

The masquerade ball of the Toronto Liederkantz will be held on Monday evening, 14th February.

Mrs. McLean Howard, Carlton street, will give an At Home on Tuesday, February 1st.

The tobogganing party of Miss Morris, to have been given last Monday, was postponed on account of the wet weather.

Mrs. Bouchette Anderson will visit Montreal for the carnival.

The Toronto Toboggan Club gave an At Home on Wednesday evening, at their Rosedale slide, which was largely attended, and a grand success. The night was clear and bright if cold, but the huge bonfires at the bottom of the slide soon warmed those that were chilled. The slide was in splendid condition and very fast. Refreshments were served in their comfortable and jolly club room. The large open fireplace with log fire, reminded one of the good old days of early Canada. The committee, Messrs. W. D. Gwynne, A. H. Crooks, J. Small and Gordon Jones, worked like Trojans keeping up the bonfires and looking after the comfort and enjoyment of their guests.

WEDDING BELLS.

The drawing and dining-rooms at the Palmer House of this city, was the scene of a brilliant gathering Wednesday evening, the occasion being the wedding of Miss Gerty Ferguson, of Kingston, Ont., the daughter of Mrs. F. X. Cousineau, of the "Bon Marche," to J. B. McKay, also of Kingston, one of the principals of the Business College there. Rev. Mr. Burton officiated. E. Boyden, of Kingston, and Miss Maud Cousineau (half sister of the bride) acted as groomsmen and bridesmaid respectfully. The bride was given away by F. X. Cousineau. The handsome dining-room was specially decorated for the occasion, and the menu was worthy of Host Palmer. The presents to the bride were numerous and costly. The bride was handsome and becomingly dressed in cream silk, trimmed with pearls and diamond ornaments; the bridesmaid in pink satin and white lace, pearl ornaments. The covers were laid for seventy guests, and the company spent a very happy evening.

Nothing proves such an attraction to the fair sex as a wedding, the young go to observe and learn, and the old to observe and criticize. Two weddings on Wednesday, January 25th, attracted an unusually large number of the elite, and for once, at all events, there was no room for criticism. The day was perfect, and everything tended to make them, the most attractive seen in Toronto for some time. The first was that of Carrie E., only daughter of Frederick W. Wyld, to W. Campbell Macdonald, Assistant County Treasurer, at St. James' Church at half-past twelve. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon DuMoulin, assisted by the Rev. J. Scott Howard, cousin of the groom. The bride was dressed in cream silk with chenelle trimmings, pearl ornaments; she looked exceedingly pretty. The three bridesmaids were Miss Barrett, Port Dover, Miss Maclean Howard, Toronto, and Miss Tisdale, of Simcoe, who were dressed alike in cream cashmere, with a row of pearls about the neck. The groomsmen were J. Dudgeon, cousin of the bride, Donald Macdonald, a brother of the groom, and J. O. Miller. The guests drove to the residence of the bride's father, Queen's Park, where a reception was held. The newly married pair left by the afternoon train for New York and Washington. Among those present were, Mrs. DuMoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Maclean Howard, Misses Ince, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brock, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Bolier, Mrs. Humphries, Mr. Vickers, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Darling, T. D. McCrea.

The second was that of Florence J. Gooderham, eldest unmarried daughter of George Gooderham, to W. H. Brouse, son of the late Senator Brouse, at Little Trinity Church, at 4 p. m. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. Sanson,

rector of the church, and Rev. Canon DuMoulin, of St. James' Church. The bride was dressed in a very handsome gown of conventional white satin and embroidered tulle, with pearls, veil wreath and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Ella Gooderham, dressed in pale green silk, Miss Lulu Gooderham, pink silk, Miss Beatty, lemon silk, Miss Miall, Ottawa, pale blue silk. The groomsmen were, Mr. Allan Jones, of Prescott, Mr. G. A. Stimson, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mr. G. H. Gooderham. The newly married couple left for New York on the evening train.

ST. CATHARINES.

DEAR VANITY,—

A week ago, we had ideal Canadian winter weather, but now, alas! what a change. For toboggans we might substitute gondolas, for the blanket suit a mackintosh. The "Slide" is no more; it was the chief attraction while it lasted, but it has fled and we have relapsed into that peaceful state of inanity, which is characteristic of this saintly place. Society is threatened with a return of that epidemic which has flourished, off and on, for the last few seasons. I refer to "progressive euchre"—we have had a few premonitory attacks already, and more are announced to follow.

Being somewhat of an enquiring turn of mind, I have frequently endeavoured to find out who invented this form of euchre,—not that I had decided to bequeath my earthly possessions to that individual in token of my gratefulness for his inventive genius.—Not at all! but simply out of curiosity and a desire to find out the peculiar frame of mind he was in at the time he evolved the idea of this extraordinary pastime. In nothing, perhaps, are people's ideas more diverse than in what constitutes amusement. It is well, perhaps, that it is so. While not an admirer of the game, I must admit it has some points to recommend it. In the first place it does not require a gigantic intellect to master the rudiments of the game, and when you are ticketed, and numbered, and have found your starting point, you may be said to be wound up for the evening, and the entertaining powers of the hostess are not further called into use until supper releases you from the game. Then, again, it has the advantage of bringing into play the entire company, old and young, and does away with that marked feature in so many dancing parties. I mean of course, those horticultural adornments, which form a sort of animated (though not very animated either) dado to the walls. All this is very well from a general standpoint, but as an individual in the game, it is not so much a matter of satisfaction. From the start to the finish you are rushed along ruthlessly, or, at all events, kept changing your seats. Not a moment is left for any more rational conversation than an occasional inquiry as to the denomination of trumps; and when you would fain linger a few moments at the table at which your favorite young lady is playing, cruel fate demands that she shall "go up," and you are, in consequence, cast down. All is vanity and vexation of spirit in progressive euchre; but, perhaps, we feel that way because we never won a prize.

I have allowed my pen to run away with me on this mournful topic, and for fear of trespassing too much on your space, I must hold over a few society notes until next week. Till then, adieu.

Max.

BARRIE.

The ball given by Lieut.-Col. O'Brien and officers of the 30th Battalion Simcoe Foresters, on Wednesday evening, the 19th of January, in the Town Hall, was, and will be the society event of our season. The Hall was very tastefully decorated. The music was excellent, and the supper on a scale never before attempted in this town. Too much credit cannot be given to Captain C. S. F. Spry, to whom the success of