

THINGS SEEN AT HOME.

AN AFTERNOON'S DRIVE AROUND HALIFAX.

Haligonians Want to Cross the Ocean, But Are Ignorant of the Attractions at Home—From Hollis Street to the Park, and What is Seen on the Way.

HALIFAX, June 24.—Did it ever strike you how little we know about the land we live in? How many Canadians are there who have taken more than one trip across the Atlantic, and yet, had they while over there, been asked any questions relative to cities and scenery without their own immediate province, I fear they should be forced to plead ignorance of the subject, on the excellent ground of "never having been there." The Haligonians, whose tastes becoming identified with the English element which naturally predominates in a garrison town, usually remains at home until a trip across "the big pond" is within his reach. The resident of our sister city, on the other hand, living nearer to Uncle Sam, has become more imbued with his sentiments, and is quite contented with frequent flights to the Hub or to Gotham. What has all this to do with a ramble around Halifax? Simply this much, that there are lots of our friends not a thousand miles away, who, having travelled through much of the United States, possibly even been over to Europe, but who have never had the curiosity to take a week's holiday in visiting the city by the sea. Do you know, during the summer season Halifax is a very pretty city, and the many Americans who visit us at this time to cool themselves and drink in the refreshing breezes of the Atlantic, return to their native land delighted with their visit, declaring it to be the most charming city in the dominion, and "so very English, you know."

If you would care to take a drive with me this fine afternoon, I think we might pass a rather pleasant hour or two together. In describing the various points of interest as we pass along, my pen falls somewhat short of the reality, I would beg you to recall the words of Kirk White who said that "mere description generally meant mere nonsense." Starting from the Queen or Halifax hotel which fronts on Hollis, the largest business street of the city, we turn our horses heads south. As they mount Salter street, let me inform you that as Halifax, is built upon a hill, you may prepare yourself for innumerable ascents; this is merely a short street, intersecting Hollis and Barrington; that stone building on your right is Masonic hall, which when not occupied by the brotherhood, is often times the scene of gay assemblages, bazaars, amateur theatricals, etc. Having turned the corner we have on our left the Academy of Music, built of brown stone, not much to look at from the outside, but quite a tidy looking little hall from the inside; on the opposite corner recently stood the old glebe house of St. Mary's cathedral, but the old landmark is gone, pulled down, in order to erect a new glebe on the old site, the foundation of which is rapidly nearing completion. Straight before us stretches Pleasant street, which contains some of the finest residences in the city, principal of which is government house, a quaint venerable looking pile in off the road and surrounded by a curious low stone wall, very ancient, and rather delapidated in appearance; to my idea, slightly out of keeping with the dignity of the mansion.

A glimpse at the inside of government house is far more interesting than that obtained from the outside. The rooms, though low and belonging to a bygone period of architecture, are very spacious, each one communicating with the other in such a manner that one can pass from one apartment to the other through the whole extent of the house. When en fete for a ball or other entertainment the old mansion looks very lovely, resembling some ancient English castle, and a looker-on feels very much inclined to close his eyes on the modern bustling crowd, and people the wide corridors and old rooms with the gentle dames of long ago, who danced the minuet and tripped a measure so gracefully with their gallant partners in knee breeches and periwigs.

But we must not delay here any longer or the afternoon will have passed before we are aware of it. Just opposite is the old English cemetery, which has been closed up, standing intact for many years; that large brown stone arch inside the gate is the Welford Harker monument, erected by the citizens to the memory of those two British officers, natives of Nova Scotia, who were killed in the Crimea. Driving further on, we notice that pretty little family hotel, the Waverley House, and just next that spacious establishment, with its wide velvety lawn, broad carriage drive and tall shady trees is the Ladies' college, which has become so well known throughout the province that any more detailed account would, I am sure, be superfluous. Directly across the street, and somewhat back from the road, is the residence of the late Sir Edward Kenny, the happy and well remembered home of a large and scattered family.

We have by this time reached South street; on the northwest corner stands the fine substantial, though it is a wooden house, of Hon. H. H. Fuller, formerly the residence of the late Edward Binney, whose widow, during her residence here, was so renowned for her charities; no mendicant was ever sent away from that door without receiving relief from that good friend of the poor. On the other side of the street stands a pretty white cottage with old fashioned green shutters; this is the homestead of Mrs. Esson, and on the opposite corner is Mr. Stephen Tobin's residence, whose large garden extends quite to Pleasant street.

We now drive rapidly along, for some little time the outlook is devoid of interest, a colony of small shops having settled in this locality; this continues until Green street is reached, when we notice the residence of Mr. Wm. Chisholm built on the hill commanding a fine view of the harbor; from this to the Esplanade (a prettily enclosed pasture, around whose walls are scattered seats where the weary may seek repose and gaze out on the placid sea) we

pass along by a handsome range of brick and wooden houses. But just before we reach the Esplanade, let me direct your attention to the handsome house in the city. Next to Government house, it is really the most English-looking mansion we can boast of, built of freestone; a large flight of steps lead up to the port cochere. It is altogether just the sort of residence that one would imagine a gentleman would select for a dwelling, and I am not astonished that you should look surprised to find it occupied, for entre nous it really does not speak well for the prosperity of Halifax to allow such a residence as this to stand untenanted. But it will never do for us to lose so much time gossiping in this way; let me show you our park.

Driving rapidly along we have just time to notice the yacht club grounds, which possess no very great attraction in point of beauty to the visitor. Just before entering the park we pause to glance up at the pretty residence of the late Mr. Bauld; the house stands upon an elevation and we imagine what a very fine view of the surrounding country must be obtained from the wide windows. Here we are in the park, and don't you experience already a different sensation. One can lean back upon the cushions with real comfort; the carriage wheels roll smoothly along, for we are now upon the only decent roads of which we can boast, the condition of the streets are too self-evident truths to admit of our disguising how sadly they lack repairs. However, here we are now in a locality where one can enjoy to the utmost the luxurious C springs. On we drive through charming natural scenery following the road close to the water; we look out over the harbor calm and clear as a mirror the coming sunset; there is St. George's trim fortified island owned by the British government, and looking clad in its early summer verdure, like a bright emerald in the midst of the sea; over these towards the south-east is old McNab's, and further down is Mars beach, where we see the light house standing out distinctly against the horizon, and against which the great waves are dashing. The park, though robbed of none of its natural beauties is very nicely laid out; pretty, winding roads have been made through the forest, seats are scattered here and there for the benefit of the weary pedestrian, and several large summer houses are built on some of the pleasantest sites. But though we should love to linger much longer in this delightful spot, the gathering shadows warn us that it is time to turn homewards and defer our further peripatations until another day, besides the inner man tells us that the hour of dinner is fast approaching.

VIATOR.

JEREMIAH AND HANNER.

They "Cum to Town," See the Streets, and Have an Opinion on Everything.

BACK OF FREDICTON, June 24.—Me and Hanner cum down to town for a few days for our helth. We had ruther a hard winter, the hull family had the grip, Hully was the worst, but I'm thankful to say we all got over it. I can't say I'm gittin rich, but I've allous been abel to keep my family a-chawin, so I musn't murmur. This spring is backward, and the rane kept of wonderful, but sense the changin of the moon we had a few showers that hed don a heap of good. Grass is poor our way, so is petatos and otes. Buckwhete is better, and corn is fare. You will be pleased to hear that I hev got a new mowin machin, or ruther me and my next naylor hes one on the shairs. I bawt it of McFarlan and Tompson, as I belive in tradin with our own people sted of furninors.

Fredition is lookin luvly. Hanner en me took a walk yisterdy roun town and admired the laylocks and other plants in the gardins. We went to the kurk in the mornin, it's a bewtiful meetin house, though to my mind the quire is a leetle to high up. I was a tellin' a gentleman that spoke pleasant to me as we cum out that I thowt the preacher was smart, and he sed he was glad I was not thare a few Sundys ago, or I cood not understand the man that preached then, he was so hitalutin. We likewise attended the Salvation army. I hed went thare before, but Hanner hadn't never ben, and she was raly more took with 'em, en I was. I've ben jokin her ever sense, a askin her how she wook like to ware wun of them bunnets. You see it Hanner hes a weekness its fer fine bunnets. We hed a noshun of callin on the High-Stalks, it seems its the fashun to make one name sound like too by puttin a dash between the sillibles, but we was told that Marthy Ann was prowder en ever, and hed got to drawlin her words like the officers so wun cood not ask what she was drivan at. I wood like to tell Astra who I think is very sensible for a yung person, if a reel lady is prowd or puts on arees over old naylor's.

We wasn't invited nowhere, which surprised us considerable, as we hed red so much in the papers of the well known hospitality of the people of Frediction, but the house of assembly was not a settin, so I suppose they have all thare frolicks, when the members is thare to enjoy em. We laid out to tend a tee meetin on the officers' squar, but a big shower cum up and disappointed the yung fokes. I was sorry, fer its likely they was rasin funds to git a organ fer thare lodge. I hope they will hev better luck nex time.

Most every time I cum to town I heer of new people ben elected to the arrowstock-ersy. They are bring out first at a hoppin, jumpin match on the squar. Me and Hanner watched 'em for a while, a doggin and a sprawlin and they put us in mind of a yoke of oxen that was a tryin to run away, and did not know which way to go. I did not hev a chans to call on my old friend Jack Edwards, but as the papers is complementin him on sein sech a good man, he must hev saw the error of his ways and giv up keepin tavern. There ain't never no luck in licker drinkin or licker sellin. I wood be glad to see him keepin' a stench temperence house. It make me mad to heer jokers sayin that Frank Rustean writes the Fodder letters. I am more capabler en he is of ritin 'em, anyways he is more at home a actin out the bad boy. Yours very trewly, in which Hanner jines. JEREMIAH FODDER.

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A CRAZE FOR RAG MATS.

"HERMIA" TELLS OF SOME FADS POPULAR IN NEW YORK.

Mrs. Cleveland as a Relic Hunter, and her Work on Long Island—Men and Women Who Find Bicycling a Means of Keeping in Good Health.

NEW YORK, June 22.—With the exception of the Women's Press club, Sorosis is, from a literary and social point of view, the most formidable women's club in America, consequently when Sorosis shakes its head in disapprobation, the disapproved needs to look round, find out what is wrong, and institute a reform as quickly as possible. At its last meeting some of its most influential members stated distinctly that in their opinion the matter specially provided by the editors for their feminine patrons, was largely "rubbish," and "an insult to the intelligence of woman." Journalistic members were asked to inform the meeting why they wrote such trash, and they meekly replied, "because the editors would not accept anything else, and they could not afford to fill their waste paper baskets with the bright, thoughtful articles they longed to write but were unable to sell."

It remains to be seen if the editor is going to mend his ways. He is to be given a fair chance; if he don't improve it a woman's paper is to be started, and no doubt on the day that its first issue is distributed, the circulation of some of the metropolitan dailies will drop with a thud that will be heard all the way to St. John.

A new industry has arisen in New York, or rather an old one has been revived. And many a woman is spending these long summer evenings, just as her Puritan grand grandmother did, cutting rags into strips to be woven into carpets.

Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the ex-president, is responsible for this fad. While her husband was searching New York for a suitable residence, she was hunting the old farmhouses on Long Island for old-fashioned furniture. She bought up every article of respectable antiquity that she could lay her hands on, and even persuaded the housewives to hand over their rag carpets. Skillfully arranged about her rooms, they gave to them the true colonial flavor, so ardently desired by every woman who is, or aspires to be of the "400," and Long Island was overrun with hunters of ancestral relics. Sometimes the farmers refused to part with their six-foot clocks and claw-footed tables. They were prominent features in family history, or some old-time romance had hallowed their clumsiness, and money could not buy them; but the rag carpets of their wives were things of today, un consecrated by history or romance, and the thrifty dames were always willing to rip them up and sell them. At last an enterprising firm in the vicinity of New York discovered the craze for rag carpets. The requisite machinery was set up, and now an industrious woman, who has no scruples about appropriating the clothes that her husband has put away to go fishing in, can have rag carpets galore.

Portiere curtains woven in the same way of silk and velvet rags are the very height of elegance. Old neckties, soiled ribbons, worn linings, anything originally composed of silk, can be utilized in this way. They must all be torn into strips about a quarter of an inch wide, neatly sewn together, and wound into large balls before being sent to the weaver.

As a rule Brooklyn goes over to New York to be amused, but last week a large section of New York went to Brooklyn to see the great bicycle parade in Prospect park, which is the largest and most beautiful park in America with one exception, and that is on the other side of the Rocky mountains.

There were nearly a mile and a half of wheelmen in line, led by 50 wheel-women, at whose head rode Laura Paige, a niece of Laura Jean Libby, the popular writer for the story papers. Miss Libby herself was in the procession, and as she is an expert bicyclist, and is plump and pretty in the dark, glowing style she lavishes on her heroines, she was an object of great interest to the spectators. Bicycle riding is known to be her favorite and almost her only mode of exercise, and in the light of this knowledge her appearance was a lesson to some of the people looking on. She does a vast amount of literary work, and has not had a vacation for years, and yet she looks as healthy and robust as a milk-maid. This is something for broken-down brain-workers, particularly teachers who are just entering on their vacation to "make a note of."

Henry George, a few months ago found himself threatened with nervous collapse, induced by over-work. After the usual struggle with physic, he threw it to the dogs, or more probably at the dog, bought a bicycle and started upon it on a tour through the south. In six weeks he came back as brown as a coffee bean and in perfect health. R. E.

Bishop Cox of Buffalo, while addressing a congregation in one of New York's fashionable suburban districts last week, threw in some remarks about the female bicyclist. Amongst other equally pleasing things, he said that "on her wheel she looked like a witch astride a broom handle."

Some of the women of the congregation specially prized as "church workers," happened also to be enthusiastic bicyclists. It is needless to add that its minister and such of its deacons as happened to be present, found the situation embarrassing.

Mary Anderson-Navarro, who has always been a great pet with literary people, is about to become an authoress herself. She has promised an article to an American magazine, and a book to a publishing firm. Both will probably deal with stage life and stage people.

Prof. C. G. D. Roberts' guide book to the fishing grounds of Canada, has been most flatteringly commented on by the New York press. Its literary excellence, and the accuracy of its information, have both been specially noted.

We were all excessively pained to hear that "our duchess" does not behave prettily to her husband's divorced wife, Lady Blandford. She is a great favorite of the queen's, and her successor in Marlborough's affections is said to be intensely jealous of the favor she enjoys at court. Her enmity even extends to the little son of the divorced pair, and she has induced her husband to cut off his pocket money and refuse to pay his school bills. Much sympathy is felt for Lady Blandford, and it has been intimated to the possessor of her discarded shoes, that she will be sat on if she continues to make things unpleasant for her majesty's protegee.

HERMIA.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

COSTUMES, WIGS, WHISKERS.—A. L. KENNEDY, 10 King St., N. B., has the largest and best assortment of the above in the Maritime Provinces, which can be hired for Parades, Carnivals, Theatres, Concerts, etc., at right prices. dec27

LAMP BURNER.—LAMBERTSON'S safety Lamp Burner, which I have been selling four years, is the most paying, and most satisfactory article for agents to handle. Send 45 cents for pretty sample Burner, descriptive circulars, and testimonials.—A. L. SPENCER, Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel 10 King St., St. John, N. B. de27

FIVE LINES IN THIS COLUMN cost 25 cents for one month. If you have anything to sell that any person wants, you cannot do better than say so here.

TO SPORTSMEN, I HAVE FOR SALE, four thoroughly well-bred pointer puppies. Will express them prepaid, to any part of the province at \$10.00 each. Address.—CHARLES MOORE, Sackville N. B. June27

COUNTRY RESIDENCE, situated at Rotherly, say—20 minutes walk from station.—For Sale, or to Let for the summer. Just the place to spend a summer holiday. Two minutes walk from Kennelcove; plenty of ground. House in good repair; barns attached.—Apply, for particulars, at Progress Office.

SUMMER RESIDENCE to let, for the full season, or for a longer period. Beautifully situated in a grove of trees, within a few rods of the river bank, and convenient to city by boat or train. House two-story & nearly new—seven rooms; good out-house; also garden in connection in high state of cultivation. Pure spring water on premises; Good school handy. Rent reasonable. Possession given any time after navigation opens.—Address "Summer Residence" care Progress Office. (apr4)

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SEASIDE COTTAGES. IN REPLY TO inquiry in ASTRA'S TALKS, for a seaside cottage, I beg to inform her and the public, that I have three furnished cottages at the seaside, where there is good bathing.—For further particulars apply to ROBERT ARMSTRONG, Bathurst, N. B. July11*

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, that splendid Etching of the late premier, exhibited last week in Macaulay Bros. & Co.'s window, will be sold for \$50. The picture stands about 40 inches high, and fully 30 inches wide.—Apply at Progress Office.

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SHORTHAND. FRED DEVINE (Court Stenographer), will receive pupils in shorthand and typewriting, at 251 King street east; day and evening. Scovill system. May23

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street.—Mrs. McINNIS. May2, 31m.

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRITISH boys in towns and villages where we have no agencies, sending to secure the right to sell Progress. There are scores of small places where the people would be glad to take Progress every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

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Every Housekeeper should have one. The price is so low as to be within the reach of all, and runs from \$1.20 to \$2.00 each.

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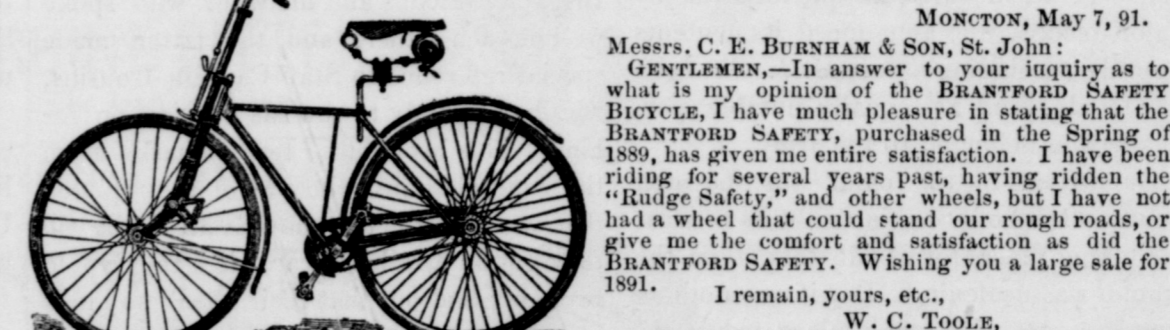
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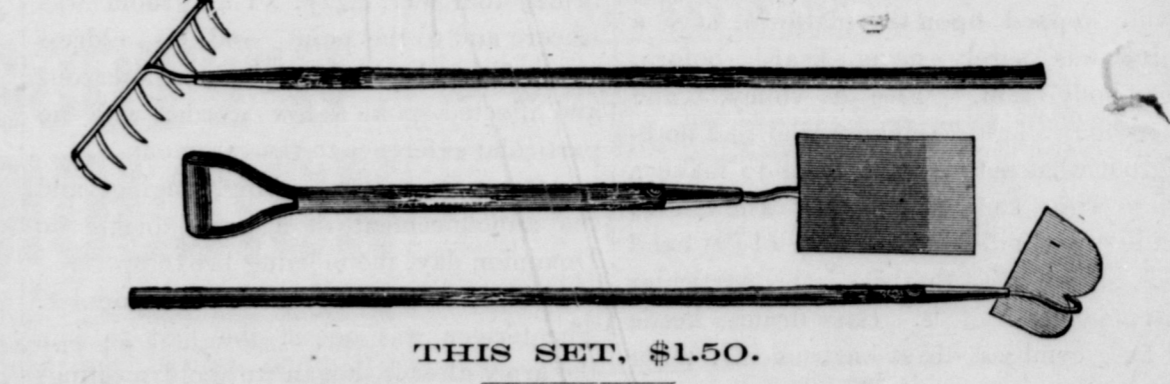


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