

OUR SOCIETY

A

WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19TH.

HALIFAX, N. S.

H. R. H. PRINCE GEORGE, is the second son of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. He was born June 30, 1865, and he received his commission as Midshipman in the Royal Navy on June, 5th, 1880, so that he has already put in over 10 years service, and has seen almost all the naval stations of any importance. This is Prince George's second visit to Halifax, the first being exactly seven years ago, when he was little more than a boy. The sea has not failed to work in him the same change it works in all who take kindly to it, rounding off the corners and making him always good company. There is something about all our Sea-Princes—perhaps it is the feeling that they are the only members of the Royal Family that really *practise* a profession—that makes the most radical of us want to know them, without suspecting ourselves of being toadies. However this may be, it is quite certain that Halifax society thoroughly enjoyed Prince George's visit this summer, and, if outward appearances count for anything at all, we can congratulate ourselves that the Prince had about as good a time as any of us.



H. R. H. PRINCE GEORGE.

A HEART'S HISTORY.

Is a garden of delight,
Where sweet nature's wand discloses
Wonderous vistas to the sight,
Once I met a rose-bush, bright
In a wealth of roses.

Like a statue stood I there
Gazing with enraptured eye
At the maze of roses rare :
"For my bosom the most fair
I will pluck," thought I,

Anxiously I searched, and long
Lingered o'er each beauty : still
Not a bud or flower among
All that dazzling tempting throng,
Fixed my wavering will.

One with the bewitching guile
Of the crimson garb it wore,
Caught my fancy for a while,
But I marked all insects vile
Gnawing at its core !

One, of languid graces, pale,
Flaunted with a gentle swing :
But alas ! its petals frail
Showed the sad, unsightly trail
Of some slimy thing !

One adorned with crown of dew,
Queen-like, o'er its sisters bent :
But I found, when near I drew,
That it had, though rich in hue,
All its fragrance spent !

One—a blossom—made me start :
'Twas indeed a beautiful gem !
But I could not have the heart
Such a tender bud to part
From its parent stem.

One, at last, I then beheld,
Radiant, pure, divine, my own :
But as forth my hand I held,
'Twas with treacherous thorn repell'd
By the lovely one

Thus submitting to the power
Of stern destiny, unblest,
Pensively I left the bower,
With no sweet, love-beaming flower
Still on my breast !

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