

The singing quadrilles, by some of the smallest children, were very nice, as they always are.

It is impossible to attempt to give a complete list of all the children present, but we must mention some of the most perfect dresses, which would have excited comment even at a mansion house ball. Among the girls, Mabel Noyes, (Red Riding Hood); Doris Noyes, (Cherry Ripe); Maggie and Edna MacKenzie, Beatrice Whidden, and Edith Sheraton, (Ladies of the Olden Time); Marian Lithgow, (Gypsy); Beta Stairs, (Algerian Peasant); Maggie Doull, (Tunis Orange Girl); Jessie Reynolds, (May Queen); Daisy Farrell, (Japanese Lantern); Gwennie Mitchell, (Blue); Hilda Slayter, (Tambourine); Florrie Reynolds, (Gypsy). Among the boys, Victor Gray, Arthur Doull, Ivan Perrin and Fred. Pearson, (Olden Time); George Noyes, (Wamba the Jester); W. Stairs, (Beefeater); Aubrey Reynolds, (Washington); Maynard Reynolds, (Middy); C. Cady, (Freemason); Oswald Wylde, (Little Boy Blue); George Henderson, (Old English); F. & J. Uniacke, (Olden Time); and Louis Farrell, (Mephisto).

There were a good many grown-up guests present, who seemed to thoroughly enter into the children's fun, and had a nice little dance to themselves afterwards. Many of the gentlemen came in evening dress, and the military in uniform. There were, however, several splendid dresses, amongst others Miss Noyes, (Fortune-Teller); Miss Violet Noyes, (Ruddigore); Miss Bauld, (Greek Girl); Miss Ethel Stayner, (Swiss Peasant); Miss H. C. Lithgow, (Poudré); Miss M. E. Lithgow, (Kate Greenaway); Miss Hattie Albro, (Fan-Drill); Miss Fairbanks, (Gypsy); Miss Gray and Miss Uniacke, (Poudré); and Miss Ethel Dimock, (Butterfly).

An interesting ceremony took place at St. Luke's Cathedral at 6.30 on Wednesday morning, when the Rev. James Simonds, of Barrington, was married to Miss Anna Fraser, youngest daughter of the late B. D. Fraser, Esq., M. D., of Gerrish Hall, Windsor. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Richard Simonds, of Dorchester, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. W. B. King, who afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion. The bridesmaid was Miss Frederica Bowman, and the best man Mr. Hibbert Simonds. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. C. F. Fraser, was dressed in a travelling costume of rich brown, trimmed with seal. Both bride and bridesmaid carried magnificent bouquets of roses and ferns, loosely tied with white ribbons. Notwithstanding the early hour and the cold, a number of spectators had gathered in the church, as well as many of the bride's friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Bowman, Miss Annie Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. Milne Fraser, Mrs. Gregor, Miss Caroline Bowman and others.

A small but very pleasant afternoon tea was given on Wednesday by Mrs. William Duffus, at 106 Hollis St., in honor of the christening of the little daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Middlemas. The ceremony had been previously performed by the Rev. W. B. King in St. Luke's Cathedral.

Mrs. M. Wallace, Morris street, had a small dance on Tuesday evening.

The following little joke was perpetrated the Sunday before last. The co-adjutor Bishop of Fredericton had preached at St. Luke's in the morning, and when the family assembled afterwards at the dinner-table, one of the stay-at-homes happened to ask the name of the preacher. "Oh" volunteered a precocious juvenile, it was a bishop:—you know, the Bishop who is co-respondent to Bishop Kingdon." We tried hard not to laugh, but it was no good.

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Thursday was the best New Year's Day that has been seen in Halifax for many a year, and people generally did not hesitate to take advantage of it. Some few men were seen slipping away out of town to enjoy a long drive, but the great majority worked away manfully till dinner-time, looking up old friends to wish them "many returns." It's a good old custom, and one worth preserving: perhaps there is more hospitality shown in Halifax on this day than on all the other days of the year together. We are rather inclined to be abstemious ourselves, and didn't go in for mixtures like some men. The following little menu contented us.

1.15—Soup.	Tea and Ginger-Biscuits.
Port wine and Biscuit.	Sherry. (Hobson's Choice.)
Sherry.	Soup.
Pate de Foie Gras and Claret Cup.	Hot Cakes and Newfoundland Port.
Newfoundland Port.	Sugared Plum Cake.
1.45—Cold Beef and Potatoes.	Chocolate.
Bottled Beer.	Macaroons and Liqueur Brandy.
2.30—Coffee.	Oyster Soup.
Brown Bread and Butter.	Tea and Buttered Toast.
Soup.	Marsala.
Genoa Cake.	Ginger-Biscuits and Café Noir.
Curacao and Cream.	Whiskey-Punch.
Assorted Candies.	Milk-Punch and Sponge Cake.
Cherry Brandy.	Cherry Brandy.

We were going to have roast goose for dinner at 7 p m, but didn't feel much inclined that way as the afternoon wore on, and telephoned home the following dinner-order.

Dry toast au naturel
Salt anchovy
Boiled Rice
Soda water with a dash of Worcester Sauce.

The Private Rink Committee are arranging for a carnival in a few weeks. One most interesting novelty—in the arrangement of which Mrs. Fred. Jones is the leading spirit—will be a minuet in three figures,—not exactly the same thing as the minuet à la terra firma, but near enough to go under the same name. The following is the arrangement of partners as it stands at present:—

Mr. Fuller, - - -	Mrs. Jones.
Capt. Jenkins, - - -	Miss Norton-Taylor.
Mr. MacGowan, - - -	Miss Duffus.
Dr. Grier, - - -	Mrs. Doull.
Mr. Beecher, - - -	Mrs. Moren.
Mr. Barton, - - -	Miss Nagle.
Mr. Stairs, - - -	Miss Doull.
Capt. Trench, - - -	Mrs. Nesbitt.
Capt. Bruce, - - -	Mrs. Middlemas.
Mr. Marshall, - - -	Miss Henry.
Mr. W. Henry, - - -	Mrs. Grier.
Mr. Swanson, - - -	Miss Salter.
Mr. Parsons, - - -	Miss Morrow.
Mr. Marsh, - - -	Miss Kenny.
Capt. Wood, - - -	Miss Thomson.
Mr. Wylde, - - -	Miss Almon.
Mr. Thomson, - - -	Miss Slayter.
Dr. Fowler, - - -	Miss Stubbings.
Mr. Fraser, - - -	Miss West.

GABRIEL'S, 17 BUCKINGHAM ST.

DR. SCANS:—Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a Curbuncle.
MRS. SMITH:—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, let me 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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