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## Society Notes.

Clearly we are not so methodical as our neighbouring and rival city, St. John, or we should know all about the incomes of all our professional men, even to the poor parson who nets one hundred dollars per annum. Does anyone want to score off the proud capital of New Brunswick? If so, let him open a subscription-list for this unfortunate, who is expected to preach the gospel and visit the sick or such a pittance. Why, poor fellow, he might as well turn school-master!

After all, the incomes stated are according to the assessment, made with a view to taxation. They must therefore be taken *cum grano*, due allowance being made for the truthfulness (or otherwise) of the assessee, and the leniency of the assessor. Now suppose, for example, we put the "personal equation" (or error in judgment caused by a desire to pay small taxes) at 75% for the lawyer, and zero for the parson, and the deduction made by the assessor at zero in the one case (through fear of litigation) and 10% in the other (through human sympathy), what are the actual incomes? And, supposing the doctors reckoned in their bad debts, what *wouldn't* their incomes be? And, finally, don't St. John school-masters get any incomes;—or aren't they considered "professionals?"

"Gaseous" is really very readable, though over-fond of mystery. The tale in Saturday's *Mail* about the young man who went "pot-hunting," and started by narrowing the circle of his visiting acquaintances to 2 or 3, is the tale of an Ass. It would be a very dense young man that didn't know that the best way to secure any particular "pot" is to appear to be a general favourite with the fair sex. As though any one could win a prize in the marriage lottery by dropping all appearance of a good social position! Perhaps "Gaseous" made a mistake after all, and the real fact of the case is that the poor young man had something better to do. Perhaps, even, the unfortunate fellow had to earn his living!

We started at the beginning by defining "Society" (*not* OUR SOCIETY) as a concourse of those with little or nothing to do, and we are prepared to defend that position. A working doctor or lawyer may be a great social favourite, and welcome everywhere, but if you reckon on finding him at every afternoon tea, you will probably be disappointed. The most he can do as a rule is to just take a look in, and vanish; and often he is too tired even to do that.

Mrs. Henry and Miss Phyllis Noyes have left Cheltenham for Gibraltar, where they intend to spend the winter.

The offer of the city contractor to remove our ashes *from our yards* at the rate of 25 cents per week for each house will be jumped at by most of us. At the same time, this is not the sweeping reform we have been led to expect; many people are more anxious about the evil effects of their neighbors' accumulating rubbish-heap than of their own, and it is small consolation to have the cost of keeping your premises sweet and wholesome slightly reduced, so long as your neighbor is at liberty to store up all his refuse for five months against your boundary wall.

It is amusing to read the *naive* accounts of the accidents and narrow escapes of Halifax youths while engaged in the too popular sport of coasting down the city slopes. The general feeling seems to be, "Poor little fellows! What a narrow escape, to be sure! Why couldn't the nasty car-man pull up his team sooner?" One of these days—as sure as fate—either the poor little fellow, or the unwary foot passenger will be killed outright, and then what a fuss there'll be! The chief of police will at once give instructions to his subordinates, and the press will cry out, with one accord, "Why wasn't something done before?" What we want to know is, why the press doesn't take the initiative, and bully the lives out of the authorities till they *do* make a decided step towards removing this public nuisance.

A point of social etiquette, which seems to be little understood, or, if understood, very badly acted up to, is that to anything but a bachelor entertainment a man cannot be asked without his wife. This has been very forcibly brought under our notice during the past week, for almost every entertainment a certain number of invitations are issued to what may be called official guests, that is, to those who, from position or circumstances, may fairly consider that they have a *right* to be asked. In such cases it is sometimes supposed to be sufficient to send a card to men, and not to their wives, and we cannot give too much emphasis to the fact that it is abominably bad taste to do so—when it is a strictly bachelor affair. Far better to forget a man altogether:—"whom the cap fits," etc.

Prince George of Wales is to be raised to the Peerage as Duke of York. The associations connected with the title are certainly not very cheerful, but it is to be hoped that our popular sailor-prince will avert the omen.

It is not improbable that we shall have a still more junior race of junior subalterns in the service within a year or so. At a large conference of Headmasters, held at Oxford lately, it was strongly recommended that the maximum age of admission to Sandhurst should be reduced from 20 to 19; as the motion was carried *unanimously* and forwarded to the Civil Service Commissioners, it is highly probable that it will be acted upon.

Miss Laine's first recital is fixed for Thursday, the 22nd inst. and the Orpheus concert for the following Thursday.

The annual meeting of the R. N. S. Yacht Squadron was held last night at the Club House.

The George Munro Day Celebration at Dalhousie is the only other large event of the week. We are giving a detailed account in another place.

We are sorry to hear that the Rev. Father Ellis, of St. Mary's, will be obliged to spend the remainder of the winter in Bermuda, and hope to see him well and strong again before the spring is over.

The Red Caps' Ball at Freemason's Hall last Friday, was a great success.

The ram of Monday was useful in washing the ice and snow off the side-walks, which for the most part are now clear.

There has been skating on the North West Arm since Sunday. The ice has been perfect, and every afternoon has drawn many skaters.

The first carnival comes off at the rink on Monday the 19th. There do not, at present, seem to be many rumours about the costumes that will be worn.

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The two letters lately published in the *Evening Mail* by a Dartmouthian abroad, Adam Smith, are very interesting. We are only sorry that Adam, with his ability and geniality, has met with such ill-fortune and so little appreciation since his departure for San Francisco.

The professors of Kings' College, Windsor, were "At Home" on Thursday evening of last week at the Church of England Institute. The rooms were crowded with guests, with whom it was a matter of regret that Professor Roberts did not arrive from New York in time to be able to be present at the gathering. The band of the 63rd Rifles furnished a musical programme.

Mrs. W. B. Torrance of Inglis Street, has cards out for a dance on Wednesday next.

Among the passengers who arrived here in the *Sardinian* last Saturday, was Mr. W. H. Smith, who has joined the civil staff at the Dockyard. Mr. Smith will shortly leave for Jamaica on business connected with his department, after which he will return to Halifax.

Mrs. Slayter had a large afternoon tea on Thursday afternoon. Sir John Ross and all the leading Society people were present.

Out door skating was the order of the day during the first of the week. On Monday it was not very good, only a few enthusiasts were out. On Tuesday it was better, but on Wednesday it was so good that man could not have wished for better. Many people journeyed out to the Arm and enjoyed the remarkable ice. A large party went up to Windsor Junction by the train and skated down. Sounds a big order, but really is not far. The ice was not good except on the last two lakes. Some people were rather late getting home.

Miss Ethel Stairs had a very narrow escape from drowning in the Arm on Wednesday. There are always a lot of "cracks" in the ice, caused by the periodical thaws that take place throughout our Nova Scotian winter, and anything that looks like fresh ice should be given a wide berth, even when skating is at its best. It was while passing over one of these "cracks," which had already been crossed by several skaters, that the ice gave way under Miss Ethel Stairs, and had it not been for the pluck and coolness of Miss Anna Stairs, who was with her, it is highly probable that this winter would have been remembered for a long time as a fatal one by residents on the Arm. Master Willie and Miss Jennie Doull also went to the rescue, and both got a ducking. How they all managed to scramble out is a wonder.

Mrs. J. F. Kenny gave a small dinner on Tuesday evening, — and Mrs. Daly one on Monday.

We have not yet received any answer from Capt. Dopping Heppenstal to our Liverpool correspondent's queries, but through the kindness of Mr. Freeman, Edison's agent here, we are enabled to give the following information. —

There is already a portable lamp in great requisition, but there is not one yet invented, which can give light by a motor contained within the lamp itself. The one in use now is moveable, but the power of course comes from the station.

Professor Hynd has the the whole of his house lighted by these lamps, the portability being allowed by their connection with a cord which conveys the light.

Therefore, it is only necessary for the cord to be made long enough for the room or passage required to be lighted. The difficulty in getting a light such as wished for by our correspondent, will always lie in the fact that the power required could hardly be enclosed in such a small space.

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THE NOVA SCOTIA YACHT AND SHIP BUILDING COMPANY  
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The preliminary circular for the formation of a company under this title was issued during the week. The scheme is a bold one, but there is no reason why it should not succeed, and the company in time become a very paying concern. Of course the first object in view of the promoters is the interest of the Yacht Squadron, but a very significant clause in the circular reveals a far broader aim, that of providing facilities for executing any possible orders, and restoring to Halifax a share of the ship building industry of Nova Scotia. If this object be steadily kept in view, the concern may some day assume larger proportions than even the most sanguine of its promoters at present anticipate.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Stephen Harlow, of Lockeport, the designer and builder of the "Wenonah." The capital of the company to be subscribed for is \$10,000, in shares of \$50 each: first call of 10% on February 1st, second call of the same amount thirty days after, and subsequent calls as required by the Directorate.

The Annual Meeting of the Yacht Squadron last night, was a very long and fairly interesting one. There was an enormous lot of business to be got through, and very few long speeches were indulged in on any of the motions before the meeting. The only technical resolution of any general importance was one to abolish the rule preventing centre-board yachts from using their boards during races. In its place an amendment is inserted to the effect that they "shall not raise their boards for the purpose of crossing shoals;" which is really no restriction at all on the use of the centre board, simply obliging all yachts alike to sail over the course intended, without taking short cuts through shallow water.

The old question of admitting ladies to the Club House in the evenings was discussed at some length, and finally a very sensible compromise was agreed on, which seemed to satisfy all parties. Ladies are to be admitted to the Club grounds, but not to the hours, after 8 o'clock in the evening. This gives the bathers a chance, and will not interfere with the freedom of those who like their evening pipe and yarn to themselves, unaided by the charms of the fair sex. At the same time, it will make the club grounds a very pleasant resort for an evening stroll for wives and friends of members whose tastes incline in the opposite direction.

Last year's officers were all re-elected.

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DR. SCAM: Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a Curbuncle.

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 of his Sister, let me see your ring.

HIS SISTER:—Why Tommy!

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

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

The Ladies' Column.

Here is "Madge's" account of the new ladies' costume for muddy weather, devised by Mrs. Charles Hancock:—

It consists of an unlined skirt made of thick, warm tweed, and mounted in flat pleats on the hips and at the back, these being held in position by bands of elastic. This skirt is sewn on to a small bodice, made of Jaeger lining, which, while it supports the skirt from the shoulders, is also very warm and cosy. Petticoats are wholly dispensed with in this costume, their place being taken by knickerbockers, also made of the tweed. You have no idea how this reduces the weight of clothing, affording equal warmth with the usual number of underskirts.

The bodice for wearing in the house is made of brown cloth, much thinner of texture than the tweed, but provided with a protective little zouave of the latter material. For outdoor wear, there is a double-breasted tweed jacket; and there are also tweed gaiters which come well up to the knees. I have carefully saved up to the last for you the most important feature of the whole. The skirt is five inches shorter than that of the ordinary fashionable gown, and quite seven inches shorter than skirts are worn by those ultra-fashionable ladies, the char-women of the metropolis.

**EGGS ON GRATIN:—**Knead well together in a bowl 1 table-spoonful breadcrumbs, 2 oz butter, 3 chopped anchovies, a pinch of parsley, a pinch of chervil, 1 chopped shallot, 3 raw egg-yolks, good pinch of salt, half pinch white pepper, and a pinch of grated nutmeg. When ready, put into a baking-dish with 1 oz butter at the bottom: place it on slow fire for 2 minutes, then break over it 6 eggs: cook for 5 minutes in hot oven, and serve immediately.

BREAKFAST.

Eggs au Gratin.

- Calf's Liver broiled with bacon,
- Potatoes a la Lyonnaise
- Milan cake
- Preserved apricots and cream.

**CALF'S LIVER BROILED WITH HAM.**—Take a nice tender fresh calf's liver weighing a pound and a half, pare and trim off the hard portions: cut into 6 equal sized pieces, and put on a dish. Season with a table-spoonful of salt, a tea-spoonful of pepper, and 1 table-spoonful of sweet oil, mixed well together. Broil for 4 minutes on each side. Arrange the slices on a hot dish and decorate with 6 slices of broiled ham, spread a gill of maitre d' hotel butter over, and serve hot.

**POTATOES A LA LYONNAISE.**—Cut 8 potatoes, boiled into round slices, lay in a fry pan with an ounce and a half of butter, and a little fried onion, and season with a half a pince each of salt and pepper, cook well together for 6 minutes, until well broiled, toss them well, and serve with a pinch of chopped parsley sprinkled over the whole.

**MILAN CAKE.**—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of powdered sugar, and four whole eggs. Sift the flour on the tabel. Make a hollow in the centre, and fill with the sugar and butter, and the grated rind of a lemon. Knead well the butter and sugar for 3 minutes; add the eggs, 1 at a time and incorporate the flour slowly, so as not to burn the paste. Let it rest in a cool place for half an hour. Then roll out about a quarter of an inch thick. Cut out 6 pieces with a round cake cutter, glaze with beaten egg and milk, and bake for 20 minutes. If not all used this paste will remain fresh for 2 or 3 days.

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Sporting Notes.

CURLING.

The rink on Tower Road has been in full blast during the past week. Several close games have been played, notably one between rinks skipped by Messrs. W. B. Reynolds and J. E. Sievert, which ended in a victory for the former by one shot after an extra end had been played.

On Saturday three rinks of Truro curlers came down to play a friendly match. The result being as follows:

TRURO.	HALIFAX
J. H. McKay—Skip.....	A. T. Smith—Skip.....
McKenzie.....	L. R. Kaye.....
Campbell.....	H. B. Fidler.....
Creechman..... 11	Lt. McGowan..... 11
A. S. Murphy—Skip.....	A. C. Edwards—Skip.....
D. Gunn.....	L. D. Wier.....
J. Sutherland.....	A. Costley.....
A. E. McKenzie..... 22	Col. Noyes..... 7
H. C. Blair—Skip.....	C. J. Kerr—Skip.....
G. P. Nelson.....	S. Howe.....
A. C. McKenzie.....	J. G. Sievert.....
J. H. Hallett..... 9	J. H. McLaughlin..... 17

Truro winning by 7 points.  
The ice was in fine condition.

NOVA SCOTIA RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the newly elected council of the Nova Scotia Rifle Association was held on Monday, and the following officers were elected:—

- President—Lieut.-Col. Curren, A. D. C.
- 1st Vice Pres't.—Lieut.-Col. Walsh, 63rd rifles.
- 2nd do.—Major Church, 93rd rifles.
- Secretary and Treasurer—Major Weston, 66th P. L. F.
- Members of Council—Lieut.-Col. Macdonald, Lieut. Col. Chipman, 68th battalion Lt. Col. Murray, Major Garrison, H. G. A., Major Barnhill, 78th, Capt. Harris, H. G. A., Capt. Crane, 63rd rifles, Capt. Adams, H. G. A., Capt. Cunningham, 63rd Rifles, Capt. Ryan, K. T. C., Lieut. Dixon, 63rd rifles, Lieut. Stevens, 66th P.L. F., Lieut. Jacques, 72nd, Lieut. Dimock, 78th, Sergt.-major Lockhart, 63rd Rifles, Sergt.-major Gibson, 66th P. L. F., and Sergt.-major Spencer, H. G. A.

Captain Ha... Lieut. Dixon and Sergt-Major Gibson were appointed the range committee.

Major Barnhill, Captains Adams and Crane, and Lieut. Stevens and Jacques, were appointed the programme committee.

It was decided to affiliate with the National and Dominion Rifle Associations.

Majors Weston, Garrison and Barnhill, were nominated for election as members of the Dominion Rifle Association Council.

The president, secretary, Major Garrison, Capt. Cunningham and Lieut. Stevens were appointed the committee to carry out the inter-Maritime match in June next.

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DISPENSING OUR SPECIALTY.

## CONDEMNED TO DIE.

He lived in Queen Anne-street, and he had been our family doctor ever since I could remember. I was feeling a little "seedy," a bit out of sorts, my appetite had failed me, and I was, I felt, a dull dog indeed. So off I went to Dr. Ball; and Pargiter, his man out of livery, who used to wear the Doctor's old clothes and look very much like a physician himself, let me in. It only costs you a guinea to see your doctor; it costs me twenty-two shillings. I give a shilling to Pargiter.

"Is the doctor in, Pargiter?" I said.

"No, he isn't, sir," said the man; "he's away on his annual holiday, you see. But there's a most reliable gentleman seeing his patients for you. You'd better see Dr. Herbert, sir. Master won't be back for a couple of months."

I was shown into Dr. Ball's consulting-room, and at the Doctor's table sat Dr. Herbert, the "reliable gentleman," as Pargiter had called him. "Pray be seated, my dear sir," said Dr. Herbert.

That was exactly what Dr. Ball always said; it is what they all say. But there are ways of saying things. Why, when Ball says it you feel better at once. But then Ball's manner is worth a thousand a year to him; so his professional friends and rivals say. The very sight of old Dr. Ball inspires confidence. What's the good of being a doctor if you don't inspire confidence? Dr. Herbert's "get up" was perfection. His choker—he wore a choker, though he was only five-and-forty at most—was tied just like Ball's. He had gold spectacles—not round glass spectacles, but those queer ones like D's lying on their backs, over the straight tops of which he gazed at me intently. He was tremendously professional altogether.

Before I knew where I was the Doctor had seized my wrist and whipped out his watch—quite the high class professional watch, which clanked like a bottle-jack. Then he dropped my hand suddenly and sighed deeply.

"Want of tone? Loss of flesh? Appetite failing? Sleep bad? Peg too low? General depression? I thought so!"

"You ought to have come here before," continued Dr. Herbert severely. "You're breaking up."

Good gracious! He might have put it less brutally.

"Breaking up?" I repeated mechanically in an awe-stricken voice.

"Don't you feel that your clothes are getting too large for you?" asked Dr. Herbert in a sort of moan. "Of course you do. There, don't answer me, but get your waistcoat undone and your coat off."

I did as I was bid.

Then the Doctor listened to my chest with his stethoscope.

"Dulness," he said, distinct "dulness. Ah! Double mitral bruit, and auriculo-ventricular regurgitation, with diastolic pause. Just as I feared. Ah, yes, probably hereditary. Do you suffer from double vision?" asked the Doctor, stepping back to look at me.

I had turned pale. Wouldn't any fellow turn pale when he suddenly became aware that he was an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator?

"Poor fellow," muttered the Doctor, as if thinking aloud; "not married, I hope?"

"No, sir," I replied, "I am not married. I think you might have spared my feelings a little. You mean to suggest, I suppose, that mine is a bad case?"

Mr. Herbert smiled blandly, and rubbed his chin as though he had been a benevolent ape.

"Will you kindly answer me," I said, for I was very angry.

"Professional etiquette, my dear sir," said the Doctor blandly.

"Tell me at least," I cried, "how long I may expect to last. One year, two years, how long?"

"Do you lead a regular life?" asked Dr. Herbert.

"I do," I replied angrily; "and I am engaged to be married."

"Look here, Doctor," I continued coaxingly, "is there nothing I can do? I will be very careful, I will indeed; I'll wear flannel next the skin, or Dr. Jager, or Hygienic boots, or Harness' electric

belt, or Mother Seigel's Syrup." He only smiled a pitying sort of smile; and then he held out his hand and looked at his great watery eye. I had the sovereign and the shilling ready, wrapped up in tissue-paper. I placed it in his extended palm. "Won't you write me a prescription?" I faltered out.

"What's the use?" said the Doctor.

"When shall I come again?" I groaned.

"What's the use?" repeated Dr. Herbert.

"How long—how long do you give me?" I sobbed out.

"About three months—or less," replied the Doctor; then he held the door open, and it was all over.

Condemned to die! How bright the streets looked. The London season was at its height. I didn't want to die. But—I was an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator; and what was the London season to me?

How was I to break it to Ethelinda? We were to have been married in six months' time, about Christmas or the New Year; we had arranged to pass our honeymoon in Italy. I wondered whether Ethelinda would have got over her sorrow for my loss by Christmas. I might die at any moment, of course; I might drop down dead, and that sort of thing. The Doctor hadn't exactly said so, but he evidently meant it. I hadn't any time to lose. I ought to make my will. I went to a stationers; I bought a sixpenny form of will. As I was paying for it a big black book caught my eye. "Mopes on Heart Disease." The very thing. I would learn the worst. I bought the black book. I went home to my rooms. I ate my badly cooked chop, and then I sat down and made my will. My landlady and her husband witnessed it.

Then I read "Mopes on heart Disease" straight through. I found it rather difficult to understand, but I got some valuable hints. "In advanced cases wherethere is no hope to be derived from treatment, the greatest attention should be paid to diet and regimen. An attack of indigestion may at any moment prove fatal; and the patient should be restricted to a bland farinaceous diet such as the Revalenta Arabica, which may be varied with milk arrowroot, though the latter article is not of much value as a food. Meat should on no account be permitted." And I had just eaten a chop! "The Revalenta should be prepared with milk and taken frequently in quantities not exceeding a small teacupful."

I went to bed and I sent for the Revalenta Arabica. For two days I carefully followed the suggestion as to diet. I felt myself growing weaker; I was evidently sinking. Then another paragraph alarmed me: "The patient should on no account be confined to bed; exercise in a Bath chair is imperative, other means of locomotion being inadmissible, as jolting may be attended with an immediately fatal result." I ordered a Bath chair at once, much to my landlady's astonishment, and I went out in it.

Everybody turned round to look at me.

I would have written to Ethelinda to break it to her; but "the slightest mental emotion may at any moment prove fatal." That was enough for me! How I longed for a pipe; but I knew that "smoking must of course be rigorously prohibited." Before I went to bed that night I re-read the chapter on "Morbid Changes and Physical Signs of Approaching Dissolution." When I tried to go to sleep I noticed that my feet were cold; and I remembered with horror that that was one of the "physical signs," of—Ugh! I might even not wake next morning, for "dissolution frequently, often, takes place quite painlessly; the patient not awakening from his heavy and untroubled sleep."

Next morning I awoke. I was as hungry as a hunter. I had forgotten for the moment my terrible condition. I had ceased to remember that I was an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator. Ah! it all came back to me: "the patient is frequently harrassed by the cravings of a morbid appetite and a hankering after indigestible food." I had longed for cold pork, or steak pie, or something "stodgy." Then I recollected that "the sufferer should be strongly advised not to dress without assistance, as stooping or over-exertion may at any moment produce fatal syncope." How could I put on my socks without stooping?



I had had a week of it ; it was a terrible week. If I could have had but a scintilla of hope I could have borne it ; but Dr. Herbert had been precise : " three months—or less ;" those were his very words. I was in my bath chair. I was being wheeled slowly, very slowly, to avoid that dangerous jolting, when—could my eyes deceive me?—I saw Ball, Dr. Ball.

" Good gracious !" cried the old Doctor ; " Tremlett, what the deuce is the matter ?" He held out his hand, which I took in my loose lined fur glove (it was August, but " the extremities cannot be kept too warm").

" Matter," I replied reprovingly ; " hasn't he told you ?"

" Hasn't who told me ? Told me what ?" cried Dr. Ball.

" Doctor, I'm an auriculo ventricular regurgitator?" I said, with the calm of one who knows that he is condemned to die, but who is at least determined to meet his fate like a man.

" A hwhat, a hwhat ?" cried Ball ; he is an Irishman, and he says " hwhat" when he is excited.

" That is, I believe, the professional expression," I said ; for I was hurt at his rough manner. " I had it from Dr. Herbert a week ago."

" Ah, Herbert—ah, poor fellow !" said Dr. Ball ; and then he whipped off my glove, he put his finger on my pulse, and he laughed aloud in the most unfeeling manner. " Get out of that chair," he said, " you're as sound as a roach. I'm awfully sorry, Tremlett," said Dr. Ball in a lower tone, as he led me to a chair and waved the chairman off, out of hearing : " Herbert, poor fellow, is as mad as a hatter. He's told all my patients the same thing, and I was summoned back in haste. He's in Hanwell now, poor fellow ; sad case."

" But, Doctor"—I began.

" Don't but me, sir," cried Dr. Ball. " I tell you there's nothing wrong. I can't do it in the park, but jump into my carriage (fancy telling an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator to jump), and I'll sound you, if it's any consolation to you, as soon as we get to Queen Anne-street."

He was right. I've no further use for " Mopes on Diseases of the Heart." I'm to be married next month. If Ethelinda's mother has any nonsense about her I shall lend her my copy of Mopes.

SERVED HIM OUT.—One day while a trial was going on, an old gentleman of eighty, Mr. William King, sought admission, but was told that he could not enter. Going to the office of one of the court officials, Mr. King explained that he was an old friend of the judge, and he was sure the judge would let him in if he knew he was there. He was told that the court room was full, but that he would try to find a place for him. In a few moments the two entered the court room.

" Sit down," said the judge sternly.

" My lord," explained the official, " this is an old friend of yours."

" Sit down," cried the judge, louder and more sternly.

Mr. King looked as if he would like to have a big hole come up through the floor and swallow him. There was no place for him to sit down, and still the judge kept calling for him to do so. He looked appealingly at his old friend, but the old friend only glared on him savagely and repeated the awful command, " Sit down !"

When the old gentleman had succeeded in reaching the seats set aside for counsel, some one got up and gave him his seat. When the court was adjourned the judge came down from the bench rubbing his hands together gleefully and laughing immoderately.

" I made him sit down, didn't I ?" he said in Mr. King's presence to one who had been an interested spectator of the proceedings. " I'll teach him not to beat me at whist as he did last night. I wish I had had half a chance, I would have put him out," and seizing Mr. King by the arm he took his old crony out to lunch with him.

In a country church the curate had to give out two notices, the first of which was about baptisms, and the latter had to do with a new hymn-book. Owing to an accident, he inverted the order, and gave out as follows :—

" I am requested to give notice that the new hymn-book will be used for the first time in this church on Sunday next ; and I am also requested to call attention to the delay which often takes place in bringing children to be baptized ; they should be brought on the earliest day possible. This is particularly pressed on mothers who have young babies."

" And for the information of those who have none," added the rector, in gentle, kindly tones, and who, being deaf, had not heard what had been previously said, " for the information of those who have none I may state that, if wished, they can be obtained on application in the vestry immediately after service to-day. Limp ones one shilling each ; with stiff backs, two shillings."

MANY Goal Chaplains are, I am confident, exemplary Christians, but there are unfortunate instances to the contrary, and one, not the least conspicuous, is to be found at Maidstone. The Secretary of the Howard Association, being desirous of sending a copy of the Association's Reports to the Roman Catholic priest ministering at Maidstone Gaol, addressed it to " The Roman Catholic Chaplain," the title by which the Minister in question is ordinarily known, and to which he has as much right as Cardinal Manning to that of " Archbishop." Shortly afterwards Mr. Tallack received the following precious communication :—

H. M. Prison, Maidstone, November 24, 1889.

SIR.—The postman has delivered to me two copies of Howard Association Report, *one* addressed to the Chaplain, which I opened. The other copy I have much pleasure in returning to you. If you consult the Prison Act, you will find there is only *one* Chaplain, and he belongs to the Established Church of England. The Prison Act recognises a " Prison Minister," but no Chaplain save the one mentioned above.— Faithfully yours,

WM. JACKSON, Chaplain.

Mr. Tallack, Howard Association.

As the Prisons Act does not authorize a Church of England Chaplain to intercept and return to the sender documents sent by post and manifestly intended for somebody else, Mr. Tallack very properly returned the report to this Reverend Jackson, politely requesting him to hand it to the Catholic minister. To this the Chaplain replied :—

I return your enclosed Report, with the hope that you will remember that I am not a common messenger.

There are doubtless many exalted posts in the Established Church which the Rev. Jackson is highly calculated to adorn. For the lowly office, however, of messenger of the Gospel to the population of a prison, I would suggest to the Home Secretary that some one with a little more of the common messenger about him would be much better suited.

It may interest women to learn that the islanders of New Guinea are married according not to their own inclinations, but to those of their parents. They are most frequently affianced at a very tender age but are afterwards forbidden to associate with each other. Indeed, this is carried so far that the girl may not even look at her future husband. Both must avoid all contact with the members, both male and female, of the family into which they are about to enter.

Their wedding ceremonies are characterised by a reserve and a modesty very remarkable in a savage people of the tropics. Adorned with the most beautiful ornaments, the bride is conducted at night in a torchlight procession through the village. One woman carries her on her back, while another binds her arms, as though she were a captive, and leads her by the rope to the house of her betrothed. This is a symbol of slavery—a souvenir of the ancient servitude which the aristocratic class has preserved. There is nothing of this in the procession of the poor.

On reaching their destination, the bridegroom is presented to the bride's relatives.



## Correspondence.

BISHOPTHORPE, Jan. 12th, 1891.

*To the Editor of "Our Society":*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been very much pained and shocked by the sentiments expressed in the first paragraph of "Society Notes" in your current number. How one who cannot equivocate in Society can be worse than a liar, I utterly fail to see, seeing that equivocation is only another name for lying. To give any other than the real reason for not joining in an entertainment is to lie, though Society may call it to equivocate. Why mothers, who object to their daughters appearing upon a public stage, should be supposed to sit in judgment upon and condemn other matrons who have no such objection, I cannot see; any more than if the question were, for instance, on the co-education of the sexes, those who objected to it should be thought to condemn those who approved it. But if the mothers who so object must be called Puritanical for holding such an opinion, by all means let them be so; only let it be remembered that the Puritans were the upholders of some of the most sterling virtues by which humanity is adorned, and the Puritan maiden was the very incarnation of modesty.

I trust that the paragraph in question by some unlucky oversight slipped in without your having read it, and that you will not hesitate to repudiate the sentiments therein expressed in your next number.

I write this with the kindest feelings towards yourself, and trust you will regard this letter in that light.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

F. NOVA SCOTIA.

The insertion of Bishop Courtney's letter is perhaps the best way to erase the impression evidently made on some minds by the paragraph in question. Had we foreseen this, the paragraph would have been emended if not left out altogether. Our own idea in reading it was that the sentiments expressed were supposed to be those of Society, and deprecated by the writer. We took him to mean that Society, unfortunately, deals more hardly with the downright truth,—especially when it also implies a censure on Society itself—than with the polite equivocation. However, there is certainly some ambiguity, and we thank the Bishop for pointing it out to us, assuring him and our readers generally that such are *not* our sentiments;—so far as we do in any way attempt to guide Society, it shall be towards truth and honesty, and not away from it.

This letter will be welcomed by our readers all over the world, as a sign of the great improvement in Bishop Courtney's health.

*To the Editor of "Our Society."*

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, Jan. 12th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—In your start there are many things you can do in the way of reform in OUR SOCIETY, in its usages, in its language and in its writings.

It was, I think, Lord Russell who, when spoken to of Mrs. General Somebody, said there were *no she* generals in his force.

Reading in yours of 12th Dec., I find among those mentioned as attending the Japanese sale, Mrs. Justice ————. I am quite sure Chief Justice Ritchie would repudiate the idea of any *she* justices being on the bench in this Canada of ours. Mrs. Doctor, unless it be Mary Walker, is, I think, equally objectionable. Mrs. Premier Fielding would scarcely pass. The above for the present.

Yours,

PAPA.

*To the Editor of "Our Society."*

SIR:—I wonder why it is that when a person in Halifax no longer wants an article he throws it into the street. Have you not been sometimes surprised by the variety of things you encounter on the pavement within the limits of a single block? Passing down Morris Street the other day my attention was arrested by the sight of a lot of ashes, not sprinkled on a slippery spot, but "dumped" into a snow bank before a certain door. I had not ceased to wonder at this when a lady came out into her porch holding on a plate, a turnip which had seen better days, and with a big spoon she promptly scraped it into the street. As I turned to glance at her in wild surprise, I barely escaped a deluge of adulterated water from the bucket of a nice-looking maid (she wore a gray merino gown turned up in front, a quilted petticoat striped stockings, and shoes with black rosettes, of which one was coming off,) who had just finished scrubbing the doorsteps of one of my friends houses. A little further I saw a dead cat, which I had noticed the previous day in South Park Street, where some children seemed to be conducting its obsequies at that time though the completion of the ceremony had doubtless been postponed. In the neighborhood of St. Luke's Church there was a selection of paper bags, old newspapers, bottles, orange peel and superannuated boots that would have delighted the heart of a rag-picker. Among the articles I observed lying before the doors of gentlemen living between Queen Street and Hollis Street were a tooth brush, with a few bristles, the armless body of a nude doll, a broken tobacco pipe, a large coil of wire, a battered hat, a knife-handle, a rotten cabbage, three soiled leaves of the Treasury of Devotion, an old broom, a horse-shoe, a broken saucer, a baby's rattle, the handle of a frying-pan, the ribs of an umbrella with tatters of the umbrella itself, a mud-soaked sponge and a defaced photograph. I suppose the former owners all lived in the vicinity, and having no further use for these articles, had bestowed them on a grateful public. Must it be so always? Or can you suggest a remedy?

Yours truly,

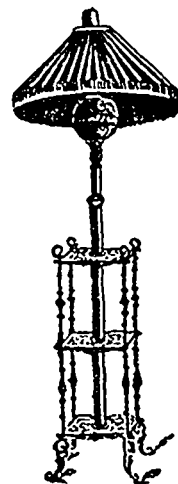
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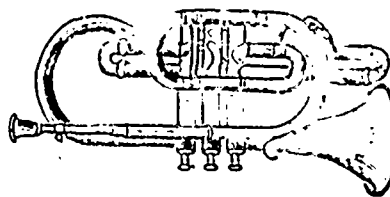
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**Our Society.**

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY, 16TH 1891.



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**Music & Musical Instruments**  
 No. 88 Barrington St., Halifax.  
(OPP. A. STEPHEN & SON.)

ALL letters and contributions should be addressed to The Editor, Cambridge St., Halifax, N. S.  
 Articles for Friday's issue should be in the Editor's hands by Wednesday evening, notices of current events can be inserted as late as Thursday afternoon.  
 Our readers are particularly requested to make a point of sending in at once (on telephoning No. 358.) :-  
 I.) Notices of intended removal, expected arrivals, etc.  
 II.) 'At Home' days, and more especially alterations in the same.  
 III.) News of the whereabouts, etc., of any old friends who have left Halifax.  
 IV.) Recommendations of servants leaving.  
 V.) Advertisements of articles lost or found.  
 VI.) " " of articles for sale, etc.

It is hoped that all the Athletic and other Clubs will send in their records, notices, and gossip up to date.

Advertisements under heads (iv.) and (vi.) will not be charged for; but any person who is suited with a servant through the medium of this paper will be expected to pay a fee of 25 cents, and in the same way any person receiving a lost article will be charged 10 cents.

Private advertisements under head (vi.) and others, will be charged to the advertiser at the rate of 5 cents per line.

The rates for business advertisements are :

1 inch .....	\$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 circle of readers is widening rapidly :—New York, Montreal Charlottetown and St. John have more regular subscribers than any other distant cities, but there are a few in most of the chief Nova Scotian towns. Strangely enough, we have not yet been able to find correspondents in Truro, St. John, Amherst or Antigonish, and would be glad if any who have friends in these towns would try to help us out of the difficulty. Sydney, C. B., is the only town of any size in the province from which we have had no response whatever.

WE welcome, under the peculiarly suitable title of "Papa," a new correspondent from Prince Edward's Island;—and hope this small instalment is but an earnest of more lengthy notes to follow.

THIS custom is just on a level with that of the lady who speaks of her husband familiarly as Mr. B. or Mr. R.; and the one is as objectionable as the other.

If "Papa" had opened the campaign against these new-fangled lady-titles some few years ago, these would have been more chance of making an impression: as it is, we quite agree with him, though it is hard to give adequate reasons for doing so. Of course, when, for instance, there are a Mr. Robinson, a Major Robinson and a Dr. Robinson, all living in the same town, it simplifies matters somewhat to talk of their wives as Mrs. Dr. Robinson, Mrs. Robinson, and so on; but, after all, this is sheer laziness. Surely the learned Doctor and the gallant Major have christian names of some sort, and why their wives shouldn't be distinguished by their christian names it is very hard to say, except that it is too much trouble.

EVEN the excuse of laziness does not exist where there is no possible ambiguity. If a Major MacJones-Cicero arrived in Halifax, who was well-known to have no living relation in the world of the same name, his wife would still figure in the papers as Mrs. Major MacJones-Cicero.

**THE DALHOUSIE "AT HOME."**

The students of Dalhousie College and University did well in abandoning the dinner with which they have been accustomed to celebrate George Munro Day, and substituting in its place an "At Home." By this means they were also able to entertain a number of Halifax people who have shewn them hospitality. Some six or seven hundred people responded to the invitation, and were prepared to "present their card at the door" had it been demanded. The rather dull and uninteresting rooms, staircases and corridors were gaily decorated, the reception room having had especial care bestowed upon it.

The great Barnum had three rings going at the same time, but the Dalhousie students out-barnumed Barnum, and kept some seven or eight rings going merrily from eight till twelve.

An amusing incident of the evening was the attempt, on the part of some of the students, aided and abetted by some of their guests (accessories before the fact) to start a dance *sub-rosa* in the Law Library. At the close of the second waltz Principal Forrest appeared on the scene and put a stop to the proceedings. Was it that he did not care to see the sacred precincts of the Law Library made the seclude of such unhallowed merriment?

The West Riding Band, hidden away under the staircase, performed a delightful programme, which would have been enjoyed more had a better station been chosen for the band.

The concerts were well attended, though the chorus of students could not be called a gigantic success. The most noticeable feature of the concerts was the way in which the people thronged in to hear Mrs. Kennedy Campbell sing. It was highly flattering to that lady.

Those of the young people who discovered its existence, patronized the dark room lecture of Prof. MacGregor, and evidently appreciated it highly. Anyway they were highly indignant when the light was turned up to admit a fresh batch of sight-seers. Darkness hath charms.

Altogether the students are to be congratulated upon the success with which the function went off.

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ENVELOPES TO MATCH THE ABOVE.		CARD CASES.	

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## MICKEY'S CHICKENS.

LAST spring when the lingering snow in the hollows of the wood had melted and trickled down the rocks to the Roundout creek, a staid and motherly partridge built a nest in a hollow log and deposited within its cosy environment of leaves and pines needles thirteen speckled eggs. One day, far down the dim aisle of the wood, she heard the sound of coming footsteps. The partridge squatted closer down upon the eggs, and no eye but that of a fox could have seen the difference between her brown back and that of the rotten log. Her little heart beat hard with excitement and fear, but the palpitation failed even to stir the soft feathers under her wing. Her eyes glittered like twin beads as she peeped out of her hiding-place. The big pine sang a low soothing psalm, and a chipmunk stuck its head out of a hole in an oak tree near by. But above the sound of the psalm the footsteps were heard by the partridge coming nearer and nearer. There were shuffling sounds in the dried leaves, and at intervals the breaking of a twig sounded sharply in the silence of the still wood.

Then from around the trunk of a big hemlock which had tossed its green arms in the sunlight for forty years, came the figure of a sneaking boy with a bow-gun held in the hollow of his right arm. By this time the partridge was standing up in the nest. Her neck was outstretched and every fibre in her little feathered body was tense with excitement. Nearer and nearer came the boy, his eyes roving through the wood in search of a victim for his arrow. The chipmunk ran down the oak and jumped upon the log in which the partridge was palpitating.

The old Dominick hen wanted to sit. She had tried to satisfy her natural instinct in the wood-box. When driven from this retreat by Mrs. Finn's broom, she nestled in Mr. Finn's old felt hat. Here, too, she was foiled in her purpose by a painful of cold water, which perceptibly dampened her enthusiasm and her feathers. Still she persevered in her efforts at propagation, and was found late in the afternoon, after drying herself in the sun, trying to scratch a hole in the best quilt upon the parental Finn bed. To this Mrs. Finn objected with a broom.

"Ye ould blatherskite!" said she, bringing the broom down upon the bed, for the hen wasn't there when the broom came down. "Musha, but I'll wring yer neck wid me fist wbin I lay my hands on ye! Phy don't ye g' out an' play marvels wid th' gravel stones stead o' foolin' there wid me best quilt?"

The old hen wandered around the yard disconsolately. Life had no charms for her in her uneasy condition of mind. Besides, there were no eligible places in the yard in which to carry out her designs. Her miserable condition provoked the sympathy of little Mike, and he decided that she should have the pleasure of setting on a nest of eggs if he could by hook or crook procure them for her. For two days, after school hours, he searched the borders of Brown's Pond for duck eggs, and was fortunate in finding two. These were stowed away in an old hat in the cellar, and the hen, with a glad chuckle of content, settled herself upon them. That afternoon he went off hunting in the woods.

When the partridge flew off her nest little Mike examined the hollow log and found thirteen speckled eggs. Warm and smooth they felt in his palms. Holding them close against his breast to preserve the heat, he started on a run for home and dashed into the cellar. His eyes danced with self-gratulation as he said:

"Shoo, Nanny, be quiet till I give ye some more eggs as'll hatch out foine wild chickens."

The hen squeaked a gentle protest against being disturbed, and then settled down to her work again. During the period of incubation little Mike attended to the wants of the hen with jealous care. Corn and meal were always right under her beak, and water in an old tomato can stood so near that she did not have to leave her nest. Every evening when he returned from school little Mike paid a visit to the hen to see how she was getting along, and each time he came he lifted the hen from the eggs to see if there were life in them. This continued for three weeks,

until one evening on opening the cellar door he found two little ducklings with pieces of shells clinging to their backs peeping in the cellar. The hen was in a quandary. The partridge eggs beneath her were yet whole, and she was divided in her affections for the hatched and unhatched. She decided, however, to continue operations on the partridge eggs, and a few days later they too had developed into chickens.

The whole Finn family were so tickled at the result of the Dominick hen's efforts that they could scarcely contain themselves. Mrs. Finn insisted that the brood should be brought up out of the cellar into the kitchen. Here the little partridges hid behind the wood box in a frightened covey. They were startled by the least sound, and whisked out of sight at the raising of a finger.

"Faix," said Mr. Finn, as he gazed upon the bunches of brown feathers darting hither and thither, "thim wild chickens bats the Dootch fur quickness. Begorra, but they're fly. Musha, but they hav' no tails!"

"Don't freeken yersel," said his wife, "they'll hav' foine tail-gin six wakes."

Mickey was so tickled with his new charge that he hated to go to school. One day he put two of the partridges in his trousers pocket, and took them with him. They got out of his desk when he was called up to the spelling class, and great confusion prevailed until the wild chickens had flown out of the open window.

And so the summer faded away into the autumn. And October's chill breath began to kill the leaves in Lindsley's Wood. By this time the partridges had become strong of wing, and following their native instincts made short excursions into the fields near by. Mrs. Finn was in a state of constant fear lest they should not come back, but every evening, when the pan of cornmeal was set out in the back yard, the partridges and the ducks were there feeding amicably together.

Thursday, Oct. 4th, had been set apart as a day of feasting. Mrs. Finn had decided to kill six of the partridges on the previous evening, and Mr. Cronin, the accordion player, Mrs. Doolan and her boy Jack, Mike Murphy and his wife, and Mike Welsh and the sharer of his joys and sorrows, had been invited to attend. It was decided, after a long consultation between Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Finn, that the wild chickens should be served up in a potpie with appropriate accompaniments of sliced potatoes, sweet marjory, thyme, onions, carrots, and other herb and vegetable delicacies.

It was the twilight hour in the Finn back yard, when the frogs were beginning to croak and the whippoorwill over the hill was piping his lay. Shadows of the evening were stealing across the sky. Paler and paler grew the clouds, and over against the horizon the outlines of Lindsley's Wood were fading against the eastern sky. Mrs. Finn and her boy were sitting on the doorstep watching the partridges eat their evening meal, and loathed to begin the slaughter of the innocents for the morrow's potpie, when across the meadows between the shanty and the wood there came a curious muffled sound.

"F'what is that?" said Mrs. Finn.

"It's mesel doesn't know," replied Mickey.

Again the sound came over the wide reaches of meadow land. It attracted the attention of the partridges. They lifted their heads from the pan of cornmeal and clustered together. The sound was like soft beating on a muffled drum. There was a sudden movement among the partridges: then as one bird they rose into the air with a whirr which startled Mickey and his mother to her feet. Huddled close together in a bunch which could have been covered by a quilt the partridges flew. There was a fleeting glimpse of brown feathers, a rush of beating wings, and the deep shadows of Lindsley's Wood closed over the fleeting birds.

Mickey looked at his mother in wild-eyed astonishment. Then he managed to stammer out:

"M-m-mother, the ould chicken in the wood called the little wans, an' sure an' they've gone home to her!"

RONDO.

"I don't know how to flirt," she sighed;  
And turned a peerless head to hide  
A rising blush; "such fine art wants  
A hand it finds in other haunts  
Than these, white-blown of time and tide.

"But teach me: and, when I have tried  
My hand on thee, I'll lay aside  
My fear, nor falter to thy taunts  
"I don't know how to flirt."

And such the pow'r we like the wide  
World through; for guileless arts abide  
When fail the wiles a woman vaunts  
Before a man that nothing daunts  
Till twin eyes twinkle, though lips chide  
"I don't know how to flirt."

C. F. H.

Dr. —, the specialist, has the reputation of being very particular on the subject of his fees. The other day a lady, whom he was well aware could afford a larger honorarium, slipped into his hand a solitary sovereign; whereupon the physician snatched up a pair of spectacles, and went grovelling over the carpet as if in search of something he had dropped. "What are you looking for?" asked the lady innocently, and the man of science answered gruffly. "The other guinea, madam, it must have dropped on the floor!" His fair patient took the hint, put down the deficit on the table, and promptly conveyed herself out of the consulting room. Yet that medico will give his services to the poor and needy, who cannot afford to pay for them, with lavish generosity.

Some time ago there was an amusing column in *Punch*, giving absurd reasons for the presentation of *debutantes* and others at the Queen's Drawing-rooms—an equally interesting column might be compiled giving the objects of various bazaars. The very latest object is supplied by the Grange Free Church, Edinburgh, where a bazaar has just been held, the proceeds of which are to be applied in providing accommodation for ladies who may faint during the time of service. This is an encouragement to syncope, is it not?

AN interesting case was tried at the Mansion House Court the other day, when a certain James Baker was had up for attempting to corrupt a jury. The prisoner's crime did not go further than "chumming up" to a couple of jurymen and expatiating to them on the excellent character of the prisoner in chief, and the extreme improbability of his being guilty. The case is curious, as being the first one of its kind in England during the last 40 years.

"You wish to marry one of my daughters?" "Yes, monsieur, it is my dearest wish." "I give a dowry of fifty thousand francs with the youngest, one hundred thousand with the second, and one hundred and fifty thousand with the eldest." "You don't happen to have one older still, do you?"

"I wish to say to the congregation," said a minister, "that the paper is not responsible for the error of the printer on the tickets for the concert in the Sunday-school room. The concert is for the benefit of the Arch-Fand, not the Arch-Fiend. We will now sing hymn six. To err is human, to forgive divine."

TO  
BARRINGTON STREET.

101

MAHON BROS.

The Largest Retail Dry Goods House in the City.

"Discount for Cash."

A PROMISING PUPIL.—A little girl who had just entered school, lately jubilantly announced to her father that she did better than all the girls above her in the arithmetic class and went to the top.

"That was smart of you," said he, encouragingly. "How was it?"

"Well, you see, Miss Maggie asked the girl at the top how much was 8 and 5, and she didn't know, and said 12; then the next girl said 9, and the next one said 11, and the next one said 14. Such silly answers! Then Miss Maggie asked me, and I said 13, and Miss Maggie told me to go up top. Course it was 13."

"That was nice," said the father. "I didn't think you could add so well. How did you know it was 13?"

"Why, I guessed it! Nobody said 13."

Pheasant shooting. Beaters in line, when a boy comes shouting from the side of the head-keeper and a retriever. Keeper (to Lord Woodcock). "Yes, yes, milord! is it a runner? Did your lordship mark it down?" "It is not ah, bird! ah, Jarvis! I've lost my whiskey flask between here and the last ride. Please, ah, breathe on the dog's nose and put him on it."

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in a week?"

"Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then asked: "Whose baby was it?"

"It was the elephant's baby," replied little Emily.



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## Provincial Notes.

YARMOUTH.—I am afraid you will find me rather a dull correspondent, but I can say like Lady Teazle, "You must blame the climate and not me, for when there is nothing going on of course there is nothing to report. The holidays are over, and this week the Union Week of Prayer is absorbing the interest of a good many.

Mrs. T. V. B. Bingay gave a small dance Tuesday Evening for her sister Miss Marion Locke, who is home from Mt. St. Vincent, spending her vacation.

A cob-web party was given last Thursday Evening at the residence of the Hon. John Lovitt, M. P. for his daughter, Miss Beth Lovitt. It afforded a great deal of amusement for the young people, and those who were fortunate enough to find prizes at the end of their string, were made happy for the rest of the evening.

Mr. R. G. Allison, Organist of Holy Trinity Church, has gone home to Windsor for a two weeks vacation.

Mr. Dean F. Currie, American Consul, has been confined to the house for over two weeks with ulcerated sore throat, but is better, and able to go out on fine days.

One of the pleasant parties of the season, was the Progressive Euchre party given by Mrs. T. Bowen, for her daughter Susie, last Thursday evening. There were bright tables and the prizes were won by the following fortunate young ladies and men. First, Miss Petton, and Mr. Shaw; Progressive, Miss Alice Eakins, and her brother Archie; Booby, Miss M. Torker and Mr. Robertson. "Awfully nice time" was the universal verdict.

Holy Trinity Church Aid Society, are having a series of monthly Socials, which are usually well attended by "our Set" as well as a few fortunate outsiders. Last Friday evening Mrs. Flint gave two of her always welcome Solos, which were promptly encored and very kindly responded to. Her rich sweet voice seems inexhaustible in depth, compass, and purity of tone. A Piano Duett by Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Bingay, was also much liked. Mrs. Almon, and Mrs. Murray, who are chiefly interested in getting up the entertainments, are to be congratulated on their success so far.

Mr. Frank Flint, of Everett, Mass. is spending a week at Mrs. E. F. Parker's.

St. John's Presbyterian Church was crowded to its utmost capacity Sunday evening, when Mr. Rogers preached his farewell sermon. About fifty Odd-fellows occupied the side pews, and long before the hour for service, the church was filled with members of all denominations, many of Mr. Rogers own congregation were unable to find there standing room. He took for his text, "How we see through a glass darkly," and referred most feelingly to the happy relations which had always existed between himself and the people, not only of his own church but all the churches. His congregation, while regretting his removal, still feel that he has reasons for going which "they know not now, but may know hereafter."

We are sure your readers must have been terribly disappointed at the stupidity that prevented the Yarmouth notes from reaching you in time last week. It was such a gay and festive week that one may be excused once in a while if ones idea get like a certain old man of the Hague, "excessively vague" with euchre parties, 5 o'clock teas, etc. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday got indiscriminately mixed. We will try and tame down and promise not to be so giddy again.

Mrs. B. B. Gray was "At Home" to her friends Thursday and Monday afternoons from 4 to 6. When "The cup that cheers but not inebriates," was freely indulged in by the ladies.

Mrs. Wm. Murdy gave a very pleasant Euchre party last Monday evening, Mrs. G. N. T. Farish being the winner of the first prize.

CHARLOTTETOWNS, P. I. E.—If some of the items of to-day are more than a week old, the most provokingly irregular mails are to be blamed, not the writer.

The Governor's levee on New Year's Day was fairly well attended considering that it was the first for several years, and that our town people act tardily upon suggestions of any sort. By this time next year they will, in all probability, have awakened to realize the fact that if His Honor takes the trouble to hold a Levee, it is the duty of all gentlemen to visit him on New Year's Day. Mr. Carvell's friends were glad to see him looking so well. The following gentlemen enjoyed the privilege of entree.

Hon. R. P. Haythorne, Senator.

I. C. Hall, Esq., United States Consul.

W. H. Aitken, Acting Vice-Consul for Spain.

L. H. Davies, Esq., M. P.

Hon. Neil Macleod, President Executive Council.

Hon. Thomas W. Dodd, President Legislative Council.

Hon. Patrick Blake, Speaker Legislative Assembly.

Hon. Benjamin Davies, (Late M. E. C.)

Hon. Lemuel C. Owen, do.

Hon. A. A. Macdonald, do.

D. O'M. Reddin, Esq., Judge County Court.

R. R. Fitzgerald, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate.

In addition to the above, sixty-five gentlemen attended the Levee.

There was good sleighing, and visiting was fairly general. It is certain that the custom is gradually dying out, but that the Levee started many who would otherwise have stayed at home. Twenty visitors were considered a goodly number for any lady to have on her list, and it was rarely exceeded.

Mrs. Brenton Longworth,—the bride—is supposed to have had the largest number of visitors, and naturally so, for our sterner sex are too lazy, many of them, to visit newly married ladies when their wives carry their cards for them.

Invitations for an "At Home" were issued from Government House for Saturday, 3rd instant, but the gathering was postponed by Mrs. Carvell, because of changes being made in the heating apparatus of the gubernatorial residence.

Hon. Neil Macleod, the Premier, left for Ottawa on a political mission on the evening of 1st inst.

Hon. Daniel Davies and his niece, Miss Kate Davies, who had intended leaving for England on the 30th ult., have abandoned the idea and remain at home until March.

Mr. Justice Peters is still reported "better."

Mr. William Tweedy is here enjoying a short holiday.

A Scott Act election is engaging all public attention. The wish of the people is undoubtedly against the Act, but a characteristic indifference may result in the voice of the minority being the more powerful. The Catholic clergy, Roman and Anglican, have spoken against the Act as inoperative and engendering perjury and other sins as bad as, or worse than, the evil unsuccessfully aimed at.

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## Theatrical Notes.

The programme of *Hauls Across the Sea* carefully says that all rights are secured from Messrs. Taylor and Jefferson, but omit to mention the name of the author. In the eyes of a theatrical company the author is a person of little or no account.

*Hauls Across the Sea*, postponed from Monday, was produced for the first time in Halifax on Tuesday to an exceptionally large house; in fact the "Standing Room Only" placard has been shown every night this week.

The play deals with the troubles of a young English farmer, *Jack Dudley*, who is in Paris accused of murder. He is condemned to death, but escapes from his cell, and is about to be shot when his wife rushes in and places herself with the President's reprieve in her hand between the rifles of the gendarmes and her husband. He is sent on a convict ship to New Caledonia, but eventually turns up aboard a P. & O. steamer, on which his wife and the main characters of the story are travelling to Australia. The ship is boarded by the French soldiers (isn't this a *casus belli*?) but the captain refuses to deliver him to them, in a strong and powerfully arranged scene that almost brought the audience to their feet. When the passengers arrive at Sydney, things are made pleasant for the hero and heroine in the usual way, while the villain has the very bad time, which always falls to him on the stage. A dramatist always ignores the statement of the Psalmist (borne out by practical experience) that "the unrighteous flourisheth like a green bay tree."

Some one, perhaps Mr. Lytell, has shewn good taste in toning down the scene between Count Paul and Jack Dudley's wife in the room of the hotel at Paris, which, as originally played in England, had a considerable amount of the "nasty" element in it.

It was rather unfortunate that one or two of the gentlemen, to whom the programme assigned unimportant parts, for some reason or other were unable to appear, their roles being doubled by other members of the company. Mr. Lytell has had a previous experience of this, and has our sympathy in his misfortune.

Oh, by the bye, Bois de Boulogne is not usually pronounced as it is spelled. Count Paul, you ought to have known this.

Mr. J. L. Edwards played Jack Dudley. He instilled some originality into the part, and succeeded in making it distinctive. The remarks that have been made in these columns about Mr. Edwards, rendering of the characters that fall to him, cannot be applied in this case. Is it that he has taken advantage of the criticism, that though apparently severe, was given in kindly spirit? Be that as it may, Mr. Edwards gave a very careful and well conceived representation of Jack Dudley, and merited the two curtain calls he received. Mr. Lytell, as Tom Bassett, excelled in his role and wormed his way into a soft corner of the hearts of his audience. The Jean deLussac of Mr. Carl Smith was somewhat uneven, but in the last act, was so good that it may fairly be compared with Mr. Robert Pateman's rendering of the same character, in which he is *forte princeps*. Count Paul had not much to do, but did it well. Joseph Stillwood was not much like a Devonshire land owner—he seemed rather to hail from New England. Moreover the author's idea of the character is that Stillwood should appear to be a gentleman, until his villainy is made apparent. Hiram Hickory was a small part, but Mr. Thos. Morgan made the most of the opportunities he had.

Miss Laura Alberta made another hit as Lillian, Jack Dudley's wife. Miss Celeste was a winning little Lucy,—her voice at times became almost inaudible however, to those of the audience farthest

from the stage. Mrs. Emilia Edwards has a thankless part (the keeper of the gaming saloon, Mme. Vallerie) in which she has little or no scope.

Two small points. It is not usual for an A. B. to take a watch on the quarter deck nor does any farmer in Devonshire wear the peculiar cuffs and collar Jack Dudley has on in the first act.

## MISS LAINE'S RECITAL.

The first recital is fixed for Thursday, Jan. 22nd, commencing at 8.15 P.M.

The programme is not quite definitely arranged yet, but will consist of Songs, Cello Solos, Songs with Cello Obligato, Pianoforte Solos, Songs. Among the songs will be one by Purcell, a favorite composer of the 17th century; an old French song, whose age is traditional, and an Arietta from one of Haydn's unfinished operas. A feature of the evening will be the songs with Cello obligato. Miss Laine will be assisted by Frau Marianna Doering-Brauer, Herr Ernest Doering, and Mr. C. H. Porter, Jr.; Herr Doering performing a composition of his own.

The plan of the Hall can be seen at the Halifax Piano & Organ Rooms, Hollis St., as early as Tuesday morning, where season tickets may be obtained, as well as single and admission tickets.

The time has been fixed at a quarter past eight, so as to give people a better chance of being in time, and we sincerely hope the public will show a practical appreciation of Miss Laine's efforts by aiding as far as possible in keeping order, by being *in their seats* when the performances commence. There is nothing more confusing to a singer than to come on the platform and see all the audience in a state of motion. This is especially important in a case like the present, when the house is sure to be exceptionally full.

TEACHER: "Tommy Slinson, how is it that your clothes are all torn and dirty? [No answer] Look at Bobbie Smiten, how tidy he looks. Stand up, Bobbie, and tell the school why your clothes are not dirty, like Tommy Slinson's." Bobbie: "Cause I licked him."

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## English Jottings.

The church has sustained several very heavy losses within the last few weeks. Such men as Dean Church, Canon Siddon, Canon Molesworth and Archbishop Thomson cannot be easily replaced. The Archbishop of York died on Christmas morning at the age of 71. He was an old Shrewsbury boy, and educated at Queen's College, Oxford, where he was successively Scholar, Fellow, Tutor and Provost, being afterwards appointed Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, from whence he proceeded, in 1861, to the Bishopric of Gloucester and Bristol, and only ten months later was raised to the Archbishopric of York. The following remarks are taken from *Truth*:

Dr. Thomson was a consummate organizer and administrator, and his strong, shrewd common sense, his immovable firmness, and his boundless self-reliance, were qualities which particularly recommended him to Yorkshiremen. He was a thoroughly practical man, and few prelates have been more in touch with all classes of the laity. Among the working people in such places as Sheffield and Leeds he was most popular, and there never was a more effective speaker at their Church Congress meetings, for he was always frank, sensible, and earnest, and did not nauseate his audience with wheedling flattery and vapid twaddle, like some other right reverend orators, nor did he either speak over their heads or manifestly embarrass himself by endeavoring to be funny, jocular, and familiar.

In early life the Archbishop distinguished himself at Oxford as a vigorous University reformer, and while preacher at Lincoln's Inn his admirable sermons drew the largest congregations that had ever been seen in the chapel there. Dr. Thomson filled the See of Gloucester and Bristol for only a few months, and then he was translated to York. He had been brought prominently before the public by his excellent little book on Logic, his remarkable article on "Crime and its Excuses," in a volume entitled "Oxford Essays," and his editorship of the collection of essays entitled "Aids to Faith," of which his own article on the Atonement, and Mansel's on Miracles were the most able and important. Dr. Thomson had recommended himself to the Court by a very beautiful sermon on "The night cometh," which he preached before the Queen and Prince Albert, and which greatly pleased and touched them, and the good impression thus created was strengthened by the famous sermon on the death of Prince Albert which he preached in Gloucester Cathedral. As Tait was the greatest of modern Archbishops of Canterbury, so Thomson will be known as the greatest of modern Archbishops of York, so far as we have gone.

The Archbishop detested and despised Ritualistic mummeries of all kinds, for a truly religious man of his powerful mind and massive intellect could not understand how clergymen could struggle and squabble about such contemptible trifles, while the first principles of their faith were being attacked all round. He devoted himself to strenuously defending the articles of the Christian faith, and hundreds of thousands accepted him as a trustworthy teacher.

It was on the occasion of Dr. Thomson's appointment to the Archbishopric of York that the Queen and Lord Palmerston had the only serious misunderstanding which ever disturbed the harmony of their relations after he became prime minister. When Archbishop Sumner died, Lord Palmerston (acting under the influence of Lord Shaftesbury) recommended that Dr. Baring, Bishop of Durham, should be translated to Canterbury, but Dr. Longley, Archbishop of York, the favourite of the high church party, was preferred. Then desperate efforts were made by Mr. Gladstone and others to obtain York for Bishop Wilberforce, who certainly ought to have been appointed. Palmerston's candidate was Dr. Waldegrave, Bishop of Carlisle, a feeble but bigoted Evangelical. The Queen vetoed the appointment, to the great indignation of the

Minister, and insisted upon the translation of the new Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol—a proposal which increased Lord Palmerston's wrath. The Queen had her way, and from that time Lord Shaftesbury's influence disappeared. Bishop Wilberforce never forgave Thomson, and seized every opportunity of saying and writing spiteful things about him, but the Archbishop certainly justified the Queen's high opinion of him.

It will be most difficult to find a successor to the late Archbishop, and to replace him in any adequate way is simply impossible. The claims of the Bishop of Peterborough are far and away superior to those of any other prelate, and surely Lord Salisbury will not pass him over. The Queen will, no doubt, press for the appointment of the Bishop of Ripon; but a man ought not to be made Archbishop of York merely because he is a most eloquent preacher and a very charming person. A first-rate man of business, and one who is really a "ruler and governor," is required at Bishopthorpe, and Bishop Boyd-Carpenter undoubtedly and conspicuously lacks the most important qualification for this great office.

The Paris "Figaro" comes out with the wonderful tale that the Duke of Clarence and Avondale is breaking his heart because he is not allowed to marry the Princess Helene d'Orleans. This lively "Figaro" declares to be the sole cause of the illness of England's future king. Was there ever such nonsense? The idea of young Cuttle and Collars—or "Spuds," as he is for some reason irreverently called—breaking his heart about anybody. As it is said the young Prince's illness is due to mental causes, a fact which can surprise no one who studies the laws of heredity, when the record of his ancestors is considered on both the father's and the mother's side. The gossips are also declaring that Prince George of Wales is engaged to Lily Elith Ward, Lily Dalley's daughter.

The death-roll of 1890 is a long one. The Peerage has lost the Duke of Manchester, Marquess of Normanby, Earl Cairns, the Earl of Caernarvon, Earl of Glasgow, Earl of Miltown, Earl of Rosslyn, Earl of Sydney, Lord William Auckland, Viscount Cantelupe, Lord Stephen Chichester, Lord Daer, the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, Lord Hammoad, Lord Lamington, Lord Magheramorne, Lord Napier of Magdala, and Lady Rosebery. The Church mourns, among many others, Archbishop Thomson, Dr. Lightfoot, Dr. Parry, Canon Liddon, Dean Church, Dean Oakley, and the Rev. Henry White.

Cardinal Newman is a heavy loss to the Church of Rome; Dr. Hanuay to the Congregationalists; and Dr. Nathan M. Adler to the Jews. The Law has lost Sir Henry Manisty, Baron Huddleston, Baron Dowse, Lord Justice Naish, Sir James Ingham. Literature: Sir Edward Baines, Charles Gibbon, Charles Pebody, Edward Lloyd, Charles Mackay, Dr. Schiller Szeinessy, Martin Tupper, and Edwin Waugh. Science: Sir Edwin Chadwick, Dr. M. Duncan, Sir Wm. Gull, James Nasmyth. Among others we must mention Mrs. Booth (the "Mother of the Salvation Army"), Sir Howard Elphinstone, Mr. Biggar, M.P., Mr. C. R. M. Talbot, (the "Father of the House of Commons"), Sir Louis Mallet, Mr. Craig Sellar, M. P., Sir Richard Burton, K. C. M. G., Sir Edgar Boehm, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Mr. C. W. Cope, R. A., Mr. W. Beckett, M. P., Sir John Ogilvy, Mr. Craig Sellar, M. P., Mr. Peel, Miss Lydia Becker, Mr. E. P. Bouverie, Mr. A. J. Duffield, Mr. A. M. Kavanagh, Gen. George de Sausmarez, Professor Thorold Rogers, Mr. Pickering Phipps, Gen. George Wynne, R. E.

By an amusing instance of bad punctuation, the authorities in a certain village in Warwickshire have made themselves liable on their own confession to a serious charge. They have displayed the following extraordinary announcement in large letters:—

"Notice is hereby given that anyone found bathing in this pool will be prosecuted, as there have been several persons drowned of late by order of the authorities."



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IN DARKEST ENGLAND.

The following are a few extracts from a letter from Archdeacon Farrar in the last number of the "Daily Graphic," that has come to hand. If "Ubique" is capable of appreciating it, perhaps this letter will silence him more effectually than anything we can put forward:—

SIR,—It makes me blush for human nature when one reads the shameless insinuations that General Booth and his family are "making a good thing" out of the Salvation Army funds. His accounts are regularly published and professionally audited, for all the world to see; and "from the very beginning of the movement, not a cent of the income of the Army has gone into his pockets, his support being guaranteed by his friends, entirely independent of Army work. By special deed he only holds Army property in trust, and could be arrested as a common felon if he appropriated a plank of timber or a cent of money." The "discarded serving men" of the Army have raised the jealous cry that the Army is "all Booth." The answer is that the father and mother from the first devoted their family to the service to which they believed that God had called them, and found in the members of that family, who had grown up from infancy with the growth of the Army, the courage, the ability, the devotion, the acquaintance with all details, and the immense self-denial which the work required. Mr. Bramwell Booth, prematurely grey with work which would tire a galley slave, draws, we are told, "a salary at which many a city clerk would turn up his nose in scorn." Miss Eva Booth "spends most of her time in the third-class compartments of railway carriages, and the often poisonous atmosphere of crowded meetings." Other members of the family in other countries have heroically faced work which does not mean ease and honor, but toil and privation, and sometimes prisons, and "stones and mud and personal insults from yelling mobs of cut-throats and infidels. Their supposed pre-eminence has not been a pre-eminence of wealth and ambition, but of necessity and of sacrifice.

But besides being spoken of almost as if he were a swindler, the brave and earnest founder of this movement has been denounced as a tyrannous despot, and has been ridiculed and caricatured as "Pope Booth." It is needless to say more in reply than that, at the beginning of the work, Mr. Booth tried the agency of committees, conferences, &c., and found that no greater permanent success could be achieved without one strong centralised authority. Gradually the movement drifted into the Army organisation, which to many may seem grotesque and revolting, but which practically has tended to secure the immense success which has followed it.

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adoption. But if any one thinks that such a position as that of the General of this strange and struggling Army is an enviable one, he must be very ignorant of human nature. The office involves a sleepless anxiety and a frightful weight of responsibility.

All kinds of criticisms have been passed on the statistics and on the finances of the Army, and it is quite possible that, where work is being done on so large a scale, there may have been uncertainties in the details of the one, and mistakes in the management of the other. As for financial objections, I leave them to experts. I am no sort of judge. I think it quite possible that, in the anxious task of meeting the awfully urgent needs of so vast an association, unwise expedients may in some cases have been adopted. But this does not for a moment shake my confidence in General Booth and his fellow-workers as men of absolute integrity and singleness of purpose. And as for small nibblings of criticism as to the exact number of those in utter wretchedness, no variation in statistical inferences can possibly affect the patent glaring fact that, around us and beneath us, there are awful wastes of human ruin, vice, and misery; and that, for their amelioration, this sect of yesterday has laboured as few have laboured, and with an obvious blessing on the visible immediate result of their aggressive toil such as no other religious body can easily claim. I therefore will do my best to aid by my sympathy, and in such other way as I can, those who with immense courage and unselfishness are willing to try a great experiment, undaunted by its proportions and its desperate difficulty. I will not be one of those who, sitting comfortably in armchairs, dribble their vitriol over the faces of these earnest and devoted workers.

Every age in succession—Pagan, Jewish, or Christian—has stoned its prophets, and murdered, or tried to murder, those who are sent unto it.

"If the Salvation Army were wiped out of London," said Mr. Spurgeon, "five thousand extra policemen could not fill its place in the repression of crime and disorder." Certainly, then, I am far from standing alone among the clergy or religious teachers of London in desiring that fair play should be given to the Salvation Army, and ample room and verge enough to do all the good they can. But even if I did stand alone, I feel convinced that in that light of history which shines quietly on and shows all things in the slow history of their ripening, I never should have reason to feel either sorry or ashamed. Certainly it is not because of means of abuse and misrepresentation that I should be likely to change my honest opinion.

They only make me feel more sure that the cause so assailed must have in it worthy and hopeful elements, or it would not be honored with such bitter antagonism.

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CHURCH NOTICES.

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

Services for Sunday (Jan. 11th.)

ST. GEORGES CHURCH, Communion at 8. Mattins and sermon at 11 (Rev. Dr. Partridge); Evensong at 7 (Rev. Dr. Partridge).

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

GARRISON CHAPEL, 11 A. M., Parade Service, (Rev. F. Norman Lee). Evening at 7 P. M. (Rev. N. Lee.)

ST. LUKE'S CATHEDRAL. Usual Services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

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

BIRTHS.

Jan. 10, at No. 10 Morris Street, Mrs. W. R. Morrow, of a son.

Jan. 10, at 18 Carlton St., Mrs. Owen-Jones, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

At Grove Church Manse, Richmond, Jan. 10, Rev. J. F. Smith, ag. 32.

DEPARTURES.

Mr. Frank Hope, Capt. Vereker—per "Circassian" for Liverpool, Saturday.

ARRIVALS.

Lieut. W. G. Lydden—per "Sardinian" from Liverpool.

Miss Laine, Prof. Roberts—per "Halifax" from Boston, Sunday.

REMOVALS—Rev. and Mrs. Norman Lee have removed from the Waverley House to Church Street.

Mr. E. T. Freeman, agent for Edison's Electric Light Co., to the house lately vacated by Mr. Moon, at Rockingham.

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