

Provincial Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN, FEB. 17TH.—Mrs. Malcolm Macleod secured the last hours before Lent came in for a large musical party, which, while the last on the list, was one of the most enjoyed of the entertainments of the past season. The large number of guests did not over crowd the rooms, and this lent part of the charm to the party.

Many a gathering is ruined by want of room, or by what is equivalent—too many guests. One becomes "cornered" among a number of people one sees once in an "Highland Moon," or even worse, you are hedged in beyond possibility of escape, and doomed to laboured and spasmodic interchange of common places with some uncongenial companion, while just beyond,—"so near and yet so far"—stands a group of intimate friends smiling at the situation.

But at the party in question the numerous means of communication between the rooms, and the spacious halls obviated such a contingency. It is just this sort of thing that makes a party uninteresting to many individuals, and personal discomfort multiplied by a very small figure means the failure of the entertainment.

Mrs. Macleod must excuse our using her musical as a text for some reflections, but here's another which I cannot resist.

There was less of that annoying, unkindly, and very exceedingly rude talking, while people are singing or playing, which unhappily is so universal, at least in Charlottetown, and prevented in this case by each individual or each small group of guests standing alone. Quite a different thing when one's identity is lost in a crowd! Why is it that this prevails? Most of our neighbours would resent being accused of grave breaches of ordinary etiquette, and would promptly notice with proper indignation persistent interruption in conversation; yet they will talk incessantly while their friends are doing their utmost to please them at the piano, and so fall into the very faults which under different forms they would reprimand in others.

I have sometimes pictured the idiotic expression their faces would probably wear, were some musician suddenly to stop in the middle of a *forte* or *ff* passage. I wonder if habit would not prompt them to offer that least sincere of all compliments:—"thank you so much; I enjoyed every note of your delightful music!"

Could I sing I would make the experiment myself, but being common-place and not talented in that direction, I must leave the experiment to some one else. The idea is not copyrighted—your readers are welcome to use it as they will.

Next morning Lent came in, earlier the usual, and now all is quiet, for altho' everyone does not profess to keep Lent, and as a matter of fact, I suspect very few really do, still it is regarded here as fittingly a time of no parties.

Still concerts galore are certainly on the tapis and lectures alternate with these. There is a series of both at St. James Hall on Tuesdays.

The Philharmonic Concert will likely be given next Thursday, when ever those who go into retirement at this season like bears and other hybernating animals, may venture out to enjoy the soul-inspiring music of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

We failed at the proper time to welcome amongst us Dr. George Warburton, who with Mrs. Warburton and their family have come from India to their old home. At present they are at "Milford" with Hon. James Warburton, Dr. Warburton's father, and will remain there until a suitable residence offers itself for purchase and occupation.

Mr. Fred. Anderson, son of Professor Anderson, of Prince of Wales College, has embarked upon the calling of civil engineering, for which purpose he has left his native shores with attendant good wishes.

Sir Charles Tupper was to have been here yesterday, but other engagements called him hence, to the great disappointment of his followers, and probably of the more liberal of the Liberals. Sir Charles was to have been the guest of Mr. Edward J. Hodgson, Q. C.

Sir Charles' name suggests the election—not that there is any need of any such suggestion, for the papers are full of it, the air one breathes is heavy with it, and there is little else to talk of, think of, dream of or write about. "Praised be blessed," as one of my old domestics used to say—there will soon be an end of it all, and then we'll sober down into our usual mid-winter and early spring want of everything but nothingness.

Some of the clergy refused the share of the proceeds of the Charity Ball offered them by "mine host" of the Hotel Davies. This was at least consistent upon the part of His Lordship at St. Dunstan's, and the Rector of St. Paul's, in both of which churches sermons had lately been preached against dancing. "Tom Trim," had he not been promptly and properly silenced, would probably have had a word to say

concerning the Rev. James Simpson, of St. Peter's, Rev. Mr. Bremer, of the Upper Methodist Church, and the Treasurer of the W. C. T. U., none of whom refused a good thing for the help of the poor.

One begins to tremble now-a-days. We know we are to have the poor with us always, and this winter we have had three concerts and one Charity Ball to patronize (or run the chance of being misjudge!), in addition to one's private and more health giving, to lessen the misery of others.

What, should the system become fashionable and the infection spread? Happy thought!—put your name down on the poor list—a second suggestion not copy-righted.

A little piece of gossip and I'll say *au revoir*.

There is nothing more delightful than a hyacinth at this time of the year. How provoking it must be to be told that a certain tall parcel contains a bottle auxiliary to the culinary department, to seize it by its uppermost part, feel it give way in your hand, open the wrapper, and find you have broken the bloom off a beautiful specimen of the plant in question! Yet all this lately befell a certain *belle* among us and I'll probably "get fits" for telling about it.

Yours devotedly.

"CHARLOTTETONIAN"

SPORTS.

CENTRING is very popular among certain of our citizens this winter.

In a late competition between Rinks representing different Churches the following games were played, and won in each case by the latter of the two named:

Church	vs. Methodists.
Presbyterians	vs. Church.
Presbyterians	vs. Methodists.

In a game between West and East—Prince Street being the dividing line—East defeated West. The last contest was as follows, military winning:

ALLCOMERS.	
Percy Pope.....	5
H. Beer.....	10
	—
	15
W. A. O. Merson.....	11
Rev. Jas. Carruthers....	8
	—
	19

HOCKEY.—On Ash Wednesday evening four games of hockey were played in the Hillsborough Skating Rink by sides representing East and West. The playing was very animated. West scored a victory in each of the four games. Admission was charged for, and proceeds, amounting to \$38.00, were given to the P. E. I. Hospital.

YARMOUTH.—Lent having come in, the whirl of dissipation is somewhat abated, and I have more time to look about and see what is going on, and first I must tell you of the very pleasant sleigh drive we had about two weeks ago. The night was fine, the sleighing perfect, and the company all that could be desired. We (to the number of about forty) left town about half past six for Tusket, two miles from town, and reached Gilman's by devious bye paths, between seven and eight o'clock, where a good supper awaited us; Gilman is too well known to need description. Suffice it is to say he quite Out Morrisoned Morrison, and on this occasion was quite up to the mark. Some of the young ladies having kindly consented to play, dancing was indulged in for two or three hours. And we were all sorry when it was time to leave for home, which we reached in the "wee sma' hours."

Prof. Peakes of the Y. B. Band, has just opened a Dancing class, which is already attended by about 70 of the young people. He seems to thoroughly understand his business, and those that went with the intention of only having a good time, are beginning to find that there must be method even in dancing. He promises to teach the German, though if course that will be a sort of finishing touch, at present he keeps them at one step until they are perfect in that, he also teaches the young men how to enter a room gracefully, and several other little things which will not come amiss to the youths of our Society.

Miss Grace Turnbull of St. John, and Miss Robinson of Annapolis are visiting Mrs. W. D. Ross. Mr. Ross left for England last week.

Miss Dodds, and Miss Tooker returned from St. John last week.

I think the Yarmouth people consider it quite beneath their dignity to get excited over anything, consequently the Political force which burns so fiercely in some parts of the Dominion, is here in a very "light" form. The candidate chosen by the people has not willingly run, so they are contenting themselves with "Hobson's choice." Who is a perfect Demosthenes, and if successful will be able to plead the cause of Yarmouth in a most able manner—and "In a measure so kindly, you don't if the toes, that are trodden upon are your own or your foes."

Miss Nellie Eskins has gone to Mt. St. Vincent Academy to finish her education. The Yarmouth and Shelburne Steamship Co., are just putting on a fine new steamer between here and Shelburne. She is somewhat after the style of the Paddle steamers, very broad with promenade decks, is handsomely furnished and fitted throughout, and will no doubt prove a great accommodation to the travelling public. Who that has ever taken the ride by coach from Shelburne to Yarmouth, would take it again just for the fun of the thing?

HIGH TONED GOODS are what all want, whether they be in Society or not.

CRAGG, BROS. & CO., " " Corner Barrington and George Streets.

Are showing this Season the finest stock ever offered in Halifax of SKATES, FINE CUTLERY, USEFUL HOUSEHOLD NOVELTIES, &c.

Specially suited for the HOLIDAY TRADE. And at WONDERFULLY LOW PRICES.