

Correspondence.

BISHOPTHORPE, Jan. 12th, 1891.

To the Editor of "Our Society":

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been very much pained and shocked by the sentiments expressed in the first paragraph of "Society Notes" in your current number. How one who cannot equivocate in Society can be worse than a liar, I utterly fail to see, seeing that equivocation is only another name for lying. To give any other than the real reason for not joining in an entertainment is to lie, though Society may call it to equivocate. Why mothers, who object to their daughters appearing upon a public stage, should be supposed to sit in judgment upon and condemn other matrons who have no such objection, I cannot see; any more than if the question were, for instance, on the co-education of the sexes, those who objected to it should be thought to condemn those who approved it. But if the mothers who so object must be called Puritanical for holding such an opinion, by all means let them be so; only let it be remembered that the Puritans were the upholders of some of the most sterling virtues by which humanity is adorned, and the Puritan maiden was the very incarnation of modesty.

I trust that the paragraph in question by some unlucky oversight slipped in without your having read it, and that you will not hesitate to repudiate the sentiments therein expressed in your next number.

I write this with the kindest feelings towards yourself, and trust you will regard this letter in that light.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

F. NOVA SCOTIA.

The insertion of Bishop Courtney's letter is perhaps the best way to erase the impression evidently made on some minds by the paragraph in question. Had we foreseen this, the paragraph would have been emended if not left out altogether. Our own idea in reading it was that the sentiments expressed were supposed to be those of Society, and deprecated by the writer. We took him to mean that Society, unfortunately, deals more hardly with the downright truth,—especially when it also implies a censure on Society itself—than with the polite equivocation. However, there is certainly some ambiguity, and we thank the Bishop for pointing it out to us, assuring him and our readers generally that such are *not* our sentiments;—so far as we do in any way attempt to guide Society, it shall be towards truth and honesty, and not away from it.

This letter will be welcomed by our readers all over the world, as a sign of the great improvement in Bishop Courtney's health.

To the Editor of "Our Society."

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, Jan. 12th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—In your start there are many things you can do in the way of reform in OUR SOCIETY, in its usages, in its language and in its writings.

It was, I think, Lord Russell who, when spoken to of Mrs. General Somebody, said there were *no she* generals in his force.

Reading in yours of 12th Dec., I find among those mentioned as attending the Japanese sale, Mrs. Justice ————. I am quite sure Chief Justice Ritchie would repudiate the idea of any *she* justices being on the bench in this Canada of ours. Mrs. Doctor, unless it be Mary Walker, is, I think, equally objectionable. Mrs. Premier Fielding would scarcely pass. The above for the present.

Yours,

PAPA.

To the Editor of "Our Society."

SIR:—I wonder why it is that when a person in Halifax no longer wants an article he throws it into the street. Have you not been sometimes surprised by the variety of things you encounter on the pavement within the limits of a single block? Passing down Morris Street the other day my attention was arrested by the sight of a lot of ashes, not sprinkled on a slippery spot, but "dumped" into a snow bank before a certain door. I had not ceased to wonder at this when a lady came out into her porch holding on a plate, a turnip which had seen better days, and with a big spoon she promptly scraped it into the street. As I turned to glance at her in wild surprise, I barely escaped a deluge of adulterated water from the bucket of a nice-looking maid (she wore a gray merino gown turned up in front, a quilted petticoat, striped stockings, and shoes with black rosettes, of which one was coming off,) who had just finished scrubbing the doorsteps of one of my friends' houses. A little further I saw a dead cat, which I had noticed the previous day in South Park Street, where some children seemed to be conducting its obsequies at that time though the completion of the ceremony had doubtless been postponed. In the neighborhood of St. Luke's Church there was a selection of paper bags, old newspapers, bottles, orange peel and superannuated boots that would have delighted the heart of a rag-picker. Among the articles I observed lying before the doors of gentlemen living between Queen Street and Hollis Street were a tooth brush, with a few bristles, the armless body of a nude doll, a broken tobacco pipe, a large coil of wire, a battered hat, a knife-handle, a rotten cabbage, three soiled leaves of the Treasury of Devotion, an old broom, a horse-shoe, a broken saucer, a baby's rattle, the handle of a frying-pan, the ribs of an umbrella with tatters of the umbrella itself, a mud-soaked sponge and a defaced photograph. I suppose the former owners all lived in the vicinity, and having no further use for these articles, had bestowed them on a grateful public. Must it be so always? Or can you suggest a remedy?

Yours truly,

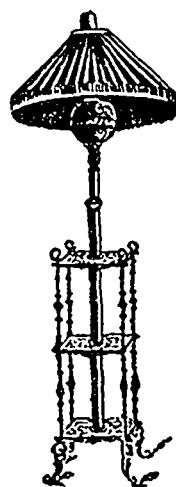
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