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OUR SOCIETY

A
WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1. No. 11.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH.

HALIFAX, N. S.

CONTENTED JIM.

Everything pleased our neighbor Jim,
When it rained
He never complained,
But said wet weather suited him.
"There never is too much rain for me,
And this is something like," said he.
When earth was dry as powder mill,
He did not sigh
Because it was dry,
But said if he could have his will
It would be his chief supreme delight
To live where the sun shone day and night.
When winter came, with its snow and ice,
He did not scold
Because it was cold,
But said: now this is real nice;
If ever from home I'm forced to go,
I'll move up North with the Esquimaux."



HON. THOS. E. KENNY, M. P.

A cyclone whirled along its track,
And did him harm -
It broke his arm,
And stripped the coat from off his back,
"And I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim,
And when at length his years were told,
And his body bent,
And his strength all spent,
And Jim was very weak and old:
"I long have wanted to know," he said,
"How it feels to die"—and Jim was dead
The Angel of Death had summoned him
To heaven, or—well,
I cannot tell;
But I knew that the climate suited Jim;
And cold or hot, it mattered not -
It was to him the long sought spot.

O. F. Parré—Pantagraph.

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Society Notes.

As luck had it, we were more crowded than usual last week, and the very items that should have gone in first were crowded out altogether; we refer especially to Mrs. Clarkson's afternoon tea, and Mrs. Tobin's euchre party. As both were particularly enjoyable events, and society was otherwise very slow during the week, (as it has been for many weeks, worse luck) this was a serious omission, and we apologize to the ladies chiefly concerned, and to our readers generally.

We have heard a great deal about "old-fashioned" winters lately, which recalls visions of childhood. One of our earliest recollections is that of hearing our parents discussing the good old times, when the ox was roasted on the ice on the Thames. And behold! here we are again! they have been lighting bonfires and driving heavy wagons on the frozen bosom of old father Thames for weeks past: and we, out here in Nova Scotia, still go on sighing for the steady frosts and heavy snow-falls that seem to have gone never to return again. Cheer up, old fogies! the earth may be cooling, but it is not cooling fast enough for you to notice the difference, and there are just as many hard winters in store for the rising generation, as you enjoyed in the days of your youth. Only, when they *do* come, you won't go tobogganing and snow-shoeing: it will only mean a little more grumbling and a few more wraps for you, if not a touch of good old-fashioned rheumatiz.

We *did* once believe in all these yarns,—could hardly help doing so, as there is scarcely a man or woman over forty who doesn't delight in repeating them.

Unfortunately for the illusion, however, we happened to come across the weather statistics, which have only been kept regularly for 150 years, certainly, but that is long enough to prove the fallaciousness of most peoples memories. A careful study of these statistics proves beyond a doubt, that the *average* winter was never—during that period—harder or longer than it is at present, while there were just as many mild winters, with rain instead of snow. The explanation of the whole thing is simply this:—the memory retains deep impressions long after it has lost slighter ones. The rising generation of Londoners will remember the frost of 90-91, till they are grown men and women, and will hand it down as a legend to their children, until another of these periodic hard times comes round. But its no use trying to persuade the oldsters that even this is anything like their pet winter forty years ago: you'll only be snubbed for your pains.

'Gaseous' has apparently been taking 'advice' on the relative merits of our young men and maidens; her remarks in last Saturday's *Mail* are quite startlingly sensible. It is a fact patent even to the casual observer that our Society girls are much more refined and presentable than their brothers and male relations generally: and the reason is not hard to find. Refinement—to those who are born susceptible to it—comes from two sources,—ladies' society and education. Now the young men in Halifax grow up to find their proper place in Society already filled—and filled by strangers: they are not wanted, even in their own drawing-rooms, and so gradually they drift off to the street-corners and billiard-rooms; or work steadily on without ever throwing off the rough outer shell of boyhood, until they find for themselves wives from abroad, who can help them to assert their social position. As to education—the education of a gentleman—it is hardly known, and its influence is *nil*. The working classes are better educated, more intelligent and more refined than in the old countries, but the upper classes—with but few exceptions—get no education at all till they are middle-aged men. Where, among the rising generation of our 'aristocracy,' will you find a young man with even the most elementary literary knowledge or tastes? If you find one, you will do well.

Why education should be such a powerful agent in refining men it is very difficult to explain; but there is no disputing the fact that it is so. Go into any museum, library, laboratory, or picture gallery, and interview the men you find there,—many of them men of humble origin, who have never troubled to spend an afternoon in a drawing-room;—you may take the most fastidious ladies of your acquaintance to speak to these men, and you will find them—in spite of the mannerisms of retirement—most refined and perfect gentlemen, who would put to shame many of our young sparks by their ready wit and gentle courtesy.

Mr. King said lately that "the art of bringing up children is lost." A better and truer text was never quoted; what we want next to hear is the sermon.

Let us change the subject, and return to Mr. Tom Trim on Charlottetown society: though what Mr. Trim has done that we should say so much about him is a poser; it's not his merit, but our inclination that brings it about. The chapter on music does not contain a good word for any singer or player in the place, while it gives to each a page or so of unqualified abuse. Either Tom is a liar of large pretensions, or there is no music in Charlottetown. We happen to know that the latter is *not* the case, and have every reason to believe that the former is. "Professor Early" drops in for a pretty good doing. "There's only one concert in the year, and that's Early's. He does it all himself, beats time, pulls hair, plays, sings, swears, and goes round with the hat. He passes a good deal of his time in giving lessons to the small fry in town; with him a quarter becomes a whole, occasionally a whole and a half, and a whole degenerated into a quarter." How's that for a libel action, professor? The other musicians would surely share the expenses, if only for the satisfaction of getting the name of the author. The printers would be bound to give it then, you know.

The anecdote about Early and the gander is evidently meant for a "tit-bit"; it strikes us as comparatively harmless, and not at all funny. Tom is a poor hand at spinning yarns, after all. It appears that Early is a bit of a taxidermist, and once shot a gander "in the neighborhood of Simon Peter's Church, which is a great place for geese." This same gander was thrown on the floor in the "stuffing studio" and left there a day or two, till the Professor—somewhere about midnight—felt like finishing him off. "Before applying the knife, the feathered victim was gently lifted and placed in position on the top of a table, to see how he would look. Finding himself "on his feet" again, the gander suddenly revived. Darting a savage glance at Early, he opened his beak as wide as he could, and shrieked honk! honk! in his face, which turned as pale as death, as he gave an unearthly yell and fell to the floor." Extremely funny, isn't it?

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Poor "Bydell," the "muddler," drops in for his share, too. As far as we can make out he was once a parson, and now musician and chief of the S. P. C., in which latter business he "struck oil," and consequently became so unimaginable that he would neither permit a man to give his horse a drink or his cat a kick." Tom seems to think it an infringement on the rights of free citizens to prevent a man kicking his cat. What has Mr. Naylor to say about it?

The little bit of wordly wisdom that closes the chapter is rather superfluous on this side of the Atlantic. "Don't think of a single art," says Tom, "but that of making money, for that alone shall bring a man peace at last." You might have spared your breath, Tom!

In the last few chapters Mr. Trim apparently gets rather hustled and tired of writing. Perhaps he knocked off the whole thing in one night, and was getting sleepy. At any rate his account of journals is very weak, and the pittance he deals out on the subject of society proper is mere milk and water. Among the leading Charlottetown papers he mentions particularly the *Howler*, which spends most of its energies going for the *Spouter*, which latter is supported by "many of the best fellows in the place—the fellows, I mean, who know where to find in the dark the drugstore with a backdoor." Those who have travelled at all in this extremely temperance country will understand the allusion. Then there are the *Rom-bird* and the *Spy*, who both "devote all their valuable time and space to the consideration of the great question of pence—the one to Peter's Pence and the other to the Pence of Peters. "They are unanimous in their praise of that great apostle of religious liberty who used to swear so much, Mr. Luther, I think they call him. They enjoy a circulation of from 25 to 30 copies each a week." Lastly, there is the *Guardian Angel*, which "has horns, as everybody knows, but only shows them at odd times—that is, when it will pay or be politic to do so." "It has been said that it has just killed the poor Bishop of Nova Scotia with kindness (?)" Don't flatter yourself, or the *Angel* either, Mr. Tom, our bishop is a stronger man than you think for; it is hard work and bad living when travelling on duty that have upset him, and not anything that any rag in Charlottetown may have said about him.

Here is one thing that would do for Halifax,—“The children are growing beautifully less, and men and women of two feet nothing, are taking their places. Parents don't seem to know the first thing about bringing up children.” Not that we think much of Tom Trim, but he lets fall a word of wisdom occasionally, in the midst of pages of rubbish. Here again: “the young men are all dudes, and there isn't one who doesn't wear a cloak with a cape. Nobody wore them until a youthful dude came along from Montreal, who wore a cloak with a cape, and smoked a cigarette; since his advent both are all the rage.” Those dudish boys are described as spending their time and money on billiards and liquors, and not seldom taking a drop too much to drink. None of our young hopefuls go so far as that, of course! And some of the older men are, in Tom's opinion, not much better, and yet are not cut by the ladies. Shame on you, Charlottetown, we can hardly believe it of you! It is a relief to hear that you still have “many old men whose years are marked by honorable deeds and constant well-doings.”

And now for the ladies,—“when the warships come, how meek and quiet they grow; they don't budge out of the house; they don't go about the streets and speak loudly so that everybody can hear them; they don't give six parties a day; they don't run after the Jack Tars; they don't invite them to their homes; they don't carry on like maniacs”—and so on. *Don't* they really? well, to tell the honest truth, that is just about what they *do* in Halifax.

By way of a finish, there is just a page about lawyers, “who back one another with a beautiful unanimity in salting client, plaintiff and defendant with fees and costs.” Tom was so dry pumped

by the time he came to the lawyers, that he had to dish up the old, old yarn about not having enough brains to be a lawyer, and apply it to himself. As he “will be heard of again before long,” we hope he will inform us what profession he found he *had* enough brains for. Au revoir, Tom!

We do not at all admire the tone of “W. E. W.'s.” letter on College Degrees in Wednesday's Echo, nor can we ever appreciate this roundabout way of saying nasty things. If anyone in New York disapproves of the recent action of King's College, and thinks the matter of sufficient public importance to devote a column in a daily paper to it, why not state the exact grounds of complaint, and enter a direct protest? As it is, many of those interested in the College do not know what *W. E. W.* is talking about, and those who do are disgusted at the underhand way in which the charge is made.

Concerning these same Honorary Degrees, we were at first inclined to think that the conferment of such a large number at the Encoenia last year was a mistaken policy, and would tend to lessen their value in the eyes of the public; but on further analysis it appeared that each recipient had a distinct claim on the College, and also that the Council had no intention of again giving so many at one time until the next Centenary. Of course King's, like every other college, looks after its own interests, but we certainly failed to discover any unworthy motive in any one case; the “value received” consisting as a rule of real solid work during the best part of a lifetime, such as deserves to be rewarded, all the world over.

To-morrow *St. John Progress* increases its number of pages from 8 to 16, and its price from three cents to five cents. From a small beginning *Progress*, true to its name, has made its way slowly and surely, until to-day it stands in the front rank of Maritime Provinces journalism. The Society jottings from the numerous centres where *Progress* has correspondents, have, of course, no great literary value, but are chatty and exhaustive. But the leader and original columns of the paper are of a very different stamp. They are frequently up to magazine standard, and it is a matter of regret that their life is so ephemeral. The workmanship and general get-up of the paper is highly creditable to *St. John*. We wish the journal every success on its enlargements.

Progress, whose late correspondent “Halifax” was rather dilatory in his duties, has secured the services of one “Iris,” evidently a member of the fair and fickle sex, whose lucubrations, in length at any rate, are worthy of the importance of the city. We have noticed that in one or two cases, “Iris” has “got off the track.” Whoever you are, “Iris,” we hope to see your weekly contributions for some time yet.

The near approach of Lent rather hurried things up on Monday and Tuesday, and perhaps the private carnival suffered more than anything else. In spite of the fact that the theatre was crammed, and there were other private entertainments on the tapis, the ice was well covered, and the promenades far from empty, which is pretty good proof that a good many people were getting ready for Lent.

Mr. Lytell's benefit at the academy on Monday drew the biggest house seen this winter. Mr. Lytell received an enthusiastic reception, which everybody felt had been well-earned; his speech was well-turned, though he does not set up for being an orator. The performance went off without a hitch, though Mr. West's part was not well chosen. Mr. Lytell's rendering of *Con* was excellent in every way, and will leave a favourable impression that all the Lenten abstinences will fail to erase from the minds of Halifax play-goers. Capt. Marshall, in the very appropriate part of Capt. Molyneux, was a strong addition to the company; it is not, as a rule, a wise thing for a soldier to attempt a soldier's part on the stage, as it is the most difficult thing in the world to be *natural*, but Capt. Marshall filled his part to perfection, and delighted a house which is inclined to be very critical

of the "stage soldier." Miss Celeste has improved wonderfully during her stay here, and made a winning little Moya; while Mrs. James Edwards has never been seen to better advantage than as "Clare," especially in the love scene with Capt. Molyneux. We shall all be glad to see Mr. Lytell and his company back again at Easter.

There was a small dinner party at the Government House on Monday; most of the dresses were new and very pretty, but we were unable to get descriptions of any.

A small Shrove-Tuesday dance was given by the General at Bellevue. Carriages were ordered for 12, so that Ash Wednesday was very little broken into.

Major Gore arrived out by the last English steamer.

A small card party was given by Mrs. West on Tuesday night.

Major and Mrs. Bagot, who sail on the 21st, have been spending this week with the General at Bellevue, and next week will be Mrs. Daly's guests at Government House.

A very amusing smoking concert was given by the Royal Artillery at the gymnasium on Friday of last week. There were songs by Capt. Mullins, Rev. F. B. N. Norman-Lee, Mr. Elliott, and Dr. Fowler. Some of the songs and sketches by the gunners were worthy of the professional stage, and we understand that the audience was kept in roars of laughter.

Mr. Cecil Cutbill has been in Halifax for the last week or so, and is now spending a short time with the Griens. He has been railway-engineering somewhere in Venezuela, and seems to have had a pretty good time of it altogether. We hear that Col. Cutbill is now in command of his regiment in Ireland, and that Miss Cutbill is shortly to be married to Mr. Edie (84th), to whom she was engaged before leaving Halifax.

St. Patrick's name is famous for having settled old Ireland, or settled her to such an extent that there isn't a snake or a toad in the whole of the disthreshful country. Now, we have in Halifax a Society named after this exterminator of wild animals (sic), and every now and then, members of this same Society join together with malice aforethought, to give a Christy Minstrel Show for charitable purposes. It is not because we are fellow townsmen that we say the performances given last week and the whole stage get up, were the best that have ever been given in Halifax;—it is a solid fact, and the St. Patrick's Minstrels are to be congratulated. We in Halifax are perhaps a little too prone to crack up our visitors, ignoring all our native talent. It is the old adage "a prophet in his own country, &c." To individualise those who took part would take up too much space, so all we can do is to again congratulate the performers in giving their patrons an evening's entertainment that could hardly have been excelled in New York.

The first of Mr. and Mrs. Doering's chamber concerts was given last night in their house on Church Street, and was, as we anticipated, very successful. Of course these concerts are on quite a small scale, and the rooms last night were just comfortably full, without crowding. There were many features in the programme which showed a great deal of tact:—1st, it was just the right length, about one hour and three-quarters; 2nd the music was good, but with nothing so grand as to become oppressive in a small room, and 3rd, most of the airs were fairly familiar to the audience. The programme opened with Rubenstein's Sonate for piano and cello, which was the most perfect instrumental work of the evening.

the "Concert for Two Pianofortes" being somewhat marred by the contrast in the tones of the instruments. We were delighted to hear our old favourite, Handel's *Largo*, again:—Herr Doering renders it very well, and there is no more beautiful work for a cello solo, or if there is, we have not heard it. We have come to the conclusion that Frau Marianna Doering-Brauer is a decidedly good accompanist, and first-rate when playing with her husband.

Mrs. Clarkson sang two songs, *Dreams* and *The Broken Pitcher*, very prettily, as she always does; and Mr. Huestis (whom we have not heard before) sang *Carissima* and *Margarita*. He has a sweet voice, well suited to the drawing-room, but with hardly enough volume for a large hall.

In conclusion, we would like to throw out a hint to Mr. and Mrs. Doering:—why not give a "Schubert evening" some day, and let us have the chance of enjoying some of those grand old songs—with or without words—that we so seldom hear in Halifax?

The short mid-day Lenten services in the Church of England Institute are, we suppose, on the same plan as those which have done so much good in London and New York. Anyone who has seen Canon Liddon preach to a congregation of 10,000 men under the dome of St. Paul's, or Father Osborne hold service with the vast aisles of Trinity Church, New York, thronged with the business men of Broadway and Wall Street, will understand how useful these brief services can be.

A progressive euchre party was given on Monday by the Misses Scott (Queen St.), and one on Wednesday by Mrs. Frank Roberts (Ingis St.).

Mrs. Arthur Drysdale issued cards for an "at home" yesterday afternoon, from 4.30 to 6.30.

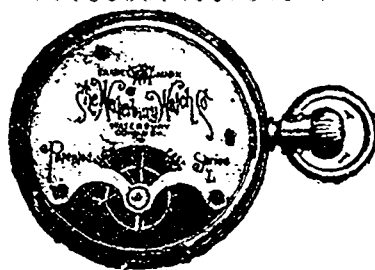
Mrs. Fishwick of Queen street, gave a very enjoyable dance on Friday last. There were about 60 guests, some of whom asserted that it was the jolliest party they had been to this winter.

A small private masquerade dance was given by Mme. Balval, South Park Street, on Tuesday.

Mrs. D. J. Leahy, of Spring Garden Road, gave quite a large fancy dress dance on Monday.

Mr. G. W. Graham Bonner, of the Bank of British North America, has taken up his quarters at 35 Tobin Street. Mrs. Bonner's "day" is Thursday.

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FATHER PROUT'S FAMOUS SERMON.

From the text "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

YE are not skilled in logic, nor, indade, anything else that I know of, except playing hurley-burley in the fields, skaming at cards in public houses for half gallons of porter, and defrauding your clargy of their lawful dues, and, what is worse, there is no use in thrying to drive loge into ye'r heads, for indeed, that would be the fulfillin' of another text that spakes of throwing pear's before pigs.

But if ye did know logic—which ye don't—ye would perceive that the passage which I have quoted naturally divides itself into two branches.

The first involves "the giving," that is naturally and syllogistically what ye ought to do; and the second involves "the poor," that is the receivers of the gifts, or the persons to whom ye ought to give it.

First, then, as to the giving. Now it stands to raison that as the Scripture says, "The blind can't lead the blind," because may be the poor things would fall into the bog holes and get drowned. So, though there is wonderful kindness to aich other amongst them, it is not to be expected the "poor can give to the poor." No, the givers must be the people who have something to give, which the poor have not.

Some of ye will thry and get off on this head, and say, "It is glad enough ye'd give, but that really ye can't afford it." Can't ye? If ye make up ye'r minds, any one of ye, to give up a single glass of sperits every day of ye'r lives, see what it will come to in the course of a year, and devote that to the Church—that is to the clargy—and it will be more than some of the well-to-do farmers whom I have in my eye at this blessed moment, have had the heart to give me during the last twelve months, bad luck to them. Why, as little as a penny a day comes to more than thirty shillings a year, and even that magnificent trifle I haven't got from some of ye that have the mains, and ought to have known better. I don't want to mintion any names, but Tom Murphy, of the Glen, I'm afraid I shall be compelled to name ye before the howl congregation some day before long, if ye don't pay up ye'r lawful dues. I won't say more now on the subject, as "a nod is as good as a wink to a mare when she's blind."

Now, we have discovered who should be the givers. There's no doubt about that. The next thing we must discover is, "Who is the poor?" The whole matther dipinds on that. I dare say, ignorant as ye are, some of ye will think its the beggars and the cripples, and the blind travellers, who conthrive to get through the length and breadth of the counthry, guided by Providence and a little dog tied to their fingers by a bit of string. No, I don't want to say one word about that sort o' cattle, or to injure them in their honest callin', God help them—its their trade, their estate, their occupation, their business to beg, just as much as it is Pat McCarthy's to tailor, or Terry Smith's to make carts, or Tom Murphy's to shoe horses, or Dan Cotter's to make potheen, and my business to praich sermons, and save ye'r sows, ye hathens.

But these are not the poor meant in the Scriptures. They're used to beggin', and I, for one, wouldn't be the man to disturb them in the practice for them and their heirs, for ever and ever. Amen.

May be, ye main sperited creatures, some among ye will say "Its ourselves is the poor." Indade then it isn't. Poor enough and niggardly enough ye are, but ye'r not the poor contimplated by Howly Moses. Shure its ye'r nature to toil, shure its what ye'r accustomed to, therefore if anyone were to give anything to ye, he wouldn't be linding to the Lord in the slightest degree, but be throwing away his money as complately as if he lint it upon the security of the land that's covered by the Lakes of Killarney. Don't flatter yerselves, any of ye, for a moment that ye are the poor, I can tell ye that ye'r nothing of the sort.

Now then we have found out who should be the givers. There's

no mistake about that. Raison and logie unite in declaring every one of ye, man, woman, or child should give, and strain a point to do it liberally. Next, we have ascertained that its the poor who should receive what ye give. Thirdly, we have ascertained who are NOT the poor.

Lastly, we must discover who are the poor. Let aich one of ye put on his considerin' cap and think. Well, I have paused that ye might do it.

Shamus O'Be.ene is a knowledgeable man compared with the bulk of ye. I wonder whether he has discovered "who are the poor?" He shakes his head, but there isn't much in that. Well, then, ye give it up. Ye laive it to me to enlighten y'all. Shure, then, to ye'r shame, ye shall know it's the Clargy that are the poor. Ah! ye perceive it now, d'ye? the light comes in through ye'r thick skulls, does it? Yes, its me and me brithrin is the poor. We gain our bread, course enough and dry enough it usually is, by fillin' ye with speritual food, and judging now by the congregation before me, its ugly mouths ye have to receive it. We toil not, neither do we spin, but if Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed better than we are, instead of being clothed in ermin and fine liner, its many a time he'd be wearin the thread-bare black coat, white o' the saims and out o' the elbows.

It is the opinion of the most larned scholars and Doctors of Divinity, as laid down before the Council of Trent, that the translation of the words "the poor" is not sufficiently exact in regard to its true maining. They recommend that for the words "the poor" we should put the words "the Clargy." Thus corrected then, the translation would read "He who gives to the Clargy linds to the Lord," which no doubt, is the very proper and undiluted Scripture.

The words of the text being thus settled, and ye having heard the explanation of it, now for the application.

Last Thursday was a week since Bartlemy Fair, and I went down to buy a horse, for this is a large parish, and mortification and fretting and fasting, have puffed me up so that, God help me, it is little able am I to walk about to answer all the sickness, to say nothing of the stations, the weddin's and the chrisnens. Well, I bought the horse, and it cost me more than I expected, so there I stood without a penny in me pocket after I had paid the dailer. It rained cats and dogs, and as I am so poor, that I can't afford to buy a great coat, I got wet to the skin in less than no time. There ye were, scores of ye, in the public houses, with the windows all up that the world might see ye aiting and drinking as if it were for a wager, and the divil o' one of ye had the grace to say "Father Prout, have ye got a mouth on ye'r face?" and there I might have stood in the rain until this blessed nour (that is, supposing it had continued to rain until now) if I had't been picked up by Mr. Mun Roche, of Kildemon, an honest gentleman and a hospitable man, I must say, although he is a Protestant. He took me to his house, and there to ye'r eternal shame and disgrace, ye villins, I got as full as a tick, and Mun had to send me home in his own carriage, which is an everlasting shame to all o' ye who belong to the true Church. Now, I ask ye, which has carried out the text? Ye, who didn't offer me even a poor tumbler o' punch at the fair, or Mr. Roche, who took me home and filled me with the best of aiting and drinking, and thin sent me to me own house in his own illigant carriage—who has fulfilled the Scripture? Who lint to the Lord by giving to his poor clargy?

Remember, the time will come when I must give an account of ye's all—what can I say, then? Won't I have to hang down me head in shame on ye'r accounts? 'Pon me conscience, it won't much surprise me unless ye greatly mind ye'r ways if ye and Mun Roche won't have to change places on that memorable occasion—he to sit alongside o' me, as a friend who always traited the poor well in this world, and ye in a certain place, which I won't particularly mintion now, except to hint that its precious little frost and snow ye'll have there, but quite the reverse.

Howiver, its never too late to mind, and I hope that this day week its quite another tale I'll have to tell of ye's all.

NEWS FROM THE WEST INDIES.

(From an officer in the Fleet)

NAVAL NOTES.—The North American squadron, consisting of H. M. Ships "Bellerophon," "Comus," "Emerald," "Pelican" and "Thrush," left Bermuda for the annual West Indian cruize on the 7th January, and after calling at Dominica, arrived at St. Lucia on the 15th, where the "Tourmaline," "Pylades" and "Partridge" were awaiting orders. A most enjoyable dance at the Court House was given by the civilians on the 16th, and on the following morning the Fleet sailed for Jamaica, the "Partridge" remaining as Senior Officer on the Barbadoes Division. After a fair passage the fleet arrived at Port Royal on the 24th, and on Monday the 26th, the "Bellerophon," "Emerald," "Comus," "Pelican" and "Thrush" proceeded to Kingston to assist in the opening of the exhibition.

H. M. S. "Canada," Russian man-of-war "Minim" and Spanish gunboat "George Juan" were also present at the opening ceremony. The Training Squadron arrived at Barbadoes on the 22nd.

OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION, JAMAICA.—The opening of the Exhibition on Tuesday the 27th January, 1891, by H. R. H. Prince George of Wales, K. G., A. D. C., will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Jamaica. The landing of His Royal Highness was brilliant in the extreme. At 10 o'clock a. m. the Royal Barge left H. M. S. "Thrush," the ships, dressed in rainbow fashion with yards manned, firing a royal salute. A double line of boats, with oars tossed, reached from the Fleet to the shore; on the landing place H. R. H. was received by H. E. the Governor Sir Henry Blake, Vice-Admiral Watson, and Naval and Military officers. The streets were lined with troops from the landing place to the Town Hall, and presented a very gay appearance, spanned by floral arches and decorated with flags. The Prince having landed, a procession was formed, and escorted by the Governor and magnates of the city he drove slowly to the Town Hall. Dense crowds occupied every available space, cheering lustily as the procession passed. At the Town Hall, H. R. H. was received by the Custos and Mayor and conducted to a platform specially prepared and beautifully decorated, to receive an address from the Magistrates and Council of Kingston.

After the presentation of the address, to which the Prince made a most fitting reply, the procession was reformed and proceeded to King's House, while preparations were being made at the Exhibition building for the opening ceremony.

The building is a most imposing structure, designed by Mr. Messiter; it is cruciform in plan, with long arms running East and West. At the point of intersection a magnificent dome has been erected rising to the height of 100 feet from the floor. At each corner of the arms is a large minaret 73 feet in height with access by a staircase to the interior. The building is lighted by electricity; an arc light is hung in the cupola, and an electric search light in one of the minarets.

The doors of the Exhibition were open to the public at half past ten, and by half past eleven all standing room was occupied. Soon after noon the Royal Procession arrived at the building, and His Royal Highness was conducted to a dias beneath the dome, the choir singing the National Anthem.

Mr. Mackinnon, the Secretary of the Commissioners, then read an address of welcome, to which the prince responded in a most graceful and appropriate manner; his reply being received with great applause. The old hundredth hymn was then sung and a prayer read by the Lord Bishop of Jamaica. The Governor then presented His Royal Highness with a gold key, and amidst loud cheering he declared the Exhibition to be open.

In the evening a brilliant display of fireworks took place in the grounds, the ships in the harbours being illuminated and firing bouquets of rockets.

The Governor has issued invitations to a Grand Ball on the 28th. H. M. Ships returning to Port Royal the following morning.

The Fleet sails for Havana, Cuba, about the 5th February.

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Sporting Notes.

THIS is the fifth time that an Italian has carried off the Grand Prix at Monto Carlo in ten years, and an explanation of their success possibly is that they are more accustomed to the brilliant sunshine of the south than the foreigners, who are not so well accustomed to the brilliant light as the native shots. I am, however, inclined to think that the success of the Italians is due rather to improved marksmanship on their part than to the climate, for since 1872, the Grand Prize has been won by ten English. Next come the Italians with five wins; Belgians with two; and Americans, French, and Hungarians, one each.

THE *Umbria* will carry an illustrious passenger across the herring-pond in the shape of Sir Bedivere, the champion St. Bernard, who has won more cups and money than any other dog alive. The exact price paid for him has not transpired, but Mr. Green, of Wallasey, his owner and breeder, refused £1,500 for him last year. The purchaser is Mr. E. R. Sears, of Melrose, Massachusetts, who is already the owner of Plevna, a champion bitch of great beauty. If I recollect rightly, Sir Bedivere has carried a winning colour 31 times, and is a giant standing 35 inches high, while his weight is reported to be 220 pounds.

THAT Lacrosse is declining in the South of England can scarcely be denied. At no time has the Canadian game completely caught hold of public favour on this side of the Atlantic, despite the many (and praiseworthy) attempts to make it popular. If any proofs that such is the case were needed, they were forthcoming on Saturday, when, although southern Lacrossers had been (through frost and snow) deprived of their pastime for several successive weeks, very few exponents of the game availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them to resume their favourite pastime.

THE National Trotting Union of Great Britain is evidently determined to popularise the sport in this country. They have made some radical changes in the old rules, and some important new ones have been added for this year's meetings. After May 1st, at least one-half of all prize money advertized for any meeting is to be offered for class and record races, the record of a horse to be calculated from its fastest European time as a winner of a heat or final. British-bred horses with no record must start off the 2 min. 50 secs. mark, and horses of foreign breed properly certified with no record from the 2 min. 45 secs. mark. Not less than £60 per day is to be given at any meeting, and with the object of encouraging the breeding of harness and road horses in England, every promoter must give two races each year, £30, for British-bred three-year and four-year-olds.

SHOOTING is almost over for the season, although many English sportsmen are still blazing from the punt in the Western Highlands. Owing to severe weather, wild fowling has afforded splendid sport, and immense bags of duck, mallard, teal, geese, woodcock, snipe, and widgeon have been made in the bays on the west coast and the estuaries of the rivers. My correspondent informs me that nine guns, in four days' shooting in Mull, bagged 130 duck, 70 woodcock, 98 snipe, 43 widgeon, and 32 various. Enthusiastic anglers are already at work among the "springers" on the Tay, Thurso, Helmsdale, etc.

Several moose have been killed in the neighborhood of Amherst during the last fortnight. Mr. Philton, of Rhodes and Curry, brought out two; Abraham Hood, the Indian, killed a moose and a caribou; Dr. Bliss and N. B. Steele a moose apiece; so there is evidently some big game in the country still.

"Willie" Goldberg, much better known, by the way, as "Shifter," of the *Pink 'Un*, is a respected resident of Staines, and in this riparian retreat it seemed good to some officials of the South-Western Railway Company to meet recently and dine together. Goldie was among the invited, as were also two "native" press-gentlemen, men who lashed local public wrongs with a strong arm, and generally regulated things in the Staines section of these islands,—and felt it. The toast of "The press" was coupled with the names of Willie and these gentlemen, and Willie was "put up" to reply first. "We press-men," said he, "can never sufficiently express our indebtedness to the South-Western Railway Company. We owe them so much—so very much—for, in the morning, do we not travel up to town *under the seat*, and in the evening do we not return *sucking the date off our old tickets*, &c." The two local men were aghast. Finally, after a hurried conference, one of them rose, puffed out with indignation. In no measured terms of obloquy he denounced "the representative of that sporting paper," and all his practices, adding, with a virtuous flourish, that he had been connected with his paper—call it the *Staines Trumpet*—for so—and-so many years—that his ancestors had been respected tradesmen in the High Street, &c., &, &.

And, *nem. con.*, it was the funniest speech of the evening.

CURLING.—The curlers have been busy all this month playing for the cups presented by the President and Vice-President. Ten Rinks were drawn, and the first round resulted as follows:

D. F. Power—Skip.....	18	A. Costley—Skip.	10
H. B. Fidler		Col. Noyes.....	
Geo. McLeod.....	vs.	Capt. Boileau.....	
J. H. Burton.....		G. Musgrave.....	
A. T. Smith—Skip.....	12	A. C. Edwards—Skip	10
J. McGowan.....	vs.	D. Archibald.	
E. F. Stevens.....		A. J. Cowie.....	
W. H. Harrington.....		E. J. Smith.....	
J. G. Morris—Skip.....	11	C. J. Kerr—Skip.....	10
W. B. Meynell.....		W. H. Neal, Jr.....	
W. F. Pickering.....	vs.	H. Johnstone.....	
F. J. Cragg.....		Jas. Fraser.....	
S. Howe—Skip	16	L. R. Kaye—Skip.....	13
A. B. Sheraton.....		W. B. Reynolds.....	
J. H. Symons.....	vs.	W. G. Jones.....	
J. D. Ritchie.....		Thos. Fysche.....	
C. H. McLaughlin—Skip . . .	14	L. D. Wier—Skip.....	11
J. G. Sievert.....		J. F. E. Black.....	
Jas. Grant.....	vs.	H. M. Wyld.....	
J. H. Murray...		F. Notting	

The drawing for the second round was as follows:

Smith vs. Morris. Howe vs. McLaughlin. Power—a bye.

The first of these matches came off on Monday evening, the result being—Smith, 16; Morris, 13.

The second was played on Wednesday evening, the score standing—McLaughlin, 18; Howe, 9.

On Thursday evening McLaughlin and Power's rinks played against each other, and the winner, McLaughlin, competes with Smith's rink to-night for the possession of the cups.

A. & W. MACKINLAY,

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

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Our Society.

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13th, 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, and 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 (or 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	\$4.00 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.

WE get more newspapers from Truro than from any other town which is a sure sign of commercial activity, though some of them do not contain much news. A special number of the *Cosmocrat* some little time since was, however, remarkably well got up,—better so than any Maritime Provincial sheet we have yet seen, though of course not quite on the same extensive scale as the Halifax Carnival and Christmas numbers.

THE latest arrival from Truro is the *Daily News*, a modest little sheet so far, but none the worse for that: it is something for a town the size of Truro to sport a daily of any kind, and no doubt it will increase both in size and quality, as time rolls on. Last Monday's issue publishes "Mrs. Grundy's" notes in full, and certainly this makes a great difference to the news of the day; Mrs. Grundy seems to know more about everybody's doings than all the local papers together.

WHY is St. John silent so long? Are the inhabitants so jealous of the Haligonians as to grudge them any knowledge of their doings? Or have they an innate objection to writing? In a city that supports—or helps to support—a paper like *Progress*, we cannot understand the difficulty of finding original jottings for OUR SOCIETY.

MANY thanks to F. C. for his tale "Private O'Flanagan's Button" which is one of the best originals yet sent in, and will appear next week. It is impossible to find room for contributions of any length after Tuesday, or it would have gone in this week.

NEW MUSIC.		Price.	NEW MUSIC.		PRICE
"Loves Golden Dream,"	Waltz.	70c.	"Our Society,"	Waltz.	70c.
"Loves Dreamland,"	"	50c.	"Katie and Lou,"	Galop.	50c.
"Santingo,"	"	50c.	"Pixie and Dido,"	Polka.	50c.

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(OPP. A. STEPHEN & SON.)

OUR Kentville correspondent is under a cloud, apparently. We have been looking in vain for weeks past for another racy little letter from that region. Some of the Kentvillians seemed to think he "came it rather too strong" in his last, certainly, but perhaps the notes were meant to be more carefully sub-edited.

WE are still in want of correspondents from Amherst, Antigonish, Parrsboro and Sydney; and would be glad if any readers could suggest names in these towns.

WE hear that Mr. W. R. Dunn has retired somewhat suddenly from the editorship of the *Daily Echo*, and has been succeeded by Mr. MacLellan, lately on the staff of the *Recorder*.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of "Our Society:"

SIR,—As the prevailing epidemic of diphtheria continues to threaten the ranks of society, so do such questions as drainage, water supply, milk, etc., continue to be of importance and topics of conversation in fashionable circles, more than they would be at other times. Not the least important is the question of how to get rid of rubbish, such as the contents of the ash pit and pig-tub, now that the municipality have discontinued emptying our barrels for us. "A good riddance of bad rubbish" is proverbial, but who will rid us of our rubbish from now until the time that the night carts resume their unsavoury but necessary perambulations?

I was much interested in your editorial remarks in your last issue on this subject in connection with the name of Mr. Heber Hartlen. Several weeks ago I was favoured with a visit from an individual who tendered to remove the rubbish from my back yard until the end of the winter. I don't know whether he was the representative of the Mr. Hartlen, or a Mr. Hartlen, or any Mr. Hartlen, but he informed me he was going round all the houses canvassing this particular business. I gladly agreed to his terms and gave him a cordial invitation to visit my back yard with his "team" the first open day, but up to date he has not made his appearance, and the rubbish continues to fulfil the scientific definition of dirt, viz.: "matter out of place," while the diphtheria has appeared next door but one to me.

I am, etc.,
Halifax, N. S., 12th Feb. 1891. DULCE DOMUM.

Lord Claud Hamilton is telling an election story which is as good as any we have heard lately. During one of his Derry contests a voter sent him a bill for £2 10s. for the loss of a litter of pigs. "But how can I owe you for a litter of pigs, my good fellow?" Lord Claud objected. "Well, your honour," said the man, "yer honour's grace looked at my pigs when yer came to axe me for my vote, and sure, the ould sow was so delighted with a visit from the aristocracy that she committed infanticide."

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AN ACTOR'S ADVENTURE.

At one period of my wild career I was, like the late Roscius, an actor, not too well known to fame, but one of the best "responsible gents" in the profession, and not above "handling the brush" or playing a solo between the acts on a coffee-pot. The wild, uncertain Bohemian life just suited my roving spirit. The world went very well then, though the world did not go very well to the theatres, and our salaries, in consequence, were low, and by no means sure. Still, we managed to knock along somehow, and usually had somewhere to sleep, enough to drink, a sausage roll or a pig's faggot occasionally for dinner, and a make-up box. I once travelled with Joe Pong's Company up in the north of England. Everybody knew Joe, fifteen years ago—one of the best fellows in the world, but, like myself, always in difficulties. One story of Joe's spoofing a bailiff is still extant. The minion of the law, after considerable trouble, managed to find Mr. Pong, and give him the writ. Joe invited the man to come in and see the performance that night, and wrote him out an order on the spot.

"And by the way," said Joe, to whom a happy thought had just occurred, "here's a local paper, containing nearly a column about the piece. You'd better take it home and read it and then you'll know something about the play before you come in?"

And he managed dexterously to wrap up the writ in the newspaper which he handed to the bailiff, who carefully took it home. And somehow Joe didn't act that night.

At the time of my story we were playing at Massingham-on-the-Moor, a small town in the mining district. Joe was a great favourite in Massingham, whose playgoing public were so hypercritical and exacting that it was a common saying in those parts that if you could pass Massingham you could go "anywhere." The tragedy of *Hamlet* was put up for Saturday, the last night of our stay. The "beginners" had just commenced to dress—we all shared the same room (with the rats)—when little Willy Bircham, the low comedian, entered, and in a voice trembling with emotion, if not with gin, observed:

"There's two men at the stage-door inquiring for you, Joe; and if they're not bums may I never wear a scratch wig again."

Joe snatched up his street trousers, in a deuce of a state.

"I know there is a *capias* out for me, boys, but what shall I do? I could get up into the paint room, and drop out of the window on to the roof of a wood-shed, and so into the street—but who's to play the blooming Dane?"

With the courage and promptitude which the occasion demanded, I stepped into the breach, tapped my manly chest, and answered; "I will!"

Nobody was a bit surprised. In those days we all went in for any part in case of emergency. One of my first lessons in acting was to take matters coolly.

"Laddie," said the old actor, who instructed me, and borrowed my grease-paints, "that green curtain has got to come down some time to night. Don't you worry about your words or props."

In this particular performance I was cast for Marcellus, Guildenstern, the second grave-digger, and Osric. So we got one of the orchestra—the big drum—to go on for Marcellus, Rosencrantz was to speak Guildenstern's lines as well as his own, the assistant sexton was cut out altogether, and the boy who sold the programmes was told off for Osric. Joe's wife, who played Ophelia, went down on her knees to me, and swore I was the saviour of her unborn babe, and I don't know what else; and we saw poor Joe land safely in the street.

Directly I came down, dressed as the melancholy Dane, I was touched on the shoulder—the old, old touch I knew so well.

"I want you, Mr. Pong—suit of Rusham and Pester."

"My name is not Pong, fellow," I remarked, with fine show of indignation.

"That wont wash," said Bailiff Number One, who had evidently been drinking.

"We see your name on the bills, and 'Amlet is good enough for me to take—ain't it, Joey?"

"Right," grunted his companion, who was of sullen, taciturn disposition.

I foresaw making a bit out of the job, so I didn't argue the matter, merely asking to be allowed to finish the play. This they consented to, first stipulating that they should accompany me to the dressing room when off the stage.

I don't suppose that poor old William Shakespeare was ever so damnably mauled as on that night. "Cut it as short as you can my lad," said the bailiff; and I suppose we played the entire tragedy in a couple of hours, no little to the mystification and annoyance of our kind friends in front. Of course I had to "wing" the part; and I rather fancy that Hamlet occasionally lapsed into the language of Cassio, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Crabtree, Richard Hare, George O'Kennedy, and other heroes with whose parts I was better acquainted. For there were several leaves out of the prompt book, and poor old George Hunter was no flyer at giving you the word. But we managed to pull through somehow; though ever and anon I could catch sight of the Bogie Man at the wings, with his mate, and could overhear his refrain, "Cut it short, ma lad!"

When it came to the murder of Polonius, behind the arras, I did my level best to "pink" the chief bailiff with my rapier—we having previously arranged that the arras should be placed immediately in front of that functionary. But the point just missed the pit of his food-chamber.

Everything comes to an end, and eventually I delivered with immense effect, the grand old line, beloved of actors and audience alike:—

"The rest is silence."

And then, with the most indecent haste, the minions of the law were on to me before the green curtain was fairly down, and long ere Claudius, Gertrude, and Laertes had recovered their perpendiculars. I was not even allowed to put on any street clothes, but was carried off to the railway station, and thence to the goal at Grimesboro' in "my inky cloak, and customary suit of solemn black."

But the law had to pay for that little mistake. One hundred good pounds were parted with for putting the wrong Hamlet in goal. And when on, the following Tuesday, I rejoined dear old Joe at Girlston, the supper we had that night lasted far into the next morning, whilst the health of everybody was drunk three times over, not forgetting the bespoofed bailiffs.

But I never played Hamlet again.

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LOBSTER CROQUETTES.—Fry an onion, chopped finely in one ounce of good butter, adding 1 ounce of flour—moisten with half a pint of white stock, stirring well and constantly until the sauce hardens. Season with salt, pepper, cayenne, half a teaspoon of mustard, a crushed grain of garlic, and 1 teaspoon of chopped garlic. Stir well, adding two pounds of cooked lobster, and cut up very fine, with 12 mushrooms also chopped. Cook in a saucepan for 30 minutes, then put back off the hot fire, add four egg yolks, stir for a moment, and let cool. Then form it into the shape of 6 pears with the hand, roll in bread crumbs, and fry in very hot fat for 3 minutes.—Drain well and serve on a folded napkin—garnished with parsley.

OYSTERS A LA MALI.—Chop an onion very finely, place in a stew pan with an ounce of butter, and let it get a good golden brown, then add a teaspoon of cooked, finely minced spinach, also a small glassful of white wine. Have 18 oysters chopped small, and seasoned with salt and pepper—place these in stewpan, and cook 15 minutes. Put in one whole egg, also a bruised clove of garlic; stir, and then take 6 large oyster shells—fill the bottoms with the spinach mixture, and besprinkle with fresh bread crumbs. Pour over a very little clarified butter, and put for 3 minutes in the oven. Serve on a folded napkin.

PORTERHOUSE STEAK.—Procure 2 porterhouse steaks of one and a half pounds each—flatten well—pare and trim, and season with salt and pepper. Put on a dish with half a teaspoon of oil; roll well, and put on a moderate fire to broil seven minutes, each side. Lay on a warm dish, pour 1 gill maitre d' hotel butter, and serve with watercress round the dish.

MAITRE D'HOTEL BUTTER.—Put 1 ounce of good butter in a bowl with a teaspoon of very finely chopped parsley, and the juice of half a lemon. Mingle well with a little nutmeg, and keep in a cool place.

LEG OF MUTTON, BRETONNE.—Take a leg of mutton, cut off shank bone, trim, and make an incision on the first joint. Season with pepper and salt, and rub half an ounce of butter over it, and roast for one hour, basting well. Dress on a hot dish, and serve with a pint of cooked white beans, adding a teaspoon of parsley, also one hashed and browned onion.

CREME PATISSIERE.—Place 1 pint of milk on the stove. Mix in another vessel 2 ounces of powdered sugar, with 1 ounce of flour, and half an ounce of corn starch. Break in 2 whole eggs, and whip well for 2 minutes. When the milk is boiling, add it to the mixture, and stir for a minute—and place in another saucepan on the stove. Beat well until it comes to the boil, then remove from the fire and add 1 teaspoon of Vanilla essence.—Mix well for one minute, and put in a bowl, and serve cold.

Many of our petticoated readers may be glad to know that the ordinary nervous headache in women may be greatly relieved, and in many cases entirely cured, by (after knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way) placing a sponge soaked in water as hot as it can be borne on the back of the neck. This should be repeated many times, and the sponge applied also behind the ears.

97

— TO —

BARRINGTON STREET.

101

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Provincial Notes.

BRIDGEWATER.—Time changes everything. Men are no longer talking of special prayer-meetings, but are now eagerly discussing politics. Political excitement in Bridgewater runs high, and its influence is felt even in social circles. We have several gentlemen here of the old school of politics, who never fail to afford great amusement to those who are cool enough to stand by and watch.

One of the first effects of the announcement of the election was, that two of our prominent citizens immediately went over the bay. They have since returned with news that the "grits are doomed."

Ladies and gentlemen of Bridgewater, take advice from Pete, to bear with Christian resignation those who are opposed to you in politics.

Before the "icy weather" came we were enjoying the pleasures of tobogganing, now that the snow is here again, Heblis Hill will once more be a scene of gaiety.

Last week Messrs. H. McD. Henry and George E. Forsythe of Halifax, paid us a short visit.

On Tuesday night the Quadrille Club has its last dance till after lent. A larger number than usual are expected, and it promises to be a gay evening. After lent I believe they intend opening with a fancy dress ball.

One of the most pleasant evenings I have spent this winter, was last week at the four-in-hand sleighing party given by Mrs. Wade; all that were present voted it the jolliest of times. Some who were unavoidably absent have not got over it yet.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Owen of Annapolis spent last Sunday in Bridgewater.

Last Wednesday there was a very successful carnival at Mahone Bay. A special train went from Bridgewater. Quite a number of the young people went over, and I believe enjoyed it immensely.

Miss Ruggles of Halifax is visiting with Mrs. W. H. Owen.

I was much amused by reading in your last issue your remarks on the "militaire." I have noticed that some of your young ladies seem to think that in the militaire, they can enjoy the same exercise as the boys do in football—a free kick. I am glad however, that you have some who understand the dance better. We cannot complain here of the "high kick," but some of our dancers leave room for improvement. I refer to some of the young men who, judging by the noise they make in the "kick" part, must have very large feet.

Senator Kaulback was in town yesterday, attending court.

PETE.

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TRURO.—We hear of nothing at present but the coming election. The Liberal-Conservatives have half a dozen or more candidates on hand ambitious of getting to the great "White House" at Ottawa, and willing to fight our many battles. Mr. W. Patterson will of course be nominated. He will be the right man in the right place. A word to thee O "E-eulapins": Flee from the wrath to come. Be content to "kill or cure" for a time longer and if that does not suffice for thy bodily comforts then bring on thy enormous rent rolls and call it "jack-pot."

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather on Friday evening, a goodly number of guests assembled at the hospitable mansion of Dr. and Mrs. Bent to while away the merry hours with progressive euchre. The lucky prize-winners were Mrs. Crowe and Dr. Hall for the king prizes. Miss M. Dimock and Mr. A. Campbell were content to be "boobies."

The many guests who attended the "at home" at Scrivelsby Manor from 4 to 7 on Tuesday last, were charmed with everything. Mrs. Cummings, who received in a handsome black velvet and gold brocaded gown, was assisted by Miss Tremain, Miss Mai Dimock and Miss Archibald. The library, with its walls hung in blue denim, made a pretty back ground for the youth and beauty who "tripped the light fantastic toe." The table, which was a marvel of loveliness in "yellow," was spread in the handsome dining room, where the guests wandered at their own sweet will to partake of the many tempting viands.

Archdeacon and Mrs. Kaulback gave one of their small and very enjoyable parties on Monday evening.

Miss Emma Black and her brother left last week for Florida. They will be absent some months.

Mrs. W. S. Muir entertained a few friends on Thursday evening at whist.

We are wondering who will win the day in the interesting case which is to be tried at the Supreme Court in Halifax this week. The late Richard Slade and his adopted daughter were both well-known figures upon our streets, and have afforded no little amusement for us all. When "Slade's" wife died she left him in the care of Mrs. Sarah Smith and family, with the understanding the little property he had would go to them, but his would-be daughter did not see it in that light, so she decoyed the old man from his home to live with her, and had him make a will in her favor. The daughter is a very strong-minded, though "a foot in the grave young woman," and we hope she will be able in some measure to "kick against the pricks."

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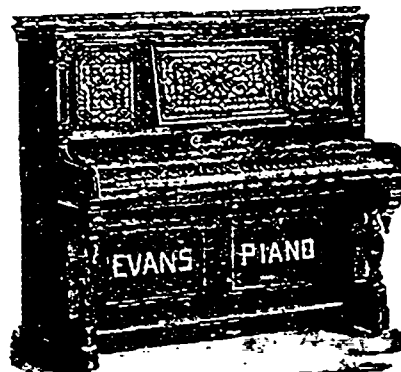
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WINDSOR.—Society in Windsor has during the last few weeks well sustained its pristine reputation for gaiety and hospitality. The Quadrille Club has been a decided success, and all the meetings have been thoroughly enjoyed. Since last time I wrote, there have been two most pleasant meetings, the first at Mrs. Morris' the last at Mrs. Oasely's. Rumour says that there was some little difficulty with regard to the time of breaking up at one of the meetings, some of the members being desirous of protracting the dances after twelve p. m. I should think that as the undergraduate members have to be in college by that hour, and as the meetings take place every week, the present time of breaking up should be maintained. Of course, the club will hold no meetings till after lent is over, but it is generally hoped that it will be revived after Easter. There are few more enjoyable ways of spending a social evening, especially in a town like Windsor, which is fortunate in the possession of many good dancers.

Besides the meetings of the Quadrille Club there have been several other social gatherings lately.

Mrs. Willets had a large party two weeks ago, which was the great success that hers always are. Mrs. Vernon also entertained a large number of friends on Tuesday evening the 3rd inst., and the next evening gave a very pleasant little dance to the students and other young people. We hear that both events were classed among the pleasantest parties that have been given in Windsor for some time.

Mrs. Wiggins gave one of her delightful parties on Thursday evening the 5th inst., and another to the younger friends on Tuesday last.

The Reverend Owen Jones of St. Stephen's Chapel, Halifax, has been paying his brother a short visit at the Rectory. He preached in Christ Church on Sunday last.

The Presbyterians recently gave a large reception to their new minister, the Rev. Mr. Rogers. If one may judge from this gentleman's former work in Yarmouth, this denomination is to be heartily congratulated on its choice.

Miss Lawson intends shortly to pay a visit of a few months to Bermuda. She will be greatly missed by her many friends.

Mr. J. B. Smith, M. P., has published another book—"The Scraph on the Sea." The sale has already been very extensive, and testifies to the author's increased popularity.

The interest in the rink seems unabated. I think the Windsor young men might learn a lesson from their Halifax brethren, with regard to lifting their hats when the "National Anthem" is played. I noticed this custom in Halifax lately, and it seemed to me a very nice manner of paying respect to Her Majesty, and one which loyal Windsor might copy to advantage.

DARTMOUTH, FEB. 15TH.—Pigeon's remarks in last week's issue were too pointed and caused a good deal of unpleasant feeling among the Knight's friends. Dartmouth is a small community, and would not tolerate such a personal attack.

The juvenile members of our Society, have been treated to no end of gaiety this last week, in fact, they have gone into Lent

very comfortably. Miss Pyke repeated her party of the previous week, which was much enjoyed by a younger set.

Miss J. Foster met a number of her many admirers, at her house on Thursday. Dancing was kept up with unabated vigour.

Mr. Milson's party on Friday was largely attended,—some seventy or eighty mites from all ages. Having to call for my young-ster, I had a peep in, and do say that no prettier sight than these children with their bright faces and brighter dresses, going around, hand in hand, singing their playing songs can be imagined. Mr. M's parties are much enjoyed by our young people.

The King's daughters have decided to retain some of their funds, in order to fit up a small hospital.

The Poor Farm at Cole Harbor, is to have some comforts added to its many discomforts.

There was a large congregation at Christ Church to hear the Rev. D. Hague preach, on last Sunday. He remarks that it does matter what church you go to, and that we should not send our children to Sisters or Convents to be educated. I have a mind he is too dogmatic for me. SYNTAX.

One who professes to know all about it, probably a man, says that Annie Jenness Miller, the famous dress reformer, is too wise a doctor to accept her own dresses, even in small doses. The long coats, reefers, evening toilets, and walking costumes, in which she bewitches her audiences, are all carefully fitted over a French corset. When she mounts the dress-reform ladder, her whalebone is laid aside, and the auditors are at liberty to climb up, too, and feel for themselves. The apostle of reed waist and divided skirts is a very beautiful woman, but she couldn't be hired to risk her grace in her own garments. Like some of the pill people, her goods are made to sell.

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NIGHT CLERK ON THE PREMISES.

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Theatrical Notes.

THE LYTELL ENGAGEMENT.

With the special performance of *Hands Across the Sea*, on Wednesday of last week, the engagement of Mr. Lytell's company at the academy, after a run of three months, interrupted only by the St. John trip, came to an end. Of the benefit to Mr. Lytell, on Monday last, an account is given on another page.

During this engagement Mr. Lytell has placed before the Halifax theatre-goers a long list of plays, all of the melo-drama type. Of these plays some have been good, remarkably so, some poor, some indifferent. Some very old friends have been brought forward, and some of the latest successes in London and New York have been shown up. For this Halifax owes a debt of gratitude to the enterprise of Mr. Lytell, who, week after week, has provided a fresh attraction. This has entailed considerable expense upon the management, while hard work and countless rehearsals have been the lot of the actors forming the company.

The most prominent of the productions have been *Hoodman Blind*, *Paul Kaurar*, *Bells of Haslemere*, *Hands Across the Sea*, *Harbour Lights*, *World*, *Flying Scud*, *Lights o' London*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Shaugraun*, *Octoroon*, *Maan Cree*, *Streets of New York*, and some others. This list includes some of the best English plays in the particular line Mr. Lytell has chosen. Amongst these *Paul Kaurar* stands *facile princeps*, and is followed closely by *Bells of Haslemere* and *Harbour Lights*. The majority of the remaining dramas are plays of startling merit, whilst only one or two of the whole number put on the stage were unworthy of the attention Mr. Lytell gave to them. Mr. Lytell would have been better advised had he put forward *Paul Kaurar* on the occasion of his benefit in place of *The Shaugraun*, notwithstanding the fact that the former play provides no part in which he could serve so heavily as he does as *Conn*.

During the engagement the *personnel* of the company has changed somewhat. Miss Neilson and Mr. Tyrone Power severed their connection with the company a few weeks after its appearance. From an artistic point of view, this was to be regretted, for they are both capable actors, and were popular here. But the new arrivals have, by dint of good work, made themselves popular, especially Miss Laura Alberta.

At its first appearance here the company was evidently composed of members who had not worked together much before. Whilst they have been with us, however, they settled down into their places, and their angularities were worn down. And just as everything had commenced to run smoothly, the company is obliged to leave us. But it is gratifying to learn that after a short tour in the upper provinces they will again visit Halifax, when it is the intention of Mr. Lytell that *The Soudan* shall be played. Under the name of *Human Nature*, this melo-drama has attained a popularity in England that no other play of its kind ever has. Year after year, in the provinces at home, it has drawn, and still draws, audiences that crowd the theatres to suffocation. The words are not an extract from a too eulogistic poster, but express the experience of the writer. If he is not mistaken in Halifax play-goers, a tremendous success will result when Mr. Lytell produces *The Soudan* here.

We have criticised, too severely some may think, the plays as they have been produced weekly. The criticism of the daily papers have been, with few exceptions, no criticisms, but simply unmiti-

gated praise, which no one for whose good opinion Mr. Lytell would care one iota, would endorse. There have been mistakes and errors in the performances, some of which we have pointed out: some of which we have, only too willingly, let pass our notice. The good points, it has hardly been possible to refer to in detail, they have been so numerous. The critic has a difficult and frequently thankless task to perform. A conscientious man does justice to himself, to his views, and to his theatrical education, in this respect we have honestly tried to do our duty.

With pleasure we shall await the opportunity of again sitting in judgment upon Mr. Lytell and his company.

English Jottings.

It is not generally known that at the end of every year the Queen's household expenses are audited and checked, and that copies of them are printed with a view to future reference. The Royal tea, which is always bought at a quaint old-fashioned shop in Pall Mall, and has been during her five predecessor's reigns, costs 5s. 4d. per lb., and was for a long while known as Earl Grey's mixture, he having recommended the present blend to Her Majesty. When she gives a dinner, fish to the extent of £50 is ordered, but for an ordinary dinner three kinds of fish are put on the table, whiting being almost invariably one of them. A sirloin of beef is cooked every night, and is put on the sideboard cold for the next day's lunch—the Queen seems, in this instance, much like ourselves—and the cheese, of which there are always six or seven kinds, is invariably obtained from one particular firm. The Queen takes, after her dinner, one water biscuit and one piece of cheddar; the Prince of Wales eats a piece of gorgonzola with a crust of household bread. The tea, as well as the cheese and the Royal bed, are invariably taken with the Queen wherever she goes. Her Majesty's wine, which is well known to be incomparable, is always kept in the cellars of St. James' Palace, and is sent in basketfuls of three dozens to wherever she may be, though this is more for the guests and the household than herself, as Her Majesty, when alone, drinks very weak whiskey and water with her meals by the doctor's orders. At banquets, however, she takes two glasses of burgundy. The clerk of the kitchen, who always carves, receives £700 per annum. the *chef* the same, and the two confectioners, who attend to all the pastry, jellies, fruits, &c., get £300 and £250 respectively.

I often wonder why, with all the conveniences we have to protect ourselves from cold, so many ladies exposed their uncovered heads to the damp, neuralgic night air on leaving a hot room or theatre. Perhaps the cause is to be found in the fact that until lately there was no head-covering in vogue for the evening that found much favour with the fairer and younger daughters of Eve. Personally I cannot bear a shawl arrangement, unless it be a very beautiful lace one; but then it is too transparent to keep the cold out, and a shawl under any circumstances seems out of place on a young girl's head. Caps are very useful, inasmuch as you can squeeze them into a very small pocket; only every woman does not care to look like a jockey. No, we want something more feminine, more "lacy," more becoming, more suitable to all ages. This want has been supplied by the introduction of what our grandmothers were wont to call a *coqueludon*—a large cowl lined with silk, all frizzled with lace and ribbons, becoming and warm; it can be made to fall right down to the eyes, should the cold be such as would injure your face if too much exposed. It is equally well adapted to a woman of any age and stature, from the tiniest pickaninny to dear old granny her-

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self, and will be most appropriate to throw over one's head on leaving a theatre or a ball-room, or for the country when you want to ramble through the park and shrubberies. For the evening the *couverture* consists of light material lined with thin silk and garnished with lace and loops of ribbon; for example, you can have one in ivory-white *chenille* spotted gauze with an English point *ruche*, lined with absinthe green *surah*, and ornamented with ribbon of the same hue. Another is quite white, in Brussels point, *sable* tails as light as small feathers taking the place of ribbon. A more serious one is in orange-coloured *crepe* adorned with black Chantilly lace butterflies.

That cremation is gaining ground in the esteem of the educated classes as the most rational and sanitary means of disposing of the dead is shown by the cluster of eminent persons whose bodies have been burned at Woking lately. The Duke of Bedford, Baron Huddleston, and Mr. Kinglake, the historian, have been cremated within the month.

A distinguished German officer passing through London the other day told a correspondent a good story of the late Red Prince "We were on watch before Metz," the officer said, "on a bitterly cold night. Chilling snow and rain were coming down in torrents when suddenly the Prince galloped up to where we were stationed, and, after a hasty "Good evening," inquired if we had any schnaps about us. "I am almost frozen," His Royal Highness added. We had one bottle of Cognac between us, and it nearly broke my heart to answer in the affirmative. The Prince took the bottle with a grim smile, and also took a mighty pull at it. "Donnerwetter, what is it?" he then inquired, as if dissatisfied. "Cognac, your Royal Highness," I answered. "Cognac? Then I will try it again," he exclaimed. The bottle was raised to his lips, and we could hear the liquor gurgling down his thirsty throat. Again the Prince paused, taking a long breath, and we got a whiff of the spirit, which we took ruefully as the remains of our bottle. "It really tastes like Cognac," said the Prince, with the critical air of a connoisseur. "Will you allow me to take a pull at it?" "At your service, your Royal Highness," I replied somewhat sadly, and for the third time the base of the bottle was turned up to the sky. "Very good Cognac indeed, comrade," said the Red Prince, with a smile. "Many thanks for your kindness," and handing back the bottle with about an inch of fluid remaining, he turned his horse's head and rode away into the darkness of the night."

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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 (Feb. 8th.)

GARRISON CHAPEL, 8 A. M., Holy Communion. 11 A. M., Parade Service. (The Rev. F. B. N. Norman-Lee, M. A.) 7 P. M., Evensong. The Gloria of the Cross will be sung. (Preacher, F. B. N. Norman-Lee. Wednesday 18th.—Litany at 10 A. M., Mission Service at 7.30. (F. B. N. Norman-Lee. Friday, 20th.—Evensong and Special Address. The Miserere Mei Dnus will be sung. 7.30.—I have sinned "Balaam." (The Rev. N. LeMoine.)

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, Holy Communion at 8 A. M., Morning Prayer and Communion at 11 A. M., Evening Service at 7 P. M. The Rector preaches both Services.

ST. LURE'S CATHEDRAL, 8 A. M., Holy Communion. 11 A. M., Morning Service, (preacher, Archbishop Kaufmann.) 7 P. M., Evening Service, (preacher, Rev. W. B. King.)

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