

Society Notes.

So there was no matinee performance of the Fan Drill, after all! We were very anxious to do the right thing by the "cause," and had given them a good advertisement. It took on an average an hours work per day for 3 days to find out whether the thing was to come off or not, and who would be likely to know definitely. At last, just when the "ayes" seemed to have it, and our advertisement had gone to press, we happened by mere chance to notice in the "Echo" an announcement to the contrary. The Ad. was just rescued, and "Gin a bobby" reigned in its stead.

Among all the schemes for raising money on behalf of charities, perhaps the boldest is the French idea of a ball at which every dance is charged for, the scale of charge being fixed by the ladies themselves. Why not try it in Halifax by way of a change? It would be amusing to notice the valuation some of our belles placed on a waltz with their fair selves. It would also be amusing to see whether the men who usually have their pick of partners *gratis* would launch out in the way of dollars as liberally as might be expected, and at the same time whether the "outsiders" would try to outbid them.

The receipts from Promenade tickets for people who went to see the fun would be a heavy item.

On Saturday night last Sir John Ross gave a Christmas dinner, followed by a very small dance—at least there was not much dancing, games and blindman's bluff taking up most of the time. We hear the dinner table was beautifully got up, having a miniature ice-palace with toboggan slide, etc., done in card-board, very beautiful we believe. The menus were also a novelty, having in each of them a photo of the lady at whose place they were, and the gentlemen who took her in, and likewise one of the genial host.

Rev. A. J. Townend, for some years Garrison Chaplain on this station, has been promoted to be Chaplain of the First Class.

Lieutenants Parsons and Marshall of the Duke of Wellington's Regt. returned this week on the *Circassian* from leave of absence in England.

Mr. Arthur Silver sails on Saturday for England. He will be absent about two months.

The Bishop continues to improve slowly. It is probable that His Lordship may have to spend some time in a warm climate before he is quite recovered.

Mr. W. C. Silver, though still confined to the house, is gradually regaining strength.

We regret to hear that Judge Peters of Prince Edward Island is seriously ill at Sidmount, his residence near Charlottetown.

A Liverpool correspondent writes:—

"Some weeks ago there was a report in the *Herald* of a very ingenious electrical contrivance invented by the 'Electrical Torpedo officer,' I believe—Captain something or other—R. E. If you were to refer to this in your paper it would be worth while suggesting to this very ingenious officer, that if he gave his attention to constructing a portable Electric Lamp for table use,—with a base consisting of a cabinet—plain or ornamental according to room in which to be used,—which would contain dynamo worked by noiseless clock-work,—it would be a device of immense benefit, and would certainly be remunerative—if such lamps could be constructed at moderate cost. I hope you will be able to take up this suggestion."

We would like very much to hear Capt. Dopping-Heppenstal's opinion as to the possibility of carrying out such a suggestion. This is not the first letter we have received on the same subject: the man who introduces a decent light, workable on a small scale,

will be blessed forever in the remote parts of the earth. We had intended to "write up" the subject, but our special electrician is out of town just at present.

Mrs. D. H. Duncan, Inglis street, has cards out for an "at home" to-morrow from 4.30 to 6.30.

The invitations for the Red-Cap Snow Shoe Club's dance have been sent out during the week. It is fixed for Friday, the 9th, at the Freemasons' Hall. The names of Mrs. James Morrow, Mrs. W. J. Stewart, Mrs. A. Mackinlay, Mrs. A. E. Curren, Mrs. W. C. Northup, and Mrs. James Mitchell, appear on the cards as chaperones. Mr. R. M. Symons is Secretary of the Committee.

Is it not time the bells of St. Mary's Cathedral were tuned? Nothing is prettier than a chime of bells rung in time and tune, but those at St. Mary's cannot, in their present condition, be the latter, whatever might be said of the former. On Sunday what tried to be Arcadelt's *Ave Maria* sounded forth on the air, but the execrating flatness of some of the tones was enough to make the poor old Dutch composer turn in his grave. Is there no bell-tuner in Halifax? If not, for the sake of the public ear, could not one be fetched, or the bells permitted to be silent?

A great deal of trouble is being taken this year over the preparation for the Winter Carnival at the Rink, which takes place on the 19th January. The decorations will be more elaborate than ever before, and the whole thing seems likely to be a great success.

The Children's Fancy Dress Dance at the Cambridge House, on Tuesday, was a very great success. There is no point on which Halifax is so strong as on children's dresses; really a great many of the turn-outs are quite as good as those seen at a similar affair in London, and the dancing is a great deal better. The event of the evening was the minuet, danced in Court dress (George IV. period). Naturally enough the grown-up spectators could not help comparing it all the time to the performance recently given at the Academy, and the verdict all round was that the children were better in every way. Apart from the time, the children fairly eclipsed their elders in two most important points,—1st, their limbs are more supple, 2nd, they use their eyes to much greater advantage. In dances of this kind, the whole effect at certain parts depends on the expression thrown into the eyes; and of course as girls grow older they reserve all the expression to be used to some purpose, but only (as a rule) on a very limited number of men, and if the partner in the minuet does not happen to be one of the chosen few, the effect is lost: with the children there is no difficulty; so long as it is a boy, in a pretty court dress, they make shift to throw sweet glances on him at the proper time, with great effect.

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