

Society Notes.

The Ladies' Home Journal, of Philadelphia, claims to have a larger circulation than any other magazine in the world, showing an average of 542,500 copies per month. Some of its advertising statistics are truly remarkable. For instance, the New York paper *Printer's Ink* states that a certain 5-line ad. in the Journal received 15000 responses, while the well-known firm of Cassell & Co. received 6000 in answer to their advertisements.

We have hardly started on the last decade of the century, and already the expression *fin de siècle* stinks in our nostrils. We registered a vow long ago never to admit this utterly meaningless expression into our columns, and have already erased it half a dozen times, but it is getting altogether too much. One cannot open an English paper without finding something about *fin de siècle* luxury, *fin de siècle* folly, and so on. Kind correspondents, please refrain for the future; this is becoming a truly *fin de siècle* nightmare to us, and if something doesn't soon happen to stop it, we shall probably end by developing into *fin de siècle* lunatics. Put it into Sanskrit, for Heaven's sake, and possibly we won't recognize it.

The *Liverpool Advance* gets hold of a great many tit-bits of information. Last week, for instance, there is an account of an extraordinary record in the way of children. A certain Charles Mortimer, of St. Paul, Min., started at the age of 22 by marrying a widow who already had 2 boys, and who bore him 8 more in 10 years, and then died, leaving him to marry again. By the second marriage Mr. Mortimer was blessed with triplets, and again lost his wife. Unfortunately for the record, he then refrained from matrimony for five years all at once, yielding at last to the fascinations of a fair widow with 3 children, who has since increased the family by 5. At present Mr. Mortimer has 11 girls and 12 boys, all alive and well: he is not yet fifty, so that if, on the decease of the third Mrs. Mortimer, he is lucky enough to come across a widow with six children, his menagerie will be almost good enough to take on a European tour.

The St. Patrick's Minstrel performance last Friday was by no means a success. It may seem a bit rough on them to criticize an entertainment given for a charity; but still, if the minstrels took it on their shoulders to do this thing, they should have done it with all their might; they should have taken the trouble to black their faces evenly all over, and not leave white spots behind the ears,—in fact, they should have been just as careful all through as though the dollars were coming into their own pockets. We must congratulate Master Banfield on his singing, but would strongly advise his master—if he has one—to keep him from over-training his voice. Mr. W. Tobin also deserves honorable mention, but the performance was on the whole decidedly discreditable to a corps with such a splendid record as St. Patrick's Minstrels.

Shortly before the regiment left, the announcement was made of the engagement of Mr. Eckshaw to Miss Fleming. We hear that Mr. Eckshaw intends sending in his papers and coming back to settle in Halifax,—probably on the N. W. Arm.

What has become of those pigeons, those celebrated pigeons, that were to be the means of saving the lives of an unmeasurable number of the "toilers on the deep?" According to ordinary statistics, there ought at the present moment to be from 150 to 180 birds in the Government loft; how is it that they are not there? Has diphtheria done its deadly work among the flock? Or is it that the Government officials have tumbled to the fact that pigeon pie is not such a bad business, and have used up the young birds as fast as they became eligible? Had these birds been placed in proper hands, we venture to say that we should now be in direct communication with Sable Island, and the distance would be compassed under seven hours. As it is they have been cooped up all this time, neither ornamental nor useful. The one bird that was let out immediately took up his quarters in the "Elevator,"

and has been smiling audibly at the marine fisheries office ever since. We would like to suggest that we are in possession of an excellent receipt for pigeon pie, which we would be glad to exchange for half-a-dozen of the next batch of young birds.

The following is from *Modern Society* :—

"He was one of the ineligible of the West Riding; the terror of maumas with *démiselles à marier*; and he had, of course, fixed his affections on a girl whose shoe-latchet—from a financial point of view—he was utterly unworthy to unloose. The girl's mother was a widow, and furious at the infatuation of her darling for the penniless admirer, vowed that she never, *never* would consent to such an &c., &c. But the lover was well versed in the ways of the world and of women. He entered the library one evening at dusk, where the mater of his loved one was writing a letter. Stealing cautiously behind her chair he threw his arms round her neck and imprinted a passionate kiss upon her—well, her cheek. Surprise, consternation, and indignation on the lady's part. Profuse apologies on the other side. "Pon my word, Mrs.—I thought it was Ethel; indeed I did; and, by Jove, you're so much like her, don'tcherknow? that it really isn't wonderful that I made the mistake. Really, I'm most awfully sorry." Strange to say, Mamma's indignation quickly died away. Her opinion of the man mysteriously changed. He marries Ethel next week."

What a pity the writer does not state which Battalion the negligible belonged to: it sets us wondering all sorts of funny things.

Here is something else written about London, which, unfortunately, applies almost as well to Halifax :—

"Never, perhaps, has the custom of "nipping" among City men attained such tremendous proportions as it has in the present day. The man who is a moderate (.) drinker, whom no one has ever seen intoxicated, who takes a couple of glasses of sherry with his dinner, and a cup of coffee afterwards, consumes in the course of the morning—his morning is from 11 a. m. to 3 p. m.—as much liquor as would upset many a country squire. Who shall attempt to keep account of those "nips"—those "small brandies," those "little scotches," those "wee splits," or those "halves wi' you," which are swallowed one after the other, apparently without any effect? Every wine-bar has its own clientele and nearly every man has his own pet particular bar; and those who want him for purposes of business look for him there, rather than in the office which has his name on the door—and find him, too."

We are afraid this fatal habit of "nipping" is still on the increase among city men, and even among city boys. It is more deadly than occasional heavy drinking; and in nine cases out of ten where a man once gives way to it, he ends by becoming an utterly useless member of society. We could more easily point out the nine, in this city of Halifax, than we could the tenth.

We wonder whether "Tom Trim" will ever give the Halifax musicians a tune, and if he does, whether he will find any merit in them. We have given a good deal of attention to the subject at one time and another, and cannot but think that we are exceptionally well off just now, both in vocalists and instrumentalists. The

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