

The Private Afternoon carnival on Tuesday was a great success, in spite of the weather, which was filthy beyond description. Several people started on foot, and had to turn back before they got half way to the rink, but there was a good show of spectators all the same, and the ice was just comfortably covered. The most pleasing feature of the whole affair was the look of freshness about nearly all the dresses, and the absence of the loud and cheap style of "get up" that lends an air of vulgarity to many of these shows. At the same time, we are not at all fond of silks and satins on the ice. There seems a slight air of ostentation about them, though perhaps that is one of our absurd fancies.

The minuet went off remarkably well, and we congratulate its originators and promoters most heartily on the result. Not that there was much of the "minuet" about it, properly speaking; the essential parts of that very stately dance, including the stately bow, had to be toned down, or left out entirely, owing to the elementary property of ice, which makes it no easy matter for skaters to courtesy with the requisite slowness and dignity. The figures were well adapted for skating, and altogether this is about the prettiest thing we have seen on the ice, though we must own up to a weakness for the old-fashioned Maypole.

The girls here are better skaters than the men—that is to say, more graceful. Very few of them can do much beyond looking pretty, but that doesn't matter; we don't expect anything more from them, and rather object to see them working away at the "higher branches." When women get their "Rights," we men will have to submit to being turned out of the corners; but until then we prefer to have free kicking room and a couple of benches to bruise our backs against in manly solitude.

To return to the point, most of the Halifax ladies are fairly graceful on skates, and none more so than the leader of the minuet: perhaps the red witch who brought up the tail runs her closest.

Among the many pretty dresses, the handsomest was certainly Mrs. Nesbitt's (Yum-Yum), made of white satin embroidered with gold, with a broad gold-colored silk sash, and little colored fans stuck in her hair. Even more suitable perhaps, and quite as becoming, were "Madame Hortense" dress, of Mrs. Fred Jones, and the "Red Witch" of Miss Edith Duffus and Mrs. Middlemass. Miss Henry's "Spanish costume" became her remarkably well; a bright colored skirt and tight-fitting black bodice, with a very broad striped sash tied in a large bow at the back. A bright cap covered with sequins, and a tambourine, made a very perfect get up. Miss Violet Noyes had a complete fit out as a "Japanese Lady," and Miss Farrell (Jacoonite), Miss Flossie Goldie (Oriental), Mrs. C. C. Hole (Titania), Miss Nagle (Dorothy Foster), and Miss Thomson (Duchess of Devonshire), were all very pretty.

The men's dresses were almost as good as the ladies. The Wizards in Black (Mr. MacGowan and Capt. Middlemass) contrasted splendidly with their partners, the Red Witches. Col. Clerke makes an imposing Mic-Mac chief. As to Mr. Thornton's convict dress, perhaps we had better not say it suited him too well, or even that the part was well carried out, anyhow he looked very well in it. Capt. Jenkins' Hungarian dress was uncommonly good, and Mr. John Ryan in hunting costume looked as though he were born to it (someone said he tried to take a low fence and came a bit of a cropper, but perhaps that wasn't strictly accurate.)

We mustn't wind up without a word for the boys. Master Almon Abbott looked extremely well as a "Highlander," and Master Oswald Wyld as "Boy Blue" did as much good honest skating as any other two people at the Carnival.

A well costumed group of Indian Fakirs attracted considerable attention—characters by Messrs. Carl Stayner, Hubrey Crowe, F. Salter, Clem. Burns and R. Greenwood. This was perhaps the best family on the ice.

TO THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT.—You may be a beautiful skater—everyone will admit that you were the best "fancy" skater on the ice at the recent carnival if you insist upon it—but do you think that you really ought, on the strength of this, to be everlastingly "showing off" before people who don't take an atom of interest in you? People will say spiteful things, don't you know, and those who can't touch you in the "fancy" skating line, speak with bated breath the words "self-conceited." But perhaps this is only due to the malicious promptings of minds permeated with miserable jealousy.

Cards are out for a small dance at the General's on Shrove-Tuesday.

Major and Mrs. Bagot and family will sail for England on the 21st of this month.

Mrs. Duncanson, Church St., had a dance on Friday.

Mrs. C. N. Strickland, Morris Street, gave a dance at her house on Wednesday.

Mrs. Fishwick has cards out for a dance to-night.

Mrs. King, South Street, gave a pleasant little dance Thursday last week.

Mrs. Andrew MacKinlay has issued invitations for a progressive euchre party next Tuesday.

Mr. McGhee arrived in the S. S. *Portia* from St. John's on Saturday night, and is staying at Hillside Hall.

There is something in store for Windsor. We are told that our old friends, the New Germany Band, which body has lately been reorganized (re-mouth-organized), are to go to Windsor to furnish the music on the occasion of the opening of the new skating rink there. We trust that the attentions of the kindly disposed inhabitants of the festive little town will not unfit the members for business next day.

We regret to learn that Mr. F. W. Bullock had a nasty fall on his way to the Rink last Tuesday. No bones were broken, but Mr. Bullock was considerably "shaken up."

Some time ago a writer of Saturday night's notes in one of our contemporaries made mention of the disgraceful state of the sidewalk in front of Government House. Unfortunately the remarks of that writer have not received the attention they deserve, for the sidewalk is still *in statu quo*. Seriously, something ought to be done in the matter, for that thirty yards or so of sidewalk is a disgrace to the city, especially as it is in a place where a stranger would naturally expect to find our very best workmanship.

The roof of the Exhibition Rink must be in need of repairs. At the carnival on Tuesday, owing to the usual carnival weather going on outside, the rain came through on those who had taken up their station in the gallery—well, not quite in torrents, but quite noticeably in certain places. A considerable quantity even found its way down to the promenade below. Water upon the ice itself doesn't cause much inconvenience to any one, unless some one happens to come a cropper, but the innocent and unoffending spectators are rather inclined, with regard to the regular drip, drip of the rain on their hats and coats, to say, in the words of the song, "I raise an objection to that."

Mr. and Mrs. Doering are giving a series of chamber concerts in their house on Church street, which are sure to be very enjoyable. The first is to be on Thursday next.

The annual meeting of the Game Society was held on Tuesday afternoon. As was expected, a proposal was laid before the meeting to end the close season for partridge, woodcock and snipe on September 1st, but it was defeated. There is much to be said on both sides of this question, and it will be discussed at some length in these columns later on. According to the facts so far brought forward, we are inclined to agree with the majority in keeping to the old date. The report of the Council showed that