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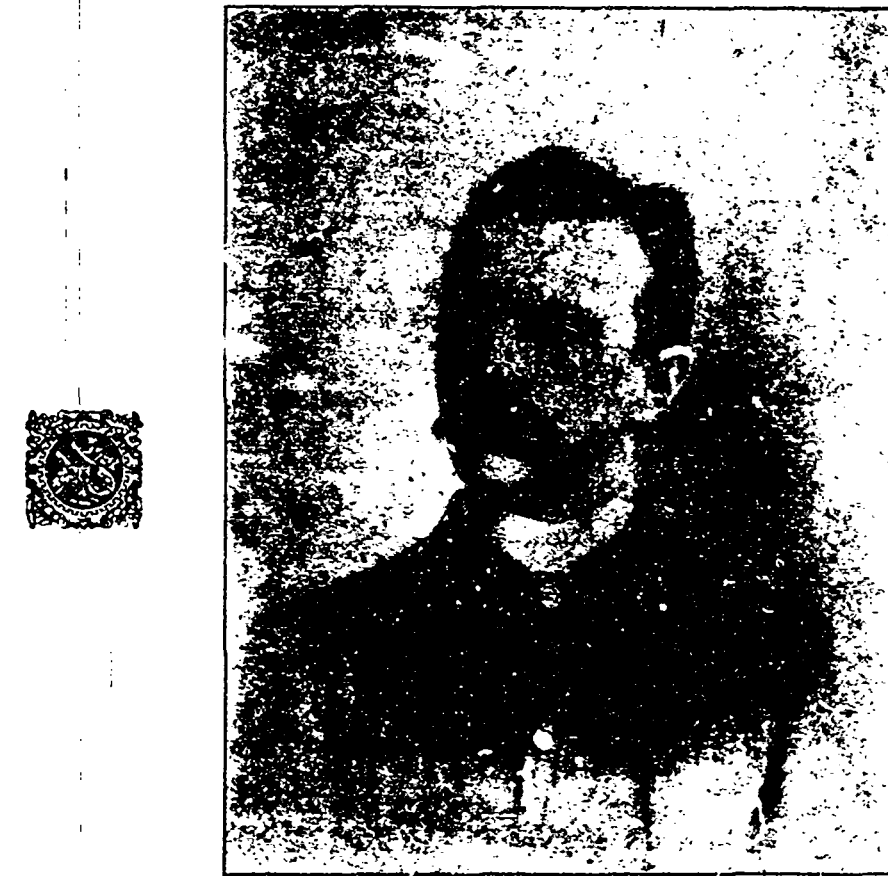
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THE Democrat's creed for the glory of his native land is surely a logical and true one. It is only by the destruction of its aristocracy that a country can become peerless.

THE Dean of Bristol is named Elliott, while the Bishop of the diocese is called Ellicott. When the latter was appointed, someone congratulated the Dean, but he sadly replied: "I am afraid there is a little mistake. I am Ellicott without the 'e' (ee).

THE way to become perfect is to follow the advice you give to others.

"A MAN may be a profit in his own country," observed a Jamaica gentleman, when he sold a nigger for thrice his original price.

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Society Notes.

Our expression "metaphorical wind-bladders" as applied to Society notes, seems to have given some amusement and perhaps a little offence. By the way, it is not our expression at all, it is used in one of the most amusing critiques ever written,—Carlyle's description of Coleridge,—in the Life of Sterling, unless we are mistaken. The book is worth buying, if only for the paragraph referred to. To return, however, it would be rather foolish of us to object to Society notes when there is anything to talk about; but during the latter part of Lent the thing *was* rather overdone. Please do not think, *Ino et alii* (or *alii*, if there be men so frivolous) that we do not want to hear your voices *now*. Saturday night would be dull without them. We must correct one very natural little error made by Ino in her good-natured remarks about OUR SOCIETY: we have many writers, and many correspondents—regular and irregular; but we have at present but *one* editor, who, though he cannot undertake to be infallible, will always be found ready to make amends for any injustice that may be done through the carelessness of his supporters.

Have we ever "yelped" at anyone? If the charge had been made in a less glaringly vulgar way, we should be inclined to resent it; but as it is, let it pass. We have given a few hints, and we have made a little skit, which some people seem to consider not without humour, but *yelp*,—never! Try and be a little more *ladylike*, sweet Beatrice.

A round trip in one of H. M. Troopers must be a delightful experience, though for anyone whose time is valuable we would not commend this means of transit. Take for instance the present trip of the *Orontes*. Leaving Portsmouth on Feb. 11th, she planned to call at the following places:—Bermuda, Feb. 25th, Halifax, March 3, Jamaica, March 16th, Barbadoes, March 24th, Ascension, April 12th, St. Helena, April 15th, Cape Town, April 25th, Durban, May 9th, Simon's Bay, May 14th, St. Helena, May 24th, Ascension, May 27th, St. Vincent, June 3rd, Madeira, June 10th, and back again at Portsmouth, June 17th. The trip from Halifax to Jamaica was simply perfect, with fine weather and water like a mill pond, which is more than anyone expected at this time of the year. Captains Suft and Gore, with Messrs. Beecher, Exshaw, Parsons, Fraser and Grimley went ashore at Jamaica, and had a march of 15 miles to their quarters. They started at 2 a. m. and reached quarters about 8, the heat during the greater part of the march being intense. The younger officers were fairly played out when they arrived, and were somewhat cheered later on in the day by the sight of some of their fellow-officers, who rode up from the ship to say good-bye; but when the actual leave-taking was over, they felt very like having a good cry. No doubt they have recovered by now, and are looking round in search of amusement and gaiety; not so easy to find in that part of the world. The quarters are in an excellent situation, and healthy enough, but miles from everywhere. The ship experienced the same perfect weather on the way to Barbadoes, and those on board did their best to make merry and be joyful. The night before their arrival the sailors got up a Nigger Minstrel performance, after which a dance took place in the saloon, to the music of the West Riding Band. We are glad to hear that the Militaire was not left out of the programme. The weather at Barbadoes was decidedly warm,—90° in the shade.

The Society list has become famous even—we presume—beyond the expectations of its author. It has also been used by our enterprising contemporary in St. John, with the result that men have received extra sample copies of *Progress* addressed to relations long since dead, or to wives that have never existed. And last, but not least, it has been made the text of a sermon—and a very good sermon, too—by the Rev. Mr. Gregory. It is not often that Halifax gets excited over a sermon, but the demand for last

Monday's *Echo* was certainly brisker than usual, and all on account of Mr. Gregory's view—not exactly original, but very originally expressed—on Aristocracy. "The gospel that we need is the gospel of character" says the preacher, that we are with him, from first to last. But we cannot think that *Society*, in a place like Halifax, can ever be synonymous with *Aristocracy*, the fact of getting asked to a few afternoon teas gives the entree into the one, while even the most light-headed would hardly consider it a qualification for the other. Unless we are in a state of moral decay, persons of all denominations, professors and teachers should, lead the aristocracy,—if these are not better than the average, we were far better without them. Unless the whole system is rotten, our judges, doctors and legislators should, without exception, have a place; for if the state is not managed by the *aristoi*, it were better not managed at all.

However, this is somewhat Utopian, while Mr. Gregory is common-sense and practical. Nevertheless, we would that someone would publish a list of our *Aristocracy*. There would perhaps, be this remarkable likeness between this list and the former one; that whereas many men appeared in the former only to keep their wives company; still more women would appear in the latter to keep their husbands in countenance.

There is one point in the sermon on which we cannot quite agree: "Money" says the preacher, "makes one none the worse, none the better. Possibly not, in the exact sense in which this was said, but our own general experience is that most men are the worse for having money, and few the better," while many men are the worse for want of money, and very, *very* few the better, and these latter few—very few—the best of the whole lot.

Mr. Gregory is a Darwinian at heart. This to us is a strong recommendation. When a man follows Darwin, he has usually done a great deal of thinking, and threshed the matter out. When a woman proclaims herself a Darwinian, she is, as a rule, a humbug, and does so for the sake of being considered *bizarre*. Not that all thinking men are Darwinians; do not mistake us;—we simply mean that the current and popular ideas about the teaching of the keenest observer that ever lived are so ludicrously exaggerated, that no sane man could possibly accept them without thoroughly threshing the matter out for himself.

There is no subject on which there is such urgent need to have more said from our pulpits and popular lecture-chairs as that of Darwinism, and the sooner this is recognized the better. What is said may be for, or against; so long as it is said honestly and intelligently, it is for the better.

We all know why a miller wears a white hat, but there is a different reason why a similar head covering should be worn by coachmen in Germany. The doctors there have determined that their jehus shall all appear in white hats of a similar pattern, so that a doctor's carriage may be instantly recognized in the streets. So when you are now in Berlin you can hail your medicine man as certainly as though he were a green "Atlas" or a blue "Waterloo." It is funny, but it is not half a bad idea.—*Ex.*

Cambridge House Magazine

(QUARTERLY.)

No. 6 Contains:

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School Compositions.
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Poems, etc.

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Our correspondent "Musieus" adopts what is decidedly a new strain in the dramatic criticism if may be so called of Halifax. The only objection we have to raise is that it comes rather rough on the Grau Company to make them the scape-goats, so to speak, as they are certainly quite as good as—if not better than—the average company that visits us. We quite agree with our correspondent, however, in thinking that things would go better, both for the public and for the management of the Academy, if something like fair criticism could be revived again, but at the same time we do not think that Halifax is either large enough or wealthy enough to support a first-class company more than once every few years, and we do not see that this fact is in any way discreditable to our city; as there is not, to our knowledge, any town of the same size in Canada, England, or the States, that can afford to invite first-class companies any more frequently. Mr. Clark and the Grau Company have at least the satisfaction of knowing that while two or three may complain that they were led to expect a first-class company, and were disappointed, some thousands have spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening at the Academy during the past fortnight, and have been completely satisfied.

A special meeting of the Wanderers was held at the Halifax hotel last night, when it was unanimously passed that any Haligonian in the Imperial service shall be eligible for membership.

The Hon. J. W. Longley's article in last month's *Fortnightly* has excited a great deal of comment and even his political opponents must grant that it is cleverly written and by no means bigoted. The paragraph that strikes us most forcibly is the following:—

"The people of Great Britain can view with complacency the creation of an effective navy by the United States as well as Canada. Blood is thicker than water, and whatever little family jars may now and then occur between those English-speaking people, if the day should ever come when British interest and honour were in real peril, owing to European combinations, depend upon it the star-spangled banner, floating proudly from the masts of American warships, would be found floating beside the glorious old Union Jack. This, perhaps, sounds too pretty, but it is not Utopian."

No, we do not think it is Utopian; it is simply human-nature,—where do you find fiercer intestine battles than among a family of growing boys? and where do you find closer alliance against the attacks of outsiders than those same brothers in later life? "Let brotherly love continue," saith the Scripture, and it *does* continue to the world's end, but not without a little internal friction occasionally.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Isabella Nicholson of St. John to Mr. F. W. Black Barnes, R. N. The ceremony takes place in Trinity Church on the 22nd inst., and a reception will be held afterwards at the residence of Mrs. Murray MacLaren, a sister of the bride. Mr. Barnes came to Halifax in the Oregon on Saturday, and left for St. John on Tuesday morning.

A quiet but pretty little ceremony took place at St. Luke's Cathedral on Thursday morning, when Mr. John Brown and Miss Annie Marvin, daughter of the late Mr. Nelson Marvin, were united in happy wedlock, Mr. Fred. R. Brown was best man, and Miss Mary Marvin, bridesmaid, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. B. King. The bride, who wore a travelling dress of brown cloth, was given away by her brother, Captain Arthur Marvin. Mr. and Mrs. Brown drove out to Bedford immediately after the service, whence they took the train for the west.

The Attorney-General has cards out for an official dinner on Monday the 20th. Mrs. Longley is looking much better since her return from St. Margaret's Hall, though she is not yet equal to task of entertaining.

The Rev. W. B. King will preach at St. Luke's Cathedral on Sunday morning. The evening preacher will probably be one of the Cathedral staff. The anthem at Evensong, will be St. Peter's, *They have taken away my Lord.*

Lord Gifford, who was well-known in Halifax, when his father, the Earl of Clanwilliam, was at Admiralty House, has been promoted lieutenant, and is appointed to the *Victoria*.

Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, late aide-de-camp to Sir John Ross, visited the Queen during her visit to Grasse, and did "homage" to Her Majesty as Empress of India.

Rev. Mr. Slipper, who for three years past has been Rector of Eastern Passage, expects soon to return permanently to England.

The Mother Superior of the great Order of St. Margaret, commonly called the East Grinstead Sisterhood, is spending a short time in Halifax, visiting the Sisters who are doing such good work at the Church Hospital.

The Chebucto Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen is giving a Social in the C. E. Institute, on Tuesday next.

A ridiculous report has got abroad that Miss Laurens is to take Miss Laine's place in Halifax. Those who make it their business to start these tales will no doubt hit the right nail on the head some day; this is the second shot during the last month. While giving Miss Laurens full credit for her beautiful voice, and her power to "bring the house down" in an opera, we do not think that as an all-round singer she would compare favorably with our old favorite, while it is extremely improbable that she would ever take Miss Laine's place as an "educator"—to borrow an Americanism.

On Monday Mrs. Jim Morrow and Mrs. J. F. Kenny, were at home to a large number of fashionables, who came to say fare-well to these two charming Halifax hostesses. The day being fine there were many smart toilets worn.

Tuesday being the first really spring day, drew all the smart world out to the arm region, added to the fact that Mrs. Kenny of Thornvale had a small tea.

Wednesday being such a dismal, dreary and somewhat stormy day, prevented most people from venturing out to attend the tea given by Mrs. Wm. Duffus, as a farewell to her daughter Mr. Middlemass. But still there were a goodly number present, for the same reason prevented those who were there from wearing their new spring bonnets and new spring gowns. In spite of all this, it was one of the most enjoyable functions that have been given for a long time.

On Thursday all the gay world turned up in force at Mr. Duffus', Kent St., for an afternoon tea likewise. This time it was to welcome the arrival of Capt. Duffus, R. A. Many bright spring gowns were worn, and the fashionable hats bedecked with flowers of many hues, made the scene a particularly bright one. In spite of the crowd, people seemed to enjoy themselves, if one can judge by the chatter and noise. It would be impossible to particularize about the dresses worn, when there were so many that ought to be noticed.

This afternoon (Friday) Mrs. Geoffrey Morrow had a small and smart tea.

Mr. and Miss Baker of Yarmouth are at the Halifax Hotel being in town for the session of the Legislative Council.

Among the passengers to Bermuda in the "Alpha" were: His Grace the Archbishop, Father Murphy and Mrs. Russell Twining and child.

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The Committee of the Riding Ground has issued its programme for the races to be held on June 21st. It differs a little from that of last year, the difference being in doing away with the pony hurdle race and substituting for it a handicap 1 1/2 mile for ponies. This is a good improvement and ought to bring more ponies in the field than the hurdles did and ought to make a good race. But it seems a pity to have no hurdle race whatever, for the crowd takes more interest in that kind of race, it generally being more amusing.

There are, we believe several horses coming down from Boston to try and keep the Riding Ground Cup, which was won by Dr. Hopkin's Sirocco, last year. Surely Halifax ought to be able to win back that cup and prevent its return to the States. The prospect of a good days racing seems fair, and with a new regiment and no doubt some new ponies we ought to see some large fields, and closely contested races.

Mignonette, the winner of the Pony Cup of last year will be prevented from racing this year, so we would not be surprised if the Pony Cup accompanied the Riding Ground Cup, and spent the next year at the Country Club in Boston, this ought not to be borne for the honor and credit of Halifax and Nova Scotia. It is a pity that a two days meeting could not be arranged, for if such a thing could be, it would bring a much better class of horses and ponies here, and better sport in every particular.

The cynical "Wrangler" or "Mangler" as Lady Jane prefers to call him said last Saturday that the advent of spring (good old phrase) can be detected by the presence of the Spring Band somewhere down near Stickle's Pond. (By the way does not this said band invariably play the Frogs March?) The more sentimental and romantic "Gaseous" thinks the appearance of the modest little mayflower a better herald. There are many other signs of the coming spring that thrust themselves before ones eyes just now, for instance the notices re removal of ashes and garbage that adorn the dead walls, or the gradual adoption of grayish yellow jackets by the ladies and ditt dittoes by the men. Another unmistakable sign is the fact that our Volunteers are now beginning to wake up from their winter's season, and that the drill season will shortly set in with its usual severity. The Drill Shed is alive with recruits receiving elementary instruction nightly. We hear a great deal about both the H. G. A. and the 63rd Regiment, but the 66th seem to keep themselves to themselves very much. This regiment has gone ahead under Col. Humphrey's regime, however. It now possesses a pioneer corps, an ambulance corps, and has retained the services of a color-sergeant of the Leicestershire Regiment to act as Drill Instructor. The non coms. are undergoing a furbishing up at his hands just now, and the parades of the regiment during the coming year will no doubt show good results on this account.

The officers of the Princess Louise's Fusiliers intend to give a smoking concert in the masonic Hall, at an early date.

There will, if the present arrangements are carried out, be a church parade of the 66th on Sunday the 24th of May.

The following promotions have been made in "F" Company 66th P. L. F.:-

Corp. H. Johnstone to be sergeant, L. Corp. Henderson to be corporal, Private Harrington to be lance corporal, Private A. Johnston to be lance corporal, Corp. Payne of the same company, is taking a three months course at the Royal School of Infantry at Fredericton.

A very select and dainty luncheon party was given by Mrs. Clarence Dimock of Windsor to her lady friends on Wednesday last, which we have heard pronounced as a great success in the way of entertainment. The guests were, Miss Machin, Miss Kidd, Mrs. O'Brien, Miss Maynard, Miss Hind and Miss Dimock. We are told many such social treats take place weekly, and the inmates of Claremont are noted for their hospitality.

Dartmouth has had a number of young folks parties this season. A very pleasant gathering took place on Thursday at the residence of Mr. James Simmonds. A large number of guests were present,

among those invited were, Miss Edith Weeks, Miss Janie and Miss Olga Allen, Miss Josie and Miss Helen Howe, Miss Maizie and Miss Winnie Bently, Miss Mabel and Master Harry Pyke, Master Sherry Birchell, Master Jack Allen, Master Edward Stevens, Miss Edith Elliot, Masters Frank and Arthur Creighton, and a number of others.

The last concert of the series at the Church of England Institute will take place next Friday evening. The principal performers are the "Lyric Quartette" - Mrs. Lear, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Sabieski and Mr. Blois. Mr. F. J. Tremaine and others will take part, and altogether the programme is at least as attractive as the preceding ones, which is saying a great deal. These concerts are, we understand, under the management of Mr. E. V. B. Foster, and have been completely successful, reflecting great credit on their promoters.

Dr. and Mrs. Fowler left in the "Damara" for London.

Dr. and Mrs. Wickwire and family are staying at the Halifax Hotel

Mr. J. T. Wylde is taking rooms at No. 87 Hollis St., during Mrs. Wylde's absence in England.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Reynolds and family are going to spend a week or two at the "Bedford" Hotel.

Mr. J. R. Henders on left to-day on a business trip to the States.

Mrs. J. E. Wilson of 31 Inglis Street, gave a party on Wednesday evening, which served the double purpose of welcoming Captain G. Duffus, and bidding good bye to Miss DesBarres.

Dr. A. J. and Mrs. Cowie and family, will take up their quarters at the Halifax Hotel for a few weeks, before proceeding to the Bedford Hotel.

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English Jottings.

The Archbishop of York told a good story the other day *apropos* of the ancient rivalry between York and Canterbury. Once upon a time, when the warfare was at its height, the two Archbishops chanced to enter a room together. The Archbishop of Canterbury, more agile than he of York, sprang forward and seated himself in the chair of state. His Grace of York, thereupon, having ascertained that there was in the room no other seat of equal dignity, deliberately seated himself on the knees of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and insisted upon remaining there, in spite of the frantic struggles of his rival, until the said rival relinquished the chair. Among the old records of Canterbury, to this day there is extant a decree of major excommunication—not a thing to be trifled with in mediæval communication—pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury against any person in his diocese who furnished a meal of meat to his brother of York and his chaplain, when they travelled southwards.

A curious story says *Modern Society* was told the other night at one of our most fashionable West-end clubs concerning the origin of the fortune of one of the best-known money-lenders of London. It appears that some eight or nine and twenty years ago, this enterprising Jew was a very poor man, travelling about the country dealing in cheap and imitation jewellery, which he would sell to servant girls and soldiers, and policemen, and people of that class. Luck, or as some would say fate, led him one day to certain barracks in Ireland where the regiment commanded by the daring, dauntless, devil-may-care, violent hero of Balaclava, the late Lord Cardigan, happened to be quartered.

The poor little Jew had not been long in the barrack-yard, peddling and hawking his wares to the private soldiers, when the commanding officer dashed in at full gallop, and swinging himself off his horse evidently in a terrible fury, strode toward the stone steps leading to the officers' quarters and sat down on them, frowning, as was his wont when angry, knitting his brows in a most fearful fashion, which no one who ever saw it can possibly forget—and assuming an expression which made his handsome face for the time being seem almost diabolical.

Not only his men, but his brother officers knew Lord Cardigan's Sheol-ic temper too well to think of speaking to him while his face showed the danger flag, but the little Jew advanced to where his lordship sat glaring, and began: "I beg your pardon, my Lord, but ——" Before he could get any further Lord Cardigan broke out into a torrent of invectives, calling him every horrible name, asking him if he knew the blank blank who the blank he had the blank audacity to speak to, and telling him if he did not clear out of the yard without any blank delay, he would blank well have him blankly kicked out.

The Jew waited until this terrible tempest had spent itself, and then he began again: "I beg your Lordship's pardon, but——;" and then again he was interrupted, this time by Lord Cardigan calling for two soldiers to turn the audacious and impertinent hawker out of the barrack-yard neck and crop. The soldiers had seized the Jew by the arms and were about to drag him away, when the little man turned to Lord Cardigan and at last succeeded in having his say: "I beg your pardon, my Lord; but what I wanted to say was this, that it is little short of madness for anyone in such a heated condition as your lordship is to sit down upon those cold stones."

"Good God! exclaimed Lord Cardigan, delighted not only with the man's commonsense, but more especially with his pluck and dogged determination to have his say *quand meme*—"Good God! you're right! I'm blanked if you're not! And you're a simple man and a blank plucky one, too. What's your name, and what are you doing here?" And thus speaking, Lord Cardigan arose and motioned to the soldiers to release the captive Hebrew. That wily worthy took good care to make the most of the situation, told Lord Cardigan all about himself; and, in fact, so improved the shining hour that the Balaclava hero bought out there and then all his stock in trade for the soldiers, took his name and address, and gave him the needed first start in life. Now, this imitation jewellery peddler, turned usurer, has grown so strong and powerful and rich, that he can easily give you a cheque for a quarter of a million in return for your simple I O U.

I always looked on the Civil Service examinations as being more or less a solemn and useless farce, and am confirmed in my idea when I hear that the united erudition of the Lincoln Post Office returned a letter addressed "A Monsieur L'Eveque de Lincoln" to the dead letter office with the endorsement "Not known. No person named Eveque resident here."

When Lord Jersey arrived in New South Wales, he underwent a peculiar experience. No sooner was he in Government House than he heard the well-known voice of Lord Carrington, his predecessor—whom he knew to be some thousands of miles away—bidding him a hearty welcome. Lady Carrington's voice, too, added a few graceful kindly words to her husband's greeting; and she was followed by the Earl of Hopetoun and the Countess of Kintore. Before leaving New South Wales, the ex-Governor and his friends had all spoken their welcomes into a phonograph, in which they had been carefully preserved.

One of the greatest cases ever tried in the English Courts will be that which has risen in connection with the acquisition of Manica by the South African Company. The territory, which is admittedly rich in gold, is claimed by the Mozambique Company, and they are assured by Sir Henry James that they have a good case. It seems a little strange that judges sitting in London should be called on to adjudicate concerning the ownership of a kingdom in Africa. That a great deal of time and money will be wasted is quite certain, but whether the Queen's writs run in the distant lands dealt with is extremely uncertain; even granting that the Mozambique Company obtain a verdict, how are they going to give it effect? A little war between the armed mercenaries of the rival companies could not be tolerated, and the British taxpayer might kick at the notion of sending out an expensive expedition to keep the peace between them. Meantime the British taxpayer will certainly grumble at the time of our overcrowded Courts of Justice being wasted on the disputes of two trading concerns, concerning a country which the Portuguese assert does not belong to us. Surely this ought to be a question for diplomacy first the litigation afterwards.

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AUNT PHÆBE'S HEIRLOOMS.

FROM THE ALGOSY.

We do not take to new ideas readily in Bishopsthorpe. Our fashions are always at least one season behind the times; it is only by a late innovation in post-office regulations that we are now enabled to get our London papers on the day of their publication, and a craze, social or scientific, has almost been forgotten by the fashionable world before it manages to establish any kind of footing in our neighborhood.

It therefore came upon us with more or less of a shock one morning a short time ago to find the walls of our sleepy little country town placarded with flaming posters announced that Prof. Dmitri Selamowsky intended to visit Bishopsthorpe on the following Friday, for the purpose of exhibiting in the Town Hall some of his marvellous powers in thought-reading, mesmerism, and hypnotism.

Stray rumors from time to time, and especially of late, had visited us of strange experiments in connection with these abstruse subjects, which were always received with incredulity mingled with compassion for such weak-minded persons as could be easily duped by the clever conjuring of paid charlatans.

This, at least, was very much the mental attitude of my Aunt Phæbe, and it was only under strong pressure from me and one or two others of the younger and more enterprising section of Bishopsthorpe society that she at last reluctantly consented to patronize the professor's performance in person.

Even at the last moment she almost failed us.

"I am getting too old a woman, my dear Elizabeth," she said to me as I was helping her to dress, "to leave my comfortable fireside after dinner for the sake of seeing second-rate conjuring."

"Indeed, it is good of you," I said, as I disposed a piece of soft old point lace in graceful folds round the neck of her black velvet dress; "but virtue will be its own reward, for I am sure you will enjoy it as much as any of us, and as for being old, that is all nonsense! Just look in the glass, and then say if you have the heart to cheat Bishopsthorpe of a sight of you in all your glory."

"You are a silly girl, Elizabeth!" said my aunt, and yet she did as suggested, and, walking up to the long pier-glass, looked at her reflection with a well-pleased smile. "Indeed," she continued, turning back to me where I stood by the dressing-table, "I think I am as silly as you are to rig myself out like this," and she pointed to the double row of large single diamonds I had clasped round her neck, and the stars of the same precious stones which twinkled and flashed in the lace of her cap.

"Come, Aunt Phæbe," I said, drawing down her hands, which had made a movement as though she would have taken off the glittering gauds, "you don't often give the good Bishopsthorpe folk a chance of admiring the Anstruther heirlooms. They look so lovely! Don't take them off, please! What is the use of having beautiful things if they are always hidden away in a jewellery case? There now," I went on, "I hear the carriage at the door; here is your fur cloak; you must wrap yourself up well, for it is a cold night," and so saying I muffled her up, and hustled her down stairs before she could remonstrate, even had she wished to do so.

The little Town Hall was already crowded when we arrived, but seats had been reserved for us in one of the front rows of benches. Many eyes were turned on us as we made our way to our places, for Aunt Phæbe was looked up to as one of the corner-stones of aristocracy in Bishopsthorpe, and I fancied that I caught an expression of relief on the faces of some of those present, who until the entertainment had been sanctioned by her presence had probably felt doubtful as to its complete orthodoxy. But, of course, I may have been wrong. Aunt Phæbe is always telling me I am too imaginative.

It seemed as though the professor had waited our arrival to begin the performance, for we had hardly taken our seats when the

(Continued on Page 11)

Theatrical Notes.

THE GRAU OPERA COMPANY.

DEAR SIR:—If you will allow me space, I should like to endeavor to give a candid criticism of the company at present playing in Halifax.

The first week of the Grau Opera Company was a good financial success, and on the whole the audiences were pleased by the performances, as a musical organization a great deal is to be desired while the acting and dresses are decidedly good. In light operas such as have been presented the dash of acting goes for a great deal, while a good song occasionally will please the audience, but we expect more than that, we expect people singing in time, and the concerted parts properly done; we also expect that the orchestra should do its work and not come in only occasionally. The instrumentation was entirely lost, as most had to be done on the Piano with a few spasmodic efforts of the 1st Violin, Flute and Bass to make up, while the rest were not brought into requisition very often; we can only surmise that the talented leader thought it wise to do so and that he is more sure to produce better effects without them.

Fra Diavolo had a good run and was well played, Miss Bell made a very taking Zerlina, and the tenor acted Fra Diavolo excellently, but as to his singing little can be said in commendation: whenever he tried to give force to his notes he was off the key, and the concerted parts were as bad as bad could be. All honor however, to Mr. Crane who showed himself a good artist in every way.

The Caribiner was extremely weak and Lord Alcash had no conception of his part, we venture to say that no such a Lord has ever appeared here before. Lady Alcash's voice is far too light to make the proper effect. The two Bandits gave a very fine representation, and amused the house by their clever acting. When this opera was presented here some years ago with Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, Castle, Searl and Peake in the cast, a different result was achieved.

The Grau Opera Company is a good and smart organization for light work, but not very strong with very few exceptions in musical and artistic excellence.

Erminie received its first representation to a full house last week, and passed off very satisfactorily. This is a showy acting piece with a few nice singing numbers to which the Company did justice.

Erminie was better carried through than either of the preceding pieces, and it is a pity that some good pieces of acting were overlooked by the audience, whose attention was diverted by the very clever facial contortions of the *Baron*.

The chief trouble in Halifax, is that there is too much advance puffing, and that none of the papers take the trouble to give an unbiased criticism of any company that visits us. So that those who know anything about these matters are led to expect more than they get, and feel dissatisfied in consequence.

The Grau Company is better than many who come here, and ranks well among the average companies that visits the Maritime Provinces; but years ago we had better, and there is no reason why we should not have them again.

The Grau Opera Company are extending their engagement for two weeks longer at reduced prices: they repeated those operas previously given to fairly good houses. The performances went much better as the company got in working order. The Chimes will be played for the balance of the week and ought to do well, the music is light and does not require very high musical ability to make it go, the principals are well cast and the comic element

quite sufficient to amuse the audience. In the orchestra and chorus not much improvement is noticeable, the ladies of the chorus appear to be more careless and look too much for familiar faces and friends in the audience; probably the jeunesse dore in the front part of house may have something to do with it.

Halifax men seem to be very susceptible and are considered a little fresh by those of experience. If Mr. Grau had only an Orpheus club chorus, what a success he could make of his company!
I am, etc. Musicus

The Orpheus Club Concert (the 5th of the series) took place last night at the Orpheus Hall to a full house. A good many strangers were present who had an opportunity to enjoy a musical treat not to be had in Nova Scotia outside of Halifax.

"Fair Ellen" by Bruch, was the piece of the evening and was very well sung. The chorus work was particularly fine. Miss Laine sang her part well, and considering that she has suffered from a heavy cold all the week, her efforts were particularly appreciated. Mr. Gillis was very good in his part, and Mrs. Taylor did fairly well. The orchestral accompaniment carried the work well through and gave a completeness to it which is so much required to perfect such work. The orchestra furnished two fine numbers which were much enjoyed, and Mr. Klingensfeld played with his usual acceptance. Two more subscription concerts will finish the season's work of the club, which will be given at short intervals.

The following programme was gone through:

1. Polomaise in A Major Chopin
(Orchestration by Herr Klingensfeld.)
Orpheus Club Orchestra.
2. Part Song—"Daybreak" (by request) Gail
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxiliary.
3. Aria—"Let the bright seraphim" (Sampson) Handel
Miss Louise Laine.
(Trumpet obligato: Mr. H. F. Heenan)
4. Part Song—"Oh night, most beautiful" Rachel
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxiliary.
5. Violin Solo—Allegro from 9th concerto Spohr
Herr Heinrich Klingensfeld.
(Accompanied by Miss Page.)
6. "At the cloister gate" Grieg
Ladies' Auxiliary and Orchestra.
Soprano Solo: Miss Louise Laine.
Alto Solo: Mrs. J. McD. Taylor.
7. Valse—"Treasure" Strauss
Orpheus Club Orchestra.
8. Songs—(a) "The brook sings: clear and cool" Huschke
(a) "When all the world is young, lad"
(a) "I once had a sweet little doll, dears"
Miss Louise Laine.
9. Part Song—"Lullaby of Life" Lesh
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxiliary.
10. "Fair Ellen" Bruch
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxiliary and Orchestra.
Solos: Miss Louise Laine and Mr. D. C. Gillis.

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Our Society

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1891.

IT is rather amusing to notice the way new exchanges turn up. Our first two numbers elicited hardly any response, though sent to all the principal newspapers in the province. Among those who showed their faith in us at the outset were the four Truro papers,—one of which, the *Cosmoerut*, has since come to grief. *Progress* followed suit, but it was sometime before we got the *Dominion Illustrated* and *Queen* on our exchange list. During the last few weeks a large number of papers have come somewhat tardily—to the conclusion that we are worthy of notice. We are glad to see them all, and do not blame them for being suspicious at first, though we cannot help thinking that an old established paper can make itself far more useful by giving a leg-up to a beginner than by waiting till the latter has won its position before condescending even to send an exchange. However, we can assure our contemporaries—large and small alike—that we read them all; which is no small assurance.

SOME have asked us to exchange, and many we have asked; by one indeed we were refused, by a society paper, too, one of the few in the Dominion, who evidently doesn't take much stock in Halifax doings. We hope the time will never come when our views are so lofty, as to prevent our taking an interest in even the smallest town in Nova Scotia.

WE are still without correspondents in Pictou, Amherst, Lunenburg, North Sydney and Springhill, and would be glad to be put into communication with residents in these towns. We cannot congratulate our Kentville correspondent on his regularity, though his contributions, when they do appear, are greatly appreciated.

SOME few subscribers have not yet paid up for the first quarter. The cost of delivering the paper is quite heavy enough, without that of collecting the subscriptions, and we hope subscribers will show a little consideration by saving us this latter expense. Those who intend to continue on the list would save a great deal of trouble by sending in their subscriptions for the year (\$2.40).

THAT TERRIBLE TEA.

There comes a time in the spring and autumn when Society is, so to speak, thrown on its beam ends. It is hard up for amusement, no natural amusement is offered, that is nature does nothing to assist society, which is very neglectful and inconsiderate on nature's part for she ought at least to remember society, no matter who else she forgets. Nature doing nothing Society must help itself, or I think we can fairly say herself. She therefore desires that the giving and receiving of afternoon teas shall be that particular form of dissipation to be indulged in this season of the year. This then is the season of teas and we have seen this thoroughly borne out this week, when every day there have been one or more of those semi-delightful functions. Much has been written and much has been said about teas, their origin, development and final perfection as they now are. There is no doubt but that the "tea" as it is now is very popular, and justly so, and will long remain so.

Its chief claim for popularity is that it gives ladies something to do in the afternoon, and gives them a sort of moveable club to which they may go, and where they may meet their friends, and discourse about those particular friends who either do not happen to be there, or are

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in some distant part of the room; these as a rule do not favour these functions, because they have to work too hard and the larger the tea the harder the work.

A small tea is a very pleasant gathering for both sexes, but a large tea is more or less purgatory, especially for men. A tea that is a tea, is one thing, but a tea that is a meal is another. There is a tendency at the present time to have an elaborate "feed" on those occasions, sweets and cakes and jellies and creams. People, at least sensible people, do not want these, they have either dined in the middle of the day and are therefore not hungry or intend to dine at seven, and do not wish their appetite taken away. Most persons at a tea look unhappy, and I really think that they are unhappy, they look generally as if the person they are talking to was the last person on earth they wished to talk to and as though they were trying to discover ways and means of getting rid of them and departing to talk to some one else. Then again, in a small one-roomed Halifax house the crowd is somewhat great, and that is not conducive to general comfort. But on the whole teas are functions to be encouraged, if they are not absurd, for they enable Society to enjoy herself on a beautiful fine spring afternoon, just the thing to make society superlatively happy.

Two more very pleasant sessional dinners were given at Government House this week.

The guests on Tuesday were:

- Hon. A. G. Jones.
- Judge Graham.
- Hon. C. E. Church, M.E.C.
- Hon. C. McIsaac, M.E.C.
- Hon. S. Creelman, M.L.C.
- Hon. Chas. Francheville, M.L.C.
- Hon. D. McCurdy, M.L.C.
- Lieut.-Col. Jolly.
- Lieut.-Col. Len.
- Canon Carmody.
- Mr. A. J. Macdonald, M.P.P.
- Mr. Wm. Oxley, M.P.P.
- Mr. Wm. Roche, M.P.P.
- Mr. Wm. Cameron, M.P.P.
- Mr. A. LeBlanc, M.P.P.
- Dr. Bethune, M.P.P.
- Judge Weatherhe.
- Mr. B. G. Gray.
- The Recorder.
- Mr. Wm Compton.
- Mr. S. Holmes.
- Mr. W. D. Harrington.
- Mr. D. Cronan.
- Professor Currie.
- Mr. C. F. Fraser.
- Rev. G. Murphy.
- Mr. Wm. Chisholm.
- Mr. Cotton.
- Mr. D. H. Duncan.
- Capt. Cunningham, 63rd Rifles.
- Mr. J. Lyle.
- Dr. Farrell.
- Alderman Lyons.
- Col. Stewart.
- Mr. Wm. Henry.

And on Wednesday:

- Hon. Thos. Johnson, M.E.C.
- Hon. D. McNeill.
- Canon Partridge.
- Colonel Noyes, R. A.
- Lt.-Colonel Hill, R. E.
- Lt.-Colonel Curran, M.G.A.
- Rev. R. Laing.
- Hon. L. E. Baker, M.L.C.
- Hon. W. Owen, M.L.C.
- Mr. H. H. Chute, M.P.P.
- Mr. T. P. Smith, M.P.P.
- Mr. J. D. Sperry, M.P.P.
- Mr. Alex. Grant, M.P.P.
- Mr. Forman Hatfield, M.P.P.
- Mr. Justice Ritchie.
- Mr. J. Y. Payzant.
- High Sheriff.
- Mr. Chas. Almon.
- Mr. Ed. Keating.
- Mr. Jos. Austen.
- Professor Macgregor.
- Professor C. Macdonald.
- Mr. Fyshe.
- Mr. A. Ellis.
- Mr. J. C. Mackintosh.
- Mr. Jas. Dwyer.
- Mr. J. F. Stairs, M. P.
- Mr. F. D. Corbett.
- Dr. Slayter.
- Mr. Robinson, R. N.
- Dr. Trenaman.
- Rev. Dr. Burns.
- Mr. Geo. Greer.

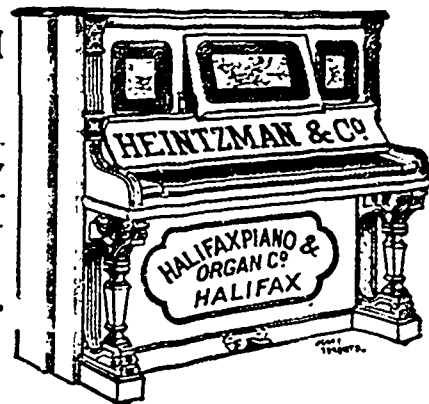
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Like a good many other people who live to see greatness, the boy starts in life without a shirt to his back. Most folks have to toil for years to gain a small share of the world's applause, but the first time the boy gets a look-in upon this sinful earth, his appearance is greeted with loud cheers and waving of handkerchiefs; and a hurried deputation, consisting of grandma and the monthly nurse, waits upon Pa, in the dining room, with the surprising information that it's a boy after all—as though they had quite expected it was going to be an elephant or a two-headed calf.

The first year or so of a boy's life is one of pure and uninterrupted bliss. He sits in solemn grandeur, wrapped up in an old flannel petticoat, in the cheerful society of an india-rubber tube and a tin of condensed milk, with nothing to do all day long except brush the flies away from the bald spot on the top of his head. It is not till he has attained the mature age of seven or eight that he begins to find out that there is some objectionable person living in his house, called Ma, who is always ready with personal remarks when a fellow comes home with the after part of the rigging of his trousers torn away, and who invariably fosters the wild delusion that a fellow has been fighting just because he has got a black eye, and can't remember where he has left his front teeth. But the horriest thing about the house is the fat little man with no hair on his head, called Pa, who comes home every night, and wants to know how many pennies make twopence halfpenny, and why William the Conqueror did it when he couldn't help himself. It is always a problem to the small boy why he has to keep these two interfering people hanging about the place; and sometimes, after an exciting, but unsuccessful attempt to dodge the old man round the front parlor, when he is left alone with the feeling that it's much more comfortable standing up than sitting down, he can't help thinking what fun it would be if little boys could be born orphans. This Pa business is one of most depressing drawbacks an enterprising boy has to contend with. When he gets to be about fourteen he feels it is simply pathetic to have to stand by and listen to his father's appalling ignorance of the world; and when the time comes for him to be allowed out alone, if he shouldn't happen to reach home till about midnight once or twice a week, the fuss that is made about it is most irritating. Indeed, sometimes, on these occasions, the old man is positively rude to him!

It is very nice for a boy to be always good and obedient and all that, but as a rule that kind of boy never gets to be fit for much else. It seems natural for a healthy-minded boy to have a day off with Satan once in a while; and there is a good deal of nature about the boy who gets up on a fine summer's morning, and after saying his prayers with dutiful regularity, goes out and breaks a window or punches another boy on the nose. The painfully good little boy never strikes another boy, because it's sinful. It generally is—extremely sinful, especially, if the other boy can fight.

When the average boy gets to be somewhere about nine, he begins to realize that he has lived all along without anybody to love, and the cares of bachelorhood are beginning to tell upon him. Then, one fatal day, the pleasure of his company is requested at a dancing party in the neighbourhood, and during the evening he finds himself seated in the corner beside a lovely young creature, with fluffy hair, who can't dance because she has a sore toe; and suddenly the utterable yearning comes upon him to nurse that toe till death. He crawls home that night with a lock of hair in his trousers pocket and a heavy burden at his heart, which is partly the ecstasy of undying love and partly the effect of mixing strawberry-ice with sausage-roll. The next day he waits for her when school is over, and presses upon her a little keepsake in the shape of a piece of slate pencil or a couple of tiddlers in a pickle jar; and after a while they will go out fishing together, and see will hold his rod while he goes round to shy a stone at another boy's float. By degrees the slight acquaintance ripens into deep and imperishable

affection; and the next week she sees somebody she likes better, and he has got another girl. The peculiar thing about the boy is that in after years he never marries the sweetheart of his boyhood. It may be because they have drifted apart on the remorseless sea of time; but the likeliest reason is that during his boyhood he has had the advantage of seeing how she can fight, and he comes to the conclusion that it isn't good enough. Boys will be boys, bless 'em! and I'm glad to think that it's not much longer ago than yesterday since I was a boy myself.

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(Continued from Page 7.)

curtain, which had hitherto hidden the stage from our view, rolled up and discovered the professor standing with his hand resting upon an easel, on which was placed a large blackboard.

I think the general feeling in the room was that of disappointment. I know that I, for one, had hoped to see something more interesting than the usual paraphernalia of a lecture on astronomy or geology.

Professor Selamowsky, too, was not at all as impressive a person as his name had led me to expect. He was short and thick-set. His close-cropped hair was of the undecided color which fair hair assumes when it is beginning to turn gray, and a heavy mustache of the same uninteresting hue hid his mouth. His jaw was heavy and slightly underhung, and his neck was thick and coarse.

Altogether his appearance was remarkably unprepossessing and commonplace.

In a short speech, spoken with a slightly foreign accent, which some way or other struck me as being assumed, he begged to disclaim all intention of conjuring. His performance was solely and entirely a series of experiments in and illustrative of the wonderful science of hypnotism: a science still in its infancy, but destined to take its place among the most marvellous of modern discoveries.

As he spoke, his heavy, uninteresting face lit up as with a hidden enthusiasm, and my attention was attracted to his eyes, which I had not noticed before. They were of a curious, bright metallic blue, and are the only eyes I have ever seen—though one reads and hears so perpetually of them—which really seemed to flash as he warmed to his subject.

As he finished I looked at Aunt Phæbe, who shrugged her shoulders and smiled incredulously. It was clear that she was not going to be imposed upon by his specious phrases.

It is unnecessary to worry my readers by describing at length how the usual preliminary of choosing an unbiassed committee was gone through, nor how, after the doctor, the rector, Mr. Melton (the principal draper in Bishopsthorpe), and several other of the town magnates, all men of irreproachable honesty, had been induced to act in this capacity, the professor proceeded, with eyes blindfolded and holding the doctor's hand in his, to find a carefully hidden pin, to read the number of a bank-note and to write the figures one by one on the blackboard, and to perform other experiments of the same kind amid the breathless interest of the audience.

I frankly admit that I was astonished and bewildered by what I saw, and I had a little uneasy feeling that if it were not all a piece of gigantic humbug it was not quite canny—not quite right.

What struck me most was the unfussy, untheatrical way in which it was all done. Every one of the professor's movements was marked by an air of calm certainty. He threaded his way through the crowded benches with such an unhesitating step that, only that I had seen the bandage fastened over his eyes by the rector and afterward carefully examined by the doctor, neither of whom could be suspected of complicity, I should have said he must have had some little peephole arranged to enable him to guide his course so unfalteringly.

There were, of course, thunders of applause from the six-penny seats when the thought-reading part of the entertainment came to an end.

"Well, Aunt Phæbe," I said turning to her as the professor bowed his thanks, "what do you think?"

"Think, my dear!" she repeated. "I think the man is a very fair conjurer."

"But," I protested, "how could he know where the pin was, and you know Mr. Danby himself fastened the handkerchief?"

"My dear Elizabeth, I have seen Houdin do far more wonderful things when I was a girl, but he had the honesty to call it by its right name—conjuring."

I had not time to carry on the discussion, for the professor now reappeared and informed us that by far the most interesting part of

the performance was still to come. Thought-reading and mesmerism, or, some people preferred to call it, hypnotism, were, he believed, different parts of the same wonderful and but very partially-understood power. A power so little understood as not even to possess a distinctive name: a power which he believed to be latent in everybody, but which was capable of being brought to more or less perfection, according to the amount of care and attention bestowed upon it. "I," said the professor, "have given my life to it." And again I fancied I saw the curious blue eyes flash with a sudden unexpected fire.

"In the experiments which I am about to show you," he went on, "I am assisted by my daughter, Anna Selamowsky," and, drawing back a curtain at the back of the stage, he led forward a girl who looked to be between sixteen and eighteen years old.

There was no sort of family resemblance between father and daughter. She was tall and slight, with a small, dark head prettily poised on a long, slender neck. Her face was pale, and her large, dark eyes had a startled, frightened look as she gazed at the sea of strange faces below her. Her father placed her in a chair facing us all, and turning once more to the audience said:

"I shall now, with your kind permission, put my daughter into a mesmeric or hypnotic trance, and while she is in it I hope to show you some particularly interesting experiments. Look at me, Anna—so—"

He placed his fingers for a moment on her eyelids and then stood aside. Except that the girl was now perfectly motionless and that her gaze was unnaturally fixed, I could see nothing different in her appearance from what she had been a few minutes before.

The professor now turned to Mr. Danby, who was seated beside me, and said: "If this gentleman will oblige me by stepping upon the stage, he can assure himself by any means he may choose to use that my daughter is in a perfectly unconscious state at this moment: and if it will give the audience and himself any more confidence in the sincerity of this experiment, he is perfectly at liberty to blindfold her. Then he will be kind enough to go through the room and touch here and there any person he may fancy, my daughter, at a word from me, will in the same order and in the same manner touch each of those already touched. I myself will, during the whole of the time, stand at the far end of the hall, so that there can be no sort of communication between us."

So saying, Selamowsky left the stage, and walking down the room, placed himself with his back against the wall and fixed his gaze upon the motionless form of his daughter.

As I looked back at him, even though separated from him by the length of the hall, I could see the strange glitter and flash of his eyes. It gave me an uncomfortable, uneasy feeling, and I turned my face again toward the stage, where the good-nature rector was following out the directions he had received, ready to see the conclusion of the experiment.

He lifted Anna Selamowsky's arm, which, on his relaxing his hold, fell limp and lifeless by her side; he snapped his fingers suddenly close before her wide-open eyes without producing even a quiver of a muscle in her set face. He shouted in her ear; shook her by the shoulders; but all without succeeding in making her show sign of consciousness. He then tied a handkerchief over her eyes, and, leaving the stage, went about through the room, touching people here and there as he went, pursuing a most tortuous course, and ended at last by placing his hand upon Aunt Phæbe's diamond necklace. He then bowed to the professor, to intimate that we were

Selamowsky moved forward about a pace, beckoned with his hand, and called, not loudly, but distinctly, "Anna!"

Without a moment's hesitation the girl, still blindfolded, rose, walked swiftly down the steps which led from the stage to the floor of the hall, and with startling exactness reproduced Mr. Danby's actions. In and out through the benches she passed amid a silence of breathless interest, touching each person in exactly the same spot as Mr. Danby had done a few minutes previously.

I saw Aunt Phoebe drawing herself up rigidly as Anna Selamowsky came toward our bench, and, amid deafening applause, laid her finger upon the Anstruther diamonds. The clapping and noise produced no effect upon the girl. She stood motionless as though she had been a statue, her hand still upon the necklace.

Whether Aunt Phoebe was aggravated by the complete success of the experiment or annoyed at having been obliged to take so prominent a part in it, I do not know, but she was certainly was a good deal out of temper, for when Selamowsky made his way to where his daughter was standing, she said, in tones of icy disapproval, which must have been audible for a long way down the room:

"A very clever piece of imposture, sir."

The mesmerist's face flushed and his eyes flushed angrily. He, however, bowed low.

"There's nothing so hard" he said, "to overcome, madam, as prejudice. I fear you have been inconvenienced by my daughter's hand. I will now release her—and you."

So saying, he placed his own hand for a moment over his daughter's and breathed lightly on the girl's face. Instantly the muscles relaxed, her hand fell to her side, and I could hear her give a little shuddering sigh, apparently of relief.

I noticed, too, that, whether by design or accident, Selamowsky kept his hand for a moment longer on my aunt's necklace, and as he took his finger away, I fancied that he looked at her fixedly for a second, and muttered something either to himself or her, the meaning of which I could not catch.

"What did he say to you?" I asked, as Selamowsky, after removing the bandage from his daughter's eyes, assisted her to remount the stage.

Aunt Phoebe looked a little confused and dazed, and her hand went up to her necklace as though to reassure herself of its safety.

"Say to me?" she repeated, rousing herself as though by an effort; "he said nothing to me. But I think, Elizabeth, it is the same to you we will go home; the heat of the room has made me feel a little dizzy."

We heard next day that we had missed the best part of the entertainment by leaving when we did, and that many and far more wonderful experiments were successfully attempted, but I had no time to waste in vain regrets for not having been present, for I was much taken up with Aunt Phoebe.

I was really anxious about her, she was so strangely unlike her calm, equable self. All Saturday she was restless and irritable, wandering half-way up-stairs, and then, as though she had forgotten what she wanted, returned to the drawing-room, where she set to work opening old cabinet drawers, looking under chairs and sofas, tumbling everything out of their work-box as if in search of something, and snubbing me for my pains when I offered to help her.

This went on all day, and I had almost made up my mind to send for Dr. Perkins, when, after late dinner, she suddenly sank into an arm-chair with a look of relief.

"I know what it is," she said; "it is my diamonds?"

"Your diamonds, Aunt Phoebe?" I exclaimed. "Why I locked them up for you myself in your dressing-box when we came home last night!"

"Are you sure, Elizabeth?" she asked, with an anxious, worried expression.

"Quite sure," I answered; "but if it will satisfy you, I will bring down your dressing-box now and let you see."

"Do, there's a dear child? I declare I feel too tired to move another step."

I was not surprised at this, considering how she had been fussing about all day, and I ran up to her bed-room, brought down her rose-wood dressing-box, and placed it on the table in front of her.

I was greatly struck by the nervous trembling of her fingers as she chose out the right key from among the others in her bunch, and the shaky way in which she fitted it into the lock. Even when she had turned the key she seemed half afraid to raise the lid, so I did

it for her, and taking out the first tray, lifted out the morocco case which contained the heirlooms and laid it in her lap.

Aunt Phoebe tremblingly touched the spring; the case flew open and disclosed the diamonds lying snugly on their bed of blue velvet. She took them out and looked at them lovingly, held them up so they might catch the light from the lamp, and then with a sigh replaced them in their case and shut it with a snap.

I waited for a few minutes, then, as she did not speak, I put out my hand for the case, intending to replace it in the dressing-box and take it up-stairs. But Aunt Phoebe clinched it tightly, staggered to her feet, and said in a husky, unnatural voice: "No, I must take it myself."

"Why, you said you were too tired," I began, but before I could finish my sentence she had left the room, and I heard her going up-stairs and opening the door of her bedroom.

Some few minutes afterward I heard her steps once more on the stairs, and I waited, expecting her every moment to open the drawing-room door and walk in; but to my astonishment I heard her pass by, and a moment afterward the clang of the front door as it was hastily shut told me that Aunt Phoebe had left the house.

"She must be mad!" I exclaimed to myself as I rushed to the hall, seized up the first hat I could see, flung a shawl over my shoulders, and tore off in pursuit of my runaway relative.

It was quite dark, but I caught sight of her as she passed by a lamp post. She was walking quickly, more quickly than I had ever seen her walk before, and with evidently some set purpose in her mind. I ran after her as fast as I could, and came up with her as she was turning down a small dark lane, leading, as I knew, to a little court, the home of a very poor but respectable section of the inhabitants of Bishopsthorpe.

"Aunt Phoebe," I gasped, as I touched her arm, "where are you going? You must be making a mistake?"

"No! no!" she cried with a feverish impatience in her voice. "I am right! Quite right! You must not stop me!" and she quickened her pace into a halting run.

I saw clearly that there was nothing to be done but to follow her and try to keep her out of actual harm's way, for there now seemed to be no manner of doubt that my poor aunt was, for the time at any rate, insane. So I fell back a pace, and, never appearing even to notice that I had left her side, she pursued her course.

Suddenly she stopped short, crossed the street, and stumbled up the uneven stone steps of a shabby-looking house, whose front door was wide open. Without a moment's hesitation she entered the dark hall, and I followed closely at her heels. Up the squalid, dirty stairs she hurried, and, without knocking, opened a door on the left-hand side of the first landing and went in.

I was a few steps behind, but as I gained the threshold I saw her take a parcel from beneath her cloak and hold it out to a man who came to meet her from the far end of the badly-lighted room.

"I have brought them," I heard my aunt say in the same curious, husky voice I had noticed before.

As the man came nearer and stood where the light of the evil-smelling little paraffin lamp fell upon his features, I recognized in the heavy jaw, the bull-neck, and the close cropped head the Prof. Dmitri Selamowsky of the previous evening. Our eyes met, and I thought I detected a sort of not altogether pleasant surprise; but if this were so he recovered himself quickly and, bowing low, said:

"I had not expected the pleasure of your company, madam, but as you have done me the honor of coming, I am glad that you should be here to witness the conclusion of last night's experiment. This lady," he continued, pointing to my aunt, who still stood with fixed, apparently unseeing eyes, holding out the parcel toward him—"this lady, you will remember, considered the hypnotic phenomena exhibited at last night's entertainment as a clever imposture—those were the words, I think. To one who, like myself, is an enthusiast on the subject, such words were hard, nay, impossible, to bear. It was necessary to prove to her that the power



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I possess"—here his blue eyes gleamed with the same metallic light I had before noticed—"is something more than conjuring; something more than a 'clever imposture.' You will see now."

As he spoke he stretched out his hand and took the parcel from my aunt, and as he did so I recognized with horror the morocco case which I knew contained the heirlooms.

"Who are these for?" he said, addressing Aunt Phoebe.

"For you," came from my aunt's lips, but her eyes were fixed and her voice seemed to come with difficulty.

"She is mad!" I exclaimed. "She does not know what she is saying!"

Selamowsky smiled

"And who am I?" he continued.

"The professor Dimitri Selamowsky."

"And what is this?" indicating the morocco case,

"My diamonds."

"You make them a present to me?"

"Yes."

Selampwsky opened the case and took out the jewels. "A handsome present certainly!" he said, turning to me with a smile.

I was speechless. There was something so horrible in my dear Aunt Phoebe's set face and wide-open, stony eyes, something so weird in the dim room, with its one miserable lamp; something so mockingly fiendish in Selamowsky's glittering eyes as he stood with the diamonds flashing and tinkling in his hands, that, though I strove for utterance, I could not succeed in articulating a single word.

"Enough!" at last he said, replacing the diamonds in their case and closing it sharply—"the experiment is concluded," and so saying, he stepped up close to Aunt Phoebe and made two or three passes with his hands in front of her face. A quiver ran all over my aunt's figure. She swayed and would have fallen if I had not rushed forward and caught her in my arms.

She looked round at me with terror and bewilderment in every feature.

"Where am I, Elizabeth?" she stammered, and then looking round, she caught sight of Selamowsky. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Never mind, Aunt Phoebe," I said. "Come home, and I will tell you all about it."

Aunt Phoebe passed her hand over her eyes, and as she did so I glanced inquiringly from Selamowsky's face on the jewelry case in his hands. What was to be the end of it all? I had certainly heard my aunt distinctly give this man her diamonds as a present, but could a gift made under such circumstances hold good for a moment? He evidently saw the query in my face.

"You judge me even more hastily than did your aunt," he said. "She called me an imposter; you think me a rogue and a swindler. Here are your jewels, madam," he said, turning to Aunt Phoebe. "I am more than satisfied."

Customer:—"I've been to every place in town to get something to keep my necktie straight, but it's no use. What would you advise me to do?"

Clerk:—"Try a matrimonial agency."

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*** * SHOW DAYS * ***

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- Mutton Hash a la Zingara.
- Sweet Potatoes Soufflés.
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SCRAMBLED EGGS. Melt 3 ounces of butter in a saucepan, break into it 12 fresh eggs, season with a pinch of salt, and half a pinch of pepper, and a very little nutmeg. Mix thoroughly without stopping for three minutes, with the pan on a very hot stove. Turn into a warm tureen, add a little lemon juice, and serve very hot.

BOILED FRESH MACKEREL, MAITRE D'HOTEL. Pare and split 2 good sized mackerel through the back, remove the spine, score them slightly, and rub with one tablespoon of sweet oil; season with pepper and salt, and broil on a brisk fire for 10 minutes on the split side, and one minute on the skin side. Lay them on a dish and pour 1 gill of Maitre d'hotel butter over them and serve with a few parsley greens and 6 slices of lemon.

MUTTON HASH A LA ZINGARA. Chop up 2 onions, and fry in a saucepan with one ounce of butter for 3 minutes, adding one and a half pounds of cooked hashed mutton, also one-fourth the quantity of hashed potatoes. Season with pepper, salt, and a very little nutmeg. Also put in 2 cut up, raw tomatoes, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a crushed clove of garlic. Add 1 gill of Espagnole sauce, and 1 gill of good broth. Mix all together and cook 20 minutes, serve with chopped parsley sprinkled over the dish.

SWEET POTATO SOUFFLEE. Peel 8 good mealy potatoes, and cut into even pieces a quarter of an inch in thickness, shaping them as oval as possible. Fry in moderate heated fat for 8 minutes, lift them out and lay on one side for a few moments--plunge into boiling hot fat and they will swell considerably--serve very hot on a folded napkin.

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NIGHT CLERK ON THE PREMISES.

TELEPHONE CALL 153.

Provincial Notes.

DARIMOUTH. The entertainment, consisting of tableaux and music, for the benefit of Christ's Church organ fund, was given in the Sunday-school room on Thursday evening. It was a great success, the building being crowded to overflowing. All who witnessed it expressed themselves as highly pleased. A number were present from the city. The music was furnished by the Italian Harpist with one piano voluntary. The different scenes were introduced and explained in a very neat and appropriate way by Mr. Chas. E. Creighton. The first picture entitled "Moccoli," was a balcony scene, representing six Italian ladies, each with a candle on the eve of Ash Wednesday, illustrating an Italian ceremony. The ladies who took part were Misses Strong, Drake, Collins, Finlay, Bishop, and Parker. This was one of the best. The second and third were represented by Miss Parker and Mr. J. Creighton as Priscilla and John Alden first "Why don't you speak for yourself John;" and second, John entangled holding the skein of yarn. These were also excellent. The fourth, "Army and Navy Civil Service" by Miss Winnie Creighton, Dr. Gow and F. Stevens. The fifth and sixth, "The Fortuneteller" and fortune told with cards before a ball by Miss Creighton and Miss Collins; first "Telling," second "Told." The seventh or central picture represented Longfellow's poem "The Consecration of Pulaski's Banner," with Mr. Prescott Johnson as the bishop, and Mr. Henry Creighton as Pulaski, a dozen young ladies as nuns, and Miss Dewar as Sister Superior. During the scene Mr. W. R. Foster's fine voice was heard singing the "Hymn." This was perhaps the best number on the programme. Dr. W. F. Smith next represented "The Inconvenience of Single Life," and the difficulty of an old bachelor in threading a needle. The ninth was entitled Rebecca at the steak. Beef steak it proved to be, the audience expected something tragic. The next two scenes representing Bunthorne and 20 Lovesick Maidens, with Mr. Harry Creighton as the hero were among the five best pictures. Then came four scenes from I. Russell Lowell's poem of Hulda and Zekel, which were given in a very realistic way by Miss Winnie Creighton and Dr. Gow. The sixteenth and last picture, "Britannia," included with that personification all the ladies and gentlemen in their characters who had previously taken part. Some of the scenes were very greatly enhanced by beautiful colored lights; through the assistance of Mr. W. H. Stevens. The only two drawbacks to the complete success of the representations were that the stage was rather low to be seen by those at a distance, and that there were no footlights. The latter was almost a calamity, as the facial expressions in the different pictures often could not be seen at all. The ladies and gentlemen who gave the entertainment deserve great credit for its success, particularly Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Foster. It was to be repeated on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Allison returned from New York on Tuesday

CHARLOTTETOWN, April 5th. The event of the week was the ball at Government House on Easter Tuesday. A large number of well dressed guests, brightly decorated halls and the excellence of the music furnished by the band, contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the guests.

It is needless to remark that His Honor and Mrs. Carvell are ideal host and hostess, and that the good things lavishly provided at supper-time and during the evening were worthy the house and its occupants. Dancing was prolonged far into the morning, but the intervals between the dances were longer than usual; indeed, had they been shorter it would have been possible for the guests to keep all their dancing engagements. It is almost unfair to mention this, when every feature contributed to make the ball thoroughly enjoyed by all the guests.

There were some new faces there as is usual at such a large ball at Government House, and a few guests were present from elsewhere.

Miss Hunt of Summerside was Mrs. Carvell's guest during her visit for the occasion.

During the evening Mrs. Carvell extended verbal invitations to a few guests for a small party on Thursday evening.

Col. Irving, A. D. C., has gone to Halifax, to join General Herbert in some militia business.

The engagement is announced of the Honorable Daniel Davies to Miss Emily Stewart, which lady is receiving the sincere congratulations of her many friends. Mr. Davies' early return from England is expected. It is said that the marriage is arranged for next month.

As is usual in such cases, following upon the announcement are rumors of several other engagements, some very desirable, some very absurd - all probably born of the imagination and officiousness of certain people who, having little else to do, attempt to manage other people's affairs.

The following ladies and gentlemen are to take part in the dramatic part of the Lawn Tennis entertainment. - Mrs. Malcolm Macleod, Mrs. Blanchard and Mrs. Bartlett, Dr. Blanchard, Mr. F. H. Arnaud, and Mr. W. F. H. Carvell.

"Rex" has another letter in one of our daily papers, dealing with society doings, in which the writer (not as happily as in the former letter, perhaps, but with caustic truthfulness) deplores the want of grace evident in our dancing. What "Rex" says is perfectly true in many particulars. Our grandfathers and grandmothers—yes, and even our parents—could well express regret that the old dignified carriage of the dancers of their day has to a great degree disappeared. Here in Charlottetown a figure of the Lancers is begun at any part of the music, and it is a very common occurrence for the people of one set to have finished the figure some minutes before those in a set of the same number of dancers. This must necessarily rob dancing of much of the charm which comes from sympathy with the music, and is as great an eye sore to appreciative lookers on as it would be to see a company of soldiers out of step or marching in wrong time. But it is the vulgar exaggeration of motion that "Rex" complains of. He begs his readers to abandon the Berlin, and is almost as severe in his denunciations of the "Militaire." There are two ways of dancing the latter dance here—by one set of dancers it is made, a graceful movement, charming to spectators, who see in it relief from too constant repetition of one short step, by others it is a kicking match scarcely fit for a play ground, and we are sorry to have to confess that the latter class is largely represented among us.

APRIL 13TH.—As St. George's Day draws nearer the Tennis entertainment elicits more comment. Costumes have been decided upon and are now in-making. Nightly practices are held for the play, and all is in good shape for the successful representation on the 23rd. Mr. Percy Pope has charge of all stage arrangements, costumes, &c., so that nothing which good taste and diligent attention to detail can secure, will be found lacking when the play is put on the boards. There is every reason for anticipating as emphatic a success as the club's last venture to invite the public to its entertainment. Saturday next is the date fixed for a full dress rehearsal.

Mr. Vinnicombe's concert to-night Monday, is likely to be well patronized. Mr. Vinnicombe is our self-educated violinist, and during the many years of his residence among us, has by dint of constant application and practice so improved himself in his branch of the divine art as now to possess skill and ability much beyond the ordinary. Mr. Vinnicombe's name on a programme always attracts, and he is always willing to lend a helping hand to any good cause. He now has an orchestra club whose playing is exceptionally good, and while it must of necessity fall far short of your Halifax Quintette Club, it answers the same purpose here, and charms us whenever it plays. For all these reasons Mr. Vinnicombe deserves, and will assuredly secure, a large audience at his annual concert to-night.

We regret to learn that Rev. Fred J. Lloyd will not be able to sing, owing to a cold which confines him to bed.

Mrs. John Longworth arrived last week, upon a visit to her mother Mrs. Frank Beer, wife of Dr. Beer, who, we are glad to learn is so far recovered from her long illness as to be able to move about by the aid of walking sticks, &c.

There was a small card party at Dr. Anderson's (Prince of Wales College) on Saturday night, and at the same time a small party dined at Mr. R. R. Fitzgerald's.

The harbour is just clearing of ice. The "Stanley" is expected at any moment.

The identity of "Rex" who has been writing certain letters to the *Daily Examiner* has been made known, and as all such gratuitous expression of influence vanishes as soon as its sentiments become those of any certain person, we will probably not have any further letter from the same source. It is almost needless to say that when a secret is so soon divulged, it is one of the fairer sex who is responsible.

There is a movement on hand to secure the building of a first-class hotel. The committee appointed by the Board of Trade for the purpose, modestly suggest that the Government hand over Government House grounds for the purpose. The situation certainly is beautiful, but very inconvenient for the travelling public, and not far enough away from the city for summer visiting.

Dr. George Warburton has secured "Bellevue," the residence and farm of the late Charles Haszard, Esquire, and intends moving into residence there as soon as opening spring allows.

We have had a local election resulting in the return of two Liberals and Dr. Jenkins (Independent) for Charlottetown. This places the government in the minority. It is not yet known whether or not the government will resign. The election in Charlottetown did not run upon political lines, for Dr. Jenkins has always been a Conservative, and Mr. Douse, his opponent, is a late convert from the Liberals. The issue depended mainly upon the readjustment of the city wards, and the vote polled was very small. Island politics are at a low ebb just now, for, as a matter of fact, the work of steering the government ship between the shoals of a deficit, and direct taxation is not an enviable one.

Judge Peters has resigned. Two gentlemen are named as possible successors—Honorable Neil Macleod, Premier, and Mr. Edward J. Holton, Q. C., D. C. L.

Judge Kelley of Summerside, lies seriously ill in the Charlottetown Hospital.

Mrs. John Richards and Miss Minnie Palmer, depart in a few days for Great Britain.

J. C. Hall, Esquire, United States Consul, returned to the Island on Saturday evening.

The Chief Justice leaves to-night for Montreal, to visit his son Cleaver who is ill there.

WINDSOR. The sad shooting accident by which Master Raddin of the Collegiate School lost his life, has cast a gloom over our various educational institutions which have just entered on the work of the summer term. Master Raddin was the senior pupil of the Collegiate School, and one who was deservedly popular not only among the boys, but also with all who knew him. Much sympathy is expressed for the afflicted family in this heavy bereavement. Mr. Miller accompanied the body to Chelsea, Mass. where the boy's family reside, and was absent for about a week.

Miss Norah Blanchard has returned from Truro, accompanied by her cousin Miss Blanchard of that place.

Mrs. Brock of Kentville, is visiting at Butler's at the college. The Rev. D. P. Allison of Weymouth, and Mr. L. G. Allison of Yarmouth, were visiting Windsor last week. We are glad so see their father Mr. D. P. Allison, (Sr.) out again after his accident of some months ago.

The Deanery of Avon met in Windsor last week, when the opening sermon on Wednesday evening was preached by the Rev. C. W. McCully of St. Luke's, Halifax. Among the clergy present were the Rev. Messrs. Axford, Hind, Fullerton, Wade, Stamer, besides the Rector and the late Rector of Christ Church.

Miss Butler has returned home from Halifax. The weather has been so beautiful lately, that last week the students were able to commence cricket. This is the earliest date that I ever remember to have seen this grand old game played in Windsor.

Two very small dances have lately been given in town. Miss Gossip had one on the 10th inst., and Miss Bossance on the 13th. Needless to state that both events were heartily enjoyed.

Mr. Stephen Wiggins has returned to Windsor. He spent the winter, we believe in Ottawa.

Miss Minnie Prat of Wolfville is spending a few weeks with her sister Mrs. George Wilcox.

We hear that Mrs. Sawyer of Halifax, intends spending a short time in Windsor, and that her son Master Harry, is to attend the Collegiate School.

The Hon. Senator Almon and Mr. W. C. Silver of Halifax, were in town last week, attending meetings of the Governors of King's College.

BUDGEWATER.—Whether my social news will be interesting to your readers or not, at any rate they will be glad to know summer is coming, surely but slowly. We have been having glorious weather.

Last night I had the pleasure of listening to one of the harbingers of Spring—not an organ grinder, but a full fledged, deep voiced frog.

Another child of spring (I hope he'll forgive the reference) is the census taker with his never ending list of worrying questions. They have already I believe, found out how young some of our ladies are—in years not experience.

Hon. W. H. and Mrs. Owen have gone to Halifax, where they will remain until the House closes.

The Phoenix Dramatic Club gave an excellent performance here last week, which was well patronized. Miss Cragg and Mr. Mason are deserving of special mention for their splendid acting. They played also in Lunenburg and were well received. A special train went from here, and many took advantage of the occasion for an evenings holiday.

Miss Calder has returned from Dartmouth. Among the commercial travellers that visited our town lately, were Messrs George Pyke and Percy Strong.

Miss French of Lunenburg, is visiting Mrs. F. B. Wade. The Electric Light Company are busy putting in lights in many of our stores and offices.

I am told that our Opera House is going to be lighted with the electric light. We may well be proud of our hall.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Wade gave a couple of very enjoyable card parties last week. I noticed several pretty dresses, but not having some female "chum" to inform me of particulars, I am unable to describe them for you.

Horseback exercise is again "the rage." Saturday afternoon quite a party had a long ride over the country. There is some talk of forming a club.

The Cantata "Under the Palms" was given here last week, and was much enjoyed by the audience. Members of the civilian band from Lunenburg formed the orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Wade, I understand, will soon leave on a visit to New York.

Mr. Greenwood of Lunenburg, spent last Saturday with us. PENE.

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Dr. SMITH: Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a Carbuncle.
Mrs. SMITH: Suffering, why he is delighted with it. He wears it in his scarf!

TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene.
Sister, let me see your ring.
His SISTER: Why Tommy?
TOMMY:—I want to see if the galoot told the truth when he said his heart was in it

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