

The Ward McAllister of Halifax—Benjamin Street.

Mrs. Robie Uniacke gave a large dinner on Tuesday evening. There are, we believe, to be quite a lot of semi-official dinners given shortly.

The latest military engagement—if not in Halifax, at least connected with Halifax, for it began and nearly finished here—has caused some excitement, but not much wonderment.

The young ladies of Halifax are not mercenary, whatever else may be said about them. They care not whether a man has an income of a thousand, or whether he is the son of a country parson with a living worth a few hundreds, and children too numerous to mention, who have all been stunted and starved to put this young hopeful in the army; the girls care not, and their people, which is strange, seem to care less—and when a good chance comes of a man with money and position, they let him pass and take no notice of him whatever; that is, no more than they would take of any young sub. Truly, O Halifax, thou art a strange place!

We draw the attention of every householder, to a letter in last Tuesday's *Chronicle*, written by Mr. Brookfield—on the subject which at present is occupying much of the public attention—Diphtheria. Mr. Brookfield in his letter puts in a nut-shell the existing state of affairs in Halifax. What is the good of people complaining against the City Council, and saying that proper medical officers ought to be appointed—when they leave their own drains in their ancient state, and do not connect their houses with the sewers that run past their own doors? If you hint to any man that the drain of his house is not perfect, he regards it as an insult personally against himself. So we hope that everyone will read, mark, learn and inwardly digest Mr. Brookfield's communications. A different phase of the question is discussed on another page.

We would like to say to the fair correspondent who writes the Society Notes in Saturday night's *Echo*, that it is hardly right to say "the officers at the Wellington." We might say "the officers at Wellington," or the officers at the Wellington Barracks. But I am afraid the grammar of this correspondent is often very far from being what it ought to be.

The death of Mr. Matt. Morrow's little children has created a very deep impression on a large section of Halifax society. We cannot express our sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Morrow in their bereavement; everything seems to have combined to make their affliction the more terrible, and the story is as sad a one as can be read from one year's end to another.

Baron J. V. Von Scheliba, of Breslau, Lady Von Scheliba, and the Baron's private secretary, Mr. Copeland (formerly of Chicago), were at the Queen Hotel this week.

J. A. Taylor, president of the Montreal Athletic Club, was at the Queen, Tuesday and Wednesday. He had an interview with some of the prominent members of the Maritime Athletic Association with a view of getting a larger Lower Province representation at the next Canadian championship games than has formerly attended.

Dr James Primrose, of Annapolis, and his bride, spent their honeymoon at the Queen Hotel this week.

This has been a pretty slow week socially. There was a large euchre party at Fernwood (Mrs. Thomson's) on Tuesday, and Mrs. William Stairs entertained the General, the Governor and Mrs. Daly, and a large number of other guests at dinner yesterday evening.

Musical.

MISS LAINE'S FIRST RECITAL.

We have already said a good deal in advance about Miss Laine's Recitals, and last night's performance fully justified all that we have said, and even went beyond our expectations. The programme speaks for itself; it is carefully arranged, so as to preserve the singers' energies to the end, and to maintain the listener's interest by constant variety. The mixture of old favorites and entire novelties is peculiarly happy. We give the programme in full:

PROGRAMME.

SONGS.

Accompanied by MR. C. H. PORTER, JR.

- a. The Enquirer.....Schubert.
b. "I attempt from love's sickness to fly"....(17th century) H. Purcell.

RECITATIVE AND ARIA.

- c. "Dovo Sono" (Le Nozze di Figaro).....Mozart.

SONGS.

- d. "O lass dich holten".....Jens.
e. The Willow.....G. Thomas.
f. Ungeduld.....Schubert.
g. In the twilight, }
h. Ghosts, }.....Margaret Ruthven Lang.
j. Ojala, }

CELLO SOLOS.

- a. Cradle Song.....Ernst Doering.
b. Polonaise le concert.....C. Davidoff.

HERR ERNST DOERING,

Accompanied by FRAY MARIANNA DOERING-BRAUER.

SONGS, with Cello obligato.

- a. Elegie.....Massenet.
b. Ave Maria.....Bach-Gounod.
c. "My heart ever faithful".....Bach.

Obligato by HERR ERNST DOERING,

Accompanied by FRAY MARIANNA DOERING-BRAUER.

PIANOFORTE SOLOS.

- a. Aufschwung.....R. Schumann.
b. Cradle Song.....Jens.
c. Waltz.....Chopin.

FRAY MARIANNA DOERING-BRAUER.

SONGS.

- a. Arietta from "La Vera Costanza," an unpublished opera by.....Joseph Haydn.
(Arranged after the autograph score at the Paris Conservatoire by Weckerlin).

- b. La Charmante Marguerite.
(Traditional French song arranged by A. K.)
c. "Du bist die Ruh".....Schubert.
d. Geheimnis.....Schubert.
e. Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," (Samson et Dalila).....Saint Saens.
f. "O hush thee, my babe".....Henschel.
g. "O give me tender token".....Mendelssohn.

We were greatly struck by "In the twilight" and "Ghosts," which are quite new to us. The adaptability of Miss Laine's voice is remarkable. Just look at the scope of the pieces she selected! and yet not one proved beyond her powers. The greatest treats to us were "I attempt from love's sickness," and "Ave Maria" (which are old friends), and the beautiful little gems by Margaret Lang. "Dovo Sono" was perhaps the most finished performance, and "Ghosts" certainly the cleverest. All through we spent a most enjoyable evening, and came away with feelings of gratitude to Miss Laine for giving us a musical treat such as we have certainly not had in Halifax for many years, and may not have again for years to come, after she has finished her series.

By the way, that little alteration in the arrangement of the seats that was so delicately hinted at, has not yet been made; but we are delighted to be able to say that the club seriously contemplates making a little more allowance for leg-room at no very future date.

The next Orpheus Concert comes off on Thursday.

GABRIEL'S, 17 BUCKINGHAM ST.

DR. SCABS: Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a Curduncle.

MRS. SMITH: Suffering, why he is delighted with it. He wears it in his scarf!

TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene, Sister, lemme see your ring.

HIS SISTER:—Why Tommy?

TOMMY:—I want to see if the galoot told the truth when he said his heart was in it

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