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OUR SOCIETY

A
WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Vol. I. No. 5.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 2ND.

HALIFAX, N. S.

My Rival.

I go to concert, party, ball—
What profit is in these?
I sit alone against the wall
And strive to look at ease.
The incense that is mine by right
They burn before her shrine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And she is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush.
My colour comes and goes;
I reddish to my finger-tips,
And sometimes to my nose,
But she is white where white should be,
And red where red should shine.
The blush that flies at seventeen
Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had her constant cheek,
I wish that I could sing
All sorts of funny little songs,
Not quite the proper thing.
I'm very *quack* and very shy,
Her jokes aren't in my line,
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen,
While she is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go,
Each pink and white and neat,
She older than their mothers, but
They grovel at her feet.



ADMIRAL WATSON.

They walk beside her *l'ick-shaw* wheels—
None ever walk by mine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And she is forty-nine.

She rides with half-a-dozen men,
(She calls them "boys" and "washers"),
I trot along the Mall alone,
My prettiest frocks and sashes
Don't help to fill my programmes up,
And vainly I repine
From ten to two A.M. Ah, me!
Would I were forty-nine.

She calls me "darling," "pet" and "dear,"
And "sweet retiring maid,"
I'm always at the back I know,
She puts me in the shade.
She introduces me to men,
"Cast" lovers I opine,
For sixty takes to seventeen,
Nineteen to forty-nine.

But even she must older grow,
And end Her dancing days;
She can't go on for ever so
At concerts, balls and plays
One ray of priceless hope I see
Before my footsteps shine;
Just think, that she'll be eighty-one
When I am forty-nine!

RUDYARD KIPPLING.

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153 GRANVILLE STREET.

Society Notes.

So there was no matinee performance of the Fan Drill, after all! We were very anxious to do the right thing by the "cause," and had given them a good advertisement. It took on an average an hours work per day for 3 days to find out whether the thing was to come off or not, and who would be likely to know definitely. At last, just when the "ayes" seemed to have it, and our advertisement had gone to press, we happened by mere chance to notice in the "Echo" an announcement to the contrary. The Ad. was just rescued, and "Gin a bobby" reigned in its stead.

Among all the schemes for raising money on behalf of charities, perhaps the boldest is the French idea of a ball at which every dance is charged for, the scale of charge being fixed by the ladies themselves. Why not try it in Halifax by way of a change? It would be amusing to notice the valuation some of our belles placed on a waltz with their fair selves. It would also be amusing to see whether the men who usually have their pick of partners *gratis* would launch out in the way of dollars as liberally as might be expected, and at the same time whether the "outsiders" would try to outbid them.

The receipts from Promenade tickets for people who went to see the fun would be a heavy item.

On Saturday night last Sir John Ross gave a Christmas dinner, followed by a very small dance—at least there was not much dancing, games and blindman's bluff taking up most of the time. We hear the dinner table was beautifully got up, having a miniature ice-palace with toboggan slide, etc., done in card-board, very beautiful we believe. The menus were also a novelty, having in each of them a photo of the lady at whose place they were, and the gentlemen who took her in, and likewise one of the genial host.

Rev. A. J. Townend, for some years Garrison Chaplain on this station, has been promoted to be Chaplain of the First Class.

Lieutenants Parsons and Marshall of the Duke of Wellington's Regt. returned this week on the *Circassian* from leave of absence in England.

Mr. Arthur Silver sails on Saturday for England. He will be absent about two months.

The Bishop continues to improve slowly. It is probable that His Lordship may have to spend some time in a warm climate before he is quite recovered.

Mr. W. C. Silver, though still confined to the house, is gradually regaining strength.

We regret to hear that Judge Peters of Prince Edward Island is seriously ill at Sidmount, his residence near Charlottetown.

A Liverpool correspondent writes:—

"Some weeks ago there was a report in the *Herald* of a very ingenious electrical contrivance invented by the 'Electrical Torpedo officer,' I believe—Captain something or other—R. E. If you were to refer to this in your paper it would be worth while suggesting to this very ingenious officer, that if he gave his attention to constructing a portable Electric Lamp for table use,—with a base consisting of a cabinet—plain or ornamental according to room in which to be used,—which would contain dynamo worked by noiseless clock-work,—it would be a device of immense benefit, and would certainly be remunerative—if such lamps could be constructed at moderate cost. I hope you will be able to take up this suggestion."

We would like very much to hear Capt. Dopping-Heppenstal's opinion as to the possibility of carrying out such a suggestion. This is not the first letter we have received on the same subject: the man who introduces a decent light, workable on a small scale,

will be blessed forever in the remote parts of the earth. We had intended to "write up" the subject, but our special electrician is out of town just at present.

Mrs. D. H. Duncan, Inglis street, has cards out for an "at home" to-morrow from 4.30 to 6.30.

The invitations for the Red-Cap Snow Shoe Club's dance have been sent out during the week. It is fixed for Friday, the 9th, at the Freemasons' Hall. The names of Mrs. James Morrow, Mrs. W. J. Stewart, Mrs. A. Mackinlay, Mrs. A. E. Curren, Mrs. W. C. Northup, and Mrs. James Mitchell, appear on the cards as chaperones. Mr. R. M. Symons is Secretary of the Committee.

Is it not time the bells of St. Mary's Cathedral were tuned? Nothing is prettier than a chime of bells rung in time and tune, but those at St. Mary's cannot, in their present condition, be the latter, whatever might be said of the former. On Sunday what tried to be Arcadelt's *Ave Maria* sounded forth on the air, but the execrating flatness of some of the tones was enough to make the poor old Dutch composer turn in his grave. Is there no bell-tuner in Halifax? If not, for the sake of the public ear, could not one be fetched, or the bells permitted to be silent?

A great deal of trouble is being taken this year over the preparation for the Winter Carnival at the Rink, which takes place on the 19th January. The decorations will be more elaborate than ever before, and the whole thing seems likely to be a great success.

The Children's Fancy Dress Dance at the Cambridge House, on Tuesday, was a very great success. There is no point on which Halifax is so strong as on children's dresses; really a great many of the turn-outs are quite as good as those seen at a similar affair in London, and the dancing is a great deal better. The event of the evening was the minuet, danced in Court dress (George IV. period). Naturally enough the grown-up spectators could not help comparing it all the time to the performance recently given at the Academy, and the verdict all round was that the children were better in every way. Apart from the time, the children fairly eclipsed their elders in two most important points,—1st, their limbs are more supple, 2nd, they use their eyes to much greater advantage. In dances of this kind, the whole effect at certain parts depends on the expression thrown into the eyes; and of course as girls grow older they reserve all the expression to be used to some purpose, but only (as a rule) on a very limited number of men, and if the partner in the minuet does not happen to be one of the chosen few, the effect is lost: with the children there is no difficulty; so long as it is a boy, in a pretty court dress, they make shift to throw sweet glances on him at the proper time, with great effect.

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The singing quadrilles, by some of the smallest children, were very nice, as they always are.

It is impossible to attempt to give a complete list of all the children present, but we must mention some of the most perfect dresses, which would have excited comment even at a mansion house ball. Among the girls, Mabel Noyes, (Red Riding Hood); Doris Noyes, (Cherry Ripe); Maggie and Edna MacKenzie, Beatrice Whidden, and Edith Sheraton, (Ladies of the Olden Time); Marian Lithgow, (Gypsy); Beta Stairs, (Algerian Peasant); Maggie Doull, (Tunis Orange Girl); Jessie Reynolds, (May Queen); Daisy Farrell, (Japanese Lantern); Gwennie Mitchell, (Blue); Hilda Slayter, (Tambourine); Florrie Reynolds, (Gypsy). Among the boys, Victor Gray, Arthur Doull, Ivan Perrin and Fred. Pearson, (Olden Time); George Noyes, (Wamba the Jester); W. Stairs, (Beefeater); Aubrey Reynolds, (Washington); Maynard Reynolds, (Middy); C. Cady, (Freemason); Oswald Wylde, (Little Boy Blue); George Henderson, (Old English); F. & J. Uniacke, (Olden Time); and Louis Farrell, (Mephisto).

There were a good many grown-up guests present, who seemed to thoroughly enter into the children's fun, and had a nice little dance to themselves afterwards. Many of the gentlemen came in evening dress, and the military in uniform. There were, however, several splendid dresses, amongst others Miss Noyes, (Fortune-Teller); Miss Violet Noyes, (Ruddigore); Miss Bauld, (Greek Girl); Miss Ethel Stayner, (Swiss Peasant); Miss H. C. Lithgow, (Poudré); Miss M. E. Lithgow, (Kate Greenaway); Miss Hattie Albro, (Fan-Drill); Miss Fairbanks, (Gypsy); Miss Gray and Miss Uniacke, (Poudré); and Miss Ethel Dimock, (Butterfly).

An interesting ceremony took place at St. Luke's Cathedral at 6.30 on Wednesday morning, when the Rev. James Simonds, of Barrington, was married to Miss Anna Fraser, youngest daughter of the late R. D. Fraser, Esq., M. D., of Gerrish Hall, Windsor. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Richard Simonds, of Dorchester, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. W. B. King, who afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion. The bridesmaid was Miss Frederica Bowman, and the best man Mr. Hibbert Simonds. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. C. F. Fraser, was dressed in a travelling costume of rich brown, trimmed with seal. Both bride and bridesmaid carried magnificent bouquets of roses and ferns, loosely tied with white ribbons. Notwithstanding the early hour and the cold, a number of spectators had gathered in the church, as well as many of the bride's friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Bowman, Miss Annie Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. Milne Fraser, Mrs. Gregor, Miss Caroline Bowman and others.

A small but very pleasant afternoon tea was given on Wednesday by Mrs. William Duffus, at 106 Hollis St., in honor of the christening of the little daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Middlemas. The ceremony had been previously performed by the Rev. W. B. King in St. Luke's Cathedral.

Mrs. M. Wallace, Morris street, had a small dance on Tuesday evening.

The following little joke was perpetrated the Sunday before last. The co-adjutor Bishop of Fredericton had preached at St. Luke's in the morning, and when the family assembled afterwards at the dinner-table, one of the stay-at-homes happened to ask the name of the preacher. "Oh" volunteered a precocious juvenile, it was a bishop:—you know, the Bishop who is co-respondent to Bishop Kingdon." We tried hard not to laugh, but it was no good.

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Thursday was the best New Year's Day that has been seen in Halifax for many a year, and people generally did not hesitate to take advantage of it. Some few men were seen slipping away out of town to enjoy a long drive, but the great majority worked away manfully till dinner-time, looking up old friends to wish them "many returns." It's a good old custom, and one worth preserving: perhaps there is more hospitality shown in Halifax on this day than on all the other days of the year together. We are rather inclined to be abstemious ourselves, and didn't go in for mixtures like some men. The following little menu contented us.

1.15—Soup.	Tea and Ginger-Biscuits.
Port wine and Biscuit.	Sherry. (Hobson's Choice.)
Sherry.	Soup.
Pate de Foie Gras and Claret Cup.	Hot Cakes and Newfoundland Port.
Newfoundland Port.	Sugared Plum Cake.
1.45—Cold Beef and Potatoes.	Chocolate.
Bottled Beer.	Macaroons and Liqueur Brandy.
2.30—Coffee.	Oyster Soup.
Brown Bread and Butter.	Tea and Buttered Toast.
Soup.	Marsala.
Genoa Cake.	Ginger-Biscuits and Café Noir.
Curacoa and Cream.	Whiskey-Punch.
Assorted Candies.	Milk-Punch and Sponge Cake.
Cherry Brandy.	Cherry Brandy.

We were going to have roast goose for dinner at 7 p m, but didn't feel much inclined that way as the afternoon wore on, and telephoned home the following dinner-order.

Dry toast au naturel
Salt anchovy
Boiled Rice
Soda water with a dash of Worcester Sauce.

The Private Rink Committee are arranging for a carnival in a few weeks. One most interesting novelty—in the arrangement of which Mrs. Fred. Jones is the leading spirit—will be a minuet in three figures,—not exactly the same thing as the minuet à la terra firma, but near enough to go under the same name. The following is the arrangement of partners as it stands at present:—

Mr. Fuller, - - -	Mrs. Jones.
Capt. Jenkins, - - -	Miss Norton-Taylor.
Mr. MacGowan, - - -	Miss Duffus.
Dr. Grier, - - -	Mrs. Doull.
Mr. Beecher, - - -	Mrs. Moren.
Mr. Barton, - - -	Miss Nagle.
Mr. Stairs, - - -	Miss Doull.
Capt. Trench, - - -	Mrs. Nesbitt.
Capt. Bruce, - - -	Mrs. Middlemas.
Mr. Marshall, - - -	Miss Henry.
Mr. W. Henry, - - -	Mrs. Grier.
Mr. Swanson, - - -	Miss Salter.
Mr. Parsons, - - -	Miss Morrow.
Mr. Marsh, - - -	Miss Kenny.
Capt. Wood, - - -	Miss Thomson.
Mr. Wylde, - - -	Miss Almon.
Mr. Thomson, - - -	Miss Slayter.
Dr. Fowler, - - -	Miss Stubbings.
Mr. Fraser, - - -	Miss West.

GABRIEL'S, 17 BUCKINGHAM ST.

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

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

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

The past week has been a very lazy one: it has seemed like a succession of Sundays,—perpetually running out of "baccy," and finding all the shops shut. All the same for that, there is a perceptible decrease in the amount of the "ready" that filled our pockets when the holidays began.

Mr. Arthur Silver sails on Saturday in the *Vancouver* for England, to be absent the greater part of the winter.

Among the earliest of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment to permanently leave this station is Mr. Gibbs, who sails for home on Saturday. Mr. Gibbs will not rejoin his regiment until after it has gone to the West Indies.

The ladies of St. Luke's congregation gave a Christmas tree on Wednesday afternoon to a large number of children. Toys, sweets, oranges, apples and clothing seemed to be provided in abundance, as well as a good substantial tea. The day previous mothers with little children were feasted, and a large number of warm blankets distributed. Among those who are most active in this good Christmas work are Mrs. Maynard Bowman, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Wier, Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Hensley and Miss Payne. Next week, we believe, the Sunday school children of St. Luke's are to have their turn.

Miss Kehoe, who has been visiting the Lieut-Governor and Mrs. Daly, leaves for Ireland on Saturday.

Among the new books by authors well-known in Halifax, are *Belief in God*, by Prof. J. G. Schurman (formerly of Dalhousie College and now of Cornell, N. Y.); and *Dr. Le Baron and His Daughters*, by Mrs. Austin, of Boston. The latter is a story dealing with certain incidents in the history of an old colonial family which has many descendants in this province and in New Brunswick. The Le Barons of Plymouth furnished several United Empire Loyalists who are represented to-day by the families of Hazen, Nicholson, De Veber, and other well-known names.

Monsieur A. Behaghel, chief justice of the superior court of St. Pierre, Miq., Madame Behaghel and their three daughters (the eldest a young lady of remarkable beauty), spent Christmas week at the Queen Hotel. They left Halifax, Saturday in the "Parisian" for England, en route to the French capital to spend the winter. The venerable jurist will also visit the mineral baths in the south of France, where he expects to find relief for a nervous melody with which he suffers. They return to America in July.

The Young Men's Literary Association held a very successful "At Home" at their rooms Poplar Grove, Wednesday evening. We are used to hearing that literary men are morose and retiring in their disposition, and that they lack good manners; but the lucky hundred who bade good bye to 1890 in the Lyceum, discovered an antithesis to this; nothing but sparkling, whole-souled hospitality and good fellowship were discernable: President P. F. Broyderick supervised the entertaining, and did it grandly. Dancing was the predominant amusement, although some others, more in keeping with the divine mission of the Association, were provided. Among the gems of the literary portion of the programme (we crave pardon for particularism) was a charming recitation by Miss Beatrice Laurance, a young lady graduate of Mount St. Vincent Academy, which showed elocutionary ability of great promise.

The present Minister of Justice, Sir John S. D. Thompson, is a past president of the Young Men's Literary Association.

Few local organizations keep so prominently before the public as St. Patrick's Temperance Society and its strong auxiliary—the well-trained St. Patrick's brass band. Hardly a month passes

without the announcement of some entertainment in which the name St. Patrick figures, and the success of these entertainments have been so undivided that the name of the good old Irish saint (some of our Presbyterian brethren contend that St. Patrick was a Scotch saint) has come to be looked upon as a synonym for success. A proof of this was the masquerade ball at St. Patrick's hall New Year's Eve. Suggested as a novel means of ushering in 1891, besides assuring an evening of healthy fun, the members took hold of the idea with such zest that some fifty couples secured tickets. Some of the costumes were excellent—they were all good. Courtiers, princes, queens, gypsies, dominoes, Turks, and even a heathen Chinee, were represented. Among the ladies were several characters which deserve special mention, particularly an excellently dressed Mary Queen of Scots, whose regal robe and stately collar breathed a memory of that admirable woman. Two nicely dressed gypsy queens read fortunes, flirted, and were indeed very pretty. A "May Blossom," dressed in purest white, several Spanish ladies and many other characters were sufficiently attractive to tax the taste of an experienced critic to single out a belle. A similar event is announced for St. Valentine's Day.

Sporting Notes.

RED-CAP SNOW SHOE CLUB PROGRAMME.

SEASON 1890-91.

Friday evening, January 9th.—Subscription dance at Masonic Hall.
Saturday, January 10.—Long race. Course—Dartmouth Common to Bedford. Club dinner at Bedford.

Saturday, January 17th.—Short races. 440 yards race—Life members' Medal. Open to Club only. 100 yards race—Captains' Cup. Open to amateurs. 150 yards race—For married men. Club prize. Open to Club only. 200 yards race—Club prize. Open to Club only. 880 yards race—Club prize. Open to amateurs. 120 yards. Hurdle race. Taylor medal. Open to amateurs.

These races will be run under the rules of the Maritime Province Amateur Athletic Association.

Saturday, January 24th.—To be announced.

" *February 7th.*—Tramp to Coalpit Lake.

" " *31st.*—Tramp down St. Margaret's Bay Road.

Other Saturdays to be announced.

All entries for the short races to be made with the Secretary, at Messrs. N. Sarro & Sons, before 6 P. M. on the day previous.

The Club will meet at Exhibition Rink every Tuesday evening at 7.45 o'clock for Tramping, and for Saturdays' Tramps at 3 o'clock.

All Regular Tramps this season will be at a moderate pace, and the Committee trust that they will be sustained by the Club in their efforts to afford a good winter's sport, by a much larger attendance than usual, especially at the afternoon tramps.

Should the weather not be favorable on the dates mentioned, the events will take place on the Saturday following.

OFFICERS.—William L. Brown, *Captain*; George DeB. Smith, *Second Captain*; James C. Lithgow, *Hon. Sec. and Treas.*; R. M. Symons, Frank Grierson, *Committee*.

CURLING.—There is a movement on foot to establish a Dominion Curling Association. The Ontario and Quebec branches are taking the lead. No doubt the maritime provinces will be glad to join. It is a scheme we should very much like to see carried out, as it would, if properly worked, facilitate the arrangement of matches, and lessen the expense of sending teams from one town to another.

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THE BELLE OF FLORENCE.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century Florence still groaned under the terrible guardianship of the Medici, and crimes of the deepest dye stain the annals of those years. Nothing prospered under the misrule, save vice and knavery.

At that time the belle of Florence was Caterina Torella, a young and singularly interesting girl, who had been deprived of her parents by an epidemic the year before. Lovely as an angel in person, Caterina was gifted with all the qualities of a refined, sensitive, and generous mind. Her education had been of the first order, and her talents almost amount to genius.

Fairer than most of the Florentine women, her arms and neck were dazzling in their purity and smoothness. Her hair, scarcely what might be called black, but rather the deepest shade of brown, fell over her superb shoulders in a luxuriance seldom equalled, and when unbound it almost covered her perfect figure.

Unprotected as she was, Caterina was induced to contract a marriage which was every way unfitting, and which eventually brought sorrow and anguish to many hearts that loved the young and beautiful orphan.

At the church of Saint Ambrogio, she attracted the attention of Giustino Canacci, a Florentine gentleman, who—although he had a son by a former marriage whose age would have been far more suitable to hers—succeeded in engaging the interest and sympathy of Caterina.

She married him, and perhaps felt a sense of protection in his love; but her affections were never his. She became sad, dull, and melancholy, and they who had known the lively and fascinating girl could scarcely recognize the grave, thoughtful woman who presided over Canacci's house, and was called *mother* by the grown-up son, Bartolommeo.

But although the youth called her by that sacred name, he had over felt dislike towards her—either on her own account, or from unwillingness to see his dead mother's place occupied; and he neglected no opportunity of making her feel that she was an unwelcome inmate of the house, as far as he was concerned.

Nothing, however, could weaken the passion which Canacci felt for his young and beautiful wife. He lavished money and jewels in profusion, and allowed her the utmost latitude, both in expense and liberty of action. She went into society constantly, or received guests of distinction for wealth and talents at her own house.

Among the guests was Jacopo Salviati, the Duke of San Giuliano, and on his first introduction to her she resumed a portion of the light-hearted manner which was so essentially her own. They talked together, and mutual sympathy was at once established. The duke had married unhappily. His wife was Veronica Cibo, of the Princes of Massa, a haughty, exacting woman, who was jealous of her young and handsome husband, and who had hitherto been quite unable to attach himself to her.

Private interviews soon succeeded this introduction. It was a fearful ordeal for two young, beautiful, and passionate creatures, of whom one was wedded to age, and the other to ugliness and pride, and they did not pass through unscathed.

Long and secretly were they beloved by each other, unsuspected by the duchess or the husband of Caterina. At length one evening the former received a note of so startling a nature that she summoned the writer to an immediate conference. A low-browed, sallow man obeyed her summons.

"Are you prepared to furnish proofs to sustain the assertions you make in this note?" she asked, holding out the paper which she had crumpled in her wrath, and which he recognized as his own.

"I am, madame."

"By what token?"

"By my own name, which is also dishonoured. I am the son of Caterina Canacci's husband. My father as yet regards his wife as innocent. He is an old man. I would not bring the task of punishment upon his hands, but I willingly take part with yourself."

"Good! my revenge will be sure, depend on it. I will not spare."

It was the 31st of December, 1638. The day had been chilly, but the Italian sunset had been glorious, and had faded away into the soft twilight, which had again given place to darkness. Under cover of this darkness, Caterina Canacci had left her house unsuspected, and taken her way towards a house at the end of the Via de Pilastri, close to the church of St. Ambrogio, where she first met her husband, and which she never passed without a feeling of profound regret that she had ever entered it.

She had, perhaps, appointed to meet the Duke, but he had not appeared. Several friends who were in his confidence were present, and Caterina had prepared a little entertainment to pass away the time—glad to escape from the insupportable dullness of home and the intolerable stupidity of Bartolommeo, who persisted in making a part of the evening circle, although he could well see that his presence was disagreeable and annoying to Caterina.

But he knew what he was about. Many an evening he had tracked her, disguised as she was, to the Via de Pilastri; and this evening of all others he intended to enter and enjoy the confusion which he knew she must feel most keenly at sight of him.

He had just received a note from the duchess, in which she told him that he was to meet three persons at a certain place, conduct them to the house in question, and leave them to perform her orders. What these orders were, in Justice to Bartolommeo we must record that he was far from imagining—but that it would be by *exposure* he doubted not.

He went to the place appointed, and found, as the duchess had forewarned him, three men, apparently of rank and fashion. In those days, however, men of that stamp frequently joined the various associations of lawless ruffians who preyed upon society and reaped gold from their crimes.

He conducted them, without a word, towards the church of San Ambrogio. Standing for a moment under its sacred portal, aided by the feeble light that burned before the image of the patron saint of the church, he selected a key from many others. This he had caused to be made from one stolen from the cabinet of his young stepmother, and which he had already used to open the house in the Via de Pilastri.

The men followed him in, and proceeded to an inner apartment, of which the door stood ajar. By this door they took up their station, watching and listening. Sounds of laughter, mingled with song, greeted their ears. Two or three women and as many men sat around a table on which were wines and refreshments. Gaiety ruled the hour. Caterina alone did not join it. There was a shadow over her beautiful face, and her large lustrous eyes seemed to shine only through unshed tears. Already, perhaps, she sickened over the thought that she might be betrayed to her husband. Or it may be that penitence had already begun, and the sad upward look of those eyes might be asking pity and forgiveness for her errors.

Canacci had liked to see his young wife richly dressed, and had loaded her with jewels and trinkets of the most costly nature. But this evening she was indebted to none of these. She wore a plain grey dress without a single ornament. The long tresses were gathered in a style of severest simplicity at the back of her head, and the arms and neck were scrupulously covered. Still she was never more perfectly lovely, now that her beauty was not dependent on flower, or gem, or costly fabric. The pure marble of her face was not lighted up by the faintest shade of crimson, but her lips had not yielded their rich colour to the sadness that was evidently growing upon her. But the paleness, the sadness,—were they not prophetic?"

How felt the hard, cold, cruel Veronica on this eventful evening? "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." How eagerly she waited for her coadjutor, Bartolommeo Canacci, himself as cold, as hard, and cruel as she; She hears a step, and in a moment, breathless and trembling with his first great crime, he appears before her with

a wooden box, the seams of which have been closed with some resinous substance.

"Where are the men?" she asked, hastily.

"Safe out of harm's way," returned Bartolommeo. "I gave them their reward, and I come now to claim mine. Did you not promise a carress from those lips if I did your bidding?"

She leaned towards him, and pressed her large full lips to his. He received it—the kiss of a duchess—not because he loved her, or even that he sought to return it. His cold dispassionate self-love only suggested that it would answer his purpose some time to boast of having been kissed by the Duchess of San Giuliano. It was the first and last kiss that Bartolommeo Canacci ever received from woman.

The morning of the 1st of January rose bright and clear over Florence. It was the morning of the Sabbath and the first of a new year. Christmas wreaths hung in all the dwellings—Christmas offerings lay on every table mingled with those of the dawning year.

The Duke of San Giuliano open his eyes that morning in terror and affright from a painful and agonising dream. The sun shone warm and bright into his apartment, but he did not heed it for some moments. His whole soul was absorbed in the frightful visions of the night. From another apartment he heard the voice of his wife. Latterly he had hated its very sound. It seemed to him now that it was that of some condemned spirit, so fiendish and shrill it had become.

He rose to get rid of the sound by opening the windows and leaning far out. The fresh morning air soothed and tranquillised him. His thoughts reverted to Caterina Canacci, and he felt a momentary pang of remorse that he had ever sought to lead that beautiful and innocent being into guilt. He felt condemned and miserable that he had brought her to the possibility of shame or disgrace. Momentary because when, for above all pleasant sounds of morning, the voice of his household fiend rose, shrill and tempestuous on his ear, he felt that, compared with her, Caterina was an angel of light.

He closed the window impatiently, and prepared to dress. It was the custom then to send up the clean linen in a basin or basket covered with silk, and the one which he used for that purpose—a large one—stood on the dressing-table. He opened it, and saw that it contained a wooden box. In the lock was a small key, which he turned.

Oh, what a pitiful sight met his distracted gaze! Worse even than his last night's hideous dream, for there, from that casket, the eyes of Caterina were upturned to his face, though the lustre had for ever departed! Two hours after the duke's attendant, who had been awaiting the sound of his bell, ventured to enter his room.

He found him in the delirium of fever, with the beautiful head lying beside him on the pillow, and his fingers twining among the long dark locks that swept from the bed to the floor. A long illness followed, from which he recovered to find that the duchess had fled from the terrible vengeance threatened by the populace, more than from any terror of the law, which would probably have not been enforced against one of her rank, such was the impunity with which the nobles at that period could commit the greatest crimes.

Bartolommeo Canacci was not of noble birth, and therefore suffered the punishment, by death, of his crime. He was condemned to lose his head. The duke never saw his wife again, nor were the three *sqherri*, who murdered the beautiful Caterina ever again seen in Florence. The house in the Via de Pilastris is said to be standing at the present day, although more than 200 years have elapsed—one of the monuments of the reign of the Medici.

Wit and Wisdom.

ABOUT MEN.

Better a man with paradoxes than a man with prejudices.—*J. J. Rousseau*

One of the principal occupations of men is to divine women.—*Lacretelle*.

Men may say of marriage and women what they please: they will renounce neither the one nor the other.

Young saint, old devil; young devil, old saint.—*Proverb*.

Experience is the name men give to their follies, or their sorrows.—*A. de Musset*.

For one Ophelus who went to Hell to seek his wife, how many widowers who would not even go to Paradise to find theirs!—*Petit-Senn*.

When a lover gives he demands—and much more than he has given.—*Parny*.

How many men would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves and evil of others!—*Mme. de Fontaine*.

He who is never guilty of follies is not so wise as he imagines.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

The less one sees and knows men, the higher one esteems them, for experience teaches their real value.—*Marguerite de Valois*.

We rarely confess that we deserve what we suffer.—*Quesnel*.

Fortune does not change men. it unmasks them.—*Mme. Neckar*.

Man corrupts all that he touches.—*Montaigne*.

The sowing of wild oats is necessary in the life of man. Libertinism is a leaven that ferments sooner or later.—*J. J. Rousseau*.

The devil must be very popular, since the sacrifice of a god for men has not rendered them any better.—*Piron*.

A philosopher is a fool who torments himself during life, to be spoken of when dead.—*D' Alembert*.

Beware of him who meets you with a friendly mein, and, in the midst of a cordial salutation, seeks to avoid your glance.—*Lavater*.

An idle man is like stagnant water: he corrupts himself.—*Latena*.

Greece, so much praised for her wisdom, never produced but seven wise men: judge of the number of fools!—*Greecourt*.

In all companies there are more fools than wise men; and the greater number always get the better of the wiser.—*Rabelais*.

A fool always finds some one more foolish than he to admire him.—*Boileau*.

I cannot see why women are so desirous of imitating men. I could understand the wish to be a boa constrictor, a lion, or an elephant, but a man! that surpasses my comprehension.—*T. Gautier*.

An indiscreet man is an unsealed letter: every one can read it.—*Chamfort*.

A man should never blush in confessing his errors, for he proves by his avowal that he is wiser to-day than yesterday.—*J. J. Rousseau*.

Promises retain men better than services. For them, hope is a chain, and gratitude a thread.—*T. Petit-Senn*.

Scripture says; the beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord." I say, "The beginning of wisdom is the fear of man."—*Chamfort*.

He who prays and bites has not a little of the devil in him.—*Lavater*.

A man who lives in indifference is one who has never seen the woman he could love.—*La Bruyere*.

What we call a gentleman is no longer the man of nature.—*Diderot*.

Man is nothing but insincerity, falsehood, and hypocrisy. He does not like to hear the truth, and he shuns telling it.—*Pascal*.

Man, I tell you, is a vicious animal.—*Moliere*.

Poet.—I suppose you like having one side of MS. paper left blank?

Editor.—Yes, if you can't be persuaded to leave both sides blank.

Rounder.—What would you do if you were to waken up and find a burglar going through your pockets?

Slouder.—I'd pity the poor fellow.

A SWEEPING FAILURE.—The hired girl.

DARTMOUTH.—Mr. J. W. Allison's name has been very generally mentioned for the office of Mayor of Dartmouth, which becomes vacant in February next. He has, however, positively asserted his inability to accept the office on account of his name being now fully occupied.

Another resident of Dartmouth is tending towards Halifax. Dr. W. F. Smith has taken an office there. He has still, however, an office in Dartmouth. Probably he would desire to live in the middle of the harbor if he could manage it. A pleasant evening was spent at his house on the last evening of the year, when a few of his friends met to give him a good "send off."

There has been about a week's good skating on the Dartmouth Lakes this winter, all told. We are very glad that our Dartmouth skater won the St. John race.

TRURO, N. S.—Miss Calkin is home from Boston for the holidays.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McEhmon, arrived last week from Comox, W. T., U. S., to visit friends for a few weeks. While in Truro they will be the guests of John F. Crowe, Esq., and wife, Elm St.

Miss G. Dimock left Truro on Tuesday of this week for a winter's visit in New York, Brooklyn and other American cities. In Brooklyn she will be the guest of Mrs. Carl Von Pustau (*nee* Miss Muir of Truro). Her brother is a rising man in New York.

YARMOUTH.—The young people are having quite a gay week. They began on Christmas night with a small dance at Mrs. Pelton's. Friday evening they were entertained by Mrs. S. B. Murray, and Monday evening by Mrs. J. W. Bingay.

The fire Saturday night, is the all absorbing topic of conversation just now. Princess block, which was entirely consumed, was the handsomest block in town, the front being almost entirely of plate glass. A full length figure of a woman, presumably the "Princess" stood on the top with hands up-lifted, and when the flames reached her, curling up and wreathing her figure, she seemed invoking Heaven to save her. Almost before we could realize that she was not human, the whole structure fell in. The firemen worked nobly, and but for their almost super-human efforts, a larger part of the town must have gone. When one realizes that the building burnt was sandwiched in between a row of wooden buildings on one side, and a large brick block on the other, it seems a miracle that either of them were saved.

Mrs. J. L. R. Webster gave a Progressive Hearts party Monday evening, which was voted a success by those present. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ross were the successful winners of the Ladies' and Gentlemen's first prizes, and Miss Grey and Mr. Henry Killam win the booby prizes.

Miss Agnes Dodds has gone to St. John, to visit at Dr. Holden's

The Hoodman Blind of this play is one Jack Yeullet, a young village blacksmith, whose wife has an unknown half sister who has joined a Gypsy band. The sisters are as like as two peas. One of the villains, who is in love with Yeullet's wife, arranges that the Gypsy sister shall be seen sweet-hearting by Yeullet, who at once believes her to be his wife. On his jealousy and suspicion of his wife, hinge the action of the play. Of course other side lights are shown, including the customary murder of an old man in order to secure his papers: And moreover, of course, all is eventually put right in the last act.

During the progress of the play a novel plan of treatment to secure resuscitation of an apparently drowned woman was shown. It consisted of the hero placing his arms around her neck, and in varying tones of voice addressing her as "Nann," whilst her real name was "Jess." That plan was only partially successful. It had the effect of recalling the woman to a semi-conscious state for a few moments, after which she quickly passed away.

Jack Yeullet was played by Mr. Jas. L. Edwards. Mr. Edwards does not appear to be able to sink his individuality in the character plays. This has been noticeable in each and all of the productions in which he has played here. He has many mannerisms—their never vary, no matter what character he assumes. Mr. Lytell's "Ben Chubbless" was very like his Tom Dossiter in *Harbour Lights*, but it was a breezy and pleasing performance however. Mark Lezzard was an undeniable villain, almost ludicrously so. Kridge was only remarkable for the peculiar way he had of rubbing his hands together. As for the innkeeper, he was altogether too much in evidence.

To Miss Laura Alberta was allotted the dual role of Jess and Nann, the half sisters. She well maintained the differences between the two characters, shewing to a better advantage in the Gypsy part, though she played with true feeling as Yeullet's wife. Granny Quodding was a good representation of that stamp of garrulous old woman seen only on the stage. As the lame boy Miss Celeste did well, whilst the very natural acting of her "pup" was not to be despised.

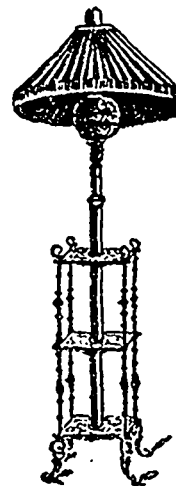
The performance on the whole went well, for the play is one of strong construction; but it might be pointed out that *Hoodman Blind* when played by Wilson Barrett, Miss Eastlake and company was not nearly so boisterous and noisy as it was on Monday night. Forcible acting is not quite the same thing as shouting and ranting.

JUNIOR IRVING.

Theatrical and Musical.

Would it not be a good plan if the titles of the music performed at the Academy by the orchestra were to be given in the programme? The hint is thrown out for what it is worth.

An average house was seen in the Academy on Monday on the occasion of the return of the Lytell Company after their visit to the rival city. *Hoodman Blind*, written by Wilson Barrett and Henry Arthur Jones, formed the bill. The advertised time of starting was 8 o'clock, but it was 25 minutes after that hour before the orchestra took their seats, being greeted with loud applause by an audience that was just beginning to show the slightest signs of impatience.



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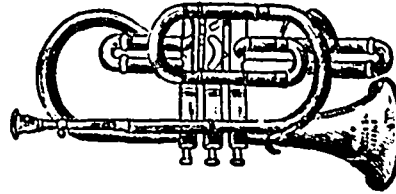
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Our Society.

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 2ND, 1891.



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 (OPP. A. STEPHEN & SON.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The rates for business advertisements are :

- 1 inch.....\$4.00 per quarter
- 2 ".....7.50 " "
- 3 ".....11.00 and so on.

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

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

Subscription \$2.40 per annum, post free.

H. BRADFORD,
 Business Editor.

WITHOUT wishing to appear discourteous, we must again repeat that we have decided once for all not to publish any articles that are not accompanied by the names of the senders. It is a guarantee of good faith which we have a perfect right to insist upon, as our only protection against giving offence unwittingly. Many a trap is set for the unwary editor, and many a nasty hit may be given by an anonymous contributor of which the editor cannot appreciate the full force. Not that we suspect any such in "mater's" extremely kind and motherly warning against offering wine to young men on New Year's Day, and appeal to society matrons to make home more homely for their boys.

Nor, again, in a little effusion entitled "Drink and Pudding Day," from the pen of "Harry Stockings, Philosopher," which breathes good will to all men, and to the editors of OUR SOCIETY in particular.

"May you, dear sirs," says the Philosopher, "all live to see
 Your modest infant paper spread
 Both far and wide, and largely read.
 'Tis my desire and your desert,
 For who are they found more alert
 To present social wants!

"Should you continue, sirs, to run
 The lit'ry race as you've begun,
 You'll be, though yet unknown by name,
 Renowned as editors of fame."

Many thanks, Philosopher, for your good wishes, and may you never be disappointed in us! We would fain hear more of your philosophy, but it must in future be accompanied by your name.

WE have to thank Mr. Dickens, Junior, our Bridgewater correspondent, for an excellent article on "Christmas," which was unfortunately too long for insertion in last issue, and, from the nature of the subject, is now out of date. We hope to get more from the same pen before long.

WE have to thank a correspondent in Lunenburg County, for a defence of our paper against the attack made in the Recorder a short time since. As we have already announced our intention of 'ting the matter drop, we cannot very well re-open it; but we would like to remark that we did not look upon that effusion as emanating from the Recorder itself, but from a particular correspondent of an eccentric turn of mind, and no very remarkable critical powers. It is enough that our readers in Lunenburg County do not see things with the same vision:—"People here are much pleased," says our correspondent, "with your paper, and consider it is going to be quite an addition to the metropolitan press. We sincerely hope you may continue to make it as interesting and acceptable as your first numbers appear to be."

Correspondence.

To the Editor of "Our Society."

SIR.—Have you any influence with the Editor of that spiey little paper, the *Evening Mail*? If so would you kindly use it for the sake of the public, and the welfare of the journal itself? Get him if you can to give "Bab" a holiday on Saturday nights. Her "Babble" is very "bright"—for a while. But how many years is it now since she began to entertain us with her sprightly talk? I forget whether it is six or seven, but do you not find it a little monotonous? Personally I don't want ever to hear any more about the American woman, or the dinner tables of New York, or the fashions of Central Park, or English husbands, or French daughters, or any of the subjects in which Bab is so everlastingly proficient? I was interested in these things once when Bab was fresh and new—but Oh! how tired of them I am now. Bab herself is, I believe, a bright, brave, little Southern woman—but even so, one can't go on reading her works forever.

There is another bright, brave, little Southern woman whom I should gladly see taking a vacation from her labors in connection with the Halifax press. I mean the author who writes under the initials "J. R. L." As I never read her contributions I am not quite of her line, but I think she is an Agnostic, or something of that sort, and writes against the church. I know she has the Bible at her fingers ends, and quotes it most inappropriately. Anyhow, perhaps your influence would persuade her to leave off writing, and devote herself to good works. With no "Bab," and no "J. R. L.!" it would be so refreshing to read the papers.

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH DE LA BERE.

A. & W. MACKINLAY,

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

WESTMINSTER VELLUM NOTE PAPER.	BASSENDEN VELLUM NOTE PAPER.	WEDDING CARDS & PAPER.	INVITATION CARDS.
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NOT QUITE TRUTHFUL.

WHEN five or six men get together and begin to tell stories there is always more or less fibbing done, especially if they are only casual acquaintances.

Going down on the boat from Leith there were three or four groups which hung together, and each of us told some pretty good yarns.

There was a man from London who laid himself out for a whopper, and, when the rest of us had finished, he lolled back and said:—

"Gentlemen, the ship which was carrying me to India was burned off the Island of Borneo, and I got away in a boat with a single sailor."

"When was this?" asked a humorous but shrewd Scot.

"In 1858."

"Exactly—go on."

"We had neither water nor provisions in the boat," said the man, "and, after drifting for three days, I wanted to draw lots to see who would die. The sailor refused."

"His name?" asked the Scot.

"Foster, I believe."

"You are right; go on."

"I suffered one day more, and then, as he slept, I killed him with my knife. It saved my life. Next day I was picked up by a ship."

"And you killed the man, did you?"

"I did."

"And drank his blood?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are the man I've been looking for these many years. The sailor was my brother—the only brother I ever had!"

"No."

"Yes, he was. Some of those who got away in another boat saw him go off with you and told me of it. Sir, the man who drinks my brother's blood has got to die."

"But you must be mistaken. I—I hardly think his name was Foster."

"Oh, yes it was. Name was Foster—ship got afire—off the Island of Borneo—drifted about in a boat. It's all straight, and now I want satisfaction. I shall have you arrested."

"Look here, gentlemen," said the London man, as he caught his breath. "I'm in a hole and must make a confession. I was lying about that adventure from start to finish."

"Sure of it?" demanded the Scot, while everybody else laughed.

"I know I was."

"Didn't kill my brother and drink his blood?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, that's all right. I'm glad to hear it. I'm as humble as a lamb on ordinary matters, but when it comes to killing my brother—the only brother I ever had—why, who wouldn't want revenge?"

We asked the London man to tell us some-thing else, but he wouldn't do it. He went off to his cabin and tied his head up with a towel.

THE PROFESSOR.—What paper, Patrick, is that you're lighting the fire with. Did you take it from my writing desk?

IRISH SERVANT—Shure an' Oi did, yer honour, an' it's all right. 'Twas only thim what was written on, sorra; not one o' the nice clean sheets have Oi—

Tramp.—Madame, in the unsettled state of our tariff law, it will be impossible for me to split this wood at old rates.

Housewife.—How can the tariff laws affect you?

Tramp.—Why, madam, you see it is this way. Should the Democrats obtain control, our industry would be shattered by foreign competition; and should the Republicans obtain control, we will be mercilessly robbed by high war taxes. No, a change must be made in our prices.

THE OPEN WINDOW CONTROVERSY.

Brown (to Jones, sitting by open window in railway carriage): "Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying."

Jones (pleasantly): "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to and bear it."

Brown: "I wish you would close it, sir."

Jones: "Would like to accommodate you, but I can't."

Brown: "Do you refuse to close that window, sir?"

Jones: "I certainly do."

Brown: "If you don't close it I will."

Jones: "I'll bet you won't."

Brown: "If I go over there I will."

Jones: "I'll give odds you won't."

Brown: "I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?"

Jones: "No, sir; I will not."

Brown (getting on his feet): "Then I will, sir."

Jones: "I would like to see you do it."

Brown (placing his hands on the objectionable window): "I'll show you whether I will or not, sir."

Jones (as Brown tugs at window): "Why don't you close it up?"

Brown (getting red in the face): "It appears—to be stuck."

Jones: "Of course, it is. I tried to close it before you came in."

THE PERILS OF A BALD HEAD.

THE following story is told of a divine who, years ago enjoyed great popularity in the north of England. He had been delivering a lecture at a town some miles distant from his own home, and went to sup with a gentleman preparatory to returning by a late train.

Host and guest were alike in the possession of a resplendent bald head. They found themselves so much to each other's mind that, on the latter starting up to catch his train, he was eagerly pressed to remain.

"We can put you up comfortably for the night, and you will be able to get home as early as you like in the morning."

After some hesitation the reverend gentleman consented, and talk was kept up to a late hour. On retiring to his room he discovered that his bag had been left in the hall, whereupon he groped his way downstairs in the dark, and found it.

As he cautiously pursued his way back he became suddenly conscious of a female figure on the step above him, and before he had time for further observations he received a sounding slap on his bald head, while a voice, which he at once recognised as that of his hostess, said:

"There take that for asking him to stay the night!"

What the three personages concerned in this little scene had to say to each other when the mistake was discovered—the lady who had administered the chastisement, the victim whose shining skull had been mistaken for that of her husband, or that gentleman himself—no historian, so far as we know, has ever recorded.

MISTRESS: "Isn't there a man in the kitchen, Bridget?"

BRIDGET: "Yes, mum, that there is!"

MISTRESS: "Well, Bridget, I don't like you to entertain company in the kitchen."

BRIDGET: "Indeed, mum, I don't like it no better nor you. We're just watin' for yez to lave the parlour."

FOYLE BREWERY.

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

Brewers, Maltsters and Bottlers.

Sole Manufacturers of KRAIZER BEER.

N. E. FAMILY ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

The Ladies' Column.

COOKERY NOTES.

In choosing the following breakfast menu, we are guided not only by satisfactory results but by simplicity of preparation. Breakfast is a meal over which little care is usually taken, though it should be, to a healthy man, the most enjoyable of the day. Nowhere have its capabilities been so fully tested as in the English Universities, where it is the favorite meal for entertaining friends, both among working and non-working men. A good breakfast is within the means of all who possess a decent cook.

MENU.

- Eggs a la Tripe
- Broiled sardines on toast,
- Mutton chops, Soyer with fried potatoes,
- Orange Marmalade.

EGGS A LA TRIPE.—Fry two medium sized, sound, sliced onions in a frying-pan with 2 ounces of butter, but do not brown them, mix in half a spoonful of flour, and a large cupful of sweet cream; season with a pinch of salt, half a pinch of white pepper, and the third of a pinch of grated nutmeg. Cook for 8 minutes stirring constantly with the spatula, add 12 sliced, hard boiled eggs, and heat together thoroughly for 2 minutes without letting it boil again; pour on a hot dish and serve.

BROILED SARDINES ON TOAST.—Select 12 good-sized, fine and firm sardines; arrange them in a double broiler, and broil for 2 minutes on each side on a very brisk fire. Place 6 fresh, dry toasts on a hot dish, lay the sardines over, being careful not to break them, pour half a gill maitre d'hotel butter over, decorate with 6 quarters of lemon and serve.

CHOPS SOYER, WITH POTATOES—Take 5 lbs. of saddle of mutton, cut and saw it into 6 pieces crosswise. Flatten, pare, and trim, season with one tablespoon of salt, and a teaspoonful of pepper. Broil them for 6 minutes on each side, then place them on a hot dish, and serve with a garnishing of 1 pint or the equivalent of fried potatoes around the dish.

(For Butter maitre d'hotel, put 1 oz. good butter in a bowl with a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, adding the juice of half a sound lemon. Mix it well with a very little nutmeg, and keep in a cool place to use when needed.)

97 TO 101
BARRINGTON STREET.

MAHON BROS.,

The Largest Retail Dry Goods House in the City.

"Discount for Cash."

DURING their honeymoon they had been sitting and sighing and talking poetry in the balcony for three hours, all of which time he had both her hands tightly clasped in his. Finally she broke forth:

"Tommy, dearest, I want to ask you something."

"Ask me a hundred—a thousand—a million things!" he exclaimed, in reply.

"Well, Tommy, I've got an awful cold in my head," she continued, "and if I draw one of my hands away to use my pocket-handkerchief, would you think it unkind of me?"

FASHION IN JEWELRY.

The newest engagement gift from a gentleman to his fiancee is a golden chain securely clasped around her left arm, and supporting two moonstone hearts that dangle against each other.

The diamond solitaire is the favorite engagement ring. It is worn with the plain gold wedding ring on the third finger of the left hand.

One of the latest fancies in jewelry is a diamond epaulet, which is represented by a very fine diamond with shoulder strings of oriental pearls. The epaulet is in a combination form, and may be worn on different occasions as a necklace, brooch hair pin, etc.

The home manicure will be glad to learn that the many useless implements in celluloid or ivory, together with the plush case containing them, has given place to a substantial leather case and practical appointments in steel that have quite a professional air.

Steel trinkets will be the rage in London this winter and we may expect to see them introduced here. An artificer has made a hit with coronets, brooches, necklaces and garlands of steel bands mixed with artificial pearls. The false pearls are to the steel what cream is to overdrawn tea, they soften it and are not pretentious.

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

COFFEES fresh and good.

CHOICE CONFECTIONERY at lowest prices.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURE.

I had finished my business with the jewellers in the town of B—, about five o'clock one afternoon, and, finding I had plenty of time before the train started, I took a comfortable tea to fortify myself against the cold ride before me. Reaching the station in good time, I looked for the up express, and, having seen the bulk of my luggage safely deposited in the guard's van, got into an empty compartment of a second-class carriage, taking with me a leathern case and a dressing-bag.

The case, which contained the most valuable of my diamond rings, etc., I placed under the seat, and the bag, containing articles of toilet, and, amongst other things, an unloaded pistol, I put under the seat opposite me. I had carried this pistol for several years primed and loaded, but, never having had occasion to use it, I had latterly grown careless, and on this occasion it was not loaded.

Just before the train started a man entered the carriage and seated himself opposite me. He was tall and muscular, rather shabbily dressed, and with a countenance furtive and sinister in expression. After taking a quick survey of me, he presently remarked, "A very cold night, sir."

"It is," I replied; and these were the only words that passed between us before reaching W— Junction. No one entered our carriage at the latter place, and when the train again started we were still alone.

"We don't stop till we get to L—now, and we shall be just twenty minutes going," remarked my companion.

"Oh, indeed," I replied, feeling rather uneasy at the significant tones in which he spoke.

"You are in the jewellery line, I think," said he glancing down at the case under my seat.

"How do you know that?" I exclaimed, my suspicions fully aroused by his inquiry, and by the evil looks and insolent manner of the fellow.

"Oh, I saw you showing your stuff to a jeweller in B—."

"And if I am in the jewellery line, what then?"

"Simply this," he replied. "I wish to purchase a gold watch, which I thought perhaps you would sell me at a wholesale price. Do you mind showing me a few to select from?"

"I not only object, but I absolutely refuse to do so," I replied; but noticing the murderous look that my refusal called to his face, I added, "but even if I were willing I could not grant your request, as my watches are all in the luggage van."

"Then what is that?" said he kicking the case under my seat.

"That is my dressing case, said I, a falsehood coming involuntarily to my lips.

"You lie," he shouted; "I saw you open it at your customer's, and it contains rings and breastpins."

Diving his hand into his pocket, he drew out a murderous looking clasp-knife, with a long blade, opened it, and drew his fingers along the edge.

"Sharp enough, I'll warrant," he muttered looking threateningly at me.

Never shall I forget the sickening terror which stole over me, as I watched the wretch making the deliberate preparations for what I quite believe would be a work of blood. Without any weapon of defence and very much inferior in physical strength to my antagonist, I felt that it would be madness to attempt resistance.

"Now," continued he, "don't trifle with me. I ride with you to-night to transact a little business. Out with your order book, and I will give you the best line you ever took in your life; I will give you an order for the whole contents of that case. It's true I don't mean to pay for them, but still I am in that no worse than many of your customers, eh?" and he chuckled grimly at his own wit.

How terribly helpless I felt at that moment, shut up in a narrow box with a human tiger ready to pounce upon me should I make any effort to escape or summon assistance. Tearing along at such fearful speed in that express train, how I mentally railed

at the stupidity of a railway system which prevented a wretch in my position from obtaining any assistance from fellow passengers, though only separated from them by a wooden partition.

In the intensity of my excitement, hardly knowing what I did, I rushed to the window at the further end of the carriage, but my companion darted after me, dragged me to my seat, and pressed the flat of the knife to the back of my neck. Feeling the steel against my neck, and fully believing that my last moment had come, in the agony of my fear I uttered a cry.

"Another sound and I will put this through your jugular," he whispered, hoarsely, tightening his grasp upon my throat. "Fool, you are helpless as a babe in my hands. Which do you value most, your life or your property? Give me the key?"

"Never," I gasped.

"Then I will do for you," he cried, at the same time inflicting a gash on my neck, which drew from me a sharp cry of pain. "That's but a taste of it. Will you give me the key now?"

A vision of home, far away, rose before me, of wife and child dependent on me for support, and I felt a desperate clinging to life.

"Spare my life and you shall have the key," I cried.

"Put the case on the seat and unlock it," he commanded.

I tremblingly obeyed, and opening the case displayed a confusion of jewellery sparkling with precious stones. His eyes glistened at the sight, and he locked the case, putting the key in his pocket.

"Ten minutes gone," he said, consulting his watch: "your spirits must be low," he continued, pulling a bottle from the pocket of his coat, "take a drink of this, it will revive your courage."

I shuddered at the sight of the bottle. There could be no doubt that its contents were drugged, and that the wretch wished to stupefy me in order the more easily to rifle my pockets, and perhaps give me my quietus.

But a thought seemed to strike him, and replacing the bottle in his pocket, he said, "Stop a moment: business before pleasure is my motto. Have you any other article of value about you?"

The thought that but ten short minutes intervened between life and safety made me feel the madness of desperation. A wild rush rushed through my brain, and the hot blood coming to my face have no doubt turned it scarlet.

"No lies, now," he cried, before I could answer; "I see your face you have something else; give it me instantly."

The oil lamp in the carriage had for several moments been growing dimmer, and my companion had noticed this with evil



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unbusiness. Standing over me with knife in hand, the sickly yellow light fell upon his countenance, and revealed as murderous a set of features as I should think were ever seen.

"Oh!" cried I, "spare me this, the most valuable article in my stock, surely you would not utterly ruin me."

This excited the wretch's cupidity to the highest pitch, and he dashed at me as if to give the fatal blow.

"Spare me and I will give it you," I implored.

"Where is it?" he demanded.

"In the bag under the seat," I answered. He instantly seized the bag, and tried to open it, but the somewhat complicated spring fastening baffled his attempt. He had evidently become nervous and excited, for his time was running short. "Your open it," he roared, thrusting it towards me.

Terribly conscious of the tremendous issues that hung upon the act, with lightning rapidity I opened the bag, grasped and cocked the pistol, and with all the force I could muster I drove the muzzle against the villain's forehead.

The effect upon him was electrical.

Half-stunned, he dropped the knife, and staggered to the other end of the carriage, as if to make his escape.

"Sit down," I shouted; "move one inch and I will spatter your brains against the wall."

He sank at my command on to the seat, unnerved and almost helpless.

The train had begun to slacken pace, and on this my companion adroitly let down the window, opened the door, and, before I could stop him, disappeared into the darkness of the night. The train was going fast even then, and a hundred chances were against his escaping without at least serious bodily injury. I looked out into the night, but of course could see nothing, and, escaped from the society of the rascal, I felt supreme indifference as to the consequences of his perilous leap into the dark. I reached L—with a thankful heart, and with the firm determination never to travel at night again without carrying in my pocket a loaded pistol. As the train drew up to the platform the flickering lamp went out, and I assure you I was not long in following its example.

FROM "OUR SOCIETY GIRL."

"EDITH" TO "LAURA."

Oh! have you read that poem, dear?
I'm sure 'twas cousin Freddy;
The rhythm was so "shocking bad,"
The wit, so far from "ready."

Ah! what d'ye think has happened, love,
To make him so uncivil?
It almost, dearest girl, seems like
"Possession" by a—"devil."

Then, all that talk of "legs" and "forms,"
(I, too, have "legs," none better);
And the W. C. T. U. reforms
Is so like Freddy's letter.

Well! the W. C. T. U., good folks,
May have "satin" in their "pews,"
For all I know. Our seats my dear
More suit with our "high church" views.

Where, on one bench, sit men and boys,
The wife and widow and maid,
And some who may be none of these,
I am very much afraid.

And, as for "British matrons," dear;
Oh! What is Freddy's mother?
That proud boast is not *ours*, dear girl,
Canadians, one and t'other.

Not even "Matrons" are we yet,
And not being *bullet* girls
Do not support our little child
By the proceeds of our twirls.

But why, because we wear a dress
And don't stalk about in "tights"
Should he insist, that we must be
Such hideous, scraggy frights?

"Envy," indeed! I may, perhaps,
"Envy"—some girls their *noses*;
But in my "form" I'm happy, quite
From shoulders down to toes-es.

So, if I take to "tights" at all,
'Twill be, like Eve, in fig leaves,
Not muffled up in puffy waist,
Befurbelows and jig-sleeves.

We mayn't "go in for" *Pirouettes*,
We do "go in for" skating;
And that gives splendid "muscles," too,
In spite of Freddy's "rating."

And, as for the "kicks" and kicking,
Even Fred, for sure, will grant
Because a girl *don't* do a thing,
Is not, always, "'cause she can't."

A girl may have some self-respect,
And yet not be "hard" at all;
I think that even now, we could
A few kindly deeds recall.

"Smart" girls, we know, who help the poor,
The fallen—the forlorn;
I've yet to learn they look on them
With "hatred" or with "scorn."

For some of "us" are "poor" ourselves,
Not "proud" (though self-respecting);
And even if Fate *should* send us "tights,"
What's "Fate?" but Heaven's directing.

I think we've known of slender hands,
Which held in them a power
So strong, for either weal or woe,
It made a strong man cower.

Which yet have quite forgone the blow
And then, were asked for blessing
By him, who "down," they would not strike;
And it is most distressing

To find their owner's but a "prude"
Fred's nose is upturned at her.
"Words" more than "deeds," is Freddy's way,
For all his highflown Chatter.

But still, you know men "will be boys"
So for "a girl! who dances,"
We must not blame him if he tries
To break Quixotic lances.

But hope some higher power soon
Will send him what he need-th,
And that's—"A little common sense,"
Says Freddy's cousin

"EDITH."

The newest thing on the New York Society cards is the dancing tea. It is an afternoon dance, which shall, it is decreed, commence at four o'clock and end at seven. You are to go to it in dinner dress, so that you may drive off to table as soon as you have danced yourself hungry. If you are exceptionally favored, you may be invited to a dinner to follow the dance under the same roof; but this is not obligatory on host or hostess.

London Jottings.

Cinderellas are decidedly one of the inflictions of the age. Quite a number of Cinderella dances are announced for the winter months. Of course, the old idea of this kind of entertainment was a small and early dance which terminated at twelve. *Mais nous avons change tout cela.* It is now quite the regular thing for Cinderellas to last till one or half-past one, or even two o'clock in the morning, while the numbers of the guests vary according to circumstances, and may amount to several hundreds. The question therefore arises—as they are no longer small and early—what constitutes the difference between a Cinderella and another dance. Experience, however, has shown that when the mystic word Cinderella is inscribed on the top of an invitation card, it infallibly means that the dance is going to be done as cheaply and consequently as badly as possible. The music is likely to be limited to a piano and a squeaky fiddle. The supper will probably consist of weak claret-cup and lemonade, grass sandwiches, and curious looking cakes of the three-days-old railway-station type.

The room will be by no means proportioned to the size of the company, and there will be only an odd shelf and a dusty corner wherein to dispose of the hats and coats. Under these circumstances, the most sanguine person who goes imbued with the erroneous view that Cinderella means plenty of dancing, if nothing else, will very soon become disgusted with the crush and the pushing, will come away at last feeling very hot and hungry, with a decided difference of opinion within on the subject of that glass of claret-cup, and will probably find that the hats and cloaks have all been thrown on the floor and mixed well up by some excited and unscrupulous person, so that it takes half-an-hour to sort out the right ones. Now, that the epoch of Cinderella is closing round us and the papers are full of advertisements on the subject, it would be as well if people reflected a little and considered whether this sort of thing can be regarded as pleasure, and whether they would not enjoy themselves more if they stayed away. It is quite certain, moreover, that if they sent the price of their tickets to the charity in whose behalf the Cinderellas are got up, the charity would benefit more largely in the long run.

Mrs. O'Shea, who has obtained a notoriety as great as that of Lady Hamilton herself, is the third and youngest daughter of the late Sir John Page Wood. Those who have come into contact with her describe her as a singularly pleasing, not to say fascinating, woman. Although no longer young, Mrs. O'Shea retains much of her youthful beauty, and her figure is tall and graceful. Her face is of the oval type, her eyes are a bluish grey, and her hair is rich and brown. In her early days she used to take an active part in amateur theatricals, and possessed a good voice. Her eldest sister is Lady Barrett-Lennard, and her second, the Mrs. Steele whom she so cruelly brought into court by the unfounded allegation against her of misbehaviour with the gallant Captain. Mrs. Steele is known to the literary world and the reading public as the authoress of "Gardenhurst." Sir Evelyn Wood is their brother.

I am glad to see that the Press has taken up the case of Mr. Hearson, an Engineer R.N., who is now on his way to England to be tried for desertion from the *Mersey*, at Chatham, in September last. This officer applied, on September 5, to be placed on half-pay, with the object of taking up an appointment under the Chinese Government. On September 23 his application was refused, and he at once tendered his resignation. On October 13, being still without a reply, although he had telegraphed to the Admiralty in the interval, he started by mail for the east. He was subsequently arrested at Singapore, and, as he is to be tried in England, he is practically sure to lose his Chinese post as well as being dismissed the Service.

As far as I can discover, there is nothing in the regulations that can authorise the Admiralty to retain an officer in the Service against his wish, and my experience has shown me that whenever influence can be brought to bear, no objection is made to similar applications. Mr. Hearson apparently, however, had no interest and consequently his application was simply ignored. But, sure under any circumstances, an officer is entitled to an official reply. Mr. Hearson, however, received none. The trial will deserve to excite great interest in naval circles, as it is hoped that the powers of the Admiralty with regard to retaining officers in the Service will now be settled once for all.

A large and influential meeting was held at the Guildhall, London, a short time since, with a view to relieving the oppressed Jews in Russia.

The first resolution was moved by the Duke of Westminster who pointed out that the English nation was most friendly to Russia, and wished it well. Yet no apology was needed for the meeting to-day; it was, on the contrary, supported by precedents without number. It was a protest in the name of England against a system of persecution which had no parallel in any of the civilized countries of the world. The resolution was couched in the following terms:—

"That in the opinion of this meeting, the renewed sufferings of the Jews in Russia, from the operation of severe and exceptional edicts and disabilities, are deeply to be deplored and that in the last decade of the nineteenth century religious liberty is a principle which should be recognized by every Christian community among the natural human rights."

It was seconded by the Lord Bishop of Ripon, and carried unanimously.

Next came a motion proposed by the Earl of Meath, to the effect "that a suitable memorial be addressed to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias, respectfully praying His Majesty to repeal all the exceptional and restrictive laws and disabilities which afflict his Jewish subjects; and beg his Majesty to confer upon them equal rights with those enjoyed by the rest of his Majesty's subjects; and that the said memorial be signed by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, in the name of the citizens of London and be transmitted by his Lordship to his Majesty."

CARDIFF is not the only place that boasts of a peer for May. Lord Bute's example has been followed by Lord St. Leonards who has accepted the civic chair of Devonport for the ensuing year. Devonportians have felt rather out in the cold, and are jealous, during the past few months, while such great festivities have been going on at Plymouth, but now that they have an Earl for Mayor, and a member of the Royal Family as command-in-chief, doubtless good feeling will reign again.

In many respects the Chinese are a most rational and practical race. Here is a case in point. During a recent anti-foreign riot at some place between Tong-tu and Kaiping, the mob, by way of emphasising its patriotic sentiments, destroyed a good length of the railway that has recently been carried through the district. The local Mandarin—a Chinese Ruskinite apparently—instead of using the forces under him to quell the riot, sent his soldiers to assist in the pious work. The embankments were levelled to some distance, and the rails thrown into the river, and an attempt was made to destroy the bridges. Mr. Kinder, the head engineer of the line, laid the state of the case before the Toatoi of Tientsin who is the head director of the undertaking. The Toatoi sent the Mandarin, and addressed him thus:—

"To please yourself and friends you have destroyed the railway. To please me you will put it back just as it was before. If one mile from to-day, the trains are not running the same as before, you

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your head, and your family and ancestors are disgraced. Mr. Kinder estimates the damage and loss by non-running of trains at 50,000 taels (about £12,000), which sum you will have to pay out of your own funds to the Company. For labour, all your officials, soldiers, and the townsfolk will work as you direct, receiving no money for their labour; and all salaries are stopped till the repairs are complete. I shall appoint a board of punishment to return with you, with power to torture and imprison any one who makes the least disturbance or trouble."

The Mandarin begged for mercy on the plea that, as the country was all under water, he could not possibly get mud and stones wherewith to build the embankments. The Toatoi saw the force of this plea, and said he would give him a chance. He could pull down any of his forts he liked in order to provide material for the repair of the railway, and he would give him three months after the railway was completed to rebuild his forts at his (the Mandarin's) own expense. In rather under three weeks the trains were running again, and they are now rebuilding the forts. How long would it have taken to bring about the same results in England?

A newspaper in Bridgeport recently printed the following advertisement:—"Chu Fong would likee smally nice Inglese lady. She has no have to work, as Chu Fong got a big lot of money. Chu Fong will do the washee and the cookee; wife she can dress up every day.—Chu Fong."

The Duke of Wellington's amiability and gentleness are well known. A story about him, which I have just heard, is amusing. He was presiding recently over a philanthropic meeting, concerning the distribution of clothing to poor people. A lady journalist was present, in a professional capacity, and going up to her before the commencement of the meeting, the Duke said: "In the course of my speech I shall, I am afraid, have to mention the word 'trousers.' I hope you will not think me unnecessarily rude." The lady thinks it a good joke.

As many good stories about the late Sir Richard Burton are going the rounds, the following, which I heard from one of his friends, may be interesting. At Trieste, at one time, he was much annoyed by the priggish inquisitiveness of a clergyman who peered and poked into everything. Burton set a trap for him. The Reverend Paul Pry, ushered into Burton's study one day,

was left alone, although, unknown to himself, he was being carefully watched. He commenced prying round, and a curtain drawn across an alcove stimulated his curiosity. He went to it and lifted it; but it was so arranged that when moved it fell from its fastenings to the ground. There, in the alcove, luxuriously reclining upon a couch, was a very pretty girl with very little on. Just as the clergyman, startled by what he saw, was gazing, the door was burst open, and Burton and a party of friends entered. It was a trick characteristic of the translator of the "Arabian Nights," and it put the clergyman to such confusion that he was cured of his annoying propensity.

Some amusing stories of the manners and customs of the Australian aborigines were told by several colonists at the monthly meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute last night. Mr. Henniker Heaton, for instance, amused the audience by telling of a missionary who came to Queensland to indicate a higher Christianity, without rewards for attendance. King Billy, with a brass plate, was told off to interview the missionary with new-fangled notions, and Mr. Heaton says the following dialogue ensued:—King Billy: "No more 'bacey?'"—Missionary: "No." King Billy: "No more blanket?"—Missionary: "No." King Billy: "No more rum?"—Missionary: "No, no more bribery." King Billy, drawing himself up to his full height, and with scorn, marched away with this parting shot: "All right, good day; no more Alléluia!" This tale may be compared with one told by Mr. Littleton, whose black boy in Queensland once delighted a missionary by saying a well-known short prayer most reverentially, but immediately leaping up and demanding, "Gib me six; encc." At this rate it is no wonder that missions are an expensive undertaking.

THEY had been married some four weeks, and the honeymoon had shone bright and clear, and they were ever so cosy in their little cottage. After she had loaded her boy up for about a fortnight with her own cooking, being a sensible little woman and knowing she never did look well in crape, she decided to engage a cook. And now they were jointly drawing up the advertisement. Milly: "How will this do Georgie, dearest? 'Wanted, good plain cook for family of two. Address.'" Georgie Dearest: "Well, darling, I wouldn't put in the plain. Just say neat and pleasant manners." "Yes, darling, 'neat and pleasant manners'—anything else, sweetie?" G. (forgetting himself and speaking to the ceiling): "Brunette preferred, and plump." Milly: "Mr. B., my original advertisement will do quite well, and I will take mother's advice."

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CHURCH NOTICES.

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

Services for Sunday (Jan. 4th.)

ST. GEORGES CHURCH, Full Communion at 8 o'clock; morning prayer and
sermon, 11 o'clock; (preacher, the Rector,) evensong at 7 o'clock; carried
by Sunday School Children after the Service.ST. ANDREW'S, (PRESBYTERIAN), Rev. D. M. Gordon, Usual Services at
11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Bible Class (conducted by Principal Mackay, A. M.)
and Sabbath School, at 3 P. M.GARRISON CHAPEL, 8 A. M., Early Communion. 11 A. M., Parade Service
(Rev. F. Norman Lee). 7 P. M., Evening Service, (Rev. F. Norman Lee).ST. LUKE'S CATHEDRAL, 8 A. M. and 10 A. M., Early Communion. 11
A. M., Morning Service and Communion, (Cathedral preacher). 7 P. M.,
Evensong. (Rev. Dr. Bullock).ST. PAUL'S, (CHURCH OF ENGLAND), (Rev. Dyson Hague), Usual Services at
11 A. M., and 7 P. M.A lady wishes to recommend a Housemaid open to engagement any
time after Christmas. Wages \$7.00 per month. Apply Editor (S.)

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE

WANTED, a good plain cook, preferably one who has been a general
servant. Wages \$7.00 per month. Apply Editor (S.)

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE

WANTED.—A lady help, willing to assist in the management
of every department in a large household. Apply EDITOR (S.)
Cambridge House.SERVED HIM OUT.—One day while a trial was going on, an
old gentleman of eighty, Mr. William King, sought admission, but
was told that he could not enter. Going to the office of one of the
court officials, Mr. King explained that he was an old friend of the
judge, and he was sure the judge would let him in if he knew he
was there. He was told that the court room was full, but that he
would try to find a place for him. In a few moments the trial
entered the court room.

"Sit down," said the judge sternly.

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

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

Mr. King looked as if he would like to have a big hole come up
through the floor and swallow him. There was no place for him to
sit down, and still the judge kept calling for him to do so. He
looked appealingly at his old friend, but the old friend only glared
on him savagely and repeated the awful command, "Sit down!"When the old gentleman had succeeded in reaching the seats set
aside for counsel, some one got up and gave him his seat. When
the court was adjourned the judge came down from the bench
rubbing his hands together gleefully and laughing immoderately."I made him sit down, didn't I?" he said in Mr. King's pres-
ence to one who had been an interested spectator of the proceeding.
"I'll teach him not to beat me at whist as he did last night. I wish
I had had half a chance, I would have put him out," and seizing
Mr. King by the arm he took his old crony out to lunch with him.