

OUR SOCIETY.

Our Society.

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5th, 1890.

ALL letters and contributions should be addressed to The Editor, Cambridge House, Halifax, N. S.

Articles for Friday's issue should be in the Editor's hands by Wednesday evening, but notices of current events can be inserted as late as Thursday afternoon.

Our readers are particularly requested to make a point of sending in at once (on telephoning No. 353.) :—

- (I.) Notices of intended removal, expected arrivals, etc.
- (II.) At Home days, and more especially alterations in the same.
- (III.) News of the whereabouts, etc., of any old friends who have left Halifax.
- (IV.) Recommendations of servants leaving.
- (V.) Advertisements of articles lost or found.
- (VI.) " " of articles for sale, etc.

It is hoped that all the Athletic and other Clubs will send in their records, notices, and gossip up to date.

Advertisements under heads (iv.) and (vi.) will not be charged for, but any person who is enticed with a servant through the medium of this paper will be expected to pay a fee of 25 cents, and in the same way any person receiving a lost article will be charged 10 cents.

Private advertisements under head (vi.) and others, will be charged to the advertiser at the rate of 5 cents per line.

The rates for business advertisements are :

1 inch.....	\$4.00 per quarter
2 ".....	7.50 " "
3 ".....	11.00 and so on.

The number of pages in each issue will probably be increased very shortly.

H. BRADFORD.
Business Editor.

AFTER a good deal of talking, and after slaying a good many highly conservative lions who stood in our path, we have at last, speaking more or less metaphorically—made our appearance. In what guise, and under what title we should do so has been a matter of grave consideration. Here we are at last, then, to stand or fall as you may decide:—"OUR SOCIETY." "What a title!" you are exclaiming already—"Whose Society?" Very easily answered,—may you never ask us a harder one,—it is *your* society, fair reader, whoever you may be,—we editors are broad-minded and ubiquitous, and *all* society is *ours*. Do you think we could live in Halifax with our eyes open and not discern that society has many sections, each thinking much of itself and little of all outside it? Do you think we are so blind as not to see quite a select little society in a dozen little towns not many miles away from this metropolis? Do you imagine that we think for a moment that anyone whose life is worth living does not rejoice in being a member of *some* society? If so, you mistake us entirely, and should feel it your first duty to set us right in the matter.

Let us reason together, according to our present limited lights. Where should we start? There can be no question as to that, at any rate:—we start where we are likely to get most news; that is, where people have least to do; that is, where the officers in Her Majesty's Service live and move and have their little gaieties; that is, in the "gallant 300." Is this a slight to anyone else?—Not in the least; it is only a recognition that they have more to do; when the time comes that they feel like resting on their laurels and spending,—or letting their children spend—what they have spent their lives in saving,—then they can join the band of

revellers if they choose. "Of course they will choose, if we'll have them," is the responsive chorus of the 300. Not so fast, my distinguished friends and most respected allies;—think over the names of all the most wealthy, honorable and cultivated residents:—merchants and bankers,—the aristocrats in this country where the do-nothing class hardly exists, and is not thought much of at that. Think them well over,—you know the names well enough, but how many of them do you meet at afternoon teas? What do you think they do with themselves? It is our turn to catechize now:—Many of their clerks you know, certainly, but what about the principals? Horrible thought, isn't it, that there may be a society outside your ken, perfectly respectable, most substantial, and in fact, somewhat fastidious! Yet such is the very distressing state of things, and it will be for us to record their doings as far as we can get at them—as well as yours.

And even then we have not done,—besides this society that "doesn't know" the military because it doesn't care to take the trouble (except, perhaps, when an occasional fond mother may think her duty not done till she has "brought out" her pretty daughter at a mess ball),—besides this, there is yet another—and by no means small—society, that "doesn't know" the military chiefly because the military "doesn't know" it, though this does not transpire in its ordinary conversation. This section also will have our earnest attention and most sincere sympathy, mistaking as it does, for the most part, the shadow for the substance. And distinct from these three, there are cliques too numerous to mention, and too finely differentiated to be distinguished without careful study.

All of them come within the scope of Our Society and to all alike we address ourselves and exhort them, saying: I.—Do not be afraid to reveal yourselves to our editorial gaze,—we will not try to hurt your feelings, and we may in the long run be able to do you some good. II.—Do not labour under the delusion that we can do everything by ourselves, without your help. Don't be lazy about it, but if there's anything you would like us to know, just send in your jottings;—there's no harm done if two or three send the same. III.—Ask us any questions you like,—we will do our best to answer them. IV.—Send in your coupons, and don't wait to be pressed for the "ready."

OUR SOCIETY.

A Society Paper did you say?
Well, that will be a treat.
A record of the every day,
With pleasure we should greet.

And, as 'tis said your paper's store,
Of information weekly,
Is free from politics so sore,
Subscriptions should come quickly.

A sheet so fair and full of news,
Of Society's choice pleasure,
Should surely then inspire our muse,
To add its mite in measure.

Yet tho' I've not a line to add,
Of news to cause sensation,
Be it grave or merry, make us glad,
And send us information.

We'll retail here what truths we may,
Of sport, engagement, marriage,
Of cookery good, Fashions of the day,
Our efforts pray encourage.

So while we to the public gaze,
Announce our paper's birth,
For faults we ask a pardon please,
Or praise for all its worth.

S. M. N.

A. & W. MACKINLAY,

Have in stock a large assortment of SOCIETY STATIONERY, amongst which will be found:

WESTMINSTER VELLUM NOTE PAPER.	BASSSENDEAN VELLUM NOTE PAPER.	WEDDING CARDS & PAPER.	INVITATION "CAP."
CANYAS & GREY CALICO	ROYAL IRISH LINEN	CAKE BOXES.	HALL PROGRAMME "
MELTON VELLUM	IMPERIAL KENT	CORRESPONDENCE CARDS.	MENU "CARD CASES."

ENVELOPES TO MATCH THE ABOVE.

Visiting Cards printed from Plate.

137 GRANVILLE STREET.

Crests and Monograms stamped in Color.