

once a month. On that afternoon visitors are sure of finding a warm welcome from a gracious and sometimes handsome hostess. Generally this visiting does not begin till about five o'clock, when the dusk falls. Then, after a toboggan party, a long cold sleigh drive, or an hour or two of skating, the appetite is keen, and the girls and matrons, fresh and rosy from the cold outside exercise, flock in; generally attended by a gallant and cavalier, and the tea and coffee, and chocolate, on which is piled the stiffest of whipped cream, disappear like magic, accompanied by delicious little hot rolls, fairy-like slices of thin bread and butter, and an infinite variety of cakes and confections of all sorts. Sometimes if the hostess is musical, or is possessed of a musical daughter, the afternoon is varied by songs, and instrumental music, duets, part songs, piano, violin, flute, etc. Halifax Society is as a rule, musical, and on these occasions enjoys something else besides the usual "tea and talk." By the way, it is an accepted fact *among men*, that the ladies drink all the five o'clock tea, and we are often told we will ruin our digestion etc., if we do not give up the evil practice. Just here I will diverge from my subject long enough to say that this imputation is hardly just or true, for I have yet to see the man who does not enjoy his cup of five o'clock tea as much as a woman does, and what is more, that man can talk just as much gossip and scandal (only he does not call it by that plain name) while consuming his five o'clock beverage as any three women!

Society has lately organized a "rifle club" for ladies. This has been got up by some of the military men, and has been a source of great pleasure to the ladies, some of whom handle the rifle with an ease and dexterity which is almost alarming, and are excellent shots. Who knows but that presently when we progress a little further, we may have a regiment of militia, composed entirely of society ladies?

A few years ago, the line between military Society and civilian society was very broad, and looked almost impassable. Happily this is all changed now, and the young civilian asserts himself, and takes his proper place. Why this dividing line should ever have been, I know not, except that many of our young men seemed to think the girls cared only for the uniforms. They have, however, found out this mistake and no



Mrs. Clarkson.

longer so underrate themselves. The girls are proving to the best of their ability that they can love and respect a *gentleman* whether he is uniformed or not, as is seen by the number of our prettiest society girls, who have "hitched their bark" to the man of peace—not of war—and are being softly, gently, lovingly towed along the stream of life.

Social life among the rising generation is active and amusing! The girl, half-grown, but not quite "bread and butter," something between this and the full-fledged young lady, has been very expressively, and not too politely dubbed, "the flapper." To all such, life is indeed a joy, particularly when the harbour is full of men-of-war and midshipmen are as thick as bees in a sugar barrel. They ape their elder sisters most alarmingly and sometimes they fairly out-Herod Herod. I think it is the greatest mistake that mothers can make, in a garrison town, to allow their young daughters—school girls—to join the giddy throng and go to party after party, till really when the time arrives for her to come out—be presented—so to speak, instead of the fresh, innocent, joyous young *débütante*, we have the *blasée* girl of the period, who is as much at her ease, as much addicted to flirting, and as much a