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OUR SOCIETY

A

WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. I. NO. 3.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19TH.

HALIFAX, N. S.

H. R. H. PRINCE GEORGE, is the second son of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. He was born June 30, 1865, and he received his commission as Midshipman in the Royal Navy on June, 5th, 1880, so that he has already put in over 10 years service, and has seen almost all the naval stations of any importance. This is Prince George's second visit to Halifax, the first being exactly seven years ago, when he was little more than a boy. The sea has not failed to work in him the same change it works in all who take kindly to it, rounding off the corners and making him always good company. There is something about all our Sea-Princes—perhaps it is the feeling that they are the only members of the Royal Family that really *practise* a profession—that makes the most radical of us want to know them, without suspecting ourselves of being toadies. However this may be, it is quite certain that Halifax society thoroughly enjoyed Prince George's visit this summer, and, if outward appearances count for anything at all, we can congratulate ourselves that the Prince had about as good a time as any of us.



H. R. H. PRINCE GEORGE.

A HEART'S HISTORY.

Is a garden of delight,
Where sweet nature's wand discloses
Wonderous vistas to the sight,
Once I met a rose-bush, bright
In a wealth of roses.

Like a statue stood I there
Gazing with enraptured eye
At the maze of roses rare :
"For my bosom the most fair
I will pluck," thought I,

Anxiously I searched, and long
Lingered o'er each beauty : still
Not a bud or flower among
All that dazzling tempting throng,
Fixed my wavering will.

One with the bewitching guile
Of the crimson garb it wore,
Caught my fancy for a while,
But I marked all insects vile
Gnawing at its core !

One, of languid graces, pale,
Flaunted with a gentle swing :
But alas ! its petals frail
Showed the sad, unsightly trail
Of some slimy thing !

One adorned with crown of dew,
Queen-like, o'er its sisters bent :
But I found, when near I drew,
That it had, though rich in hue,
All its fragrance spent !

One—a blossom—made me start :
'Twas indeed a beautiful gem !
But I could not have the heart
Such a tender bud to part
From its parent stem.

One, at last, I then beheld,
Radiant, pure, divine, my own :
But as forth my hand I held,
'Twas with treacherous thorn repell'd
By the lovely one

Thus submitting to the power
Of stern destiny, unblest,
Pensively I left the bower,
With a no sweet, love-beaming flower
Still clinging on my breast !

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KNIGHT & CO., 125 Granville St.P. S.—We are showing a fine assortment of BOOKLETS, CARDS and NOVELTIES
for the HOLIDAY SEASON.**WILLIAM NOTMAN,**

* Photographer to the Queen, *

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

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* Optician, *

(Graduate of New York Optical College.)

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Society Notes.

The sleighing Monday and Tuesday was excellent, especially in the park and on the outlying roads. On Monday there were many sleighs flying around the pleasant roads of the park—for who could resist such a day? On Tuesday there was quite a large drive, about twenty sleighs went down the Herring Cove Road. Coming back, on the hill behind Melville Island, the horses in Sir John Ross' sleigh bolted, and tried to pass the sleigh in front, but there was not room and they went over the steep bank—upsetting the sleigh and its occupants—fortunately, and one might say almost miraculously, no one was hurt. The sleigh was smashed to atoms. In the sleigh were Sir John, Mrs. Stairs, Mrs. Morrow and Capt. Mullins. Altogether it was an awkward upset, but a most lucky escape.

The children are the most important individuals during this week next. Everything is given up for them. Therefore nearly all the entertainments announced are for the little ones of various years. Mrs. Fred Jones was the first, she gave a most charming Christmas party for over 60 children on Thursday, it being the occasion of the birthday of one of her little girls. The little ones had a most gorgeous time of it.

We hear that Capt. Jenkins is to leave soon for a trip to Mexico, and perhaps to South America.

It is very unsatisfactory work in these wintry days to make a journey to the North West Arm to pay a call, and at the end of your journey to receive the information that the people you went out to see were not at home. At the request of a member of the male sex, (the ladies hold these things in their memory better than their husbands or their friends do) we give the "at home" days of ladies living at the North West Arm: (so far as we can learn them), and hope that the publication of this list may save some one a useless journey. Mrs. A. G. Jones, Mrs. Stairs, Mrs. R. Morrow, Mrs. T. Kenny and Mrs. W. Robertson receive on Tuesdays—whilst Wednesdays is preferred by those living beyond the very Road—amongst them Mrs. A. Uniacke, Mrs. E. D. Tucker, Mrs. James Thomson, Mrs. Henry Boak, Mrs. Grier and Mrs. Francklyn.

The promoters of the Fan Drill, etc., entertainment are compelled to see their performance before the public somewhat earlier than was at first intended. Next Tuesday has now been decided upon as the date: the meantime rehearsals are being pressed vigorously forward. The programme will consist, as we have mentioned before, of (1) the Fan Drill; (2) the Minuet, and (3) the *Arca Belle*, in which Mrs. Holt and Mrs. C. J. P. Clarkson will appear. Mr. Charles Stabbing is engaged to manage the farce. In order to make this notice complete we ought to say, that "the sale of reserved seats has already been large," and of this unfortunately we know nothing.

The names of the performers are as follows:—

FAN DRILL—Miss Wier, Miss Hensley, Miss S. Uniacke, Miss Ecker, Miss Willis, Miss O'Dell, Miss Norton Taylor, Miss Townsend, Miss A. Stairs, Miss Storey, Miss Grant, Miss Hattie Albro, Mrs. Mullins, Miss Slayter, Miss Gliska.

MINUET—Miss G. Uniacke, Miss Hilda Stairs, Miss Norton Taylor, Mrs. Slayter, Miss Luch de Diaz, Miss Lyde, Miss Gray, Miss Gliska, Capt. Jenkins, Capt. Monteith, Capt. Mullins, Mr. Arthey, R. A., Mr. Elliot, Mr. S. Fuller, Mr. G. Wainwright, Mr. Furness.

Miss Almon is prevented taking part in the fan-drill, by the death of her uncle, Judge Ritchie.

Miss Wainwright was also to have been in the drill, but her absence during several of the practices, coupled with the alteration in the date, made it impossible for her to get up her part properly.

The West Riding band will be in attendance, but there is some difficulty in getting the minuet music written for all the instruments, it is not improbable that the piano and violins will be substituted. The band will play for the fan-drill, and during the intervals.

Archbishop O'Brien gave a dinner at his house on Monday. Among the guests were Rev. Dr. Howley, Sir John Ross, The Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Hon. A. G. Jones, Hon. J. W. Angley, Col. Clerke, Capt. Jenkins, Mr. McPherson, Col. MacShane, Mr. Power, Mr. O'Mullin, Rev. T. J. Daley, Rev. E. F. Murphy, and J. B. Currie.

During the past few days the Rink Private Afternoon Committee have issued circulars inviting subscribers. It has been arranged that

the committee shall have the rink on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, and Wednesday morning, from 26th December, to 31st March. The circular says, "if sufficient support is received, a Band and afternoon Tea will be provided." We earnestly hope that the promoters will achieve the success they wish for.

Whilst we must gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to the committee for the trouble to which they have gone in making these preliminary arrangements, does it not seem strange that in a committee of six, only one civilian is found serving? For this there must be a reason. It is that no civilians (other than Mr. J. F. Kenny) were asked to join, or is it that the civilians asked, (Were they asked?) to participate refused to have anything to do with the matter? What ever may be the reason it is a pity that the committee is thus constituted. In saying this we desire it to be clearly understood that we do not wish to suggest or imply that the committee is in any way incapable, or that it would take a course it thought to be contrary to the wishes of the majority of the subscribers. But, as it is to civilians mainly that the committee looks for the support without which it will be unable to carry through the scheme, we should like to see the two parties more equally represented.

The Browning Club which meets on Thursday at Mrs. Stairs Duffus' has begun its winter's work. We understand that the Club has taken up *Paracelsus*: and if the members have plenty of time before them, "perchance a long, long, time," (to quote the poem itself) they will doubtless finish it. The enemies of the Browning Club accuse them of occasional lapses into Tennyson, but that is probably slander.

Mrs. Dalziel's friends are delighted to see that she is able to be out once more after suffering from a severe sprain.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Kenny arrived from England on Sunday and will be at Thornvale through the winter.

Miss Emma Adams, who has been confined to the house for some few weeks, is among the invalids who are recovering.

Mr. Carey, of the Royal Engineers, has left Halifax for British Columbia, on two months' leave.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Hugh Murray bears the discomfort of a broken leg with great pluck and equanimity. We hope that he will soon be out again.

The Co-adjutor Bishop of Fredericton will hold the Advent Ordinations for Bishop Courtney at St. George's Church on Sunday next. Mr. Lutz, of Canso, and Mr. Withycombe, of Clementsport, are to be ordained priests; and the deacons will be Mr. Belliss of St. George's, and Messrs. Lawlor and Pitman, now at King's College. Bishop Kingdon will be the guest of the Dean at 86 Queen Street.

Mrs. Gausson is gradually getting better of her severe illness, and has lately been out nearly every fine day.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Tupper, of Winnipeg, who have been staying in London with Sir Charles and Lady Tupper, arrived in Halifax on Sunday by the *Parisian*, on their way home.

Mrs. S. G. Rigby has left town for Lady Archibald's place near Truro, where one of her three pretty little children is unwell.

Mrs. E. V. B. Foster of Dartmouth has returned to town for the winter, and is at 121 South Park Street.

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Cards are out for a Children's Fancy Dress Dance at Mrs. Leigh's on Tuesday, December 30th.

This is the season and this the week that every one, no matter who, has to do some shopping. There ought to be the same joy in buying Christmas presents as there is in receiving them. but it is a pleasure to most people to go a-shopping Christmas-time, that is if the shops are pretty and there are plenty of things to buy alas—we do not find that here. The shops look far worse than they did last year, and there is absolutely nothing original or new to see or buy. I hope they will brace up before Christmas eve, so that we can buy some presents for our friends.

The late Hon. J. W. Ritchie was a man of great ability, and will long be remembered by the middle-aged generation among us, not only for his talents but for his kindly disposition. He belonged to a family whose name is not likely to be soon forgotten in the history of Canadian Law. Himself for many years equity judge of the supreme court of the province, his brother Sir William Ritchie, is chief justice of the supreme court of Canada, his half-brother a judge the supreme court here, and two of his sons, Mr. T. and Mr. G. Ritchie, well-known barristers in this city.

Capt. Oxley, H. G. A., has appealed to head-quarters against the decision of Col. Irwin in the skirmishing competition. It appears that the conditions of the competition require that the captain of each battery should be present. Col. Irwin awarded 1st prize to the best battery, in spite of the fact that its Captain was absent. Of course common sense is an excellent thing in an inspecting officer, but we do not see the good of regulations if they are not to be complied with. The Dominion Artillery Association supported the decision, and ruled that the point should be more clearly defined. To our civilian mind it would have seemed more military to act strictly according to regulations this year, and have the regulations altered before the next competition. Certainly Capt. Oxley did quite right to appeal.

Mr. Laurier, the liberal leader, is staying at the Hon. H. H. Fuller's.

Mr. Douglas R. Wilson has resigned his post of Accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. here, to enter into partnership with a firm of Stock Brokers in San Francisco. Mr. Wilson, though a native of Bonnie Scotland, thinks the celestial city is just about the finest place on earth. Mr. Wilson left on the S. S. *Halifax*, on Wednesday morning, carrying with him the good wishes of all his friends, and Sundry "tokens of esteem." He is succeeded by Mr. G. W. C. Bonnor who comes from the London (Ontario) Branch of the Bank.

We hear that Mr. Frank Hope of the Halifax Banking Company, has resigned his post to enable him to return to England. Mr. Hope will leave early in January.

Mr. R. A. Metzler is spending a few days at Windsor.

In the middle of all the Christmas rush, when everyone is sending off cards and Christmas numbers—not to mention copies of the latest "Our Society"—it has been a great luxury to find a shop where a writing-table is provided for the use of customers, with every appliance for sending off letters and papers all ready to the mail. Knowles' Bookstore has taken the lead in this respect, and we hope to see their example followed by T. C. Allen's and the others, before the Holidays are over.

The case of the Queen vs. Sheraton, on the action of the Law and order League, will be a very interesting one. Even if the verdict goes against Mr. Sheraton, he will have the sympathy even of the most Lawful and orderly amongst us. This is especially the case in a city like Halifax, where many families live permanently in a Hotel, and large numbers of quiet and respectable citizens do a large part of their business and entertain their friends there. Under such circumstances a great deal of liberty must be allowed in the matter of serving people with drink,—whether whiskey or ginger-beer; and it is little short of persecution to insist on the barman supplying liquor to none but inmates of the hotel.

M. A. QUINN,

25 BARRINGTON STREET.

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Christmas & New Year's Cards & Booklets, Stationery

Mr. G. C. Cassells has been appointed to the staff of the Montreal in this city. Mr. Cassells comes from the Toronto Squadron to send us notes of the doings of Admiral Watson, during their sojourn in the sunny South.

We are making arrangements with an officer of the North Squadron to learn the language—has just reached us:

The following bon-mot—apropos of a Cuban gentleman to learn the language—has just reached us:

No WONDER. Said Ulmo:

"When such name as Mahon I read of, and spell that of Meagher, My patience grows weary and wuhon And I yearn for my Cuban home feagher."

Sporting Notes.

The Rink Committee have at last issued their long-circular, which is exactly on the lines stated by us last week day and Friday afternoons, and Wednesday mornings, starting 26th. On Wednesday evenings an admission fee of 25 cents charged.

Applicants for admission must be sent in before the 22nd. CAPT. JENKINS, A. D. C., Brigade or Mr. J. F. KENNY, 6 Prince St.

The other members of the committee are Col. Clerke, Major R. E., Major Trench, W. R. R., and Capt. Bateman, R. A.

Charges for season tickets are as follows:—

Single (gentlemen) - - - - -	\$ 5.00
" (ladies) - - - - -	3.00
For 3 persons of the same family - - -	10.00
For each additional one " - - -	2.00
Promenade Tickets - - - - -	1.50

It is a very good idea to admit strangers (if introduced by us) at a charge of 25 cents each.

Towards the end of the season at Studley, there is always talk about starting a Bowling Alley during the winter; but has so far—until now—ended in talk. If some one would only the idea early in the summer, there would be more chance of it out in time to be of use for the next winter. There is certainly for something of the kind, and we do not think it would interfere with the Curling Club; as it is now, there are five months—October, November, December, April and May,—when practically nothing to do,—there are plenty summer sports, supply for the winter, but the intermediate season—which in the is the longest—is entirely unprovided for. We hope some movement will be made towards filling this gap before the comes, at any rate.

The new skate put on the market by the Forbes' Manufacturing Company has become very popular. Everyone either is, or is-become, the happy possessor of a pair. The wide edge is a advantage over the narrow blade so far as figure skating is concerned. The arrangements for gripping the boots are so contrived that levers do not tend to curve the blade at all. At present the skate is manufactured only in steel. The company should consider the advisability of producing them in silver or nickel-plated metal. A rusty skate is the "abomination of desolation" (more so than the even), and to keep a steel skate free from rust is a task as hopeless as that of poor Sisyphus.

GABRIEL'S, 17 BUCKINGHAM ST.

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

TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the bet) 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

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 Moons

Musical.

ORPHEUS HALL.

- last night's Orpheus concert was the most enjoyable we have to for years. The programme was as follows:—
- 1. **HORUS** "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" *Chaliced.*
ORPHEUS CLUB WITH LADIES' AUXILIARY.
 - 2. **THE HUNGARIAN DANCES** *Brahms.*
ORPHEUS CLUB ORCHESTRA.
 - 3. **SONG** "The Shadow of the Cross," *Bacci.*
MR. J. B. CURRIE.
 - 4. **HORUS** "Day Break," Prize Part Song, Royal Albert Hall, Sept. 1, '85) *Gaul.*
ORPHEUS CLUB WITH LADIES' AUXILIARY.
 - 5. **SONG** "Sands of Dee," *Clay.*
MISS LOUIS LAINE.
 - 6. **VIOLIN SOLO** Concerto, "Larghetto et Rondo," *Beethoven.*
HERR HEINRICH KLINGENFELD.
Accompanied by MRS. M. WALLACE.
 - 7. **HORUS** "A Wedding March," *Soderstrom.*
LADIES' AUXILIARY.
 - 8. **SONG** "When we two parted," *Gaudey.*
DR. W. B. SLAYTER.
 - 9. **LORELEY** Unfinished Opera, Opus 98, *Mendelssohn.*
ORPHEUS CLUB WITH LADIES' AUXILIARY AND ORCHESTRA.
 - 10. **SOLO**, Lento MISS LOUISE LAINE.
 - 11. **GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.**

The arrangement is a truly artistic one, with the best at the top. The performances were all good—as they always are—by no means faultless. The Ladies' Auxiliary had chosen a piece that suited them perfectly. They have among them some very good low-toned voices, strong and mellow; in fact the only low in the chorus effect arises from the slightly metallic ring observable among the second trebles, which may be remedied by more solo practice. Herr Klingensfeld's execution is splendid, but cannot congratulate him on his choice of a piece,—it is more suited to an audience of violinists than to a mixed audience. We admire rather than enjoy it. Dr. Slayter sang strongly, but we fancied we detected signs of tiredness in his voice, which was as sweet as ever, none the less for that.

Miss Laine rendered the 'Sands of Dee' beautifully and as if she were in the 'Loreley' was worthy of a larger audience than Halitson can ever give. The 'Loreley' was the event of the evening, and well worth going to hear even without the rest of the programme. The 'Ave Maria' chorus and solo especially are very charming;—we came away full of regrets that they could not be extended. Miss Laine's voice is peculiarly well suited for those leading parts, that merge at times into the chorus and yet lead them and remain clear and distinct from them. Altogether we hope at some future date to see the 'Loreley' again on an Orpheus programme.

An entertainment, in aid of the Royal Artillery Recreation Fund, will be given in the Hall of the Orpheus Club, on Tuesday the 23rd, when the following programme will be gone through:—

- 1.—OVERTURE.....R. A. Musical Society.
- 2.—SONG,—“Polly”.....Capt. Mullins.
- 3.—JIG.....Gr. Blomfield.
- 4.—SONG,—Dutch Character.....Gr. Waters.
- 5.—RECITATION.....Q. M. S. Barrett.
(Gr. Shortle.
- 6.—MEDLEY.....Gr. Swan.
(Gr. McMasters.
- 7.—SONG,—“True till Death”.....Lieut. Elliot.

- 8.—SONG AND DANCE.....Gr. McMasters.
(Gr. Waters.
- 9.—SONG,—“Save a Sunny Smile for Me”.....Sergt. Hale.
- 10. SELECTION,—“Fairie Voices”.....R. A. Musical Society.
Followed by a performance by the R. A. Negro Minstrel Troupe.

The Ladies' Column.

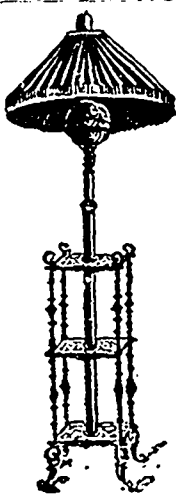
There seem to be more new departures this Christmas in the way of shoes than in any other part of a ladies dress. I have noticed particularly the gold shoes, cut low in front, with diamond buckles. The effect with black or white dresses is really very striking, and not in the least 'loud'. The velour leather—a soft material that looks like leather—makes a very pretty shoe with a little embroidering; and one of the nicest things in shoes I ever came across is a new sort of dull-coloured morocco, with oriental decorations.

There is a bedroom slipper that seems very much appreciated,—it is made of fine white leather, and arranged so that it can either be pulled up over the ankle, or folded down under the foot, looking just as well one way as the other.

A singular fashion that has lately obtained some little favour in New York, though hardly likely, I should say, to come into vogue in England, is to put the maid whose duty it is to open in the door into a sort of livery like a man-servant. She, of course, wears no cap, and her dress is dark green or black, the waist and the sleeve being trimmed with millitary bands of red braid.

One of the latest inventions, and, perhaps, one of the most ingenious, is an umbrella, the handle of which is to form a seat. This would be a most appropriate Christmas gift to any young lady fond of country walks.

The newest bath-perfume I have lately discovered is called "Sicilian Vespers," a few spoonfuls of which, added to a tub of warm water, will give you an idea of the luxuries of the Roman ladies in the days of the Fourth Empire. And apropos of this subject, an excellent and inexpensive way of perfuming your dresses is to sew into the bodice a tiny piece of peau d'espagne, which is a highly fragrant kind of kid, procurable at most of the best perfumers, which keeps its scent for a considerable time.



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Now is the time to select for XMAS.

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Stories about Halifax.

NO. 1.

MY SISTER AND SARAH BELMONT.

I.

Sarah was not the prettiest girl in Halifax, but no one received more attention. She was not clever, she did not always dress well, and she never read books; but she had that manner which seems to be born with many Nova Scotian girls, and which makes them "take." She was bright, good-humoured, and amusing; she could adopt herself to anyone, and any circumstances; she rarely said anything unkind; and she had a bright and ready smile.

She could not compare either in beauty or intelligence with my sister Hildegard, who was tall, dark, dignified, and preeminently a lady. One sometimes doubted if Sarah were *quite* a lady; she was occasionally a little vulgar, and always a little volatile. Still, she never wanted partners at dances or at the rink; she went to all the sleighing and tobogganing expeditions; she sang in the Orpheus, and she acted in all the amateur theatricals. Her name was coupled with those of various eligible young men,—Capt. Rankin, Mr. Sterling, Colonel Gibson—Lea, and others; "Gossip" had even announced in the *Mail* her engagement to the Hon. Philip Egerton, the A. D. C., but the report was afterwards contradicted.

In short, Sarah Belmont was as much admired as if she had been pretty; and when I made up my mind to marry, I at once thought of her. Not very decidedly at first, partly because I was not sure that I should ever love her, and partly because I doubted if she would ever marry me. She cared for me, I knew that. But I was only a civilian, and, at that time, not very well off.

Still, I thought of marriage. My sister Hildegard and I were alone in the world, and there was every probability that she would not be with me long. Major de Brie had not yet proposed, but there was no mistaking his intentions—and Hildegard loved him.

II.

I quite expected to hear of my sister's engagement after the dance at Mount Amelia. The crisis seemed, to be at hand; and I never saw Hildegard more grandly beautiful than she was that night. Sarah, too, was prettily attired and looking so well that I almost decided to propose to her.

With this thought in mind, I slipped quietly away (after I had taken the youngest Miss Primrose to her mother) and found a corner in which to meditate and make up my mind. It was a bay window, and curtains screened me from the drawing-room.

I could not help hearing the conversation which took place just beyond the curtains almost as soon as I had sat down. The voices were my sister's and Sarah Belmont's. The first words were trivial; then Sarah said quite coolly:

"Do you want Major de Brie, Hildegard?"

"Do I *want* him?" said my sister in a tone of mingled dignity and surprise. "What do you mean, Sarah?"

"I mean do you want him for yourself—to marry him. Because if you do not," she went on in the same cool tone, as if it were a new bonnet she was buying. "I think I would take him."

My sister was dumb with astonishment, but Sarah continued.

"I wouldn't for anything interfere, you know, Hildegard. I think it is dishonorable for one girl to try and spoil another's chances, especially when there are so many men. But they are not all equal to Major de Brie, that is looking at him all round. But if you want him, Hilda dear, just say so. You can have him."

"I don't know why you should think I want him, Sarah," my sister began in a voice that tried to be firm and was only proud.

"Precisely," Sarah broke in, "but I never did think so. Your means there is no reason why you should marry until you are quite ready. Still I thought it only fair to ask you beforehand; and now that I am sure you don't care, I think I will take him."

"Oh, yes, take him," my sister said hastily, in a voice of the bitterness was lost on Sarah, who only glided away with a saying, "Thanks, awfully," over her shoulder as she went.

III.

My sister never knew that I had heard that conversation. We drove home from Mount Amelia she was very quiet, and a sad, for she had seen how quietly and with what success a campaign was opened. Miss Belmont had begun at once without any apparent effort on her part, she had made de Brie principal partner throughout the rest of the evening.

It was the beginning of a long game, for I had resolved the spot to marry Sarah Belmont if I could. She was not my ideal wife, I despised her—but I was determined that possible de Brie should not be separated from my sister's happiness was dearer to me than my own.

To do Sarah justice she never seemed to exert herself to attract de Brie. She had that art, so perfect in Nova Scotian, of bringing everything she wished to pass without any intention on her part. She did nothing that I could see to him, and yet de Brie was more and more by her side; while my sister was at home forgotten.

No one could have been kinder to me than Sarah was at that time. Her tenderness was evident, and even when de Brie present she never gave me the cold shoulder, as some girls are said to do to civilians, when their chosen soldiers come upon the scene. For aught I could detect she was as bright and amiable with me as with him; and when I made my proposal I knew that I had the advantage that she loved me.

IV.

It was the evening of the Artillery picnic across the A. The sun had just set; the sea was motionless; the warm air filled with the shrill hum of the woodland things awakening the night. Maplewood, Emscote and Oaklands were just visible in the deepening twilight. Sarah and I were sitting alone on a large rock, at whose base the sea was "lapping" faintly. We spoke little when I said softly:

"Sarah, will you be my wife?"

She raised her eyes, which, as I could see even in the twilight, were brimming with tears.

"No, Arthur," she said simply.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I am engaged to Major de Brie."

My heart sank for Hildegard.

"Since when?" I asked.

"Just now. He asked me only an hour ago. O Arthur—"

But she could not go on. She broke down with a sob. She had ruined Hildegard's happiness, and she had deliberately turned her back upon her own.

V.

The wedding took place after Christmas, and Hildegard was bridesmaid. My sister never faltered, and no one suspected that she suffered. I alone know why she has never married.

And I alone know why since Sarah de Brie came home a year from India, pale, worn, poor, a widow with three children, my sister has been her truest and firmest comforter.

ARTHUR DROMHEAD

He: "I love you more than tongue can tell."

She (thoughtfully): "Suppose you put it in writing, George?"

WHAT ARE WOMEN MADE OF?

In the palmy days of childhood we were taught in the nursery jingle, and we implicitly believed, that little girls were made of

Sugar and spice,
And all that's nice.

But, growing older, we learned to our disappointment that they were produced from Adam's rib; and when we asked why woman was made of that particular bone, we were told because it was the most crooked in Adam's body. "Observe the result," preached Jean Raulin, in the beginning of the sixteenth century: "man composed of clay, is silent and ponderous; but woman gives evidence of her osseous origin by the rattle she keeps up. Move a sack of earth and it makes no noise; touch a bag of bones and you are deafened with the clitter-clatter." This observation did not fall to the ground; it was repeated by Gratian de Drusac in his "Contraversies des Sexes Masculin et Feminin," 1538. The learned in mediæval time did not spare woman. Jean Nevisan, professor of law at Turin, who died in 1540, is harder still on them in his "Sylva Nuptialis." Therein he audaciously asserts that woman was formed by the author of Good till the head had to be made, "Permisit Deus illud facere Jemonio." But the Rabbis are equally unsparing. They assert that when Eve had to be drawn from the side of Adam, she was not extracted by the head, lest she should be vain; nor by the eyes, lest they should be wanton; nor by the mouth, lest she should be given to tittle-tattle; nor by the ears, lest she should be inquisitive; nor by the hands, lest she should be meddling; nor by the feet, lest she should be a gadabout; nor by the heart, lest she should be jealous; but she was drawn forth by the side; yet, notwithstanding these precautions, she has every fault specially guarded against, because, being extracted sideways, she was perverse.

Another Rabbinical gloss on the text of Moses asserts that Adam was created double; that he and Eve were made back to back, united at the shoulders, and that they were severed with a hatchet. Eugubinus says that their bodies were united at the side. Antoinette Bourignon, that extraordinary mystic of the seventeenth century, had some strange visions of the primeval man and the birth of Eve. "The body of Adam," she says, "was more pure, translucent, and transparent than crystal, light and buoyant as air. In it were vessels and streams of light, which entered and exuded through the pores. The vessels were charged with liquors of various colours and intense brilliancy and transparency, some of these fluids were water, milk, wine, fire &c. Every motion of Adam's body produced ineffable harmonies. Every creature obeyed him; nothing could resist or injure him. He was taller than men of this time; his hair was short, curled, and approaching to black. He had a little down on his lower lip. In his stomach was a clear fluid, like water in a crystal bowl, in which tiny eggs developed themselves, like bubbles in wine, as he glowed with the ardour of divine charity; and when he strongly desired that others should unite with him in the work of praise, he hatched some of these eggs, and from one of them emerged his consort Eve."

The inhabitants of Madagascar have a strange myth touching the origin of woman. They say that the first man was created of dust of the earth, and was placed in a garden, where he was subject to none of the ills which now afflict mortality; he was also free from all bodily appetites, and, though surrounded by delicious fruits and limpid streams, yet felt no desire to taste of the fruit or quaff the water. The Creator had, moreover, strictly forbidden him either to eat or to drink. The great enemy, however, came to him, and painted to him in glowing colours the sweetness of the apple, the lusciousness of the date, and the succulence of the orange. In vain; the first man remembered the command laid upon him by his maker. Then the fiend assumed the appearance of an effulgent spirit, and pretended to be a messenger from heaven commanding him to eat and drink. The man at once obeyed. Shortly after a pimple

appeared on his leg; the spot enlarged into a tumor, which increased in size and caused him considerable annoyance. At the end of six months it burst, and there emerged from the limb a beautiful girl. The father of all living turned her this way and that way, sorely perplexed, and uncertain whether to pitch her into the water or give her to the pigs, when a messenger from heaven appeared, and told him to let her run about the garden till she was of a marriageable age, and then to take her to himself as a wife. He obeyed. He called her Bahouna, and she became the mother of all races of men.

There seems to be some uncertainty as to the size of our great mother. The French orientalist, Henrion, member of the Academy, however, fixed it with a precision satisfactory, at least to himself. He gives the following table of the relative heights of several eminent historical personages:—

Adam was precisely	123 feet 9 inches high.
Eve.....	118 " 9.75 in. "
Noah.....	103 " "
Abraham.....	27 " "
Moses.....	13 " "
Hercules... ..	10 " "
Alexander.....	6 " "
Julius Caesar.. . .	5 " "

It is interesting to have the height of Eve to the decimal of an inch. It must, however, be stated that the measures of the traditional tomb of Eve at Jeddah give her a much greater stature. "On entering the great gate of the cemetery, one observes on the left a little wall three feet high, forming a square of ten to twelve feet. There lies the head of our first mother. In the middle of the cemetery is sort of cupola, where reposes the middle of her body, and at the other extremity, near the door of egress, is another little wall, also three feet high, forming a lozenge-shaped enclosure; there are her feet. In this place is a large piece of cloth, whereon the faithful deposit their offerings, which serve for the maintenance of a constant burning of perfumes over the midst of her body. The distance between her head and feet is 400 feet. How we have shrunk since the creation!"

But to return to the substance of which woman was made. This is a point on which the various cosmogonies of nations widely differ. Probably the discoverers of these cosmogonies were men, for they seldom give to woman a very distinguished origin. But then the poets make it up to her. "Nature," the singer of the land of cakes tell us,

"Her prentice man
First tried on man,
And then she made the lassos, O."

Guillaume de Salluste du Bastas (b. 1544; d. 1590), composed a lengthy poem on the Creation, in which he does ample justice to the ladies. His poem was translated into Latin by Dumonin (Joan. ed. Dumonin; Beresithias, sive Mundi Creatio, ex Gallico Sallusti da Bastas expressa. Parisiis, 1579), and into German, Spanish, Italian, and English. A specimen will suffice:—

The mother of mortals in herself doth combine
The charms of an Adam, and graces all Divine,
Her tint his surpasses, her brow is more fair,
Her eye twinkles brighter, more lustrous her hair;
Far sweeter her utterance, her chin is quite smooth,
Dream of Beauty incarnate, a lover and a love!

Our own Milton has done poor Eve justice in lines which need not quotation. Pygmalion, says the classic story, which is really a Phœnician myth of creation, made a woman of marble or ivory, and Aphrodite, in answer to his prayers, endowed the statue with life. We do not believe it. No woman was ever marble. She may seem hard and cold, but she only requires a sturdy male voice to bid her,

Descend, be stone no more!

to show the marble appearance was put on, and that she is, and ever was, genuine palpitating flesh and blood. Hesiod gives a

widely different account of the creation of woman. According to him, she was sent in mockery by Zeus to be a scourge to man:

The Site who rules the earth and sways the pole
Had spoken; laughter fill'd his secret soul:
He bade the crippled god his best obey,
And mould with tempering water plastic clay.
With human nerve and human voice invest
The limbs elastic and the breathing breast:
Fair as the blooming goddesses above,
A virgin's likeness with the looks of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that sheds
A thousand colours in the gliding threads:
He call'd the magic of love's golden queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien,
An eager passion's never-sated flame,
And eaves of dress that prey upon the frame:
Bade Hermes last endue, with craft refined
Of treacherous manners, and a shameless mind."
Hesiod, Egt., 61-79.

NEW YORK LETTER.

My Dear Mr. Editor:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 15, 1890.—Charity begins at home, saith the proverb, and I have been so engrossed with my own little affairs since, like a microscopic drop of water, I fell into this vast and restless Ocean of Humanity yeleft Gotham, that I have not yet had time to attend to any other business. My proposed interview with Ward McAllister must, therefore, much against my will be deferred for a more propitious occasion, and meantime I shall have to content myself with improving the few brief minutes at my disposal in gleaning from the latest issues of the local society press, a handful of items that I trust may prove of interest to your readers.

A tout Seigneur tout honneur, and it is therefore nothing but reasonable that I should fully yield precedence to the illustrious author of "Society as I found it."

Someone has mentioned that Ward McAllister is to New York society what Sitting Bull is to the Sioux Indians. This is very rough on Bull, and I would not blame the copper tinted savage if he came east and began suit for libel against the originator of the comparison. We must draw the line somewhere in our persecution of the poor red man. Let us, if necessary, drive him into the vortex of the blizzard; let us forbid him to reside anywhere except on frozen lakes; let us compel him to live on spruce gum and snow balls; but do not say that he is barbarian enough to have written "Society As I Have Found It."

Mrs. John Sherwood, who, as everybody knows, thoroughly understands society, its etiquette, its manners and its morals, and who was born and bred and has lived in the best sets on both sides of the Atlantic, is, I observe, about to publish a book on the "Art of Entertaining." As an outcome of the experience of a woman of Mrs. Sherwood's sort, the work in question should be very valuable to all uninstructed people in the great art of making one's fellow-creatures comfortable. As a contrast to that of Mr. McAllister, Mrs. Sherwood's publication will be effective in the way of showing the difference between the notions of a social cad and the ideas of a lady.

The engagement, just announced, of Mr Erastus Wiman's youngest daughter, Mattie, to Mr. Jacob Cram, of New York, completes a trio of matrimonial alliances calculated to delight the heart of any parental Canadian. The young people of Canada

may well look forward with an awakened hope to a better relation with this country when the children of the most distinguished advocate of reciprocity find a fate so attractive in the United States. The bride elect has shone resplendent in Staten Island society. She is a fearless horse-woman and a *litterateur* of no mean ability. Mr. Cram is connected with some of the oldest New York families, and has inherited largely of this world's goods. The young people, I hear, will set up an establishment in this city.

I heard a story a few days ago of a certain fair divorcee, whose conduct since her domestic estrangement has not been above reproach; but, like a few others of her sex, she is apparently blind to the judgment that is passed on such bold proceedings. Being reminded by a friend (another woman, of course), that in keeping up her open flirtations she would become utterly ostracised, she replied: "Certainly not! I never permit myself to notice any man outside the Union Club!" As this club has an enormous membership, her exclusiveness is to be appreciated. She reminds me of the soubrette who refused to marry her honest suitor on the grounds that she was true to the Twenty-second Regiment!

This idea of publishing a list of wedding presents previous to the ceremony, is rather vulgar, and I doubt if it will be taken up by any people of good taste. Afterwards when the young people are safely off on their wedding trip, the publishing of the various cake baskets, tiaras, pins, crescents and cheque will do very well, but before the occasion it savors strongly of begging—especially since the list must have been written out. Our trousseaus are now written up after the fashion of the German Princess, but I observe with pleasure that the underclothes are not yet put on exhibit in shop windows, and the doting bridegroom has yet a few privileges apart from his valet and tailor, not to mention the gamins who always swarm about the scene of such an exhibit.

I'll wind up with the latest society jokes:—

Editor—Hello, what's this—a dialect poem?

Poet—No; a society balled in McAllister English.

Burke—Is she of ancient birth?

Smirke—Not so far as her family is concerned, but personally, yes.

Fair but False—A blonde wig.

Maud—Jack told me last night that you seemed like a flower to him.

Ethel—(blushing)—What kind of a flower?

Maud—(spitefully)—An artificial one, I fancy.

Yours devotedly,

FRANK SHEARS.

Octogenarian peer, with several rich livings in his gift, to young curate who has just announced to his Lordship his engagement to a rich widow: "My dear boy, what are you thinking about? Why d— it all, the woman's sixty if she's a day. You can't love her." Young curate, casting his eyes sanctimoniously up to the ceiling: "Ah, my lord, I have loved her for years." "More, shame to you then. It's not a year since her husband died." Collapse of the curate. Fact.

HALIFAX PIANO AND ORGAN CO.,

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Our Society

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10TH, 1890.

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.

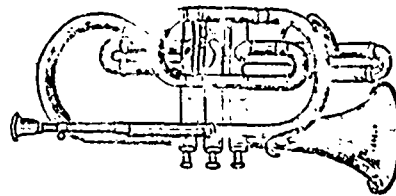
Subscription \$2.40 per annum, post free.

H. BRADFORD.
Business Editor.

WE are supposed to make our appearance on Friday afternoon, but the first two numbers were not ready for press till somewhere about midnight, so some of our subscribers received their copies a little late. We hope you will bear with such irregularities yet a little while, till we get the columns into something like ship-shape. In a week or two, at any rate, when we know better what matter to rely on getting, we shall manage to be "on time": and subscribers will get their papers straight from the press.

WHAT about next week? There's the rub, indeed! Christmas Day comes on Thursday, and OUR SOCIETY ought to come on Friday, but alas! What about the printers? When it comes to Temperance versus Christmas, we don't care to stake our existence—even for one week—on the issue. It would have been very nice to get up a magnificent Christmas number in the latest style, with full-page illustrations and plenty of ads., but we are overcome by youthful modesty, and the prospect of much plumpudding. We will try and give you something readable—at all events:—plenty of good stories, and whatever Christmas gossip may be afloat. You will have got through all the "swells" by the time we reach you—which may be Saturday night, or again may be Monday morning, according to the state of mind of the printers aforesaid—and will want a nice little tale or two to carry you on to the New Year.

Is anyone still grumbling at the amount of his 5-cents worth? Alack! and alas! but we can do no more for him.



A. E. JONES & Co.,
IMPORTER OF
Music & Musical Instruments
No. 88 Barrington St., Halifax.
(OPP. A. STEPHEN & COY.)

WE have to expostulate! Already anonymous contributions are coming to hand (not subscriptions,—we don't object to those), and we must really insist on a certain amount of confidence being placed in us. Of course the names will not be published unless desired, and need not go further than the Business Editor, but it is a bad precedent to start suppressing them altogether.

THERE were great political doings yesterday, and eminent politicians were in Hollis St. as the grass that grows (or once did grow). Alas! again: it is a game we do not understand. Nevertheless we had serious thoughts of a special number.

OUR CABBIES.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," is a good old maxim much appreciated by cabbies: one that they diligently observe themselves, and try very hard to impress on their unsuspecting "fares." Not that we can blame them in the least, as the average "fare" has quite as little consideration for the cabby's rheumatism as the cabby has for the fare's pocket. What a lot of breath would be saved if everyone took the trouble to understand even the first principles of the cab tariff, which is, on the whole, a very fair one.

For instance, the stoutest man in Halifax can drive from the Parade to Studley for 30 cents,—a small object to a thirsty man: and to the Rink for 25 cents, or to the head of the Arm for 45 cents. And back again for half the sum.

After midnight, "the fares shall be as parties may agree," but even here there is a saving clause,— "not however, to exceed double fare." Which amounts to this,—you can "cab" it to a lance anything under a mile, order your cab any time you like in the small hours of the morning, keep it waiting anything under a quarter of an hour, and return direct home therein, for 75 cents. But if you order your cab at 10 o'clock and don't leave the ball-room till 3.30 (which seems the correct thing,) the cabby has a perfect right to ask \$2.10, and another 15 cents if you look in at a friend's for a last whiskey and soda on the way home. And should your wife be with you, you are let in for yet another 75 cents. When you come to look into the thing, perhaps cabby doesn't *always* ask much more than he has a right to, after all!

Considered as a branch of the Higher Mathematics, the subject is decidedly interesting, and there is really room for a good textbook on the cab calculus. It is capable of developing some very fine problems:—we will treat you to a short easy paper one of these days, by way of a start, but you had better secure a good coach (no joke) in the meantime.

One thing you should never forget,—it is written in the laws of humanity, if not in the legal code:—when you come out from a dance and find the temperature anyth. below zero, cabby has a perfect right to expect "a little something"—if only a whiskey-toddy in excess of his fare.

A. & W. MACKINLAY,

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

WESTMINSTER VELLUM NOTE PAPER.	BASSENDEN VELLUM " PAPER.	WEDDING CARDS & PAPER.	INVITATION CARDS
CANVAS & GREY CALICO	ROYAL IRISH LINEN	CAKE BOXES.	BALL PROGRAMME
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ENVELOPES TO MATCH THE ABOVE.		CARD CASES.	

Visiting Cards printed from Plato.

137 GRANVILLE STREET.

Crests and Monograms stamped in Colors.

BLONDIN'S ADVENTURE.

A THRILLING INCIDENT OF THE TIGHT ROPE.

"ABOUT twenty-five years ago I was called by business to a northern town, and while there Blondin, the celebrated rope-walker, advertised to perform one evening. The place selected was the theatre—the only one in the town—a large building capable of seating about two thousand people.

"Though I had often seen the man before, I went to the theatre that evening in order to while away a few hours, as I was a stranger in a strange place. The house was crowded from pit to dome.

"A rope was stretched across near the stage, between the two topmost side galleries, and made steady by guys, or long ropes which were attached to it at intervals and fastened behind the flies.

"On this narrow causeway the nimble athlete made several journeys, dancing, running, hopping on one foot, crawling on his knees, walking with jugs of water upon his shoulders, and various other things which I now forget.

"But now the crowning feat was to take place. He was to trundle a wheel-barrow across, which was to contain his baby, a little boy of 10 months, I was told.

"This was, in many respects, the most difficult performance he had undertaken. In the first place, both hands would be occupied with the handles of the wheelbarrow, while in his other performances they were at liberty to maintain his balance.

"Before, he had only himself to look after, and now he had another, and that other his own child.

"So, altogether, the audience comprehended this to be an undertaking which above all others would tax his coolness and steadiness of nerves most severely, and our nerves thrilled in sympathy with the daring father as he appeared at one end of the rope. The wheelbarrow was of pasteboard; but the baby was not. A fat, rosy little fellow, who greeted the audience with a laugh of delight as he looked down upon them from his airy perch.

"You might have heard a pin fall, as the saying is, when the couple commenced their perilous passage; not a sound but the cooing and crowing of the baby. Slowly but surely the frail vehicle, with its trusting little passenger, glided along the rope. We held our breath and felt it would be a relief when they effected a safe landing on the other side.

"The tension on the nerves of the spectators was something almost painful. Two-thirds of the journey was made, when suddenly there was a pause—a hitch somewhere—something seemed to impede the single wheel of the barrow. Slowly the man drew it towards him and tried again; but there was evidently something in the way.

"A moment's observation revealed the impediment. One of the guys, where it was attached to the main rope, made a clumsy knot, and over this the grooved wheel refused to pass.

"Again and again Blondin drew the barrow back and attempted to surmount the obstacle, but in vain; while the child, delighted with the seesaw movement, crowed more loudly than ever, little conscious that it was on the very brink of death.

"Finding it impossible to proceed, the man ceased his efforts, and stood perfectly still; that is, he did not attempt to advance, but all his powers were now concentrated on the desperate endeavour to maintain his balance, a thing far more difficult to do while stationary than while in motion.

"Forty feet below, a sea of faces looked up with parted lips and straining eyes, but there was a death-like stillness. I have wondered since that none of the women screamed or fainted.

"It must have been that an instinctive sense of the inevitable result of any disturbing sound on our part kept us all so quiet. No man looked at or thought of his neighbour, but every eye was riveted upon the brave man far above our heads, who stood like a statue, I was about to say, but for the gentle oscillation of his body

from side to side, and the terrible look in his eyes, as though his very soul would leap therefrom.

"Vividly printed on my memory I see him now. On his legs and arms, which were bare, the veins stood out like cords.

"He did not, perhaps dared not, turn his head, while his eyes, which seemed bursting from his head, never left the pathway of rope before him.

"I could not tell whether the swaying of the body was voluntary or involuntary; the former, probably, in order to better maintain his balance. Now was the moment when his long training, his iron nerve, his strength of muscle, his coolness and presence of mind must come to the rescue.

"I wonder what passed in the man's mind; he knew he was powerless to help himself; would or could anyone help him? With every motion of his body we expected to see them precipitated upon the floor below. A hair's breadth more to the right or left and the balance would be lost, the man and babe dashed to the ground. That fierce grasp, that iron nerve, must give way at last.

"It seemed ages that we gazed at that swaying figure with the desperate look in his eyes. Oh, would no one save them? How could they be rescued?

"But help comes at last. All praise to the pluck which conceived the plan, and the strong limbs which carried it out. Slowly and continuously a form comes creeping, creeping, dragging itself full length along one of the guys—the same treacherous rope which had wrought the terrible situation—on to where the child sits laughing in its father's face.

"How gently must the rescuer advance, lest his motion be conveyed to the main rope. Flat upon his stomach, hand over hand, foot over foot, he comes.

"He is within reach of them—he stretches his hand—but here the babe, taking notice of him, laughs and leaps a little towards him; the barrow gives a fearful sway—Blondin almost reels to one side. Merciful God! Will they be killed just as help is near? But no; Blondin recovers himself just as the brave rescuer grasps the wheel with one hand while he hangs suspended with the other to the main rope.

"Carefully, slowly, he lifts it—surely his muscle and nerve equal Blondin's!—places it beyond the bungling knot, and father and child glide swiftly on their way.

"A murmur, like the wind among the trees, goes through the audience, but they wisely refrain from cheering till the few feet of ropewalk are passed over and father and child land safely in the gallery, while their brave rescuer swings himself along the guy to the stage.

"Then such a cheer went up as would have made your hearts leap to hear. Women cried and screamed and went into hysterics, and men hurraed till they became hoarse.

"Blondin stood in the gallery with his child in his arms, bowing to us with a smile on his lips, though his face was white as death.

"I know every woman wanted to kiss that baby, and I felt as though I would like to hug that dauntless father and the brave fellow who came to their rescue.

"He didn't attempt the passage back, as was in his bills, you may be sure, but soon took himself and child from our view, while we dispersed in a rather discomposed, but wholly delighted and excited manner."

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H. E. FAMILY ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

Provincial Notes.

KENTVILLE.

(Continued) We find it hard enough sometimes, unless we send a handsome basket to all the most prominent social people in the town, to get our own score treated with that veneration that it should naturally command. "Mais revenons a nos moutons," as the wolf said to her cubs. The past season has been one of exceptional brilliancy, socially, in Kentville, and everything at present points towards Kentville shortly taking the position that belongs to her among those towns that consider birth, breeding and social "savoir faire," as essential to success in their own little "beau monde." So long as absolutely unfounded reports concerning the sayings and doings of the members of the Football club are allowed to be made and passed without vigorous protest by the Wanderers committee, so long are misunderstandings likely to arise. For ourselves we can only say that we were more than pleased with our treatment by the representative Halifax club while we were down, and we can only regret that altogether unfounded rumours should have been circulated in our absence; the rumours so unjustly circulated were as unfair to the Wanderers as to ourselves. If this weather continues, the Christmas season this year bids fair to be gayer than ever before. Rumour says that one of our most enthusiastic fishermen has found something more attractive, upon the south shore, than either trout or salmon, and that our local estate agents have been commissioned to draw up plans for a comfortable home for two; but dame rumour was ever a fickle jade.

KENTVILLE Dec. 16th —I have not got much news for you this week, I am sorry to say; however, here goes. We are to have a rink here at last, owing to the enterprise of our sporting citizen Mr. F. Wiltshire, and we believe it is his intention to open it, W. P., on Christmas Eve. This will tend to make things considerably more lively than they have been in past winters.

Mr and Mrs. Barnett intend giving one of their enjoyable musical evenings the day after Christmas, and a great treat is in those for all those fortunate enough to have received invitations.

Miss Gertrude Brock will probably be away in Omaha all the winter, where she has gone to visit her brother.

Many of our young people are eagerly looking for a little more snow; we hear that several sleighing parties have been talked over as soon as the roads get in good condition; from present indications it is probable we are in for a good old-fashioned winter, and should this prove to be the case, the social outlook will doubtless brighten considerably before long.

Mr. T. P. Calkin is back from Prince Edward Island bringing with him a life partner; we wish them both every happiness.

Sporting matters are practically at a standstill, but we hear that under the able tuition of Clarence Jordan, some of the rising generation are rapidly learning to handle the gloves in first rate style, and we are glad to see that the manly art seems to have come to stay.

WINDSOR.—We have had some glorious sleighing weather during the past week. In addition to the many private "turn-outs" there were numbers of hired sleighs, which together filled the air with the joyous music of their chiming bells. Mr. Clarence Dimock's tandem has been especially noticed and elicited much favourable comment.

We have had no dances for a long season, but there have been several very small social gatherings lately, which the select few say have been very enjoyable.

Mrs. Sherman, from New Brunswick, has been visiting her father during his recent illness. We are glad to see Mr. Goudge out once again.

The Reverend H. M. Baum, editor of the "Church Review," of New York, had the degree of D. C. L. conferred on him at a special convocation held at King's College, Saturday, the 13th inst. During Dr. Baum's visit he preached in the College Chapel and in the Parish Church. He was the guest of Professor Hind at Sunnyside.

Miss Machin, the lady Principal of the new Church School for girls, has arrived, accompanied by one of the staff of governesses, Miss Isabel S. Ridd. The French governess, with six Quebec pupils, is expected shortly.

Professor Butler, of King's College, left for a flying trip to England on Saturday last. He hopes to return shortly after next term opens.

The Rev. Dr and Mrs. Willets intend spending the Christmas vacation near Montreal.

The Collegiate School broke up for the holidays last Tuesday and Michaelmas term ends at the College towards the close of the week.

The news of the sudden death of Mr. George Wilson Sunday night was received with much regret. Mrs. and the Miss Wilsons have the deep sympathy of the community.

LIVERPOOL.—The ladies of Trinity church held a bazaar last week in aid of the fund for procuring a new organ for the church. The bazaar with its supplement of "hot supper" realized quite a nice little sum to add to the fund, thanks to the energy of the Misses Forbes, the Miss McLean et alii.

In county parishes "hot suppers" are the main stays of any fund-raising function.

The ladies of the Methodist church hold their Christmas tea-meeting this week.

Miss Agnew and Miss Edith Nichols left here on Wednesday 17th, on a visit to Windsor friends. Miss Edith Nichols goes to the Church school at Edgehill.

An old landmark—the "Graham House," has been sold, and to be removed.

Mrs. Henry Tupper, of Milton died on Wednesday. She was a great favorite and will be much missed, especially in musical circles.



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THE ALARM BELL.

A STORY FROM A DETECTIVE'S NOTE BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

We met again after twenty years. One glance told me that I had found my man. From my seat in the front row of the pit I looked up at the second tier of boxes; and in the third on the left-hand side I saw Captain Garden. How the memory of the man's villainy enraged me!

Twenty years ago he and I had parted. I was young and foolish, a wild impetuous boy; then; he was a skilled gambler, a man alive to every trick that is included in the scoundrel's art, and he had robbed me—had robbed me of every penny of the twenty thousand pounds left me by my father.

I had sworn on that ever-to-be-remembered night that I would be revenged, but he had only scoffed. I was a beggar; he was rich, with my money—a knave, a scoundrel. What, then, had he to fear from me? Ah, what?

I will tell you in a word: I had become a detective, and was reckoned—in the hour when I sat in the pit and looked up at the vagabond in the private box—one of the smartest men at Scotland Yard.

Yes, that was the change that you never expected, *cher ami* Captain Garden. The world is very small. Little thought you that the man you had robbed and left a beggar should be the one chosen of all others to bring you to book. Little thought you that on the very morning of that day the mother of your latest dupe, Maurice Sandaway, had come to me to say:

"Rescue my boy from the toils of this man; save his fortune and his name!"

And I had sworn to do it; and so I sat and looked up at the box, and saw that you were acting as of old time; that the poor boy you were about to rob sat at your side and believed in your fine ways and your fine feathers, as I had believed in them twenty years ago.

Had I a plan? my reader asks; and I say, Yes. Leaving the pit after the first act of the opera, I mounted the grand staircase, knocked at the door of the box wherein I had seen the Captain, and deliberately entered. He looked at me; his face turned white, then red. I began to salute him, but ere I could say a word he took me by the arm, led me outside the box, and then only returned my greeting.

"I am really delighted to see you," he said, "but I wanted to tell you that for family reasons I have changed my name. I am no longer called Captain Garden; I am now known as Major Merton."

"Ah, I understand. These things are necessary sometimes. But, my dear fellow, I have something to tell you also. My brother has just died in the West Indies, and has left me 30,000*l.* Twenty years ago, Gar—I beg your pardon—Merton, it was your turn; don't you think you would like to give me my revenge?"

His whole face lighted with a diabolical smile as he heard my words.

"Thirty thousand pounds," he repeated, "by Jove! Of course you shall have your revenge. Let me see: we are to have a big night at the club on Wednesday. Come in and see if your luck has changed. If I trust you with the password, it will never escape your lips, of course. The word is simple. Get out of your cab by the fire-engine station, pass down the passage on the left, knock four times on the little green door and say, 'Impair.' The boys will be delighted to see you, and I hope you will have an innings this time. We can trust you, of course."

Fool! he was trusting one of the smartest detectives in the whole of London.

The Philharmonic Society is becoming a very popular institution. The season has opened auspiciously and it is hoped that the club may give out two concerts during the winter. There is a very considerable amount of musical talent in Windsor, and the existence of such a society as this is much appreciated. There are also two literary clubs in town, one for the study of the German the other for the study of the French language. This latter *club* is under the guidance of Mr. Evans, late of the Berlitz school of languages, and now one of the staff of our Collegiate School.

Windsor is on the *qui vive* for the opening for the Church school for 1895, which takes place early in the new year. Extensive alterations have been made in the building at Edgell, and we understand a new commodious wing is to be added early in the spring. Applications for admission are coming in very fast from all parts of Canada, and the work has been subscribed for right merrily. The beautiful site that Edgell occupies has made a favorable impression on visitors, and the view from the cupola of the building is magnificent. The grounds themselves are laid out in beautiful terraces, and lawns, and possess most unrivalled advantages for tennis or croquet. The whole property is surrounded by a fine spruce hedge which the directors, in their circulars, assure prudent Mammias is 10 feet high.

BEDFORD.—Mrs. Bagot and family, and Mrs. A. W. Browne and family, are going to spend the winter here. Mr. and Mrs. C. Lundy are still with us.

Rt. Hon. D. E. A. R. Santa Claus has notified the proprietor that he will be in Bedford Christmas Eve.

There has been capital skating and sleighing during the week. Six members of the Commercial Travellers Association dine here Monday next, and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Twining have a family dinner on Christmas day.

J. C. MORRISON.

YARMOUTH. Mrs. T. V. M. Bingay, Jr., held a Musicales at her residence, William St., for the parents and friends of her Pupils, Mrs. Bingay is to be congratulated on her success as a teacher.

Mrs. T. N. Johns, gave the young people a dance last Thursday evening which was unanimously voted a great success.

Some of the Milton ladies have formed a Reading Club, and intend making a trip to Europe through its medium. Possibly they may fall in with the party who intends visiting Jerusalem.

The Japanese Auction seems now like a fitful dream, where we sat right after night with aching heads, and trembling limbs, watching our gains after bargain, ruthlessly borne from our grasp by a longer purse and louder voice, while we tore savagely home bearing as trophies a frog, a skeleton and a box of monkeys. It however, formed a mild dissipation for the married ladies, who are not too gay this winter.

Capt. T. R. Jolly, of the Yarmouth Battery of Garrison Artillery is being promoted to the rank of Major. Major Jolly is very popular with his men.

We are having a typical Canadian winter, sleighing, skating, and for the smaller ones splendid coasting.

Notwithstanding the severe weather the usual blue-berry blossoms and Mayflowers are being laid on the tables of the Editors. Surely they must have been left from last year!

"Joux," said the cashier's wife, dropping into the bank in the midst of a shopping trip, "you forgot to leave me that money this morning." "What name?" asked the cashier. "Name—name!" exclaimed the lady, "I am your wife." "No doubt," answered the cashier mechanically, and going on with his writing; "but you will have to bring some one to identify you."



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OUR SOCIETY

CHAPTER II.

Early next morning I left my house and took a cab to Bond street. My mission was to see Morrice Sandaway, and I found him at breakfast; but as I sent up word by his man to say that a gentleman wished to see him on business of vital importance, he consented to the interview.

It was a cosy room, furnished as all bachelors' rooms are. There were photos and nicknacks lying about, books, magazines, papers, and wine-bottles on the sideboard; and I saw with regret that the silly boy was drinking claret even with his breakfast.

When I came in he sat back in his chair with a listless air, and asked me, with a yawn, what I wanted.

"I want two words," I answered, "if it is not a liberty. Do you meet Major Merton at the club on Wednesday?"

He blushed scarlet at the suggestion, and answered:

"What business is that of yours?"

"Every business," I answered, "as one who comes here wishing to be your friend."

"I will hear nothing against Major Merton, sir; understand that."

"Of course; it is not my intention to reflect on one who is doubtless so worthy" (he winced at the satire), "but, as one who has known the Major for a long time, and who, no matter how, has come to have your interests very much at heart, may I advise you to take a simple precaution on that evening?"

He nodded assent, and I went on.

"You are, I believe, to play for large stakes, and much money will change hands in the course of the night? Now, while I sincerely hope that you will win, it occurs to me that, before you play, you should ask Major Merton to put on the table in notes or gold a sum equal to that which you bring with you. You will see that I am advising you to adopt a common and business-like precaution, and I am sure that that will give no offence."

He thought for some minutes, and evidently debated the matter in his mind. Then he turned to me, and, shaking my hand, gratefully said:

"It is very kind of you, and I will certainly see that the money is staked as you advise."

I left him, chuckling, and confident.

What was my object in taking this measure, you ask, and again I tell you shortly. I had learned that Merton was much pressed for money; still more, I learnt that he was suspected of being a forger, and I knew that were he asked to produce a large sum of money he would produce forged notes; and so, as we could not imprison him for gambling, he would fall into my hands on one of the most serious charges known to the law.

That is why I chuckled, as returning to Scotland Yard, I ordered twenty men before me, and gave them instructions for the Wednesday on which so much depended.

CHAPTER III.

Precisely at eight o'clock on the great night I drove to Covent Garden, and gave the password at the door of the club.

The day before I had contrived that a plan of the whole place should be in my hands; and, more than this, I knew their danger signal, which was four bells for "all right," three for alarm.

Need I say that I carried my life in my hands, that I was well armed with a good Colt, that I knew the least hurry or premature action would mean death, and would allow the robbers to escape down their secret staircase, of the existence of which I knew, though I had been unable to discover the locality.

When I entered the room play was going on briskly, on a big table covered with green cloth. Twenty villainous-looking desperadoes sat around, and amongst them was the lamb Morrice. He had just asked that Merton should stake ten thousand pounds, and the proposal was scoffed at and derided. Then they appealed to me, and I answered, "It is only fair."

Angry words succeeded, and, Morrice at length refusing to play, Merton said that the money should be forthcoming, and he

left the room, returning at the end of ten minutes' time, when he produced a great bundle of notes; and my heart bounded, for I knew that they were forgeries.

For awhile after this play went on most briskly. They asked me to join; but I said, "Presently," and so was allowed to sit in a big arm-chair. With suppressed excitement straining every nerve, I watched the minutes go by, and awaited my time.

After an hour's play Morrice began to lose very rapidly, and a pallor overspread his features, while grim desire and ferocity were marked in the faces of his foes.

Ah! their time has nearly come.

You see, had I at once made a *coup*, and whistled for constables who were about the building — they had not entered for I had given them orders not to do so until one o'clock — the men could have seized the forged notes, shot me, and let me down the secret staircase, and all would have been lost. It was absolutely necessary that I should wait until I had a chance of fingering the notes, and getting them, on some pretext or other, into my hands for a moment.

At one o'clock play was so keen that the men were silent with excitement, and in the silence a slight noise was heard down the stairs.

"What was that?" said Merton appealing to me, and I answered:

"I heard nothing."

"Sound the alarm," he said, and then with pale faces he listened while the bell sounded, once, twice, three, four, five, six. "Safe!" said Merton, as he sighed with relief. Fool! the money was rung by my own officers.

Knowing that the great crisis was nearly at hand, I still tended to be uneasy at the sound, and as if wishing to listen, I walked slowly to the door, and put my head round the edge. As is the habit of those who would hear very distinctly.

The hour was truly at hand. An enormous heap of gold notes lay on the table, and the ball began to spin in the basin. Morrice was as pale as a sheet, his teeth were clenched, his hands shook with excitement, his eyes were bloodshot, while he could hear the deep breathing of the others. Slowly the little number came to a rest; twenty eager eyes gazed at the number. A shout went up. Morrice had lost, and with a cry of rage and despair he rose from the table and turned on Merton.

"Scoundrel," he cried, "thief, and robber! you have brought me here to ruin, i.e., to turn me away a beggar and a pauper whom I have trusted."

The gamblers laughed at the words, which seemed to comfort them.

"If we have won," said Merton, as a fiendish smile lighted his eyes, "if we have plucked a pigeon, it is our good fortune rather than reproach us, go and do the same: find a pigeon and pluck him, as we have plucked you."

These cruel words enraged Morrice beyond all restraint. He uttered a cry as of a wild beast he sprang at Merton's throat, and I saw that my time had come. Stepping up to the table in the confusion, I clutched a handful of the forged notes, and cried:

"Gentlemen, one word. As a disinterested spectator, it is my opinion to me that Mr. Morrice Sandaway has not been fairly met here. On looking at these notes, I see that he could only have won with less and forged paper."

The interruption seemed to act on the heated men as nothing could have done; it had, in fact, hardly escaped my lips ere pistols flew up and were pointed at my head.

"Tear the notes from him!" screamed Merton, but with a sweet smile I stamped once on the floor, and ere the men could move, a posse of officers rushed into the room, while, with a shout, I sprang on Merton, and held him to the earth.

"Thief and forger!" I cried, "twenty years ago I swore that your hour should come, and it is now. Look at me, not at Woolfield any longer but, Inspector Woolfield of Scotland Yard, who has kept his oath, made by the boy and redeemed by the

OUR SOCIETY.

Correspondence.

THE GARRISON CHAPEL.

the Editor of "Our Society."

DEAR SIR,—In asking me to give a sketch of—I had almost said "interview"—the different places of public worship, and the several men that reign over them, I fear you are depending upon a broken reed, but nevertheless I am ready to do my best to please you.

By way of a start, I last Sunday visited the Garrison Chapel—on a purely architectural point of view, this building cannot claim to be a gigantic success, but before one has really time to get dissatisfied with the make and shape of the building, one hears the music of a military band approaching at the head of the gallant officers—yes, cynics, soldiers as a class are gallant, there are black legs in every class of life. Why is it that a military band appeals to one's senses so much more on a Sunday morning than at any other time?—Is it that when all the world seems at rest, we feel that these strains of music are a greater tribute to Him whose day it is?—

On entering the Chapel, I was courteously shewn a seat—*at the end*—Would that all those in charge of places of worship could read, mark, learn and inwardly digest those two words. Mr. Editor, I appeal to you, even though you are in your Sunday clothes a highly respectable looking member of society, has it not been your lot, when entering a strange church, to have to cut in at the fag end of a conversation, between two such important personages as the lady who deigns to open the pew doors, and the secretary of the local Blanket Society; something perhaps about the latest "dear departed," or the little weaknesses of the new catechist.

And having heard out this little diatribe, which has worked me up into a state of mind, which will not conduce to a proper appreciation of any sermon, however good—you are eventually shewn into a pew by the scandal-mongering cicerone;—the pew at the bye, is generally granted to your clothes, not to you.

I am more fortunate in this instance. I have been shewn into my pew, well in the front, and having taken the privilege of a grey haired Englishman enjoy, of—as some forward little girl said in Punch—"Smelling into their hats," I looked round and found myself at home! More especially did I feel this during the singing of the Litany and Commandments.

What a difference there is in the way these two parts of our service are read, and again, what a far greater difference in the way the responses are given. Here, these were both carried out as nearly as possible to perfection. The behaviour of the soldiers, in the way they bring forth as one voice "Good Lord deliver us," is worthy of imitation the world over. What is that I hear? "That's all right enough, but they are under orders; they must do it!" I answer; "You too are under orders, just as much as the men, or you would not go to a place of worship at all ordered by your conscience to go for your soul's good, or ordered by Mrs. Grundy, because it's the proper thing, or ordered by Dame Fashion, to shew off your "duck of a bonnet."

One thing struck me very forcibly at this service, viz: the scarcity of prayer books among the officers:—I presume they use the service so well, or is it that they keep these commodities with their handkerchiefs—up their sleeves?

And now in conclusion, a word as to the Chaplain now in attendance,—I can only say one thing to those who are under his spiritual command, and that is,—"Tho' I am no Lavater, yet I can discern certain traits of character in certain faces. Could you be in any trouble or bother, go straight to your chaplain, and he will not only give you that assistance, which you expect from him, but also sound common sense advice, of which you stand most in need.

It would have been well if some of these Deistical cum Atheistical cum Agnostical theorists had heard Mr. Lee's sermon on

Sunday last. He pointed out pretty conclusively, that, however we disbelieve in Hell, yet by our memories we make a very comfortable little one for ourselves every day in the week. In bidding adieu to the Garrison Chapel, I congratulate the soldiers on having such a man as the Rev. Norman Lee as their spiritual head.

UBIQUE.

To the Editor of "Our Society."

DEAR SIR.—May I ask in the interests of society in general, and my own well being in particular, whether the police have any power to restrict the use of sliding machines down the inclines of our principal streets? This Wednesday afternoon, I was the witness of a sight which I am sure our neighbour St. John would never have tolerated. Standing at the corner of Hollis and Sackville Streets, I saw some ladders, three, I think—tied together, the longest being at least 20 feet: the whole placed on double runners, while a man,—intrepid in his own opinion, utterly crazy in mine—sat on the foremost runner and guided the machine, which when passing me must have been going at the rate of between 30 and 40 miles per hour. Now, sir, I appeal to your common sense, what chance has any object, that happens to come in the way of this infernal machine? Is this not a case where the agents of the different Accidental Insurance Companies might enter a protest? Yours truly,

CITIZEN.

N. B.—I forgot to mention that two policemen were looking on at the time.

A REJECTED ADVERTISEMENT.

(The following ad., sent to us for insertion by an Upper Canada Journal, was declined with thanks, as we have our doubts as to its genuineness.)

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You can enter for this competition, reader, you may win the prize. Think of it! You will be a Baron for life, and at your death the title will descend to all your sons.

We have made arrangements with the American German Titles Company of New York, to grant the hereditary title of Baron von some little German town, to the lucky winner of this the greatest prize on earth. The title is guaranteed to be genuine, the papers to be in order. It is finished in the highest style of workmanship, and fitted with all modern conveniences. The customs duty will be paid by us; a sample baron may be seen at our office daily between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m.

You will ask "What have I to do to win this mammoth prize?" We answer "Almost nothing." Send us one dollar (\$1.) for 12 months subscription to our journal. When sending you the first copy, we will enclose a coupon. Fill up this form, have it signed by your mother-in-law (if you haven't one, then by your next best friend) and a Liquor Law Informer. Send it to us with a list of all the English words (appearing in Webster's or Worcester's Dictionaries) that you can form out of the letters of the word "WHYCOOMACH." What can be easier than this?

Send in your dollar at once to the manager ——— *Toronto, Ont.

* (We suppress the name of the Journal.—Eds.)

We hear that the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has made a humble request that the Queen will be graciously pleased to restore him to his position as a Knight Grand Cross of the Star of India. When the Maharajah kicked up his heels so egregiously he formally returned the insignia of the Order, and expressed a wish that his name might be forthwith erased from the list of the Knights. We suppose Lord Salisbury and Lord Cross will presently advise the Queen to reinstate her flighty subject, as their appears to be a general desire to deal very tenderly with him.

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68 GRANVILLE ST., 2 doors south of Y. M. C. A.

A PLUCKY INDIAN BOY.

Something over forty years ago there was an Indian camp about two miles from a small settlement in the eastern part of the county of Halifax. The camp was near a small lake, or still-water, in the deep woods, about a mile from the main road. One day in the early autumn a stalwart Indian with his little son "Joe," a youngster nine years of age, left the camp and went to the settlement for supplies. It was toward dusk when the pair commenced the return tramp for home, little Joe on the lead, and his father, with a pretty heavy load slung on his back, about two hundred yards behind. Joe carried the gun, which was loaded with a heavy charge of duck shot. About half way between the road and the camp there was, across the path, a large, old hemlock windfall which master Joe had to climb over. The top of his head was about even with the upperside of the windfall, but a branch projecting out and down from the underside afforded a step which was a material assistance in mounting the trunk. Joe held the gun in his right hand a little in advance of him and his head came up above the trunk. A large black bear sprang up on his haunches on the other side, with his jaws open and his eyes, like balls of fire, glaring at Joe. Poor little Joe was about to drop down and run when the bear grabbed the muzzle of the gun in his mouth. As quick as thought Joe cocked the piece and pulled the trigger. The charge dropped the bear on one side of the windfall and the kick of the gun dropped Joe on his back on the other. The youngster was, how-

ever, not long in regaining his feet, and after scratching his head for a couple of seconds he started back as if old Nick was behind him, to meet his father. When he drew near the old man exclaimed.

"Hallo Joe, what matter, what you shoot?"
 "Me shootem bear," said Joe.
 "Humph, shootem ole stump, I spose"
 "No, me shootem bear, big bear"
 "Where gun, Joe?"
 "Bear eat um" said Joe.

When they arrived at the windfall the gun was found on the ground. The first thing the Indian did was to reload the gun, and he dropped a ball into it and rammed it home, then climbing over the windfall, there he found the bear dead - sure enough. Joe had blown his brains out.

"Here Joe you run camp tell Louis an Pete come help."
 Joe started on the dead run, looking sharply about him for fear he would meet another bear, and in a very short time he returned, bringing two other Indians with him.

The bear was got to camp, and, by the light of birch bark torches, was skinned. He was the largest bear that had been seen for many years in the county and weighed about 500 lbs. The skin was brought to Halifax and sold. It was sold afterwards stuffed, and attracted a good deal of attention in Mr. Roue's hair dressing rooms in Hollis street for years.

It is within the bounds of possibility that before the Channel Tunnel is built the Straits of Dover may become dry land? The question is suggested by the reports of the men-of-war which have been surveying on the South and East coasts this summer. A survey of the English Channel shows that, instead of a bottom evenly sloping up from west to east, tongues of shoal water, more or less parallel to one another, are forming between the shores of England and France. On the Eastern littoral the shoaling is even more rapid, many patches and banks off the Kent and Essex coasts adding to their size at the rate of a foot a year.

Mrs. Birch: "Well, Maud, how did you and Mabel enjoy 'Macbeth'?" Maud: "Not very well, mamma." Mrs. Birch: "Was the acting poor?" Maud: "Oh, I suppose the acting was well enough, but we forgot to take any caramels."

LE BON MARCHÉ.

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128 & 130 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

Services for Sunday (Dec. 21st.)

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, S. A. M., Early Communion. 11 A. M., Parade Service. (Rev. Norman Lee). 7 P. M., Evening Service, (The Very Rev. the Dean.)

ST. GEORGES, (CHURCH OF ENGLAND) 10 A. M., Matins. 11 A. M., Ordination by Bishop Kingdon, of Fredericton, N. B., 4-Priests and 2 Deacons to be ordained. 3 P. M., Confirmation by the Bishop; preacher, F. W. G. Gelling, of Bridgewater. 7 P. M., Preacher, Rev. W. B. Delliss.

ST. LUKE'S CATHEDRAL. 8 A. M., Early Communion. 11 A. M., Morning Service and Communion, (Rev. W. B. King). 7 P. M., Evensong, (The Co-adjutor Bishop of Fredericton.)

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

ARRIVALS.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Kenny from England (Saturday), per Parisian.
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Tupper, (en route for Winnipeg).
Mrs. L. Y. B. Foster, 121 South Park St., from Dartmouth.
Mrs. and Miss McKinlay, from England, per Parisian.
Hon. W. Laurier, (at Hon. H. H. Fuller's).
Mr. G. W. C. Bonner, Halifax Hotel.

DEPARTURES.

Dr. Stoddard, for Boston.
Miss Laine, for Boston.
Mr. Barnes, R. A.
Mr. Carey, R. E., for British Columbia.
Mrs. S. G. Rigby, for Truro.
Rev. T. and Mrs. Poole, for England.

DEATHS.

On Saturday last, Hon. J. W. Ritchie, aged 83, at his residence, Belmont, N. W. Arm.
Capt. Gaillard (late R. N.) of the "Newfield" at Yarmouth, Thursday.

A lady wishes to recommend a Housemaid open to engagement any time after Christmas. Wages \$7.00 per week. Apply Editor (S.)
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