

Society Notes.

THE accident at Cunard's wharf last Friday was an exceptionally sad one, and of course all sorts of wild rumours have been set afloat about the cause of the accident, the weakness of the wharf, and so on. Further investigation has gone to prove that it is just one of those terrible disasters that could not have been foreseen. Many of those who went to view the scene on Saturday were much impressed by the fact that there was a lot of rotten timber discernible among the debris. We took the trouble to inquire into the cause of this, and found—as we expected—that the wharf had been very strongly rebuilt in 1881, the old timbers being left as additional support. It is obvious to anyone who thinks, that there can be no possible object in destroying old piles so long as sufficient new and sound ones are given in. The only reasonable explanation of the disaster is that there was a steamer lying north of the wharf, and a strong northerly wind blowing, so that the steady pressure of the ship against the outer supports may have displaced some of them; and, of course, when one or two begin to lean, the others very quickly follow.

A subscription list in aid of the widows and orphans of the unfortunate men who perished, has been started by Messrs S. Junard & Co., with a donation of \$500. Families left helpless at this time of the year are helpless indeed, and we hope everyone of our readers will add his mite. It is the many littles that swell a subscription list: and the most stoical stoic will enjoy his holiday the better, for having done something towards making life liveable or those otherwise without resources. We shall be glad to receive contributions and forward them to Messrs. Cunard or whoever they may choose to look after the distribution.

We have received a growl about the reservation of seats for the military, at performances like the Fan Drill, for instance. Rather an aimless sort of growl, this! Surely some little return should be given for the active part the garrison have taken in promoting the affair, and more especially in lending their band gratis. After all, this is a purely complimentary return for kindness which has saved hard cash for the Hospital fund. The seats are paid for, of course; and if the committee did not choose to reserve them, the regiment could easily arrange for one of their number to be first in at the box office and book all the seats they wanted. Find something else to growl about, *mon ami*.

The New Year's Day levée at Government House will be held at 1 o'clock, private entrée at 12.45. Morning dress.

The Rink private days seem likely to be very successful—thanks to the exertions of the committee. This spell of soft weather is rather discouraging; but after all there are plenty of other things to do for a few days, so very few of us feel like complaining. By the way, the clause in the circular about an admission fee on Wednesday evenings is rather ambiguous. What it really means is that subscribers are admitted on payment of 25 cents,—not the general public, who can only obtain entrance when introduced by members.

We notice in last Saturday's *Recorder* and Tuesday's *Mail*, some remarks about this paper and the paragraphs contained therein. We think that as the object and desire of this paper is to avoid any unpleasantness of any kind and not to give offence, it would be better to take no notice of these remarks at all, but if these correspondents do not appreciate, or rather are unable to appreciate, these columns, we only think that they might well allow other people to do so who can.

If our readers noticed any "unseemly levity" in our remarks about the skating accident, we beg to point out to them that after all that which "just misses being the saddest of sad accidents" is not generally considered a subject of lamentation, but rather of congratulation. Those who take any other view are quite at liberty to do so.

A very knotty question, and one that every mother has to settle one way or the other, is what to do with daughters between the ages of 16 and 18, when they are more than children and yet not "out." On the other side of the water they are

bundled off to a ladies' school, and the difficulty is thus more or less satisfactorily solved. But here there is no exact equivalent for a "finishing school;" and it comes rather hard on the young girls—especially about Christmas time—to be kept in altogether. And indeed there is not much object to be gained by it unless they are, in the "quiet interval," being initiated into the mysteries of cookery, dress-making, and house-keeping generally. At any rate, some limit should be set to this period of seclusion, this chrysalis state: it certainly adds to the effect of a young ladies' first appearance in the ball-room to have been out of sight for a year or so, but to extend this to two or three years—as is sometimes done—is ridiculous, and means running to seed rather than cultivation.

The arrangement of the Orpheus Club by which no reserved seats can be granted, strikes us as most objectionable. How it came about, no one seems to know exactly; but certainly a great many take our view of the situation. We accepted it at first as an improvement on the usual plan, against the dictates of our common-sense, but after a short experience of the results, common sense asserts itself again, and we only see discomfort and a certain amount of disorder as the consequences. On an important question like this it is not the Club that should decide, but the ticket-holders. If the majority prefer the present system, let it remain by all means, but for our own part we infinitely prefer to possess the meanest seat in the house, with the option of entering it when we choose, to the off chance of getting the best seat, with the certainty of getting the worst if we are a bit late. Of course it is very nice for parties of intimate friends to squeeze in all in a body, but surely it could be arranged in some way for large parties to book seats together, and yet for all the rest to have their seats reserved (allotted by ballot, of course) throughout the season.

The simplest plan is for all the seats to be balloted for in the first place, and the resulting plan to be exhibited—say at the Piano and Organ Co's Office—for alteration by private arrangement. We have never found any real difficulty in making exchanges under similar arrangements.

Halifax certainly turns out well for any charitable entertainment; you would go very far before you could find a prettier and better dressed house than at the Academy on Monday night; of course the fact that there were at least two large suppers after the show, tended to make the display of gowns better. Everyone was there of all departments of society, we noticed many pretty wraps, one in particular worn by a young married lady; it was plain white silk with a high collar and cut square in front. But the ordinary theatre wrap in Halifax changes little—one dress we noticed in particular, it was of a mossy green plush with puff sleeves and a high medici collar and a soft pink silk front, it was very pretty, although more fitted for a tea gown—in fact, we fancy it must have been a tea-gown. Still this particular young

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