

Our Society.

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1891.

IT is rather amusing to notice the way new exchanges turn up. Our first two numbers elicited hardly any response, though sent to all the principal newspapers in the province. Among those who showed their faith in us at the outset were the four Truro papers,—one of which, the *Cosmoerat*, has since come to grief. *Progress* followed suit, but it was sometime before we got the *Dominion Illustrated* and *Queen* on our exchange list. During the last few weeks a large number of papers have come—somewhat tardily—to the conclusion that we are worthy of notice. We are glad to see them all, and do not blame them for being suspicious at first, though we cannot help thinking that an old established paper can make itself far more useful by giving a leg-up to a beginner than by waiting till the latter has won its position before condescending even to send an exchange. However, we can assure our contemporaries—large and small alike—that we read them all; which is no small assurance.

SOME have asked us to exchange, and many we have asked; by one indeed we were refused, by a society paper, too, one of the few in the *Dominion*, who evidently doesn't take much stock in Halifax doings. We hope the time will never come when our views are so lofty, as to prevent our taking an interest in even the smallest town in Nova Scotia.

WE are still without correspondents in Pictou, Amherst, Lunenburg, North Sydney and Springhill, and would be glad to be put into communication with residents in these towns. We cannot congratulate our Kentville correspondent on his regularity, though his contributions, when they do appear, are greatly appreciated.

SOME few subscribers have not yet paid up for the first quarter. The cost of delivering the paper is quite heavy enough, without that of collecting the subscriptions, and we hope subscribers will show a little consideration by saving us this latter expense. Those who intend to continue on the list would save a great deal of trouble by sending in their subscriptions for the year (\$2.40).

THAT TERRIBLE TEA.

There comes a time in the spring and autumn when Society is, so to speak, thrown on its beam ends. It is hard up for amusement, no natural amusement is offered, that is nature does nothing to assist society, which is very neglectful and inconsiderate on nature's part for she ought at least to remember society, no matter who else she forgets. Nature doing nothing Society must help itself, or I think we can fairly say herself. She therefore desires that the giving and receiving of afternoon teas shall be that particular form of dissipation to be indulged in this season of the year. This then is the season of teas and we have seen this thoroughly borne out this week, when every day there have been one or more of those semi-delightful functions. Much has been written and much has been said about teas, their origin, development and final perfection as they now are. There is no doubt but that the "tea" as it is now is very popular, and justly so, and will long remain so.

Its chief claim for popularity is that it gives ladies something to do in the afternoon, and gives them a sort of moveable club to which they may go, and where they may meet their friends, and discourse about those particular friends who either do not happen to be there, or are

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in some distant part of the room; these as a rule do not favour these functions because they have to work too hard and the larger the tea the harder the work.

A small tea is a very pleasant gathering for both sexes, but a large tea is more or less purgatory, especially for men. A tea that is a tea, is one thing, but a tea that is a meal is another. There is a tendency at the present time to have an elaborate "feed" on those occasions, sweets and cakes and jellies and creams. People, at least sensible people, do not want these, they have either dined in the middle of the day and are therefore not hungry or intend to dine at seven, and do not wish their appetite taken away. Most persons at a tea look unhappy, and I really think that they are unhappy, they look generally as if the person they are talking to was the last person on earth they wished to talk to and as though they were trying to discover ways and means of getting rid of them and departing to talk to some one else. Then again, in a small one-roomed Halifax house the crowd is somewhat great, and that is not conducive to general comfort. But on the whole teas are functions to be encouraged, if they are not absurd, for they enable Society to enjoy herself on a beautiful fine spring afternoon, just the thing to make society superlatively happy.

Two more very pleasant sessional dinners were given at Government House this week.

The guests on Tuesday were:

Hon. A. G. Jones.
Judge Graham.
Hon. C. E. Church, M.E.C.
Hon. C. McIsaac, M.E.C.
Hon. S. Creelman, M.L.C.
Hon. Chas. Francheville, M.L.C.
Hon. D. McCurdy, M.L.C.
Lieut.-Col. Jolly.
Lieut.-Col. Len.
Canon Carmody.
Mr. A. J. Macdonald, M.P.P.
Mr. Wm. Oxley, M.P.P.
Mr. Wm. Roche, M.P.P.
Mr. Wm. Cameron, M.P.P.
Mr. A. LeBlanc, M.P.P.
Dr. Bethune, M.P.P.
Judge Weatherhe.
Mr. B. G. Gray.
The Recorder.
Mr. Wm. Compton.
Mr. S. Holmes.
Mr. W. D. Harrington.
Mr. D. Cronan.
Professor Currie.
Mr. C. F. Fraser.
Rev. G. Murphy.
Mr. Wm. Chisholm.
Mr. Cotton.
Mr. D. H. Duncan.
Capt. Cunningham, 63rd Rifles.
Mr. J. Lyle.
Dr. Farrell.
Alderman Lyons.
Col. Stewart.
Mr. Wm. Henry.

And on Wednesday:

Hon. Thos. Johnson, M.E.C.
Hon. D. McNeill.
Canon Partridge.
Colonel Noyes, R. A.
Lt.-Colonel Hill, R. E.
Lt.-Colonel Curran, M.G.A.
Rev. R. Laing.
Hon. L. E. Baker, M.L.C.
Hon. W. Owen, M.L.C.
Mr. H. H. Chute, M.P.P.
Mr. T. P. Smith, M.P.P.
Mr. J. D. Sperry, M.P.P.
Mr. Alex. Grant, M.P.P.
Mr. Forman Hatfield, M.P.P.
Mr. Justice Ritchie.
Mr. J. Y. Payzant.
High Sheriff.
Mr. Chas. Almon.
Mr. Ed. Keating.
Mr. Jos. Austen.
Professor Macgregor.
Professor C. Macdonald.
Mr. Fyshe.
Mr. A. Ellis.
Mr. J. C. Mackintosh.
Mr. Jas. Dwyer.
Mr. J. F. Stairs, M. P.
Mr. F. D. Corbett.
Dr. Slayter.
Mr. Robinson, R. N.
Dr. Trenaman.
Rev. Dr. Burns.
Mr. Geo. Greer.

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