

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891.

SATURDAY IN HALIFAX.

MORNING AT THE MARKET, THE AFTERNOON AT THE GARDENS.

Where Business Is Done In the Open Air—The Scene From Early Morning—The Band In the Public Gardens—Gallant Soldiers and their Sweethearts.

The observing stranger who visits the picturesque old city of Halifax for the first time, and having read a good deal about the fortifications, the public gardens, and the world-famous outdoor market, fancies he knows all about these attractions, is very apt to discover soon after landing on the historic shore of the Canadian Gibraltar, that he has a great deal to learn still. Especially is this true of the market, which I really think merits the first place on the list of striking objects which attract the eye of the summer visitor; it is so thoroughly out of the common run of events.

For the dwellers on the Dartmouth, well, market day begins any time after sunset on Friday evening, and during the summer the heavily-loaded market carts may be heard lumbering down the streets towards the ferry, near which they take up their position in order to cross by the early boats, and so secure a good stand next morning. Those who have no friends with whom they can spend the night, and are either too poor or too thrifty to go to a hotel, frequently camp either in or under their wagons.

Next morning the bustle, and struggle begins, and by eight o'clock every available corner and doorstep in the post office square is occupied by the eager, chattering, bargaining throng.

Here is a fortunate matron whose early arrival has secured her an entire doorstep, and surrounding her are her wares, displayed to the best possible advantage. By her side, snoozing peacefully in the sun, lie a small boy, and a large yellow dog tangled up in an inextricable confusion as to their legs, which proclaims a perfect social equality, and easy, good comradeship. The boy's bare legs are much the same color as the dog's, but they are easily distinguished from the latter by the grimy rag, spotted with gore, which encircles one big toe. The dog snaps at the flies when they disturb his slumbers, and the boy kicks at them, but otherwise there is not much difference between them. I verily believe you can buy any known article of commerce in that same open air market. I saw a young pig for sale, he was very much alive too—and there were socks and mittens and yarn and celery, chickens, and blueberries, and raspberries and green peas—all shelled and only ten cents a quart—and blackberries and lamb and currants and herbs and potatoes, cabbages, and apples and flowers, quantities and quantities of flowers of every kind and at all prices. Water lilies, such as you will only see in Halifax, bunches and sheaves of them, fresh and fragrant and dripping with water. And there are negroes, and squaws, and French, and Irish, all huddled together, and all apparently in the best of good humor. Those who were too late to get a good stand sat on the curb, with their feet in the gutter, and their stock in trade grouped around them on the sidewalk, while hither and thither hurry the housewives who are trying to purchase to the best advantage, distracted by cries of "Here you are, lady, mine's the best, and only ten cents a quart."

"Right here, ma'am! don't ye want to buy some chickens?" "Water lilies, miss, only ten cents a bunch." "Not loud, not vociferous, but merely persistent. People who are in a hurry don't think of taking the sidewalk on market day; they simply step out into the street, dodge the horses, and bob up serenely on the sidewalk a square further on; even the hurried business man who has a train to catch, or miss, never thinks of swearing about the obstruction, and the general suspension of all traffic except in garden "saws," he simply accepts it as part of the general order of things. It is a Halifax custom, and therefore above and beyond all criticism. Of course the Halifax people are so accustomed to this most extraordinary custom that its strangeness has ceased to be apparent to them, but to the stranger it is really a most surprising thing that in a city so completely under military rule as Halifax, a method of street peddling should be openly permitted, which would not be tolerated for a moment in any of the smaller towns of the dominion. Of course it is picturesque, but then the inconvenience must be simply appalling, and the annoyance to housekeepers of not being able to see the produce properly displayed, and so buying, to a certain extent, in the dark, very considerable; while the discomfort of a wet market day must be almost beyond the reach of the most fervid imagination to picture.

There seems to be a prevalent opinion abroad that Halifax has no market house, but such is not the case. There is a very good market on the steps of which many of the market people congregate, but never inside. When it was first built a few country people took stalls, but the great majority preferred the old way, and still camped on the curb stone. The result was that people bought from those outside, as they had always been accustomed to do, and the stall holders, "got left," as the boys say; so they too, returned to their muttons, and also their gutters and doorsteps, with the result that the famous open air market of Halifax bids fair to be an institution for generations to come. I would like to see the Moncton city fathers tamely submitting to such a loss of revenue. The market house might indeed be empty, if the country people chose, but unless they paid their tolls, verily the lockup would be full.

Another advantage which Halifax possesses for the poor man, is that you can keep a dog there for the modest sum of one dollar a year, while in Moncton you have

to pay two dollars for the commonest kind of a dog, and four for one of the gentler sex. But I suppose one must expect to pay double price for the privilege of living in a town like Moncton.

If Saturday morning in the market is a novel experience, what can I say of Saturday afternoon in the public gardens? That it reminds one of the gardens in Boston, and of all they have read of summer days in Paris and Berlin? Scarcely, since old travellers tell us that for their size, there is nothing on the continent to compare with them, and I have little doubt that the old travellers know quite well what they are talking about. Here, on a bright Saturday afternoon, the two extremes of Halifax society meet, look, and pass by, while the solid middle class disports itself decorously. On one hand an officer of the flag ship strolls slowly past, bending deferentially over the fair, sweet damsel by his side, while on the other, Tommy Atkins, brave in his scarlet tunic, and tiny forage cap, stalks stiffly by, openly "holding hands" with his chosen nursemaid who, nearly tips her charge's perambulator over on its left ear, in her efforts to steer it with one hand. What a good time Tommy and his jemima would have were it not for that perambulator, and oh, how much a better time would all the rest of us enjoy could it only be abolished. Who invented it I wonder? and did some prophetic instinct warn him to conceal his name from the wrath of the present, and the obloquy of future generations? But for those thrice accursed vehicles the gardens would be a paradise on earth! and I now offer the humble suggestion to the city fathers of the beautiful old city that they make at least every other Saturday a close day for perambulators. We all know that the baby is king, but still it seems only fair that his humble subjects should be allowed to have a little fun sometimes as a reward for good behavior, and it seems to me that Saturday afternoon would be a good time to enjoy the privilege. Falling over a perambulator every few minutes interferes with one's enjoyment of the music, and having the dusty wheels wiped on a white dress does not improve the dress, nor is it of sufficient advantage to the perambulator to make the sacrifice of the gown worth while; so, considering that the babies and maids have it all to themselves every day in the week, the request for every second Saturday by the adult population does not seem to me unreasonable.

But four o'clock has struck! the band of the Leicestershire regiment strikes up the first soft, sweet strains of an air from *Troatore*, and the crowd surges slowly towards the band stand. "Talk about Gilmour's famous band! I wish you could hear the Leicestershire, 60 pieces played as one, and such time! No wonder the gardens are full every Saturday when such music is to be heard without money and without price. The trim, smart soldiers settle down on the benches and unblushingly hug their girls, who take it quite as a matter of course, and who can blame them? I am sure that if I were a girl I should fall in love with the bright-eyed, square-shouldered fellows, myself. Who does not love a soldier, especially when he has his regimentals on? Can that be 6 o'clock? Then we have been here two hours, and it seems more like ten minutes, but there can be no doubt that "God Save the Queen" is being played, and as a general move towards the gate begins, a sudden shower comes down with unexpected force, and a rush for street cars and carriages brings the proceedings abruptly to a close.

Returning home we pass through the postoffice square, but what a change the last few hours have wrought! All is calm and silence, and naught but a few scattered cabbage and lettuce leaves, a bedraggled flower or two, and the liberal allowance of mashed blueberries with which the pavement is frescoed remain to remind one of the morning's busy scene. Saturday is clearly over.

I meant to describe the gardens when I started, but somehow I have not done so, and perhaps it is just as well. It would be so hard to do them justice—the winding shaded walks, the artificial lake which so closely imitates nature, that even the wild ducks and geese are deceived, and the swans think they have returned to their wild state; the velvet turf, the spreading trees, the exquisite flowers, and the picturesque wilderness! All these are hard to do justice to in mere words, or cold unsympathetic type, but altogether they form a picture which must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated, and which will linger in my memory for many a long day.

GEORGE CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Invention of the Typewriter.

The typewriter was invented as long ago as 1714 by one Henry Mills, who in that year obtained a patent in this country for a device that "would write printed characters one at a time, or one after the other." There is no description of this device to be had now, but there is no doubt that Mills' invention was the parent of the present typewriter. In 1833 a French patent was granted to M. Progin (Xavier) of Marseilles for a typewriter, which is called a typographical machine. The account of the machine is somewhat obscure, but enough is given to show that it was an operative one by which typewriting could be fairly well executed. M. Foucault sent to the Paris exhibition in 1855 a writing machine for the blind, and several typewriters were invented by Wheatstone. After successive improvements a manufacturer in America contracted to construct 25,000.

How Voltaire Reciprocated.

Catherine II., empress of Russia, sent to Voltaire an ivory snuff box, which she had turned herself. This snuff box gave Voltaire a bright thought, and after having taken lessons in knitting from his niece, he sent the empress as a present in return a pair of fine white stockings knitted by himself. With them he also sent a gallant rhyme, saying that after having received from her pretty hands a man's work wrought by a woman, he begs her majesty to accept woman's work done by a man.

TOPICS ON THE MOVE.

RANDOM PARAGRAPHS FROM SCOTIA'S CAPITAL.

Live Insurance Agencies—The Evening Papers and Some Interesting Facts About Them—Mr. Eagar's Idea of a Railway Deficit—A Lack of Good Driving Carriages.

HALIFAX, August 8.—Some one has said to me of this good old town, that if you want to see the business men of Halifax you must go without your dinner. The explanation was that the business people found their office desks about 10.30 or 11 in the morning, and left them again at 2.30 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon. During that time they are the busiest men on the continent, and have no time to lose with talkative callers or persistent solicitors.

That business man is indeed happy who can carry out such a programme. If the daily cares and worries of a big business can be got rid of in four or five hours of hard work with no time for the unfortunate but importunate "raise the wind" his paths are cast in pleasant valleys indeed.

But my experience of Halifax does not agree with that expressed above. In fact, I was somewhat surprised at the movements of the business men in the morning. While standing on the steps of my hotel as early as 8 o'clock, I saw several gentlemen, whose firm names are known all over Canada, and are synonyms for energy and prosperity, walk by to their offices. They may have been exceptions to the rule, but half an hour later there was no doubt that very many active business people were abroad and at work.

Passing along Hollis street that same morning, I noticed the sign of the Equitable offices, prominent in the Queen building, one of the handsomest stone office structures in Halifax. Messrs. Edwards & Fielding are the agents for the maritime provinces and Newfoundland. Those of us who have not inquired into the business of life insurance have no idea how energetically it is managed in these maritime provinces. It is a fact worth noting, that the head offices of the maritime province agencies for the two largest companies in the world, the Equitable and the Mutual, are located in Halifax. Through them and their pushing agents the names of the companies have become almost household words. You who read this can form some indistinct idea of what progress they are making, when I give Mr. Edwards' statement that for the months of 1891 the new business of the Equitable in the maritime provinces had exceeded three-quarters of a million of dollars. That gentleman paid a warm tribute to the activity of agents, and in this connection mentioned Capt. A. W. Masters as a St. John man who had achieved marked success in his special fields.

The two best Canadian companies seemed to think this city the place for their head branch office, for I found the Canada Life and the Confederation's comfortable offices equally centrally located. Mr. F. W. Green, of the Confederation, is a busy manager, spending most of his time on the move, floating from one section to another and encouraging his representatives throughout the country.

When I called upon Mr. M. F. Eagar, a well-known business man, and a good patron of PROGRESS, I found that something had just directed his attention to freights and railways. I think it was a letter from a Boston or a New York correspondent, which informed him that he could get a cheaper freight rate from some western Canadian point to Halifax via one of those American ports than by shipping direct over the Intercolonial railway. Mr. Eagar discussed this question with the intelligence that a perfect understanding of the facts gave him and he argued strongly for such rates to the government railway as would do away with this American competition. "Why should we not lose money by our railway as calmly as we lose money by our postal service?" he asked. "Both of them are important services but I think you will agree with me that it would be a wise proceeding if the government railway would give such rates to the Johns and Halifax as would enable the millions of bushels of surplus grain to go out of the country through Canadian ports rather than through New York and Boston. This would benefit ocean freights also. If the English steamers were sure of a grain freight at Halifax or St. John, their freight tariffs to these ports would be lowered at once. As it is, it often pays the maritime merchant to ship via Boston or New York where the big steamers are always sure for a return cargo and consequently can afford to carry freight out at a cheap rate."

There are three evening papers in Halifax, the *Echo*, *Recorder* and *Mail*. If I placed them according to their merit the last named would be first. The *Recorder* is the oldest—has passed the century mark—and like most old papers is independent. Up to a year or two ago it had the field all to itself, practically, and made money "hand over fist." Today the opposition of its genuine and active rivals, the *Mail* and *Echo*, has had an effect upon it—and I doubt not a beneficial one. The *Mail* is the best evening paper, and it may judge from the reports of news agents and street boys has the largest circulation. Mr. Stewart, the owner of the Herald Printing company, is its editor, and Mr. Hiram Weir, the active and brainy news editor. There is only one reason why the Halifax daily papers are not as good as those in St. John: they do not have half the staffs. Take the case of the *Mail*—three men do all the work, editing, proof reading, and news gathering. It takes an editorial staff of six to issue a St. John evening paper. There should be some difference in the quality of the papers!

It is worth noting, too, that while the

DO YOU WANT HEALTH?

THEN USE

PEPTONIZED

BEEF

Makes Blood and Muscle.

PEPSINE

Cures all forms of Indigestion.

ALE

Nourishes and Stimulates the Entire System.

AND BEEF

HIGHLY

Recommended and freely endorsed by the medical profession.

Price 25 Cents, in Pint Bottles.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS.

Recorder claims the largest circulation, —so do the others—every copy of its edition, according to my informant, is folded by hand. I wonder what the St. John *Globe* would do without its rapid double cylinder press and its still more speedy folder. The *Echo* is to the *Chronicle* what the *Mail* is to the *Herald*. Its owner, Mr. Annand, is probably the most well-to-do publisher in the maritime provinces. So far as the federal government is concerned, his newspapers are "out," but they stand in a most prosperous relation to the provincial administration. Though his interests are varied, his business ventures outside of newspaperdom have usually been successful. His personality is not attractive, but his character is best summed up in the words of a rival newspaper man, who said: "He is a hard man to get acquainted with, but his friendship is worth having."

I looked for an open, double-seated phaeton carriage a few days ago and could not find one in the city. It may have been around somewhere, but I failed to discover its whereabouts. Barouches were to be had by the score, and the English trap you could see on every street, but what we know as the "double buggy" was absent. Not only was this noticeable, but the variety of pleasant driving vehicles is very limited. The handsome private turnout on the streets comes from Dartmouth, and in the modern expressive slang, "there is nothing the matter with it."

In conversation with Mr. Alfred Edgcombe, of the carriage manufacturing firm of Messrs. Edgcombe & Sons, a few days later, he was complaining of the insufficient space given his house by the St. John exhibition, the manager of which would only allow him space for four carriages, while he had 30 or more in almost as many different styles to show. I mentioned the facts noted above in regard to Halifax, and I think he made up his mind on the spot to send his exhibit to the Nova Scotia exhibition. At any rate I see his entry has been made for between 50 and 60 carriages. And they will be worth seeing.

Does Your Watch Keep Time.

That the human frame is an excellent magnet is well known by practical experience to every watchmaker and mender, says a jeweler. A man will carry a watch for years and be proud of its accuracy; then he will fall sick, the watch will lie on the mantel or on the dresser, and will develop great inaccuracy and unreliability. No explanation is forthcoming, except the one that the absence of magnetism upsets the time annuncator, and the best proof of this is that when the man gets around again and carries his watch it soon gets all right again. No two men appear to have the same magnetism in their frames, and it is seldom that two individuals can use the same watch satisfactorily.

HONOR AMONG JAPANESE.

The Code of Hara-kiri and the Continued Loyalty to It of the Nobility.

It is generally understood that hara-kiri or hara-wo-kiri is the solemn practice of suicide among Japanese noblemen, a practice most deeply rooted in their ideas of honor and faithfulness.

The hara-kiri was first practised on the battlefield. If the defeated did not wish to fall alive into the hands of the enemy, they thrust their swords into their mouths or their breasts or cut their own throats. Later the hara-kiri became an institution of honor. Whoever knew his cause to be lost either executed himself with his sword, or allowed his companions to do it for him. It often happened that when a feudal lord had performed his self-execution his vassals followed his example, to show their loyalty beyond the grave.

My mother, who was a Japanese of rank, often related to me a case of hara-kiri which took place not so very many years ago in her own family. The nobleman, occupying a government office, had killed his bitterest enemy and was sentenced to the hara-kiri. If he had not belonged to the caste of warriors they would either have beheaded him or sentenced him to be nailed to the cross, which would have brought dishonor on his family, besides resulting in pecuniary disadvantages. The hara-kiri, however, attached no dishonor to him or his family. The condemned man was committed to the surveillance of a nobleman in whose mansion the solemn self-execution was to take place. Day and hour were appointed, and the witnesses elected by the Government arrived. The condemned man had begged three of his friends to render him the last service and they consented.

Subordinates called on the prisoner to tell him of the arrival of the witnesses. They brought him robes of hemp on a tray. He donned them quickly and hurried to the reception room of the palace, where the sentence of death was read to him. The prisoner listened to it without moving a feature. Then he retired once more to his chamber to change his dress for the last time. Attired in white robes, he was led by a solemn procession to the room where the self-execution was to take place. A large cotton cloth was spread on the mats. Over this a scarlet quilt was laid to prevent the blood from oozing through the mats. It was already dark and a candelabrum giving a faint light was placed in each corner. Behind two white screens a pail, a wash basin, a censor, a tray, and a short sword lay hidden. According to prevailing rules, the persons stepped into the semi-dark room and took their places.

Then the duties of the three assistants of the prisoner began. The first brought him the sword on a short-legged table, the hilt being wrapped in paper. The prisoner received the weapon with reverence, lifting it with both hands to his forehead to express his esteem. Then he laid it back on the table and bowed to all present. He let his upper garments fall down to the belt, and stuffed them firmly under his knees to

prevent him from falling backward, which is looked on as a disgrace. Then, while with a firm hand he seized the sword, and with a quick movement cut up his stomach, the second assistant, who stood, on his left side, with one fierce blow severed the head from the trunk. After rendering his friend this terrible service, he retired behind the screens, drew some white paper from his belt, and wiped the weapon. The third assistant then grasped the head by the tuft of hair and presented it to the principal Government witness to show that justice had been fully satisfied. This was followed by deep silence. All present retired quietly. On the floor lay the body of the nobleman. Four servants appeared and carried away the body and cleaned the room.

The memory of the nobleman remained unstained. He had remained loyal to his rank in death.

The Origin of High Heels.

Heels, it is said, owe their origin to Persia, where they were introduced upon sandals in the shape of blocks of wood fixed underneath, such being the root idea of those deformities to which lovely woman owe so many of her woes. A high, unsteady heel, it is an open secret, injures the leg tendons and affects the spine, as well as the internal organs, which are liable to be displaced by the thrown forward position entailed.

In Persia, the home of the high heel, however, these blocks of wood were used simply to "raise the feet from the burning sands of the country," and were about two inches high. With the Persian women these blocks were vastly higher than those erected by the men, their height being from eighteen inches to two feet, thus becoming more of the nature of stilts than anything else.

Strangely enough, many years after, a similar fashion came into vogue in Venice, but the motive in this case was comically different, for "by its means jealous husbands thought they would be able to keep their wives at home." The supports of such shoes in Venice were called "chapineys," and to appease the vanity of the ladies, and doubtless also to sugar the pill, were made highly ornate.

The height of these chapineys determined the rank of the wearer, an extra coating for the pill, "the noblest dames being permitted to wear them one half yard or more high."

A Cure for Stammering.

Draw a long breath so as to fill the lungs to their utmost extent. Divide the sentence you wish to speak into syllables, marking time for each syllable by bringing the index finger and thumb of the right hand together, or marking time with the foot. Now, here is a specimen: "Pass-me-the-bread. Good mor-ning-ma-dame-how-do-you-feel-this-morning." Those syllable exercises must be practised for at least one month, then a cure should be accomplished if the patient has no deformity of the throat or larynx, and if the front teeth are sound.