

A DRIVE IN THE PARK.

THE GREAT PLEASURE GROUND OF HALIFAX, AS SEEN BY A VISITOR.

Over the Ferry to Dartmouth, and People Met on the Boat—A Relic of Former Days—Halifax Harbor and the Fortifications.

One of the peculiarities of Halifax which almost takes away the breath of the summer visitor who is accustomed to the contracted limits of an inland city, is the immense amount of space which seems to be lying around almost without an owner. In the very heart of the city are pieces of land, good sized strips and small green fields, which he gazes on in surprise, and when he inquires what land-owner is rich enough to let so much valuable property lie idle, the answer is—"Oh, that is all city property," and the stranger subsides into an impressed and admiring silence.

There is plenty of room in Halifax, and you have a delightful feeling there that you can open your mouth wide and take a deep breath of delightful sea air without a lurking consciousness that it is sold by the gallon like nitrous oxide, and you must be saving of it and get along somehow with half-filled lungs.

Although your ideas are gradually expanding, it is not until the park is reached that you really gain an idea of space. Fifteen hundred acres of pleasure ground! and all for the people, all to be had, like the public gardens, without money and without price, on every day in the year save one—the day on which the military authorities "take possession" in the name of her majesty. And the people seem to appreciate their privileges thoroughly; for everywhere one meets with tired folks, either on their way to the park or strolling through its leafy avenues, and resting upon its benches. Driving over the smooth white road which leads parkwards, one has almost as good an opportunity for the study of human nature, as in the gardens! Here are a pair of happy children in a tiny cart trotting rapidly by behind their pair of fancy high stepping kids—tan colored kids they are too, with little shiny black hoods and horns, and a bright red harness, the reins of which their young driver handles with a grace worthy of Mr. Weller, senior. There are a still happier pair, though not children this time. Hand in hand they are strolling along, too utterly absorbed in each other, and their own happy dreams to be aware of much that is going on around them. In spite of myself I turn and gaze back at them with a sympathetic smile, and they are not at all disconcerted; they still continue to "hold hands," and even smile in return—a pitying sort of smile, as if they felt sorry that one with so appreciative a soul should not have a hand to hold, too.

Turning a sharp corner of the drive which winds and twists amongst the trees, one meets two equestrians—not lovers this time—but a lady and her groom riding along in a solemn silence that is almost weird; they are riding quite abreast, and at first sight the dark blue habit and the dark blue livery look rather strikingly alike. Query: I wonder why the lady did not choose some other color? Both are trotting in true English fashion, and my unaccustomed eyes open with surprise, we are so used nowadays to seeing ladies canter.

The two pavilions are filled with children who are seeking shelter from the too ardent sun, and their high, clear voices mingle in a musical rhythm with the minor key, walls emitted by the occupants of several of the ever present perambulators which are scattered in picturesque profusion around the landscape.

On a brow of the hill overlooking the beautiful North West Arm, frowns Fort Ogilvie, serene in his unapproachable majesty, and awe inspiring impenetrability; an awe which is very materially increased when the spectator catches a glimpse of the huge new 32 pounder whose truculent nose rests on the rampart, over which he gazes, across the arm, with an indescribable expression of carrying a chip on his shoulder, and just suffering for a chance to fight. You are not allowed to photograph him, or to take any liberties either with him or his dwelling, and for aught I know I may yet languish in the deepest dungeon in the Citadel, if they have such things there, for penning these inoffensive lines, but I suppose that would be merely one of the many drawbacks to even a little fame.

Below the fort on a sloping bank is a large patch of real Scotch heather, which is found in only one other place in Nova Scotia. Near the shore of the arm, is a huge flat rock, just at the left of the drive, in which one can still see the remains of a gigantic iron staple, which was used, in days gone by, to fasten a chain cable, to be stretched across the arm in time of danger, for the purpose of preventing hostile vessels from sailing up the Arm. Ye gods, and little fishes, think of it! Collect your scattered senses, and try to imagine the Bellerophon, for instance, endeavoring to proceed in that direction, and being checked in her mad career by a chain cable! It requires a good deal of imagination, I know, but then I suppose it would have taken even more, on the part of those simple folks of old, to look into the future and picture a Bellerophon.

One might drive, as it seems, for miles through this most lovely breathing spot over roads smooth as a floor, and through scenes whose loveliness is all the more striking because so much has been left to nature and so entirely has the artificial been exchanged for the plan adopted. The entire park seems to have grown just where it is, roads and all. Hours might be spent there and yet half its beauties remain unexplored, but there are many other things to see in Halifax, and time is short, so we—which means the distinguished party of which the writer had the honor of making one unit—drive slowly through the massive new gateway of granite and iron, which was the gift of the late Sir William Young to the city, and wend our way towards Dartmouth.

In order to reach this pretty little over-the-water suburb of Halifax, it is necessary to cross the ferry, the boats of which run

every fifteen minutes on week days, and every half hour on Sunday, and many an odd sight you will see in the neat, if somewhat bare cabins, of the large new boats, particularly if it happens to be market day as it was on the day I speak of.

The breeze was blowing so very fresh that we chose the cabin instead of the upper deck, and we found the former occupied by two colored ladies who were so very stylish that ordinary mortals felt shy beside them. One—the most pronounced brunette of the two—was arrayed in a robe of embroidered white Swiss muslin and white silk gloves. On her head she wore a black straw hat, loaded with ostrich plumes. The other was arrayed in pink muslin with white hat, and they had evidently but recently returned from Boston, and were disposed to look down with great contempt on all things Canadian.

"Dese is sech clumsy old boats, dese ferry boats," remarked the brunette. "Dey would not put up with 'em no ways in Boston, dey aint go' no proper conveniences, I only wonda' dat folks puts up with dese cabins at all!"

"I wonda' dat spectable pussons patronize them at all," said the blonde, whose hair, curiously enough, was twisted up in papers, under her hat. "Now in Bawston, de cabins is fitted up fit for ladies, to set it; de Bawston people has ferry boats, and trains dat is fit—and 'sorry to disturb you,' broke in the captain's voice, 'but you will have to come into the colored cabin, you can't stay here, it is against the rules,' and truly the greater the elevation the more terrific the fall! The expression on the faces of those dark skinned belles was beyond description, but they stoutly refused to go down lower, and the dispute waxed warm. The captain insisted, but they remained firm, and nothing saved us from a war of races, with bloodshed accompanied, but the boat touching at the Dartmouth side, when an armistice was declared, and the admirers of 'Bawston' stepped triumphantly on shore.

It is a very common practice with the pilgrim who lands on the shores of Dartmouth for the first time to toil painfully up the hilly street leading from the ferry, glance disappointedly at the rows of indifferent shops which embellish each side of it and then climb indignantly down again and wait for the next boat with what patience he can summon, and then inform his friends scornfully that he failed to see any beauty in Dartmouth, and he did not believe anyone else did either, except perhaps the natives. Easy! good man, you were in too great a hurry! if you had pushed on a bit, kept off the main street and gone up to the brow of the hill, or taken the Shore Road, you would have felt that your trip across the ferry had not been in vain and that you had got the full value for your six cents. Dartmouth does not hang all her charms out on the front fence as the unsophisticated denizens of the back settlements, hang the family washing! You have to go into the garden, if not inside the front door, before you see one half of the beauties of mother Halifax's only child, and the better you get to know her, the fairer she is.

One thing that will rather surprise the searcher after knowledge, is the appearance of an old man who is always either climbing one hill with two full pails of water, or trotting briskly down another, with the same pails empty. You always see him, and he never varies his employment, except upon a very warm day, to stop and rest a minute, with a pail on each side of him. At first you regard him with indifference, which changes to languid curiosity, and you wonder whether it is perpetual washing day at his house, or if he is merely carrying those pails for amusement. At last you make inquiries, and learn that he is a water carrier by profession, and sells his merchandise at either one cent, or ten cents a pail; I really regret which, but as I always like to tell a good story when I am about it, we will say ten.

The *raison d'être* of this old gentleman lies in the fact that as yet Dartmouth has no water system, though it is even now being put in, so the residents who have no wells are obliged to buy drinking water by the pail. I really think that once the water works are in operation Dartmouth will have lost one of its charms, for a real live water carrier is an oriental charm which few modern towns possess, and I would modestly suggest that the old man be retained, even if he is obliged to carry empty pails and be merely a picturesque nuisance like the market.

But to return to my muttons! Anyone who takes the trouble to climb the hill crowned by the new park which is in course of construction, will be convinced that Dartmouth is indeed a beauty spot, for from the summit Halifax guarded by its star shaped citadel and surrounded by its matchless harbor, lies before him like a picture, and more than ever does he long to penetrate the massive walls of that citadel which is so rigidly closed to all the outside world. I wonder if a mad bull were to toss one over the ramparts, and the victim alighted, crushed and bleeding inside the walls; whether he would be tried by court martial and shot, or merely flogged. I don't suppose it would be worth while to try, because mad bulls are expensive business, and the experiment might be unsuccessful.

It is impossible to fully realize the extent of this magnificent harbor, land locked, and sheltered, and yet in which any ironclad in the world could sail around for almost indefinite time without grounding; and in which the flagship, Bellerophon and the *Tourmaline* are now riding at anchor—unless one views it from some such elevation, and somehow it makes you feel smaller than you ever did before.

The park at Dartmouth is still very much in a state of nature, just a piece of wild, breezy upland, commanding a beautiful view, but there are grand possibilities before it, and when the young trees have grown a little and the avenues are completed it will look more like a park. All around you catch glimpses of lovely residences so embowered in trees that you see little but the trees; here the business men of Halifax have many of them built their homes, preferring to live a little out of the city's din. Conspicuous amongst these are Dr. Parker, Mr. Dugan, Mr. J. W. Allison, and the late John P. Mott, whose beautiful residence, "Hazelhurst," is the show place, par excellence of Dartmouth. The lengthening shadows warn us to

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scramble down from our lofty perch, and catch the five o'clock boat. So we bid a reluctant adieu to Dartmouth, and catch the Halifax just as it is being cast loose. This time the cabin is in the exclusive possession of three brisk ladies, who seem to have left their native sod but recently. They are discussing family matters in a tone of voice which makes eavesdropping compulsory.

"An how's yer son, Mrs. Murphy?"
"He's well Mrs. O'Brien I thank ye."
"An' where does he be now?"
"It's out in Wisconsin, he is, an' tis married, he is too."

"Ye dont mane it? An' did he get a good gurrel?"
"He got the finest gurrel, Mrs. O'Brien, that yer stipped on sod, and eedicated. She's eedicated that high, that she equals the bist lady in the lan'. Tis a teacher she was ye mind."

"Look at that now! Oh 'tis the eedication is a great thing altogether! Whin a young man gets eedication with his wife his fortin's just made ye mind."

"It's truth ye're tellin', Mrs. O'Brien, an' how might ye're own health be kapin'?"

"Bad, Mrs. Murphy, bad! Its the dispepsy, the doctor is tellin' me, which is a new disase, and likely to take Nan off at any minute."

"Deed then, Mrs. O'Brien, ye desave yer looks, for its the pictur of healt' ye're lookin'. Here's the other side, an' a good day to ye, ma'am."

I think the third member must have been deaf for she did not speak at all. How many more things there are about Halifax that I would like to mention! The garrison chapel with its red coated ushers and its soul stirring music, in which nearly a whole regiment sings, led by the band of the Leicestershire regiment. The cathedral, the round church, the public buildings—things many and various,—but time presses and space is limited. So farewell Halifax till another day, and may the post office be housecleaned ere thou art again visited by thy admiring friend,

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

SAM JONES, DRAYMAN.

Why Sam, Drayman, Left Cartersville and Became the Reverend Sam.

Before Sam Jones went to preaching he ran a public dray in Cartersville, his native town. He was a familiar figure around the depot, and he at that time hauled all the drummers' trunks from the depot to the hotel. Many veteran drummers yet remember Sam as a drayman. His outfit was a small, rickety, rattling, ram shackling wagon and a sorrel horse that was old and experienced enough to have come down from the Revolutionary war.

This horse was a character in its way, and some people say he was the cause of Sam's reformation. He was as humble a horse as one would wish to see. He submitted to all Sam's cuffs and rebuffs without any protest other than mildly backing his flea bitten ears. He had an air of one who was always deeply engaged in thought, and looked upon the frivolities of this life with supreme disdain. And then, Sam's horse was extremely unsociable in his temperament. He never cared to make any new acquaintances, and seemed desirous of treading the wine press of sorrow alone. For many days he went on in the same quiet way, drawing Sam's rickety old dray with the sublimest fortitude. It was never necessary for Sam to tie him when he left him, for he had such insurmountable constitutional objections to locomotion that there was little danger of his taking his departure. So Sam thought, and so it was for many, many days.

But things do not always remain the same, alas!

One day Sam's horse was seen, to the most extreme surprise of the Cartersvillians, tearing down Main street followed by the dray, which was rolling about from one side to the other, down the street he went like mad, and it seemed wonderful to those who knew him intimately that he could acquire such speed. Sam, who had left him for some purpose, stood watching his mad career eagerly.

"He's decided to emigrate," Sam remarked, as the horse continued his wild flight.

Presently the horse swerved to the right and the wagon struck against a tree, and with a crash, came to a standstill.

The spectators all went down to survey the wreck. It was a complete one, indeed. Sam stood and looked at it silently for some moments in deep reflection. There was a pathos in his voice when he finally turned around and said:

"I guess I'll have to find some other way to make a living."

In a few weeks Sam left Cartersville and went down near Columbus.

"The next I heard or saw of Sam," said the gentleman who told me the story, "he came back to Cartersville and preached a sermon. I went out to hear him, and I never saw such a complete change in a man."

THE ENUMERATOR.

Census man! census man!
Wirepullers wondered
Why you've left divers bluenoses unnumbered
Your tally says St. John,
In the decade last gone,
Gained only sixty-one.
Go to! you're blunder'd.
Bob, Jim and Tom were miss'd,
And hundreds more exist,
Who are not on your list.

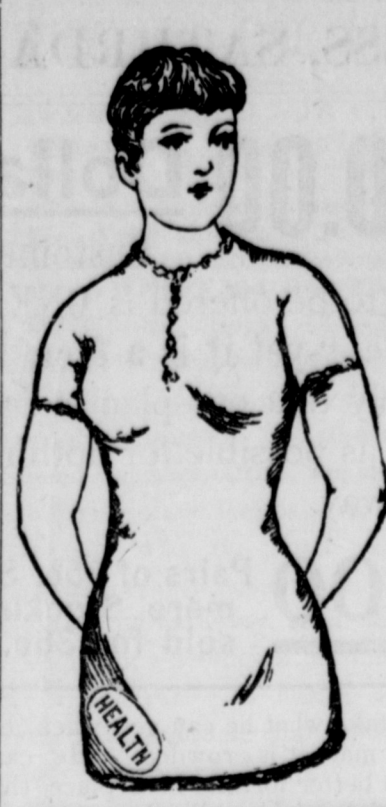
So say your censos.

Census man! census man!
There's no redeeming
Your stupid negligence; have you been dreaming?
Yours 'twas to swell the score
Every name—aye and more
Could be had as of yore
'Tho' 'twere by scheming.
Where firs were best to tell,
Sundry facts should not dwell,
Yours 'twas the roll to swell,
Taking the censos.

Census man! census man!
Public opinion
Forever will dub you an imbecile minion,
This is the carol sung,
Thus are the changes rung
By loyal lip and lung
O'er this Dominion.
Thus do the tories cry,
Strongly the grins deny,
That there is aught aye

With the last censos.

St. John, Sept., 1891.
Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union street.



IN THE PROPERTY ROOM.

Things That are Not What They Seem, and How They are Made.

Perhaps the department of the theatre of the most curious interest is the property room which in large and old theatres becomes in time a veritable museum. There is scarcely a thing which can be named but may find a place there, from a blacking bottle to a coach. Fireplaces, mirrors, curtains, furniture and bric-brac of all kinds, ages and styles, arms and armor, crockery pots and pans, and jewellery, to say nothing of such things as the thunder, the wind, the crash and the snow, and perhaps an odd staircase or two. These things pass in theatrical lingo under the name of "props."

A moment's consideration will show how this collection comes about. It has always been customary to dress a scene upon the stage with the articles actually necessary to the action of the play; thus in *Hamlet*, as Hamlet sticks Polonius with his sword through the tapestry, it follows that the scene requires both the sword and the tapestry. Take another case of some melodrama with a scene of some humble kitchen which calls for a tin kettle and a teapot with a broken spout; these things must equally be in the store. The collection of armor and arms at the Metropolitan opera house in New York is very large and interesting; besides multitudes of suits of almost every time and style, from the chain armor of the Norman period down to the elaborate "iron lobster shell" of the epoch of Henry 8th.

The property armory is not complete without "trick" swords, that is, a sword which is apparently perfect, but on touching a spring in the hilt the blade falls in two, and the villain of the play, thus disarmed, is duly run through (under the arm safely) by the virtuous cavalier; the maiden is rescued, and the curtain falls!

Such things as carved furniture, statues, china vases, fruits and vials for stage banquets are usually made out of paper, which is the property artist's great resource. First-class property men should have skill in the sculptor's art. It is a rare qualification; mostly the theatre has to purchase or borrow all the articles it needs.

New York, however, boasts of four gentlemen of very high order of talent in this direction, viz., George Henry of Madison Square theatre, A. Bradwell of the Metropolitan opera house, Edward Siedl of Palmer's theatre, and James Brabyn of the Casino. These gentlemen will take the modelling clay and fashion anything from a Grecian vase or an Egyptian god to a dish of fruit or a Japanese vase. When the clay model is complete it is slowly baked hard. Then a plaster cast is made in the ordinary methods. The inside of the mould is next oiled. Thick common brown paper is laid in water to soak through; when sufficiently pulpy it is laid with strong paste layer on layer inside the mould and well pressed into it. The mould is then baked for about a day at a low temperature. The pieces are glued together, the edges sand papered, the thing is painted and an article very light to handle and almost indestructible is the result. The Egyptian god, 30 feet high, used in the temple scene of *Aida* is made of this material.

Banquets are nearly always paper; but it sometimes happens that the supper has to be eaten or at best carved. The case is met in various ways. Eatable stage fowls and turkeys are made of a loaf of new bread, browned over with a hot iron; jam tartlets are made of the thinnest tissue paper folded up into shape. The actor can put one in his mouth and afterwards spit it out into the wings unobserved. Thin strips of light green and yellow tissue paper make a capital looking salad.

The carved enrichments of handsome furniture, fireplaces and doorways are moulded of paper and stuck on to plain wooden frames. Tasteful painting and varnish does the rest. The exquisite Louis Quatorze consoles, or the quaint but beautiful chippendale furniture will be nought but paper—homely brown paper.

The practicable portions of a painted scene, such as portieres stairways, etc., are strictly "props" and in the property master's care.

Some years ago, at the Adelphi theatre in London, the old fashioned but pretty operetta of *The Miller and his Men* was produced. The artist painted a charming drop of an English pastoral scene, and to make it more realistic he had practicable sails to the painted windmill, which was turned by the property man's assistant. All went well while Miller sang the ballad,

When the wind blows,
Then the mill goes,
Sing hey down derry.
When he came to the second line:

When the wind blows,
Then the mill stops,
Sing hey down derry.

the wag at the back let go the handle and down came the sails of the windmill with a crash on the stage to the delight of the audience. SYDNEY CHIDLEY.

"Ah, play a little before you go, professor." "I would like to, Miss Emma, but it's rather late and I might disturb the neighbors." "Oh, don't bother about the neighbors. Besides, they poisoned our dog last week."

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