

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

# OUR SOCIETY

A  
WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1. NO. 10.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH.

HALIFAX, N. S.

MISS LOUISE LAINE is an American, born in Waverly, N. Y. She made her first public appearance at the early age of six, and from that time her career has been watched with increasing interest by all who have met her. Even as a child she was continually sought out for solo work. She began her musical studies (including voice, piano-forte and pipe-organs) by taking private lessons of the leading professor in the Elmira (N. Y.) Female College, but dropped both piano and organ studies in favor of voice culture. Later on, she became the soprano of the celebrated Park Church of Elmira, the largest and most widely known church in southern New York. She was also a favorite on the concert stage, often appearing before enthusiastic audiences in both the States of New York and Pennsylvania.

Miss Laine left Elmira to continue her studies in Boston, where she resided for five years, studying under some of the best teachers in that city, for instance: Mme. Rametti, B. J. Lang, C. R. Adams and John L. Holsdon, Jr., remaining longest with the last-named *maestro*. During this time she became well known in church, concert and oratorio work, always receiving a warm welcome wherever she appeared. For two and one-half years she was first and solo

soprano of the Schumann Ladies' Quartette, which disbanded after her resignation, being unable to fill her place. She was also soloist for the Bernhard Listemann Concert Co., but resigned that position to come to Halifax for one year as a soloist for the Orpheus Club, and to give lessons in voice culture. She became, for the second year here, more closely allied with the Ladies' College, in which connection she still remains, having now entered upon her third year, where her success has been complete. Her appearances in light opera with the Orpheus Club have been hailed with delight, proving her adaptability to the operatic stage, should she choose to make that a speciality.

Miss Laine is undoubtedly the best singer we have had in Halifax for many years, and her series of song recitals lately commenced marks an epoch in our musical history. We deeply regret her decision to leave us, both from selfish and from patriotic motives. We shall all feel the loss of her beautiful voice, and at the same time we shall deplore the cessation of her educational influence, which has been immense.

It is hardly time yet, however, to wish her good-bye and God-speed, but when the time does come, we shall do so with all our hearts.



MISS LOUISE LAINE.

COPPERPLATE PRINTERS,  
COLOR STAMPERS,  
DIES and PLATES made to Order.

124 GRANVILLE STREET.

BOOKSELLERS,  
STATIONERS,  
PRINTERS.

T. C. ALLEN & CO.

Have in Stock NEW LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC BOOKS & A LATEST NOVELS.

**SOCIETY STATIONERY** Including FINE NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES TO MATCH. BALL PROGRAMME CARDS. MENU CARDS, VISITING CARDS, WEDDING CARDS, INVITATION AND AT HOME CARDS. FINE LEATHER IN PORTFOLIOS, PURSES, CARD CASES, MUSIC ROLLS, &c., &c. ALLEN'S 124 Granville Street.

OUR SOCIETY.

**EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.,**

Estimates given for Central Station  
or Insolated Plants.

122 HOLLIS STREET,

E. T. FREEMAN, Agent.

ROBERT STANFORD,

**Fashionable Tailor,**

156 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

**Provincial Book Store.**

**XMAS GOODS** in great variety. Papeteries. Writing Desks. Gift Books  
and Annuals for 1891. STATIONERY,--Best and Cheapest. A splendid  
lot of Booklets and Cards. Call and See for yourself: ca.

C. C. MORTON & CO., - - - 143 Barrington St.

**PAPER HANGINGS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, BRONZES, ARTISTS'**  
**MATERIALS, GOLD LEAF, &c., &c. MIXED COLORS ALWAYS ON HAND.**

AT REARDON'S,

40 & 42 BARRINGTON ST. - - HALIFAX N. S.

**S. GUNARD & CO.,**

**COAL DEPARTMENT**

--- DEALERS IN ---

**HOUSE & STEAM COALS.**

SYDNEY, VICTORIA,

BRIDGEPORT AND ANTHRACITE,

ALWAYS ON HAND.

NORTH END DEPOT, - - - O'Neill's Wharf.

SOUTH END DEPOT, - - - Dominion Wharf.

**DAVID ROOPE,**

PAINTER, GLAZIER, PAPER HANGER & DECORATOR

234 AND 236 ARGYLE ST.,

15 BARRINGTON ST.

**A. W. REDDEN,**

IMPORTER OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.

153 GRANVILLE STREET.

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

**KNIGHT & CO., 125 Granville St.**

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

**WILLIAM NOTMAN.**

\* Photographer to the Queen, \*

39 GEORGE STREET, - - - HALIFAX, N. S.

**W. O. BISHOP,**

Accountant, Trustee, Estate Adjuster, &c.

52 BEDFORD ROW, - HALIFAX, N. S.

**JUNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY,**

62 AND 64 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

GOODS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.

26 to 32 Waterloo Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

TELEPHONE No. 453

**W. H. BANNISTER,**

Optician,

(Graduate of New York Optical College.)

136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - - HALIFAX, N. S.

**WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

OF TORONTO.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Capital and Assets, - - - - \$2,000,000

A. M. SMITH, President. J. J. KENNY, Managing Director.  
C. C. FOSTER, Secretary.

ALL KINDS OF PROPERTY INSURED AT LOWEST RATES,  
AND LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

G. M. GREER, General Agent, 154 Hollis Street.

AGENT ALSO FOR

MANCHESTER FIRE INS. Co., of England. FIRE INS. ASSOCIATION, of Edm.  
CONNECTICUT FIRE INS. Co., of Hartford.

## Society Notes.

Our curiosity was so much stimulated by the allusions in our Charlottetown correspondent's last two letters, that we could not refrain from getting a copy of "Society as it is in Charlottetown." After a careful perusal of the same, we are inclined to endorse our correspondent's very severe criticisms, though we do not think the "rag" is calculated to do any real harm. If the author could have combined a little refinement with his powers of observation, he might have ranked to some extent as a social reformer. As it is, the pamphlet will be remembered for a few years, as a poor imitation of the coarseness of the 18th century satirists, without the wit that gave them immortality.

What particular sect Tom Trim belongs to is very hard to guess,—he seems to treat all alike, pretty roughly. To one church he gives the credit of having killed our late Bishop, and caused our present Bishop's illness: we can only hope, for the peace of mind of that congregation, that there is no foundation of fact for this charge. With the idea, apparently, of "giving to the Devil his due," Mr. Trim ends up: "Some of these are pretty fair people, on the whole, but for the most part they are a hard-headed, hard-hearted, and close-fisted crowd, but they are Protestants, and that's everything to them."

There's a good deal of talk about the "parsons in petticoats," too, who are described generally as a narrow-minded, illiberal set, that won't see any good in anything anybody but themselves may do. The only one who gets a kind word is "the long, thin preacher in petticoats who trots about the town a good bit, and occasionally is seen in the company of some of the Hop-beer aristocracy; trying to do them good. The poor man, it therefore seems, has good intentions and aspirations at times, in spite of the dreadfully cut-and-dried unsatisfying doctrines that he preaches—he's a far better man out of, and away from his church, than he is in it—and this is true of most of the ministers of religion. What jolly, whole-souled hearties some of them would be, if they cut away the theological apron strings of a mythical mother, and thought fearlessly and independently like honest men!"

When Tom Trim has quite finished blackguarding the clergy, he slings in a few general views which are worthy of a better context. Here are some extracts:—

"Religion is a synonym for sound morality, whose foundation is utility, declaring those acts right and praiseworthy, whose effects are helpful in everyday life. . . . True religion teaches that fidelity to principle exalts the individual in the scale of ethical purity. Great teachers of mankind have said that earnestness is better than genius, while sincerity is the test of true nobility. . . . Lastly, true religion teaches that while we demand for ourselves the right to think and speak freely, we dare not deny a like power to others. If we deem their views erroneous, we must not forget that they probably regard our views in the same light."

So much for Tom Trim and his views on religion. As to his treatment of society, we shall have something to say about this next week. What has all this to do with society notes?—you will probably ask. Simply this, that what has created such an outcry in Charlottetown is bound to possess some interest for us in Halifax, especially as whatever of it is true might just as well have been written here and about us.

We remarked some time ago that Miss Gaseous had started off with a tendency to being too mysterious. In last Saturday's budget this tendency has developed into a perfect mania. A whole column of society notes without a single item of news!—nothing but innuendoes. Now, innuendo is a powerful weapon in the hands of one who knows how to use it; but when a young girl, not sufficiently in the swim of things social to have anything definite to talk about, sets to work weaving a fabric of fairy tales in the hope that society will rock its brains trying to identify the fairies, she sadly overtaxes her powers, and ruins a good chance of being voted a fraud.

Why not call it a puzzle competition at once, and offer some sort of prize as an inducement to readers of the "Mail" to try and find out the private detective and the jealous woman?

Mr. Doesticks is great on the subject of calling. Mark this well:—

"If those in high position invite neighbours who do not rank so high as themselves in the social scale, the persons so invited must leave cards after the entertainment; but they must not inquire if the lady of the house is at home; it would be very indiscreet, and would be regarded as an act of presumption so to do, and would possibly prevent invitations in the future, however much attention has been paid to them by the host or hostess during the entertainment. Leaving cards without asking if the hostess is at home applies to acquaintances, not to intimate friends, and to ceremonious rather than friendly attentions."

Now, this would be very nice—for those in high positions, at any rate—if an authorized list could be made of the residents in Halifax, arranged in order of social standing; but as things are, we certainly prefer the ordinary usages of society, by which people who meet by invitation in one another's houses are allowed to consider themselves of the same social standing, if not equal in seniority and order of precedence. And by the same usages;—they may be a bit old-fashioned, but what is good enough for our mothers is good enough for us,—it is considered an insult for anyone to leave a card on a lady without asking whether she is at home. Doesticks is well worth listening to, as a rule, but we sincerely hope his tips on calling will not come into general practice.

There is a great deal of energy expended by the police in trying to keep our pavements free from snow, with the obvious result that anyone who wishes to walk with any degree of safety is obliged to keep the middle of the road, except in the few places where the regulations have been defied, and enough snow left to afford a decent foothold. It seems to be nobody's business to bring any common sense to bear on these matters. Look at the state of the Morris St. pavements during the greater part of this winter:—They are certainly more suitable for skating than walking. In a climate like this, the removal of snow means leaving a surface of glare ice, unless ashes are sprinkled over it. Perhaps it is too much to expect that the city would do this for us, though we do know of cities where even this is done. All we venture to suggest is that the present system is a good many degrees worse than useless. Unless the police can insist on having the cleared spaces well covered with ashes, it would be far better for them to let things alone altogether.

Messrs. M. Dwyer (Jr.), E. T. Mahon and I. H. Crowell left for Liverpool on the Oregon last Saturday.

**FANCY CHAIRS, TABLES, DESKS, CABINETS  
CARPETS & FURNITURE.**

**Great Reduction in Prices for One Month.**

AN IMMENSE STOCK TO SELECT FROM, CALL AND INSPECT.

**A. STEPHEN & SON,  
THE HOUSE FURNISHERS.**

Cor. Prince and Barrington Sts.

The Private Afternoon carnival on Tuesday was a great success, in spite of the weather, which was filthy beyond description. Several people started on foot, and had to turn back before they got half way to the rink, but there was a good show of spectators all the same, and the ice was just comfortably covered. The most pleasing feature of the whole affair was the look of freshness about nearly all the dresses, and the absence of the loud and cheap style of "get up" that lends an air of vulgarity to many of these shows. At the same time, we are not at all fond of silks and satins on the ice. There seems a slight air of ostentation about them, though perhaps that is one of our absurd fancies.

The minuet went off remarkably well, and we congratulate its originators and promoters most heartily on the result. Not that there was much of the "minuet" about it, properly speaking; the essential parts of that very stately dance, including the stately bow, had to be toned down, or left out entirely, owing to the elementary property of ice, which makes it no easy matter for skaters to courtesy with the requisite slowness and dignity. The figures were well adapted for skating, and altogether this is about the prettiest thing we have seen on the ice, though we must own up to a weakness for the old-fashioned Maypole.

The girls here are better skaters than the men—that is to say, more graceful. Very few of them can do much beyond looking pretty, but that doesn't matter; we don't expect anything more from them, and rather object to see them working away at the "higher branches." When women get their "Rights," we men will have to submit to being turned out of the corners; but until then we prefer to have free kicking room and a couple of benches to bruise our backs against in manly solitude.

To return to the point, most of the Halifax ladies are fairly graceful on skates, and none more so than the leader of the minuet: perhaps the red witch who brought up the tail runs her closest.

Among the many pretty dresses, the handsomest was certainly Mrs. Nesbitt's (Yum-Yum), made of white satin embroidered with gold, with a broad gold-colored silk sash, and little colored fans stuck in her hair. Even more suitable perhaps, and quite as becoming, were "Madame Hortense" dress, of Mrs. Fred Jones, and the "Red Witch" of Miss Edith Duffus and Mrs. Middlemass. Miss Henry's "Spanish costume" became her remarkably well; a bright colored skirt and tight-fitting black bodice, with a very broad striped sash tied in a large bow at the back. A bright cap covered with sequins, and a tambourine, made a very perfect get up. Miss Violet Noyes had a complete fit out as a "Japanese Lady," and Miss Farrell (Jacobite), Miss Flossie Goldie (Oriental), Mrs. C. C. Hole (Titania), Miss Nagle (Dorothy Foster), and Miss Thomson (Duchess of Devonshire), were all very pretty.

The men's dresses were almost as good as the ladies. The Wizards in Black (Mr. MacGowan and Capt. Middlemass) contrasted splendidly with their partners, the Red Witches. Col. Clerke makes an imposing Mic-Mac chief. As to Mr. Thornton's convict dress, perhaps we had better not say it suited him too well, or even that the part was well carried out, anyhow he looked very well in it. Capt. Jenkins' Hungarian dress was uncommonly good, and Mr. John Ryan in hunting costume looked as though he were born to it (someone said he tried to take a low fence and came a bit of a cropper, but perhaps that wasn't strictly accurate.)

We mustn't wind up without a word for the boys. Master Almon Abbott looked extremely well as a "Highlander," and Master Oswald Wyld as "Boy Blue" did as much good honest skating as any other two people at the Carnival.

A well costumed group of Indian Fakirs attracted considerable attention—characters by Messrs. Carl Stayner, Hubrey Crowe, F. Salter, Clem. Burns and R. Greenwood. This was perhaps the best family on the ice.

TO THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT.—You may be a beautiful skater—everyone will admit that you were the best "fancy" skater on the ice at the recent carnival if you insist upon it—but do you think that you really ought, on the strength of this, to be everlastingly "showing off" before people who don't take an atom of interest in you? People will say spiteful things, don't you know, and those who can't touch you in the "fancy" skating line, speak with bated breath the words "self-conceited." But perhaps this is only due to the malicious promptings of minds permeated with miserable jealousy.

Cards are out for a small dance at the General's on Shrove-Tuesday.

Major and Mrs. Bagot and family will sail for England on the 21st of this month.

Mrs. Duncanson, Church St., had a dance on Friday.

Mrs. C. N. Strickland, Morris Street, gave a dance at her house on Wednesday.

Mrs. Fishwick has cards out for a dance to-night.

Mrs. King, South Street, gave a pleasant little dance Thursday last week.

Mrs. Andrew MacKinlay has issued invitations for a progressive euchre party next Tuesday.

Mr. McGhee arrived in the S. S. *Portia* from St. John's on Saturday night, and is staying at Hillside Hall.

There is something in store for Windsor. We are told that our old friends, the New Germany Band, which body has lately been reorganized (re-mouth-organized), are to go to Windsor to furnish the music on the occasion of the opening of the new skating rink there. We trust that the attentions of the kindly disposed inhabitants of the festive little town will not unfit the members for business next day.

We regret to learn that Mr. F. W. Bullock had a nasty fall on his way to the Rink last Tuesday. No bones were broken, but Mr. Bullock was considerably "shaken up."

Some time ago a writer of Saturday night's notes in one of our contemporaries made mention of the disgraceful state of the sidewalk in front of Government House. Unfortunately the remarks of that writer have not received the attention they deserve, for the sidewalk is still *in statu quo*. Seriously, something ought to be done in the matter, for that thirty yards or so of sidewalk is a disgrace to the city, especially as it is in a place where a stranger would naturally expect to find our very best workmanship.

The roof of the Exhibition Rink must be in need of repairs. At the carnival on Tuesday, owing to the usual carnival weather going on outside, the rain came through on those who had taken up their station in the gallery—well, not quite in torrents, but quite noticeably in certain places. A considerable quantity even found its way down to the promenade below. Water upon the ice itself doesn't cause much inconvenience to any one, unless some one happens to come a cropper, but the innocent and unoffending spectators are rather inclined, with regard to the regular drip, drip of the rain on their hats and coats, to say, in the words of the song, "I raise an objection to that."

Mr. and Mrs. Doering are giving a series of chamber concerts in their house on Church street, which are sure to be very enjoyable. The first is to be on Thursday next.

The annual meeting of the Game Society was held on Tuesday afternoon. As was expected, a proposal was laid before the meeting to end the close season for partridge, woodcock and snipe on September 1st, but it was defeated. There is much to be said on both sides of this question, and it will be discussed at some length in these columns later on. According to the facts so far brought forward, we are inclined to agree with the majority in keeping to the old date. The report of the Council showed that

considerable energy has been expended during the year in the preservation of moose. The following officers were elected :

- President*—Lieut.-Col. Clerke.  
*Vice-Presidents*—Mr. Geoffrey Morrow and Col. Ryan, R.A.  
*Secretary*—Mr. George Piers.  
*Treasurer*—Mr. A. M. Scott.

*Council*—Major Bagot, R. E., Capt. Boileau, R. A., Mr. John Bowers (Shelburne), Mr. C. S. Harrington, Mr. H. T. Jones, Mr. D. W. Archibald (Sheet Harbor), Mr. R. G. Leekie (Londonderry), Mr. MacGowan, R. A., Mr. George Piers, Mr. J. C. Sievert, Mr. Chas. Stubbing.

It is only through the efforts of the Society that sportsmen can ever hope to have a fair field to work in, and more especially to keep the big game in this country, which is one of its last resting places; and we cannot understand why it is that more do not join; the subscription fee is merely nominal (\$2 per annum), and, properly speaking, no one has any right to indulge in sport with any freedom without being a member.

Halifax is not the only city that has taken advantage of the splendid weather the last few weeks. Our neighbour and rival, St. John, has turned out in great force. Last week, for instance, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harding gave a good old-fashioned sleigh drive out to the beach club house, where a good feed was prepared, and the guests danced till they were tired, and came back to town in the small hours of the morning. Then again, on Thursday, a merry party was organized by Messrs. C. Troop, Fred Jones, Jack Warner and Harry Fairweather, ending up with a dance in Mr. Fairweather's house at Rotheray. The Misses Addy, too, led a large party out to Dr. Addy's place at Bay View on Wednesday. On the whole things social don't seem to stagnate much in St. John, although there is no garrison to enliven the proceedings:—perhaps the residents value one another's society the more in consequence. This week there were two big dances, one at Mrs. J. D. Shatford's and one at Mrs. H. D. Troop's, not to mention several "at home's."

The 3rd Orpheus Club concert was given last night, when the following programme was gone through:—

PROGRAMME.

1. OVERTURE "La Gazza Ladra".....Rossini.  
Orpheus Club Orchestra.
2. WALTZ. "The Magic of Spring" (By request)....Winter.  
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxiliary and Orchestra.
3. SOLO "Dream Singing".....Potter.  
Miss Louise Laine.
4. CHORUS "O happy day".....Gott.  
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxiliary
5. SONG "Star of my Heart".....Dutton.  
Mr. D. C. Gillis.
6. DANCE OF RUSTICS "The shepherd donned his Sunday best."  
Moszkowski.  
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxiliary and Orchestra
7. SONG "Fleeting Days".....Bailey.  
Mrs. Percy Lear.
8. VAISE "Souvenir de Vienne".....Joh. Strauss.  
Orpheus Club Orchestra.
9. GRAND ARIA FROM CARMEN "Qui del Contrabbandier"....Bizet.  
Miss Louise Laine.
10. CANTATA "The Wreck of the Hesperus".....Audberton.  
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxiliary and Orchestra.  
Solos: Mrs. G. S. Campbell, Messrs. D. C. Gillis and G. E. Bock.  
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The selection of choruses was remarkably happy. "The Magic of Spring" and "The Shepherd donned his Sunday Best," were both very well rendered. Miss Laine disappointed the audience by refusing to respond to the encores which her solos—as usual—elicited. Her first song, "Dream Singing" (by Mr. C. H. Potter) is a very pretty little thing, but of course her chief effort was in the selection from Carmen, which she handled with great power.

This was, we believe, Mrs. Lear's first appearance in connection with the Orpheus Club, and we must congratulate her on making a decided "hit." We also commend her taste in responding to the encore with an old favorite.

Mr. Gillis sang in better voice than we have ever heard him before.

We would like to venture a remonstrance against the practice of talking during the performances; the audiences at these meetings are, as a rule, very well-behaved, but a great many had their evening spoiled last night by the folly of two or three couples, who seemed to think the commencement of a song the signal for the commencement of conversation.

"A Parent," writing in last night's *Mail*, raises all sorts of objections to the new dance, the "Militaire." This will raise rather a howl, as the "Militaire" is one of the easiest and most enjoyable of dances, and it is rather hard to see why it should be cut out just because some girls stretch the capabilities of the "kick" rather farther than is quite proper. Fashions in dancing, as in everything else, move in cycles, and we have for the last few years, been enjoying one of the "gliding" cycles, gradually cutting out every variety till the programme consists entirely of waltzes, with a Lancers for the older folk, and a polka thrown in as a sop to Navy men and the little girls who run after the middies. At last the "Militaire" has come to the rescue, and from the eagerness with which it has been adopted, little doubt remains but that our programmes will be a good deal livelier in a couple of years or so. The reaction has been rather sudden, however, and we have noticed a slight approach to rowdiness on two or three occasions, so we cannot think "Parent" unreasonable. We quite agree that young ladies should not kick too high, but we don't feel like giving up the "Militaire" just because it gives them a chance of doing so.

The St. Patrick's Minstrels are performing at the Academy just now for a few nights, and are giving a matinee on Saturday. We hear they are stronger than ever, which is saying a great deal.

Maritime Provinces Amateur Athletic Association.

FIRST ANNUAL SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS TO-NIGHT.

PROGRAMME

440 YARDS.

- |                                     |                                      |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| F. P. Carroll .. Pictou A. C.       | C. Patterson. . . . . Chebucto A. C. |
| F. A. Young. . . . . Chebucto A. C. |                                      |

ONE MILE.

- |                                  |                                   |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Alex. Patterson...Chebucto A. C. | C. Patterson . . . Chebucto A. C. |
| Geo. Laidlaw.... Dartmouth.      | F. P. Carroll. . . Pictou A. C.   |

HALF MILE BACKWARDS.

- |                                     |                          |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Gillespie....L. M. C. A., St. John. | J. Bonang.... Dartmouth. |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|

ONE MILE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

(For boys under 18.)

- |                                   |                                   |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| W. R. Carson... N. B. A. S. A.    | B. Edgar Dawson...Pictou A. C.    |
| A. Patterson.... Chebucto A. C.   | Geo. Laidlaw . . . Dartmouth.     |
| L. Major . . . . . Crescent A. A. | W. S. Archibald . . . Antigonish. |

220 YARDS HURDLE.

- |                                  |                                   |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| H. L. Ruggles Wanderers A. C.    | C. Patterson . . . Chebucto A. C. |
| J. Jollimore...Standard A. B. C. |                                   |

HALF MILE.

- |                                   |                                   |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| C. Patterson . . . Chebucto A. C. | F. P. Carroll.. . Pictou A. C.    |
| Geo. Laidlaw . . . Dartmouth.     | A. Patterson . . . Chebucto A. C. |

THREE MILES.

- |                                   |                                      |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| W. R. Carson . . . N. B. A. S. A. | B. Edgar Dawson...Pictou A. C.       |
| A. Patterson... Chebucto A. C.    | W. S. Archibald.... Antigonish.      |
| C. Patterson.... Chebucto A. C.   | F. P. Carroll . . . . . Pictou A. C. |

## TWO CARNIVALS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## I.

The Battle of Flowers at Cannes. Overhead, the transparent sapphire of a February day in the South, with the strong sun making hard blue shadows on the dusty white roads. Behind, the town, with its fringes of outlying villas, and La Californie, with its mantle of sombre fir-trees; to the right the quaint harbour, and in front the gem-like island of St. Marguerite lying out on the peacock-blue sea. It is a day of days. For once there is no wind, and therefore little dust is stirred by the procession of carriages as it moves slowly along the front. The women are looking their prettiest, half smothered in flowers, and many of them have put on pale-coloured gowns and straw hats trimmed with blossoms that match the floral decorations of their carriages. The solemn Belgravian coachmen assume their imperturbable air, though they too are lavishly decorated with violets and roses, with lilac and anemones, and in some cases have even had to assume a fancy dress to harmonise with the car which they are driving. Everyone is out. Bouquets are hurled from afar off, and there is a perfect storm of roses. The excitement is infectious; demure English ladies, who, half an hour ago, only ventured to timidly toss a posy to an acquaintance, are now flinging their flowers right and left, and some blue-uniformed Chasseurs are waging war with every pretty woman that drives past.

Presently the daintiest of all the decorated carriages appears. It is a Ralli cart, entirely covered in sprays of feathery golden mimosa, tied with white satin bows, while a yellow Japanese umbrella, fixed on to the seat, is covered with the same yellow bloom. Underneath sits a radiant English girl, dressed in white, with a quaint hat and a boa of real flowers. A young man, also garbed in white, drives a couple of ponies tandem, and a little girl plays chaparron behind. The thing is charming.

"That is young Paul Thurlow," says someone in the crowd as they pass; he is immensely rich—at least, his father is. And the girl with him is Gertrude Cronin. Awful old schemer—her mother! Wonder if she's caught him, this time?"

And then the dainty yellow cart moves on. As they pass the carriage full of Chasseurs, a volley of bouquets salutes the English girl. One of them even hits her a blow on the nose.

"Admiration so emphatically expressed I think I could do without," laughs Miss Cronin. "Really, the stalks hurt." And for two hours the battle rages, and every now and again, when half-a-dozen posies are flung at the cart, she bobs her head and nestles a little closer to Paul, and once she puts her hand upon his sleeve. Mr. Paul Thurlow suddenly feels very proud, and very old and very important. For Mr. Paul Thurlow is in love.

Meanwhile the sun is bright, the sea is blue, the giant palms flaunt their metallic fronds against the deep sapphire of the sky, a military band is playing the most rhythmical of waltzes, and Paul, as he looks down into the pretty pink-and-white face of the girl at his side, is ridiculously, immoderately happy.

"Hush! Maudie will hear you," says Miss Cronin, as he bends and whispers; but she smiles as she looks over her shoulder to see what her little sister, who has been sent as a harmless but necessary third, is doing. But Maudie—Maudie, who in eight or nine years time will be hawked about London and Homburg and Aix and Monte Carlo much as her elder sisters have been before her—Maudie does not see or hear. She is already a little diplomatist.

"If you like my cart," he blurts out, nervously, "why can't I—why can't you—would you care to have it—I mean—"

"I am afraid mother would hardly approve of my taking such a present from a young man," replies the young lady, sagely. It was an understood fiction that Lady Cronin was intensely averse to losing her "dear child," and was prettily petulant with every eligible young man who tried to deprive her of her daughter's society. By

affecting to disapprove of marriage, Lady Cronin knew that she would put men off their guard. She had quite a handful of cheap cynicisms on the subject which she always aired before Gertrude's admirers. In this case the tactics had been perfectly successful. Paul Thurlow was actually of opinion that Lady Cronin regarded him with unfavourable eyes.

"Look," says Gertrude, "the jury are leaving the grand stand, and people are turning homewards. It is all over! What a pity!"

"Well, you've got to come to Rumpelmeyers and have tea," he declares, happy at any excuse to have the girl with him for half-an-hour longer. "It wouldn't be a battle of flowers without Rumpelmeyers."

And when at length they drive back to the Villa des Myosotis where Lady Cronin and her daughters are located, Maudie has jumped down, and is already in the house, while Paul and Gertrude are still sitting beneath the yellow mimosahung parasol. Maudie is of opinion that it is "bosh to take fifteen minutes to say good-bye."

"May I come to-morrow? Upon my soul I'm in an awful funk about your mother. . . . It's natural," he says, proudly and fondly, "that she should hate to lose you—"

"Oh, mother will not mind after a little," says the girl, giving him a pretty backward glance as she steps down from the cart. "We shall have to talk her over."

A moment more, and Mr. Paul Thurlow is deprived of the sight of his heart's beloved. But he is deeply elated as he drives back to his hotel.

## II.

Lady Cronin was, to all appearances, only partially "talked over" when Mr. Thurlow presented himself next morning, full of an honest young Englishman's blushes and tremors, to demand the hand of her daughter. Her ladyship was of opinion that he was a "dear boy," but, oh, so horrid to want to take away her Gertrude—just as she was getting to be a companion to her. And what a companion, Paul would find out for himself some day. Lady Cronin, to be sure, had ample opportunity of ascertaining what sort of an associate her daughter would make. Miss Cronin was now twenty-seven.

"Of course, marriage is a terrible experiment—a terrible toss-up!" sighed Gertrude's mother, as she slipped out and left the two young people alone.

They saw a good deal of each other in the days that followed. Young Thurlow was radiantly happy, and Gertrude more sedately so. Though she had cared little for him when she had accepted him, she began to have a sense of peace in Paul's society which she had never known before. She had imagined that it would be, on her side, a purely business arrangement, in which Paul Thurlow would furnish the house in Mayfair, the moor in Scotland, the villa on the Riviera, and in which she would provide the gracious sauteries of a well-bred hostess, the tasteful trivialities of the feminine half of humanity. And she had found a real heart, an honest brain, and a strong arm. Ah, how good it was, after all! One night she knelt down in her bedroom and prayed that he might never know that she had accepted him simply for his money.

It was settled that they were to be married at Easter.

And then, one day, there were anxious looks on the men's faces driving by the shore. A panic in New York had paralysed the London money-market, and one world-famous house was whispered to be on the brink of ruin. More than one large firm had already been "hammered" in the House. A week later, Paul had a telegram from his father, bidding him return at once. James Thurlow was ruined.

Lady Cronin was admirable. Her sympathy, her little consoling touches, were delightfully sincere. She had never been so charming to her "dearest Paul" before. She was full of plans, of hopes. But none the less she was determined that the young people, when Paul left Cannes the next day, should never meet again. She would arrange it: she would manage it somehow. A pretext would

be made of her rheumatism to linger till the summer at Aix, where the ladies often passed a month or so. And, apart from Paul, she knew she could talk the girl out of it. As things stood, the engagement was preposterous—the young man hadn't a son!

And Gertrude did not know what to think. Marriage on nothing a year was out of the question, and she told herself, with a cynical little smile, that she was not the sort of woman to sit by and wait for her lover to build up a fortune with his own hands. "He is younger than I am—a year and a half younger," she thought, "I shall be a disagreeable old woman by the time Paul can afford to marry."

And when Paul Thurlow, with his scared white face, stood in the little drawing-room of the villa and tried to say good-by, Gertrude for one knew that parting would in all probability be final. Miss Cronin, to be sure, knew her mother better than the young man who had come to take a temporary farewell.

"Of course I don't know how it'll all turn out, dear," he said, "but I'm willing to work. And a man ought to be able to make enough to keep—a little girl like you," he added, laughingly. Poor Paul! He had all a rich young man's vague notions as to earning money and setting up housekeeping.

At the last she cried on his shoulder, and it was Paul who, though suffering horribly, had to speak all the words of comfort. "Good-by, dear, God bless you—God bless you!"

And then he was gone. Gertrude shut herself up for the rest of the day in her room. She would not see her mother; she knew that Lady Cronin would try and console her, and the unhappy girl dreaded that more than anything.

III

It is Carnival time again on the Riviera. At Nice, there has been already a grand *confetti* day, with endless masquers and triumphal cars, clouds of chalk, and much boisterous gaiety; while at Cannes the great saturnalia of the South has been, as usual, more decorously celebrated by a couple of battles of flowers. But here, on the swept and garnished *place* of Monte Carlo, no trace of Carnival is to be seen. The principality is jealous of such extraneous amusements; they interfere with the devotion of visitors to the gambling tables.

In the restaurant of the Hotel de Paris a group of three people are at lunch. Lady Cronin has not changed, though two years have passed, but the girl opposite her has acquired a somewhat hard and reckless look. A little man with weak eyes and a pince-nez, with curious, bird-like movements, holds his fork in the air as he speaks:

"I assure you, my dear Lady Cronin, the thing is disgraceful. Statistics prove that the number of suicides—"

"Dear me," yawns Gertrude, "there has never been a suicide while we have been here—nothing so exciting. I expected, when I first came, to see people blowing out their brains at the roulette tables, or flinging themselves under the trains down there at the station. But the whole is so desperately well conducted—it might be Exeter Hall."

Lady Cronin looks shocked. The young man with the weak eyes and the pince-nez is Lord Hippisley, eldest son of the Earl of Northfleet, and he is, moreover, about to assume the relationship of son-in-law. Lord Hippisley, to be sure, is at Monte Carlo on business as well as on pleasure, for as President of a Society for the Suppression of the Gambling Tables, he has journeyed to Monaco to gather facts in support of his case.

Leaving her omelette untouched on her plate, the girl gazes drearily out through the glass windows on the public garden. She is inexpressibly bored. Is he going to talk to her like that when they are married, she wonders; to entertain her every morning at breakfast with his statistics about the number of confirmed inebriates in Whitechapel, or the chances of inducing the Central African negroes to combine and strike?

*Continued on page 10*

THINGS SOCIETY READERS CAN DO:

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

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

THE PALACE BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

156 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

WM. TAYLOR & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Ladies', Gents', Boys', Misses' & Children's BOOTS & SHOES.



We are showing a magnificent Stock of FRESH MEAT & POULTRY.

At our New Building

110 BARRINGTON ST.,

W. A. MALING & Co.

BUTCHERS

WE cordially invite our patrons and the public generally to visit our new premises and inspect the latest improved appliances for handling meats.

NEW Grocery and Provision Store.

ANDERSON & CO.,

84 BARRINGTON ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS,

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

THE stock has been carefully selected to suit the wants of families requiring First-Class Goods, and has been purchased at the lowest cash prices, so that the most favorable terms can be given to all patronizing the new establishment.

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

FOYLE BREWERY.

P. & J. O'MULLIN,

HALIFAX, N. S.

Brewers, Maltsters and Bottlers.

Sole Manufacturers of KRAIZER BEER.

N. B.—FAMILY ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

— THE "RIALTO," —

(AFTER THE GREAT BRIDGE OF VENICE)

Headquarters for NEW YORK LAGER BEER.

THE FINEST OYSTERS THE YEAR ROUND.

CHARLIE AUCOIN, PROP'R. OPP. H. H. FULLER & CO



THOS. ROBINSON, Livery & Boarding Stables,

No. 4 DOYLE ST., near Spring Garden Road

HALIFAX, N. S.

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



## Provincial Notes.

TRURO.—Every one, both old and young, seems to be making the most of our beautiful sleighing, and from morning until night is heard the "the jingle, jingle of the merry bells." On every fine day may be seen coming down Prince Street a barouche sleigh drawn by the magnificent, high-spirited "Alrights" owned by Mr. Oliver Cummings. Closely following, is a pretty red Russian sledge filled with laughing girls and driven by the Misses Hyde, then appear the handsome light 'bays' of the Tremain's with their high-backed, comfortable-looking sleigh; looking still further on we see the natty little cutter of the McKay's and many other handsome ones too numerous to mention. We only hope the "beautiful", has come to stay, and so many are wishing Mr. Boss would encourage it to do so by opening the toboggan slide.

We are already looking forward to a novel and unique entertainment which is to take place after Easter. There will be connected with it a "Loan exhibition," tableaux, cafe chantant and many other attractions to induce the unwary men and women to expend their "Gold! gold! hard to get and hard to hold." With two such energetic and attractive ladies as Mrs. Oliver Cummings and Mrs. W. S. Muir having the management of it, we know it can be nothing but a decided success.

The German Conversational Club met at the residence of Mr. J. B. Dickie, Prince Street, on Saturday evening. Some fourteen members were present. After reading and talking German for an hour they adjourned to the Y. M. C. A. Hall to listen to the sweet and magnificent music of the German artists, Frau Marianna Doering Brauer, Herr Ernst Doering and Herr Klingensfeld.

We are glad to know venerable Archdeacon Kaulback has secured the services of Rev. Mr. Lutz as curate. Mr. Lutz held the position of Chaplain to the cable staff at Canso for some time. His genial manner and great musical ability have already made him many friends. He is busily engaged training the choir boys.

Mrs. T. H. Harding gave a very pleasant Progressive Euchre party on Tuesday evening. The first prizes were won by Miss Crowe and Mr. Bowers. The "booby" by Mrs. Harry Crowe and Dr. Hall.

We are glad to welcome Mr. J. Henderson Tremaine back to Truro. For the past few years Mr. Tremaine has been engaged in business in Toronto, but he has decided to take up the "burden of life" in his native town. We wish him every success.

Mrs. W. Renells, Prince Street, gave a small party for her sister Mrs. Roy, of Maitland, last Thursday evening.

Miss Jean Crowe entertained her young lady friends at "afternoon tea" on Friday. By the mirth and laughter ringing through the Sheriff's house, we agree with the girls in saying they had a "lovely" time. Miss Jean was assisted by her sister Mr. Harry Crowe.

We hear our talented young Author, Mr. Arthur Campbell will soon have another book in the hands of the publishers. He will be remembered as having written that very interesting book "The Mystery of Martha Warne." Mr. Campbell is a native of Truro. He is in the Civil Service at Ottawa.

We are to have a Dramatic Club in Truro. It is to be under the leadership of Mr. French, a young Englishman, who has been with us for some months.

MRS. GRUNDY.

DARTMOUTH.—"Syntax" would lead one to suppose that the ablutions of the Dartmouthians have been on a meagre scale heretofore. This is hardly fair—for though brought by the bucket—and none too nice at times—it was generally sufficiently plentiful to preclude the necessity of its doing duty twice. But doubtless this was playfulness on the part of our friend.

The municipal elections passed off very quietly in Dartmouth. Mayor Scarfe was re-elected; no one else seeming to thirst for that honor, there was no contest.

The Reading Room, which is such a boon to so many, and is so well conducted, is I am sorry to see, in need of funds—it would be a sad loss to many if it was found necessary to close it.

There is quite a ripple of excitement over the attentions of a gallant man of law—supposed to have been mortgaged for many years, in another quarter—to one of Dartmouth's fair daughters. We give it as our opinion, that although he seems to like the languishing glances,—he is too witty to be caught by chaff.

Is not humility one of the foremost of Christian Graces?

If so, Dartmouth comes to the fore—

Where else will you find a swain, who—denied the affections of his adored one, and set aside for another—is content to follow on behind, when the favored one is near—or incur the risk of repeated attacks of "Grip," by waiting at boats until such time as the happy rival sees fit to bring his charmer and place her in his hands for safe delivery at her quite remote home—in fact no office is too menial for this "Knight of the Nineteenth Century. Truly the heart of man is soft. But danger lurks near our meek and lowly one. Oh! Samivel, Samivel, beware.

We are happy to say Miss MacLeary, who has been ill for some time, is recovering. She and her niece are at present the guests of Mrs. Allison.

The residence of Mrs. James had a narrow escape from burning on Sunday.

Fortunately the flames were discovered before any damage was done.

PIGEON.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—Mrs. Louis Davies entertained a large number of guests at a musical and card party at "Riverside," January 30th.

His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Carvell were among the guests. The same evening they patronized a children's entertainment at St. Peter's schoolroom.

The rector of St. Paul's, himself a native of Devon, invited all Devonians to meet him in St. Paul's schoolroom for a social evening on the 29th ult. About 30 persons were present, and enjoyed an evening of conversation, singing and speeches about their "Home, Sweet Home."

On 14th January, Lieut. H. F. Haggard, R. N., was married to Miss Grace Webber (second daughter of Felix Webber, Esquire, Glen Daerwen), at Skelly Church, Swansea. The best man was Col. Morgan, R. E.; the bride was attended by her two sisters and two other bridesmaids. Sir Hussey and Lady Vivian, cousins of the bride, were among the guests, the latter presenting the brides-bouquet. The presents were numerous and valuable. Lieut. and Mrs. Haggard are spending their honeymoon in London.

At the civic election held 28th January, Hon. T. Heath Haviland was re-elected mayor.

We regret to hear of the serious illness of Miss Tweedy.

## HALIFAX PIANO AND ORGAN CO.,

General Agents for the high grade Pianos of STEINWAY, WEBER, HEINTZMAN, &c., &c.

The Finest Pianos  
in the World.

WAREROOMS 157 & 159 HOLLIS STREET.

Our Society.

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6th, 1891.

All letters and contributions should be addressed to The Editor, Cambridge House, Halifax, N. S.

Articles for Friday's issue should be in the Editor's hands by Wednesday evening, but notices of current events can be inserted as late as Thursday afternoon.

Our readers are particularly requested to make a point of sending in at once (or telephoning No. 358.) :-

- (I.) Notices of intended removal, expected arrivals, etc.
- (II.) 'At Home' days, and more especially alterations in the same.
- (III.) News of the whereabouts, etc., of any old friends who have left Halifax.
- (IV.) Recommendations of servants leaving.
- (V.) Advertisements of articles lost or found.
- (VI.) " " of articles for sale, etc.

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

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

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

The rates for business advertisements are :

- 1 inch ..... \$1.00 per quarter
- 2 " ..... 7 50 " "
- 3 " ..... 11.00 and so on.

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

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

Subscription \$2.40 per annum, post free.

H. BRADFORD,  
Business Editor.

WE must thank Mr. Heber Hartlen for his very explicit reply to our query in last week's issue. At the same time it seems rather a pity for those who hold the same very practical views on a very important subject, to disagree over such a trifle as an indefinite article. It appears that we incautiously spoke of "A Mr. Hartlen," thereby quite unintentionally giving serious offence to that gentleman—so much so, that he could not conclude his otherwise common-sense letter without a somewhat pointless, but decidedly rude reference to OUR SOCIETY (which, by the way, is not published by Messrs. Leigh and Bradford, at all). However, we are ready to cry quits over this, and return to the main point, which is this:—our ashes and refuse ought undoubtedly to be removed every week, and when Mr. Hartlen sent round his circulars, we were the first to thank him publicly and wish him success in his efforts (probably he does not know this, not having discovered the existence of OUR SOCIETY before last week). The city having declined the job, Mr. Hartlen appeared as a last hope, and we waited somewhat impatiently for him to collect the coupons. The explanation of the delay is given at last, and of course we are not so unreasonable as to expect any man to save us expense at a loss to himself. Only, when we are asked to sign a paper, and do so, suspending our own arrangements until it shall be called for, we do not consider it an "unwarrantable liberty" to ask for some explanation after the lapse of three or four weeks.

The root of the whole thing lies in this: Mr. Hartlen made a genuine effort to meet a real want—and a most pressing want—in Halifax; and found the majority of those appealed to perfectly

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

For Sale at **A. E. JONES & CO'S,**  
MUSIC DEALERS AND IMPORTERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.  
No. 88 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.  
(OPP. A. STEPHEN & SON.)

callous and indifferent. We quite sympathize with him; if you wish to get any hearty response from the Halifax public you must offer them something they *don't* want, and never will want, and there may be some chance of making money by it. At the same time, if Mr. Hartlen can see his way in making another effort in the same direction (varying the charge according to the size of the house, or something of that sort) we are prepared to give him all the support we can.

WE have received the following letter from the Dunn Publishing Co.:

Editor of Our Society :

SIR,—As you have seen fit to make an editorial attack on *The Mercury* before the first number of that paper has appeared, and when, of course, *The Mercury* cannot reply, you will at least do us the justice to announce to your readers, by the publication of this note, that *The Mercury* will pay its respects to OUR SOCIETY, with special reference to the editorial in question, in its first number, which will be issued about three weeks hence—always providing, of course, that you do not make up your mind in the meantime to forbid our intended appearance.

Yours,

THE DUNN PUBLISHING CO.

Feb. 2, 1891.

We do not feel at all like apologizing. We took the *Mercury's* circular as aimed directly at us, and we cannot put any other interpretation upon it unless it is further explained by the Company itself. However, it is possible that when the *Mercury* appears it will find a new field for itself, and not attempt to fill the gap we have already filled. If so, we will have nothing more to say about it.

WE were very much gratified this morning by the receipt of the following:—

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., Feb'y 4th.

Please double my supply of "OUR SOCIETY" weekly. Every number is better than the previous one. You seem to possess rare tact in giving the public a high-toned paper. Would that the booklet "Society," recently sold here, had copied your refined style.

Yours, etc.,

T. L. CHAPPELLE, Bookseller.

HARRINGTON'S CORNER.

Established 1860.

**NISBET & DRAKE,**

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES, FRUITS, FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCE,

Corner Hollis and Sackville Sts., HALIFAX, N. S.

**A. & W. MACKINLAY,**

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

WESTMINSTER VELLUM NOTE PAPER.	BASSENDEAN VELLUM NOTE PAPER.	WEDDING CARDS & PAPER.	INVITATION CARDS.
NAVY & GREY CALICO " "	ROYAL IRISH LINEN " "	" CAKE BOXES.	BALL PROGRAMME " "
MELTON VELLUM " "	IMPERIAL KENT " "	CORL. "ONDENCE CARDS.	MENU " "
ENVELOPES TO MATCH THE ABOVE.			

VISITING CARDS PRINTED FROM PLATE

137 GRANVILLE STREET.

Cets and Monograms stamped in Colors

(Continued from Page 7.)

Presently the glass door is swung open, and a young man of about twenty, his cheeks rosy with the bitter mistral which is blowing outside, comes in.

"Why, really, that is young Broadlands," says Hippisley, adjusting his pince-nez. "I wonder his family allow him to be in a place so full of dangerous temptations to the young."

"Hullo, Hippisley, you here?" cries the boy, cheerily. "I'm just over from Mentone. My bear-leader's ill, so I've nothing to do."

"How very unfortunate! Who is your tutor, by-the-by? I heard that your people had sent you to travel with someone."

"Oh, Thurlow. Paul Thurlow. Rattlin' good fellow, but lost all his tin two years ago, and got jilted by some girl he was engaged to. Been down on his luck ever since, and now he's got typhoid fever. We're at the Impérial, but they won't let me in to his room. Awful rot, but the doctor says better not."

During this speech Lady Cronin dares not look at her daughter. She has a horrible fear that Gertrude is going to disgrace her—that Gertrude is going to make a scene! And when she does look up, the place opposite is empty. The girl has slipped away.

Lord Hippisley's future wife has only one thought, one over-mastering desire, and that is to get away, to find her way as soon as may be to the Hotel Impérial at Mentone. She runs all the way up to her room in the hotel. Quick, a hat and cloak—something dark. A train leaves, she knows, at a quarter to two; in less than twenty minutes she can be there.

How slowly the train creeps along the rocky shore! "He lost all his tin two years ago, and got jilted by some girl he was engaged to. He's been down on his luck ever since. And now he's got typhoid fever. And now he's got typhoid fever!" The stupid, slangy phrases have eaten into her brain.

It's a cold, grey day, even at Mentone, with a bitter mistral sweeping up the street. As the girl hurries along by the public garden and down the Rue Victor Emmanuel, she is suddenly aware that Carnival has begun. The streets are gay with flags and arches, and bands of dominoes in pink, blue, and yellow, rush towards her with falsetto shrieks, and cover her with confetti. An amorous domino takes her arm and offers her some flowers; she shakes him off with trembling lips, and turns into the entrance of the Hotel Impérial. The whole place is in an uproar, and no one asks her business. Visitors, garbed in mask and domino, are congregating in the hall, and the waiters crowd round to see. Looking out Paul Thurlow's number on the list of visitors' names, she creeps along the passage to his room, which is on the ground floor, looking towards the north. Rooms looking northwards are cheap on the Riviera, and, as bear-leader, Paul Thurlow can no longer afford to be particular.

A nurse is sitting by the bed-side, a little Frenchwoman, whose eyes are fixed longingly on the shrieking, romping crowd outside. The room gives on the street, and through the muslin curtains one can see the rickety chariots crowned by girls in rosy-wreaths, the carriages full of Pierrots and Pierrettes.

"Vous pouviez vous en aller," says Miss Cronin, "n'avez pas peur. Je prendrai bien garde de monsieur. Je suis—sa fiancée," she adds with a sad little smile, and the nurse, nothing loath, prepares to leave these eccentric English together.

And when the door is finally shut, Gertrude creeps over to the bed, and kneels down. Paul looks at her, and says fretfully:

"Why have you been so long away? You came the day before yesterday, and you never have been near me since. . . . You don't care for me, really. You want to go to the Carnival."

A shriek of laughter is heard outside, as somebody empties a bag of flour from a top story, and the scuffling crowd of masks disperse, yelling, and covered with white.

"It's such fun, you know," continues Paul feverishly; "you jump on a carriage step where there are ladies, and try and shovel

the confetti down their necks, and then you give them a bouquet and bow and jump off again. Aren't masks pretty? They are pink and white, like Gertrude Cronin. . . . Gertrude Cronin is like a mask. . . . She's got a smile like a mask, and pink and white cheeks. But she's a beast, a beast, a beast!"

And Paul clenches his fist, and then lets his hands fall on the counterpane, at which every now and again his fingers clutch. Gertrude hides her face on the bed and sobs.

"Oh, here's a sniveller," he grumbles. "What rot it is—girls are always crying. Take her away, take her away. I want that woman who was here just now. She's kind to me; she gives me something to drink. Why can't I have some water? It's an infernal shame I can't have any thing to drink!"

And all through the long afternoon Paul wanders in his mind, while outside Carnival is at its gayest. Sometimes a mask pretends to peep in at the window, and, uttering a foolish laugh, throws a shovelful of confetti at the blank pane and runs off. And Paul's fingers still clutch at the counterpane.

Gertrude has never watched at a dying bed before, and she does not know the awful portent of those scraping fingers. . . . Is this the end? she asks her self. No, he will get well, he was always so bright and strong. He will get well, and she will tell him that she always cared for him—that she cares for him now more than ever. They will go away—to the Far West, or to Australia—some-where where girls need not dress in Bond Street cloths, nor men have shooting licences and clubs—somewhere where two young people can be happy. . . . The trivial life she has always led seems as meaningless now as that foolish riot out there in the street. Here, in this lonely sick-room, is the one good thing. He must get well—he *must* get well!

But presently, when the noise outside is at its highest, she leans over him and finds that he has fainted. And when the doctor and the nurse are hastily summoned, she is told that it is all over, and that while she has been watching there in the twilight Paul Thurlow has slipped away to the great majority.

Numb and dazed she finds her way to the door, and begs for a carriage. They call an open landau, and, all the way to the station, the girl is pelted by confetti, and escorted by hilarious masks. They are escorting her back, with falsetto shrieks of laughter, to the old life which she dreads.

## THE QUEEN'S LATEST OFFER.

### A Free Education or One Year's Travel in Europe.

In THE QUEEN'S "Word Contest," which the publishers of the magazine announce as the LAST ONE THEY WILL EVER OFFER, A Free Education consisting of a Three Years' Course in any Canadian or American Seminary or College, including all expenses, tuition and board, to be paid by the publishers of THE QUEEN, or One Year's Travel in Europe, consisting of One Entire Year's Travel in Europe, all expenses to be paid, will be given to the person sending them the largest list of words made from the text which is announced in the last issue of THE QUEEN. A special deposit of \$750 has been made in The Dominion Bank of Canada to carry out this offer. Many other useful and valuable prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The publishers of THE QUEEN have made their popular family magazine famous throughout both Canada and the United States by the liberal prizes given in their previous competitions, and as this will POSITIVELY BE THE LAST ONE OFFERED, they intend to make it excel all others as regards the value of the prizes. Send four 3 ct. stamps for copy of THE QUEEN containing the text, complete rules and list of prizes. Address: THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.

*Smileus*—A friend of mine saw a man who once saved his life, and he actually went across the street to avoid meeting him.

*Cynicus*—That proves what I've said of human nature.

*Smileus*—not at all. The man was a doctor and had a big stick against him.

## The Ladies' Column.

## COOKERY.

## MENU.

## BREAKFAST.

Poached Eggs on Toast,  
And Anchovy Butter,  
Stewed Mutton Kidneys. Madeira Sauce,  
Olives,  
Fried potatoes a la Francaise,  
French pancakes with Apple Jelly.

## POACHED EGGS ON TOAST.

ANCHOVY BUTTER:—To one ounce of good butter, add one teaspoon of essence of anchovy; mix well, and keep on ice for general use.

STEWED MUTTON KIDNEYS:—Pare and cut in slices 12 mutton kidneys. Put in a frying pan, with one ounce butter, a tablespoonful of salt and a teaspoon of pepper. Toss well for 6 minutes. Add half a pint of Madeira sauce, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon, add another small piece of butter, toss well again without boiling, and serve.

MADEIRA SAUCE:—Add 1 small glassful of mushroom liquor to 1 pint of stock, also a small glass of Madeira wine, a bouquet and a scant teaspoon of pepper. Remove fat and cook for 30 minutes. Strain and use when needed.

FRIED POTATOES A LA FRANCAISE:—Peel, wash and cut into fine slices 6 large potatoes; plunge into very hot clarified beef fat and cook slowly. When they are soft lift them out—heat fat to boiling point and then put them back. Smooth down with a skimmer and after 2 minutes they will swell considerably. Drain, sprinkle a little salt over them, and serve on a hot dish with a folded napkin.

FRENCH PANCAKES WITH APPLE JELLY:—Break three eggs into half a pound of wheat flour. Add 1 ounce of sugar and beat well, adding half a pint of cold milk and mixing for 5 minutes. Butter lightly a frying pan, and when hot, drop in 2½ ounces of the batter and bake 2 minutes—turn over and bake the other side as long. When cooked arrange neatly on a napkin, and spread over each one about a teaspoonful of apple jelly—fold up and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

## A LITTLE ENGLISH GIRL'S IDEA OF AMERICANS.

The following is an extract from a letter received this week by one of the staff of OUR SOCIETY:—

I came across a description of Americans in one of Muriel's exercise books the other day, and thought it rather amusing. Here it is. The Americans are active "enterprising, cute, frank, high-spirited and brave, coarse, prying, inquisitive and offensive to strangers." Note how all the good qualities are given first—oh, what a climax is reached.

What we don't quite understand is that "offensive to strangers." It may be read in two ways, and we don't think any American, bold and true, would go out of his way to offend even the mildest stranger.—So the words can only mean that the stranger finds them off.—What's that, sir? Oh! Some citizens are readers of OUR SOCIETY: Oh yes.

SCENE:—A young lady's boudoir, somewhere in the south end. A fair proprietress, who recently plighted her troth, in confidential confabulation with her bosom friend: "You know, dear," she says, in a burst of enthusiasm, "I have actually persuaded Harvey to give up drinking. Poor fellow, he must have found it rather hard, but he did it gladly for my sake. He just chews coffee-beans now, and he says he finds them an excellent substitute for whiskey." (Communicated by the bosom friend).

97

TO  
BARRINGTON STREET.

101

## MAHON BROS.

The Largest Retail Dry Goods House in the City.

"Discount for Cash."

## The popular BLENDS OF TEAS,

"Unawatta," "Orange," "Dehiwalla," "Darjeeling" and "Excelstor,"

F. M. MURRAY'S, 83 Barrington St.

COFFEES fresh and good.

CHOICE CONFECTIONERY at lowest prices.

MOIR, SON & CO.,  
MAMMOTH WORKS.Bread, Biscuits, Cakes, Confectionery,  
DESSICATED COCOANUT, FRUIT SYRUPS, ETC.

## WOOD AND PAPER BOXES.

SALESROOMS:

125 130 and 132 ARGYLE ST.

## Fashionable Hats and Furs.

C. S. LANE, 113 GRANVILLE ST.

Trunks &amp; Valises at Factory Prices.

W. W. HOWELL & CO.,  
Machinists,

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

## ELITE ♦ STUDIO,

16 Spring Garden Road,

KELLEY &amp; CO., Proprietors.

\* PORTRAITURE \*

In Photography, Crayon, Pastel and Water Color.

SITTINGS BY APPOINTMENT.

### CONFIDENCES OF A LOOKING GLASS.

Yes I am only a Looking Glass, a thing—I may well say a *thing*—for people do and have done things before me, that no animate eyes would be allowed to look upon. I have no doubt but that I should have been in "statu quo," had it not been that another Pygmalion (in the shape of our Editor) has arisen and made me his Galatea. In vivifying me he says:

"Few like Pygmalion, dote on lifeless charms,  
Or care to clasp a statue in their arms."

Now that by my Pygmalion, my own Pygmalion, I have been endowed with the power of speech, I feel inclined to ask, "am I—what?" Galatea, having life given her, seemed intuitively to know to what sex she belonged, but not having mixed in polite circles, she did not know the meaning of the word "man," hence her query to Chrysolos, "are *you* a man?" Now by asking such a question of a "thing," dressed in the costume with which Chrysolos did, this Galatea shows herself either a very innocent young woman or—well—otherwise. To argue that is not for me; it would not be fair. I, for my part, have had my eyes open all my life, and now that my own, own Pygmalion has bestowed upon me the power of speech, I am going to "let her go." How easily one falls into the slang of the country! Oh, the tales I can tell, and I will tell them, too, if only for the sake of my Pygmalion!

Do not start away so, Pygmalion; I know that I am cold—it is my nature—but bethink you, have I not ever been a friend in giving you a true reflection, whereas your whilom friends have been ever ready to criticize your personal charms, and now, Pygmalion, I promise to give thee a true report of those confidences, of which I may be the recipient.

No. 1.

#### WHO IS THIS?

And this is to be the end, an ignoble end, to a career that had budded so prosperously? I am, after all, to be deprived of the satisfaction of being still in power, when the ideas I have promulgated in the last few years bear fruit. Who are they that dare to judge me? I may have sinned morally, but are those who cast these stones themselves blameless? Perhaps I *have* broken a Commandment! Are any of my accusers to the fore to say they have not? Certainly to my country I may have done harm, but how willingly did my whilom supporters throw me over! Was this because they are so highly moral, or did I draw the

reins a little too tight? What a pity I did not know that I had such a moral crew to cater for, may-be—but there, as Wyndham Kepling says, "that belongs to another tale." I am no longer "uncrowned king of Ireland." And this, too, brought about by a woman, together with the dictum of the G. O. M. He, the G. O. M., is right to a certain extent, but why did he keep me on tenterhooks, waiting for his ultimatum? I can't help having a quiet chuckle over the quandary in which I placed him. I was, from a moral point of view, bound to give in. "Conscience makes cowards of us all," but still I know there were some friends(?) who were only too willing to put an extra spoke in the wheel to roll me off the road. But have they been, and are they now strictly honest? Do not they rather fancy they can make capital out of what I for years have laboured to bring about? I can't defend myself! But what about Nelson? He never was asked to resign in his resignation on account of his name being coupled too intimately with that of Lady Hamilton; and again, Lord Palmerston did not carry his political career through without the affection of one who was not his wife; and yet he was not pestered to resign. Was it right for me to stand up at all? Had I not have better "shut up" at once? Was it pride that prevented me doing so of the real love of my country? I hardly know myself. How is it that all my late supporters that have sinned—not so grievously perhaps, as myself—should now turn round on the one "sheep" that has gone so much astray? Again, has a certain politician been always sincere towards me, or is it that he found me too heavy a stone, and was glad to drop me? I don't like giving in. I can hear old fatty S—y saying, "I told you so!" and above all, I fear that Randal will write me a congratulatory letter after this style:—

Dear P—

Sorry you have got into such a bother. I knew that the blood of yours would get you into trouble. Take my advice, disappear for six months, get married, and as juries often have to come back "without a stain on your character."

What could I say on receipt of a letter like that? Nothing! What could I do? Swear? Oh! what a fool I've been to have allowed myself to be placed in this false position! and all for a woman! Do I really care for her now? I don't know! While she was some other person's property, she might have been worth risking one's neck for; but as one's own—well—there—still fruit is always sweetest! What a chaos it all seems! To think that I, putting my hand to the plough to such good purpose, should now *have* to look back. Ah, Kitty, you are indeed doing me in.  
LOOKING GLASS.

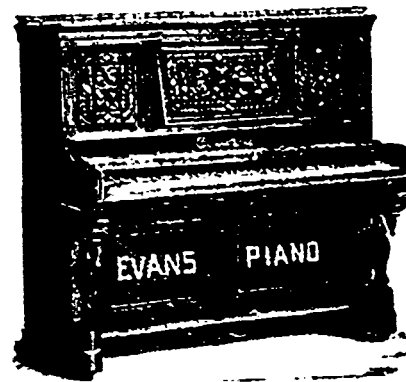
**ROUE & RENT, DOULL & HENSLEY**  
Lending Library, DEALERS IN  
Will re-open 1st of February, 1901, Foreign Stamps.  
with a full assortment of Books. Send for Price List to  
For Terms apply 91 SOUTH PARK ST. 46 Victoria Road, Halifax, N. S.

**MISS M. TOBIN, Fashionable Dress Maker.**

Tailor-made Gowns, Tea Gowns & Evening Dresses.  
Fit and Style Guaranteed.  
Dress Material and Findings on Hand. All Orders from Country promptly attended to.  
**15 GRANVILLE STREET.**

**JOHN F. KELLY,**

Manufacturer of all grades of HARNESS and COLLARS.  
Horse Boots, Horse Clothing, &c. Importer and Dealer in Saddlery Hardware, Patent and Harness Leathers, Harness Makers' Supplies, &c.  
**33 and 35 BUCKINGHAM ST., - - HALIFAX, N. S.**  
Retail at Wholesale Prices.



Established 1868.

**MILLER BROTHERS**  
Manufacturers' Agents for the best  
**Pianos, Organs**

AND  
**SEWING MACHINES.**

Pianos and Organs Warranted.  
Sewing Machines Repaired.

**158 Granville Street, Halifax.**  
TELEPHONE 718.

**ISAAC DURLING,**

BEST QUALITY OF — —  
Beef, Lamb, Mutton, Veal, Corned Beef, Corned Tongue and Bacon.  
**ALWAYS ON HAND.**

**64 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.**

SEALETTE SACQUES, Clothjackets, Redingotes, etc., made to order at  
**E. MAXWELL & SONS,**  
 LADIES' & GENTLEMENS' TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.  
 We have a large stock Sealette, Ladies' Cloth for Jackets, Redingotes, etc.  
 Also Complete lines in GENTLEMENS' GOODS.  
**68 GRANVILLE ST., 2 doors south of Y. M. C. A.**

**English Jottings.**

Lord Dufferin is reported to have "scored heavily" in a recent contest with Signor Crispi on a point of etiquette—or rather good manners. Our Ambassador called on the Italian Premier, and was ushered into a room where the latter was seated at a table examining some documents. He raised his head, and seeing the visitor, waved his hand in welcome, and uttered the stereotyped "*Buon giorno*"—without rising. Lord Dufferin maintained his position at the doorway immovable. Again the informal greeting was repeated by the Italian, but still the visitor remained at the door. Then (blushing) Crispi rose from his seat and bowed a welcome; the bow was gravely returned, the visitor entered, and the interview commenced.

**Our Churches.**

**ST. MARY'S.**

When not under repairs, this is an edifice to be seen from afar off with the naked eyes, but the outside view does not do justice to its interior; it strikes one in the matter of situation as being a round peg stuck into a square hole, looking indeed as it it was all front. This idea, though, becomes dispelled on entering, for we see that length or depth have not been left out in the builder's calculations.

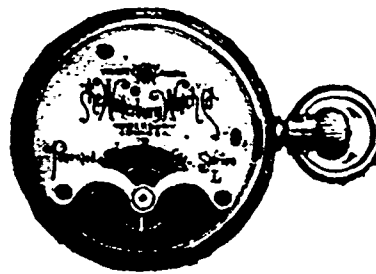
Again I have to make my modest growl. Whether it will "make the welkin ring" to such an extent as to do good, remains to be seen. Where, oh, where, on entrance, was that should-be-ubiquitous being, the verger? With the same kind of a 25-cent piece as usual in my hand, and the will in my heart to give it away, I stood, a sight for the gods, waiting for some one to advise me in what direction to make a move. Eventually I found a haven of rest, and looked about me, for which I trust I may get absolution. How different is the behaviour of the congregation in a Roman Catholic than in a church of any other denomination! How different the whole surroundings! The congregation of a Roman Catholic church seem, to use a worldly expression, "to settle down to business," and take an interest in what is going on. This is carried out in its entirety away from the church. Who has heard in Halifax of anything undertaken by this body that did not turn out a success? Whether this is brought about by a better appreciation of what is right, or from fear of what their spiritual pastors and masters may think, it is not for me to say; the fact certainly remains that the behaviour of a Roman Catholic congregation is far more reverential than that of any other body. One reason, I think, can be put forward for this, and that is that the service is a shorter one, and that there is always something going on that appeals not only to the heart, but also to the eye. Naturally it will be said, "What good to appeal to the eye?" Just this good—that your audience is kept awake, and therefore is in a position to pick up any spiritual crumb of comfort that may strike them. Another reason is that this church has generally better singing, and more of it, than the others, again claiming attention by the sense of hearing. The singing on the occasion of my visit was indeed well worth the talk, and the 25 cents to hear. I, personally, am not a Roman Catholic, so it cannot be said that I have written as above for the sake of this church, but I am simply putting in print what came under my individual notice. If I am not believed as to this matter of behaviour, let non-believers go and judge for themselves, take a noon, go back to their own places of worship, and do likewise.

Unique.

In fact, our Ambassador at the Court of King Humbert is far happier in Society than he is in diplomatic difficulties. Not long ago an officer of the British Navy who occupied an inferior rank was to meet Lord Dufferin at a social reception, and expressed some anxiety to know how the Ambassador would converse with one in his position. His anxiety was soon set at rest. The introduction over, Lord Dufferin remarked affably: "Ah! In the naval service, I believe? I am very glad to meet you, and to have a chat with you. I find I can always learn something new from sailors." A simple speech, but one that showed the refinement of courtesy.

I hear, on very good authority, that the Inman Steamship Company is about to place two orders for ships of the size of the City of Paris, and that the vessels are to be built in America, the company having decided that, with the same horse-power, the superiority of the American model would give an additional speed of one, if not two, knots. This is in direct line with the experience of all persons who have given attention to the subject. The English designers are hide-bound by prescription, and their models have not improved since the days of the earlier Cunarders. There is the same long, straight side, the same short hollow ends and the same rather square, heavy counter. If Cramp could have the order for a ship as long as the City of Paris, and give her as good a shape as that of the Philadelphia, for example, in my judgment twenty-one knots would be only her ordinary sea speed.

**THE WATERBURY WATCH.**



Since first placed on the market has been so continually improved that it is to-day

**THE BEST WATCH FOR THE MONEY**  
 now obtainable.

Mens', Boys' and Ladies' Sizes  
 \$2.75, \$4.50, \$9.00 & \$10.00.

**\* J. CORNELIUS, \***  
**JEWELLER, - - 99 Granville St.**

**HARRIE & WYLLIUS,**  
**The Druggists,**

**ACADIA DRUG STORE, SOUTH END PHARMACY,**  
 155 Hall Street, C. & F. Street and Morris St.,  
**HALIFAX, N. S.**

DISPENSING OUR SPECIALTY.

OF FINE PERFUME,

SACHET POWDERS

TOILET SOAPS and every TOILET REQUISITE

GO TO

## Correspondence.

To the Editor of "Our Society."

DEAR SIR:

It has been my misfortune—not my fault—to become the unhappy possessor of a copy of a paper named the "Canadian Voice." If Canada really speaks through this organ, no wonder she wants assistance in her enterprises. The Canadian Voice may be in the opinion of its editor and of those who uphold its doctrines, a highly important journal—that is quite satisfactory—for if they were not satisfied, no other section of society would be. I notice in the issue before me, dated Jan. 31st, a couple of paragraphs reflecting on the management of the Halifax Hotel bar, and mentioning the names of the Messrs. Hesslein as being to a certain extent answerable for the decease of sundry members of the community. This is, on the face of it, an abominable slander on the character of two worthy citizens; men whose record will show a far cleaner bill of health, perhaps, than that even of the editor of the "Canadian Voice." It is a well known fact that newspaper men have the most gall of all men; but for the real essence of "cheek" give me the temperance apostle, who can deliberately—with malice aforethought—walk into such a hotel as the Halifax, canvass the proprietor for a subscription for his paper and hint that he would accept an advertisement if liquor was not mentioned; and then go away to print these articles. It is an honor to have a man of this calibre in our city, for we like to have the best of a class, but the man himself must perforce be a disgrace to journalism. How easy it is, and at the same time how mean spirited, to attack a man through a paper, more especially when the author of the article is not worth "going at" from a financial point of view! Such writing as this will never do the temperance cause any good—far otherwise—people will begin to think that a cause which has to descend to lying and slandering, to get a hearing, must be weak. I do not advocate drinking, but I do advocate freedom, and why Mr. Bulmer or his myrmidons should have chosen the Halifax bar as a point from which to start their fairy tales, he or they only know. If they were to frequent scores of small shops in Water St. and take notes thereon, it would render the Halifax far more pleasant, and the society they would meet would be far more congenial to themselves. The editor of the Voice may be a power in the cause he espouses, but most assuredly he is not likely to be a power in any other sphere. We trust for the good of the cause of temperance that it is not so weak that it requires personal spite and ill feeling to carry it along.

Query? Has this attack anything to do with that live alarm from Box 47? Yours, etc.,

TEMPERANTIA CUM GRANO.

## TO TELL THE AGE OF A HORSE.

To tell the age of any horse,  
Inspect the lower jaw of course;  
The six front teeth the tale will tell,  
And every doubt and fear dispel.

Two middle "nippers" you behold  
Before the colt is two weeks old,  
Before eight weeks two more will come,  
Eight months the "corners" cut the gum.

The outside grooves will disappear  
From middle two in just one year.  
In two years, from the second pair;  
In three, the corners, too, are bare.

At two the middle "nippers" drop,  
At three the second pair can't stop.  
When four years old the third pair goes,  
At five a full new set he shows.

The deep black spots will pass from view  
At six years from the middle two  
The second pair at seven years,  
At eight the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "nippers" upper jaw  
At nine the black spots will withdraw;  
The second pair at ten are white;  
Eleven finds the "corners" light.

As time goes on, the horsemen know,  
The oval teeth three-sided grow;  
They longer get, project before,  
Till twenty, when we know no more.

*The Horseman's*

## ARMENIAN LULLABY.

If thou wilt close thy drowsy eyes,  
My mulberry one, my golden son!  
The rose shall sing thee lullabies,  
My pretty cosset lambkin!  
And thou shalt swing in an almond tree  
With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee—  
A silver boat in a golden sea—  
My velvet love, my nestling dove,  
My own pomegranate blossom!

The stork shall guard thee passing well  
All night, my sweet, my dimple feet!  
And bring thee myrrh and asphodel,  
My gentle rain-of-springtime!  
And, for thy slumbrous play, shall twine  
The diamond stars with an emerald vine—  
To trail in the waves of ruby wine—  
My hyacinth-bloom, my heart's perfume,  
My cooing little turtle!

And when the morn wakes up to see  
My apple-bright, my soul's delight,  
The partridge shall come calling thee,  
My jar of milk-and-honey!  
Yes, thou shalt know what mystery lies  
In the amethyst deep of the curtained skies,  
If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes,  
You wakeful one, you naughty son,  
You chirping little sparrow! *Eugene Füll.*

SMALL BOY (to druggist)—I want some insect powder.  
DRUGGIST—How much?  
S. B.—I don't know, mother hasn't counted them!

HIGH TONED GOODS are what all want, whether they be in Society or not.

CRAGG, BROS. & CO., - - - Corner Barrington and George Streets.

Are showing this Season the finest stock ever offered in Halifax of SKATES, FINE CUTLERY, USEFUL HOUSEHOLD NOVELTIES, &c.  
Specially suited for the HOLIDAY TRADE. And at WONDERFULLY LOW PRICES.

SKATING.

When you see a man skate it is highly probable that you will see a male flounder, and it is this wise. The skater, sooner or later, discovers something with the blade of his skate that compels him to terminate a figure by a sudden revolution of his perpendicular, and glide along on his ear, hat brim, and collar-bone, while his feet, suddenly removed from the ice, vainly endeavour to cut figures in the o'er hanging firmament.

This is called the "pitch precipitate," and is usually provoked by the skate iron making a passing acquaintance with a broken twig imbedded in the ice, or by its sudden contact with one of the various sized pebbles with which an English skating-pond is usually paved by the local Davids as soon as the ice forms.

The first thing to learn in the art of skating is to get from your chair on the bank to the ice without sitting down suddenly on the wet edge of the pond. Having accomplished this feat so as to cause disappointment to onlookers, who have watched you waddling to the ice, in the anticipation of seeing you suddenly flop in the wet, you seize your stick, and whirling it in the air, to the derision of the eyes of the other skaters and spectators, you struggle across the pond as though in a hurry to post a letter somewhere on the opposite bank.

As it requires some practice before you can fall upon your stick in such a manner as to seriously injure yourself, it is advisable to put a strongly made pipe in your mouth so that, if you do fall forward, it will allow itself to be rammed down your throat without breaking.

If the student fails in crippling himself in going straightforward, he tries figures, beginning with the "figure eight," forwards, then backwards, and, if still alive, he attempts "grape vines," "cross cuts," and "flower-pots," when, if he do not break his leg or neck over these, he may become a fancy skater, but his case is hopeless as far as becoming an ice cripple or winter suicide is concerned.

The "outside edge" is not performed, as is generally supposed, by the skater dropping into a hole, and practising on the outside of the ice, in order to get out, but consists in his trying how far he can over-balance himself, without actually lying on the ice. When you advance from the old-fashioned skates with square heels or ends, to the blades, and start off with a pair of "club" or "acme" skates, don't attempt to stop yourself by turning up your toes, or you will find your back hair make a star on the ice, as your coat sweeps a slide for those who require it. If you find you do fall after these instructions, please shout "Pick me up," when you are down, as it tends to advertise this paper.—Pick-me-up.

188 BARRINGTON STREET.

**WILLIAM CROWE,**

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Berlin Wools, Yarns, Fleeces.

And all kinds of Ladies' Fancy Work and Materials.

— AGENCY FOR —

Miss Demorest's Patterns for Ladies' and Children's Garments.

GABRIEL'S, 17 BUCKINGHAM ST.

Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a carbuncle, suffering, why he is delighted with it. He wears it in his scarf!

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

Get a Gold or Silver Watch-chain Pin, \$1.00 to \$5.00, and 2, 3, 4, 5 strand Fine Silver Cit Bangles. Gold eyes with Moon Stone.

M. A. QUINN,  
25 BARRINGTON STREET.

Fancy Goods, Indian Work and Curios.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, ETC., SELLING OFF AT COST.

LE BON MARCHE,

DESIGNER, MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF

FINE FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS

91 BARRINGTON STREET.

HALIFAX, N. S.

LEITH & HOUSE,

Established 1818.

**KELLEY & GLASSEY,**

(SUCCESSORS TO ALEX. MCLEOD & Co.)

WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

**English Chop and Oyster House,**

HOLLIS STREET, Opp. Halifax Hotel.

CHOPS & OYSTERS Served at all hours.

F. FULLER, Proprietor.

J. A. LEAMAN,

R. H. EDWARDS.

J. A. LEAMAN & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Victuallers & Pork Packers,

HALIFAX, N. S.

OFFICE & RETAIL STORE: 6, 8, 10 Bedford Row.

Pork Packing & Canning Factories & Warerooms: 13, 15, 17 & 19 Bedford Row.

WANTED!

WANTED!

**Left-Off Clothing!**

Ladies and Gents waited upon at their residences.

VERY HIGHEST PRICE PAID.

Address, W. DAVIES, 134 Argyle St., Cor. Duke.

J. SNOW & SON,

**Undertakers and Embalmers,**

56 ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Telephone: Shop, 387. House, 388.



ARMY AND NAVY DEPOT

ESTABLISHED 1832.

JAMES SCOTT & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS  
117 & 118 GRANVILLE STREET, . . . HALIFAX, N. S.

HALIFAX BRANCH, . . . 139 GRANVILLE STREET.  
New England Paper Company,  
Manufacturers of NEWS, WRAPPING and MANILLA PAPERS,  
All Sizes and Weights made to Order.  
21 & 23 DE BRESOLES STREET, MONTREAL

"THE BEDFORD,"

BEDFORD, N. S.

The Fashionable Winter Resort of the Maritime Provinces.

EXCELLENT accommodation for Permanent and Transient Guests. Hot and Cold Water. Open Fire Places. Comfortable and Cosy. Thoroughly English Cuisine. Private Parties by Rail or Road entertained at shortest notice. Permanent rates very moderate for the winter Months. TELEPHONE 580

J. C. MORRISON, Proprietor.

CLOTHING!

Juvenile Boys' and Mens'

CUSTOM & READY-MADE.

ARTISTIC AND DURABLE

CLAYTON & SONS, 11 Jacob St.

A. G. KAUZER,

\* Furrier, \*

140 and 142 GRANVILLE ST. . . . HALIFAX, N. S.

TELEPHONE 348.

NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY,

Lockman Street,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

PLANTS, ROSEBUDS and CHOICE FLOWERS.

\* HORSE CARS PASS NURSERY. \*

JAMES H. HARRIS, . . . . MANAGER.

GEM RINGS.

Our Fine Stock is worthy of inspection.

ALSO:—Our choice stock of unset STONES: DIAMONDS, RUBIN, OPALS, &c., &c., we are prepared to mount at brief notice to suit the taste of purchasers.

M. S. BROWN & CO.,

ESTABLISHED, A. D., 1840.

Working Jewellers and Silversmiths.

Dealers in High Grade Artistic Goods in Silver, Plated Marble, Bronze, Brica-Brac and Sundries, appropriate for Holiday and other presents.

128 & 130 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

Services for Sunday (Feb. 8th.)

GARRISON CHAPEL, 11 A. M., Parade Service. 12 Noon, Holy Communion 3 P. M., Children's Service. 7 P. M., Evening Service, (Special collection aid of Choir and Surplice Fund.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, 8 A. M., Holy Communion. 11 A. M., Morning Service, (preacher, Rev. W. B. Belliss.) 7 P. M., Evening Service, (preacher, Rev. Dr. Partridge).

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

Capt. and Mrs. Gausson, to 88 Victoria Road.

Major Bagot's sale takes place next Tuesday at his house, 12 Morris St.

The following is not in the Directory:—Dr. E. A. Kirkpatrick 178 Pleasant Street.

ST. JAMES' BILLIARD HALL

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.

AMERICAN BOWLING ALLEYS AND SHOOTING GALLERY

English Ale and Porter on Draught.

CHOICE WINES. FINEST HAVANA CIGARS. LAGER BEER on Draught JOHNSON'S FLUID BEEF on Draught.

RICHARD SHEPEARD, 117 Hollis St

HALIFAX MARBLE WORKS

73 and 75 BARRINGTON ST.

WM. BISHOP, Contractor for Cut Stone for Buildings.

Manufacturer of Monuments in Granite and Marble, Mural Tablets, Church Fes and Cemetery Work of all kinds. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. Designs furnished on application.

HAZELINE,

An Exquisite Toilet-Preparation for Ladies or Gentlemen

It softens the skin when hot or dry from exposure to the sun wind, and as a soothing application for roughness of the face, chapped hands, lips, etc., it has no equal. When applied to the skin it produces a feeling of coolness and is entirely free from the stickiness of Glycerin and the greasiness of Cold Cream and Camphor Ice. It dries at once chapped hands thereby allowing the use of gloves immediately after application.

For Gentlemen's use after shaving it is vastly superior to Bay Rum or any toilet water. Price, 25 a bottle. For sale by all Druggists.

Prepared only by THE ST. LAWRENCE CO., Pict

OUR SPECIAL DEPARTMENT

of FINE LEATHER DRESSING CASES, HANDBAGS, LADIES' AND GENTS' FILLED TRAVELLING BAGS, SILVER MOUNTED LETTER AND CARD CASES, PURSES, &c., &c., is well worth inspection