

widely different account of the creation of woman. According to him, she was sent in mockery by Zeus to be a scourge to man:

The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole
Had spoken; laughter fill'd his secret soul:
He bade the crippled god his best obey,
And mould with tempering water plastic clay.
With human nerve and human voice invest
The limbs elastic and the breathing breast:
Fair as the blooming goddesses above,
A virgin's likeness with the looks of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that sheds
A thousand colours in the gliding threads:
He call'd the magic of love's golden queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien,
An eager passion's never-sated flame,
And eases of dress that prey upon the frame:
Bade Hermes last endue, with craft refined
Of treacherous manners, and a shameless mind."

Hesiod, *Eggs*, 61-79.

NEW YORK LETTER.

My Dear Mr. Editor:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 15, 1890.—Charity begins at home, saith the proverb, and I have been so engrossed with my own little affairs since, like a microscopic drop of water, I fell into this vast and restless Ocean of Humanity yeleft Gotham, that I have not yet had time to attend to any other business. My proposed interview with Ward McAllister must, therefore, much against my will be deferred for a more propitious occasion, and meantime I shall have to content myself with improving the few brief minutes at my disposal in gleaning from the latest issues of the local society press, a handful of items that I trust may prove of interest to your readers.

A tout Seigneur tout honneur, and it is therefore nothing but reasonable that I should fully yield precedence to the illustrious author of "Society as I found it."

Someone has mentioned that Ward McAllister is to New York society what Sitting Bull is to the Sioux Indians. This is very rough on Bull, and I would not blame the copper tinted savage if he came east and began suit for libel against the originator of the comparison. We must draw the line somewhere in our persecution of the poor red man. Let us, if necessary, drive him into the vortex of the blizzard; let us forbid him to reside anywhere except on frozen lakes; let us compel him to live on spruce gum and snow balls; but do not say that he is barbarian enough to have written "Society As I Have Found It."

Mrs. John Sherwood, who, as everybody knows, thoroughly understands society, its etiquette, its manners and its morals, and who was born and bred and has lived in the best sets on both sides of the Atlantic, is, I observe, about to publish a book on the "Art of Entertaining." As an outcome of the experience of a woman of Mrs. Sherwood's sort, the work in question should be very valuable to all uninstructed people in the great art of making one's fellow-creatures comfortable. As a contrast to that of Mr. McAllister, Mrs. Sherwood's publication will be effective in the way of showing the difference between the notions of a social cad and the ideas of a lady.

The engagement, just announced, of Mr Erastus Wiman's youngest daughter, Mattie, to Mr. Jacob Cram, of New York, completes a trio of matrimonial alliances calculated to delight the heart of any parental Canadian. The young people of Canada

may well look forward with an awakened hope to a better relation with this country when the children of the most distinguished advocate of reciprocity find a fate so attractive in the United States. The bride elect has shone resplendent in Staten Island society. She is a fearless horse-woman and a *litterateur* of no mean ability. Mr. Cram is connected with some of the oldest New York families, and has inherited largely of this world's goods. The young people, I hear, will set up an establishment in this city.

I heard a story a few days ago of a certain fair divorcee, whose conduct since her domestic estrangement has not been above reproach; but, like a few others of her sex, she is apparently blind to the judgment that is passed on such bold proceedings. Being reminded by a friend (another woman, of course), that in keeping up her open flirtations she would become utterly ostracised, she replied: "Certainly not! I never permit myself to notice any man outside the Union Club!" As this club has an enormous membership, her exclusiveness is to be appreciated. She reminds me of the soubrette who refused to marry her honest suitor on the grounds that she was true to the Twenty-second Regiment!

This idea of publishing a list of wedding presents previous to the ceremony, is rather vulgar, and I doubt if it will be taken up by any people of good taste. Afterwards when the young people are safely off on their wedding trip, the publishing of the various cake baskets, tiaras, pins, crescents and cheque will do very well, but before the occasion it savors strongly of begging—especially since the list must have been written out. Our trousseaus are now written up after the fashion of the German Princess, but I observe with pleasure that the underclothes are not yet put on exhibit in shop windows, and the doting bridegroom has yet a few privileges apart from his valet and tailor, not to mention the gamins who always swarm about the scene of such an exhibit.

I'll wind up with the latest society jokes:—

Editor—Hello, what's this—a dialect poem?

Poet—No; a society balled in McAllister English.

Burke—Is she of ancient birth?

Smirke—Not so far as her family is concerned, but personally, yes.

Fair but False—A blonde wig.

Maud—Jack told me last night that you seemed like a flower to him.

Ethel—(blushing)—What kind of a flower?

Maud—(spitefully)—An artificial one, I fancy.

Yours devotedly,

FRANK SHEARS.

Octogenarian peer, with several rich livings in his gift, to young curate who has just announced to his Lordship his engagement to a rich widow: "My dear boy, what are you thinking about? Why d— it all, the woman's sixty if she's a day. You can't love her." Young curate, casting his eyes sanctimoniously up to the ceiling: "Ah, my lord, I have loved her for years." "More, shame to you then. It's not a year since her husband died." Collapse of the curate. Fact.

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