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OUR SOCIETY

A
WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Vol. 1. No. 16.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20TH.

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE.

This fell when dinner time was done—
Twixt the first an' the second rub—
That our mon Jock cam' hame again
To his rooms ahint the Club.

An' syne he laughed, an' syne he sang,
An' syne we thoct him fou,
An' syne he trumped his partner's trick,
An' garred his partner rue.

Then up and spake an elder mon,
That held the Spade its Ace—
"God save the lad! Whence comes the light
That wimples on his face?"

An' Jock he sniggered, an' Jock he smiled,
An' ower the card-brim wunk:
"I'm a' too fresh fra' the stirrup-peg,
"May be that I am drunk."

There's whusky brewed in Galashiels,
"An' L. L. L. forbye:
But never liquor made the low
"That keeks fra' out your eye!"

There's a thread o' hair on your dress coat breast,
"Aboon the heart a wee!"
"Oh! that is fra the lang-haired skye
That slobbers ower me.



DR. EDWARD FARRELL,
PRESIDENT CHARITABLE IRISH SOCIETY.

"Oh! lang-haired skyes are lovin' beasts,
"An' terrier dogs are fair:
"But never yet was terrier born
"Wi' ell-lang gowden hair!"

"There's a smirch o' pouther on your breast,
"Below the left lappel!"
"Oh! that is fra my auld eigan,
"Whenas the stump-end fell."

"Mon Jock, ye smoke the Trichi course,
"For ye are short o' cash:
"An' best Havannahs could na' leave
"Sae white an' pure an ash."

"This night ye stopped a story braid,
"An' stopped it wi' a curse—
"Last night ye told that tale yersel
"An' capped it wi' a worse!"

"Oh! we're no fou! oh, we're no fou!
"But plainly we can ken
"Ye're fallin', fallin' fra the band
"O' cantie single men!"

An' it fell when sarris-shaws were sere,
An' the nights were lang and mirk,
In braw new breeks, wi' a gowden ring,
Our Jockie gaed to the Kirk.

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Society Notes.

We are glad to see that the *Critic* has taken up the question of the best night for concerts, giving Tuesday the preference. It certainly is impossible for a Friday paper to do anything like justice to a Thursday night concert, and we have hitherto been at great inconvenience, keeping a space open for the insertion of the report late Thursday night. Now a good critique of a good concert should be written quietly and calmly; we have heard of wonderful things being knocked off after midnight with the printer's devil waiting at the door, but men were giants in those days. Wednesday would be the night for us, without a doubt, but there are so many services, etc., to interfere with that, so the choice practically lies between Tuesday and Thursday, and the only objection to the former day is that the news is already pretty stale by the time we get into circulation. In fact, we are prepared to adapt ourselves either to do the best we can late on Thursday night, or to give more carefully worked-out reports of Tuesday concerts at the risk of their falling flat on their appearance 3 days after the event. It was on behalf of the public generally that our suggestion to fix a night was originally made, and we hope the feelings of the weeklies will influence the authorities to fix one convenient to them also, for their voice is heard in the quiet of Saturday and Sunday, when men have time to think.

We have just finished a little book called "Charles Franklyn,"* written by Captain Stewart of the Gordon Highlanders, eldest son of Col. Stewart of Halifax. The book is characteristic of a soldier, and of an all-round man of the world. While there is no pretence at an elaborate literary style, the story is told well with a good sprinkling of terse and forcible little sketches of very various sides of life,—in the drawing-room, on active (occasionally very active) service, and even in the hospital. The main part of the book treats of the fall of Kartoum, of which the author makes his hero an eye-witness. The general course of the war, the state of the country, and the policy of the Mahdi are sketched with a light yet firm hand. In fact, this part of the book is a soldier-story, pure and simple. As the author remarks in concluding, "to some poor beggar in Wadi Halfa, Korosko, Souakin or Assuan, it may give a few hours' amusement; if it accomplishes this it will have achieved the end for which it was written, by one who shared their battles, their bivouacs and their bottle, and whose spirit is always with them in the far black country." We fancy the book has achieved this end, and at the same time has whiled away many a weary hour for some poor beggar dying of ennui at his own unromantic fireside. The author is evidently as much at home in the ball-room as in the battle-field, and has a more than superficial knowledge of the fair sex. Take for example the following description of Lady Jane Belgrave, the heroine:—"She was a tall, striking-looking girl, almost beautiful at times, I am told, but to the general observer she was what one calls handsome. She was a lady, too, a Right Honourable lady, none of your ready-made ones from America or Bayswater, or other strange places, but a real, genuine, duke's daughter. She was a good girl, too, not exactly young—about five-and-twenty, not fast nor slangy, did no *risqué* things, and never tried to compete with married women. She never drove down Piccadilly with a Sister of Mercy in a pony phaeton, for instance, or went for clandestine walks in the park in the morning," and so on. One last quotation, which will appeal more to the men, and we have done:—"Good fellows, brother officers; you can't beat them, reader, if they are of a good regiment. Who are your best friends, your most chosen confidants? Who, when times are bad, money short, favourites running bad seconds, and trumps unkind, "come to time" like your comrades? What relation will put his name behind a bill with as much confidence as your brother subal-

tern? Through the mist that spreads over all happy memories, when gout or when liver hold their deadly sway over the retired soldier, to what does he look back among all those merry, happy, or stirring scenes? It is perhaps to one dear face well remembered; not a wife, nor a woman, for these are weak and fickle creatures, but a brother in arms, clad in the same red coat, or killed in the same tartan."

It is rather the fashion now-a-days for soldiers to amuse themselves writing books, and we have got a bit tired of tales of the barrack-room, but this little book of Capt. Stewart's is fresh and original, and well worth reading:—the more so because it is written by one we all know.

If there is any reliance in newspapers, Mr. Lytell is a very distinguished and skillful evader of the law; the reports of his wonderful escapes from the bailiffs are so minute that we can hardly refuse to believe them. *Progress* has had his knife into Lytell all along, for some reason or other; and the *Montreal Star* has devoted half a column at a time to accounts of his exploits, fairly laughing at Halifax for giving him so good a reception. Take this as an example:—

The Company toured through the Maritime Provinces as the "W. H. Lytell Company," and in Halifax Mr. Lytell was tendered a benefit "Under the distinguished patronage of General Sir John Ross, and officers of the garrison, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, His Worship the Mayor and members of the City Council," so the bills read. Mr. Lytell is very well known in Canada, and especially in Montreal. He is a Toronto boy, familiarly known as "Billy" Lytell. He ran a stock company in Montreal some years ago, and when the company went to pieces "Billy" skipped with the spoils. He also engaged in the real estate business in Toronto, but did not succeed at that. Miss West's place in the "Hauls Across the Sea" company is filled by Miss Plowden, and Miss West has returned to New York, where she hopes to renew her acquaintance with Mr. Lytell.

We should very much like to know exactly how much truth there is in all this: but whatever the result, Mr. Lytell seems to have behaved well enough during his stay here, and he is certainly a better actor than the average of our visitors; so altogether we shall be inclined to welcome him back again if ever he puts in an appearance with anything like a decent company.

It is a pity to let a literary genius be buried in the columns of a daily paper, even of so good a daily as the *Mail*. Such a production, for instance, as the account of Miss Laine's recital, by a *Stranger*—evidently an American—should be rescued at once by the weeklies, and bound in half-calf, to be studied at leisure in the quiet of Sunday afternoon. The letter is too long to quote in extenso, but we would not be doing our duty if we omitted the two following paragraphs:

"From Miss Laine's opening song until her last sweet and still fresh notes had faded on the air, she carried her audience with her in sympathy and sentiment by the sheer power of a voice naturally sweet and pure and cultivated to a very high degree, and evidently under the very

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* Charles Franklyn of the Camel Corps, by *Reynolds*. Published by Smith, Elder & Co., London, 1890.]

best methods. If her music left a single void it was more than filled by a personal presence of winsome modesty, self-unconsciousness and that charming self-possession which at once puts an audience at its ease and makes the entertainment a continued ovation of mutually sympathetic recognition and encouragement.

"Every number of the programme was a musical gem and each one was rendered artistically and musically. There were, 'tis true, here and there flashes of more than usual brilliancy and passages of surpassing tenderness and emotional sentiment, but throughout the entire performance there was continued evidence on Miss Laine's part of a cultivated and intelligent appreciation of the composer's ideas and sentiments, and which she expressed in the purest melody, warmed and enriched by her own delicate and refined sense and feeling, and shaded and toned by the softest and sweetest charms of vocal art."

Our own report was very short, and hardly gave Miss Laine her share of praise. We quite agree with the Stranger that Miss Laine has a beautiful voice and would rank high as a singer in any part of the world; but we cannot think that such a flow of superlative adjectives can be any more acceptable to her, than even our own very scant notice. It would be amusing to collect opinions on what Stranger would say of Adelina Patti. Will some of our literary readers make the attempt?

It is wonderful how an amusing paragraph travels over the world in next to no time. The tale about the Nova Scotians published in another column is from the "Week's News" of Allahabad; but we have had it sent at different times by three different correspondents, two in England and one up the country. However, even if some of our readers happen to have come across the clipping our last correspondent's remarks will be fresh to them.

The Archbishop showed a great deal of common sense in preventing the torch-light parade on St. Patrick's eve. It is a perfectly senseless performance, and experience has proved it to be not altogether consistent with temperance principles and orderly conduct.

Messrs. Gordon and Keith intend to celebrate the opening of their new premises on the 31st inst. by a public reception in the afternoon, from 2 to 6, and a dance in the evening, for which about 500 invitations will be sent out. The preparations are on a large scale, the band of the Leicestershire regiment will provide the music, and Street—who but Street!—will see to the commissariat. The new buildings erected for the use of this wealthy and enterprising firm are really worth seeing, and we hope this generous "celebration" will be the beginning of still more extensive operations and even greater success than has been achieved by Messrs. Gordon & Keith in the past.

Mrs. Harvey had a small tea on Wednesday at "The Oaks," but such a disagreeable day kept many indoors, so that they did not venture out so far.

Capt. Jenkins, A. D. C., left on Monday for New York, intending, we believe, to extend his trip to Mexico or California. He will be missed very much in Halifax society while he is away, but we suppose will return full of all kinds of delightful experiences and adventures.

English people and English papers seem to have rather hazy ideas as to the geography of Canada in general, and Nova Scotia in particular. We were very much amused to see in one extremely well-known and well-informed London weekly an account of the deplorable accident at Springhill, putting Springhill down as being in Pennsylvania, and making the mistake worse by adding remarks that the inhabitants of the United States always did things on a large scale. It was also amusing to read the editorial of that same paper, which was upon the late elections, and which charged the opposition with annexationist ideas and tendencies and want of loyalty to England. We would advise the editor to study geography before preaching to us our politics.

Mrs. Jack Stairs had a most enjoyable tea on Thursday, a large gathering of smart people.

Mrs. Augustus West had a similar function on the same day.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wylde left town for Bedford on Saturday last. Mrs. Wylde will go to England early next month on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Dixon, at Sefton Park, Liverpool.

Capt. H. R. Stewart, who is now stationed near Aberdeen, is expected to return to Halifax early this spring on a visit to his father and mother, Col and Mrs. Stewart.

By the death of the late Earl of Albemarle a Canadian lady becomes a peeress. The present Countess of Albemarle was formerly a Miss Macnab of Ontario, and has relatives, we believe, in Halifax.

Mrs. W. B. Reynolds, who started some ten days ago on a long round of visits in the Upper Provinces, has had a sad recall to Halifax. On Saturday last one of her little children died suddenly, and Mrs. Reynolds returned home immediately.

Mr. E. J. Hodgson, Q. C., of Charlottetown, has been spending a few days in town, and at King's College, Windsor.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nellie Snider of St. John, who has many friends here, to Mr. Shortt, of the Bank of British North America.

A sale of "useful and fancy articles" will be held by the ladies of St. Stephen's Chapel at the C.E. Institute, on Wednesday, April 1st. Notice, we say a "sale" and not a "sell," as might be expected on All Fools' Day.

Without any "blarney" we can congratulate the city on the advent of the Band (or rather Bands) of the Leicestershire Regiment. Their concert on Tuesday night was unique in its way; the programme was long, and many people would have expected to get tired before it came to an end, had they known how long it was going to be; but the event shewed that the band is quite capable of not only entertaining, but keeping in a state of excitement, a large audience through a three-hour performance. This is certainly one of the best in the service, which is saying a good deal; the "Hunting Chorus" reminded us of Dan Godfrey's band; and the "Lost Chord" was magnificent, and fairly brought down the house. We must congratulate the conductor on his complete mastery over his men, and can assure him that if his energetic movements *did* raise a titter, it was only among the more ignorant and bad-mannered of the audience. "Those who know" recognized his real power at once. The "oldest inhabitant" assured us that "even the 101st couldn't play like that;" and we sincerely hope that this is only the first of a series of indoor concerts. Now that people know what the band can do, there will be no fear of empty houses.

The entertainment at Mrs. Bowser's house on Tower Road was a great success. The Misses Bowser are very clever, and we hope to have the chance of seeing this very pretty children's performance repeated again shortly. It was repeated once at the Hospital, much to the delight of the patients. Mrs. Bowser is one of a talented family; her mother, Mrs. Tidmarsh, was once well-known as a singer in Halifax.

The midday services for women at St. Luke's Cathedral will be held on Monday and Tuesday of next week. On Wednesday (the Annunciation) and on Maundy Thursday the addresses will be given at the 11 o'clock services. The men's services will be continued at the Church Institute.

The Good Friday services at St. Luke's Cathedral will be as follows;—Matins at 9, Litany and Ante-communion service at 10:30, Commemoration of the Three Hours Agony, from 12 to 3, at which the preacher will be Rev. W. B. King. Evensong 7 p. m.

In the *Dalhousie Gazette* this month, there is an excellent paper on Cremation, by Dr. Carleton Jones. Most thinking men will agree with Dr. Jones, that we ought to have a Crematorium in Halifax.

A correspondent writes:—

The street cars have run so smoothly since their introduction here, not only on the rails but also financially, that it troubles us rather to say one word either against the management or the employees. Still we should not be doing our duty to the public for which we cater were we not to ventilate a grievance that has been laid before us. Halifax people as a rule are very considerate in respect to stopping cars on the street, and they expect the drivers or conductors to be the same. Now it was only the other day that our attention was called to the fact that one of our well-known citizens had taken the abominable liberty of asking one of these Jehus to pull up his prancing steeds and allow him to deposit his 5 cents in a box provided for the purpose. It happened that at this time he was more or less crippled by gout or some other ailment that affected his legs. Not being able to take his seat in the shortest time on record he was met with a remark after this style from the driver: "Don't hurry, old gentleman, there's plenty of time!" No doubt this was considered very funny by the facetious driver, but we cannot help thinking that he would earn his wages with more satisfaction to the general public by attending strictly to business.

GARRISON CHAPEL.

SERVICES FOR HOLY WEEK AND EASTER-TIDE.

On MONDAY, 23rd; TUESDAY, 24th; WED., 25th:
 Matins at 11 a.m., Mission Service and Address, and "The Story of the Cross," at 7.30 p.m.
 MONDAY THURSDAY, 26th March:
 Matins at 11 a.m., Mission Service at 6.30.
 Good FRIDAY.—Parade Service at 10 o'clock.
 Solemn Evensong with Sermon, at 6.30. Preacher, the Rev. Dr. Bullock, G.H.C.
 On Good Friday the Three Hours' Service in remembrance of our Lord's Passion and Death will be held, commencing at 12 o'clock. Preacher, the Rev. F. B. N. Norman-Lee, C. F.
 SATURDAY, EASTER EVE—Full Choral Evensong at 7.30. Preacher, the Rev. N. Lenoire.
 EASTER DAY—Holy Communion at 7.45 and 12 o'clock. Choral Celebration at 9.15. Parade service at 11 o'clock. Full Choral Evensong and Anthem at 7. The Rev. F. B. N. Norman-Lee, C. F. The choir will be supplemented by the String band of the Leicestershire Regt. The Hallelujah Chorus will be played.
 1st SUNDAY AFTER EASTER (Low Sunday)—Holy Communion at 8 o'clock. Parade service at 11. Full Choral Evensong and Anthem at 7 o'clock (with the String Band of Leicestershire Regt.), Preacher, the Rev. C. W. McCully, M.A.
 On Maunday Thursday, at 8.30, a Picture Service, "Scenes from Our Lord's Life," will be held in the Gymnasium, especially for the soldiers, parents and Children of the garrison.
 On Good Friday night, at the same time, the service will be repeated. All soldiers are invited, and members of other congregations by ticket only, which can be obtained on application to the Chaplain. A collection will be made at the doors to defray expenses.
 The Chaplain will be glad to see any friends who will help to decorate the Church on Saturday, 28th March, at 10 o'clock, and to receive offerings of flowers in the afternoon after 2 o'clock.

Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,—

Grandma has become famous, and seems to have brought down the wrath of many people upon her own ancient and aristocratic head. I hope she will not feel badly about it, but I am sure that the fact of having "a long line of English ancestors, none of whom were in trade" will support her and make her able to bear any and every attack; especially when attacked by such plebian people.

We are proud to have any one in this community who has such an ancestry, proud because of its great and exceeding rarity. I did not think that such a person existed, but now that we have found one, let us keep her to ourselves, and preserve her and show her off to admiring visitors from the democratic country to the South of us, who will visit us next summer. But I am afraid that if "Grandma" only looked into and examined carefully her ancestry, she would, I think, be able to find some of those awful pursuits of brewing beer and tin-tacks—perhaps not, but I almost think so. I also suppose that it is aristocratic not to have succeeded in business, and plebian to have done so.

But seriously speaking I was glad to have received my esteemed correspondent's views on the subject of society, for it opens up a new line of thoughts and ideas to me—for I had no idea that there were people in this exclusively commercial community who held such ideas and opinions, but if there are, long may they hold them. For if they are founded on facts they are laudable, but if not, they are snobbish and I sincerely hope they are not the latter. I am a believer in the society of Halifax, for reasons that I have already stated, but for reasons also already stated—I am not a believer in its heredity—because a family in one generation may be in a position to move in society and entertain, but it may not be able to do so in the next. This is a sad fact, but never the less a true one. Every Irishman in Ireland is descended from a king, so every person in Halifax may be descended from a belted Earl or a Mic-mac Chief. And considering that a man has in a few hundred years over a million ancestors, it would not be remarkable if he were descended from William the Conqueror himself, as perhaps "Grandma" is.

And I wish to say, that one in this community and in this country, must of necessity be democratic, because we cannot be otherwise, and while we respect such exalted people as "Grandma" and honour their peculiar ideas and feelings, still we look upon ourselves as republicans in Society, where the position of every person in Society depends upon his own individuality.

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AUNT JANE.

My Aunt Jane was a horrid woman. I believe she positively hated me, and I am certain I detested her most cordially. I never could quite make out why she wrote me so regularly whilst I was in India. Perhaps it was to keep open a channel for disagreeable news, and she certainly never failed to send me depressing little tidbits whenever she could.

It was not my fault if my uncle left only a life-interest in her income, and willed the principal at her death to me, his sister's only child. Her last effusion, however, was most affectionate in tone, and an outsider would have concluded she was longing to welcome me home again, after my five years' absence with my regiment. I knew better, and it made me uneasy because I could not detect a spiteful word against anyone; and for the first time, she made no allusion to Lucy Fane. We were not formally engaged, but there was an understanding between us, and though we had promised her father, Lord Weyland, not to correspond, and consequently I had not heard from her direct for five long years, I knew I could trust her for double that time if need be, and felt quite serene about it.

Aunt Jane was very keen on my marrying someone rich—for I verily believe she was afraid of my making away with her for the sake of the property—and as Lucy was poor, she easily persuaded Lord Weyland to forbid an engagement until I came back from India. We were very young then (Lucy was barely eighteen, and I was twenty-three), so we made no fuss, and agreed to wait.

We had passed "Gib," and were nearly home before I thought of looking at Aunt Jane's latest a second time. As I drew it from the envelope, a newspaper cutting fell out which I had not seen before.

This is what it said:—

MARRIAGES.

"On the 2nd August, at Weyland, Somersetshire, Captain Richard Fane, Grenadier Guards, to Lady Lucy Fane, only daughter of the Earl of Weyland."

So that was the reason why Aunt had written in such a Christian spirit. She knew it was unnecessary to add a word, and that the little paragraph was enough to bowl me over completely. That is just what it did, I cannot quite remember what I said or how I acted for the next day or two. I felt dazed, and such a leaden load seemed to weigh me down that I could neither sleep nor eat—I fancy I ceased to think, even, for a time.

Of course, I met heaps of old friends in town, though most people were still away on the moors or elsewhere in the country. I longed to get away from everyone, and I was always in a fever for fear somebody should mention Lucy's name.

It must have been quite a week after my arrival before I "came to." I was sitting drearily in the smoking-room at the club, when Danvers, of the 16th, walked in and said:—

"Of course you've heard the news, old chap. Harry, my boy, I congratulate you."

"What do you mean? I haven't heard anything particularly joyous, so far as I'm concerned."

"Oh, I beg pardon. Didn't think you'd go on that tack. I condole with you, then, if you prefer it."

"Don't talk in enigmas, Danvers, I'm not up to them to-day."

"Then you really don't know? Thought you weren't a humbug. Well, I'll tell you. Your dear aunt Jane has departed this life. Excuse me, if I say so, but no one who knew her could pretend to be sorry, and you least of all, for you are quite respectably off, now."

"Ah, I suppose. Have a drink?"

"Did you have sunstroke out in India, Harry?" was the somewhat irrelevant response.

I felt no pleasure at being independent; it was little good to me now. Indeed, I reflected it would be a bore to get through the legal business, which, however, was a stern necessity; and by the time it was all concluded, I had some what regained my interest in life. A

precious grey life it was, though—all the sunshine was out of it, and I think I looked as if I had come through a long illness.

It was no use brooding over the past, or the future as it might have been. I felt certain Aunt Jane had had a share in the ruining of my life, so I determined to spite her memory by trying to get what satisfaction was left me out of the present, and accepted an invitation to stay with Danvers' people in Berkshire.

As I stood talking to my hostess in the drawing-room before dinner, I heard Captain and Lady Lucy Fane announced and before I could make up my mind what course I could adopt, I found myself taking Lucy in to dinner.

She was sweet as ever, and seemed genuinely glad to see me. What a consummate actress she was! Never by word or look did she shew that anything unusual had happened since that day, five years ago, when she choked back the tears, on the landing stage at Portsmouth, and whispered brave words of hope and steadfastness.

I don't know how I got through that dinner. I suppose Lucy did the talking, and I pretended to listen.

Afterwards, in the drawing-room, I tried to avoid her, and affected great interest in a book of sketches, I wanted to think, but I was in a whirl, and not quite sure whether I stood on my head or my heels. Somebody sang a song; I forget the name, but the words were:—

Though the rolling ocean parts, love,
You and me a space,
In your inmost heart of hearts, love,
Keep for me a place.

But --I swear it by your tears, love--
One day we shall meet,
And you'll find me through the years, love,
Faithful at your feet.

This was too much for me; I hastily put down the book, and bolted into the conservatory. Not heeding where I was going, I made for the nearest seat, and nearly stumbled over Lucy, who was sitting there with her face buried in her hands. I muttered an apology; she looked up and attempted a laugh, but it sounded more like a sob.

"Lucy, you've been crying!"

"Oh, I think it must be a headache, or the heat, or——"

"Or that song?"

Neither of us spoke for a little. I never was good at hiding my feelings, so I thought it would be better to have it out, and have done with it once and for ever.

"Lucy," I began, "I know I've no right now to ask, but are you unhappy?"

"No right, now? If any right was ever needed, I do not see that you have lost it—that is if my happiness interests you specially."

"Things are altered, Lucy. Perhaps my dear Aunt Jane's decease is weighing upon your mind," I answered, flippantly.

"Ah!—your Aunt Jane!—yes, of course, I see; things are altered. I am very glad for your sake; I suppose you will leave the service now you are rich?"

"On the contrary, I am going back to India next week," I said bitterly.

"Next week! Why, you have only just arrived; and we are looking forward to having you with us for a time. Besides, I want to introduce you to Dick. You don't know him, and I'm sure you'd like each other."

"Extremely kind! But I should only be in the way."

"Harry, what is the matter with you? Has poor old Aunt Jane upset you?"

I laughed sneeringly. Aunt Jane had been my friend all—against her intentions, no doubt—but had she not warned me of Lucy's faithlessness?

"Good night and good-bye," I said, abruptly. "I start early to-morrow, and shall not see you again."

This, I thought, was the best means of putting an end to the painful interview. At that moment Captain Fane entered the conservatory. I had no mind to have a scene before him of all people.

so I bowed stiffly, and, as I went out, saw Lucy take his arm affectionately, and they sat down on the seat I had just vacated.

She might have spared me that, I thought; but perhaps, after all, I had brought it on myself for letting my feelings get the better of me. I wandered into the billiard-room, for it was too early to think of bed; but there was no one there I cared to talk to, so after a time I found my steps leading me back to the conservatory. It was a large place, and the corner opening from the hall was dimly lighted, and deserted. I threw myself into a chair, and listened to the music that every now and then floated in from the drawing-room. Presently, a rustle of a dress warning me that I was not to enjoy my solitude for long, I rose, and, walking forward into the light, found myself face to face with Lucy.

"The fates are propitious, after all," she said.

"Unkind, you mean. Surely, you are not so hard and cruel as to revel in the painful luxury of partings long drawn out?"

"Did you call that a parting? You did not even stay to shake hands. Is it indeed good-bye for always?" She asked it in a half-amused sort of voice, as though she had now made up her mind thoroughly to enjoy her triumph and to linger over it.

"Yes, for always; you know it is, for you have made it so!"

"I! I really do not understand; I must confess I do not know what I have done."

"You do not know? Lucy, you do not know that you have wrecked my life, that, in breaking your troth, you have broken my heart? And not content with that—but I have said enough."

"Broken my troth—broken your heart! You speak in riddles, I cannot read them."

"Then read this!" and I drew the printed announcement of her marriage from my pocket.

She glanced it through, and turning the slip over, examined it on the other side, and then returned it to me.

"I cannot deny the accuracy of that statement," was her only comment.

"And you have nothing to say in defence of it?" I asked, fairly astounded at her utter heartlessness.

"I should indeed be ungrateful to attempt to defend the cause of all my happiness in the world."

"Lucy, you are a cruel jilt!" and I turned on my heel.

She caught hold of me with both her hands.

"One moment, Harry, before you go; perhaps it might interest you to know that that little announcement you have so contemptuously thrown down is, as you may see from the reverse side, about twenty-five years old, and contains the notice of my parents' wedding!"

"Your parents!"

"Yes, my father was only Captain Vane before his uncle's death, and he married his cousin."

"Then you are *not* married, Lucy?"

"I? certainly not. You must know that best, Harry dear"—this shyly with a laugh.

I caught her in my arms. "Lucy, Lucy, can you forgive me?"

"I'll try; though I was beginning to think you had forgotten me, and I was going to pretend I didn't care."

"But who in the name of fortune is this 'Dick' who brought you here to-night?" I asked after a while, as a last lurking suspicion crossed my mind. Lucy laughed—a joyous silvery laugh—and disengaging herself for a moment made me a mock courtesy.

"Captain Richard Fane, an' it please you, is—my brother!"

"Lucy!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Hang Aunt Jane!"

THE POINT OF VIEW.—"Every cloud has a silver lining."

"Is that your experience?"

"Yes. I'm a lawyer."

THINGS SOCIETY READERS CAN DO:

WRITE a note at the public desk without putting the book-keeper to any inconvenience. Get a supply of nice Stationery. Buy the best Self Filling Pen in the world. Get an Express Money Order that will be payable almost anywhere in the world. Get a vol. of Music bound so it will open flat and stay there the first time it is used, and wear for years too. And many other things at

KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, Cor. George & Granville Sts.

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Canned Goods, Fresh & Dried Fruits, Poultry, Game, etc.

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Under the personal supervision of Mr. W. CHARLES ANDERSON.



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Conveyances to be had at all hours, Day or Night.

Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,—

It is a common opinion and idea amongst a certain class of people in Halifax, that those, to them fortunate, who move in Society (with a very big S.) live in a whirl of dissipation and frivolity. They think that these gay folks go to dances, dinners and balls, every night, and that the "Society lady" spends all her mornings in bed, arises not till late, and all her afternoons in driving about and going to numerous and merry five o'clock teas.

I want to show this opinion is erroneous, and that these ladies are not the giddy ones imagined by their less, in some ways, fortunate admirers.

When we look at the subject we find that there is very little gaiety in Halifax, very few balls and dances; I am limiting myself to the very uppermost part of society.

I think I would not be wrong in saying that there are not more than three balls on an average in Halifax during the year. Let us take this year, that is from last March, which, with the visits of the Stanleys and Prince George ought to have been a very gay one, and see how many balls there have been. First, Sir John's delightful ball at Bellevue, then one given by the medical and staff and departments at Maplewood, third, the ball at Wellington Barracks, and last, but certainly not least, the great and only naval ball at the Exhibition Building. And all these took place within a very short time of each other, and there have been none since. As to small dances there have been practically none, perhaps four or five at the most. This, remember, for a whole year. When we come to consider dinners, we find that very few people now-a-days give dinners, with the exception of the General and Governor, and a few other semi-official persons and dignitaries. Why the mere fact of one hostess giving two dinners in one week was considered such a remarkable occurrence and event that the papers were full of it for a month.

The giving of dinners is limited to few, and these few give a good many, and I venture to say that there are many so-called society people—they would certainly call themselves so—who have not during the past year been invited to one single dinner. The great bulk of the entertaining is done in a small way. Afternoon teas, of which there are about on an average one or two a week, progressive euchre parties—perhaps ending in a dance, and of late other kinds of card-parties such as poker. These are all cheap and easy ways of entertaining, but are certainly not wildly exciting nor exceedingly frivolous.

What makes entertaining so difficult in Halifax is that people expect so much. Whenever they go to any sort of party, let us say a euchre party, they expect, or at least the hostess thinks they expect, such an elaborate supper, and if people would be content to give less they could entertain more.

The ordinary "society lady" spends a very hum-drum existence. Her morning is devoted to her household duties, of which she very often does a lion's share, as she perhaps has only one servant, or sometimes in those troublesome times none. Her afternoons are given up perhaps to visiting, or on rink days to going to the rink, and her evenings are spent in the bosom of her family, and are not spent flying around from entertainment to entertainment as some people seem to think, because these entertainments do not exist. I often think that Halifax, in proportion to other places, is very dull, for there is very little small and promiscuous entertaining, because people try to do too much.

SOCIETY SAMUEL.

To the Editor of "Our Society":

DEAR SIR,—The correspondence between "Grandma" and "Morris Granville" has very much amused me. What a pity "Grandma" looks at the world through the wrong end of the telescope. I think the sight of that one grand dame, the daughter of an English peer, entirely obscured poor "Grandma's" vision. Do you not believe it is the positive duty of those to whom God has given all the blessings of intellect, education and birth, to strive by their example and kindly help to encourage everywhere honest ambition, and lead all those they can influence to a better position (I mean a more intelligent and refined standing). True gentility can never be contaminated, but must refine all with whom it comes in contact. How can one be a true-hearted woman who can wound the feelings of any fellow-being? It does not appear to me that such a woman can have any natural refinement. What does the advance of civilization mean if not the education of the masses, and, where ability and desire exist, the gradual but sure progression towards refinement.

In this era neither birth nor money create the standard for, or the type of, true manliness; it is intellect and education that make both women and men noble, and the compeers of all that is greatest and best in the whole world. Alas! for poor humanity, when these two greatest principles cease to be the best, soon it will return to the Darwinian starting point, in fact there would be no missing link, the chattering monkey would possess the world.

A just and true appreciation of the privileges of birth and money all should have, everyone likes to know their ancestors were refined and gentle people, and we trust by true courtesy, kind bearing and charity towards all men, to be looked upon as ladies and gentlemen in the very highest acceptance of the term. Since back to Adam we must go for lack of a more ancient, more worthy progenitor, I feel inclined to ask "Grandma" in the words of the old couplet:

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?

Yours truly,

AUNT KATE.

CAKE AND PASTRY.

Delicious Bread and Biscuits,

Light and Flaky, Pure and Wholesome,

— WHEN MADE BY —

Woodill's German Baking Powder.

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WESTMINSTER VELLUM	NOTE PAPER.	BASSENEAN VELLUM	NOTE PAPER.	WEDDING CARDS & PAPER.	INVITATION CARDS.
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ENVELOPES TO MATCH THE ABOVE.			CARD CASES.		

VISITING CARDS PRINTED FROM PLATE

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Crests and Monograms stamped in wax

Our Society.

HALIFAX, N. S. FRIDAY, MARCH 20TH, 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 (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.

OUR SOCIETY STATIONERY. The ELEGANT, SUR-ROSA, FAVORITE GREY, CANVAS, BLUE SERGE, KENT LINDEN, IVORY VELLUM and other Fashionable NOTE PAPERS and ENVELOPES. NEW CORRESPONDENCE CARDS. SOCIETY VISITING CARDS. A fresh supply of WHITE INK for Tinted Note Papers just received

KNIGHT & CO., 125 Granville St.

P. S. - We are showing a fine assortment of BOOKLETS, CARDS and NOVELTIES for the HOLIDAY SEASON.

SEVERAL complaints have reached us about the engravings getting soiled and smudged before delivery, and we have decided to obviate this for the future by adding a cover. This will have another advantage.—it will relieve the inside of the paper from some of the advertisements, and leave more room for reading matter. The demand for advertising space has been for the last few weeks almost greater than we could satisfy without creating a bad impression on some of our readers. Several large firms have booked good positions on the cover, more especially Messrs. Pickford & Black, who take the whole front page.

THE *Cosmocrat*, Truro's illustrated weekly, has, we regret to say, suspended publication indefinitely. We understand that its decease is due principally to difficulties which arose concerning proprietorship. Mr. M. H. Davison, who was the editor and publisher when it expired, expresses his obligation to those who forwarded their subscriptions, and states that the money will be refunded.

A MATRIMONIAL MESSAGE IN AN APPLE BARREL.

A wholesale fruiterer at Eastbourne, on Tuesday, 2nd instant, opened a barrel of apples he had received direct from Nova Scotia. In the centre of the barrel was a particularly fine apple, and around it was wrapped a portion of an 1885 diary, in which was written in pencil the following message: "If any young lady who chances to eat this apple is desirous of matrimony, she will please correspond with Hartley Marshall, of Falkland Ridge, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia."

The above is a cutting from an Indian paper, so that "Hartley's" desire will not remain unfulfilled for want of advertisement! Seeing that the Indian sub-editor must have taken this paragraph from an English journal!—

When the apple was given to Eve,
Disastrous results did ensue;
Why should Hartley Marshall conceive
That her dodge should succeed, tried anew?

Annapolis apples are sweet;
And 'tis hoped that some lass o'er the main
Will fly on love's wings sure and fleet,
And Hartley his Heart's case obtain.

H. E. M.

OUR readers do not make all the use they might out of the private advertisement column. Few as these ads. have been, we have already supplied several ladies with good servants; and the only notice of rooms to let brought a good lodger within a week. We are not much given to "puffing" ourselves, but cannot help thinking that we might be of more practical use in this way, and are prepared to show proof of success so far. For private ads., professional cards and hotels, we claim to be an excellent medium, as we have now a large circulation in Halifax, and reach the leading people and hotels in nearly every town of any size in the provinces.

THERE is one other point to which we would like to draw attention. It has been asked more than once why we don't insert regular advertisements—in a fixed place—of all the concerts, theatrical performances, etc. The reason is that they are not always sent in. People trust to our good nature to notice them, and we usually do so, for the convenience of our readers. At the same time, as the majority of those who take good seats at such performances are readers of OUR SOCIETY, we cannot help thinking that promoters would do well to put regular ads. in our columns.

WE welcome the appearance of the first number of *Olla Podrida*, published by the Halifax Ladies' College. The editorial staff consists of Lena Haddow (chief), Minnie Wright, Ina Hogg, May Wright and Jean Mitchell. The first number is a decidedly good one, and compares favorably with similar magazines in Nova Scotia conducted by members of the sterner sex. Halifax can now boast of four scholastic magazines—the *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Theologue*, *Cambridge House Magazine* and *Olla Podrida*.

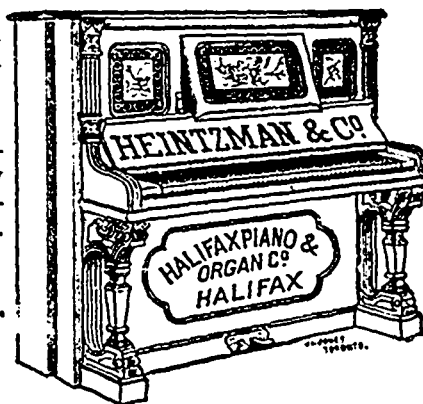
**THE HEINTZMAN
PIANOS**

Are fast becoming the favorite Pianos here, as they have been in Western Canada for the past thirty years.

SOLE AGENCY:

Halifax Piano & Organ Co.

157 and 159 HOLLIS STREET,
HALIFAX, N. S.



English Jottings.

Mrs. H. M. Stanley does not quite like the way fashionable American women dress according to the following paragraph from an American contemporary:—

Mrs. Stanley's assertion the other day, through the interviewer, that the Boston belles and dames "wore the most daringly *decolletee* gowns" she and Mrs. Tennant had seen during their visit in America, is quite in touch with the remark the explorer's wife is said to have made after attending the first dinner party in that city, given by one of the best entertainers among the Black Bay set. Seated opposite Mrs. Stanley was the leader par excellence of the 100, the unique, the only Mrs. Gardner, exposing, as usual, a generous surface of her famous flesh tints. The next day, Mrs. Stanley was asked if she had met Mrs. Gardner at the dinner, for "she was the women of all others to see." "Oh; yes," replied Mrs. Stanley, "and she was good enough to let me see a great deal of her."

Ex-King Milan is again with us, but not of us. The best society won't have him, so it is said he is going on the turf, and with that object is looking out for some likely horses. It is not true that he will name one of them Natalie, but it is true that he stands to lose all the spare cash he has got if he is not very careful whose advice he seeks in providing a racing stud.

Among the "distinguished foreigners" of the coming season it is not at all unlikely Tippoo Tib may be included, and should he appear, it goes without saying that he will be wrapped in evening dress and the lion of the year. Strange, indeed, it would be to see the much-talked of chieftain, and the thorn in Stanley's side, take the explorer's place in London *salons* this season, but time's whirligig has brought stranger things than that to pass ere now. Tippoo is naturally embittered against Mr. Stanley, and the prospect of the coming lawsuit, in which a claim for £20,000 is made by Emin's rescuer, is hardly conducive to the growth of Tippoo's stock of brotherly love. As a matter of fact, the dusky visitor's chief reason for wishing to "come to town" is to unfold his tale to the Prime Minister.

Lord Bridport, who is now on duty at Windsor Castle as Lord-in-Waiting, is the nearest lineal representative of the great Lord Nelson of Trafalgar, being descended from Lady Mary Nelson the only daughter of the hero, who married the second Lord Bridport, whereas the present Lord Nelson is descended from the sister of the great Admiral in accordance with the original limitation of the patent of peerage.

Duke Ernest of Coburg has got himself into hot water with his young relation the German Emperor. His Highness took upon himself to pay a visit to Prince Bismarck, with a view to persuading the ex-Chancellor to forego his attacks on the Kaiser and Empire. Bismarck's answer was contained in new and vigorous onslaughts, as was to be expected. The Duke thereupon hired a number of correspondents to deny his visit to Bismarck; but the scheme failed, and only increased the Kaiser's disgust at his relative's stupidity, for, of course, the Bismarck organ insists that the Duke was the ambassador of the Emperor. I understand that an indignant Imperial letter was sent respecting the mistake of officiousness!

Mr. Glazebrook, the new broom at Clifton College, is earning immense unpopularity among the boys by the clean sweep he is making of many venerable privileges. One of the most ancient rights of a public-school boy is to decorate his own room as he pleases. But Mr. Glazebrook thinks otherwise, and the other day made a tour of inspection through his house. All the photographs of pretty actresses and Society beauties, and all the *genre* pictures in which the female form divine appeared, he ruthlessly tore down and confiscated. Schoolboys are the most conservative beings on earth; and the "Bogie-Man," as he is already nicknamed, is a root-and-branch reformer.

FOYLE BREWERY.

P. & J. O'MULLIN
HALIFAX, N. S.

Brewers, Maltsters and Bottlers
Sole Manufacturers of KRAIZER BEER.

N. B.—FAMILY ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

THOMAS P. CONNORS

Custom Tailor,

55 BARRINGTON ST., Cor. Sackville, HALIFAX, N. S.

C. W. HAYWARD & CO

Brewers and Bottlers.

XX & XXX ALES AND BROWN STOUT.

Family Orders promptly attended to.

Telephone, 1

JOHN F. KELLY.

Manufacturer of all grades of HARNESS and COLLARS

Horse Boots, Horse Clothing, &c. Importer and Dealer in Saddlery, Patent and Harness Leathers, Harness Makers' Supplies, &c.

33 and 35 BUCKINGHAM ST., - - HALIFAX, N. S.

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Gentlemen's Furnishing Shop

105 GRANVILLE STREET.

First-Class English Goods. Boys' Clothing in Newest Styles.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

F. C. ELLIOT

Fashionable Hats and Fur

C. S. LANE, 113 GRANVILLE ST.

Trunks & Valises at Factory Prices

W. W. HOWELL & CO

Machinists,

121 & 123 LOWER WATER STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

ISAAC DURLING,

BEST QUALITY OF

Beef, Lamb, Mutton, Veal, Corned Beef, Corned Tongue and Pa
ALWAYS ON HAND.

64 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

The Ladies' Column.

London Society has come to be such a heterogeneous mass that, as a class, it takes little or no notice of Lent, but dances and sings, eats and drinks, and generally makes merry, while the select few are wearing their most sombre (and truth compels me to add, their oldest) dresses and assisting at those interminable services which practically culminate with the "Tenebræ," which I am bound to say I like immensely, because of Lord Beaconsfield's splendid description in "Lothair"—you will remember the chapter wherein he speaks of "the rushing noise, as of a wind," the darkness, the knocking, and so on. Here in London, we have no Pere Monsabre to caution us about our *mignons peches*, and so it happens that the Forty Days come and go pretty much as the other parts of the year; indeed, the violins have been going of late almost as merrily as prior to Shrove Tuesday.

But, as I do not (nor, I am sure, would you) wish my *causerie* to take the form, however remotely, of a Lenten homily, I will pass from the atmosphere of reflection and memories to that of fact and mundane gossip. *In primis*, let me tell you, on high authority, that gold and jet will be universally employed this spring; gold especially is the favorite of the moment. Most of the black tulle and nets destined for evening gowns and trimmings are beaded with gold and put over gold tinsel; the effect is perfectly charming. What an exquisite ball dress clouds of black net and chiffon, powdered or streaked with gold, would make a fair woman, to whom very light shades would be hardly necessary.

While on the subject of gold, and fully appreciating it in the right place, let me warn you against those gold cloth—they look more like paper—shoes. I saw some the other day, and I assure you they struck me as being dreadfully vulgar. If you want gold-colored shoes, have them in satin, or better still, in morocco. By the way, I see that some of the evening shoes are being gorgeously embroidered with gold and stones; though I do not think ladies will take to them, as they will soon find out that these absurdly over-ornamented shoes enlarge their dainty feet. There is nothing like the plain satin or morocco shoe, with a tiny bow or a single stone, to give a pretty shape to the foot.

I notice with great satisfaction that for day dresses the former vogue for neutral tints, so gratifying to the eye, is gradually being revived. During the last few years we have grown so accustomed to these dark, dull, indefinable shades that we very reluctantly took to the crude, glaring colours which were introduced at the beginning of the winter as a change, though they soon threatened to become a permanent innovation. Dame Fashion, however, capricious as she is represented to be, wills it at present that we shall do as we please, and only wear what is beautiful and becoming, and the great majority of the worshippers at her shrine have declared that we can return to the old blue, *vieux rose*, old copper and the undecided hues, with the certainty of being what our Gallic sisters would call "*dernier genre*."

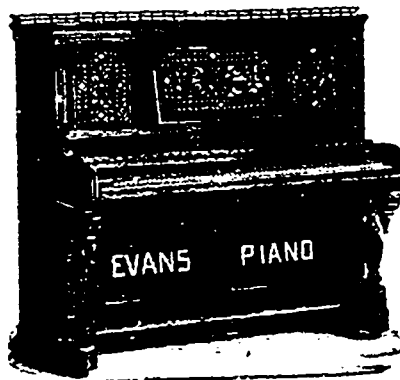
You must not suppose, however, that bright colours are altogether banished from our toilettes; on the contrary, it is very *chic* and tasteful to give one's costume a gay note by the discreet introduction of some contrasting shade in the hat; only, do not fail to remember that the principal tint thereof must be dark, for too much brilliancy would ruin the effect. What could be prettier for bonnets and hats than the combination of electric blue, or of eglantine, or of any of the new shades of pink and red velvet, with a good brown; or of mauve with deep violet or yellow? While amber and every shade of yellow, bright blue, pink, and red, with black is not less beautiful. As I told you last week, black predominates in millinery, and quite the prettiest hats I have seen either in London or elsewhere were in black, very sparsely trimmed with one of the modish hues of velvet. Bonnets continue to be small and becoming. The newest are made of net, sprinkled indiscriminately with gold.

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Provincial Notes.

YARMOUTH.—We have no social gatherings to chronicle this week, nor are we likely to have until Lent is over. We are, however, looking hopefully forward to a number of festivities after Easter.

Several weddings are in prospect, two of our young ladies being about to leave us, and assume the onerous duties of "minister's wives." Of course they are leaving Yarmouth, as it is a well-known fact that, with one or two exceptions there are no eligible men here, these exceptions are armed so strongly with O. B. that the girls "pass by them as the idle wind which they respect not."

The Presbyterian Congregation have at last decided on a successor to Mr. Rogers, and have extended an almost unanimous call to the Rev. E. D. Miller of Lunenburg. A man well-known for his genial character, able and effective preaching, and diplomatic tact. The church is to be congratulated on their choice.

Yarmouth is to have a newspaper. We are wondering whether it will copy OUR SOCIETY, *Mercury* and *Progress*. We already have almost daily papers; some of which are devoted almost exclusively to Patent Medicine and Government Ads. However, "there is always room for one more" in everything, and as spring advances and people begin to wash their windows, build new pig styes, kill pigs of abnormal size, and carry sundry and divers articles to the editor's table, there will be no lack of interesting items for friends abroad, not to mention the hungry souls who are looking forward eagerly from week to week for their literary (?) pap. We had the pleasure lately of perusing quite an exclusive little sheet from which we take the liberty of quoting the following items, which though not exactly society items may perhaps interest some of the learned Pedagogues who we have not a doubt, scan your paper in search of edifying news, and if these do not suit them they must indeed be hard to please.

(Rockville), Mr. John Smith has recently shingled the seat of his pants, which is quite an improvement to our village.

The second, presumably an ode to the return of spring, appeals to all our finest sympathies. Its rhythm is like the music of an Æolian harp and runs thus:—

" 'Tis midnight, and the setting sun,
Is rising in the wide wide West,
The rapid rivers slowly run;
The fog is on his downy rest,
The pensive ghost, and sportive cow,
Hilarious hop from bough to bough."

The *Mercury* evidently wants to fight with somebody, though it does not exactly like to call them out. It probably thinks that in newspapers as well as in clubs, "There is none that's so useful and suiting its ideas, as those that exist by disputing." The remark overheard on the street, of the lady who didn't want "Society" because there was no fight in it, reminds me of a remark made here by a lady, who said "she always liked to read the T-S because there were such horrid things in it, but of course no one believed any of them." With your everchanging society, matchmaking mammas, and scores of eligible men, there should be enough gossip for half a dozen papers like *Mercury* and OUR SOCIETY. Christianity would have been at a standstill years ago, had not men like Paine, Ingersoll and many others of that stamp, compelled its adherents to take up the cudgels against them in its defence. Even the wisest of men enjoy a little gossip and nonsense now and then, and in fact society would be nothing without it. The principal object (perhaps not expressed, but understood) of reading clubs, sewing circles, clubs, etc., is gossip, though each member would be horrified to hear it embodied in so many words, or rather in that one word. And as "competition is always the life of trade," so SOCIETY and *Mercury* will only stimulate each other: what one does not find out the other will, and so long as they are flavored with what Sir Henry Drummond calls, "The greatest thing in the world," they will find a welcome in every home.

TRURO.—Hon. J. W. Longley paid us a flying visit on Saturday last while here he was the guest of Dr. J. B. Hall.

Mrs. Hodson, of Amherst, is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. B. Cummings.

Mr. J. Miller, of the Bank of British North America, returned to St. John on Friday last much improved in health.

Mrs. Henry Blair entertained quite a number of young people at whist on Thursday evening.

Dr. Stuart, of Pictou, was in town on Friday visiting his friends at "Raven's Craig."

Mr. Seymour E. Gourley has purchased the handsome house of Mr. D. B. Cummings. Everyone is on the *qui vive* to know who is going to love, honor and obey. Mrs. Grundy knows all about it, but she is not going to tell "how the organ got into the kirk, or show anyone the way Grandma danced the minuet."

Our very popular doctor, W. S. Muir, anticipates leaving very soon for England for the purpose of attending a course of lectures in London. He will be absent some months. We wish him a pleasant time and a safe return, "for he's a jolly good fellow."

The young ladies were particularly sad at the departure of Mr. D. Holmes of the Merchants' Bank. But we know there is little use in mourning departed joys, and therefore gladly welcome Mr. Dimock, who fills the vacant place. I feel assured that with such a popular bank manager as Mr. M. Dickie is, our new friend will find this the best bank and the nicest place he has yet been in.

Drs. Campbell and Yorston returned from England last week where they have been taking a special course in one of the medical colleges in London. Both young men are looking hale and hearty. Dr. Campbell will remain a few weeks at his home in "Roseland," and then proceed to Montreal to resume his practice.

WINDSOR.—The sharp March winds at the beginning of the week gave us one more hard evening at the rink on Tuesday. Many availed themselves of the opportunity, and the ice was crowded. I have not witnessed so many falls in the rink this winter as occurred on this evening. The ubiquitous small boy was the cause of many, but it was the small boys evening, for was there not to be a mile race for boys under fourteen? At about 9.30 p.m. the skaters were ordered off the ice, and took their stand in the gallery and on the encircling benches, while the snow was swept off and prepared for the race. During these preliminaries the four competitors skated round amid the admiring plaudits of the audience. If there had only been an emperor there, one could well imagine these sturdy little chaps coming before the imperial party, and with uplifted caps and reverent attitude uttering the *Ave Imperator! munituri salutant!* But as no emperor was forthcoming—the highest official present being the band-master—they refrained. At length the signal was given, and our four heroes started off at an impossible pace. Alas! one man fell in the first round and retired from the contest. The other three held on their course nobly till there was another fall, but this little fellow was up again in a moment and pluckily followed his now distant brethren. From this time the sympathy of the spectators was with this struggling knight—Bendler by name. Encouraged by the cheering shouts of the onlookers he spurred and obtained second place, and was pushing Master Ralph Smith very hard for first place when the goal was reached. Master Smith was thus declared victor of the hardy skated contest. During this race the enthusiasm of the onlookers ran very high, and the remaining portion of the evening seemed very tame and uninteresting.

Mrs. Russell, with her three children, left Windsor last week on a visit to her sisters in Toronto and Paris, Ontario. Her little daughter Evelyn had a nasty fall a short time ago and broke her arm. She is fortunately recovering rapidly, and was able to undertake the journey. Mrs. Russell intends being away for about three months.

Rev. F. W. Vroom, Professor of Divinity at King's College, conducted both services at Kentville on Sunday last, on account of the continued ill health of the rector of that parish.

Lent term closes at King's College at the end of this week. The Collegiate Boys' School and Edgell break up for the Easter holidays on Wednesday of next week.

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CHARLOTTETOWN.—In the lull following upon the excitement of the election, and in the quiet preceeding the busy and gay season of Easter, there seems to be little if any news to note from Charlottetown. The Irish people are celebrating the annual festival of their Patron Saint by a mass at the Roman Cathedral, a procession and a concert, but beyond the last named entertainment there is nothing public except one or two lectures.

The Rector of St. Paul's lectured a few nights ago before the Natural History Society upon "Plants and their Uses," and Mr. A. A. Bartlett repeated his lecture "Footsteps of Burns" in St. Paul's schoolroom as one of a course of lectures for the Sunday school library. Mr. R. R. Fitzgerald follows next Friday in "A Scrap from Early Canadian History."

Last Friday afternoon Mrs. Carvell invited about twenty of her personal friends to drink a cup of tea quietly with her at Government House. An informal little gathering, all the better for the informality.

Curling is almost at an end, but still the game goes on. On Monday last a further battle was waged in the series of games President vs. Vice-President. At the present writing the score stands one in favor of the Vice-President.

Dr John T. Jenkins is out in print with a card to the electors of the City of Charlottetown with a view to succeeding Mr. Blake, who resigned his seat to contest the county at the late general election. This is an independent move on the part of the doctor, who may yet find an opponent upon his own side of politics (hitherto Conservative) the choice of the representatives of the party. With the government barely in majority in the House, the coming local elections will probably be a desperate struggle for return to power as against remaining in power.

Mr. Vinnicombe announces a concert by his orchestral club in April.

Rev. Fred. E. J. Lloyd, conductor of the Philharmonic Society, has gone for a short visit to his father, Rev. Thomas Lloyd, of Port Mulgrave, N. S., who has spent several weeks upon the Island.

Miss Minnie Palmer has returned to Charlottetown from Biddeford, and will leave with John Richards for England early in April.

Mr. Justice Hensley, with Mrs. and Miss Hensley, have abandoned their intended visit to England for the present.

The Fan Drill practices continue. The young ladies have advanced so far as to use their fans with a great deal of grace and execution. The particulars of the play which is to be acted the same evening are jealously guarded by those who have the arranging of it, and the uncertainty about the final details of the costume to be worn at the Drill, is much too delicious to be done away with by settling the matter at once definitely.

A storm is raging as I write. Storms to you have no terror beyond their own unpleasantness. To us they mean delay of mails for days at a time, then a budget to be read, and newspapers full of ancient history.

The "Stanley" is crossing again, and voyagers have to face the alternative of the hardships of the ice boats, or a possible sojourn of weeks in the Straits. If all Canadians were Islanders, we would soon have the Tunnel. Ex-Senator Howlan has by no means abandoned his battle to give this to us, for, undaunted by his late defeat, I believe he is still actively prosecuting his endeavours to connect our isolated province with the mainland. We will then have Our Society on Saturday evening instead of Thursday or Friday of next week. This one consideration alone ought to win for us your indulgence, if we seem to be forever preaching about our present burning question.

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Do you read "OUR SOCIETY." - If not you are in ignorance of this "A.I." and unaware that "Doughty's Voice Lozenges" are patronized by the leading Speakers and Singers of the day. Signor Tommaseo Salvini says: "The other night when my voice would have otherwise failed I was able to accomplish my duty to the very last in "Othello," which I owe entirely to your Voice Lozenges." These Lozenges are sold at the

LONDON DRUG STORE, 147 Hollis Street, by J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist.

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NIGHT CLERK ON THE PREMISES.

TELEPHONE CALL 153.

Sporting Notes.

Some grooms, and many horse-dealer and stable attendants, are in the habit of giving horses doses of arsenic in order to produce a glossy surface on the coats of all the animals. It should be well understood that it is absolutely illegal to administer a poisonous drug for such a purpose, or for any purpose other than medicinal. The Lincolnshire magistrates, at Spalding, have been inflicting heavy fines upon horsekeepers who have been found using arsenic, and two have been sent to prison for twenty-one days. The arsenic is not used maliciously, but generally with an honest idea of making the horses smart in appearance. Nevertheless, be it known to whom it may concern that the practice is cruel and illegal, and that the R. S. P. C. A., is "down upon it."

Colonel North must have been thoroughly satisfied with the meeting at Alcester, for he also won the Waterloo Purse with Simonian. He certainly has spent money very freely in buying and training his dogs, and I doubt, notwithstanding the bets he has won, if the credit balance would be a large one. But, of course, the Colonel wants the fame and not the money, of which he is supposed to have more than he can possibly spend in the ordinary way if he lives another quarter of a century.

It was a notable fact that the winners respectively of the Cup Plate and Purse had the same sire, Greentick, who was on the ground and was the centre of a remarkable group. Another interesting fact was that the final quartette in the Cup, as well as the winner of the Purse, had the Northumbrian bitch, Gallant Foe, as grand or great grandam. Fullerton's price when bought by Colonel North in 1888 was 850 guineas, which was the largest sum ever paid for a grayhound at an auction; but what price would the Colonel demand for him now? The dog will, all being well, run again next year. He will then be only the same age as Master McGrath when the latter secured the last of his three Cups. A point for debate is which is the greater dog—Fullerton, with two wins and a division, or Master McGrath, who won three times, with an interval between the second and third victories?

A correspondent sends me the playbill of the recent amateur performance at the Meiningen Palace. This is how it reads:—

Monsieur Hercules By G. BELLY.

Mahlmann (Director of a Boarding-school)	Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen.
Ernestine (his daughter)	Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen (Princess Royal of Prussia).
Maus (teacher)	Baron von Ruxleben.
Schreyer (circus manager)	Count Schack, 1st Lieutenant Guards.
Cesar (Hercules)	Prince Henry of Prussia.
August (waiter)	Baron von Kies, Rear Admiral.
Hanne (maid-of-all-work)	Princess Margaret of Prussia.

Prince Henry provoked wild hilarity by his pranks as an alleged "strong man." The role of Princess Margaret as maid-of-all-work seems to be especially appropriate to her, considering that she has alternately succeeded in becoming engaged to most of the unmarried princes of Europe—according to the newspapers, at least.

E. Ekin, who comes from Clifton College, Bristol, is one of the most promising freshmen in the long-distance running way that Cambridge has ever had. At Queen's College Sports on Saturday, he finished first from scratch in the Three Miles Strangers' Handicap, doing the distance in 15 min. 14 1-5th seconds—time which a Cambridge "Fresher" has never approached under similar conditions before.

A POLITICAL SIMOON.

A simoon of this kind, made up of lying, slandering, broken vows and rum galore, has been rushing through the land. Fortunately the worst is past and all seem to be sobering up, both physically and morally, so that within a measurable distance we may be expected to stand dressed in that pristine virtue for which we are—save at election time—noted.

Why is it that men who at other times are honest, respectable citizens should at election times show the very worst passions that are inherent to human beings? How they apologise to themselves, and turn mental somersaults to try and convince themselves that they are descending to means unworthy of a man for the good of their country! Conscience tells them a very different tale: it says: "You lie! What do you care for your country? You are working for a party, and through that for self-interest." Do not think for one moment it is the men who are alone to blame; far from it, the women are just as bad: there are no lengths they will not go to secure the return of husband, brother, or one perhaps dearer than either. Only look at that decollete-headed, blase old voter, who under the influence of a becoming blush and downcast eyelids has given his vote into the safe keeping of dear little Mrs. —. On his departure notice that tow-headed masher, revelling in the happiness of using his first vote, who on his hand coming into contact with that of his hostess feels such a thrill that his vote is gone in a moment, and whatever little sense he ever had has gone with it. Oh, you two fools, for a week after the election you may get a salutation of a kind, but after that no recognition of any description, and woe betide you if you dare to remember that sweet smile or that pressure of the hand on polling day!

There is a wonderful kind of biped that is *en evidence*—very much so, in fact—about election time. We have met him often in everyday life, and never thought much of him, except that he was fairly harmless. But now we find him blossoming out as a political canvasser, or rather, he attends to the commissariat department, which may be summed up in the word RUM. I believe that the man who is entrusted with the greatest amount of this beverage is considered a boss by his brethren. Whether this is because he is considered more honest, or that he can drink more with impunity than his fellows I cannot say. I suppose that these self-styled politicians do occasionally speak on some other subject than that of rum, and if so, no doubt they take their several leaders as guides as to the language to be used; but while a leader might content himself with remarking of his opponent that "he was a vile perverter of the truth," his agent might not be satisfied with such chaste language, and would be more likely to denounce him as "an infamous liar." Now, what earthly good are these men? It seems to be a conceded fact that they go to these places just for the purpose of distributing liquor and dollars. What a travesty Nova Scotia is on a free enlightened country! There are stringent laws made to prevent this, and the country makes of itself a laughing stock by not enforcing them. I should think that Nova Scotia is blessed—or damned—by more laws than any country of its size, and chiefly remarkable for the infinitesimal portion that are carried out to the letter. There is not a right-thinking man in Halifax to-day who, now that the excitement is over, does not deprecate the scenes witnessed and act-committed during the late election. UNIQUE.

FARMER, with gun, who had just put up a sign. "To Trespassers—Prepare for Eternity":—"I kinder like the idee, somehow or other. It has a religious feelin' running through it, and at the same time means business."

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SITTINGS BY APPOINTMENT.

Answers to Correspondents.

The Editors will be pleased to answer any queries under this heading, but should answers be required by post a fee of 10 cents must accompany the inquiry. All queries must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

SRB: *En pekin* is the exact French equivalent to "in mufti," i.e., out of uniform, in plain clothes. Apropos of pekin there is a good story told of Talleyrand. An officer who had kept him waiting said as an excuse that he had been detained by some *pekins*. "Indeed," said Talleyrand, "what might that mean?" "Oh," replied the officer, "we call everyone who is not *military* a pekin." "And *we*?" replied Talleyrand, "call every one military who is *civil*."

R A: The *Scavenger's Daughter* was a peculiar instrument of torture; the name is a corruption of Skevington's, so called from its inventor, Skevington, lieutenant of the Tower of London under Henry VIII. It consists of a broad hoop of iron in two parts fastened together with a hinge. The victim was made to kneel while the hoop was passed under his legs; he was then squeezed gradually till the hoop could be got over his back, where it was fastened.

TONY:—The English Prime Ministers during the present reign are:—Viscount Melbourne (1835), Sir Robert Peel (1841), Lord John Russell (1846), Earl of Derby (1852), Earl of Aberdeen (1852), Lord Palmerston (1855), Derby (1858), Palmerston (1859), Earl Russell (1865), Derby (1866), Disraeli (1868), Gladstone (1868), Disraeli (1874), Gladstone (1880), Salisbury (1885), Gladstone (1886), Salisbury (1886). Gladstone has held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer longer than any other man in this century, viz: under Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston (twice), and Lord Russell, as well as in two of his own ministries.

H. S.:—We have not heard anything definite about the Panama Canal for a long time, and cannot tell you for certain what plans are on foot. Operations were suspended some time ago simply for want of funds to carry them on. There was never any real difficulty in getting workmen, who swarmed from all the corners of the earth, and were not deterred by the fact that a very large proportion were killed off by the climate. In fact, the whole pretext of the stoppage was want of funds. We will try and get you definite information:—possibly some of our readers will supply it.

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Children's and Infants' White-Wear, damaged by Water at late fire will be sold on Tuesday, Wednesday, Feb'y 11th, at Ladies' Emporium, A. O'Connor.

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MISS: Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a Carbuncle. 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

Sent for a Gold or Silver Wish-bone Pin, \$1.00 to \$5.00, and 2, 3, 4, 5 strand Fine Silver Cut Bangles. Gold ones with Moon Stone

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