

acter. We thought of sending up word this morning to know his legs were out of joint. The recitation by Gr. Mast. Sgt. rett was very well rendered. The middy with his tin whistle banjo was wonderful. One could hardly imagine that there is such music in four inches of tin. Lieut. Eliot sang well and served an encore, but the audience were bent on jovial things. The next article served up was a song and dance by Grs. Masters and Waters; in this, as in all, Gr. Waters could not have been better. The finale of the first part was "Faerie Voices" the "band."

An excellent minstrel troupe with many members who would be delighted "Pony" Moore faced the lights. Gr. Waters as t tamborine and Gr. Woodmore as first bones were more than good and did not exaggerate the fun at all. The chorus had been fully prepared and showed the result of training. The jokes, though we may have heard some of them before in the prehistoric days of our infancy, were good, and after all it is an understatement that the jokes of nigger minstrels never change, no matter when or where they may be given—everybody expects to hear them, and they are not disappointed. I am sure the Gunners must have been delighted with the house and the reception given. The officers entertained a large company at supper afterwards and were feasting and merry-making with all hands at the R. A. Club.

THE FAN DRILL.

An intelligent stranger taking in Halifax this week could not have had a better opportunity of seeing the personnel of our anti-society, than was offered at the Academy on Monday evening. It is true some well-known faces were not to be seen there that evening, but the Fan Drill drew like a court plaster, and it whipped everybody who is anybody in the Chebucto city.

The entertainment originated, I am told, in the fertile brain of a most energetic organizer Miss Fitch, who when she once puts her mind to the plough, never leaves the work until the corn is gathered in. With Miss Fitch were associated Mrs. R. Uniacke and Mrs.

D. Tucker; the trio engineered the whole affair, and engineered it well too. They received valuable assistance from one or two others, notably Miss Gliska and Mr. Charles Stubbing.

Soon after eight the West Riding band played something as an overture, and before the rag went up the latest arrivals had taken their seats. When that artistic and ever-to-be-gazed-upon lake of silence was temporarily and to our great regret drawn up aloft, a great silence fell upon the audience, every eye was fixed upon the stage. Then, in step with the music, slowly, with dignity, but just a wee bit nervously, the "sixteen young ladies of Halifax" entered. In their Zouave costumes and the rouge hid their identity, but it was only for a moment. Each and all were recognized, and judging from a half unwilling smile that played round the lips of some of them, they evidently recognized the audience, or some of it.

They marched, and manœuvred, their feet keeping time to the music with a peculiar-little shuffling step. They worked their fans, occasionally smiling wickedly over the tops. Soon a slight difference of opinion amongst the demoiselles sprung up as to what they ought to do with the fans, some doing one thing, some another, while some did nothing. But just then the descent of the curtain put an end to their uncertainty.

There could be no doubt as to the genuineness of the applause that followed, and an encore was granted. The ladies had more confidence the second time, and the drill went more easily through. When it was over some people wanted it repeated again, but in the end it evidently doesn't believe in double encores, so the Lake of Chebucto made way for other scenes.

We fancied at first that we were to have the second act of *Ruddigore*, for the set of the scene greatly resembled that mysterious portrait gallery where the ancestors stepped down from their frames and entertained old Ruddigore so pleasantly for a quarter of an hour. But the frames here each contained two portraits, and these portraits presently stepped out and ranged themselves in order for the Minuet.

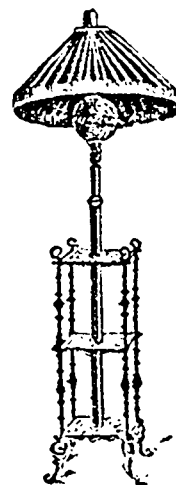
Well, that Minuet wasn't done so well as it might have been. Two or three of the men were sticky (No thank you, I won't give their names, they might come round here with clubs and other nasty things.) On the other hand, one couple were particularly graceful. (Why should I give their names; are they not in everybody's mouth?)

The audience charitably enough encored the Minuet at the close. One gentleman heroically, and at great peril to himself, rushed forward and dragged his partner from danger, from the good old Lake of Como, which was about to give her a blow on the head. Funny thing for the laggard to do.

After a decent interval, the *Area Belle* was presented. The *Area Belle* is an old friend, and the actors had played their parts before. Everyone says they did extremely well. Everything went smoothly. The voice of the prompter was but rarely heard. But wasn't the soldier just a little too unctuous, and wasn't the bobby just a trifle weak in the voice? Prof. Currie sang "Simon the Cellarer" in good style. The audience encored it, and they went away fuming inwardly that they couldn't encore the *Area Belle* too.

JUNIOR IRVING.

(To Mr. Irving Junior's graphic account of a most enjoyable evening we would like to add a few remarks of our own. Mr. Irving Jr.'s sympathies embrace the whole company with great impartiality. We do not think it quite fair to pass on without congratulating Miss Gliska and Miss Hattie Albro, on their able leadership of the files, and Miss Slayter on the mastery she had gained over the treacherous fan. The rest were very good, with the exception of one lady who was at times possessed with a wild desire to strike out a new line for herself. In the minuet, after the leading couple, Capt. Monteith and Capt. Jenkins were perhaps the best men; while the ladies were good throughout. It is a mistake to bring all the couples on again for the encore. As to the 'Area Belle', really, Mr. Irving, Jr., we are surprised at you! Not a word about the ladies! The ladies parts were really better than the men's. Mrs. Clerke is a genius, while Mrs. Clarkson is the best 'Area Belle' all through that we have ever had the pleasure of applauding.)



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