

In Society's Realm.

This is the last week of the diluted Lenten style of make-believe non-festivity which has of late prevailed in society; next week will be one of actual quietude (for Holy Week is really pretty generally observed by the fashionable throng), and then we will have the joyous Eastertide. In one of Tennyson's most popular poems there is a triplet of verses which tells about the blowing of the bugle, and then "Oh faint and far, from cliff and scour, the horns of old-land faintly blowing." That is the condition of society. The horns are far away in the distance and their blowing is very faintly heard. It may be sacrilegious to make so beautiful a poem serve the purposes of a social calendar, but to such base uses greater than these have descended, and it remains a self-evident fact that society is quiescent. The social world is waiting for something, it scarcely knows what, and yet it waits patiently, uncomplainingly hoping that the future will hold a little of pleasure for those who dote on pleasure and the joy it brings. Church socials, sewing circles, and receptions pall upon the taste, and were it not that the theatre affords diversion the rigorous quiet of Lent would perforce be broken. The present Lenten season has been at least a trifle more active than that of previous years; and there will be weddings by and by to give the gossips food for talk, and in another week Easter Sunday will dawn to usher in a new lease of life.

Society Notes.

Miss DuMoulin, daughter of the Rev. Canon DuMoulin, Toronto, is on a visit to Mrs. Botterell, Dorchester street.

Mr. A. W. Atwater has been confined to the house for several days with a severe cold.

Among the easily enumerated "doings" of the week just closing was a successful "At Home" given by Mrs. Percival St. George on Monday last at her residence on St. Catherine street.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Munroe, of 940 Dorchester street, gave the last of their series of three receptions on Thursday. They were all largely attended.

Miss Mabel and Miss Amy Gault, of Osborn street, left this week for Ashville N. C., where they intend spending several weeks.

Mrs. Davidson Parker, mother of Mrs. Geo. Drummond, is suffering from a severe attack of grippe, but is progressing favorably.

Mrs. Boswell and Miss Boswell, Quebec, accompanied by Miss Ferrier, of Montreal, are among the Canadian guests at the Battery Park Hotel, Ashville, N. C.

We hope Easter week will contain several things of interest as an evidence of social awakening. A very enjoyable entertainment is expected on Easter Monday at Mrs. Herbert Wallis' residence, 80 Redpath street.

Lovers of music will soon have an opportunity of hearing Christ Church Cathedral choir in a work out of the ordinary range of service music. A sacred cantata entitled "The Last Night at Bethany," will be performed next Thursday evening, under the able directorship of Mr. Edgar Birch the organist and choirmaster.

A Brantford, Ontario, collector offers to pay from \$10 to \$20 apiece for Canadian postage stamps of a very early date.

Dress Chat

Black satin coats are to be very fashionable this spring—there seems to be quite a mania for them at Nice—and it is said that they are very beautiful. They are generally of three-quarter length and sometimes perfectly plain, while many are beautifully embroidered in fine cut jet. They have huge leg-o'-mutton sleeves and deep revers to make them smart, and they are worn with all sorts of skirts, from black chiffon to broadcloth. There is a fancy, too, for wearing them with skirts of light cloth, like tans and grays, or sometimes royal purple. Small open jackets of black velvet are also much worn. They are a sort of Eton, made with wide-pointed revers and very large sleeves. They are lined with black watered silk, and worn with all toilets. They are exceedingly rich looking and very becoming.

Black satin sleeves are still another of the moments fancies; they appear in all gowns and in combination with all fabrics.

One gown seen was made of repped cloth, in a dull slaty blue shade with a tiny green rep running across it. The skirt was perfectly plain and in the new flaring bell shape. The bodice was round and belted with a folded belt of the cloth and had remarkably large sleeves of shining black satin that sat out stiffly under a unique epaulette arrangement of the cloth. The collar was high and plain and of the cloth. We illustrate a walking gown in deep walnut-brown cloth, with yoke and shoulders of petunia velvet, edged with a tiny frill of crepe de chên: in the same shade.

Six editors are making

For the World's Fair with a fuss.

And they've labeled their exhibits

"What the folks are owing us!"

Clergyman—"Wilt thou have this woman? etc., etc.

Rural Bridegroom—"Ay, surely! Whoy, Oi kummed a-puppis!"

Recipes.

Fresh Fish Salad—Take the remains of cold fish, pick out the bones and mince; season with pepper, salt, butter and vinegar; mix well with the fish. Put in a small baking pan and set in the stove five minutes. Then set on ice to cool, and serve with Worcestershire sauce.

Bisque of Lobster—Prepare, boil and open two lobsters; cut the meat into small pieces; break the shells and small claws; put in a pan with a quart of boiling water. Pound and mix the spawn, the fat, part of the coral, two ounces of the lobster meat, an ounce of butter and two of flour until reduced to a pulp. Strain the liquor from the saucepan over the pulp, gradually mixing it; season it with a little salt and cayenne, add the remainder of the meat and the coral rubbed fine and serve immediately.

Omelets—All manner of omelets, stuffed and otherwise, are well suited for Lenten dishes; indeed, eggs under almost any shape whatsoever. The following method of stuffing them is very much to be recommended. Boil some eggs hard; when quite cold, remove the shells, cut the eggs in half lengthwise, take out the yolks, pound them with some bread-crumbs, soaked and squeezed from all moisture, the fillets of a few anchovies, and a small piece of butter, stir in three or four yolks, season rather plentifully, and work into the mixture some finely chopped herbs and a handful of dry bread-crumbs. Fill the whites with the paste, put together so that they look whole, roll them carefully in beaten eggs, then in bread-crumbs, fry them and serve them en pyramide with a garniture of fried parsley.

Smiles.

"Has this new doctor you've engaged been abroad and had advantages—?"

"Jerusalem, yes; he told me last night that he was at sea on this case of mine."

If the ballet dancer didn't kick for her salary she wouldn't get a cent.

In the street car: Gentleman (entering)—Will you kindly get up and give me your seat?

Lady—What do you mean by addressing me in that manner, sir?

Gentleman—When I offered you a seat last evening you said you preferred to stand. As I take you for a lady of your word, I will accommodate you by occupying your seat while you assume your favorite attitude.

It's rather odd that one has to lose his temper before he can display it.