

Our Society.

VOL. I. HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1891. No. 31.

COLONEL NOYES, the subject of our Portrait this week, is now quite an old resident among us, and is probably more widely known than any other British officer on this station. He is Vice-President of the Curling Club and a prominent member of the Studley Quoit Club. With Mr. John Wylde he represented Canada in the International Chess Match with the United States, and has been most successful in a long series of correspondence games with some of the best players in Canada and the States. Colonel Noyes is also a rising member of the Virgin Lodge of Freemasons. On his departure from Halifax towards the end of the year, Col. Noyes will be regretted by a circle of real friends such as it takes most men a lifetime to form.

DIANA'S DIARY.

FRIDAY.—I got up early just to see what sort of day it was, and delighted to find it fine for I thought of my new frock and the Regatta. Did nothing all the morning but loaf. A couple of girls came in and bothered me talking about the Regatta.

Mamma would not go, such a nuisance. I do hate asking people to chaperon me. What is a mother for anyhow? However, I managed to get there. It was hot but it was pretty. I was sorry I had worn my new frock for when I got there Mr. M—— asked me to go out in a boat with him. It would have been a lovely chance as mamma was not there; but alas! I could not. I envied the people in launches and some in boats and canoes. Those in canoes looked particularly comfortable. It was hot and stupid on the wharf. There were no programmes and you could not make out who the girls were or who won, as they all wore the same kind of dress. I thought it was not well managed. Mr. M—— said it was slow but then he is no judge. We had tea just before the final heat at Mrs. Grier's, such a squash and a jam. One poor "middy" trod on my toe and another upset a cup of tea over me, but fortunately it only just touched my gown. Everyone was there and everyone looked well. The American bride was gorgeous, but the dress did not become her at all. A Mrs. Nordheimer from Toronto looked well, having on a white cloth trimmed with gold. I did enjoy the final heat, but was sorry to see that the Arm girls took first and second. I wanted the town girls to win. Arm girls are very stuck up and think no one can do anything but themselves. Now, I think and Mr. M—— thinks that the town girls rowed best. They were all photographed. I tried to push myself to the front to be in it, with my new dress. I would like a photo of it. After they gave the prizes I left. I don't think I enjoyed it very much. It was hot, slow and stupid and to tell the truth I don't know much about rowing. I wanted to have been introduced to a Frenchman to air my French, but I couldn't. Madam at the Convent always said my French was good.

SATURDAY.—Like a good and righteous person, I went to market, why going to market early should make one feel virtuous I don't know, but it does. Market is a pretty sight on a fine morning, but a sad and dismal one on a wet. When I got home I found all my family very scratchy and I thought horrid, but perhaps they thought me the same, however, I could not stand them, and went out to see L——, who was trimming a hat and full of news and gossip.

I did not go to Mrs. Walter Jones' pic-nic, for an excellent reason not necessary to specify, except that I was not asked. So I went to the Yacht Club to see the race and hear the band. Mamma hates the Yacht Club, she says it is so dangerous. What is so dangerous I never can quite make out. Perhaps she thinks the balcony will come down and she will be precipitated into the sea. By the bye, can ladies who belong to members, wear the becoming uniform. I rather fancy myself in a yacht-ing cap with a flag on it. It is more becoming to me than to most of the members who wear it. I never can understand a yacht race J—— tried to explain it to me but I was no wiser at the end. I can't understand why the yacht that comes in first does not get the prize.

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SUNDAY.—A horrid rainy day; mamma made me go to Church. I did not want to go, for my mackintosh is very shabby and is not very swaggar. J—— came to tea, but mamma talked what she calls gossip to him all the time and I could not get a word in anyhow. I was glad when Sunday was over.

MONDAY.—Monday morning in a family is an awful time of it and this morning was one of the worst of its class. I slaved around the house and could not get out. Mamma dragged me off to pay visits, when there were such a lot of things I could have done. I wanted to go to Garrison Tennis but could not do so. Then there was Polo I could have gone to that, as I had an offer of a drive, and I have not been to Polo this year, I hear it is awfully good and awfully swaggar to go. Only a few of the very smartest people turned up. One person I met told me she was going on a pic-nic to the Bedford Hotel, I wish I was. I love pic-nics to Bedford. However, I got through the visits splendidly and was rewarded by having a lovely time during the evening but I won't tell how.

TUESDAY.—I was so sorry to see it raining for the poor "Labour" people. I saw one or two truckmen pass the house riding their truck-horses, they looked funny. I like a procession and was going to see this one, will do so to-morrow. I was going to the Tennis to-morrow, but of course, that was postponed. So I did nothing all day but get my dress ready for the dance in the evening.

What a rain! and what a night, but I was glad I went I had such a good time, I only had four partners, but was engaged for every dance, so everyone must see what a good time I had. Poor mamma would not go, I think mamma has been neglecting her duties in a most shameful manner lately, I am going to complain. The floor was pretty good and the supper was very nice, although I have not got to the age when I care much about supper. I find it very hard to swallow things, my mouth is dry, I think it must be from excitement. If it had been a fine night there would have been delightful places in the grounds for "sitting out," I expected them at the garden-party. It was 4.15 a. m. when I got home, thoroughly tired out, and my beautiful semi-new dress torn to rags.

WEDNESDAY.—I spent all the morning recovering from last night, so did not see the procession. Had a good talk over the dance with M——, she was rather cross at first, for I flatter myself that I spoilt two dances of hers. Well, she brought it on herself.

Did a lot of Wednesday visits, under maternal patronage, not bad fun at one house, but all the rest were very slow indeed. In the evening went for such a jolly row on the harbour. Such a night, I never in my short life saw anything more beautiful than the harbour, with the moon rising over McNabs. We rowed round the American Yacht, they seemed to have a very jolly time on board.

THURSDAY.—Mamma says I cannot go to the dance at Wellington. She says I have been out enough this week, as though anyone could be out enough. Why it is impossible I am mad. What am I to do all day. Go to the Yacht Club I suppose in the afternoon, and do nothing all the evening. With this prospect before me, I won't write any more.

DIANA.

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