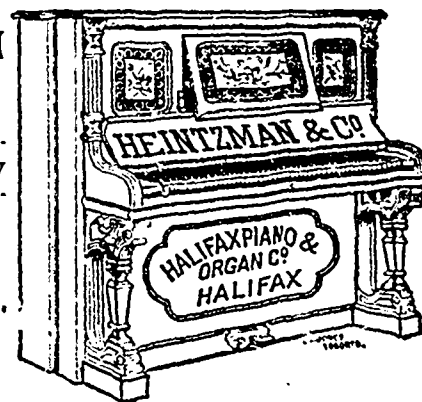
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THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

"WHAT KIND OF MEN ARE THESE?"

Continued from our last.

They swung into line and marched to the front like "jolly sailors," and at a signal from no-one-knows-whom, or where, they divided in pairs, and each took hold of the others ring. The band played and the boys kept time in calisthenic rhyme until the plan of operation called for more complicated twists and turns, when it became quite evident that one of each of the pairs was, or thought he was superior to his partner, and the subdued mutterings of the little fellows, as each tried to control the others movements, created the greatest merriment. One little "ring leader," in the front rank, made Spartan-like efforts in the wrong direction and received hearty applause - invincible Fleming, while his better-half, Master Donahue, glared at him in a why-don't-you-do-what-I-tell-you kind of a way. They finished the concert movements, stampeded, and clustered in three groups, forming a tableau that was really grand, and the audience threw around them a halo in the form of applause as the curtain lowered. In answer to a storm of applause the curtain was rung up to reveal the youngsters in their favorite position.

There was another call for them, but the time had come for the final contest between Masters William B. McGibbon and Thomas W. Murphy for the oratorical gold medal presented by his Grace Archbishop O'Brien. Twelve students had striven for the prize three weeks ago, when these young gentlemen had been declared superior in ability to their companions and equal in merit to each other. The judges on that occasion requested them to contest again, each delivering the others selection as well as his own. The judges retired to the parquette circle that they might impartially consider the merits of the youthful orators, and a sea of faces bent eagerly forward as Thomas W. Murphy stepped forward and made his bow. With a well modulated voice he delivered "The Emblem of Emblems," an extract from an oration by Joseph Keenan of Manhattan College, N. Y. City. He deserved the recall he received. Master McGibbon's appearance was hailed with enthusiastic applause, which he gracefully acknowledged. He looked like one who felt that he had a rather difficult task to perform. His attitude was full of determination, his gestures were very graceful and his movements were manly and dignified. He was superior to Murphy in pose and action but inferior to him in articulation though not in emphasis. The applause that followed his effort brought him before the foot-lights again and again. When Murphy appeared to deliver Shiel's famous speech of invective against Lord Synhurst, he betrayed just a trace of emotion. It gave way however as he warmed up to his work and when he said "Great God! was Arthur Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, Hold! I have seen the *Aliens* do their duty!" the audience showed its appreciation by applause. He summed up the achievements of the Irish soldier on English battlefields so eloquently that McGibbon's friends must have felt great fears for the success of their favorite. Murphy's pronunciation was excellent; his every word was heard from the orchestra to the topmost tier of the gallery, and he must have felt every word he uttered, for his cheek burned, his eyes flashed, and when he described the charge at Waterloo, he appealed to the house like a natural born orator.

If he was not recalled, it was probably due to the fact, that the audience was anxious to hear Mr. McGibbon, who stepped forward, his rather pale face wreathed in a smile. His voice was husky from his former effort, but it cleared somewhat as he proceeded; and art and nature were so nicely combined in attitude and gesture, that his hoarseness was lost sight of, or procured him sympathy. Every climax was reached grandly, and, the emphatic shake of his little head, and expressiveness of his bright eyes won for him admiration and frequent applause, which he took with a composure that fairly electrified the house. As he neared the end he reserved his strength for the final climax, by which Murphy made such a good impression,

"suiting the action to the word, and the word to the action," and how eloquently he described the "charge" let the words themselves recall:—"And, when at length the time for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was at length let loose; when with words familiar but immortal, the great captain exclaimed, 'Up lads and at them!' fell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of your own glorious Isle precipitated herself upon the foe!" the applause that followed culminated in an ovation. He received two recalls, the second time bringing Master Murphy with him: thus ended so far as their efforts were concerned, the final contest for the O'Brien Gold Medal.

The next number of the programme was the Haligonian Guards captained by little Archie McDougal, who put them through the manual-of-arms, and formed them in figures to the delight and admiration of everybody. As they wheeled off the stage the Governor, Archbishop and Judges of the contest were escorted to their places by Rev. Brother Joseph, to do the "honors" of the occasion.

A Diploma was awarded to Thomas W. Murphy. This young gentleman received this evidence of his application to study from Governor Daly, who congratulated him. Master Murphy also received the Governor's Gold Medal for Excellence. The Academy Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine was awarded to John M. Murphy; Terence Ternan was next in merit. Attorney General Longley was then introduced as the chairman of the judges of the oratorical contest and he reported their decision substantially as follows:—"Honored Governor, Your Grace, ladies and gentlemen; Some three weeks ago we found it difficult to decide which of the two speakers who contested this evening was the better, and we decided to ask them to contest again. We are obliged to acknowledge that we have found it quite difficult to decide this evening, who is the better speaker.

However knowing that we had to decide, we took a ballot, and the judgment of a majority of our number is, that William B. McGibbon has won the Archbishop's Oratorical Gold Medal."

Master McGibbon received an ovation as the governor handed him the precious trophy.

The Gold Medal for Chemistry donated by A. F. Buckley Esq., was awarded to Edward T. Powers. Thomas W. Murphy was next in merit.

The governor expressed himself highly pleased with the exercises, congratulated the students on their display of talent, complimented the Brothers who so ably instructed those under their charge, and paid a special tribute of praise to the Haligonian guards, who showed marvellous skill in military tactics. The Archbishop also praised the students, and expressed the hope that La Salle Academy would continue the noble work, of teaching youth to aspire to lives of honor and usefulness.

As the band and choir joined in the National Anthem the large audience departed well pleased with the evening's exercises.

ARGUS.

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The following paragraph requires careful reading:—

BAROUM, June 15.—A boat containing five Russian soldiers last night met a strange boat manned by twelve pirates. The officer in command of the soldiers ordered the pirates to stop and allow the soldiers' boat to run alongside of them. The pirates answered by firing a volley from their rifles at the soldiers, killing four of them. The pirates then escaped, and the two surviving soldiers pulled ashore and gave the alarm. A boat manned by four soldiers then went in pursuit of the pirates and managed to overhaul them. Again the pirates fired, killing two and wounding the two remaining of the four Russian troopers sent in pursuit of their boat.

The wounded Russians managed to pull ashore and gave an account of their experiences. The result was that a third boat, this time better manned, was sent after the pirates. The latter made good their escape. A Russian gunboat has been sent in pursuit.

At first we were inclined to credit the newspaper men with a mistake; but second thoughts altered our opinion. Just consider the position; the Russians are a great nation,—nothing if not brave. On sighting a boat with 12 Black Sea pirates on board, the five Russians at once gave chase, and four were killed at the first volley. Nevertheless two regained the shore, and forthwith another boat containing four soldiers was despatched to capture the reckless brigands. By a lucky fluke, only two were killed this time; possibly the same two escaped again. It is remarkable that one of the survivors was not ordered out in a skiff to complete the capture, but somehow or another the officials decided to send a gun-boat. This is the only inconsistent part of the narrative.

We are quite prepared to accept the rest as it stands. It seems quite natural that the officials who sent a crew of 4 to capture the pirates who had killed 4 out of the first crew of five should enter in their report that 4 out of 5 men were killed and the other two escaped. We apologize to the *Fredericton Gleaner* for having mistrusted their reporter's accuracy even for an instant.

The following clippings are from a new exchange,—*Gall's Weekly News Letter*, from Kingston, Jamaica. We quote the first because it may have some local interest, and the other two because they have a certain humour of their own:—

Two young ladies returning from Church last Sunday evening were discussing "Jack's" letter in the *Montreal Gazette*, republished a short time ago. "What did he mean by saying Mr. Dimock performed a tremendous amount of "Clerical" work during the Exhibition?" asked one. "Well, judging from the number of young ladies constantly in and around that gentleman's office, he

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must have meant that Mr. Dimock had been hearing a good many confessions," was the happy answer.

It is rumoured that the Jamaica Club is about to add a Chaplain to its staff, if they can get a parson whom the members will regard as worldly enough disposed to honour the membership. They think a Chaplain will sanctify their proceedings exceedingly, and place them above the reach of censure. Poker, for instance, will no longer be call Poker; it will be known as Holy Poker, which a member can either play or swear by; a swizzle on a tray with a cigar and matches will be called a Bright Little Service; and a deal of cards will be called a Dispensation. Hereafter the Parish Church Magazine promises to be extra interesting if the new mission is properly reported.

Mr. Justice Jones, sat in Spanish Town the other day, and in answer to a question put by the clerk, de prisoner said, 'Yes, sah, I tuck the chicken, I was gwine to make some chicken-pic, and I tuck the cook book and read de directshuns, and hit says, 'Take one chicken,' Hit don't say buy one chicken or borrow one chicken, but it says take one chicken. Hit don't say whose chicken ter take, so I jess tuck de first one I could lay my hans' on. I followed de directshuns, sah, in de book.'

Judge Jones has sent this case up for the opinion of the Supreme Court.

Some anonymous poet has been singing of the day when—

"The world shall be delivered
From the clash of magazines:
When the inkpot shall 'vered
Into countless smithereens;
When there stands a muzzled stripling
Mute, beside a muzzled bore;
When the Rudyards cease from Kipling,
And the Haggards Ride no more!"

And at the same time the rumours of Kipling's probably fatal illness are handed from paper to paper, and give a sort of pathos to the lines. It will be a sad thing indeed, if the most-talked-of of living writers, and the pet of society, were to drop off in his youth; but we are loth to believe these reports. There is no doubt that Kipling showed signs of consumption long ago, and will probably develop them again, but there is as yet no real foundation for the statement that he is already dying, and we hope before long to receive better news.

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Continued from Page 7.

safely turning into the Park Lodge-gates. After which he went back radiant and hungry, with an amazing appetite—one of those powerfully healthy all-grist-to-my-mill kind of appetites that would make confirmed dyspepsies shiver in their shoes to witness.

"It's a strange thing," said Jimmie confidentially, "though I've remarked it before, and when a fellow's been out all day with a pretty girl, he always comes home hungry; why is it?"

"I don't know," said Delaunay, and groaned.

The next morning after breakfast the two hired a couple of horses and rode gaily away over the velvet sward towards Beachy Head, returning to lunch at the hotel in the best possible spirits.

"How long do you suppose we shall stay here?" asked Bell over lunch.

"Only got leave of absence for a week," replied Delaunay.

"We shall be broke by the end of a week," commented Jimmie Bell, sipping his burgundy, "so it'll be long enough."

"It's no good being economical for a bare seven days, is it?"

"Certainly not," rejoined his friend. "We're only living at the rate of a thousand a year for a week, that's nothing."

"Do you think Miss Carmichael will expect presents?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Teddie: She's got everything she wants." He paused a second, then thoughtfully added, "except a man, and they're always expensive."

At four o'clock the two, more faultlessly arrayed than ever, presented themselves at Park Lodge. After the usual preliminaries, including a graphic description of their ride, the pup was produced. The dog, though suspicious, permitted Delaunay to stroke him, but evinced the greatest reluctance to Jimmie Bell's neighbourhood, and when he would have playfully caught it, ran to Miss Carmichael stationed itself beside her, and actually barked at him.

"I could almost wish the dog was really mine, but you are the rescuer, Mr. Delaunay."

"If you will only accept it," said the young man, "I shall always feel proud of having rescued it from such an unfeeling brute as that man showed himself to be."

"Suppose the man were to claim it?"

"I'll take good care he doesn't," said Bell.

"That's rather arbitrary," rejoined Miss Carmichael, laughing nevertheless.

After the afternoon tea, with its cheerful clatter, the conversation received fresh impetus, and Jimmie Bell covertly watched Amy as the dainty teemaker. Then Miss Carmichael suggested a walk through the conservatories.

"Amy dear, you may like to show Mr. Delaunay through, Mr. Bell will doubtless escort me." The two had risen. "You know," continued Miss Carmichael *sotto voce*, "Mr. Delaunay may wish to talk a little with his cousin."

Mr. Bell had a vivid idea that it would be much better if it had been the other way about, and that Delaunay's place was by the side of the unsuspecting lady, forging fetters while he had the chance and having an extremely keen sense of the ridiculous, and not being always able to control himself, he suddenly went off into fits of laughter.

Miss Carmichael stood by in gentle dismay for a minute or so, but Bell still laughed, till the contagion, so to speak, seized her, and she was obliged to laugh herself, though she could not have told you what she was laughing at; indeed, she half waited for an explanation. The other two had gone.

"Excuse me, Miss Carmichael, sometimes"—he was searching for an excuse—"sometimes a sudden thought strikes me—absurdity of law courts—I'm a barrister, you know, and I have to laugh—that man bringing an action for his dog," and he roared again.

"But, really, Mr. Bell," said the lady a little flustered, "might such a thing happen?"

"Miss Carmichael," said Bell, wiping his eyes, "leave the case in my hands. If I could arrest him, I'd prosecute him for cruelty to animals. I never saw a more flagrant act of brutality in all my life."

"I like to hear young men speak so warmly," said the unsuspecting spinster; so Jimmie determined to improve upon the occasion, and they traversed the larger of the two drawing-rooms he dwelt upon Delaunay's tender-heartedness, and his noble desire to alleviate the sufferings of the poor. "I like to think of charitable men," commented the lady with great warmth. "I may tell you, Mr. Bell, that in my own small way I try to help some poor people in that terrible East-end abyss of London, but private charity is of little avail. I begin to think that only the co-operation of the rich with means judiciously applied can be any real solution to the question

"That's exactly what Delaunay says," remarked the unabashed Jimmie.

"Your friend has noble sentiments."

"Only those who know him can appreciate his true worth."

"I'm sure, Mr. Bell, he has a very true friend in yourself."

"I shall never leave him till he is married!"

"Oh, then—is he engaged?"

"Miss Carmichael, he is heart-whole; he has different views of life to—well, to myself. He is a far better man; no young girl would satisfy him, he likes mind and matter, a contrast to his own light-hearted disposition, you know, light and shade so to say, a happy mixture." The truth was, that Bell was getting mixed himself, so he broke off his panegyric and fell to admiring a large *Osmanda regalis*.

Miss Carmichael was not only fond of flowers, but was a good horticulturist herself. Still, at the moment human problems had just a little more interest for her, especially with this blue-eyed, fresh-faced young fellow who did not seem to have a care of his own in the world. Presently the conversation worked round again to personal topics, until Jimmie Bell, in the friendliest way, had told Miss Carmichael all about himself.

"I thought barristers got briefs quite easily," said the lady musingly.

"They do—when solicitors send them," said Jimmie.

"Do you know of Messrs. Growl, Gribble, and George?"

"Yes, Bedford-row; very good firm."

"The title of my Welsh property is in dispute. Do you understand these matters?"

"It is my especial line."

"Well," said the lady as they prepared to return, "we will speak about this matter again. I wonder how it is we've missed Amy; perhaps they went into the garden."

Upon entering the drawing-room they found Ted Delaunay skillfully playing an operatic air, and Amy looking through some pieces of music.

There was a kind of delightful audacity about the way the two young men made themselves at home that was not without a bewildering charm to the Scotch maiden lady. Delaunay rose as Miss Carmichael entered.

"I was trying to remember a bit of the new opera."

"Do go on, please," said his hostess; and he re-seated himself, and played the *morceau* through with brilliancy. At its conclusion he turned and said,

"Do you often go up to town, Miss Carmichael?"

"Yes, in the season."

"Because I should like you to hear Revetti; her voice is perfect. Why not go up next week with Miss Tudor and go to the Italian Opera? I'm sure my friend and I will only be too glad to escort you."

Bell did not want to hear any more, feeling that Teddie was acting in a properly spirited and audacious manner, and should be left with perfect safety; so by several adroit movements, he managed to detach Amy from the perusal of music books till he had got her to a distant window, on the pretext of asking her in which direction the Meads lay. As he at once began pressing her to plead with Miss Carmichael for an immediate visit to town, it is presumable that the Meads did not satisfy him.

"I'm sorry you leave so soon," Miss Carmichael was saying as Delaunay rose to go. "Then" and she turned smilingly to Bell, "I may expect you to dinner to-morrow evening. It will be very quiet; a rubber perhaps, and a little music."

"Nothing could be better, except a little opera," said Delamay lightly.

"I will think of it," rejoined the lady smiling, as the two bowed politely and departed.

III.—POVERTY, RICHES, AND A RIVAL.

Back in the dingy Inn, and no money between them, the two men sat a couple of nights after this, and discussed their prospects with gravity tempered by sanguine outbursts.

"I've given notice here," said Jimmie Bell, "and taken chambers in the Temple. I merely mention this as I gave you, Ted, for one reference, and the editor of the 'London Lady's' for another. I proposed a new article to him this morning, and he's accepted it. 'The Natural Means of Retaining Youthfulness,' eh! good idea. It's simply sleep all you can, and never go to bed hungry."

"Why are you going to the Temple? Can you afford it?"

"Yes, there's the thousand pounds, you know; and then it looks better for old Gribble and Gorge to send briefs there. Miss Carmichael is a brick! She's really interesting herself. She's actually written."

"Stay; how do you know all this?"

"Well, if you want to know, I casually heard so from Miss Tudor;" and Jimmie threw up the window and said the evening was fine.

"Jim," said Delamay earnestly, "just say what you think of Miss Carmichael—and me."

"Think! why, my dear Ted, that you're a devilish lucky fellow, about to be settled in life. Here you are a man of thirty; she's not more than forty-two; and what in heaven's name is twelve years to a handsome woman like she is. You must settle sometime; you can't go hanging on in this poverty-stricken fashion; you, with all your big ideas narrowed by a meagre salary. Why, what do you think of your life yourself?"

"Most ridiculous," said Ted heartily.

"It's reckless and criminal," corrected Jimmie severely. He saw that his friend was hanging fire.

"I say, we ought to raise some money," said Ted, after a pause.

"That's all right, the City's full of it; leave that to me. I'll look after it to-morrow."

A week later Miss Carmichael and Miss Tudor were located at one of the big West-end hotels. The two men called, and were invited to dine the next evening. When they presented themselves they found an unexpected fifth had been added to the party, a Mr. Peebles, an elderly Scotch gentleman and a lawyer to boot.

By means of Amy in the first instance, through Jimmie Bell in the second, and thence to Delamay, the latter young man learnt that Peebles was an elderly wooer, one of those cautious, procrastinating mortals who had ever hesitated to pop the momentous question, always intending but never fulfilling. He had not made his will either.

The fact of Peebles may be said to have spurred Delamay on to rapid achievement. Anyway, when Ted called one afternoon and found Peebles sitting alone with Miss Carmichael, and, moreover, gathered from a certain something in his manner that he considered himself a privileged visitor, able to stay when he liked, go when he liked, do as he chose, in fact, Mr. Delamay determined to sit him out, to the ultimate consternation of Miss Carmichael, who, when both her visitors had far exceeded the limits of an ordinary afternoon call, excused herself and went in search of Miss Tudor.

It appears, then, that it dimly entered the Scotchman's head that here was an individual who was, so to speak, poaching upon the Peebles manorial rights.

"I believe, sir," he observed, with cold sarcasm, "you have known Miss Carmichael quite recently?"

"I've known her long enough to appreciate her worth," said the young man boldly. "How dare you discuss the young lady behind her back?"

"Sir," said Mr. Peebles, "I'll have ye to know ye're no' speaking to your office-clerks."

Delamay rose, walked over to the gentleman, and said, very gently, "Look here, Mr. Peebles, I'll pitch you downstairs if you address me again like that."

As the young man looked, and indeed felt perfectly capable of it at that moment, Mr. Peebles cautiously sought his hat and stood up; at that moment Miss Carmichael and Amy entered.

"Excuse my leaving you so long—must you be going, Mr. Peebles."

"Yes, Miss Carmichael, I must be going, and I'm sorry," he said angrily "to leave you in such company."

For a minute a blank silence reigned.

"Mr. Peebles," said his astonished hostess, "I think you are pre-

suming upon an old acquaintance."

Before he could reply, Delamay strode up. "Mr. Peebles, I think you are a gentleman. Here is my card. Any disagreement with me we can discuss later, without the ladies. Allow me to help you on with your coat;" but the old man with an angry glance left the room.

"Amy," said Delamay, "it is better I should explain this unfortunate occurrence to Miss Carmichael alone," and went and opened the door for her, and when Amy, with a look of puzzled astonishment, had glided away, Delamay simply pleaded his case so well and so earnestly and with such real ardour, thanks to the Scotch contingent, that when he left an hour later, he was the accepted husband of Miss Carmichael, and the future landlord of five thousand a year. Little more remains to be added; the marriage took place in the summer, and now when Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Bell, nee Amy Tudor, visit them, they are always impressed with the quiet happiness of the chief inmates of Park Lodge.

Dandie the dog has a permanent residence at Eastbourne, and wears a silver collar with a certain date upon it.

Jim, though a successful barrister, still writes for the Press and his friends. Not long after Ted's marriage, he sent a "private couplet" to Park Lodge, as a suitable suggestion for engraving on Dandie's collar. Mrs. Delamay thought it clever, but Ted did not. It ran:—

"If little dogs could only learn to write,
What reams of revelations they'd indite."

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EXCURSION TICKETS are issued by all the Routes.

Provincial Notes.

SACKVILLE.—I am pleased to see that Miss Jean Rainnie of St. John is still in Sackville, and more pleased to hear that she is going to receive for a few weeks longer.

Among the St. John gentlemen who spent Sunday in Sackville are Henry H. Magee, H. P. Wetmore, Mr. Robinson who is visiting Mr. Fred Allison.

Mrs. T. V. Peters of Dorchester was in town on Monday

On Wednesday evening of last week a few of the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Parson met at Acacia Grove, and proceeded to their residence on a surprise party. The surprise was complete; the host and hostess being taken pleasantly by surprise, but soon all made themselves at home and enjoyed the first good dance of the season. Shortly after midnight the thoughtfulness of the ladies was enjoyed in the shape of a well laden table. Although "not in it" I hear a very enjoyable time was passed. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. F. McDougall, Mrs. Thos. Estabrooks, Mrs. Capt. Atkinson, Miss Cogswell, Miss Rainnie, Miss Black, Miss Jennie Black, Miss Cahill, Miss Mabel Rainnie, Miss Norris, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Allison, Miss Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fawcett, Mrs. F. Ryan, Mr. D. J. Dickson, R. P. Foster Murray, B. E. Paterson, H. E. Henderson, Chas. Fawcett, Jr., Dr. Calkin, F. B. Black.

The tennis tournament, long expected, between the Sackville and Salem Clubs came off on Saturday. It had long been a question of dispute as to which of these rival clubs was the better, but the Sackville champions displayed more prowess and won 2 out of the 3 sets. Among the players who won golden opinions by their brilliant playing were Mrs. Jean Rainnie, Mrs. Mabel Rainnie, Miss Phinney, Miss Estabrooks. Messrs. Black and Henderson also did well.

COPPERFIELD.

LIVERPOOL, QUEEN'S CO.—The old town still somewhat dull, is thawing a little under the genial influences of summer, although as yet, *summer* is little more than a distinguishing term, and is looking exceedingly pretty in its graceful leafy garniture. The early closing on three nights a week affords a much needed recreation to the very obliging and attentive assistants in the respective business halls.

The recently organized band is doing very well, and regales the public at stated times. A new bandstand has been erected on a solid foundation. It is a prominent object of an unique style of architecture. The Tennis Club is in full swing, and the members are having good practice when the weather permits. Your contemporary the *Mercury* is pleased to remark somewhat superciliously about the Tennis club; possibly the correspondent of that paper may have been helped to a slice of the joint with which Charles Dickens informs us the British householder is so well acquainted, on washing day—*cold shoulder*—(of mutton); however, all sneers from that quarter fall harmless and we go on our "lonely" way, bat in hand rejoicing.

Visitors are commencing to gladden our eyes and enliven our dullness. Mrs. Andrew Mitchell is here on a visit, and divides her time between Mrs. Forbes at her charming "Bungalow," and Mrs. Agnew at "Elm Cottage." Miss Wright of Charlottetown is visiting Miss Bertha Parish. Miss Kate Albro and Miss Mary Patch returned from Halifax in the "City of St John" this week. Owing to bad weather the passage was prolonged and most disagreeable.

A pleasant series of social parties has been commenced. A dinner party at Mrs. Forbes, and an evening sociable at Mr. N. Freeman's during the past week, to be followed by others, and by an entertainment in Trinity Church School-house, which bids fair to be a treat, if careful training by the ladies who are undertaking it be any guide.

Casual visitors to Liverpool cannot fail to be pleased with the town and the pleasant drives in its vicinity, besides boating and

fishing; they will find comfortable quarters at the Grove Mansion House, under the excellent management of Mrs. Hill.

Our neighbour—Milton—is also receiving its summer quota of visitors.

The late rain has been of great value to gardens and crops generally.

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DIZ SEARS:—Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a Carbuncle.
Miss SARRIS:—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, I mean see 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

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NORTH SYDNEY, C. B., June 29th 1891.—This last week we have had several things to cheer us up, and badly we needed them, as the weather has been worse than beastly; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, we had the Wallace Hopper Co., in the Royal Albert Hall, and they delighted everyone with their acting, and having the North Sydney Orchestra engaged, made it a greater success. The Orchestra is second to none in the Province, and they deserve a great deal of credit for the amount of time they have devoted to make themselves perfect.

Another treat some of us had in a private house in this town two evenings in succession. Mr. Beek, who was accompanied by his wife, are stopping here for a few days charmed us by his magnificent violin playing. Mr. Beek who hails from Chicago is a violinist of extraordinary ability, and no mean performer on several other instruments. It is hard to tell whether the owner (not the player) or the instrument itself got the greatest surprise.

The French Man-of-War, "La Clocheterie"—took in coal at the Victoria Pier, and then proceeded up to Sydney, where she is now lying.

Friday last was the Annual Distribution of Premiums at the Convent of Mount St. Joseph, and those who were favoured with an invitation were charmed with the numerous instrumental pieces, solos, and especially the Drama. Rev. D. J. MacKintosh presided and distributed the awards, which consisted of gold and silver medals and books. The Sisters deserve a great deal of credit for the pains they have taken so as to bring their pupils to such a high standard.

Not very long ago we used to be able to boast of a good Cricket Club in this town, but although we have a good amount of the same material there is no time, and consequently it is a thing of the past. The Lawn Tennis Clubs are pretty much the same. We used to be able to have two or three men's sets every week; now if it wasn't for the ladies, there would be no playing at all, an occasional gentleman drops in now and then.

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