



Miss Worsley.

others, the pure emanations of jealousy and spite. The result of all this is that society people don't love the "Society writers;" are not in love and charity with them, particularly with those who seem to have made ancestry and archaeology a study, and who, being inclined to pedantry, are apt to fling the result of these deep researches, or of their wonderful memory for ancient days, in our faces! Sometimes we find this disagreeable and we rebel, but it is no use. We have to grin and bear it, because the society writer is a success, and the sales of the Saturday night papers have increased since their columns have been prostituted to such literature. After all, it does not really hurt any body. It is only a pin-prick as compared with the many pangs a society woman endures.

Sometimes social life is pleasantly mixed up with local charities. Last year any body who was any body, and many who were nobody, joined hands and had a grand bazaar for the benefit of "The Sailors' Home." The ladies were all in sailor dress. There was everything to attract the eye, tickle the palate, and empty the pockets of the thousands who flocked to the Exhibition Building where the bazaar was held, but the coffers of the Institution were filled, so society felt that it had done a real duty—helped a real

charity—and withal enjoyed itself immensely.

This year we have had a grand "International Fair," at which all nations were represented by our local beauties. There were the Japanese stall, the old English, the Grecian, the Venetian, the Spanish, the French, the German, etc. The proceeds which were something very much "worth while" went towards the improvement of the already nearly perfect grounds of the Wanderers' Athletic Club. The accompanying picture represents a group of three of the girls, dressed as Spanish ladies. All grades of society were present during the week, in fact, nearly all Halifax itself were there at different times. For months, society had formed itself into clubs and sewing parties, and had worked for our Wanderers, and when the eventful opening night arrived, I do not think any city in the Dominion of Canada could boast of a bevy of lovelier, handsomer girls. Each night the affair was opened by a grand march by a hundred girls, picked from the different stalls, and all dressed in the costume of the nation which their stall represented. It was indeed a beautiful sight, and thousands gathered to witness it and to applaud it.

A Group of Belles,
Spanish Booth, Wanderers' Bazaar

Perhaps of all the phases of social life, we may look on a grand ball at the Wellington Barracks as the *ne plus ultra* of true enjoyment and pleasure. These barracks are occupied always by whatever line regiment is stationed here. It is an enormous building and the mess quarters are