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# OUR SOCIETY

A

WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1. No. 8.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23RD.

HALIFAX, N. S.

LIEUT-GENERAL SIR JOHN ROSS, K. C. B., was born at Stonehurst, Cumberland, Mar 18, 1829, joined the Rifle Brigade April 4 1846. As Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion, this officer was present at Alma and Inkerman, and received a brevet majority with 3 medals for his services in the Crimea. He was engaged in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, and after serving with his battalion at the action of Cawnpore and the capture of Lucknow, he raised a camel corps, which he commanded with signal success in the Central Indian campaign under Sir Hugh Rose. For these services he obtained a brevet lieutenant colonelcy, medal and C. B. He was present at the action of Sholkudler with the Rifle Brigade in Jan'y, 1864, for which he was granted the North-Western Frontier medal, and commanded the Bengal troops in the Perak



SIR JOHN ROSS, K. C. B.

expedition of 1875-6, for which he received a clasp to the above medal. In 1878 he was selected to command the brigade of Indian troops which, during the Eastern crisis, was brought to Malta, he having at that time the command of the Calcutta District Brigade, which he resumed on his return to India. From this he was appointed to the command of the Reserve Division of the Afghanistan Field Force, under Sir Frederick Roberts, with whom, in 1880, he made the march from Kabul to Candahar, in command of the Infantry Brigades, for which services he received the Afghan medal and star for Candahar, was made Knight Commander of the Bath and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. In 1881 he was placed in command of the Poona Division of the Bombay Army, which he relinquished in 1886, on promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

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## Society Notes.

We have already given several hints which, if acted upon, would do something towards making things easier for new arrivals in Halifax—or any other town, for that matter. It is often the best part of a year before a lady gets to know half of her visiting acquaintances personally, and the only satisfactory way to obviate this is for the new-comer to be "at home" every afternoon for a few weeks, and for the older residents to make a point of calling within a stated time—say three weeks. Even this entails a great deal of labor, as, of course, there is an immense amount of unpacking and shopping to do, and it is very difficult to get it all into the mornings.

Perhaps there is no place in the world where the system of "calling" is reduced to such a state of perfection as at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. There, as in ordinary society, a senior man uses his discretion entirely as to which "freshmen" he will call upon, usually choosing the hours in the afternoon when they are all pretty sure to be out, and leaving cards on the whole lot in one day. In returning the first call, however, the freshman is bound to find his senior at home, and must not under any circumstances leave a card on him. Of course this often means calling half a dozen times, but the rule is steadily adhered to, and answers the purpose with which it was designed, viz.: that men shall *know* those they want to know.

The leaving of a card in return to the first call is equivalent to a polite note to the effect that, while duly acknowledging the honor done him by seeking his acquaintance, the new-comer has reasons of his own for not desiring to increase the circle of his acquaintances in the direction indicated.

Even this system, though no doubt revolutionary, would not be at all a bad one in Society, especially in a town where nearly all the residents have an "at home" day, and would be sure to be seen on the first visit. It would have the great advantage of giving people a chance of getting their houses into ship-shape without being *obliged* to be "at home" every afternoon all through the busiest time.

A new thing in the way of a morning "tub" is highly recommended by the *Toronto Mail*. This is the *cold air bath*, and consists simply of standing in front of an open (wide open) window, and rubbing oneself briskly with a towel. The *Mail* says there is not the least fear of catching cold, even with the thermometer below zero, and the shock to the system is not nearly so great as that of a cold water bath. Here's a chance for lazy men! And anyone who is fond of bathing in the open air will understand that there is something strangely exhilarating in the cold air bath, especially on a fresh, windy morning. If the idea takes root at all extensively, however, we would recommend that in narrow streets some arrangement should be made between the sides of the street, for instance, suppose the north side bathed at their back windows, while the south side bathed at the front. Otherwise there might occur some sudden and startling *vis-a-vis*.

We have hitherto kept silent on the fire brigade question, not feeling quite qualified to discuss the internal politics of the corps, which are, to say the least, complicated. To anyone who takes the trouble to think the matter out, however, the question assumes far larger proportions, and the question at issue between Captain London and a minority of his men shrinks into insignificance. The greater question that presents itself is whether a Volunteer Fire Brigade can, under any circumstances, meet the wants of a growing city like Halifax. Like the coasting, and all the many questions that affect the safety of life and limb, this will never be thoroughly investigated till something happens that shall stand for a century as a land mark in the history of the stupidity of corporations. The volunteer system is excellent, no doubt, and in Halifax particularly there is nothing that excites more favorable comment from new arrivals than the promptitude

with which the men respond to the many calls made by the fire-bell, and the energy with which they carry out their work.

But—this is not a subject for argument, but a certain matter of fact—if once a big fire broke out, with a favorable wind, no volunteer force could prevent the city being consumed from the point where the fire originated to the leeward boundary of the city. Ask anyone, who has seen Shaw directing operations at a big fire in London, whether he imagines for a moment that a volunteer brigade could do the same work? Ask the insurance agents, who are a pretty clear-headed race, and have heavy interests at stake? Ask any level-headed member of the brigade itself, whether, at several fires within the last year or two, it was any more than a freak of nature, a happy combination of the elements, that prevented half the city being consumed? Go and look for yourselves next time there is a Globe Hotel in flames, and see how every member of the brigade struggles for the place where the progress of the flames is most conspicuous, and where there seems to be more *knobs* to be gained. Suppose the fire *did* at first evade their efforts, and a good fresh wind sprang up, what captain in the world could persuade nine-tenths of the gallant "volunteers" to play their hose on houses a few hundred yards off, or devote their energies to pulling down a block of houses in the next street, to stay the progress of the fire, without having a look in at the "fun"?

This is a very grave question, and one not likely to be settled by the firemen themselves, though some of the best of them are of our way of thinking. It is too much to expect them, as a body, to renounce the honorable position they have most deservedly acquired, even though their experience had proved to them—one and all—that the city had grown too large for them. After all, it took "the Great Fire of St. John" to convince our neighbour of the same thing, and it is hardly to be expected that Halifax will show itself more enlightened.

It will probably be asked why the same objections should not be urged against the Volunteer Brigade of the army, and, anticipating the question, we would point out that the idea of a Volunteer force taking the field, except under the command of veteran soldiers, has never been entertained by any government, and such a thing would be laughed at by the public if it were even suggested. A Volunteer Fire Brigade in the same relation to the Paid Brigade that the Volunteer Service bears to the Regular Army, would be a most valuable auxiliary, and is what we would like to see established in Halifax. Only, the discipline should be military, when on active service.

### THINGS SOCIETY READERS CAN DO:

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Mrs. Robie Uniacke gave a large dinner on Tuesday evening. There are, we believe, to be quite a lot of semi-official dinners given shortly.

The latest military engagement—if not in Halifax, at least connected with Halifax, for it began and nearly finished here—has caused some excitement, but not much wonderment.

The young ladies of Halifax are not mercenary, whatever else may be said about them. They care not whether a man has an income of a thousand, or whether he is the son of a country parson with a living worth a few hundreds, and children too numerous to mention, who have all been stunted and starved to put this young hopeful in the army; the girls care not, and their people, which is strange, seem to care less—and when a good chance comes of a man with money and position, they let him pass and take no notice of him whatever; that is, no more than they would take of any young sub. Truly, O Halifax, thou art a strange place!

We draw the attention of every householder, to a letter in last Tuesday's *Chronicle*, written by Mr. Brookfield—on the subject which at present is occupying much of the public attention—Diphtheria. Mr. Brookfield in his letter puts in a nut-shell the existing state of affairs in Halifax. What is the good of people complaining against the City Council, and saying that proper medical officers ought to be appointed—when they leave their own drains in their ancient state, and do not connect their houses with the sewers that run past their own doors? If you hint to any man that the drain of his house is not perfect, he regards it as an insult personally against himself. So we hope that everyone will read, mark, learn and inwardly digest Mr. Brookfield's communications. A different phase of the question is discussed on another page.

We would like to say to the fair correspondent who writes the Society Notes in Saturday night's *Echo*, that it is hardly right to say "the officers at the Wellington." We might say "the officers at Wellington," or the officers at the Wellington Barracks. But I am afraid the grammar of this correspondent is often very far from being what it ought to be.

The death of Mr. Matt. Morrow's little children has created a very deep impression on a large section of Halifax society. We cannot express our sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Morrow in their bereavement; everything seems to have combined to make their affliction the more terrible, and the story is as sad a one as can be read from one year's end to another.

Baron J. V. Von Scheliba, of Breslau, Lady Von Scheliba, and the Baron's private secretary, Mr. Copeland (formerly of Chicago), were at the Queen Hotel this week.

J. A. Taylor, president of the Montreal Athletic Club, was at the Queen, Tuesday and Wednesday. He had an interview with some of the prominent members of the Maritime Athletic Association with a view of getting a larger Lower Province representation at the next Canadian championship games than has formerly attended.

Dr James Primrose, of Annapolis, and his bride, spent their honeymoon at the Queen Hotel this week.

This has been a pretty slow week socially. There was a large euchre party at Fernwood (Mrs. Thomson's) on Tuesday, and Mrs. William Stairs entertained the General, the Governor and Mrs. Daly, and a large number of other guests at dinner yesterday evening.

## Musical.

### MISS LAINE'S FIRST RECITAL.

We have already said a good deal in advance about Miss Laine's Recitals, and last night's performance fully justified all that we have said, and even went beyond our expectations. The programme speaks for itself; it is carefully arranged, so as to preserve the singers' energies to the end, and to maintain the listener's interest by constant variety. The mixture of old favorites and entire novelties is peculiarly happy. We give the programme in full:

#### PROGRAMME.

##### SONGS.

Accompanied by MR. C. H. PORTER, JR.

- a. The Enquirer.....Schubert.  
b. "I attempt from love's sickness to fly"....(17th century) H. Purcell.

##### RECITATIVE AND ARIA.

- c. "Dovo Sono" (Le Nozze di Figaro).....Mozart.

##### SONGS.

- d. "O lass dich holten".....Jens.  
e. The Willow.....G. Thomas.  
f. Ungeduld.....Schubert.  
g. In the twilight, }  
h. Ghosts, }.....Margaret Ruthven Lang.  
j. Ojala, }

##### CELLO SOLOS.

- a. Cradle Song.....Ernst Doering.  
b. Polonaise le concert.....C. Davidoff.

HERR ERNST DOERING,

Accompanied by FRAU MARIANNA DOERING-BRAUER.

##### SONGS, with Cello obligato.

- a. Elegie.....Massenet.  
b. Ave Maria.....Bach-Gounod.  
c. "My heart ever faithful".....Bach.

Obligato by HERR ERNST DOERING,

Accompanied by FRAU MARIANNA DOERING-BRAUER.

##### PIANOFORTE SOLOS.

- a. Aufschwung.....R. Schumann.  
b. Cradle Song.....Jens.  
c. Waltz.....Chopin.

FRAU MARIANNA DOERING-BRAUER.

##### SONGS.

- a. Arietta from "La Vera Costanza," an unpublished opera by.....Joseph Haydn.  
(Arranged after the autograph score at the Paris Conservatoire by Wekerlin).  
b. La Charmante Marguerite.  
(Traditional French song arranged by A. K.)  
c. "Du bist die Ruh".....Schubert.  
d. Geheimnis.....Schubert.  
e. Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," (Samson et Dalila).....Saint Saens.  
f. "O hush thee, my babe".....Henschel.  
g. "O give me tender token".....Mendelssohn.

We were greatly struck by "In the twilight" and "Ghosts," which are quite new to us. The adaptability of Miss Laine's voice is remarkable. Just look at the scope of the pieces she selected! and yet not one proved beyond her powers. The greatest treats to us were "I attempt from love's sickness," and "Ave Maria" (which are old friends), and the beautiful little gems by Margaret Lang. "Dovo Sono" was perhaps the most finished performance, and "Ghosts" certainly the cleverest. All through we spent a most enjoyable evening, and came away with feelings of gratitude to Miss Laine for giving us a musical treat such as we have certainly not had in Halifax for many years, and may not have again for years to come, after she has finished her series.

By the way, that little alteration in the arrangement of the seats that was so delicately hinted at, has not yet been made; but we are delighted to be able to say that the club seriously contemplates making a little more allowance for leg-room at no very future date.

The next Orpheus Concert comes off on Thursday.

## GABRIEL'S, 17 BUCKINGHAM ST.

DR. SCABS: Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a Curduncle.

Mrs. SMITH: Suffering, why he is delighted with it. He wears it in his scarf!

TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene, Sister, lemme see your ring.

HIS SISTER:—Why Tommy?

TOMMY:—I want to see if the galoot told the truth when he said his heart was in it

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**Sporting Notes.**

**DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FOOT BALL CLUB.**

DEAR SIR:—

As I dare say it will interest some of your readers, I propose to give a short summary of the matches played by the team during the season that has just passed.

Matches, 7. Won, 6; Drawn, 1.

- Oct 4th, vs. Navy. 1 goal dropped by Briggs, and 1 try (Turner) to one try (Parker).
- " 11th, vs. Navy. 3 tries, Gilks (1), Turner (1), Briggs (1), to Nil.
- " 18th, vs. Dalhousie. 1 goal, (try by Turner) to Nil.
- " 24th, vs. Mr. Stevens' Team. 1 goal dropped and 2 tries, all obtained by Turner, to Nil.
- Nov. 4th, vs. Abegweits (at Charlottetown). No score,
- " 5th, vs. New Glasgow. 3 tries, Turner (2) and Bruce (1), to one goal.
- " 6th, vs. Pictou. 1 goal dropped by Briggs, and 3 tries, Fraser (2), Smith (1) to Nil.

I should also like to mention the match 25th October, United Service vs. Dalhousie. 1 goal dropped by Turner, 1 try Rogers (by Bruce) to Nil.

The back division, especially the three-quarters, has been greatly strengthened this year, which is in a great measure due to Lieut. Turner, (formerly of Cheltenham College and Sussex County), who in 8 matches has run in 7 tries and dropped 2 goals, a record which I think will be hard to beat; and possessing a thorough knowledge of the game, he has very ably captained the team throughout. Capt. Bruce, (Sandhurst), and Lieut. Fraser rendered very useful assistance, the latter being an old Murchistonian; he played for the school Fifteen, but did not obtain his cap owing to his leaving at the end of the Xmas Term. Private Briggs has also played a splendid game throughout the season, his tackling and dropping leaving nothing to be desired.

The half-backs have been the weak spot in the team, but the forwards played a good fast game all through, and it would be unfair to individualise any one.

The tour was a great success, and I should like to express through the medium of your paper, our thanks for the great courtesy we received while on tour, and regret that our leaving in the spring will not allow us to repeat the experiment.

It was unfortunate that owing to the absence of some of the best players on both sides the return fixture with Dalhousie did not take place, as I think it would have produced a splendid game.

Had we remained here till next Football season, we should have certainly contemplated making a tour in the Upper Provinces and should have endeavoured to win fresh laurels, but as it is I am afraid our Football career in this country has already closed, we must perforce say "Good bye" to our Football Friends of Nova Scotia.

Yours faithfully,

H. W. W. WOOD,  
Hon. Sec.

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Fitzsimmons, the Australian, is reported never to have spent an hour of dissipation in his life, and not to possess a single bad habit. Since he reached the age of ten he has worked industriously for his living (not in the prize ring, I presume, though this is not stated) he does not drink alcoholic beverages, repudiates the smoking or chewing of tobacco, and, it is further stated, has never been heard even to use a big, big D. It is to be hoped that if Fitzsimmons visits this country he will come with these virtues thick upon him, but it is pretty even betting that after a few successful engagements (or unsuccessful ones, for it is pretty much the same thing nowadays) his first impulse would be, like some of his predecessors, to start a "pub."

The following time records for the mile will be interesting to sporting men:—

	Min.	Sec.	Min.	Sec.
Train.....	50		Tricycle.....	2 37
Racehorse..	1	35	Skating.....	3 0
Trotting-horse	2	8	Running.....	4 12
Safety Bicycle.	2	20	Walking.....	6 23
Ordinary Bicycle	2	25		

The cabinan, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the manager of "variety shows," the Earl of Lonsdale, have arranged to drive for a wager twenty miles on the Queen's highway, between Leicester and Melton Mowbray. In the first five miles those worthy members of that exalted chamber, the House of Lords, will drive trotters in single harness. The next five miles they will drive a pair of trotters each. In the next stage of the proceedings they are to ride as postillions five miles with a pair of horses. The last five miles is to be accomplished in four-in-hand fashion, and the two Earls, after thus making donkeys of themselves, will wind up the proceedings with a greasy chin match.

**TO OUR SOCIETY GIRL.**

AN APOLOGY.

"A fool—a fool!—I met a fool,"  
A fool that's sometime bright,  
A fool is cousin Freddy dear,  
When he attempts to write.

What prompted him to pen such bosh!  
We all thought him so clever;  
Until he wrote such rigmarole,  
Can we forgive him?—never.

"The pen is mightier than the sword,"  
So said Bulwer Lytton.  
What would he say if he could see  
Such stuff as Freddie's written?

The metre bad—the theme—well there!  
He climbs up treacherous heights  
Who makes the subject of his song,  
A pair of ladies tights.

My reputations gone I know,  
Proclaim yourself the winner,  
Extend your sympathies to me,  
Who will write after dinner.

Edith—adieu—the hour is late,  
And I am off to bed  
Edith! one word—say you'll forgive,  
Your foolish cousin "Fred."

T. P.

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## THE HISTORY OF THE YEAR 1890.

It is very difficult to get any connected idea of the course of affairs in any country throughout the year, and much more difficult to follow the general course of events all over the world. To us, the most portentous event of the past year is the successful establishment of a good illustrated daily paper, the *Daily Graphic*. The first anniversary number reached us a week or two ago; it is devoted to a description—interspersed with sketches—of all processes by which the paper is put through the press. We have seldom read anything more interesting,—the sketches add to the vividness of the impression made at every turn. Not content with the success of this number, the management followed on with a supplement to their New Year's issue, which is in fact a brief and straightforward summary of the year's events all over the world. We do not scruple to extract the part that deals with the colonies: it is a good framework for him who will—and can—on which to build up a history of the year of grace 1890.

## THE NEW WORLD AND AN OLD POLICY.

Both North and South America have passed through a year of hustle and turmoil. The United States have accomplished a long stride in the path of protection by the passage of the McKinley Tariff Act, the most aggressive protectionist measure ever adopted in any country. It has given rise to an angry feeling in Canada and Europe, where numerous attempts at tariff revision have been made, and where proposals have been freely ventilated for the organisation of a European Zollverein against the United States. Although Mr. Blaine prophesied that the new Bill would bring about "an era of unexampled prosperity," it was severely condemned at the general elections held in November, when the Democratic party achieved a decided victory. The second most important feature in the year's history of the United States has been a crisis in the negotiations with Great Britain regarding the Behring Sea. From the official correspondence, published in August, it appears that, two months before, the British Minister had been instructed to present a formal protest to Mr. Blaine, holding the United States Government responsible for the consequences which may ensue from acts which are contrary to the principles of international law. This seems to have resulted in a modification of the American attitude, and was followed by proposals for arbitration by Sir Julian Pauncefote. These overtures have as yet not been accepted, but it is said that a presidential message is in preparation in which Congress is to be advised to persist in the *mare clausum* contention. During the latter part of the year the Indian tribes, principally the Sioux, have been in a state of ferment, and a rising is feared. In South America the chief events have been a revolution in Argentina, resulting in the retirement of President Celman, and a financial crisis in that country which has seriously affected the London money market.

Brazil has made substantial progress in the organization of its new Republican form of government. A proposal to federate the five Central American Republics produced a war between Guatemala and Salvador and a revolution in Honduras.

## GREATER BRITAIN.

But for the excitement caused by the McKinley Tariff, Canada has passed through a comparatively uneventful year. Energetic steps have been taken to find new markets for the produce and manufactures excluded from the United States. The Toronto University, with its entire library, was destroyed in February. Newfoundland has made a strenuous effort to obtain a solution of the difficult questions raised by the French fishing rights on the West Coast, and a special mission was appointed to lay the views of the Colony before the Home Government. Negotiations were opened with France, but as yet no result has been announced. In India the problem of self-government has continued to be much discussed. Lord Cross's councils bill was strongly opposed by the Indian National Congress. In Australia a huge strike has

occurred which, for a time, nearly paralysed the whole shipping trade of the Antipodes. The object of the strike was to obtain recognition for the principle adopted by the New Unionists that labour should be the monopoly of the Unions. The employers organized themselves to oppose the strikers, and succeeded eventually in breaking up their movement. The questions of Australian Federation and the division of Queensland have also been prominent in the public mind. The New Zealand House of assembly has adopted female suffrage.

## LOCAL AFRICAN POLITICS.

Closely connected with the settlement and exploration of Africa are the proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Conference which has been sitting at Brussels during the greater part of the year. The refusal of Holland to agree to that portion of the Convention which provides that the Congo Free State shall levy import duties to defray the expense of the suppression of the local traffic in slaves, has brought about a suspension of the negotiations. The Slave Trade generally has been the *motif* of an active movement. Cardinal Lavigerie presided over an Anti-Slavery Congress in Paris, and obtained a statement from the Pope on the subject. The Sultans of Turkey and Zanzibar have both issued new edicts abolishing slavery in their dominions. The destiny of the Congo Free State has been the subject of an important Convention between King Leopold II. and the Belgian Government, by which the former agrees to bequeath his sovereign rights in Africa to Belgium, and the latter consents to aid the Congo State financially for a period of ten years. Substantial colonising progress has been made by the several British companies in East Africa, on the Niger, and in Mashonaland. The accession of Mr. Cecil Rhodes to the Premiership of Cape Colony has given a marked impetus to the work of the South African Company, of which he is one of the leading spirits. In the local politics of the Cape the most important events have been, besides the change in the Ministry, a tour of Bechuanaland by Sir H. Loch, and the conclusion of a Convention with the Transvaal providing for a joint administration of Swaziland. In Egypt the prolonged negotiations between Great Britain and France for the conversion of the debt at 3½ per cent. were brought to a conclusion. Insurrection in Southern Morocco has much troubled the Sultan of that country. An attack on the Spanish settlement at Melilla raised difficulties between Morocco and Spain, which were, however, amicably adjusted. In Tripoli and Tunis the more or less silent conflict between Italian and French interests has continued throughout the year, but without reaching any serious crisis. It has been persistently rumoured, however, that Signor Crispi has sounded the Powers with regard to an Italian occupation of Tripoli, and, in consequence, the Tripolitan army has been strengthened, and the Porte has sent transports of troops to protect its sovereign rights. On the west coast the chief event has been the outbreak of hostilities between France and Dahomey. A treaty of peace was eventually agreed upon, and the King of Dahomey ceded Kotonon to France, and agreed to recognise the French Protectorate over Porto Novo.

Among the famous foreigners who have died during the past year are King William of Holland, the Seyyid Khalifa of Zanzibar, the Dowager-Empress Augusta of Germany, and the Duke of Aosta; Count Andrassy, author of the famous "Andrassy Note", Dr. Dollinger, the founder of the Old Catholic Movement, Alexandre Chatrian, who wrote with Erekmann, and Alphonse Karr, the French journalist.

"In military circles," says the *Graphic*, "no personage of conspicuous importance has disappeared, unless we except the Sioux chieftain, Sitting Bull, who was killed in a *melee* with the police in Dakota early in December."

PASSENGER (to Guard): "I suppose you notice a great change in riding back and forth so many times?"

Guard (sadly): "Yes, sir, I notice the change, but I don't get much of it nowadays. People ain't brought up as liberal nowadays as they used to be."



## Provincial Notes.

DARTMOUTH.—The new ferry does not appear to bring new residents to Dartmouth, and the number of those who are leaving is from time to time increased. Mr. George Pike intends to move to Halifax in May. Mr. James Simmonds, having become a partner in the firm of George E. Smith & Co., contemplates selling his new residence by the first lake, and moving to the city. He has been an active and useful citizen.

Our old friend Mr. W. A. McLeod, who left here to do business in Montreal more than two years ago, is going to make Dartmouth a visit in a few days. There is a lodestone that will bring him back, however far he may go away.

Mr. Gordon Dewar, having obtained an excellent situation for two years in California, will not return during that time.

The Young Men's Society of Christ Church is an increasing success. It numbers eighty members, and occupies each evening a former Lodge room over F. E. Elliott's store. The young men have provided themselves with a piano and a bagatelle board. Once a week there is a formal debate. The credit of the starting of the society is due to the rector Rev. T. C. Mellor.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—Lieut.-Colonel Worsley, D. A. G., His Lordship the Titular Bishop of Irena, and others enjoyed the hospitality of Government House on Tuesday evening, 13th inst.

Miss Hensley arrived home from Halifax, on Saturday, 10th instant.

Mr. Ernest Ings returned by the same boat.

Miss Ball accompanied Miss Hensley as far as Pictou, where, fearing a prolonged sojourn among the ice fields of the Straits, she changed her mind and returned to Halifax.

The capital skating in the harbour is being taken advantage of by large numbers of skaters.

The Law Society dined at the Hotel Davies, Wednesday 13 instant.

The same evening, the Natural History Society held its first public meeting of 1891, at which Mr. Francis Bain, Geologist, read a learned and interesting paper upon the "Geology of the proposed Tunnel," which is to give us (some day) continuous communication with the mainland.

The Scott Act was defeated by a majority of 14 last Thursday.

All Charlottetown is moved to its centre by a booklet entitled "Society as it is in Charlottetown." Its advent was looked for with much curiosity because it professed in advance to deal severely with "desperate diseases." The first supply was exhausted in a few hours. It is a badly written, unkindly vulgar relish of gossip and personalities. The clergy, the bar, musicians and people prominent or quiet-going are all treated of in low and disrespectful terms: private affairs are paraded before the public, and all without wit, humour or any other redeeming feature. Various are the persons to whom its authorship has been attributed, but public opinion is unanimous in its supreme disgust for the brochure and contempt for its miserable author or authors. Certain it is that so soon as the identity of the originators and perpetrators is established, they will be treated to such wholesale and wholesome expression of opinion as will speedily lead them to rue the day they were led by visions of sordid money making to descend to such repulsive vulgarity as is evidenced in the pamphlet in question. It is blasphemous, and respects neither the living nor the dead. There is but one amusing paragraph in the production, to which we treat our readers, as being perhaps the least vulgar of the trash, and less personal than serving to give a new twist to the old "Hanthem" joke, we were all amused by some time ago. Suppressing the most vulgar part of the paragraph, here it is:—

On a certain evening, the church being full of people taking their seats luxuriously, one of the lady singers got up out of her place and made the astounding declaration, in a treble voice, that she "would wash!" A fellow (I beg pardon—a gentleman—the only fellows in Charlottetown are the Oddfellows, and a merry set of fellows they

are!), well, a gentleman sitting behind, suddenly caught the infection and rising quickly from his seat, apologetically explained (in tenor) that he, too, "would wash." Whereupon a thing, a podgy thing with the general lineaments of a man, with a touching pathos in a bass voice, announced that he would proceed to "wash." People at length began to wander when those things would cease, for a second female (a lady female) who looked rather unclean, popped up like a bee, and let everybody know pretty plainly, in an alto voice, that, not to be outdone by former speakers, she had made up her mind to "wash." Finding themselves in such agreement on the subject, the four singers finally declared in unison that they would "wash their hands in innocency and so would they encompass the altar of the Lord."

By next week matters relative to this little "Satire" (save the mark!) will have shaped themselves, and we will report result, meanwhile we will enjoy the delightful weather and its comitants—good driving and skating.

By the way, Mr. Editor, our Gardens are Queen Square Gardens, not Queen Anne as you dubbed them last week.

LIVERPOOL.—Dr. Henry G. Farish and Mrs. Farish are on a visit to their son, Dr. G. W. T. Farish, at Yarmouth. We are glad to hear that Dr. Farish's health is improving.

Mr. Edmunston, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Montreal, is here on a visit.

Friend Allen Tupper has been elected Warden of Queen's County.

The Rev. Henry How is here on King's College business, and preached in Trinity Church on Sunday evening to a crowded congregation.

An ecclesiastical halo has been cast over us lately, on the two last Sundays. The Rev. Mr. Goldberg, from the Diocese of Huron, has assisted in the services at Trinity Church, and to-day (Tuesday) the Rev. Mr. Harley, curate of Trinity, is officiating at Brooklyn at an important ceremony in which Mr. Goldberg is one of the chief actors, that gentleman having captured one of Brooklyn's fair daughters, Miss Ella McLeod, daughter of Edwin McLeod, Esq., of Demerara, and he is carrying her off under a changed name to his distant home, "Oil City," near Petrolia. May every happiness attend them.

The clergy of the Shelburne Deanery met to day at Liverpool and proceeded to Eagle Head for evening service, thence going on to Port Medway for the deanery meeting on Wednesday. They all dined with Mrs. Patch at Chestnut Hall before starting for Eagle Head. We hoped to have seen our valued friend Mrs. Simonds (late Miss Anna Fraser) and her husband, but they were doubtless prevented from coming by the storm of the previous day, much to the regret of their many warm friends in Liverpool.

13th JANUARY, 1890.

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## DIPHTHERIA.

To the readers of "Our Society," and all whom it may concern:

It is not often that I address the public in my own name, and on my own responsibility, and I have waited long and anxiously for someone with a name of greater weight to speak out first; but now it is impossible for me to send this issue to press without some comment on the gross neglect that bids fair to turn Halifax into a pest-house. During the last week the fear of this dreaded diphtheria has been brought home to us all in more terrible form than ever before, by the calamities that have befallen the house of one we all know and respect; and no one in the city of Halifax can go to bed this night without the question arising in his mind: Who will be taken next? For us schoolmasters, especially, the responsibility is a fearfully heavy one, and while we work away cheerfully enough, applying every preventive that we can think of, and taking every precaution our medical men can advise, we cannot help being overcome at times by the sickening thought that we are living all the time in a city that refuses to do anything whatever to help us. Every night—now that it is too late—the papers teem with accounts of inspections, removals of rubbish, recommendations as to drainage, and all sorts of energetic measures that should have been carried out 4 or 5 months ago; but what consolation is that to us now, when the disease is in our midst, in every corner of the city, and especially where it is least expected, in the "well-drained" streets!

What we all want is a proper place to send a child to when it is stricken with diphtheria; those of us who have a grain of common sense have overhauled our drains and cleared up our cellars before ever the city fathers realized that these details had anything to do with the health of a house. But what—in the name of all common sense—can we do if a case *does* break out, in spite of all efforts? If we rented a log-hut in the backwoods we should be better off than we are in this highly-civilized City of Halifax! We could at least put up another hut and keep it ready in case of emergency; while here—it is simply sickening to think of it—we can do *nothing*. No sane person would admit the rest of the household within his doors; the city has—in its abominable laziness—decreed that, should one child in a family be declared to have diphtheria, the rest shall remain in the same house till they too fall victims to the same disease. What is the use of so much talking in the "Councils"? The thing is simple enough; directly the doctor declares a child infected, that child should be removed from its fellows. Where are we to put it? Where are the houses set aside in the city for this purpose? We may want them at an hour's notice; dozens have died while looking about for them. Who can say that, if poor little Ruth Morrow had been at once removed, and the house disinfected, the little sister would not be alive and well to-day? Is it not reasonable to suppose that, if the first of Mr. Shank's children who took the disease, had been isolated immediately, some of the other four might have had a chance of surviving? Even supposing the house to be unwholesome, there would have been some chance of staying the necessary time and then getting away into another house.

But no! the "city" does not see it: with all the meetings, and statistics, and medical reports, not one step has been taken to help those really in distress. I, personally, am not more afraid of diphtheria than anyone else, except that I share the responsibility of a large household. On the other hand, it has been rather a fad of mine for many months to look into the sanitary state of the house, and I feel that one is just as free from risk here, with all the numerous family, as in any house in the city. At the same time, the disease is rife in the town, in its very blackest form, and no

medical reports will persuade me that it is on the decrease. My own opinion is that we have not by any means seen the worst yet: when April and May are over, I shall breathe more freely. At the present time I want to put a few simple, practical questions, that will not brook much delay in the answering. Where are the houses prepared for the reception of diphtheria cases? Are they ready? If not, will they be ready by this time next week? If not, is the city taking any steps at all in the matter? If not, by what means can the present corporation be suspended, and some sort of a provisional committee elected in its place, that shall direct the available funds and the health officers to some purpose?

H. M. BRADFORD.

## CURLING.

On Saturday and Monday last the "Davis and Drummond" stones were played for at Points. The ice was keen, but very biased, and the scoring was small. The stones were won by W. B. Meynell and J. C. Morris, with scores of 10 and 9 respectively.

On Wednesday evening there was a close contest between two of the "Club Rinks," skipped by J. C. Morris and S. Howe. Fifteen ends were played, the score standing 13 to 12 in favor of Howe's rink.

On the 23rd and 24th insts, the "Peters Cup" will be played for at points.

Much interest is taken in this competition, as several members already have mortgages on the cup, and there is a possibility of its being finally captured.

It is rumored that at an early day a cup will be presented to be played for by the Club Rinks.

The rink is well patronized, and the curlers are always glad to see their friends, especially those of the fair sex.

"The Flying Scud," at the Academy next week, will probably be the most elaborate piece ever put on the Halifax stage. The mechanism introduced by Mr. Lytell is superior in many respects to that employed in London when the piece was played there; and we wish Mr. Lytell every success in his bold venture. "The Scud" is a splendid piece, and sure to draw large audiences anyhow, but, if there is any sense of justice in the minds of theatre goers, there should be such houses next week as have never been heard of in Halifax before.

The South London Electric Railway is running as smoothly as it is possible for a new thing to do. We have used it several times, and have been struck with the good working of the whole thing, with the absence of the sulphurous vapour so characteristic of the other. Underground lines, and with the good lighting of the trains and stations. Judging from the highly satisfactory results obtained in this more or less experimental effort, there can be no doubt that electricity is the motive power of the future for railways. We hear from Vienna that a company is being formed with a capital of 38,000,000 florins for the purpose of constructing an electric railway between that city and Buda-Pesth. It is confidently anticipated that the distance—about 158 miles—will be accomplished under two and a half hours, whereas the Orient Express, at present the fastest train in that district, takes exactly four hours to run the same distance. The gauge is to be rather narrower than the usual one, and the trains are to be composed exclusively of first-class cars. The fares, however, are to be very moderate. A return ticket is only to cost about 18s. 6d.

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**Our Society.**

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23RD, 1891.

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. 358, ) :—

- 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 suited 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 .....	\$1.00 per quarter
2 ".....	7 50 " "
3 ".....	11 00 and so on.

It is intended to keep the number of pages at 16 in future issues.

*Our Society* is delivered by hand to subscribers within the city, and mailed to those at the N. W. Arm, or in Provincial towns.

Subscription \$2.40 per annum, post free.

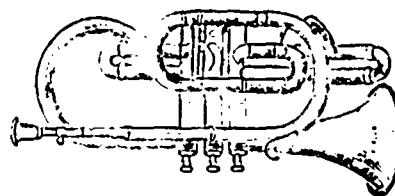
H. BRADFORD,  
Business Editor.

IT is a great mistake—which often causes the gradual extinction of amateur papers and college magazines—to imagine that the use of the scissors is detrimental to a paper. The scissors is a dangerous weapon, certainly, and requires a great deal of discretion in its use; but used it is, in every paper that is worth reading.

We started with certain principles, and mean to adhere to them: whatever is *good* of the contributed matter will be inserted, and clippings will be judged according to their merit and according to the improbability of their having been seen by anyone in Halifax. With the best foreign papers before us every week, it is not a difficult matter to keep the supply up to standard, especially as the amount of original matter sent in increases every week.

In fact, in some numbers we have been really sorry to have to omit comments on matters of world-wide interest; but of course our first look-out is for the maritime provinces, and our circulation in England and the States is chiefly among old residents in Nova Scotia, who look to us for the latest news.

The churches seem strangely indifferent as to whether their services are advertized in our columns or not. We can only repeat that it is our desire to insert any notices for the coming week for any church in the city, of whatever denomination: but at the same time, our staff is not yet large enough to spare a man to go round and collect these notices, so that those who think it worth while must send or telephone them some time before Thursday night.



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(OPP. A. STEPHEN & SON.)

WE are very fortunate in having secured a first-rate New York correspondent,—one who has been for years one of the leading writers for the New York press. He favoured us with a letter a few weeks since, and after another week or two will be able to let us have a column or so for every issue. In the mean-time the column is supplied chiefly from the New York Society papers.

It is very annoying to us to learn that OUR SOCIETY has been sold on the streets at 3 and 4 cents per copy. We have been heavy losers all through from the dishonesty of the news-boys, and would thank anyone who would hand over to the police any boy offering the paper for sale under 5 cents. It simply means that the boys intend to decamp with the proceeds, as some have done every week so far. The "get-up" of the paper is expensive, and we find it impossible to charge news-boys less than 4 cents per copy; a good boy can easily sell 100 on Friday night, so that they don't do so badly. Many of the young rascals, however, prefer selling all they are trusted with, for whatever they can get, and clearing out with the whole proceeds.

**NOTES AND QUERIES.**

Can you explain the cause of the buzzing noise that is heard in our telephones after 5 o'clock in the evening? The system in Halifax is in other respects very near perfection, and it seems strange that something should not have been invented to do away with this inconvenience. Is there any likelihood of this being done?

LATE-WORKER.

Can you tell me where a *country* that issues postage stamps, called *Seiang*, is located? Is it the place where, a few years since, a French adventurer made himself so useful to the native tribes that they elected him their king? And who, about a year or eighteen months ago, was in Paris trying to get recognized and to raise funds? I wish you could find out.

LIVERPOOL.

**M. A. QUINN,**  
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Fancy Goods, Indian Work and Curios.

Christmas & New Year's Cards & Booklets, Stationery, &c.

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WESTMINSTER VELLUM NOTE PAPER.	ROYAL IRISH LINEN	WEDDING CARDS & PAPER.	INVITATION CARDS.
CANALS & GREY CALICO	IMPERIAL KENT	CAKE BOXES.	BALL PROGRAMME
MELBON VELLUM	" "	CORRESPONDENCE CARDS.	MENU
			CARD CASES.

ENVELOPES TO MATCH THE ABOVE.

Visiting Cards printed from Plate.

137 GRANVILLE STREET.

Crests and Monograms stamped in Color

## A THRILLING STORY OF THE BULL RING.

I was early in my seat, for I liked, above all things, to see the motley crowd of sunburned Spaniards come trooping to their national game.

I was surprised at the crowd; there was no great matador going to kill bulls to-day.

I asked my neighbor, "Senor, can you tell me why so many people are here to-day?"

"You do not know! Sebastian will kill the bull."

"Sebastian? I know no bull fighter of that name."

"He has never killed a bull before. I will tell you his story. Sebastian is only a muleteer. Once a week he comes with his burden of fruit. But he is poor; the mules are not his; he only works for another." He paused for a moment and added: "You are a stranger?"

"Yes," I said. "I arrived yesterday."

"Then you do not know Juanita. Every one falls in love with Juanita; Sebastian prayed and besought her to marry him, but she is proud, and would not look at the humble muleteer. But after a time his handsome face impressed her; so she told him she would marry him if he would kill a bull in the ring at to-day's fair. But hush! there she is, standing near that column."

I turned and gazed at one of the most lovely creatures it has ever been my lot to see. Her light golden hair was bound up high upon her head, and surmounted by a dark crimson rose, held her mantilla of black lace; her dress was open, and showed a wonderfully chiseled throat; her arms, too, were bare from the elbow, in their exquisite whiteness and shape; her dress was of black lace. But it was not the dress that struck one so forcibly—it was those great gray eyes and dark lashes, the curved eyebrows, the aquiline nose, the perfect lips.

She took her seat among the common people, whom she entirely ignored, and drew out a great fan of black lace, which she opened and closed, leaning back with a weary look in her half-shut eyes.

It was time the bull fight commenced. I gazed round the ring. Behind and around me was the dusty crowd, among which passed the sellers of water with their shrill cry of "Agua, agua, fresca," and the venders of biscuits and nuts. Below, the arena with its burning yellow sand, a miniature desert. Suddenly the band commenced to play; I turned and saw that the administrator's box was no longer empty. A small man in a black coat and silk hat had taken his seat there. One by one the spears of the picadors were handed to him, and he measured the points to see that none were beyond the prescribed length. Clear above the music of the band rang out the notes of abugle. A great folding gate was thrown open and the procession entered.

Four of the matadors were professionals; the fifth was Sebastian. Pale in his scarlet and gold costume, but dignified and graceful, he approached the administrator's box, before which he bowed. Then he came close to where I was sitting and bowed to Juanita. His face was deadly pale, but never in my life have I seen a more determined look. He was very handsome—handsomer almost than Juanita herself, who acknowledged his bow with a scarcely perceptible sign of recognition over the top of her black lace fan.

A gate opened in the arena. With a roar, and a shout from the people, the bull rushes from his darkened cell into the ring. He looks round him; for a moment he paws the ground, then, led on by the moving cloak of one of the matadors, he charges—but his horns touch nothing more than solid crimson cloak. For a moment "toro" stands as if stupefied, then espies a larger and safer bait, and with a fearful rush lifts horse and picador into the air, hurling them to the ground in a heap. The matadors are quick, however, and they call off the bull by waving their cloaks and keep his attention fixed on themselves. He is a good bull. The people are delighted. "Bravo, toro!" they cry.

Another horse falls dead, the third is wounded and led out, the fourth killed; but the Spaniards are not satisfied in their love of blood. "*Mas caballos! mas caballos!*" Then the bugle sounds.

Two of the matadors step to the side of the arena, leaving their cloaks, and taking in each hand a banderillo. Four times does the bull receive the sharp forked points, and four times does he miss his man.

Again the bugle blows. Sebastian steps forward, takes the sword and the flag, and marches to the administrator's box, where he swears to kill the bull.

There is a deafening cheer as he throws his hat among the people, to be held till he returns victorious—or dead.

I turn instinctively toward Juanita; she was leaning back in her seat, slowly fanning herself, her half-closed eyes scarcely conveying any expression of interest.

Sebastian faces the bull, the flag in his left hand, his eyes on the beast's. His hand is as steady as a rock.

The bull charges; I drew a quick breath; Sebastian gracefully, with the ease of a practised bull fighter, escaped the horns. A cheer rings out from the crowd, bringing a sudden flush to his cheek.

Again the bull charges, again and again; each time Sebastian is unscathed, but as yet he has had no chance of killing the bull. He is facing it now; slowly he raises the sword—the point never trembles. For one second all his dust, the next I saw his manly form laid out full length in the sand of the arena.

"He is killed!" cry the people; "he is killed!"

I gaze at Juanita once more. The expression of that beautiful face has not altered to the least degree.

I hated that woman!

A shout from the people! Sebastian has risen, and is facing the bull once more. There was a silence like death. Again the sword is raised, again all is dust, again a form lies prostrate in the sand—but this time it is the bull! Sebastian has killed it at one stroke!

Sebastian approached the gobernador and bowed. He is paler than ever, but a smile of victory lights up his lips. Then, sword in hand, he turned, approached and faced Juanita. Her expression is the same as ever. There is no smile of encouragement, scarcely a sign of recognition; she plucks a rose, however, from the bouquet at her breast and throws it to him. He stoops and picks it up, and with his eyes fixed on hers lifts it toward his lips—hesitates—throws it to the ground, and tramples it under foot.

A deafening cheer arises from the crowd.

I looked for Juanita. She has left the ring.

Five minutes later, as Sebastian passed through the archway into the open air, still in his scarlet and gold, a dagger was buried deep in his breast.

I saw Juanita do it, and it was the only time during the whole performance that I saw her smile.

There is one effect of the American Copyright Bill which has not attracted attention so far—namely, the battle royal it is likely to give rise to in the United States over the spelling question. It has been pointed out, frequently enough, that English books printed in the United States and imported into this country, would be marred by American spelling, such as *center*, *theater*, *honor*, *vigor*, &c. But English authors will have the right to insist that their books shall be printed as they are written, whether for American or English readers. This must revive the spelling controversy in America; and as questions of the kind are generally determined by the practice of "the best authors," and by "weight of authority," "Webster" may become obsolete in the United States within a generation.

LITTLE JAMES had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth.

"Indeed, James?" replied the minister, indulgently. "And what will he do with the old set?"

"Oh, I s'pose," replied James, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."

The Ladies' Column.

COOKERY.

By way of variety, I am giving this week a very plain and easily prepared Sunday supper, which will not deprive Cook of her "evening out." There is nothing particularly new, except perhaps the potato salad, which is a good business, though depending a good deal on the variety of potato used. You will find this a fairly complete little bill-of-fare, anyhow, and that is the great thing about a supper. It's no use trying to do it without the sauces and cream.

SUNDAY SUPPER.

MENC.

- Oysters on the Shell.
- Cold Sirloin of Beef. Cold Fowl.
- Horse-radish Sauce. Egg Sauce.
- Lobster Salad. Potato Salad.
- Beetroot.
- Stewed Pears. Peach Pie.
- Whipped Cream a la Vanille
- Cheese and Celery.
- Coffee.

**HORSE-RADISH SAUCE.**—Add 2 table-spoonfuls of grated horse-radish to 3 quarters of a pint of milk or cream, half a pinch of powdered sugar, a third of a pinch of cayenne pepper, and half a pinch of salt.

**EGG SAUCE.**—Use 1 pint of drawn butter, and when ready sprinkle with two chopped hard-boiled eggs and a teaspoon of minced parsley.

**LOBSTER SALAD A LA BOARDMAN.** Pick all the meat from 3 good-sized lobsters. Place in a salad bowl—and add three hard-boiled eggs chopped finely—also 2 small shallots, 1½ teaspoons of chopped chives and 1½ teaspoons of parsley chopped. Chop also very fine 1 root of celery. Season with salt, pepper, half a teaspoon of Worcester Sauce, a tablespoon and a half olive oil, and two tablespoons of good vinegar. Mix all well, place in the centre a bunch of parsley-greens, and send to table.

**POTATO SALAD.**—Peel 10 medium sized freshly cooked potatoes, cut them into small slices, lay in a salad bowl, and add a finely chopped onion, and a teaspoon of chopped parsley. Season with salt, pepper, and half a gill of vinegar, and three tablespoons of sweet oil. Mix thoroughly without breaking potatoes; and serve.

**STEWED PEARS.**—Take 6 fine pears, peel, leaving the stems on and lay in a saucepan with a pint of cold water, adding half a pound of granulated sugar. When they come to the boil, skim, and flavour with the juice of half an orange or lemon, also a little ground cinnamon. When flavoured, let cook for 5 minutes and cool off before serving.

**WHIPPED CREAM A LA VANILLE.**—Put 1 pint of sweet cream into a basin. Have a tub or large dish pan containing chopped ice and put the basin on the top. Beat the cream until it is a

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firm froth. Sweeten with 2 ounces of powdered sugar, and flavor with a teaspoon of vanilla, beating constantly. Let it rest and use when needed.

**PEACH PIE.**—Wipe and slice 8 fine peaches, put in a vessel with 3 ounces of powdered sugar, cover with puff paste and bake in a moderate oven.

A London Society Journal says:—"The latest thing in garters—and, by the bye, garters are a question of great importance nowadays—has for a clasp a barred gate which fastens just in the centre; enamelled on this is a small dog, and on the other side a motto. The handsomest pair of garters in New York consists of two diamond hearts that fasten together with a veritable hook and eye, and have on the back of one of the hearts this inscription: "Two hearts with but a single soul." Garters with gold and silver clasps, inscribed with a monogram, date, or appropriate motto, or enriched with gems, are favorite Christmas gifts. The idea is generally prevalent that yellow garters are prized above those of any other hue, but an inspection of leading jewellers' stocks of these articles make it appear the new blue elastics are at least dividing favor with gold-tinted ones.

That garters are of great importance we can understand, they have great responsibility to bear, and some appearances to keep up, but why then be so bejewelled—that's what we just can't see.



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## Provincial Notes.

DARTMOUTH.—Mrs. H. D. Creighton gave a very select party at her residence on the occasion of her daughter's arriving at the age of one year. The especial guests were about the same age.

We regret to hear of the illness of Mr. Walter Allison, and hope to see him out soon.

Our various churches are doing faithful work among our poor and needy.

The King's Daughters still are at the front, with flour for one, coal for another, and other good things for the sick and troubled ones.

Christ Church is just now incensed over a new organ. Several wealthy members of the congregation are getting up a series of entertainments to raise funds. We understand that three thousand dollars is to be the limit.

SYNTAX.

WINDSOR.—During the winter months there is no institution more popular for our young people than the rink. On Tuesday or Thursday evenings the presence of one or other of our two fine volunteer bands form, an additional attraction, and the building is then filled with happy skaters. Last Thursday the first carnival of the season was held, and was voted a decided success. The costumes, though pretty on the whole, lacked originality, perhaps the most notable exception to this being Miss Hensley's rôle as 5 o'clock tea. It is difficult to particularize among the ladies' costumes, where all looked so well, but we may mention with great praise Miss Edith Brock as a "fair girl graduate;" Miss Lawson as a "lady of ye oldene time;" Miss Alice Lawson as a bewitching gypsy, and Miss Thorn, who was dressed in a becoming costume of pink, but we were unable to ascertain the fortunate character she so well personated. Among the gentlemen we noticed a number of tennis, cricket and foot-ball costumes, which we almost think should be placed outside the pale of fancy dress. The ubiquitous small boy, with blackened face and nigger garments, or dressed in the conventional garb of a ghost, formed a large proportion of the giddy crowd of skaters. Master Reynolds, of the Collegiate School, as George Washington, well sustained the character of that "father of his country," and Mr. Reginald Lawson wore a very handsome page's costume.

We hear of the formation of a "Windsor Quadrille Club." Most of the society people have joined its ranks, and it has already had one very enjoyable evening. The opening dance took place last Saturday evening at Mrs. Lawson's, and it is needless to say that all enjoyed themselves thoroughly. It will meet once a week till Lent opens, when, we believe, it is to adjourn till after Easter. The gentlemen who are serving as a committee are Messrs. Simpson, Abbott, H. A. Jones and Dr. Ryan. As Windsor does not possess a suitable hall for dancing, the various lady members have kindly decided to hold the meetings of the club, in turn, at their own private residences.

Miss Hattie Maclellan, who left Windsor about two years ago to study Elocution at Washington, U. S. A., has returned. She gave an excellent Dramatic Recital in Reform Club Hall last Friday evening. Professor Roberts introduced the fair *debutante* to the large audience present, in a neat and appropriate speech. The programme consisted of selections from well know authors, and representation of "how Grandmama danced." The orchestra present added largely to the success of the evening. Miss Maclellan is certainly to be congratulated on the evening's performance.

"Edgehill" is now reckoned among the firmly established educational institutions of Windsor. Every afternoon may be seen the long line of girls "winding slowly o'er the lea" with their attendant governesses. *On dit* that the discipline of the school is very strict.

Miss Maclean of the Halifax Ladies' College, has been spending her holidays here with her friend Miss DeWolfe.

Miss Edith Brock of Kentville, has been visiting at Mrs. Hemy, Dimocks.

Miss Hind is passing a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Harby, at the rectory in Pictou.

Mrs. Wm. Curry left Windsor on the 14th inst., to pass the the remaining winter months at Bermuda. She takes her little boy with her for the benefit of his health.

Miss White from Scotland is paying a short visit to Mrs. King. She leaves this week for Ottawa, where she will spend a few months with Mrs. Sinclair.

Miss Pratt from Wellville, is visiting at Kingscroft.

Miss McCallum returned some weeks ago from New Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dimock were expected home last Saturday, from an extended trip to the States.

The election for Mayor is shortly to take place; several well-known contestants are in the field, and we predict a sharp competition.

Several well-know residents of Windsor have died during the last month or two. Among whom are Mr. Ed. O'Brien, father of Mr. Wm. O'Brien; Mrs. Timlin, the mother-in-law of Mrs. Wm. Dimock; and the well-kown ship-builder, Mr. Shubael Dimock. Their deaths have cast a gloom over many families, and the afflicted ones have the deep sympathy of the community.

YARMOUTH.—We have lately been engaged in finding typographical errors in the Dec. number of *Our Homes*, consequently everything we read is carefully scanned in search of errors, and we must confess if we were going to offer a prize, the last number of *Our Society* would stand a fair chance. We admit our writing is not like "copper plate," but there are quite a lot of conundrums in the Yarmouth Notes alone, which we suppose we must attribute to "great haste and a bad pen."

Mrs. T. E. Corning gave a large party for her sister, Miss Susie Baxter, last Thursday evening. Dancing was kept up to a late, or rather early hour in the morning.

Mr. T. B. Flint gave a very pleasant party on Thursday evening for his gentleman friends, about forty of whom were present. A good supper, plenty of cigars, good music, cards and social conversation, made up a thoroughly enjoyable programme.

Miss Lizzie Moody entertained twenty-four young people at a Progressive Euchre party, Thursday evening of this week, Miss Clements taking first prize.

WANTED!

WANTED!

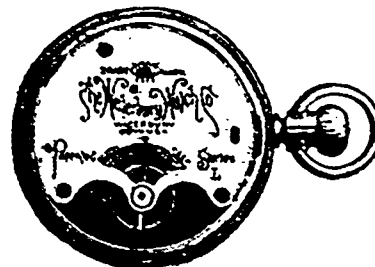
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**Our Churches.**

**ST. LUKE'S.**

DEAR SIR,—After considerable delay I again take up the tale of the churches, and trust you will not find me too long-winded in my very discursive account of St. Luke's.

Failing a better one, this edifice has been dubbed our cathedral. We have a bishop, and without irreverence may I say, a jolly good bishop too; then why not have a cathedral worthy of the name? When is one more move going to be made to this end? Does it not strike you, Mr. Editor, that in the eyes of those friends our Bishop has left in the States, we, who belong to the Church of England, must appear pretty small potatoes? We rob them of a man, very difficult for them to replace, and what do we give him? A fairly empty title! I can remember when, at the death of the late bishop, a certain section of the community thought it was only a question of asking to have any man they chose in his place. This same section soon found that accepting the position of Bishop of Nova Scotia was not considered quite the same thing as annexing the whole earth, and the diocese ought indeed to be highly congratulated at having been able to fill the post with such an able man. This much for our very substantial and capable bishop, and his pseudo-cathedral.

Now for the church, and those who worship therein. I presume it has been a moot point whether or no seats in a church, fashionable or otherwise, should be declared open and free? In the case of St. Luke's the ayes as regards freedom have carried it. Why is this so? As a matter of fact, is it not the case that some ultra conservative holders of seats do not care to give way to the radical position of to-day? To give an example, I myself saw a stranger go into St. Luke's church; he did not hurry into a seat—no gentleman would—he looked around for a cicerone, as one should do in a respectable church. No such forthcoming, it dawned upon him he must find a seat for himself. He tried No.—No use, family coming in with most aggressive expressions. The belated stranger turned tail and departed for a more congenial atmosphere, unconverted to the "new system." This is one of the exceptions I take to the free system; another is, I, as a stranger, came in with my respectable 25c. piece—solid! no envelope, and then I see the next man hustling into the plate a 5c. piece in an envelope! Where can I buy the envelopes?

As regards the clergyman in charge, Rev. W. B. King, I feel sure that though he may have been criticized many times, it may have been harshly too, there are very few more popular men in Halifax. As a preacher, he is thoroughly in earnest, and conveys the idea that he is not only telling a truth, but that he thoroughly believes it himself. Even with a congregation, such as the one he preaches to, some members of which strike me as likely to be rather fastidious as regards the spiritual meat given, he is not afraid to tell the unvarnished truth anent their little back-slidings. Among the poor, who after all are the best judges of charity, and the way that charity is distributed, he is much liked, because they find he acts towards them not only as a clergyman, but as a man and a brother, understanding, as he does, that it is ill listening, even to the Bible, on an empty stomach.

And now before closing I have to give vent to one more growl, but yet everyone, except those implicated, will bear me out that the complaint is a fair one; I refer to the custom of a certain number of boys, whose parents' position should have given them a better idea of what is considered gentlemanly behaviour, decorating the side-walk in front of St. Luke's on the exit of the congregation. Why, after having enjoyed a good service and feeling perhaps better men and women for it, why should we receive such a sudden shock in meeting at the door way, the idiotic grin, and the insane expressions of some 20 or more of these youngsters?

Why should this place of all others be made a rendezvous for any so-called dude, leaving his own church or chapel (if he attends one at all) just in time to make himself a perfect nuisance here? No lady can come out of church without some remark, without risking some audible comment as regards her personal appearance, or if not audible she can easily judge that she has been the butt for some wittily-pointed shaft.

All this is only what goes on every night the Academy is open, the same faces appear, and remain till the late arrivals have taken their seats, and then they disappear, not—unfortunately for the management—into the house,—no, it won't run to that! I appeal to Mr. King if it is not high time this was remedied? The names of the offenders shall be at his service after next Sunday morning's service.

Yours,

UBIQUE.

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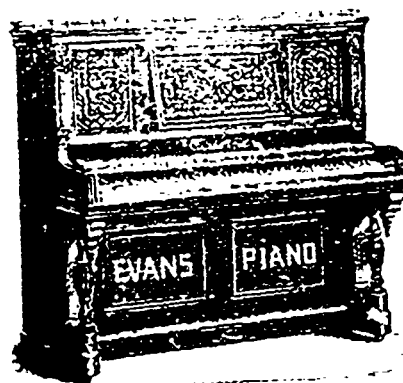
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## English Jottings.

Colonel Eaton, in command of the Guards in Bermuda, has just written a letter to the chairman of the Coventry Conservative Association, resigning his position as the candidate of the party. Mr. H. C. Richards, who contested Northampton in 1884 and 1885 against Mr. Bradlaugh, is spoken of as a likely candidate against Mr. W. H. Ballantine, M. P.

A lying spirit seems to be prompting the work of some of the agencies for circulating news. A leading sporting paper was "sold" last week by a telegram received announcing the death of Lady de Ros, and that dear old lady has since had the uncommon privilege of reading numberless obituary notices of herself in the daily papers. Similar has been the experience of Bowden, the Surrey cricketer, and Miss Annie Oakley, the famous shot of Buffalo Bill's show. The latter, according to the Paris correspondent of the *Graphic*, died at Buenos Ayres, but unfortunately for the veracity of the correspondent, Miss Oakley was a few days ago living, hale and strong, at Ashford, in Kent. Some ill-humoured compensating pleasures. The crack female shot of the world has by now read many of the nice things that have been said over the grave which the newspapers had dug for her.

THE 1st Border Regiment is back again in England after an absence of fifteen years. They came from India, and are now to be quartered at Dover. The regiment is 700 strong, but out of this number only nine men remain in it who belonged to it when the regiment left England. By a stupid official blunder, the men on landing were still wearing the Indian Service helmet. The natural result was that they suffered severely from the cold. Surely it is someone's business to look after these matters!

An English Society paper told its readers *all about tobogganing* the other day. We extract the last paragraphs.

You can flirt on the ice, certainly; but how can Phyllis chide you for the soft nothings you whisper in her ear as you speed through the air on a toboggan together, when she knows that with a tilt of the body you can plant her heels uppermost in a snowdrift?

And then how exhilarating. Take one of those light toboggans they use in the Engadine; take a pair of sparkling eyes to share the danger—you have to sit curled up like a Chinese puzzle—and start at the top of a slope. You go faster and faster till she gets a bit nervous, and seizes you round the neck. Then your thoughts wander from steering to something else, and your toboggan runs into the stump of a tree. It stops with a jerk and you do not. Splendid!

This paragraph is for ladies only. Gentlemen will please take the next turning and pass on. Do not put on your best things when you go tobogganing, or you will regret it. Put on the jacket of the year before last that you are keeping for the poor. But be very particular about your *lingerie*, and play your best trump in the way of stockings. You know what we mean. Tree-stumps and snowdrifts turn up in the most unexpected places; and—one never knows who may be looking. You are not angry, are you?

Poor old Senora de Tacon, the governess of the little King of Spain and tried friend of the Regent, has come to a sad end. That restive little mortal, Alphonso XIII., was amusing himself after his usual lively fashion, and the aged Countess was taking care of him, one day lately, when the impetuous young Monarch skipped up upon a table, intending to jump down therefrom upon the floor. Senora de Tacon sprang forward to catch him, when, unluckily, the table overbalanced, and the old lady and the little boy both fell.

Of course, the first anxieties were for His Little Majesty, who, sobered by his downfall, lay so quiet under the voluminous skirts of his governess, that everyone fancied he must be injured. It was found that he was unhurt by the disaster, whereas Madame de Tacon was injured internally and terribly the worse for, the

shock. She was eighty-one years of age, and it speedily became evident that she could not rally from the effects of this unhappy accident. The event has thrown a sad gloom over Madras Society, where the winter season had just opened rather brilliantly, the Queen having given a State concert and commenced her usual winter receptions.

Better alone than in bad company. So thought a French Mayor the other day, who for many years has enjoyed the felicities of matrimony. He invited last week all his and his wife's relatives to a family dinner, the guests were punctual and numerous, and a very good dinner was served them. At the dessert the Mayor made a speech, declaring that he lived on bad terms with his wife, in consequence, by mutual consent, they had decided to separate; but in quite a friendly way. The lady then rose and made the same marvellous declaration, when the Mayor, with the greatest *sang-froid*, gave his wife an envelope in which was enclosed her dot (the fortune which she had brought him). After this solemn restitution the husband and wife both went their way, leaving their guests dumb with astonishment at the unexpected "dessert" they had received. The above is a fact and the only remark we may be allowed to make is that certainly a monument ought to be raised to these phenomena of good sense and phlegm.

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**New York Jottings.**

I hear from England that Col. North "the nitrate king" by going so extensively into racing, coursing, and sports of all kinds, as well as by reason of his magnificent entertainments, has made a bold bid for a place in the "first flight" of English society, and has failed ignominiously. It seems that before the big boom in nitrates the colonel very kindly put the Prince of Wales on, to use a current slang expression, and that H. R. H., cleared something like £80,000 in consequence. The two men after this were for awhile quite chummy, but the report has it, that the colonel infringed on his friendship so far as to hint to the prince pretty plainly that he was under obligations in consequence. Although Albert Edward is affability itself, he never allows any advantage to be taken of his familiarity, and the colonel got his *conge* for his pains.

The attitude taken by the English press in the matter of the treatment of the American Indians by the United States government savors very much either of hypocrisy or of a woeful lack of knowledge. It is quite possible, I will admit, that the writers in question have gleaned such information as is conveyed in books of the character of Colonel Dodge's "On the Plains," and have had borne it upon their minds thereby, that an Indian squaw or an Indian small boy is quite as dangerous in a fight as any warrior that ever painted his face. Under such circumstances they must realize that whenever a fight has occurred in an Indian village it was quite as necessary to shoot squaws and boys as it was to shoot the so-called braves. If the English newspapers which cater largely to the middle classes, are actually in possession of these facts, then I cannot do else than openly charge them with crass hypocrisy in taking the ground they have taken. They certainly are aware of the historic English way of putting down what they are pleased to call a rebellion, and, not to go too far back, they must be cognizant of the treatment of the East India mutineers, of Governor Eyre's performances in Jamaica, and, more recently, of the queer transactions in Burmah, such as Kodaking a man at the instant that he was shot to death or hanged. I fancy, however, that they likewise know that unless every now and again they give their readers a chance to say "I am holier than thou," they will displease their clientele, and it is for that reason they are now holding up their hands in holy horror at what they are pleased to call the inhuman treatment by the United States government.

To look at the situation in this light is certainly the more charitable view of it, though there is of course the possibility that the English newspapers have not the slightest idea of the real situation here, and are, as often happens in journalism, treating a

matter about which they know absolutely nothing at all. Much in the same line is the treatment of the Irish question by the newspapers in the United States. Just how much of this is due to hypocrisy and how much to ignorance I do not pretend to say, but I am satisfied that we frequently hold ourselves open to both charges in our fondness for accusing our cousins over the sea of unnecessarily oppressing the Irish.

The "Slav" is a good, gentle, kindly creature, with a charming nature, but at the same time on his executive side he is weak, and like most weak people, dishonest, or as an old journalistic friend of mine, who went through the 1878 campaign from the Danube to Constantinople, phrased it; "The Russians can stand as much killing as any people in the world, but as killers they are not successes; and, too, everybody seems to steal."

This view seems to be borne out by the futile attempts of the Nihilists to kill Czars. These gentlemen began to hunt Czars ten years ago, and during that period of time they have only succeeded in killing one Emperor, and yet when caught in their attempts they have suffered all sorts of penalties with absolute stoicism. All of which goes to prove, *meo jure*, that these gentlemen are better killees than killers, and illustrates my view of the Russian case. Five or six well-trained cowboys would, if well paid, kill a Czar a year.

It is, I believe, customary to represent the Queen as exceedingly economical and frugal in the management of her table, but the statements I fancy, spring partly from ignorance and mainly from malice. The Queen really spares no expense in order to provide her table with the very best of everything. She is especially particular with regard to the quality and variety of the vegetables served to her, and she takes a good deal of these health-giving dishes. She is fond of game, and is regularly supplied with it according to the season from one or another of her palaces, Windsor being allotted the duty of sending pheasant and venison,

Her Majesty prefers that game should be kept a little before being prepared for the table, in order that it may acquire the flavor which some people like and others dislike. She is very fond of Scotch dishes, enjoys a haggis, and can do justice to a good bowl of porridge at breakfast. These dishes are frequently served at the royal table, and also at the table of the household, and it is from this fact that various writers have chosen to draw the conclusion that the Queen is parsimonious in her housekeeping, willfully omitting to add that these dishes form only a minor portion of the *menu* and are supplemented by a long array of others which are more pleasing to differently disposed palates. The Queen is, in fact, a *gourmet*, without being a *gourmande*. She thoroughly appreciates good cooking, and is quite a *connoisseuse* in wines. Of late her repeated attacks of rheumatism have obliged her to give up sweet and sparkling wines, and by her doctor's advice she limits herself almost entirely to pure old Scotch whiskey, of which she has some very fine brands that have been in cask for a considerable time.

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## CHURCH NOTICES.

(We should be glad to get notices from the other city churches of all denominations, if they can be sent in before Thursday noon of each week. Eds.)

## Services for Sunday (Jan. 25th.)

ST. GEORGES CHURCH, 8 a. m., Early Communion. 11 a. m., Morning Service, (Rev. W. B. Bellis). 7 p. m., Evening Service, (Rev. K. Richardson).

ST. ANDREW'S, (PRESBYTERIAN), Rev. D. M. Gordon, Usual Services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Bible Class (conducted by Principal Mackay, A. M.) and Sabbath School, at 3 P. M.

GARRISON CHAPEL, Parade Service, at 11 A. M., (preacher Rev. F. B. Norman Lee). Holy Communion at 12. Evensong at 7, (preacher Rev. F. B. Norman Lee).

ST. LUKES CATHEDRAL, 8 a. m., Holy Communion. 11 a. m., Morning Service, (preacher, Rev. C. H. McCully). 7 p. m., Evensong, (preacher, Rev. W. B. King).

ST. PAUL'S, (CHURCH OF ENGLAND), (Rev. Dyson Hague), Usual Services at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M.

WANTED.—Housemaid, for a lady at the N. W. Arm. Days out as in town, and bus fares paid.

WANTED.—At least two good housemaids, for ladies in town.

LOST.—Yesterday afternoon, a Waterbury Watch, somewhere in the lower end of Morris St.

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- 6.—Dancing.
- 7.—Music.

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