

## Society Notes.

So far we have had very little to say on the subject of Lent, but now that it is all over we cannot refrain from taking a glance back at the "dull season." This Lent we have witnessed a strange phenomenon: no sooner had the gaieties ceased and the period of fasting commenced than we were inundated with a perfect deluge of "Society notes," which increased steadily in bulk and in emptiness, till at last we had not the heart even to record the inevitable and harmless afternoon teas. Every Saturday evening we have had nine long columns of society notes, in five different papers, none of which are worth reading, except in so far as they go outside society doings for their jottings. People are sick of it; the word "society" stinks in their nostrils, and even "Our Society," in spite of desperate efforts to talk about anything *but* society, has been somewhat discredited in consequence. Whether the correspondents were played out, or whether the Dailies shared the general feeling of satiety, it would be hard to say, but it is certain that the wonderful fabric of "metaphorical wind-bladders," entirely collapsed last Saturday. We feel inspired to renew our efforts; there is actually a prospect of something to talk about again, with a certainty that no one else can find any more to say than they found when there was absolutely nothing going on.

There is no denying that we have been rather slack lately; we have recorded neither the figures nor the fortunes of our leading people, and have even overlooked several small entertainments during Lent which their givers are probably not over-anxious to have published. En passant, we should like to suggest to our energetic contemporary that if he really wants to obtain popularity and esteem, and to establish his name for thoroughness in things social, he should no longer delay to publish a complete list of the ages and weights of our society ladies, with the fortunes they brought their husbands and the size of their boots. We don't mind giving these valuable hints *gratis*, as these things are not in our line. To resume, however, we were *not* proud of last week's issue; it bore unmistakable signs of Easter holidays,—plenty of printers' errors, and general paucity of correspondence, city and provincial. One paragraph was decidedly incorrect: Mrs. and Miss Daly are going to Washington for a few weeks, and *not* to England, as stated; and the official entertainments at Government House will go on through the session as usual.

As is usual after Lent, this week has been pretty well filled up with private parties and social events of every description. The theatre is having a most successful week, and we hope the Grand Opera Company will find it worth their while to prolong their visit. Among the many private dances were Mrs. Abbott's and Mrs. Serton's on Monday, Mrs. Roman's on Wednesday, and Mrs. C. W. Anderson's on Thursday. The "big children" have been pretty well feted lately; there seems to be quite a craze for little dances which can neither be called "children's" nor "grown-ups'."

A very pleasant theatre party was organized by the officers R. A. to see the *Gondoliers*, on Wednesday, with a supper at the R. A. Park by way of a finish.

The event of the week was Messrs. Gordon & Keith's dance on Tuesday night. The floor was simply magnificent, and the rooms, hangings, and furniture in the anterooms had an air of comfort and luxury far beyond the aspirations of Wellington Barracks or the R. A. Mess. There must have been at least 400 people present; certainly the most representative social gathering we have ever seen in this very clique town. There were the Governor and Col. Clarke, the Spanish Consul and Miss Lluch deDiaz, the Provincial Secretary, Dr. and Mrs. Wickwire, and Miss Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Doull, Miss Bauld, Mrs. Walter Doull, Miss Priest, Mr. Hugh Henry, Col. Curren, Drs. Black and Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Pickering, Messrs. Sheraton,

George Boak, Mitchell, W. Lithgow, G. S. Troop, Kelly and W. B. Meynell, Mr. and Mrs. Hole, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Hesslein, Mr. L. Fuller, the Misses Quirk, and other well-known faces too numerous to mention. Mr. Keith (Senior) was also present as a guest.

However, to return, in spite of all the nonsense that has been talked about the Militaire, this dance appeared three times on the programme, and has evidently lost nothing in popularity. It is not long since the Lancers was the only dance that ever received an encore; now-a-days it is invariably the Barn. One thing certainly *was* noticeable; the majority of those on the floor seemed so desperately afraid of kicking too high that they hardly kicked at all, spoiling to some extent their own enjoyment, and taking off a great deal from the general effect.

There were plenty of pretty dresses, among the most noticeable being Miss Bauld's white silk, Mrs. Alex. Doull's white silk moiré, Miss Kate Priest's white nun's veiling and lace, and Miss Edna King's heliotrope.

Miss Belle Nicholas of St. John, N. B., is to be married about 1st May, to Mr. Barnes, R. N., who was in Halifax in the last commission of the Bellerophon. They are both great favourites in Halifax society circles.

Invitations are out for a large "At Home" at Mrs. C. A. Stayner's, South Park Street, on Thursday April 9th, 4.30 to 7.

Messrs. Guy Mott and H. B. Stairs are gazetted second-lieutenants in the Princess Louise Fusiliers. Mr. Mott has already left for Fredericton. Mr. George Kenny is back from Kingston, and goes up for the exam. for commissions in the British Army next week. Mr. W. V. Wallace is completing the "long course" at Kingston, and Mr. Arthur Nagle leaves shortly for the Military School at Toronto.

We hear that a smoking concert is to be given by the P. L. Fusiliers in a few weeks, and there are rumors of the establishment of a cadet corps in connection with the same regiment, which would no doubt be very popular.

The poem on Society, published in last Saturday's *Mercury*, was if we mistake not a reprint from the old "Provincial Magazine" published in 1852. The verses were written by a well known lady who now lives in Dartmouth, and describe very accurately the condition of Society in those days—which differs little in its essential details from that of the present day. This reference to that historic society ought to please even Grandma.

The ghastly and startling ghost story in the same paper, sent by some lady correspondent, has its effect somewhat spoiled, when we remember the fact that it did not occur at the Wellington Barracks, but at the old barracks at Louisburg, C. B., when that place was a garrison town. It is a well authenticated story, differing somewhat from the account of it in our contemporary, and one that has a place in all standard books on the subject of apparitions and other ghostlike and creepy subjects.

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