

Society Notes.

Mrs. James Morrow was the entertainer-in-chief of this week, giving two most charming dinners, one on Wednesday night and one on Thursday night. Sir John Ross was invited to that of Wednesday night, but could not go on account of gout. Amongst those present on Thursday, were: the Lt.-Governor and Mrs. Daly, Major and Mrs. Trench, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Dr. McDowell, Dr. and Mrs. Morrow.

There was a very pleasant dinner at Sir John's on Thursday, and there is to be one at the Archbishop's on Monday next.

There have been skating parties nearly every day this week. The pious rejoiced when they saw Sunday was a soft day, and the impious said other than pious words—but Monday made up for it, and all who could rushed off to Williams or the Dartmouth Lakes and enjoyed themselves nobly. There is no comparison between open air skating and rink skating—except for those that prefer valseing. On Wednesday afternoon there occurred an incident Dartmouth Lakes that might have been a serious one. The ice refused to support Miss Salter and she went in—the water was deep and she went down. Mr. Fraser of the W. R. Regt. nobly jumped to her assistance. Mr. Trotter—of the same corps—laid hold of Mr. Fraser, somebody name unknown laid hold of Mr. Trotter, and by the combined aid of all three, Miss Salter was rescued from an unenviable situation, which at one time looked serious. She was taken into a neighbouring house where they most kindly fitted her out in all the latest Paris fashions. There is no foundation to the report that a Humane Society medal would be presented to the gentleman who laid hold of Mr. Trotter's feet.

William's Lake was rendered very lively on Saturday by the crowds of people that went there to indulge in skating. The fine day, the good ice, and the hospitality of the gunners drew nearly everybody that was worth drawing, and jollity reigned supreme. The skating was excellent, the band,—well the band I believe is new, and then it is hard to play in the open on a cold day—but the hot tea, and ditto claret, not to mention the cherry—brandy, made up for everything. I was much amused to see some of the new arrivals learning to skate; it brought back many scenes to my mind of cherished hopes and forgotten promises, one young gentleman in particular seemed to be learning under very pleasant circumstances, so that I envied him and wished that I too was a beginner till he "took a toss,"—then the pleasures disappeared, and he looked weary. There were no accidents, except to the P. M. O's trap: we will put that down to the rough roads, but one of the maxims when driving is to look to the road. Another couple started to drive there and were found at a point far distant for Williams.

Correspondents at Charlottetown express great concern at the news of the Bishop's illness, and ask for more detailed accounts of his health. We are glad to be able to say that he is steadily—though slowly—recovering from what has been a very severe attack of enteritis, and that he will probably be able to sit up in a few days.

Mrs. Donald Keith, Inglis Street, has cards out for an "At Home, from 8 to 12" on Tuesday next.

Miss Anna Fraser is to be married at St. Luke's Cathedral on the 31st of December.

Mr. Kent, R. A., intends spending some time with Mrs. Tiffany in Philadelphia on his way back from England.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Bagot leaves for England on Saturday, she goes away for the winter for the health of her children. But we hope will return in the spring.

Dr. Stodhard leaves on Saturday for Berlin to study the new consumptive cure under Prof. Koch.

Mr. J. C. More, manager of the Merchant's Bank at Quebec, is visiting his friends in Halifax.

All the talk about having "no rink" this winter has ended in smoke, after all. The details are not finally settled yet, but the days proposed are Tuesday and Friday afternoons and Wednesday morning and evening. The band will certainly play on Tuesdays and Fridays, and on Wednesday evenings if funds allow. In fact, everything will be pretty much on the usual lines, except that the amount of luxury provided will depend to a large extent on the number of members. We hope enough will join to insure the tea and cake, at any rate.

Last week we just had time to issue a short notice of Tyrone Power's Benefit at the Academy. Probably there has been more talk about the

extraordinary termination of the "Sleep-Walking" scene than about any performance given in Halifax for many a year. We must at least give Miss Grant credit for being original in her methods, and for treating us to something in the way of novelty.

Miss Grant's acting in "Daddy Hardacre" has been rather severely criticized. She has undoubtedly made a mistake, and we hope, for the sake of our amateur players, that she will realize this herself and not fall into such a trap again. We have seen Miss Grant on the boards several times, and we rank her as one of the best amateurs in Halifax, *in her particular line*, which is at least as useful as any other, and in which no one else here can do such good work. It is a great mistake to sacrifice years of experience and go against the bent of one's natural genius for the sake of the gallery,—especially when the gallery doesn't respond.

Our remarks on the subject of the Wanderers have not been taken altogether in good part,—and we hardly expected they would. All the same, it is the interests of the Club that we have at heart, and this is the time to talk off whatever bad feeling may exist. And what is the use of "going for" the Garrison in this matter? The Garrison is a "fleeting show,"—it is a small thing to them if they *do* fall out with the only club that gives them any sport to speak of, as they know that in two years at the outside, they will be ordered off and will have to find new opponents in the field. But to the Wanderers it is a very different affair:—here they are, and here they are to remain, and if every little difference is to be remembered against generation after generation of the occupants of Wellington Barracks, the noble game of football is likely to degenerate into a species of bull-fight. The point we wish to press home to the Wanderers is, that however strongly they may feel against any particular regiment, and whatever causes of complaint—just or unjust—they may have against it, it is their interest to suppress these feelings entirely when that regiment departs and a new one takes its place.

The decision of Prof. Samuel Porter to leave Halifax in the spring has revived the old question of professional versus amateur choirs among the parishioners of St. Paul's Church. The authorities are in favour of doing away with the present choir and substituting the usual boys' and men's choir: while many of the regular attendants would prefer good professional singing, and, which is more to the point, profess their readiness to pay for it. There is a great deal to be said on both sides—we imagine that most churches would like professionals in their choirs, but of course it means another heavy item of expense. The question at issue is, whether this expense is compensated by the increase of congregation (and therefore collection), and whether the good effect of the ordinary system in stimulating an active interest in the church among its younger members can be compensated by anything in the new system.

Private letters received from the North Atlantic Squadron at Bermuda, say that the ships had a splendid passage down. The weather is described as being simply perfect. Lawn tennis is in full swing. H. M. S. *Bellerophon* is in dock. The fleet are expected to sail for the West Indies about New Year's Day.

The Japanese sale has been quite the centre of attraction, many of the very fashionable spending most of their time there; some buying, others talking, and all enjoying themselves listening to the irrepressible Clarke entailing the treasures of the East and leading the wily Haligonian on to buying them. On Wednesday night I noticed Mr. Wm. Duffus, Mrs. Justice Graham and Mrs. Curren amongst the heaviest buyers, on Thursday Capt. Jenkins, and Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. W. Thomson, Mrs. Graham, and Mr. Jones, and Mrs. R. Macdonald, Mrs. G. Stairs, Dr. and Mrs. Oliver.

Mr. C. S. Rankin, of the Halifax and Bermuda Cable Company, left on Thursday in the "Loanda" for Bermuda, to join the staff of the company at Hamilton.

Good old Potter! Potter is without doubt at the present time the most talked of and the most discussed man in Halifax. Families are divided in the Potter question; friends of a life time pass each other on the street, just because one is a Potterite and the other an antipotterite. In fact, life is rendered a little more burdensome than usual because of good old Potter. We should not like to express an opinion one way or the other, either for the dynasty of Potter or against the dynasty of Potter; but it looks to an unbiased outside stranger as though the Committee of the Sailors' Home and Seamen's Rest were "as clay in the hands of the Potter."