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Society Notes.

The *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, claims to have a larger circulation than any other magazine in the world, showing an average of 542,500 copies per month. Some of its advertising statistics are truly remarkable. For instance, the New York paper *Printer's Ink* states that a certain 5-line ad. in the Journal received 15000 responses, while the well-known firm of Cassell & Co. received 6000 in answer to their advertisements.

We have hardly started on the last decade of the century, and already the expression *fin de siecle* stinks in our nostrils. We registered a vow long ago never to admit this utterly meaningless expression into our columns, and have already erased it half a dozen times, but it is getting altogether too much. One cannot open an English paper without finding something about *fin de siecle* luxury, *fin de siecle* folly, and so on. Kind correspondents, please refrain for the future; this is becoming a truly *fin de siecle* nightmare to us, and if something doesn't soon happen to stop it, we shall probably end by developing into *fin de siecle* lunatics. Put it into Sanskrit, for Heaven's sake, and possibly we won't recognize it.

The *Liverpool Advance* gets hold of a great many tit-bits of information. Last week, for instance, there is an account of an extraordinary record in the way of children. A certain Charles Mortimer, of St. Paul, Min., started at the age of 22 by marrying a widow who already had 2 boys, and who bore him 8 more in 10 years, and then died, leaving him to marry again. By the second marriage Mr. Mortimer was blessed with triplets, and again lost his wife. Unfortunately for the record, he then refrained from matrimony for five years all at once, yielding at last to the fascinations of a fair widow with 3 children, who has since increased the family by 5. At present Mr. Mortimer has 11 girls and 12 boys, all alive and well: he is not yet fifty, so that if, on the decease of the third Mrs. Mortimer, he is lucky enough to come across a widow with six children, his menagerie will be almost good enough to take on a European tour.

The St. Patrick's Minstrel performance last Friday was by no means a success. It may seem a bit rough on them to criticize an entertainment given for a charity; but still, if the minstrels took it on their shoulders to do this thing, they should have done it with all their might; they should have taken the trouble to black their faces evenly all over, and not leave white spots behind the ears,—in fact, they should have been just as careful all through as though the dollars were coming into their own pockets. We must congratulate Master Banfield on his singing, but would strongly advise his master—if he has one—to keep him from over-training his voice. Mr. W. Tobin also deserves honorable mention, but the performance was on the whole decidedly discreditable to a corps with such a splendid record as St. Patrick's Minstrels.

Shortly before the regiment left, the announcement was made of the engagement of Mr. Eckshaw to Miss Fleming. We hear that Mr. Eckshaw intends sending in his papers and coming back to settle in Halifax,—probably on the N. W. Arm.

What has become of those pigeons, those celebrated pigeons, that were to be the means of saving the lives of an unmeasurable number of the "toilers on the deep?" According to ordinary statistics, there ought at the present moment to be from 150 to 180 birds in the Government loft; how is it that they are not there? Has diphtheria done its deadly work among the flock? Or is it that the Government officials have tumbled to the fact that pigeon pie is not such a bad business, and have used up the young birds as fast as they became eligible? Had these birds been placed in proper hands, we venture to say that we should now be in direct communication with Sable Island, and the distance would be compassed under seven hours. As it is they have been cooped up all this time, neither ornamental nor useful. The one bird that was let out immediately took up his quarters in the "Elevator,"

and has been smiling audibly at the marine fisheries office ever since. We would like to suggest that we are in possession of an excellent receipt for pigeon pie, which we would be glad to exchange for half-a-dozen of the next batch of young birds.

The following is from *Modern Society* :—

"He was one of the ineligible of the West Riding; the terror of maumas with *demoiselles a marier*; and he had, of course, fixed his affections on a girl whose shoe-latchet—from a financial point of view—he was utterly unworthy to unloose. The girl's mother was a widow, and furious at the infatuation of her darling for the penniless admirer, vowed that she never, *never* would consent to such an &c., &c. But the lover was well versed in the ways of the world and of women. He entered the library one evening at dusk, where the mater of his loved one was writing a letter. Stealing cautiously behind her chair he threw his arms round her neck and imprinted a passionate kiss upon her—well, her cheek. Surprise, consternation, and indignation on the lady's part. Profuse apologies on the other side. "Pon my word, Mrs.—I thought it was Ethel; indeed I did; and, by Jove, you're so much like her, dontcherknow? that it really isn't wonderful that I made the mistake. Really, I'm most awfully sorry." Strange to say, Mamma's indignation quickly died away. Her opinion of the man mysteriously changed. He marries Ethel next week."

What a pity the writer does not state which Battalion the negligible belonged to: it sets us wondering all sorts of funny things.

Here is something else written about London, which, unfortunately, applies almost as well to Halifax :—

"Never, perhaps, has the custom of "nipping" among City men attained such tremendous proportions as it has in the present day. The man who is a moderate (.) drinker, whom no one has ever seen intoxicated, who takes a couple of glasses of sherry with his dinner, and a cup of coffee afterwards, consumes in the course of the morning—his morning is from 11 a. m. to 3 p. m.—as much liquor as would upset many a country squire. Who shall attempt to keep account of those "nips"—those "small brandies," those "little scotches," those "wee splits," or those "halves wi' you," which are swallowed one after the other, apparently without any effect? Every wine-bar has its own clientele and nearly every man has his own pet particular bar; and those who want him for purposes of business look for him there, rather than in the office which has his name on the door—and find him, too."

We are afraid this fatal habit of "nipping" is still on the increase among city men, and even among city boys. It is more deadly than occasional heavy drinking; and in nine cases out of ten where a man once gives way to it, he ends by becoming an utterly useless member of society. We could more easily point out the nine, in this city of Halifax, than we could the tenth.

We wonder whether "Tom Trim" will ever give the Halifax musicians a tune, and if he does, whether he will find any merit in them. We have given a good deal of attention to the subject at one time and another, and cannot but think that we are exceptionally well off just now, both in vocalists and instrumentalists. The

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vocalists have had their share, and some of them more than their share—of praise: Mr. Porter's reputation is a *fait accompli*: it is of the Doerings that we wish to speak now, and of Herr Klingensfeld later on. Mrs. Doering, nee Miss Brauer, is a native of Oldenburg, a quaint little Grand-ducal city in the North of Germany, blessed with an excellent opera-house, and a highly musical Grand-Duke. Thus it was in a musical atmosphere that Miss Brauer received her education, and won renown while quite a girl. She performed afterwards in Dresden, Berlin, Königsberg, Prague, and several other large cities, invariably receiving good notices from the critics. Her rendition of Mozart's Concert in C. major, especially, attracted attention in Berlin.

Herr Döring has an equally distinguished record, and has scored decided triumphs in Leipzig, Berlin, Amsterdam, Antwerp, and St. Petersburg. No wonder we were so taken by his rendering of Handel's *Largo*: we have discovered since that a critic of high standing in Berlin, declared it to be the best rendering he had ever heard. Another of Herr Döring's masterpieces is the *Spinninn Song* (Popper), which elicited four recalls in St. Petersburg.

What brought Mr. and Mrs. Doering to Halifax we have not quite made out, but they seem to be quite settled here now, in spite of a very tempting offer made by the Boston Mendelssohn Quintette, and are rapidly becoming as popular socially as they are professionally.

We have just received the 20th Annual Report of the School for the Blind, under the management of Mr. C. F. Fraser. While reporting a highly satisfactory year's work, and acknowledging a large number of contributions, it seems to us that this Institution does not receive the universal support it deserves from the Maritime Provinces. The current account certainly shows a small balance on the right side, and during the past year Mr. J. Mott very generously left a legacy of \$3000 to the Institution; but another \$3000 is still wanting to meet the expense of the new building. Towards the \$16000 required for this purpose, the N. S. Legislature voted \$4000. The late Mr. S. A. White bequeathed \$1000, \$3000 was appropriated from last year's bequests, and Mr. Fraser has already collected another \$5000. There should be no difficulty in obtaining the remnant of \$2000, without going past the city limits: we could name several very well-to-do men who have not yet subscribed anything, and we can think of no cause that has a more just claim on everyone of us than the school for the Blind.

Major Bromhead of the 2nd South Wales Borderers, whose name is inseparably connected with the Defence of Rorke's Drift in 1879, died at Allahabad on the 10th of February of typhoid fever. Gorville Bromhead came of a family noted for generations for its distinguished soldiers. He was the youngest son of the late Major Sir Edmund de Gorville Bromhead, Baronet, of Thurley Hall, Lincolnshire, a Waterloo officer: his great-grandfather was at the taking of Quebec in 1759, and was the officer who said to General Wolfe "They run." Major Gorville Bromhead, V. C. was a kinsman of Major Bromhead in the 84th who was stationed here some few years ago, and will be remembered by many friends. We learn that the late gallant officer was uncle to Mrs. Norman Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalziel have left town for Bedford, where they will remain till after Easter.

Mrs. E. D. Tucker will be a passenger for Bermuda this week, where she goes to attend the marriage of her niece, Miss Gosling, to Major Vulliamy of the 17th. Miss Rose Gosling, who has been spending the winter at Pine Grove, will return to Bermuda, at the same time. The marriage of the Rev. Arthur Tucker to Miss Mathers of St. John, will take place at St. George's, Bermuda, shortly after Easter.

We hear that Mrs. Holt Clerke will probably sail for England next month. Everybody is sorry to hear this, as no one is more missed than Mrs. Clerke, when she goes away from home.

The marriage of Mr. Ernest Gregory, of Antigonish, and Miss Maud Graham, is to be among the first celebrated at St. Luke's Cathedral, after Lent.

The Bishop and Mrs. Courtney will probably remain at Jamaica till the very hot weather begins, when they expect to sail for England by the direct mail steamer. They will remain abroad for a year. Miss Courtney leaves Bishopsthorpe on Saturday for the United States.

We regret to hear that Mrs. J. L. Stearns has been suddenly summoned to Virginia by the serious illness of her father.

This spring will be especially remembered for the disappearance of familiar faces from Halifax. Col. and Mrs. O'Brien go on the 28th; Dr. Weston on the same date; Dr. Browne very soon, and Mr. and Mrs. Berry in May or June.

We are glad to hear of two Nova Scotians winning favour and fame in London. Mr. Avon Saxon as Friar in *Uranhoe*, at the magnificent new theatre in Charing Cross Road, is making an established place for himself; while Miss Nitia Carrüte is charming everybody by her part in the *Gondoliers*, at the Savoy. It is curious to note how both these artists are always described as "Americans."

Rev. Dyson Hague will preach at St. Luke's Cathedral on Sunday evening.

Major Harvey, R. A., has taken Bishopsthorpe for a year, as the Mansells are returning to the "Oaks."

Dr. and Mrs. Burefoot have taken up their quarters for the present at the Lorne House. Dr. Dornier is staying at the Halifax Hotel.

Mr. Burton, R. E., leaves in a few days for Barbados.

We are pleased to see Mr. Stephen Tobin about again after his severe illness.

We here that through the plucky enterprise of Mr. H. B. Clarke we are to have an Opera Company here for Easter week. This company has been plying with great success in Montreal and Quebec. During their stay here we are promised the following Operas:—The *Gondoliers*, *Erminie*, *Amarita* and *Fra Diavolo*. We trust that Mr. Clarke will meet with the support he so richly deserves.

Mrs. Henry and Miss Phyllis Noyes are staying in Gibraltar till next month, when they intend to return to England.

Lieut. Grant unexpectedly appeared again in the *Orontes*, much to the delight of many of his friends. He left in the trooper on Monday.

The new wing of the Halifax School for the Blind will be open to the inspection of the public on Friday and Saturday of this week, between the hours of 3 p. m. and 9 p. m. Entrance by main door of new wing.

The fourth Lecture of the course under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., was delivered on Tuesday evening in the Orpheus Hall by Hon. J. W. Longley; the subject was "Politics considered as a fine Art." The subject was cleverly handled, and the lecturer displayed great tact in steering clear of showing any political bias whatever. We are afraid, however, that it is rather wasting words to talk about honest politics and ideal politicians in this part of the world, but it may go down all right *after* an election.

It is not often that the city police can be reproached for over-officiousness, but the case of the "bobby" who arrested a soldier's wife for walking along the street with her husband certainly calls for some remark. This is not at all colonial:—the chief characteristic of colonies,—or at any rate of *some* colonies,—is to make ridiculously stringent laws, and to be absurdly lax about seeing them carried out. The little incident in question takes us back to all times,—and thereby hangs a tale.

In the English universities there are certain officials known—and well-known, too—as Proctors, whose very difficult and thankless duty it is to look after the morals of those *in statu pupillari*. These Proctors retain, by ancient statute, the right of entering any private house, at any time, in the pursuit of the wily undergrad; and also of looking up any lady, or otherwise, whom they may suspect of designing to lead the aforesaid undergrad astray. To come to the point, then:—in a certain University town, there is a certain milkiner's shop, noted for its pretty girls, and on a fine summer's evening it is not at all an unusual sight to see groups of love-lorn undergrads being "moved on" from the curb-stone by the vigilant Proctor. In this same town, there was at one time a Mayor who was blessed with a very pretty and popular wife, who entertained largely and was generally beloved by the youngsters. Now it happened one night that this lady had business with her milliner—the milliners—somewhat late at night, and left the shop before her carriage had arrived. It happened also that a superlatively vigilant proctor remarked her exit from his point of vantage on the opposite side of the road, and watched her with eagle eye as she stood on the curb-stone looking up and down the street. An undergrad approached, stopped, talked for a minute or so, and went away. Another, and yet another. One at last seemed rooted to the spot, and stood five whole minutes talking and laughing with the female on the curb stone. "Duty calls," said the Proctor to himself, and he crossed the road, sent the youth to his college, and arrested the female. Expostulations, entreaties,—all in vain,—he was too old to be taken in by a yarn like that. And so the—female—was locked up for the night in an establishment called the spinney. There was what the vulgar would call a "good old row" the next morning, and the University only partially soothed the ruffled feelings of the Mayor—not to mention his good lady—by fining the unlucky old fool of a Proctor £100.

History has not revealed a similar dunder head till this week, when he appears in the person of a Halifax bobby.

We are indebted to the New York *Sunday World* for a most amusing review of a most amusing book entitled *Gentlemen*. It is impossible to do justice in a small space either to the book or to the review; so we will content ourselves with a few quotations to illustrate both the literary style—which is immense—and the subject matter, which is stupendous—of the book itself. To start with, then "Dressing may be carried to any extent, but it is not good taste to do so, but with judgment and economy one can be something of a dresser. Again, "no man is a gentleman who merely does the acts of a gentleman." He must show good breeding in dress, manners and conversation. His dress is the perfection of raiment. His manner is grace and ease personified; his conversation knowledge itself. Proud, indeed, may the man be who can write after his name gentleman. Proceeding to details, the author discusses the three great divisions of dress,—morning, afternoon and evening, describing with the greatest minuteness every portion from hat to boots. Then we learn that half-hose should be worn in solid colors only, to match the shirt and drawers; the half-hose supporters are of white silk, though other colours may be worn. "Underclothing should be changed at least twice a day. Silk is worn always with evening dress. Indulge in baths as frequently as possible," and apropos of baths, "before and after the bath the bath-robe is put on ('presumably it is not worn in the bath,' says the facetious commentator). No part of man's attire is more brilliant or beautiful than this robe."

But we must be jogging on: white shirts should be open in front only, with two or three stud-holes, and "the cuffs should extend to the first thumb-joint. Shirts should be changed three times a day, and detachable collars and cuffs are not to be tolerated."

As to the "final mystery of suspenders," each pair of trousers should have its individual suspenders, and great care must be exercised in adjusting them. "The umbrella is worn only in doubtful or wet weather. Silver is the only proper metal. Never wear the case in the street. Among the best dressers and beaux of this city, the walking stick is no longer carried or worn, either with morning or afternoon dress." We should like to know the difference between *carrying* and *wearing* a stick, but no matter; *tempus fugit*; "Fans may be carried at any evening reception by a gentleman, if he desires to do so, when there is to be dancing. A gentleman will find it convenient and comfortable to have his own fan. Folding fans with heavy black or white silk cord are recommended." "It is perfectly proper for a bald man to wear a wig." "The crease in the trousers may be worn or not as taste dictates: it certainly improves the set of the trousers and keeps the knees straight. The *monocle* is worn any time of the day, with narrow black silk ribbon for morning or afternoon, but wide black silk ribbon for evening wear. When worn it is placed in the right eye.

So much for the first part of the volume: the second treats of the *Essential Customs of Gentlemen*, and kindred subjects. For instance, "The body-coat should never be removed in the presence of ladies, unless it is their expressed and unanimous desire. A gentleman should never leave his room without complete attire, as it is essential he should present the same appearance before a servant as before a lady. Afternoon calls should be made from 3 to 5, except when a lady is in the habit of having 5 o'clock teas, when it is allowable for the gentleman to stay until his cup or two cups are finished. On no account is he to partake of more than two; when pressed to stay to a meal, unless 5 or 6 calls have previously been made, he ought to refuse." One more pointer, on calling, and we have done: "If the lady seats herself upon the sofa, he must not place himself beside her without first obtaining her consent. If he takes the seat at her invitation he must be careful not to cross his legs, and he must not toy with ornaments or twist his watch chain, as it may have a nervous effect on his companion."

Take the wax from your ears, oh Halifax, and give heed all ye young men! Harken to the voice of wisdom, and in time you may reveal yourselves before the doors of the Academy, clothed as gentlemen even to the final mystery, the suspenders!

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## A GAME OF BACCARAT.

You ask me why I never play cards for money, except whist, and then only for sixpenny points? Yes, there is a story, and one that may not be uninteresting at the present time.

You are, I think, aware that I was in the service before I succeeded to my cousin's title and property, a thing which I never expected. It is many years ago now since I passed out of Sandhurst, and was gazetted to the —th Hussars, then quartered at York.

I was too young to have many enemies in those days, but I had one, whom I call Stevens. There is no particular reason why I shouldn't give his real name, except that he is now dead. We had quarrelled freely at Sandhurst, and, to my intense disgust, I saw his name alongside of mine in the *Gazette*. He was appointed to the same Regiment.

To do him justice, he was a capital man across country, and a tall, good-looking fellow. And he had lots of money, while I had only a few hundred beyond my pay. But he was never exactly a popular man in the —th, in spite of his lavish expenditure. It was, in fact, a bit too lavish, and it was rumoured that his father was a wealthy stock-broker, who had begun by sweeping out the office.

Among the first invitations which I received when I joined was one from Sir George Chesterfield, who had been a great friend of my father's. At his house I was introduced to many of the best country people, but I chiefly remember his niece and ward, Miss Ethel Chesterfield, whom I was deputed to take into dinner. It was, I suppose, a case of love at first sight. I had been anxious to see her, for I had been told at mess that she had been the acknowledged belle of the previous season, and would undoubtedly be so of the season that was just beginning.

I saw her again pretty constantly at dances and in the hunting field. Just as I had satisfied myself I was making fair progress in her affections, Stevens appeared as a rival, and a most dangerous one. Like her uncle, Ethel was very keen on hunting, and an excellent horse-woman—and I soon had the mortification of seeing that Stevens was cutting me out. As I have mentioned, he was excellent across country, and he could afford to give prices for his hunters which were utterly out of the question for me.

But my hopes ran high again on the occasion of our regimental ball at Christmas. I was sitting out a dance with Ethel when she suddenly told me she was going to Monte Carlo with her uncle and aunt for a few weeks. It had only been settled that day; it was no good staying in England when frost made hunting impossible. Why didn't I go there too, she added; she had heard it was such a lovely place.

I got a fortnight's leave, without much difficulty. Just as my express was leaving York station, a man leapt into the carriage in a magnificent fur coat. It was Stevens. "Halloa," said I "going up to town?" "No," he replied, "better than that. I've just got a month's leave, and am off to Monte Carlo. Where are you bound?" I told him I was also going to the South of France for a few weeks. He smiled, and I almost felt that I could have killed him, and thrown him out of the window as the train whizzed along. So Ethel had told him as well, had she?

We agreed to meet and go by a particular train; there was no club train in those days. The only result was that we neither of us went by the agreed train, but both went by the one before; however, we pretended not to see each other, and occupied different carriages.

It was, I think, the third day after our arrival that we both dined with the Chesterfields at the little villa they had taken. There were only two other men there, both racing men, and old friends of Sir George's.

After dinner we played cards—first vingt-et-un, which was voted dull, and ultimately baccarat. Lady Chesterfield and Ethel both played.

The gambling spirit of the place seems to affect every-

body. I am sure that neither our hostess nor her niece would have dreamed of playing at York, but here it was a different thing. Sir George wouldn't let them play at the public tables, and so they both hailed this opportunity with delight.

For perhaps an hour the game went on quietly enough, no one had lost anything to speak of, Stevens and myself being, I think, the only winners. Ultimately, Stevens took the bank. Up to this time, we had been playing with a limit of five louis, but at Stevens's suggestion, the limit was withdrawn. I made a feeble protest, but I was myself a winner, and Stevens said, with something like a sneer, that I need not stake high if I was afraid of losing. This put my blood up, as you can imagine. I brought out my note-case, and found I had about £80 with me, of which perhaps £30 was winnings. It wasn't perhaps a very sportsman-like thing to do in a private game, but I called the bank, which was £50, and turned up my cards. They were the nine of hearts, and a ten. Stevens looked at his cards, and paid me. It was my turn to take the bank. I made it, £100.

Ethel was sitting on my right; Stevens took the place on the left of the dealer which I had just vacated. He brought out a pile of notes, called the bank the first deal as I had done, but lost, indeed, I won both sides. When the others had made their stakes, mostly five or ten louis, Stevens again called the bank, which now meant about £200. I protested to Sir George, and he agreed with me it was too much; but how could it be helped?

"Well," I said, "it's merely tossing double or quits; whichever way it goes, I shall close the bank after the next deal."

"I know £200 isn't much to you, Stevens," I added, "but it means nearly a year's income to me." Then we turned up our cards. I won one side, Stevens paid up and looked anything but pleasant; so did Ethel, who, much to my disgust, was following him. Everyone else was on the other side, and won, but their stakes were comparatively small.

I again mentioned that the next was my last deal. It was a repetition of the one before, except that I won both sides. Stevens had about £350 on the cards, Ethel another ten louis. There was a murmur when I turned up my cards, the nine of hearts and a ten.

"Bai Jove," drawled Stevens, "nine of hearts again. Funny, isn't it?" He counted out his notes with great care, making a long business of it. I shoved them into my case without looking at them, glad that it was over. On the other hand, I felt rather uncomfortable at closing the bank when I was such a winner.

"My bank," said Sir George. "Come out of it, my boy. What do you say to going back to the five louis limit? Has any one any objection? I myself think we had better."

"Anything you like," I said getting up. "I wish we had stuck to it all along."

I am afraid, however, I was secretly rather glad to have worsted Stevens, especially before Ethel. On the other hand, I knew she had been losing rather a lot to me, and was afraid that, like a woman, she would be angry with me in consequence. Well, I would buy her some little present to make us quits again.

I went to the sideboard to mix myself a brandy and seltzer, leaving my note case in Ethel's care, telling her to do what she could for me. When I returned to the table she gave it me back with something of a sigh. "You have won a lot," she said.

The next two or three deals I staked the limit, and lost each time. Then I took another note out of my case, and, to my amazement, a card came out of it, and fell face upwards on the table. Everyone saw it. It was the nine of hearts again.

No one said a word for some seconds, during which I felt my colour come and go and the sweat breaking out on my forehead. "Bai Jove," muttered Stevens.

"I didn't put it there," I stammered. Then I remembered that Ethel had had my case for a minute or two. But it was incredible that she could have done such a thing; still, how else could it have got there? I looked at her and saw she seemed very frightened. I didn't know what to think or to say.

## OUR SOCIETY.

"No, no! of course not," said Sir George cheerily, "but you may have picked it up with those notes by mistake, when you won all that pile from Stevens. Still I think we had better stop now; it's getting late now, you know, my dear," he added to his wife. "I think you and Ethel had better be off to bed. You other fellows will stop and have another drink, I hope."

As soon as the ladies had left the room, he continued. "First of all, I trust to your honor that none of you gentlemen will ever refer to this matter again. Don't think, my boy," this to me, "that any of us imagine you picked the card up on purpose, but still, if the story gets abroad, unpleasant things are sure to be said."

So nothing more came of it at the time, but I cannot say that I enjoyed the few days that were left me at Monte Carlo. I saw next to nothing of the Chesterfields, for I fought shy of meeting Ethel. I was convinced that I hadn't picked up the card myself; but I couldn't believe that she had placed it in my case. That brute, Stevens, might have given it to me on purpose among his notes. That was much more likely.

I had been back at York a week or two before Stevens returned. He happened to find us playing the usual regimental loo after mess. He was asked to take a hand, but refused. "Why not?" someone said. "Well," he replied, "it is like this: while this fellow (pointing to me) is playing, I prefer to stand out." He was a little drunk, I fancy.

You can imagine the row that ensued. Everyone called on Stevens for an explanation. But he refused point-blank to say any further, save that he was under a promise to give no particulars.

"Nonsense," said I, "you ought to have held your tongue altogether," and I proceeded to put the whole matter before them as it happened, except that I kept Miss Chesterfield's name out of the story. "Of course," I added, "now that this man has insulted me, I must put the whole affair before the Colonel tomorrow, and let him deal with it. Till then, I shan't go on playing cards, if ever I do again."

The Colonel postponed the inquiry till the Chesterfields returned. I, of course, wrote to Sir George, and told him what had happened.

My friends in the regiment told me that public opinion was entirely on my side, but for all that I felt very miserable, for I realized that appearances were against me, and how hard it would be to clear myself.

One afternoon, a few days afterwards, when I was mooning alone in my quarters, my servant told me that a gentleman wanted to see me. I was greatly surprised to recognize Sir George, who was not expected back for a week or two.

"I came back at once," he said, "as soon as I heard how that scoundrel had behaved. He shall never darken my doors again."

"Then you think," I cried, "that Stevens gave me the card on purpose wrapt up in his notes?"

"No, no, my boy," he answered, "not so bad as all that; but he had no right to say a word about it, considering the circumstances. Ethel was the culprit. When I got your note, I told my wife and Ethel all it contained. Ethel burst into tears; she had been waiting, she said, to tell you herself. She had put it there as a joke, not understanding there could be any fuss about it, but merely to enjoy your embarrassment when you found it. Then she was frightened, but would have confessed, if I had not explained it away, as I did, before sending her to bed. And she didn't see you again before you left Monte Carlo. I told her what an awful thing she had done, and she hopes you may be able to forgive her. By the way, here is a note from Ethel to you

Of course, I was delighted to be cleared, but it seemed a mean thing for the girl to have done. Still, as I remember the senior captain said that night at mess, unless women have played cards often, they never understand the accepted notions of honor concerning them. It was his experience that they generally cheated themselves, and that it was quite beyond their knowledge that a man incurs more odium in society for cheating at cards than he does even for eloping with his host's wife or daughter. But such is the fact;

therefore a man must never be accused of cheating unless there be absolute proof.

They made it so warm for Stevens in the regiment, that he exchanged on the first opportunity, and we saw no more of him. No, I didn't marry Ethel. I daresay it would make a better story if I had. But I'm afraid I never quite forgave. She married the fox-hunting parson of the next parish.

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## Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,—Grandma's letter reminds me of an incident in my early experience of life in Halifax. The worthy woman with whom I lodged, on my mentioning the name of some charming people I had met, said "they are not society folks. The Uniackes, the Ritchies, the Almons, the Pryors, they are good old families, the rest are 'upstarts.'" That was twenty-five years ago, and I have been trying ever since to find out what the difference is between "Society" and "the upstart."

After a time it became clear to me that all the upper seats in the synagogues were occupied by "society." St. Paul's and St. Luke's Churches half-way down the middle aisle—that was the second land mark for a bewildered foreigner. I presume the same rule held good in other churches.

The sons of Earls (or was it the Earls themselves?) ceased to come out to refine and govern us, and not having that standard of comparison, I never could see any difference between the Halifax families, to justify their classification, save this,—*money!*

An "Aide de Camp," and we all know an "Aide de Camp" to a General must be a discriminating person, confidentially told me the same.

At one time I thought it might be having an ancestor buried under St. Paul's Church. That fact was dwelt upon by a clever and reverend preacher of those days (twenty-five years ago)

"We who have relatives lying within the Sacred Walls" he used to say with an awesome tone. But that is a fearsome distinction. The good old families who "withdrew," went to England to spend their money, or, not having any money, withdrew from a game which can not be played *without* money. There are representatives of all the "good old families" I ever heard of still "entertaining," and that means being "in society" in Halifax.

All the people who are able to do anything to advance society life, "pure and simple" have made money in good honest *trade*.

Halifax has reason to be proud of her merchants, the best type of *gentleman* we have here

As for the professional people, Heaven help them! Unless they go into politics they haven't any money, and are too busy making two ends meet, to do anything but skirmish on the outskirts of "society." It does seem mean to be jealous of the people who are fortunate enough to be able to do all the nice things we would all *like* to do if we could. Society which is good enough for Prince George, cannot be very hopelessly vulgarized

If I were a Nova Scotian, I should be very proud of clever, refined, fellow-countrymen and women, and not hanker after the flesh pots of Egypt in the shape of Earls.

FOREIGNER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

I can see quite plainly by your remarks last week that you think "Grandma" an old idiom, though you are of course too polite to say so. The idea of anyone talking such rubbish in a colony! Why, the only virtue a new country has is that people are supposed to rank according to their deserts and not according to their names, and the amount of money their fathers have left them. It would be much better for all of us if those who have plenty of money and nothing to do but loaf, and profess to look down on those who work, would emigrate to the old country at once, and leave those who made the city and still keep it going to amuse themselves in their own way. Loafers have no place in a new country, and are *not* looked upon with feelings of awe and veneration as they are in the old country. The young aristocrat

who comes out with his old-country ideas about "those-aw-vulgar shop-keepers," is more than likely to get promptly snubbed in the first store he enters.

Talk about grocers' and brewers' wives and daughters, indeed! There are plenty of brewers' wives in the world who would not dream of asking persons of "Grandma's" standing to their *select* parties, though she might perhaps, by a little manoeuvring, be admitted to visiting terms. "Grandma's" allusion is very ill-natured and spiteful, as we have so few society ladies in Halifax to whom it could apply, and those are just the very ones that entertain most generously. I hope these ladies won't be upset by these nasty remarks; I feel quite sure that "Grandma" was so bitterly disappointed at not getting a card for a certain very successful dance given not very many months ago, that she has never got over her feelings of pique, and takes the first good chance of letting off steam.

I hope *Morris Granville* will give her what she deserves.

Ever yours,

NOUVEAU RICHE

To "Grandma,"

DEAR MADAME.—I was flattered to receive your kind note, meant to put me right as to the reason why Society in Halifax was such a peculiar mixture of trade and military, and the almost entire absence of professional classes. I am afraid, my dear madame, that you did not do it. In the days of which you speak, the professional classes certainly were the leaders of society, but their position was due to their official position entirely. But the large business men of that day were also in the best of society, and at the very head of it. For considering the size of the town, in those days the choice must have been limited. The reason why parvenues have sprung up is due to the fact that colonial families, no matter where, rarely last more than two generations at the most. This, I think, arises from the fact that what may be a large estate during the life time of the head of it, when broken up and divided amongst two, three or perhaps as many as seven or eight heirs, becomes lost entirely and filters away. To have permanent colonial families it would be necessary to have primogeniture.

Now, as you dear madame know, there are very few representatives of these old official or business families in Halifax at the present day. Many have returned to England and many have died out. Some remain, and nearly all those who remain are unfortunately in such circumstances as prevent them entering into a society that requires a certain amount of expenditure. We see this even in families of more recent date than that to which you refer and we will see it even to the end of the chapter, while things are as they are

When we lost our status as a crown colony, we lost many things which we never can regain, and I know, my dear madame, that the political posts in those days were very well worth having—in many ways. And the people could afford to live in better style and spend more money, simply because they had it.

Now, madame, I hope you will modify your views as to society in Halifax, for I can assure you that it compares very favorably with other towns of its size both in England and America. The people are not uncultivated and are not purse-proud, simply because they are not rich.

With best wishes, my dear madame,

I remain Yours truly,

MORRIS GRANVILLE.

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Our Society

HALIFAX, N. S. FRIDAY, MARCH 13th, 1891.

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

Articles for Friday's issue should be in the Editor's hands by Wednesday evening, 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.

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 hope none of our readers who do not correspond will pass over our column of answers without reading it. Most of the questions asked so far have been first-rate ones, on subjects of general interest. There are one or two we are not yet in a position to tackle, but will publish the queries next week if we cannot master them. One thing you may depend on:—if we cannot get answers on really good authority, we will not be tempted to answer at all,—we are not too proud to own ourselves fairly stumped.

LADIES are generally supposed to be inquisitive,—how is it that we have received two questions from a man for every one from a lady? Time will tell, however, and perhaps our fair readers may discover after a while that we have the means of finding out a good many little things they would like to know. Just a word to those who do send in queries:—we cannot undertake to write a whole essay in response, so you should try to number off the exact points you want answered. Two or three subjects have, however, already been suggested, which are good enough for leading articles, and we will do our best to find the right people to write them.

It was only lately pointed out to us that there were two issues numbered 11. It is well worth remarking that nobody grumbled;—was our great adversary asleep that he failed to take this grand opening for half a column of sarcasm? It might mislead a schoolboy to count 10, 11, 11, 12, 14. We trust our advertisers as well as our subscribers will thoroughly understand that this is the 15th issue.

AMONG the papers who do us the courtesy of exchanging are Dominion Illustrated, Canadian Queen, Progress, Pictou News, Windsor Tribune, Annapolis Spectator, Liverpool Advance, Colchester Sun, Charlottetown Guardian, Truro Guardian, Head Light, Daily News, Springhill News and Lunenburg Gazette. Most of these have been kind enough to give us notices—all, as yet, favorable—and some have quoted extensively from our columns, which we take as the prettiest compliment an old-established paper can pay to a new one. We wish especially to thank the Windsor Tribune for his long quotation in last week's issue.

"MORRIS GRANVILLE'S" attempt to classify Halifax Society has given rise to quite a lot of correspondence, and as far as we can judge, from very representative people. This is a good subject, of interest to all of us, and we shall be glad to receive and publish other people's views, only remember that they must be accompanied by the real names of the writers, though these, of course, are for the edification of the editor only.

Correspondence.

*Le Roi est mort, vive le roi!* The West Riding Regiment goes, the Leicestershire comes. We mourn the departed, but we welcome the arrivals.

It will not take us long to forget the West Riding, for in spite of a lot of gush that has been poured over them the last few weeks, they have not been popular. I don't mean to say that they have been unpopular, but they have not been popular.

Of the ladies, Mrs. Nesbit and Mrs. Connors were, I think, the most popular, and the ones who made the most friends during their stay here. Mrs. Fenn was not popular, and was chiefly remarkable for her sweetly fitting tailor-made gowns.

The unmarried men were mostly boys, and those who were grown up, were away on leave from time to time, or else did not mix in ordinary society. The youth of the subalterns was remarkable, but this was the only remarkable thing about them.

We entertained them and they entertained us: their chief entertainment was the ball given during the visit of Lord Stanley; it had the misfortune to come immediately before a much grander and more successful entertainment, namely, the naval ball, so that its glories soon departed.

In sport they excelled chiefly in foot-ball, and in that they certainly did excel, having one of the best teams ever seen here. In other sports they did little. Racing and Polo, with two exceptions, they did not indulge in. The exceptions were Major Trench and Capt. Bruce, the former owned and rode Eclipse and won the Riding Ground Cup in 1889, the latter rode one or two races, but was always most unlucky in his mounts. Capt. Bruce was a good all round sportsman and was the representative man of the regiment in many ways. Mr. Marshall was a popular member, chiefly known to the public on account of his excellent dramatic performances.

Only one married a Haligonian, viz: Mr. Wood: Major Lowe went farther afield and married the Montreal heiress Miss Workman. On the whole the others were not marrying men. At the last moment Mr. Eckshaw's engagement is announced and I believe he intends sending in his papers. We are sorry the regiment has gone, chiefly because it necessitates the forming of new acquaintances and perhaps friendships, and the breaking off of old ones to some few people. With these few I sympathize and may all good wishes follow the regiment, and may good luck be with them wherever they go is the wish of—

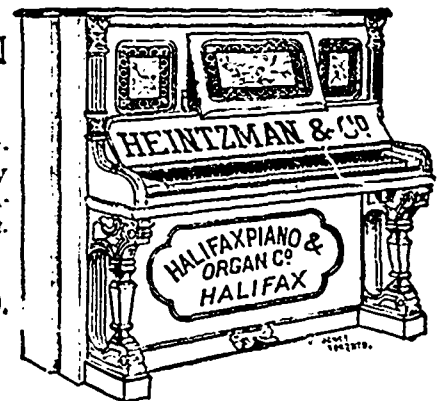
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## Answers to Correspondents.

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

**Theologuc** The Buddhist scriptures, translated into English, would be about four times as long as our Bible, though in the original they contain less than twice as many words. At the same time, they are so full of repetitions that, if rewritten straightforwardly, they would not occupy so much space as our Bible. The three great Pitakas,—the sacred books of the southern Buddhists—are (1) Vinaya Pitaka (Discipline for the Order), (2) Sutta Pitaka (Discourses for the Laity), and (3) Abhidhamma (Metaphysics).

**Housewife**—The letter stamped on English silver articles will tell you the age of the articles, if properly interpreted. It is made by the Goldsmith's Company of London, who use a different letter each year, going through the alphabet in each kind of type. The date-marks so far are, 1716-1755 Roman capital; 1756-1775 Roman small letters; 1776-1795 small roman black letter; 1796-1815 Roman capitals; 1816-1835 Roman small letters; 1836-1855 old English capitals; 1856-1875 old English small; 1876-1895 Roman capitals. We hope this will enable you to fix the year in which your spoons were made; if not, send them down and we will do our best to find out.

**Big Boy**—We did not know that the old-fashioned and extremely simple game called Tom Tidler's Ground was ever seen in this country. It is with us one of the earliest recollections of childhood. We used to play on a grass field which "Tom" held possession of, the rest going on as far as they dared, saying or singing—"Here we are on Tom Tidler's ground, picking up gold and silver." Those who ventured on the sacred turf were bound to get across to the opposite side, and when one was caught on the way, he at once took Tom's place. The game is a very old one, and the name is probably derived from t'idler (the idler; perhaps from the peculiarity of idlers all the world over, which makes them object to anyone else taking what they are too lazy to take themselves. Tom Tidler is certainly mentioned by Dickens, as you say, in the Christmas Tale, written in 1861: but the game was old before Dickens was born.

**Banker**—Space did not allow us to answer your question last week. The Government of the Bank of England—which is practically entrusted with the whole reserve of the country—comes nearer to an ideal government than any we know of. Two facts are rather startling to outsiders,—firstly, that no banker is allowed to become a Director; and secondly, that most of the directors are decidedly young men.

The reason of the first seeming anomaly, is that all bankers are more or less in opposition to one another, while the Bank of England is supposed to be—and really is—quite impartial. It is found that a collection of prominent London merchants possesses an enormous mass of all-round knowledge of trade and credit, and probably administers the affairs of the Bank far more successfully than a body of trained bankers ever could. The reason of the second is fairly obvious, as a man is usually on the directorate for something like 20 years before he becomes Deputy-Governor, when it is most important for him to be still in the prime of life. The Deputy-Governor invariably succeeds to be Governor, when his power—in connection with those who have already passed the chair—becomes practically unlimited. If you would formulate the points of your queries more clearly, perhaps we could finish them off next week, but your questions are very broad.

The Kaizer is invariably *galant* to ladies, but the other day he rather astounded a number of troops and civilians by riding to a review at the head of a small regiment of fair *equestriennes*. The incident occurred in this wise, according to a Berlin Correspondent. The Emperor suddenly made his appearance in Potsdam on horseback, and ordered the garrison to be turned out instantly, as is his practice, to test their celerity and efficiency. The mustering-place was the highway between Potsdam and the capital. In a moment the Emperor's buglers awakened the echoes of the old towns of Lichterfeld and Potsdam with a blast that might have brought down the walls of Jericho. There was a clattering of arms and trampling of horses in the twinkling of an eye. Several officers were out having their usual afternoon canter, accompanied by a number of ladies, and the moment they heard the bugle call they struck spurs into their horses and dashed *ventre à terre* in the direction from whence the sounds came. Two or three of the fair dames rode after the speeding warriors, but the Emperor stopped them with a motion of his whip, and begged them to take their places by his side in order to be protected from the crowd. Within twenty minutes the cavalry were drawn up on the highway, and ten thousand sabres gleamed through the air in salute to the Emperor, who rode down the line and commended the troops for their swiftness.

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The Ladies' Column.

*Continental Fashion and English Life* is one of the best fashion papers I know. I place it second only to *The Season*, which always full of excellent designs, and novelties, too, in needle-work. The illustrations in the first are beautifully printed, and the detail quite distinct enough to utilise. There are diagrams for cutting out any of the costumes. To elaborately describe a costume is like detailing the ingredients for a confection. But I must give one—a Princess robe of striped Himalaya for a young girl. There is a box-pleated flounce, narrow at the bottom. The bodice is simply full, and gathered in at the neck, where a narrow ruche of silk is seen. The sleeves are in one piece gathered into the wrist from under the point of the left shoulder, a thrice-fold sash of black is passed to the right hip, where it is caught into a buttoned loop of the dress stuff, and through which it falls in two very long loops and two ends. At the top of the flounce, a festoon, also narrow, passes round the skirt, of the same silk as the sash. Black pointed gauntlets are worn also.

Many sleeves are made in one width of the material of the gown, either cross or straight, and caught in once, or perhaps twice, by a fillet of ribbon with a bow. A pretty and easy style.

It is always difficult to dress well in the *demi-saison*. People are usually left to their own devices, and "they are dangerous guides, the feelings." But it is the season *par excellence* for using up your wardrobe, as there are days soft and mild when a light material is grateful wear, and others that will strain your heavily-furred cloaks. You are not expected to be up-to-date, because the date is rather out of date, and fashion proper is in a state of expectancy.

The cape exercises the changeable dame's imagination. It is in many and wondrous forms. It is a simple "combining cape" at times, just gathered into the neck and left to flow down the back in straight lines—suggestive only of a wrap. But when fitted in with let in velvet or other stuff behind it is pretty and always quaint. Many are quite half-lengths, too; some have what is termed the shoulder-flounce—a gathered arrangement broad on the shoulder, but tapering off at the waist, often in turns, which if carefully and carelessly adjusted fall in a charmingly graceful manner. It sounds very easy, but only a skilful hand can do the style justice. Then with this flounce there is a stand-up collar, which frames the head and neck. The jacket is an institution now, and of course in every variety of make. Some have the close-shaved astrachan sleeves, others have sleeves encased in an open net-work of fabric, galon, or passementerie enriched with coloured crystals. The leg o'mutton sleeve will be a spring feature. It is very telling in lace.

Sheath-like as the skirts are, shops are now indulging in both ornaments of every kind, from fur to galon. A single flounce is often worn in simple promenade gowns, and of the same stuff as the dress—of lace, chiffon, &c., at night. As for the bonnet, all I can say is that its attenuated existence is scarcely worth noticing, but as it forms a slight framework for flowers and assisting bows it is not yet quite defunct. Hats are worn more at the back of the head than last summer—they make a pretty plateau-like frame for the face. Straws, particularly our ancient friend the Tuscan, are coming in—they are lighter than felt. Bonnets are worn in all sizes and numbers. In fans, the latest thing is to powder the surface with diamonds, or what does duty for diamonds, and some are cleverly shaped to represent a flower, with in the centre a cluster of diamonds. Fans are the medium for each and varied fanciful device. Over eleven million were exported last year from Canton alone.

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## Provincial Notes.

YARMOUTH.—Now that the election is over, one may expect to see and hear something besides politics discussed. We must confess the Liberal party in Nova Scotia resembles the earth more than anything else we know of, as it was decidedly flattened at the polls, and those who have gazed so long with unmitigated scorn at Sir John and his party riding in the high places of the earth will have to "peep about to find themselves dishonorable graves." There is no part of the Dominion that would profit so much by Free Trade as Yarmouth, yet we are no annexationists, and no more loyal hearts beat anywhere than in this little city by the sea.

Quite a tragedy was enacted at Eel Lake, about 12 miles from Yarmouth, on election day, resulting in the death of one man and seriously wounding another. The body of the supposed murdered man has not been found yet, but three men have been arrested and are now in jail. An investigation is being held, and in the meantime search is being made for the body, which is supposed to have been buried or perhaps thrown in the lake which is now frozen over. The whole thing is said to have been the result of a drunken brawl. These are not Society notes I am very well aware, but everyone is awakened by them.

E. K. Spinney Esq., returned from England Saturday.

Dancing class was postponed last Thursday on account of the political meetings. Prof. Peakes is teaching all the newest dances, and we believe intends having a ball later on.

Trinity Church Aid Society are preparing for a sale at Easter. The ladies of this parish are to be commended for their industry and zeal.

Mr. J. W. Moody and daughter Julia, have gone to Jamaica to attend the exhibition. Mr. E. J. Vickery has also gone, partly for his health.

Miss Webster returned from Boston Saturday morning.

Miss Fannie Ladd has gone to Boston on a visit.

Mr. & Mrs. O. S. Davidson left last Saturday for the Southern States, where they intend spending several months for the benefit of their health. They have been detained some time by the serious illness of their daughter, Mrs. G. M. Dane, who we are happy to state is now recovering.

The Presbyterian Church are still having supplies, the people being divided as to the merits of the different preachers who have occupied the pulpit since Mr. Rogers left.

The death of Mr. Botsford Viets who was well known here, was a sad surprise to his friends, who were hoping for and expecting his recovery: he had been ill since July.

Mr. W. F. McCoy passed through here on his way home from Shelburne, where he had been electioneering, looking a sadder and wiser man. He seems to have realized that brute force accompanied with eggs, is accounted first class eloquence at Wood Harbor. The latter place seems to have gained an unenviable notoriety and our legal friend was not far wrong when he mentioned the "serpent's and geese." They were quite indiscriminate in their abuse of the speakers: Mr. Cahan having come in for his share too.

TRURO.—Mr. E. T. Smith of the Merchant's Bank of Halifax, spent last Sunday with friends in Truro.

Mr. G. Cooke of the Halifax Banking Company, is at present relieving Mr. Turnbull.

Sir A. G. Archibald was in Truro for a few hours on election day. While here, he was the guest of Mr. Longworth of Lornedale.

The Immanuel Baptist Church celebrated its first Anniversary in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Friday evening. Interesting addresses were delivered by the popular pastor Rev. Mr. Parker and other clergymen. The ladies of the congregation provided a hot supper, and a very social time was spent. The music was excellent, and great praise is due Mrs. Hill the organist, who has so indefatigably trained our choir.

This congregation has purchased land from the estate of the late J. F. Blanchard, and in early spring begin the building of a handsome Church.

Through the kindness of Sheriff Crowe the ladies were invited to be present at the Court House on Declaration Day. Seats were reserved for about forty of the fair sex, and quite a number availed themselves of this opportunity of hearing the speeches.

Mrs. Henry Blair entertained a few little folk on Saturday last from 4 to 7, for her daughter Miss Dora.

I hear the handsome house of Mr. D. B. Cummings, on Pleasant street, is for sale, Mr. Cummings and family leave next month to take up their abode in Colorado.

Speaking of a "handsome house" reminds me that the magnificent residence of Mr. T. G. McMullen is completed. The house is situated

on what is known as "Hyde Homestead" and it is one of the prettiest spots that can be found anywhere, with its beautiful grove of large trees and sweet scented cedars. Mr. McMullen has spared no expense in building, and has displayed admirable taste throughout the entire house. When finished it will be one of the handsomest houses in the province.

Rev. Dr. Partridge of St. George's Church, Halifax, delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on Westminster Abbey, in the crypt of St. John Church, on Sunday evening to a large audience.

Mrs. GARDNER.



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MISS LAINE'S SECOND RECITAL.

SONG.		PROGRAMME.	
a.	"My pretty bird".....	Kjerulf.	
CAVATINA.			
b.	"Luigi dal caro".....	Sarti.	
	(Giulio Sabino.) (1700-1802.)		
CAVATINA.			
c.	"Air de Salome".....	Massenet.	
	(Herodiade.)		
SONGS.			
d.	"O that we two were Maying".....	Nevin.	
e.	Die Forelle.....	Schubert.	
f.	A little song (M. S. S.).....	Marianne Doering-Brauer.	
g.	"Fliche lin, Nachtigall".....	Rubinstein.	
h.	Three songs.....	Nevin.	
	(From "A Child's Garden of Roses," by R. L. Stevenson.)		
i.	Geistliches Wegenlied.....	Brahms.	
	(With Viola Obligato.)		
VIOLA SOLO. Hebrew Melody. Andante Cantabile.....			
	(After impressions of Lord Byron's poems.)	J. Jomovich.	
SONGS. With violin obligato.			
a.	Golden Springtime.....	Kullivoda.	
b.	"In spring Love came".....	O. Weil.	
c.	Roses.....	O. Weil.	
VIOLIN SOLO. Romanza.....			
		Sveulson.	
SONGS.			
a.	"Phyllida flouts me".....	Old Song.	
b.	"Durch den Ort" (M. S. S.).....	Ernst Doering.	
c.	Wiegenlied (M. S. S.).....		
d.	Arabia.....	Bizet.	
e.	Erlaf Lake.....	Schubert.	
RECITATIVE AND ARIA.			
	(Cinq Mars).....	Gounod.	
f.	"Par quel trouble profond."		
g.	"Nuit resplendissante."		
SONGS.			
g.	Qual farfallotta. (1683-1757.).....	Scarlatti.	
h.	"The Miller's Daughter" (M. S. S.).....	J. P.	
RECITATIVE AND ARIA.			
i.	The Rose Song (1834-1870).....	Henry Smart.	
	(From King Rene's Daughter.)		

Of Miss Laine's songs, *Roses* and *Phyllida Flouts Me*, roused more enthusiasm than any of the others, but all were well received. We did not think Miss Laine was in her best voice last night: she seemed to tire more quickly than usual, and was decidedly better after each rest. The song with viola obligato was extremely pretty and very effective, but we were rather disappointed at the effect of the viola as a solo instrument. Space does not admit a detailed critique this week, but we must congratulate Miss Laine on the success of the Concert, and the Doerings on the reception given to their compositions. Herr Klingensfeld's violin solo was encored, which showed that the bulk of the audience were of one opinion in preferring the violin to the viola for solo work.

THE BACCARAT SCANDAL.

All the English papers, Society and otherwise, are full of the Baccarat Scandal. Some of them regard it in a very serious light, in the "Nineteenth Century," Mr. Butt says, "that a game of baccarat might lead to the tottering of a constitution." This seems pretty strong, but no doubt great capital will be, and indeed has been, made by the democratic press out of this scandal in which the Prince of Wales is so unpleasantly mixed up. The fact of the Heir Apparent playing cards for high stakes and playing in the company of men who have even been accused of cheating, although they may be innocent, has wounded the tender feelings of the great mass of the middle classes in England.

The facts of the case are these: during a house-party at Tranby Croft, the residence of Mr. Arthur Wilson, every evening about twelve a quiet game of baccarat was indulged in. The stakes were small, that is small for the people who were playing.

The Prince was generally the banker, one of the heaviest players was Sir William Gordon-Cummings, whose stakes varied from £5 to £15. On the evening of September 7th, Mr. S. Wilson, a son of the host, thought he saw Sir William cheating, by adding additional counters to his pile, when he saw that his side of the table was going to win. To any one who knows the game, it will easily be apparent how he could do this, especially as in a friendly game of this kind there was no doubt a good deal of talking going on. Mr. Wilson having observed this told his neighbor at the table, Mr. Sevett, who, on watching, thought he saw the same thing. On the following evening they arranged the table so that it was necessary to put the money across a chalk line, so that it would be easy to watch and see if anyone tampered with the counters, which, by the way, were of Russian leather, and therefore noiseless. They also took Mr. Lycett Green and Mrs. Lycett Green into their confidence, and also Mrs. Arthur Wilson. All three persons were certain they saw Sir William Gordon-Cummings tamper with his counters. Then they all did a most foolish thing, instead of hushing it up and stopping baccarat, as it seems to me could easily have been done, they put the matter into the hands of General Owen Williams and Lord Coventry, two of shrewdest men in London to-day. They were old friends of Sir William, and known to be men of the world in every capacity. These two decided that they would draw up a document for Sir Wm. to sign, the substance of which was that in consideration of the promise of all parties to remain silent, he would undertake never to play cards again as long as he lived. This they submitted to the Prince, who approved of their action. Sir Wm. very reluctantly signed this, and only did so on being strongly pressed by H. R. H. He eventually signed saying "that to sign would be an acknowledgment of guilt," and firmly asserting his innocence of the accusation made against him.

The paper was put in the hands of the Prince, but somehow or other the facts leaked out and became public property, and Sir Wm. entered his action of slander against the parties named. According to latest accounts it is all likely to be settled amicably through the good offices of Prince Albert Victor. But the fact remains that it is a most regrettable incident and one that may lead to more serious consequences. There is no doubt that gambling at cards is at present on the increase, games that a few years ago were played or beans or counters are now played for some sum of money. And it is in these games, where general talk and chat is going on and no one is playing seriously, that an opportunity is offered for cheating, because no one ever thinks fit and no one watches anyone else, as they might do in a more serious game. Even the cheating that goes on in an ordinary game of Progressive Euchre, where the prize is only some trifle, is as wrong as cheating where the game is for higher stakes. And yet is very common even here in Halifax. I daresay people do it thoughtlessly and do not think they are doing any harm, but they should remember that some day or other the results may be as serious as they now are to the Baronet, who although he may be proven innocent in the courts can never really recover his fair name, which he won in many a hard fight in Egypt and in Soudan. Therefore, I think if people meet to play cards, as round games, and talk and chat meanwhile, they ought not to play for money no matter if it only be for one cent points. But if they intend to play for money, then let them play seriously, so that there can be no cheating or underhand play of any kind.

We ought to remember that small things lead to great, and I firmly believe that any lady or gentleman, and ladies in this are as bad as men, who would be guilty of cheating at progressive euchre, would not stop at cheating when playing, let us say poker, for \$10 limit.

L. L. S.

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

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## Provincial Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Very little from Charlottetown this week, dear Society. It is Lent, you know, elections carry away all our husbands, brothers, and other People's brothers, and we always do things here by fits and starts.

We hear of one or two very small private five o'clock teas, and that's about all in the way of entertaining.

On Monday night last, a drive was organized by Mrs. Earnest Ives, the rendezvous Mr. John Ivy's farm lands. The party must have enjoyed the dancing, for it was three o'clock before it was "home again."

The Fan Drill is now underway. The object is a club house at the Tennis Courts in the Park. The greatest question is still the costume. But why worry over it, dear tennis friends? Your idea is the sordid one of money making. If, then, you are tempted to draw upon the general funds of the club for your costumes, reflect that you are taking a curious way for increasing your finances. Surely it is a little like "Paddy's promotion." Then, again, should it be suggested "let each lady contribute her own costume," and that a fancy one useless for any other occasion, reflect that the outlay would be better forward your project if contributed towards the general fund. No, good people, take the gratuitous advise, your up in years who has seen not a little of this world of ours and its ways. Do without the meeting you are sure otherwise to have later on, when the annual question will be asked "what for our playing costume this summer?" Have that meeting now, decide upon your costume, wear that at your drill on taking your racquets in hand, discarding fans (which are chilly things to handle or to think about these cold afternoons) present yourselves to your audience and spectators on St. George's Day as you will appear later on, on the Tennis Courts, and we'll be bound you will captivate them all, and have the consolation in the bargain that you have husbanded your precious funds.

The Springhill disaster has shocked us all. A meeting of citizens has been called and several ways devised for securing contributions to the relief fund. These are principally characterized by a great likelihood of a small amount being forwarded some weeks hence. It seems to me that one or two collectors sent around at once would secure a better and more prompt response; but perhaps it is "none of my business."

The Oddfellows have raised a fund of \$200 already, and this because they struck the iron while it was hot.

Nothing public remains to be mentioned. After next Thursday we may have a second idea, meanwhile we have but one.

We regret exceedingly to learn of the loss lately sustained by Mrs. T. Heath Haviland and Mayoress, whose two brothers died within a few hours of each other, one in England, one in Canada here.

Last week we spoke of the refusal of some of our clergy to take part of the proceeds of a Charity Ball for their poor. Since then, however, we believe some have changed their minds, and others have blind-folded their eyes while their churchwardens or other lay officials have held out their hands and closed them over the filthy lucre. A very different thing, of course, but, upon my sincerity it looks to me very much like receiving stolen goods: One thing I do know about the money, I am poor and very deserving, but as yet none of the relief money reached my flabby purse.

Sports are quiet this week. Last Wednesday a game of Hockey was played between supporters of Sir John and Laurier, and was indulged in by the spectators who deposited their ballots as they entered. Sir John led the poll by 107 votes. Proceeds were devoted to a fund for establishing an athletic association.

The same game is to be played this week in Summerside, for the Springhill Relief Fund.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

WINDSOR.—The days of the rink are numbered, for this season at least. There are still some of its enthusiastic patrons who conscientiously attend every hard evening, indifferent to the soft ice and deep slush that have of late been too frequently their portion, but even these *habitués* seem to skate in a half hearted sort of way and to have lost that vigour and energy which they so conspicuously displayed a few

short weeks ago. Now, that skating is practically over, one looks with ever more anxious glance for the speedy advent of Spring, since walking, of a pronounced emuddy type is the only substitute that one now has for exercise—exercise which is decidedly divorced from pleasure.

The Philharmonic Society has conducted its practices with great regularity this winter and it is hoped that the members will soon give a concert so that the public may have an opportunity of enjoying their efforts. It is rumored that the Philharmonic and the 78th Band are thinking of giving a joint musical entertainment shortly, the proceeds of which are to swell the already large subscription that our town has sent to the aid of the Springhill sufferers. It is hoped that this scheme will materialize and not end in mere talk.

The Reverend J. M. Withycombe, Rector of Clementsport, Annapolis County, is spending a few days with his Windsor friends.

Mr. John Blanchard is home once more from the Law School in Halifax, which he has been attending during the past session.

The sudden death of Mr. William Dimock (Jr.), which took place about a fortnight ago, adds another name to the long list of well known Windsor people who have died during the past few months. Mr. Dimock was well known and popular in Windsor and his afflicted parents and family have the deep sympathy of the whole community.

The Reverend Henry Howe is spending this week in Windsor.

Delegates from Dalhousie and Acadia Colleges met at King's College last week to try and make arrangements for the establishment of an inter-collegiate Lecture Bureau, so that distinguished lecturers from the States and Canada may be persuaded to come and deliver a series of lectures at Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax.

DARTMOUTH.—The parlor concert at Mrs. C. H. Harvey's on Tuesday night, was well attended, considering the filthy state of the weather. The parlors are very well suited for this kind of entertainment, and the result was a contribution of \$20 to the Christ Church Organ Fund. The audience were disappointed about the instrumental part of the programme, though Mrs. Davis very kindly furnished an impromptu pianoforte instruction. The programme was as follows:—

Song.	"Tell her I love her so,"	Mr. Wilson.
Recit.	"Briar Rose,"	Mr. S. H. P. Creighton.
Song.	"Good Bye," Soprano strong.	Mr. Percy Lear.
Song.	"The Standard on the Braes O'Mor," Tenor,	Mr. Crawford.
Song.	Dr. W. F. Smith.	

### INTERMISSION.

Song.	"A Warrior Bold,"	Dr. Wilson.
Song.	"See yonder rose so freshly blooming,"	Prof. Currie.
	"Encore was 'Ecce Homo.'"	
Song.	"O Merry goes the hour when the heart is young,"	Miss Annie Drake.
Recit.	"Harry Conquest's Wife,"	Mrs. W. R. Foster.
Song.	"Welcome Sweet Spring Time,"	Mr. Percy Lear.
Song.	"I arise from Dreams of thee"	Mr. W. R. Foster.
Comi. Song.	"McCarthy's Mare."	Dr. Currie.

Mr. Wilson has a very sweet voice, but should try and put more expression into it. Mrs. Creighton's recitation was excellent, and we could not help admiring her graceful gestures. Mrs. Lear sang in good voice, but wanting in sympathy; she received an encore, as also did Mr. Crawford (whose tenor is excellent), Prof. Currie, and Miss Drake. Dr. W. F. Smith's voice is not by any means the same throughout, he has some sweet notes, spoilt by many husky ones. Miss Drake has a very clear, sweet voice, somewhat marred by nervousness. Mrs. W. R. Foster told her story well and naturally, though her gesture is by no means perfect. Mr. Foster's encore, "The Old Brigade," was received with enthusiasm, as it deserved to be. It is a magnificent old song, and he sang it with great effect. Altogether I had a most enjoyable evening.

VISITOR FROM HALIFAX.

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- Connolly's Central Bookstore, George St.
- M. A. Quinn's, 25 Barrington St.
- Hattie & Mylius' South End Store (Morris St.)
- Horneman's (Spring Garden Road).
- Buckley's Drug Store " "

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TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene.  
Sister, please see your ring.  
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