

## Society Notes.

There are one or two points in out-door etiquette which are never likely to be solved to the satisfaction of everybody. One of these is:—at what age is a girl entitled to expect gentlemen to raise their hats to her? The most polished among us pass a young lady, or even two young ladies—in a parambulator, without raising our hats, and some who call themselves gentlemen have been frequently observed to nod familiarly to schoolgirls of eight or ten summers: but the most hardened feels an upward inclination of the hand when passing some of our well dressed little women of 12 and 13, even when carrying a bag in which Colliers History is plainly discernible, when we come to analyse our own behaviour, we recal to mind several midgets of 13 and 14 to whom we invariably bow, and we would expect to be cut dead if ever we failed to do so. At the same time there are some older ones to whom we never feel inclined to pay the same tribute. Possibly the length of the frock may have something to do with it when there is no special attractiveness. Some little children walk and behave themselves like ladies; while many big children are little better than tomboys. Can anyone give a golden rule for the behaviour of perplexed males in their attitude towards these who have not yet arrived at the dignity of long dresses?

Some of our young friends of seven years, who have already issued invitations in their own names, with the mystic word "Dancing" in the corner, will exclaim indignantly against the idea of being treated in any respect otherwise than as grown-up women. They may be right; who knows? John Stuart Mill read Plato at six, and the performance of the duties of hostess is not much harder. Besides, these are the days of infant phenomena; and it is remarkable that children at the advanced age of seven years allow their mothers to pay calls for them; except perhaps, that these are also the days of laziness, and such an arrangement saves a good deal of bother.

Another rather ticklish point is how to behave to servants,—meaning servants of the better class, of course, and more especially nurses and housekeepers. There are servants *and* servants: and in the case of the average specimen of the class in Halifax, there can be no possible doubt as to the method of procedure. But still, we have seen men of blue enough blood to pacify even *Grandma*, who never hesitated to raise their caps to their housekeepers, or nurses. On the other hand, we have seen men nod familiarly or raise their sticks to their landladies, who happen to be of precisely the same rank in life as themselves. However, to return to the point, suppose you *do* happen to be blessed with a respectable servant,—respectable in every sense of the word:—suppose you meet her in the Park on Sunday afternoon, walking with an equally respectable young man, who actually has enough breeding to raise his hat to you in the first place; do you think it is *infra dig* to return the salute? do you feel that—when you are absolutely obliged to show some sign of recognition,—it is inconsistent with your standing as a gentleman to bow in precisely the same way as if to one in your own position in life? It is rather a delicate question, but we prefer to err on the side of courtesy, though our observation would lead us to conclude that we are in a very small minority.

There are many even more delicate points that arise in the daily round of life, but one general conclusion is obvious to all who walk with their eyes open. The more thorough-bred a man is, and the more unassailable his social position, the more courteous he is to those he considers his inferiors in rank. The modern *hauteur*—not very common here, thank goodness!—is a pretty sure sign of Shoddy. The ancient and more respectable *hauteur* was not an everyday quality to be obtruded upon everyone, but a something in a man that appeared as an insurmountable barrier against anything like undue familiarity, from inferior as from equal.

*The Canadian Voice* represents a great cause, and has the sympathy of all right-thinking men, whether or not they follow its precepts in practice. At the same time it runs a great risk of losing some of that support by being too outspoken in preferring serious charges against men whose business brings them into connection with the liquor traffic. For instance, the attack on Mr. Drysdale for defending those prosecuted under the liquor laws, will do no good either to the *Voice* or to the temperance cause. As Mr. Drysdale very justly says:

"I might excuse the editor of the *Voice* for not being aware of what was going on in our courts at Halifax with reference to counties outside of Halifax, but if he has sufficiently posted himself as to my retainers in Halifax to make a charge against me for defending prosecutions in Halifax, he must have known that I and my firm have carried on and conducted all the prosecutions in Dartmouth for a long period of time. The rule in our profession is, "first come, first served," and if I am open to attack because I did not act for the temperance people in Halifax, the fault is not mine, but theirs. They of their own motion select their own counsel. When at the time they did so I was free to act for any one: afterwards, when certain prosecutions commenced, the Association offered my firm a retainer, which was accepted, and I have too much faith in that spirit of fair play that always prevails among British subjects to think that such a matter should be made a personal or political charge against me."

A little forethought would have prevented the editor in question from making such a ridiculous charge, and it is a pity that that forethought was not called into play.

La Grippe appears to be going her Spring rounds in the States, though to what extent the disease is prevalent it is quite impossible to ascertain from newspaper statistics.

For instances, here are two consecutive paragraphs from a provincial paper:—

CHICAGO, March 26. —Up to 3 o'clock yesterday, 600 deaths for the week as the result of la grippe, and the total promises to reach 1000 by Saturday night.

CHICAGO, March 28. —The officials of the health department say the death-rate for the present week is unprecedented. The number of deaths since March 1st is 900, and the number for the corresponding period 1890 is 419.

It would take a clever mathematician to reconcile these statements; and it is certainly strange how any editor could insert them side by side; either one seems good enough.

Here is a third account, from another paper of the same date:—

CHICAGO, March 26. —The grip epidemic is unabated in this city and the mortality continues appalling.

Up to midnight the deaths for two weeks aggregated 1540, or 35 per 1000, which is unprecedented in the history of Chicago.

And there are any amount more,—too many to quote. It seems to be a case of *long bow*, *longer bow*, and *longest bow*.

If a man doesn't die one way he is sure to die another, but suicide by peanuts strikes us as rather novel, and decidedly American. The death of a Maryland young man named Harry Hudson, nearly amounts to this. He won a bet by eating half a gallon of peanuts in a given time, and went home to die in great agony. We

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