

Society Notes.

No paper in Canada is more extensively advertised than the *Canadian Queen*, and no paper in the world offers more valuable prizes for success in its competitions. Among the thousands who try for the prizes and fail, there are sure to be found many small-minded enough to vent their disappointment in charges of unfairness against the managers of the *Queen*, and hints that the prizes offered are not actually given. This has been the case during the past few months in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; so much so, that it has become a stock remark in Halifax that the 'silver tea service' degenerates into a plated butter-knife when you really attain it. Pretty broad hints to this effect have gone the round of the papers; and it was evident to us either that the *Queen* was perpetrating a gigantic public fraud, or that some person or persons were maliciously trying to damage its circulation in the Maritime Provinces.

We have made it our business during the past week to enquire into the matter, fully prepared to publish the results of the enquiry without fear of action for libel; but a very little trouble has compelled us to give a verdict entirely in favor of the *Queen*. We find, in the first place, that the *Queen* is a very readable paper, quite worth the subscription price apart from the value of the prizes offered: it is somewhat old-fashioned in style, but publishes some first-rate stories, and a great deal of useful house-hold information. In the current number, for instance, there is a new story by Bret Harte, that takes up 11 pages, besides several other short stories, and the usual columns on 'The Work Table,' 'Cooking School,' etc.

Then again, on turning up the list of successful competitors in the December word contest, we find the full address given in every case, so that the sceptic can easily corroborate the accuracy of all the statements made. Of course by far the greater number of prizewinners live in Upper Canada and the States, but Nova Scotia makes a very fair show. Among others are Mrs. J. A. Taylor, Hantsport, (silver watch); B. F. Porter, Truro, (silver dessert set, and tea service); Miss Jost, 69 Queen St., Halifax, (silver tea); Mrs. Tremaine, 36 South St., Halifax, (silver tea); Mrs. Annie E. Hood, Yarmouth, (silver tea); Mrs. A. Savary, Annapolis, (silver tea); Mrs. C. L. Snow, Pictou, (silver tea); Miss Helen McGregor, 52 Brunswick St., (silver tea); W. H. Calnek, Bridgetown, (silver tea), and Mrs. Warnford Dodge, Bridgetown, (silk dress).

It seems rather ridiculous for those who only received butter-knives to growl, in the face of a list like this; they might at least take the trouble to ask one or two of the above, who do not live so very far off.

Mr. Alec Doull gave a pleasant little euchre party on Friday last.

Among the passengers on the *Circassian* on Saturday were Major and Mrs. Bagot, Miss Cadell, and Mrs. Cecil Cutbill.

We hear from Jamaica that Commander Baker, of the *Buzzard*, and Lieut-Commander Noel, of the 'Partridge,' have recently been promoted, being succeeded by Commander Brown and Lieut-Commander Weldon. The squadron sailed for Trinidad and Barbados on the 7th, the 'Canada' and the 'Buzzard' remaining on the Jamaica division.

It makes our mouths water to hear of Cricket and Aquatic Sports this dull season; we hear of the Kingston C. C. being beaten by the fleet on February 2nd, and again by the garrison on the 4th. On the latter date a fancy dress ball was given by the Governor, Sir Henry Blake, which was a brilliant affair, as all his dances are, and thoroughly enjoyed by the fleet.

The 6th was a general holiday throughout the fleet, inaugurated by a 'pulling regatta,' commencing at 7. a. m. They get up earlier than we do, down there!

Just imagine what it would be if the programme were reversed, and the ships stayed here for the winter! Think of the flag-ship ice bound in the N. W. Arm:—what grand old jaunts we should have, and what a demand for moonlight! There's only one consolation,—the "Halifax young man" does get some sort of an innings now, though one wily blue jacket has managed to steal a march on him during the winter months.

Halifax is a great place for news,—at least, so any diligent reader of the English papers would imagine. Some of the most extraordinary cablegrams on North America and West Indian affairs are received from "Halifax correspondents." It is a pity that some of them cannot be waylaid for the benefit of the local press. Indeed, it would have been well if the last few budgets had been suppressed altogether, as they have created a great deal of comment which must be very unpleasant to the officers and men of the Leicestershire Regiment, now on their way hither. Detailed accounts of the doings of this Regiment have appeared in the *Weekly Times* and other London papers, in which the men are represented as a body of bandits, who would have taken forcible possession of the W. I. Islands had not the fleet been present to overawe them. A graphic picture of a lawless soldiery, drinking, quarrelling, thieving, and in every way oppressing a helpless colony, has been placed before the British public; until at last an M. P. brought the matter before the House of Commons and asked the Secretary of State for War to make enquiries. The answer was just what any sober man would expect,—that the Regiment in question is, and always has been,—an exceptionally well-behaved one, and that no acts of insubordination have been reported during its stay in the Islands.

One of these precious "Halifax correspondents" stated that the residents were in a state of fear and indignation at the very idea of having such a lawless body of men quartered amongst them, and were prepared to protest strongly against their being allowed to disembark. Now that our fears are allayed, we are naturally rather curious to know the names of these mischievous busy-bodies, who are doing their best to make the city of Halifax notorious in the old country as the abode of liars. If ever they are revealed, we would strongly recommend the institution of a horsepond for their special benefit: the privates of the 17th would no doubt be delighted to do the ducking.

Among those whom the *Queen* has "delighted to honor" this New Year is the genial Dr. Quain, and now that he has received his baronetcy everyone is wondering why the distinction was not conferred long ago. Dr. Quain is a favourite in Society, a *bon comarade* in the ranks of metropolitan Bohemians, and is universally respected by his brother professionals—which is saying a good deal.

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