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OUR SOCIETY

A
WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. I. NO. 4.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 29TH.

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE RIGHT REVEREND
FREDERICK COURTNEY
the son of Septimus Courtney,
Fellow of St John's College,
Cambridge, and vicar of Charles
Street, Plymouth. He was born
at Plymouth, Jan. 5th, 1837, and
was a contemporary of Mr. Fred.
Black at the famous "Bluecoat
School," afterwards graduating at
St John's College, London. Bishop
Courtney is a man of varied experi-
ence, having worked successively
at Hallow, (Kent, England,) Ply-
mouth, Glasgow, New York and
Chicago.



THE BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA.

From 1882, to the time of his consecration, he was
vicar of St. Paul's Church, Boston. How he came to be
appointed to Nova Scotia we do not exactly know; on Bishop
Courtney's death there was some talk of choosing a bishop
among the Nova Scotian clergy, but it was finally, and
wisely, decided that an eminent man from elsewhere would
bring the diocese more to the satisfaction of all parties.

The Rev. Frederick Courtney
was known to many in Halifax as
a man of great ability and broad
views, in every way fitted for a
Colonial Bishopric, and the clergy
have since had every reason to be
proud of the head they have chosen.
The Bishop has our deepest sympa-
thies in his severe illness, which we
feel has been to some extent brought
about by over-work and anxiety in
the discharge of his duty. We
cannot wish him a merry Christmas,
but we do most heartily wish him
a Happy New Year, with speedy
restoration to health and strength.

During the past fortnight we have received anxious inquiries
from Prince Edward's Island, Chicago, Boston, and other
distant places, and are hopefully looking forward to the time
when we shall be able to announce in our columns that our
much-loved Bishop is not only better, but well and strong
again.

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Society Notes.

THE accident at Cunard's wharf last Friday was an exceptionally sad one, and of course all sorts of wild rumours have been set afloat about the cause of the accident, the weakness of the wharf, and so on. Further investigation has gone to prove that it is just one of those terrible disasters that could not have been foreseen. Many of those who went to view the scene on Saturday were much impressed by the fact that there was a lot of rotten timber discernible among the debris. We took the trouble to inquire into the cause of this, and found—as we expected—that the wharf had been very strongly rebuilt in 1881, the old timbers being left as additional support. It is obvious to anyone who thinks, that there can be no possible object in destroying old piles so long as sufficient new and sound ones are given in. The only reasonable explanation of the disaster is that there was a steamer lying north of the wharf, and a strong northerly wind blowing, so that the steady pressure of the ship against the outer supports may have displaced some of them; and, of course, when one or two begin to lean, the others very quickly follow.

A subscription list in aid of the widows and orphans of the unfortunate men who perished, has been started by Messrs S. Junard & Co., with a donation of \$500. Families left helpless at this time of the year are helpless indeed, and we hope everyone of our readers will add his mite. It is the many littles that swell a subscription list: and the most stoical stoic will enjoy his holiday the better, for having done something towards making life liveable or those otherwise without resources. We shall be glad to receive contributions and forward them to Messrs. Cunard or whoever they may choose to look after the distribution.

We have received a growl about the reservation of seats for the military, at performances like the Fan Drill, for instance. Rather an aimless sort of growl, this! Surely some little return should be given for the active part the garrison have taken in promoting the affair, and more especially in lending their band gratis. After all, this is a purely complimentary return for kindness which has saved hard cash for the Hospital fund. The seats are paid for, of course; and if the committee did not choose to reserve them, the regiment could easily arrange for one of their number to be first in at the box office and book all the seats they wanted. Find something else to growl about, *mon ami*.

The New Year's Day levée at Government House will be held at 1 o'clock, private entrée at 12.45. Morning dress.

The Rink private days seem likely to be very successful—thanks to the exertions of the committee. This spell of soft weather is rather discouraging; but after all there are plenty of other things to do for a few days, so very few of us feel like complaining. By the way, the clause in the circular about an admission fee on Wednesday evenings is rather ambiguous. What it really means is that subscribers are admitted on payment of 25 cents,—not the general public, who can only obtain entrance when introduced by members.

We notice in last Saturday's *Recorder* and Tuesday's *Mail*, some remarks about this paper and the paragraphs contained therein. We think that as the object and desire of this paper is to avoid any unpleasantness of any kind and not to give offence, it would be better to take no notice of these remarks at all, but if these correspondents do not appreciate, or rather are unable to appreciate, these columns, we only think that they might well allow other people to do so who can.

If our readers noticed any "unseemly levity" in our remarks about the skating accident, we beg to point out to them that after all that which "just misses being the saddest of sad accidents" is not generally considered a subject of lamentation, but rather of congratulation. Those who take any other view are quite at liberty to do so.

A very knotty question, and one that every mother has to settle one way or the other, is what to do with daughters between the ages of 16 and 18, when they are more than children and yet not "out." On the other side of the water they are

bundled off to a ladies' school, and the difficulty is thus more or less satisfactorily solved. But here there is no exact equivalent for a "finishing school;" and it comes rather hard on the young girls—especially about Christmas time—to be kept in altogether. And indeed there is not much object to be gained by it unless they are, in the "quiet interval," being initiated into the mysteries of cookery, dress-making, and house-keeping generally. At any rate, some limit should be set to this period of seclusion, this chrysalis state: it certainly adds to the effect of a young ladies' first appearance in the ball-room to have been out of sight for a year or so, but to extend this to two or three years—as is sometimes done—is ridiculous, and means running to seed rather than cultivation.

The arrangement of the Orpheus Club by which no reserved seats can be granted, strikes us as most objectionable. How it came about, no one seems to know exactly; but certainly a great many take our view of the situation. We accepted it at first as an improvement on the usual plan, against the dictates of our common-sense, but after a short experience of the results, common sense asserts itself again, and we only see discomfort and a certain amount of disorder as the consequences. On an important question like this it is not the Club that should decide, but the ticket-holders. If the majority prefer the present system, let it remain by all means, but for our own part we infinitely prefer to possess the meanest seat in the house, with the option of entering it when we choose, to the off chance of getting the best seat, with the certainty of getting the worst if we are a bit late. Of course it is very nice for parties of intimate friends to squeeze in all in a body, but surely it could be arranged in some way for large parties to book seats together, and yet for all the rest to have their seats reserved (allotted by ballot, of course) throughout the season.

The simplest plan is for all the seats to be balloted for in the first place, and the resulting plan to be exhibited—say at the Piano and Organ Co's Office—for alteration by private arrangement. We have never found any real difficulty in making exchanges under similar arrangements.

Halifax certainly turns out well for any charitable entertainment; you would go very far before you could find a prettier and better dressed house than at the Academy on Monday night; of course the fact that there were at least two large suppers after the show, tended to make the display of gowns better. Everyone was there of all departments of society, we noticed many pretty wraps, one in particular worn by a young married lady; it was plain white silk with a high collar and cut square in front. But the ordinary theatre wrap in Halifax changes little—one dress we noticed in particular, it was of a mossy green plush with puff sleeves and a high medici collar and a soft pink silk front, it was very pretty, although more fitted for a tea gown—in fact, we fancy it must have been a tea-gown. Still this particular young

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married lady looked remarkably well. What a lot of young married women there are in Halifax!

There were other pretty gowns too many to mention, so we will not try to pick out any. We think everybody seemed to enjoy themselves; there is one advantage of an entertainment like the Fan Drill, it does not interfere with conversation. Mrs. Fred Jones had a large supper afterwards, sending out invitations for over thirty, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Sir John Ross also had a gay and festive gathering at Bellvue; where he entertained the "minnettes" and a few others, Mrs. J. Kenny and Mrs. J. Morrow, receiving the guests.

Full accounts of the Fan Drill performance and the R. A. Concert will be found in the usual place. Apropos of the former it is a pity something cannot be done to make the stage more comfortable for performers. The ladies complain very much of the draughts, and one at least has been laid up with neuralgia ever since Monday night.

A second performance of the Fan Drill, etc., is advertised for to-morrow, (Saturday) afternoon, at 2.30, in the Academy. The committee have made a wise move in reducing the prices of seats to 35c. and 25c., thus throwing it open to a larger public, and more especially to the children. The venture is rather a rash one, but we wish it every success, and hope those who have seen the performance themselves will take the opportunity of giving their children a treat.

In support of the Unard Subscription Fund, we have decided to get up a variety entertainment sometime in January. We do not doubt that we can secure the services of our best vocalists, none of whom are ever found wanting in a good cause; and we have besides an idea of something quite new, which would perhaps be more attractive than anything yet put before a Halifax audience. By next week we hope to be able to give full details.

It is a wonder that some enterprising bookseller does not display among his Xmas goods the 'Figaro Illustré'. No other Christmas Number is to be compared to it in the matter of illustrations and get-up generally. Even the advertisements are worth framing—they are so artistic. The Birthday number of the Daily Graphic is a most interesting one, containing a full account of how this—the only Illustrated Daily in the world—is got through the press and on to the market.

Mr. Rupert J. Chipman, a medical student of McGill University, Montreal, is spending his winter vacation with his old friends at Hillside Hall.

Sporting Notes.

The Curlers, "At Home" on Saturday evening was a great success. The notice was necessarily short, but the "Knights of the besom" had bestirred themselves to make the rink look attractive. The Entrance Hall, Smoking and Refreshment Rooms were gay with bunting and the whole place had a cosy, homelike appearance. The ice was simply perfect, having been made the night previous.

The guests, numbering probably 150, were received by the president, A. C. Edwards, and shortly after eight, four rinks composed of members of the club, skipped by Messrs. Edwards, Smith, Kerr and Howe took possession of the ice, and exhibited the beauties of the game to the minutest. The fun was greatly enjoyed by the onlookers, and when at the end of half an hour it was proposed to form rinks among the visitors, there was no lack

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of volunteers. Among those willing to try their skill in "slippery game," we noticed His Honor the Lieut.-Governor seemed to enjoy himself as much as if he were on the field. Several military gentlemen also took part and that they would soon master the rudiments of the game, and practice become as good curlers as those "jolly good fellows" the Artillery, Engineers, 87th, &c., who formerly represented service in this branch of sport. The evening passed off quickly. Those who took part in the games appeared to be themselves amazingly, and those who did not, wished for an "At Home" that they might try their skill. Of the refreshment department it is sufficient to say that "Street" was in charge.

The visitors were much interested in the prizes for which the Club compete yearly. The "Davis" and "Drummond" were particularly noticed. The "Peters" Cup, which has not been finally won, was much admired, as was also the "Alfred" Cup presented to the Club by Mr. DeZea, formerly Consul at Halifax, which is now the property of Mr. S. H. having won it twice.

The Club House, lit by electricity, is convenient and capable of accommodating many more players, and we confidently anticipate a large addition to the roll of members. There seems to be prospect of a good season, the rink being ready for play two or three fortnight earlier than usual.

We would strongly urge our young and middle-aged men to wish exercise during the winter to join the Club, as we know it better amusement, and we have often wondered why Halifax only one Curling Club, while St. John supports two, (both of which) and almost every Canadian City has several.

There are a number of clubs throughout the Province with which Halifax yearly engages in friendly competition, and in former years Halifax has not feared to send players to Montreal and even Ottawa, to compete with the best players of all Canada.

The history of the Halifax Curling Club contains many matters of interest, and we hope at some future time to give notice of some of the men who founded it, as well as of some of the matches in which they took part.

Theatrical and Musical.

The gunners are indeed to be congratulated on the excellent entertainment that they put on the boards at the Orpheum on Tuesday. It was indeed a rollicking, jolly and Christmas show, in which everyone did well. We think the honors of the evening were carried off by Gr. Waters in his two songs. His first one was sung and danced in style worthy of Dutchess and in his second he almost surpassed the great humorist Eugene Stratton. The overture by the R. A. Musical Society was good. The band has improved much since we first heard it at Williams Lake. Capt. Mullins sang "Poly" in a pleasant manner. Gr. Bloomfield's jig was grand (it is a pity some of the lads in the fan-drill had not taken a lesson or two from him) and danced with determination, and spared not himself for the pleasure of the audience. We have already mentioned Gr. Waters in the

GABRIEL'S, 17 BUCKINGHAM ST.

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

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

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acter. We thought of sending up word this morning to know his legs were out of joint. The recitation by Gr.-Mast. Sergt. Rett was very well rendered. The middy with his tin whistle banjo was wonderful. One could hardly imagine that there is such music in four inches of tin. Lieut. Eliot sang well and served an encore, but the audience were bent on jovial things. The next article served up was a song and dance by Grs. Masters and Waters; in this, as in all, Gr. Waters could not have been better. The finale of the first part was "Faerie Voices" the "band."

An excellent minstrel troupe with many members who would be delighted "Pony" Moore faced the lights. Gr. Waters as tamborine and Gr. Woodmore as first bones were more than good and did not exaggerate the fun at all. The chorus had been fully prepared and showed the result of training. The jokes, though we may have heard some of them before in the prehistoric days of our infancy, were good, and after all it is an understood thing that the jokes of nigger minstrels never change, no matter when or where they may be given—everybody expects to hear them, and they are not disappointed. I am sure the Gunners must have been delighted with the house and the reception given. The officers entertained a large company at supper afterwards and were feasting and merry-making with all hands at the R. A. Club.

THE FAN DRILL.

An intelligent stranger taking in Halifax this week could not have had a better opportunity of seeing the personnel of our society, than was offered at the Academy on Monday evening. It is true some well-known faces were not to be seen there that evening, but the Fan Drill drew like a court plaster, and it whipped everybody who is anybody in the Chebucto city.

The entertainment originated, I am told, in the fertile brain of that energetic organizer Miss Fitch, who when she once puts her hand to the plough, never leaves the work until the corn is gathered in. With Miss Fitch were associated Mrs. R. Uniacke and Mrs. D. Tucker; the trio engineered the whole affair, and engineered well too. They received valuable assistance from one or two others, notably Miss Gliska and Mr. Charles Stubbing.

Soon after eight the West Riding band played something as an overture, and before the rag went up the latest arrivals had taken their seats. When that artistic and ever-to-be-gazed-upon lake of calmness was temporarily and to our great regret drawn up aloft, a great silence fell upon the audience, every eye was fixed upon the stage. Then, in step with the music, slowly, with dignity, but just a trifle bit nervously, the "sixteen young ladies of Halifax" entered. In their Zouave costumes and the rouge hid their identity, but it was only for a moment. Each and all were recognized, and judging from the half unwilling smile that played round the lips of some of them, they evidently recognized the audience, or some of it.

They marched, and manœuvred, their feet keeping time to the music with a peculiar-little shuffling step. They worked their fans, occasionally smiling wickledly over the tops. Soon a slight difference of opinion amongst the demoiselles sprung up as to what they ought to do with the fans, some doing one thing, some another, while some did nothing. But just then the descent of the curtain put an end to their uncertainty.

There could be no doubt as to the genuineness of the applause that followed, and an encore was granted. The ladies had more confidence the second time, and the drill went more easily through. When it was over some people wanted it repeated again, but in the end it evidently doesn't believe in double encores, so the Lake of Calm made way for other scenes.

We fancied at first that we were to have the second act of *Ruddigore*, for the set of the scene greatly resembled that mysterious portrait gallery where the ancestors stepped down from their frames and entertained old Ruddigore so pleasantly for a quarter of an hour. But the frames here each contained two portraits, and these portraits presently stepped out and ranged themselves in order for the Minuet.

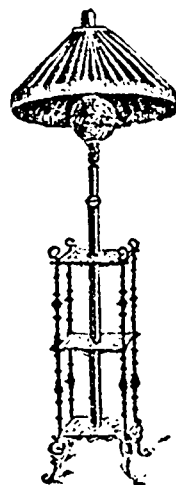
Well, that Minuet wasn't done so well as it might have been. Two or three of the men were sticky (No thank you, I won't give their names, they might come round here with clubs and other nasty things.) On the other hand, one couple were particularly graceful. (Why should I give their names; are they not in everybody's mouth?)

The audience charitably enough encored the Minuet at the close. One gentleman heroically, and at great peril to himself, rushed forward and dragged his partner from danger, from the good old Lake of Como, which was about to give her a blow on the head. Funny thing for the laggio to do.

After a decent interval, the *Area Belle* was presented. The *Area Belle* is an old friend, and the actors had played their parts before. Everyone says they did extremely well. Everything went smoothly. The voice of the prompter was but rarely heard. But wasn't the soldier just a little too unctuous, and wasn't the bobby just a trifle weak in the voice? Prof. Currie sang "Simon the Cellarer" in good style. The audience encored it, and they went away fuming inwardly that they couldn't encore the *Area Belle* too.

JUNIOR IRVING.

(To Mr. Irving Junior's graphic account of a most enjoyable evening we would like to add a few remarks of our own. Mr. Irving Jr.'s sympathies embrace the whole company with great impartiality. We do not think it quite fair to pass on without congratulating Miss Gliska and Miss Hattie Albro, on their able leadership of the files, and Miss Slayter on the mastery she had gained over the treacherous fan. The rest were very good, with the exception of one lady who was at times possessed with a wild desire to strike out a new line for herself. In the minuet, after the leading couple, Capt. Monteith and Capt. Jenkins were perhaps the best men; while the ladies were good throughout. It is a mistake to bring all the couples on again for the encore. As to the 'Area Belle', really, Mr. Irving, Jr., we are surprised at you! Not a word about the ladies! The ladies parts were really better than the men's. Mrs. Clerke is a genius, while Mrs. Clarkson is the best 'Area Belle' all through that we have ever had the pleasure of applauding.)



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WHY HE HAD HIS LEG CUT OFF.

I was sitting quietly in my office, one March evening, scanning the pages of a medical review, when I heard the bell ring, and soon after a step on the stairs, followed by a sharp tap at my door.

"Come in," said I.

The knob was instantly turned, and a tall good-looking smooth-shaven young man, plainly dressed, crossed the threshold and asked:

"Is this Dr. Bolton?"

"It is," I replied, "take a seat."

"No thank you," said he, "I am in haste. You are a skillful surgeon, I believe?"

It was, in fact, only two years since I received my diploma, but I had had unusual surgical opportunities, and made the most of them, and two or three lucky operations had begun to give me a reputation.

"Well, you can cut off a leg for me, I suppose?" he continued.

"Most probably," said I; "whose is it?"

"Mine."

"What is the matter with it?" I asked, with some surprise, for there was no external sign of accident or disease.

"Nothing," was the curt reply.

"What do you want it cut off for then?"

"That is my affair," said he, a little sharply.

I quietly lifted the shade off my lamp, but the increased illumination did not reveal any look of wildness or insanity in my visitor's countenance. After considering a moment I remarked:

"It will cost you £10."

Without a word, he drew a small roll of money from his pocket, counted out two £5 notes on the table, and then taking a slip of white paper from another pocket, he laid it on the two £5 notes, and pushing the whole towards me, he said, "There is your fee and my address. What time to-morrow will you come?"

I had by no means resolved to do the job at all, at least without future inquiry, but I replied:

"I shall be at leisure at three o'clock."

"Well," said he, "I shall expect you at that hour exactly. Don't fail. Good evening."

And he walked out and down the stairs with the firm, rapid step of a man in perfect health.

Although at that time a £10 fee was a decided temptation to me, I was greatly inclined to send the money to "Clinton Hamlin, 19, Queen Street,"—for that was the address he had given—and not go near the place. However, my curiosity was much excited, and as I happened to be absolutely at leisure the next afternoon, I finally took my instrument case, and accompanied by a discreet assistant, set out for Queen Street.

It was a shabby-genteel neighborhood, and No. 19 we found to be an old-fashioned house, occupied by half-a-dozen different families. "Top floor back," was the abrupt response to my inquiry for Mr. Hamlin.

We climbed the stairs and rapped. The door was opened by Mr. Hamlin himself, who ushered us politely into a small room with worn and scanty furniture and a threadbare carpet.

"You are prompt," said he, "and it is a pity I have so poor a place to receive you in."

"Don't mention it," said I. "It is rather a pity that we should have come on such an errand."

His look suddenly became stern. "That is neither here nor there," said he. "You have been paid to do a certain work which you can do quickly and safely. It must be done, if I have to do it myself. If you do it, it is surgery; if I do it, it might be suicide, and my life is every whit as dear to me as yours can be to you."

"Are you perfectly sure you are not labouring under some delusion?" said I.

"Perfectly," said he; "of course you think I am crazy, but I am as sane as you are, and some day I may prove it to you. In

the meantime, you have nothing to do but take that bottle of chloroform and go to work. I don't wish to suffer unnecessarily."

"Well," said I, "I'll not let you commit suicide by trying a job yourself. I am ready."

"Thank you," cried he, grasping my hand and shaking cordially; "I thought you were a sensible man, and now I am sure of it."

"I am not at all sure of it," said I, half smiling; "but I take the chances."

And I did.

When he awoke out of his chloroform slumbers the job was thoroughly done, every trace of it was removed, and he comfortably disposed in bed. He looked at me steadily, smiling and nodded and said:

"Doctor, you're a trump."

Just then some one knocked lightly. "Open the door, please," he continued; "it's my wife."

I did so, and admitted a pretty, though plainly dressed English woman. Her face was deathly pale, and she ran to the bed, exclaiming:

"Oh! Clinton, is all over?"

"All over, my dear, thanks to Dr. Bolton," he replied.

"Oh I am so glad!" she cried; "I was afraid you would do it, doctor," she added, addressing me.

"He will think us both crazy if you talk like that, Agnes," said her husband, with a smile.

"Oh, he mustn't think that, Clinton," she cried; "why don't you explain?"

"But, my dear," she urged, "you will tell him sometime."

"I hope so, certainly," he answered; "and, doctor, if you are sufficiently paid, make out your bill, and I hope to be able to liquidate it soon."

"I am amply paid," said I, "and I only desire to be assured that I have really done you a service."

"Oh, you have," cried both, but they would vouchsafe no further explanation, and I took my departure as much perplexed as ever, but leaving them apparently as happy as if I had given them a fortune instead of maiming one of them for life.

I was much occupied that spring and summer, but I often thought of my mysterious Queen street case, although I learned nothing more, except that Mr. Hamlin and his wife had departed, and no one knew whither, as soon as the husband was tolerably recovered from the operation he had undergone. Early in September, I was walking one day along the city's most fashionable avenue, when a voice called—

"Dr. Bolton!"

I turned and saw Mrs. Hamlin, exquisitely dressed, sitting in a handsome open carriage beside a tall, fine-looking gentleman whose face was more than half covered with short, thick whiskers, moustache, and beard.

"Jump in doctor," she cried, "and let me introduce you to my husband. Mr. Sylvester, Dr. Bolton."

I stopped, with my foot on the carriage step, as the petrified Mr. Sylvester bowed, smiled very politely, but did not speak.

"Come doctor," said the lady, "do get in, please, I am so glad to see you."

I climbed in and sat down, looking first at one and then at the other in a very stupid fashion.

"What's the matter," cried the lady, "are you not glad to see me again?"

"Why—yes," muttered I, "But—but where is Mr. Hamlin?" She looked suddenly grave. So did he.

"Didn't you hear?" she said.

"No," said I, horrified; "he—he didn't die?"

I knew then how a homicide feels.

"Not a bit of it!" cried Mr. Sylvester, suddenly thrusting out both hands, grasping mine, and shaking them prodigiously, "I never was better in his life! All this beard has grown since the March, and this leg," rapping my knuckled on a knee of abnor-

hardness—"is artificial, but a marvellously good imitation of the genuine article."

"And now, doctor," exclaimed his wife, "Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Hamlin Sylvester expect you to come home and dine with them, and after dinner all your doubts shall be solved."

Of course I went, and I found a house and a dinner fit for a merchant prince. Over our cigars, at the close, Mr. Sylvester said:

"The day before I called on you, last March, doctor, I had a pistol in a pocket, with which I fully expected to end my life. In five years I had run through a fortune of half a million, squandered mostly in fashionable entertainments, especially balls, for I had always an extravagant passion for dancing, which, in the end literally proved my ruin. I had not a relative in the world, except a rich, rigid, and eccentric old uncle, who in my distress obstinately refused to aid me, saying to my wife when she appealed to him:

"If he has danced himself to the poor-house, he must dance himself out of it!"

"When I drew from the bank the last twenty pounds, derived from the sale of our household effects, I bought a pistol to use when that was spent, for I had never earned a shilling, and I preferred death to beggary or theft. The same day I received this letter."

So saying, Mr. Sylvester handed me a sheet on which I read:

LONDON, March 10th, 186—.

"Mr. C. H. Sylvester,

"Dear Sir,—You are doubtless aware that your honored uncle Hiram Sylvester, departed this life on the 3rd inst. It is my duty to inform you that his will contains the following provisions, after providing for some minor legacies:

"I do hereby give and bequeath the entire remainder of my property, real and personal, to my nephew, Clinton Hamlin Sylvester, provided he shall claim it at any time within one year from the date of my decease, and further that he shall have but one leg at the time of so claiming it."

"You are doubtless aware of his motives for the somewhat singular condition specified in the last clause. 'The entire remainder,' above mentioned, is worth fully £200,000. Please inform me, as soon as convenient, of your intentions, as, in case you do not claim the property, it is to be divided among a large number of charities.

"Yours very respectfully,

"A. D. SATTERLEY, Executor."

"I had no idea," said Mr. Sylvester, as I handed back the letter, "that my eccentric old uncle imagined I would comply with any such rigorous condition, but of course to me, who was facing suicide itself, the loss of a leg was a comparative trifle. Agnes was horrified at first, but I soon reconciled her to it, and how the job was done no one knows better than yourself. I did not explain all this to you then, because when we fell into poverty we passed as Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin, and I could not solve the mystery to your satisfaction without showing this letter and thus revealing our identity, which I was not willing to do till we were established in the world again."

"And I am sure, doctor," cried Mrs. Sylvester; "you do not think us crazy now that you know the real reason why he has had his leg cut off."

STUPID MAN: "I've hired a new typewriter."

WIFE (coldly): "Indeed!"

STUPID MAN (enthusiastically): "Yes, a daisy. One of the kind you can take anywhere with you, and hold on your lap, and—"
(Wife bursts into tears.)

STUPID MAN (an hour later): "But, my dear, it's a machine, not a girl."

Wit and Wisdom.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Men *say* of women what pleases them; women *do* with men what pleases them.—*D. Sagar*.

A jest that makes a virtuous woman only smile, often frightens away a prude; but when a real danger forces the former to flee, the latter does not hesitate to advance.—*Lalena*.

There will always remain something to be said of woman, as long as there is one on the earth.—*Boufflers*.

When one writes of woman, he must reserve the right to laugh at his idea of the day before.—*Ricard*.

Discretion is more necessary to women than eloquence, because they have less trouble to speak well than to speak little.—*Father Du Bos*

Women are constantly the dupes, or the victims, of their extreme sensitiveness.—*Balzac*.

In life, as in promenade, woman must lean on a man above her.—*A. Karr*.

Woman is a perfected devil.—*Victor Hugo*.

Coquettes are the quacks of love.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Beauty without grace is a hook without bait.—*Ninon de Lenelos*.

The future of society is in the hands of mothers. If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it.—*D. Beaufort*.

Rejected lovers need never despair! There are four and twenty hours in a day, and not a moment in the twenty-four in which a woman may not change her mind.—*De Finol*.

There are few husbands whom the wife cannot win in the long run by patience and love, unless they are harder than the rocks which the soft water penetrates in time.—*Marguerite de Valois*.

A mother's tenderness and caress are the milk of the heart.—*Mlle. de Guerin*.

Many men kill themselves for love, but many more women die of it.—*Lemontey*.

All those observers who have spent their lives in the study of the human hearts, know less about the signs of love than the most brainless yet sensitive woman.—*J. J. Rousseau*.

There are no oaths that make so many perjurers as the vows of love.—*Rochelieu*.

Women deceived by men want to marry them. It is a kind of revenge as good as any other.—*Beaumont*.

One must tell women only what one wants to be known.—*Caron*.

Between the mouth and the kiss, there is always time for repentance.—*A. Ricard*.

The moral amelioration of man constitutes the chief mission of woman.—*A. Comte*.

Love decreases when it ceases to increase.—*Chateaubriand*.

The last census of France embraced nearly twenty millions of women. Happy Census!—*Amy*.

In love affairs, from innocence to fault, there is but a kiss.—*A. Second*.

Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion.—*Ninon de Lenelos*.

The man who enters his wife's dressing-room is either a philosopher, or a fool.—*Balzac*.

Women swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop a truth that is bitter.—*Didcot*.

It is not easy to be a widow: one must reassume all the modesty of girlhood, without being allowed to even feign ignorance.—*Mme de Girardin*.

What woman desires is written in heaven.—*La Chaussée*.

There are three things that I have always loved and never understood: Painting, Music, and Woman.—*Fontville*.

English Society Jottings.

THE rules of life at Sandringham are very simple and are admirably calculated to suit all kinds of guests. Breakfast is a movable feast. The Prince takes it in a private breakfast-room; the princess upstairs in her private room; her daughters in the "schoolroom," and the majority of the guests in the dining-room. Those of the latter who wish can have it in their own rooms, whether in the form of *café au lait* or a more substantial meal. There is no trouble about punctuality in the dining-room.

After breakfast, the Prince transacts the business of the day, and about ten o'clock the shooting party starts out to drive to the beat—that is, in the winter. When there is no shooting, the guests can ride or drive, and the rule is that of the Abbey of Thelema, "*Jay ce que voudras.*" While the men are away shooting, the ladies amuse themselves in their own way. Many of them do not come downstairs till nearly lunch time. During the shooting season, lunch is laid in a tent near the selected covers, and all the ladies drive out to it, the Princess leading in her own pony-cart, which she drives herself with great skill, the others following in waggonettes. When luncheon is served at home the Princess sometimes does not appear, and the meal is totally devoid of ceremony.

At five o'clock there is an assembly of the whole party, ladies and gentlemen, in the saloon for tea, which the Princess and her daughters give to the guests, while those who prefer other forms of refreshments can help themselves. Dinner is of course the grand event of the day, when everyone is expected to appear *en grande tenue*, and the code of precedence is strictly observed. The Prince and Princess sit at the middle of the long table, facing one another. After dinner, coffee and liqueurs are served in the drawing-room. Later, matters become very lively. Theatricals, music, performances of various kinds, cards, billiards, dancing, provide an endless variety of entertainment, and practical jokes are not unknown. The evenings are often prolonged till late; but the Princess sometimes retires when the party adjourns to the billiard-room.

The rules of intercourse are simple and easy to well-bred people. It is required that the guests shall treat the Prince and the Princess with perfect ease and absence of ceremony, without ever showing that they have forgotten the real disparity of rank which exists. It is also required that they shall in some way—if only by lively conversation—contribute to the general amusement. Those who do not conform to these rules are not asked again, and those who attempt to take liberties find that, though the Prince and Princess are the most charming of hosts, they can adopt an icy manner which effectually freezes the offender.

The table decorations at the Prince's dinner-parties are superintended almost exclusively by the Princess Maud, who has rare tastes in this special line.

On Sunday the Princess and the ladies drive over to Sandringham Church, and the Prince and the men walk. The afternoon is usually spent in going over the stables, kennels, gardens, and dairy, winding up, as a rule, with tea at the latter place.

By the way, it was a subject of general remark at Sandringham last week, how well the Prince of Wales is looking just now: he is not like the same man he was eighteen months ago. At that time he seemed unaccountably careworn, anxious, and depressed; now he looks the picture of brisk cheerfulness, and throws him-

self with keen zest into whatever amusement comes in his way. Whatever he was in the old days, he is now a model husband, and contrives in the most unobtrusive fashion to surround the Princess as it were, with a halo of delicate attention. This is particularly noticeable when they are staying together in any country house; then, the very decided way the Prince allows it to be understood that, under all circumstances, the wishes of the Princess are the first thing to be considered, fills with envy the hearts of ladies whose husbands do not belong to the devoted category.

Lady Randolph Churchill's father, Mr. Leonard W. Jerome has arrived on our hospitable shores, and intends staying for a time to enjoy London life, and Lady Randolph Churchill (Jennie Mrs. Moreton Frewen (Clara), and Mrs. "Jack" Leslie (Leonie are all delighted at the arrival of their "popper" (as the Yankees pronounce papa), whom they all three adore; as, indeed, they ought to, for he is the most fond and devoted father. Of these three ladies, Clara (Mrs. Frewen) is the eldest, and is principally famous for having swallowed a pin, just as Lord Leveson swallowed a coin, and with no worse results. Leonard Jerome is one of the most popular of men wherever he goes, and is as much liked in London and in Paris as he is in New York. This is principally due to his utter want of affectation and extraordinary youthfulness, not only of appearance, but of heart and manners and habits.

The truth of the matter is that, being born in the most humble circumstances, in his youth and early manhood Mr. Jerome had to work very hard, so that he had no time to enjoy himself at that period of his life when most young "bloods" are busily engaged on that very unsatisfactory business known as "sowing their wild oats," the result being that he had to make up for lost time when he, at length, found himself possessed of sufficient fortune to enable him to pause and take breath.

Some details of the Churchill-Jerome marriage are curious enough. It was currently reported at the time that before proposing to Miss Jennie Jerome, the bilious Randolph offered his hand to a young lady living near Oxford, but Miss—showed her good sense in rejecting the offer of the irritable Randolph, who immediately, and without losing any valuable time (for he was ambitious and inpecunious, and indeed most things that end in "ous," including bilious), proposed, and was accepted by gipsy-faced Miss Jennie Jerome. At this juncture "My Brother Blandford" stepped in and proved himself to be as canny and cute about the main chance as his Grace of Marlborough is to-day.

His Lordship pointed out to his younger brother that American fortunes were very ephemeral and risky, and that Leonard Jerome had the reputation of being a daring speculator, who could, and did, lose even as he made large sums of money, so that it was not without the bounds of possibility that some fine morning Raudy might wake up and find that the fortune of his better half had been engulfed in some financial catastrophe in Wall-street. To obviate this terrible possibility "My Brother Blandford" himself went over to New York and so arranged matters that the valuable property, the Union League Club, should be settled on his second daughter by Leonard Jerome in a most irrevocable fashion. So that, to give the angel due credit for his virtue, no matter what his other shortcomings may have been and are, "Blandford," on this occasion, certainly proved himself a prudent man of business and a good brother.

CANDID FRIEND—But why the d— don't you try to save some money?

MR. HARDUP.—Oh! I'm afraid some fool might borrow. Lend me half-a-crown, old chap!

HALIFAX PIANO AND ORGAN CO.,

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

The Finest Pianos

in the World. . . WAREROOMS, 157 & 159 HOLLIS STREET.

Our Society

HALIFAX, N. S. MONDAY, DECEMBER 29th, 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.

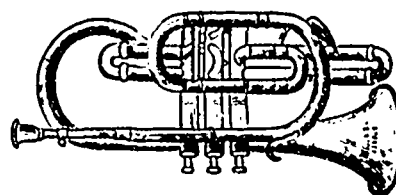
Subscription \$2.40 per annum, post free.

H. BRADFORD,
Business Editor.

WHERE were one or two mistakes in our last issue, probably occasioned by the way our correspondents were hustled to send in their contributions early in the week. The mistake about the date of the Fan Drill might have been an awkward one, if we hadn't had an advertisement in another part of the paper, which contained the correct date. However, we apologize—to all whom it may concern—and will do better next time (we have a dim recollection of having made this remark before, but no matter.)

ALREADY we have lived long enough to be snubbed!—and yet we have been brought up to cultivate a British reverence for those in high stations, and to approach with discretion those swells we do not know. It happened in this wise: there is a certain city no great distance from Halifax, whose inhabitants take a particularly keen interest in the doings of Halifax, and in which therefore it is highly probable that OUR SOCIETY will some day have a large circulation. In this same city there dwells a certain young lady whose name is not unknown in Halifax circles, and who struck us as being the very one to send an occasional jotting of society doings in her corner of the globe. We therefore ventured (rashly, it appears) to address her in a letter, handling the subject as delicately as might be. In reply came the following:—to be preserved forever among our most sacred relics:—

"Miss — in reply to Mr. —'s letter of the 12th inst., begs to say that she cannot comply with his request."



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

Is this not a very model of propriety, displaying in a few lines all the resources of maidenly reserve blended with patrician dignity?

The marrow froze in our editorial bones, and we are convinced that there has been something wrong in our education somewhere, and apologize accordingly. At the same time, such a pattern should be held up as a monument to all young ladies, to be at once copied down in their little note-books of etiquette.

THE Lytell Company will take possession of the Academy on Monday, opening with *Hoodman Blind*. The troubles of the stalwart young blacksmith and his sister (I think it's his sister—so long since I saw the play) Jess should find many sympathetic—(can't stand any more of those stale platitudes. Ed.) The *Banker's Daughter* will follow.

MR. JUNIOR IRVING was wending his weary way through the streets of the south-end very very early one morning, when he bethought him of a letter to his best girl (asking her to meet him at the rink on Friday) that had to be posted. After various wanderings, for his step was uncertain, he at last struck the little red box. After fumbling about some time he said: "Worst about these bally things is, one can never find the mouth." Just then a passing policeman came on the scene, and said in an excited tone. "Man, where's the fire? why don't you get the key." Then it slowly dawned upon Junior Irving that he was trying to post his letter in a fire alarm box, and he shrunk away swearing visibly.

THOSE of us who happened to be down town on Christmas Eve were fortunate enough to hear and see the new band. It was recruited from all the young bloods of the city, the now defunct New Germany band, the Bankers' Club, and the Chain Gang, with one or two Wanderers' celebrities thrown in. We understand the performance was for one night only. This is a matter of the greatest regret to the music-loving public of Halifax, who are longing for the opportunity of hearing those dulcet strains again.

THAT "going to Jerusalem" party will be glad to meet the Yarmouth detachment, when they will do their best to give their visitors a *cheerful* reception.

WE are glad to be able to report that Bishop Courtney is still improving, though very weak indeed.

A. & W. MACKINLAY,

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

WESTMINSTER VELLUM NOTE PAPER.	BASSENEAN VELLUM NOTE PAPER.	WEDDING CARDS & PAPER.	INVITATION CARDS.
CANVAS & GREY CALICO	ROYAL IRISH LINEN	CAKE BOXES.	BALL PROGRAMME
MELTON VELLUM	IMPERIAL KENT	CORRESPONDENCE CARDS.	MENU
		CARD CASES.	

ENVELOPES TO MATCH THE ABOVE.

Visiting Cards printed from Plate.

137 GRANVILLE STREET.

Crests and Monograms stamped in Colors

AT THE CAFE D'OR.

Well, we've had an excellent dinner, quite like old times; it is about the best food in London, there's no doubt, and the best drink too, if one cares to pay for it. But I never come here now; this is the first time I have been at the Cafe d'Or since a rather memorable evening, —but I'll tell you about it.

You remember Travers in my regiment, and how thick we used to be? He is in the 2nd Battalion now, and we hardly ever see each other. I always think he is the best-looking man I know, and such a good, straightforward fellow, though I daresay not particularly intellectual. Just about a year ago the 2nd Battalion came home from India, and, of course, as soon as I saw Travers, I made him come and have a quiet dinner with us, and be introduced to my wife. I had been married then some six or seven months. Well, we had a very pleasant evening, except that Travers managed to put my back up by saying what I thought rather a silly thing. We had been talking about the old times (my bad bachelor days, the wife called them), when he and I both had rooms in the same house in Bury Street, and as was only natural, we drifted into the much-debated question as to whether ladies can go to places like the Empire and Alhambra if they are properly escorted. My wife asserted that she thought it a great shame that I would never take her, when everybody knew that Lady A B and the Countess of C were always to be seen in the stalls on the first night of a new ballet. I don't know, but I think most newly-married men will agree with me, one doesn't somehow like to go with one's wife to the places one used to haunt as a bachelor; and when one doesn't take one's wife, one feels one ought not to go by oneself. I did bring my wife here to the Cafe d'Or to supper on one occasion. It was very soon after our marriage. We had been sitting out a rather gloomy play at the Haymarket, and I thought it would amuse her. But it wasn't amusing at all, for though, of course, we had a private room, I never felt so shy and uncomfortable in my life. However, on this occasion Travers pretended to agree with his hostess, and even offered to act as her escort to the Alhambra should I remain obdurate. He meant it as a joke, I daresay, but it annoyed me a good deal. I was a little jealous, perhaps, in those newly-married days.

A night or two afterwards—it must have been about half-past eleven—I was sitting in the smoking-room at the Rag, feeling rather bored, and wondering what a married man could do in order to obtain a little amusement, when suddenly Travers looked in at the door, and, seeing me, came up pale with excitement.

"Hullo, old chap, so glad to see you;" then, talking very fast, "can I speak to you a moment? Thought I should find you here"

"Why, what's up?" I asked.

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap," he blurted out, "I am for a fact. Got bad news for you; awful bad news. Look here, old boy, we've been pals for years, and I thought I must come at once and try and find you. I've been dining" (that was obvious) "at the Cafe d'Or, and just now—it's only a few minutes ago—you know where the staircase divides over the entrance? well, we were coming out down one side, when I saw your wife going up the other—she didn't see me, you know—and a man with her, giving her his arm and all that. I say, old boy, don't get excited; I'll stick to you, and see you through this as best I can; I promise you."

I was quite calm, far calmer than he was. "Can you tell me at all what the man was like?" I asked.

"Yes, yes; I shall know him again anywhere. Looks like a military man; oldish I should think; grey whiskers—something like the Duke of Cambridge."

I knew at once who it was. "Come, Travers," I said, quietly, "we will go there instantly. You will come with me, won't you? You said you would see me through this."

He grasped my hand. "Of course I will, old chap. I've got a cab waiting." In a couple of minutes the hansom had landed us at the Cafe d'Or. I hadn't been inside the place for months, not indeed since the night I had myself brought my wife there. We went straight to the office. Bidding Travers keep still, I said in a low voice to Dumas—

"Colonel Anderson is having supper here to-night?"

"I cannot tell you, sare, but I will inquire."

He touched a bell, in a moment Antonio, the head-waiter, came up. "These gentlemen wish to know whether Colonel Anderson is upstairs."

Antonio darted a quick look of intelligence at Dumas, and told us, "No; I have not seen 'im; ze colonel is not here to-night."

"You lying scoundrel!" cried Travers. "I saw him go up stairs with a lady not ten minutes ago."

"Keep quiet, old fellow," I said; "it will be all right." "Look here, Antonio," I spoke very slowly and deliberately, "we know that Colonel Anderson is here having supper with a lady. That lady is my wife. They're, no doubt, in a private room. There is going to be neither fuss nor trouble. See, I am quite calm. My friend here, Captain Travers, is going to accompany me upstairs to that private room. You, Antonio, will come with us, and show us which it is. You see that I mean what I say."

To my surprise, I must confess, no further obstacle was put in our way, but during our progress to the second floor three more waiters in some mysterious way joined the little party. "I wonder if we shall have to break in the door," whispered Travers, now quite subdued, but the perspiration glistening on his forehead under the electric light. One of the waiters pointed to the door of No. 8, and Antonio, trembling all over with fright, went up and knocked. The thick carpet had prevented our footsteps being heard. I heard my wife's voice, "Come in." Immediately I turned the handle, and walked straight into the room, followed by Travers and Antonio, the other waiters looking in through the open door. I was the first to speak.

"My dear," I said, "you know Captain Travers. Colonel Anderson, let me introduce you to my old friend of whom you have so often heard me speak. Travers, this is Colonel Anderson, my wife's father. Antonio, tell one of those waiters to bring us some more glasses and a bottle of the same campagne that Captain Travers has been having for dinner."

It was a bit rough on Travers, perhaps, but I was even with him for offering to take my wife to the Alhambra.

FRIENDLY TESTIMONIALS.—A first lieutenant was about to be promoted to captaincy. He happened to be a heavy drinker, and his captain, aware of this, wrote in the "personal conduct" column:—

"Drinks a lot."

The lieutenant-colonel, who was kindly disposed toward the first lieutenant, wrote:—

"Can stand a lot."

The colonel, with whom rested the ultimate decision, added:—

"Has paid for the lot."

In a week our first lieutenant had his captain's commission.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

FOYLE BREWERY.

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

Brewers, Maltsters and Bottlers.

Sole Manufacturers of KRAIZER BEER.

N. B. FAMILY ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

Provincial Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—Prince Edward Island is certainly a beautiful spot in summer. They call it the "Garden of the Gulf." Some people magnify the name until it becomes "The Garden of Canada." Let some such come to us when winter first seizes upon us, and we'll see what they will then call our tight little Island prison.

We were days without mails, and, when at last the "Stanley" arrived, we scarcely knew what to attack first of all our papers, letters and magazines. To be candid, it was OUR SOCIETY I first seized upon—a fact calculated to gladden you, whatever be the value you attach to my taste in selection. I only hope (as I anticipate) that Charlottetown Society will render the same verdict as I do, and that you will accordingly increase your circle of readers.

Oh! dear! how cold it has been!

One old couple, a farmer and his wife, on a journey of but four miles—and a perfectly sober old couple they were, too, were storm-stayed forty-eight hours, a stone's throw from home, and so terribly frozen that the woman died a few minutes after being rescued, and the husband lies in the hospital, in a precarious condition between the alternatives of death and the loss of hands and feet.

In the face of such facts and the all-engrossing approach of Christmas, could society naturally be expected to thaw out into any gaiety? No dinners, no dances, as the little boys say "No nothin'."

Hon. L. H. Davies has gone to bring to the Island the Hon. Wilfred Laurier to address politicians and enjoy Mr. Davies' hospitality.

Mrs. Davies will not accompany her husband to Ottawa during the coming Parliament Session.

It is said that Mr. Justice Sullivan and Mrs. Sullivan intend to spend Christmas in Montreal, where Misses Sullivan are attending the classes of the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

His Honor the Lieut.-Governor started on our winter steamer, the "Stanley," to enjoy (?) "the round trip." The vessel was out in the Straits twenty hours, instead of four or five, and was provisioned for one meal only. The pleasure of the outing may be estimated, but probably not fully appreciated, by those of us who remained at home.

Miss Lottie Strickland returned on Monday, 15th instant, from her visit to Bangor.

The *Daily Examiner* prints the following item:—

"A Bangor paper reports "A charming reception" at the residence of Hon. William H. Strickland of that town, and says that "Miss Strickland of Charlottetown, P. E. I., who has been visiting at the residence of Dr. Strickland of Essex Street, leaves for home to-night."

There are two Church Societies in Prince Edward Island, which I must now introduce to your readers. First, the Diocesan Church Society, which collects and appropriate grants to Country Parishes, and secondly, the Clerical Society, which meets periodically in different parishes to discuss matters of interest to the clergy, and of estimated benefit to their congregations. These two societies combining, have invited Rev. Dyson Hague or Dr. Partridge to visit the Island during the Annual Meeting of the D. C. S. early in February, and address one or more gatherings. For the sake of our reverend friend, which ever one it be, and of his family, we sincerely trust that the several winds, thermometers and the boilers of the steamship "Stanley," will all combine to speed our clerical guest to our shores.

Should it be the Rector of St. Paul's who comes, we trust that his journey may not form a plural number of his singular shipwreck of a short time ago.

They are changing the retorts at the gas-house, for it is midnight. It is high time I subscribed myself.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

BRIDGEWATER.—The rain did come at last. At first we had magnificent skating, and Whitman's pond was alive with bright and pretty lassies and gay young men. Then came the snow, and such sleighing! Everyone that had anything in the shape of a horse was out; and the merry jingle of the bells was heard from morn till night. Now we can only sit and talk about it, and wish for more snow.

As for parties, well, I am afraid that the skating and sleighing and the nearness of Christmas has caused a "social stagnation."

Our "Quadrille Club" is going to start again. During New Year's week, I believe, we are going to have the first meeting. It is starting in good time, and promises to afford the members much pleasure during the winter. In my next I will give you a description of the opening dance.

Last week Judge and Mrs. DesBrisay and Mr. and Mrs. Wade entertained a number of friends at dinner.

Miss Cora Doyle, from the Sacred Heart, Halifax, and Miss Ruby Collill, from Wolfville, are home for the holidays.

Mr. J. A. McLean is visiting friends in Sussex, N. B.

During the past summer Cupid has been very busy here, and consequently the matrimonial reaping has been extensive. There are still a few of the interesting old bachelors left, but even these—Dame rumour says—are fated. Before the "swallows nest again" I hope I shall be able to tell you something more than a rumour, and perhaps be able to give you some account of the tying of these interesting knots.

Among other things, I must not forget to chronicle a delightful party given by Mr. and Mrs. Dawson. Allow me here to say that this is an example which I hope the other young couples will follow. Young married people are apt to be selfish in their happiness, and I, making the right use of the press, and on behalf of the unblessed single people, protest against it.



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Mr. and Mrs. McGill, and Mr. Roberts, spend the holidays in St. John.

I must, before I close, speak of our Music Hall, of which we are justly proud. It is now under construction, the frame being completed. It will be the best of the kind—outside of Halifax—in the Province. It is proposed to have at the opening a grand "house warming" or "at home." Our citizens always succeed in what they undertake, and I trust that this idea will be carried out. When the hall is finished we want a good amateur dramatic association. We have the talent, all we want is the organization. Time, I trust, will bring this. We shall see.

PETE.

YARMOUTH.—The past week has been a very dull one socially, everyone being busy with Christmas preparations. The stores have assumed a holiday appearance, and look very tempting. This is a season that brings to mind the "merry parties that were gathered long ago," but now, alas! are scattered far and wide. The ghost of Christmas past brings up to memory many dear faces who have left us long since. Each year sees the family circle grow smaller, and "ere this closes many may be far away." The students have returned for the holidays. Mr. H. Jones, of King's College, arrived Friday evening. Mr. C. Pelton, of Dalhousie, on Saturday evening. Webster and Munro, also of Dalhousie, Monday evening.

We are very sorry to hear that Rev. Anderson Rogers has severed his connection with St. John's Church, Yarmouth, and accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church in Windsor. Mr. Rogers has endeared himself to the hearts of everyone with whom he came in contact by his untiring zeal and indefatigable efforts on behalf of the public good. While congratulating Windsor, we cannot help envying her also, for having succeeded in inducing him to accept the call.

DARTMOUTH.—Quite a number of Dartmouthians are to be absent from Dartmouth this winter. In speaking of those who have lately left, we neglected to mention that Mrs. Stewart is spending the winter with her daughter, Miss Seely, in New York. Her sister, Miss Fairbanks is also away visiting her sister Mrs. Esdaile in Halifax.

In view of the exodus from Dartmouth we are pleased to note the coming of a new resident, Charles McDonald, Esq., a lawyer of Picton. He has taken a house on Ochterloney Street, which he will occupy in January next. He has already been boarding three weeks in Dartmouth. His wife, who was a St. John lady, Miss Robinson, has been visiting her home and has not yet returned. She will be an addition to our society.

Mr. Gordon Dewar is now travelling in the Ottawa valley for the Montreal firm. We may hope to have a visit from him in the early part of January.

A successful evening game in Dartmouth is a rare event. It is exciting, and is particularly available as a number of persons can play it.

A number of ladies and gentlemen of Christ's Church have been giving a great deal of time to the Christmas decorations of the church. We have had a peep at them and they are certainly neater than they have been for a number of years. Perhaps the church never looked better than it does now. We may describe it further at our next writing.

New York Jottings.

At a banquet given at an athletic club on a recent evening, Mr. William Muldoon, the capacious and capable wrestler, talked very plainly to the large company of wine drinkers present in terms that made his hearers cringe, although they meekly acknowledged the justice of his remarks. He expressed contempt for the spirit governing most of the athletic clubs of the city, and dwelt on the fact that their purpose seemed to be to supply food, drink and merriment for members, rather than to encourage proper physical development. The first essential in becoming an athlete, said he, was to train, and the first essential of training was abstinence. The puniest man in the company before him, he went on, could drink and eat him to a standstill, but there was not a member of the club could keep up with him out on the road. "If a man was sincere in his endeavors to become athletic in the true sense," said Mr. Muldoon, he must stop drinking, must eat plain food, keep good hours, and exercise in the country. I was greatly impressed by the bold and intelligent observations of the "solid man," and I know that when he departed from the club the wine room did a very light business. Everyone was impressed by a spasmodic desire to be a genuine athlete, instead of an imitation, and the governors of the club began to dread that Mr. Muldoon's visit would be likely to detract from the exchequer of the restaurant.

Medical science is becoming a "fad" with town physicians. The last crank who transferred a cat's brain to a dog's head and vice versa had better exchange his own with a jackass, and science will have benefitted a man instead of worrying animals with useless operations.

I do not know why it is, but public sympathy usually goes out to the man of high social and financial connections when he falls from grace. Let an affluent and dignified thief be discovered in his elegant crimes, and immediately a wave of pity sweeps over the community. There was an idea afloat when the forgeries of Albert H. Smith were unearthed, a few weeks ago, that the fellow was such an uncommon and cultured sinner that it would not be just to shave his whiskers from his chin and dress him in stripes, but the judge who sentenced him failed to appreciate his superiority and kindly sent him to Sing Sing for seventeen years.

This particular Smith was such a prominent member of Plymouth Church that the spectacle of him eating baked beans under pressure with a two-pronged fork is an odd one. Yet it is one of the fortunate things left to us here that the religious hypocrite who steals from his fellow-man is as firmly dealt with as is the burglar or bank sneak whose "mug" is in the rogue's gallery and who, in reality, is of a somewhat better fibre than the holy sinner. If Smith had, upon being exposed in his thefts, stood calmly alone and confessed himself a criminal, restraining from whining for spiritual forgiveness and begging for solace from his church associates, I would have a far better opinion of him than I have now, after reading his cowardly letter to the Rev. Lyman Abbott. Mr. Smith asks his pastor to assure the proper officers of the church that he is sorry for the crime he has committed and to say that he is offering daily prayers to God for forgiveness and grace. "I feel," says Mr. Smith, "that He has brought my heart back to Himself. He saw me slipping away from my love and thought of him and my professions to the world of a desire to lead a Christian life, and has taken this means of saving me. I see in this call to bear this heavy cross and shame that I have yet an opportunity to serve Him and try to do His will. I trust I have set my face in the right direction and ask for your prayers and forgiveness."



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PLYMOUTH church has resolved to retain Smith as a member. As far as the officers of the church are concerned, I do not wish to criticise them for their action. By the laws of their faith, they make it a rule, I believe, to accept the word of a man who apparently repents of a sin, and to offer him the aid and comfort necessary to lead him and keep him in the path of righteousness. The chances, however, are very slight that this man Smith, who three weeks ago was "raising" bonds for the purpose of putting money belonging to other people into his own pockets, who was defrauding his own partners, and kneeling in prayer each Sunday while thus engaged, is anything different to-day than he was then—a contemptible hypocrite and thief, who should be cast out of any church for the sake of religious purity, and be confined in State's prison for the protection of the world at large. A pastor who believes that years of moral baseness can be prayed away in a few days' time is a weaker and less admirable man than I had before fancied the Rev. Lyman Abbott to be. Let the forger Smith eat his prison beans for seventeen years, and then come out and show that he possesses the ability to be honest. It will then be time to consider him worthy of being a member of a church. He is not worthy of it now, and his own expressed hope that he is renders him only the more despicable.

The Ladies' Column.

COOKERY.

After this week we will give a series of menus for little breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners, with full instructions how to prepare each dish. We shall be glad at any time to answer any questions connected with the kitchen, and correspondents may depend on getting replies based on the best and most modern authorities. The following is appropriate for Christmas week:

ROAST TURKEY STUFFED WITH CHESTNUTS.—Singe, draw, wash well, and neatly dry a fine, tender turkey, weighing 5 to 6 pounds; fill the inside with the chestnut stuffing described below, then nicely truss the turkey from the wing to the leg; season with a heavy pinch of salt, well sprinkled over. Cover the breast with thin slices of larding pork. Put it to roast in a roasting-pan in a moderate oven for one hour and a half, basting it occasionally with its own gravy. Take from out the oven, untruss, dress it on a hot dish, skim the fat off the gravy, add a gill of stock to the gravy, let it just come to the boil, strain into a bowl and send to table separately.

CHESTNUT STUFFING.—Peel a good sized, small shallot, chop it up very fine, place in a saucepan on a hot range with 1 table-spoonful of butter, and let heat for three minutes without browning, then add a quarter of a pound of sausage meat. Cook five minutes longer, then add ten finely chopped mushrooms, twelve well-pounded, cooked, peeled chestnuts; mix all well together. Season with one pinch of salt, half a pinch of pepper, half a salt-spoon of powdered thyme, and a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley. Let first come to a boil, then add half an ounce of fresh bread-crumbs, and 24 whole cooked and shelled French Chestnuts: mix all well together, being careful not to break the chestnuts. Let cool off, and then stuff the turkey with it.

ROAST DUCK WITH STEWED CELERY.—When the ducks are cleaned and wiped inside as dry as possible, to the usual dressing add one half the quantity of fresh celery and a minced onion, stuff and roast as usual, being careful to paste them well.

The Gravy.—Stew the giblets first in a little water; then chop them fine, and add water to the gravy in the roasting pan with a spoonful of browned flour; serve with Grapes or Plum Jelly.

S. M. N.

HE: "Here are your caramels, and now I suppose I will take those kisses you promised me."

SHE: "Did I promise you any kisses?"

HE: "Of course you did, darling—Great Scott! I've got you mixed up with my other girl."

TO OUR SOCIETY GIRL?

The Muses wait upon my pen—Poetry, Art and Drama,
But sympathy she beckons me and whispers do not harm her,
Harm who? I cry—not her who in society squeezes
Not her in tights—*hush!* 'tis here society squeezes.

The curtain's up—the ballet girl, dressed in her wig and tights
Has made her debut kick before the bright foot lights
Her's are not limbs that some compare derisively to sticks,
Well formed and sound in muscle—legs that were made for kicks.

See how society blushes at each entrancing motion!
Leave the Theatre at once, that is her virtuous notion,
With whispered words to her friend "I wonder how she can"
She seeks a screen for her blush behind a *muslin* fan.

"I wonder how she can!"—"What does she do it for!"
Because—a shameful cause—because, alas! she is poor!
And in each kick and point she earns her daily bread,
Food for her child and mother—a roof to cover her head.

Think of yourself, society girl—have you no sisterly love!
If she is uncovered below, you are uncovered above,
Hard words unbecome the fair sex—shun such hatred and scorn;
Envy's the chord that strikes you—envy of her fair form.

The "British Matron's" a curse, an idiotic contemptible prude
Who reads French novels "Q T"; who studies ditto the nude,
To the world she's a benevolent sham who rents a satin lined pew,
And cloaks her sins by the mystic sign of the W. C. T. U.

Changes will come—as they do—society turn out "en masse"
To witness the great show of all—The British Matron—alas!
Has become the star of a "*Troupe*"—the particular shining light;
No words—no shrugs—a *tableaux*—The British Matron in tights.

T. P.

HE WANTED TO CHANGE OVER.

"Have you brought any witnesses?" asked the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Bathgate, of a middle aged couple who had come to be married.

"No; we ne'er thought o' that. Is't necessary?"

"Oh, certainly," said the minister. "You should have a groomsmen and bridesmaid as witnesses."

"Who can we get, Jean, dao ya think?"

The bride so addressed suggested a female cousin, whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and after consultation a man was also thought of.

"Step ye awa' along, Jean, an' ask them, an' I'll walk about until ye come back."

Jean set about as desired, and after some time returned with the two friends, the cousin being a blooming lass, somewhat younger than the bride. When the parties had been properly arranged, and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said: "Wad ye bide a wee, sir?"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"Weel, I was just gawn to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad rather have that ane," pointing to the bridesmaid.

"A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage. I'm afraid it is too late to talk of such a thing now."

"Is it?" said the bridegroom, in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, ye maun just gang on."

"I don't see why I can't keep my husband at home," said a distressed-looking little woman.

"Why don't you try to make home attractive to him?"

"I have. I've taken up the parlour carpet, sprinkled sawdust on the floor, and put a beer barrel in the room, but some way or other it doesn't seem to make any difference."

REAL SOVEREIGNS FOR A PENNY EACH.

THE story of the man who sold genuine sovereigns for a penny has often been told, but never accurately.

It was a bright December morning early in the present century. London Bridge was densely crowded with folk who had been into the great City to purchase their Christmas wares. The great artery was well-nigh impassable; for it was not the stately structure of Rennie with which we have to deal, but the old, narrow, many-arched bridge which for centuries had formed the only link between the City and the adjoining borough of Southwark.

The carts and carriages toiled along, every now and then coming to a deadlock, which generally provoked an angry and protracted wrangle; for there were few police to enforce order or over-awe violence. The foot-passengers made their way like men swimming against a rapid current, thankful if they accomplished the passage, after half-an-hour's exertion, without damage to limb or pocket.

In the embrasures formed by the projecting piers street hawkers had established themselves, and offered their wares to the passers-by, the slow pace to which the latter were restrained giving them a better opportunity than ordinary of descanting on the merits of the articles offered for sale. In one sheltered nook stood an old woman with her basket of oranges and cakes, and at her side a flower-girl, with her holly and mistletoe. In another, a hardware man offered his scissors, and thimbles, and many-bladed penknives, or cheap rings, and brooches, and pinchbeck jewellery.

In one of the abutments near the City side, on the day referred to, a man was very busy advertising sovereigns for sale.

"Here you are, gentlemen," he vociferated, "real golden sovereigns, one penny apiece—only a penny apiece—real sovereigns, fresh from the Royal Mint! Here's an opportunity that will never happen again—only a penny for a real golden sovereign, twenty shillings value, two hundred and forty pence—all for one penny! Don't let the chance slip, gentlemen. It will never come again. Buy a hundred sovereigns for a hundred pence!"

The crowd surged by, taking little notice of him, or when any one did make any response to his invitation it was to express surprise at his folly in believing that the public could be so taken in,

"You've brightened up those farthings of yours pretty smartly," said one, "if you'd sell 'em four for a penny, you might do some business."

"Best mind what you are at, my lad," growled an old City clerk; "if you attempt to pass off those Brummagem buttons as sovereigns, you may have the constables after you."

The pedler listened to these remarks with the utmost composure. He did not appear to be in any way disturbed, though he had stood for nearly three-quarters of an hour without receiving a single bid for his wares; nor did his eyes ever turn aside from the tray which was slung by a band round his neck, except to glance at a man occupying the same niche in the bridge as himself, who was leaning carelessly against the parapet, referring every now and then to the watch which he drew from his pocket.

Presently it seemed as though a customer had come at last

"O papa," said a little boy, "those are the things mother is always wanting. Look here, I've got fourpence, which she gave me for bringing a good character home from school, I'll buy four of the sovereigns, and take them home to her, if I may."

"You're a good boy, Dicky," said the father, "but I'm afraid your mother wouldn't get much good out of them. They're only humbug, my lad. In this world no one ever parts with anything under its value. You may give good money and get what's worth very little for it. But you'll never give what's worth very little and get good money for it. Come along, and buy your bulls-eyes."

The pair passed on, and presently another man stopped and looked wistfully at the tray.

"If they were only real," he muttered. "Twenty of them would keep me out of gaol, and I might come all right again."

There's many a man, now, to whom twenty real sovereigns are of no more consequence than that chap's medals would be. Ah! but though he doesn't want them himself, he won't give them to me."

He, too, resumed his way, and was succeeded by a very different personage from the last—a buck, in fact, of the first water. His three-cornered hat sat jauntily on his head, his pea-green coat with large brass buttons, his buckskin breeches, showy waistcoat, and the mass of neckcloth round his throat, were all in the height of the fashion. The dandy and gambler paused a moment in front of the pedlar, and narrowly scrutinized the contents of his drawer.

"A good imitation, that," he muttered with a fashionable oath; "I wonder whether they would pass! If I could venture fifty of them at the board of green cloth, at a cost of only four and two-pence, that would be a deal better bargain than I shall get out of Moses. But no, it wouldn't do. The croupier's eyes are too sharp for that. I should be kicked down-stairs, and never allowed to come again, and that would be all I should get by it. But it's a pity—upon my life it's a pity!" and, so saying, he sauntered on to the money-lender's.

"What is the time now?" asked the pedler of the lounge beside him.

"Just a quarter to twelve," was the answer. "You have exactly fifteen minutes to stay, and that is all. Hallo!" he added, under his breath, "here is a customer at last, I do believe."

As he replaced his watch, a man having the appearance of a decent mechanic, carrying a small bundle, stopped for a moment or two, eyeing with curiosity the contents of the pedlar's tray. Then he took up one of the coins and turned it over.

"Well it's a clever sham," he said, "and it will please my little boy. I've just got a penny left after paying for the tea and sugar, and I'll take one of these home to him."

He laid down his penny accordingly, received one of the coins, and went on his way. He could not put it inside his bundle very well, and he had a hole in his pocket, so he was obliged to keep it in his hand. As he passed on into Gracechurch Street, under the window of the large jeweller's shop, a crowd, which had gathered round a fallen horse, forced him to the doorway, and he took the opportunity of examining his purchase again.

"Well, it is uncommon like, that I must say," he exclaimed. "I haven't fingered too many of these, to be sure, but all I have seen are as like this as one pea is to another. There can't be any chance of it's being a real one, I suppose; that would be too good a joke! and yet there is no harm in asking, and this chap will tell me what it is in a minute."

He stepped up to the jeweller's counter accordingly, and laying his coin on it, inquired of the man, "what that might be."

"That?" said the jeweller, taking it carelessly up and weighing it on his finger, "why, what should it be, my good man, but a sovereign?"

"A sovereign—a real sovereign?" exclaimed the other. "You don't mean it, to be sure. Just look again, sir, if you please, and make certain."

"There's no need to look again," said the shopman rather sharply. "I should know gold by this time when I see it. It's a good sovereign as ever came from the Mint, and is quite new into the bargain. I'll give you twenty shilling for it, if you want to change it."

The journeyman stared once more in the jeweller's face, and then, turning short around, he made for the door, elbowing his way without ceremony through the crowd outside, and paying no heed to the angry remonstrances addressed to him on all sides.

Two or three minutes sufficed to clear his way through the crowd gathered in Gracechurch Street, and then, turning down one of the narrow alleys which in those days intervened between the broad thoroughfare and the river, he hurried on with all the speed he could command.

SEALETTE SACQUES, Cloth Jackets, Redingotes, etc., made to order at
E. MAXWELL & SONS,
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 We have a large stock Sealette, Ladies' Cloth for Jackets, Redingotes, etc.
 Also Complete lines in GENTLEMENS' GOODS.
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Presently he emerged near the entrance to the bridge, and, still fighting his way vigorously, reached the embrasure where he had left the dealer in sovereigns. Alas! he was gone, and his place was occupied by a vendor of gingerbread nuts, who was commending his articles with an earnestness which far exceeded that of his predecessor.

"Where is the man who was selling the sovereigns?" exclaimed the journeyman breathlessly.

"Man with the sovereigns!" repeated the person addressed; "I don't know of any such. There was a chap with a tray here about five minutes ago, just as I came up, but he shut up business and walked off with his friend just as twelve o'clock struck."

Among the *habitués* of the West End clubs this affair was no mystery.

Two noblemen, in the course of conversation, had reverted to the suspicious nature of the people of London. Lord Fergus proposed to make a bet of two hundred and fifty pounds that he would stand some day for an hour—from eleven until twelve o'clock noon—offering genuine sovereigns for sale at a penny apiece, and not be able to dispose of five.

The wager was warmly taken up, and we have seen how the better fared, proving that he was not a bad judge of metropolitan human nature.

"How strange!" said a fond wife; "every time Peter comes home from his lodge he goes to bed with his hat on. But I suppose it is some more of those Masonic doings."

LE BON MARCHÉ.

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 Specially suited for the HOLIDAY TRADE. And at WONDERFULLY LOW PRICES.

IT'S ONLY A BROTHER.

"But my dear Auntie he is only my brother!" Is that any reason you should take all he can afford to give, either in the way of courtesy or money, without ever returning him a simple "Thank you!"

Is that any reason that after he has taken you to church—much against his will—you should look daggers at him on coming out, just because you have in the mean time espied an escort, who may *in future* be a companion for life?

Is that any reason why you should not make home pleasant for him, instead of sighing and grumbling because no one drops in? He may or may not like that music which you are so willing to lavish on others, but any way why not give him a chance?

Is that any reason why he should be the "*deuvoir* *ressort*" at a ball, a makeweight to fill up your dance card if you run short?

Is there any reason that you should show off a wonderful amount of affection for him before his best friend, at this same time letting him know by sundry signs well known between brothers and sisters, that his company can be dispensed with?

Is there any reason why you should not be interested in some of his pursuits?

Is there any reason why, when he is giving some little anecdote regarding field sports, you should interrupt by asking was Sir so and so there, and on receiving an answer in the negative, lie back in your chair, as if this whole world were a blank?

Is that any reason why you should metaphorically elbow him on one side until such times as you may require his services, and then raise the roof off the house if those services cannot be rendered?

For your own sakes, because he is your own brother, you ought to be more tender with him, remembering that he mixes with other girls' brothers.

Finally, mark me girls, by making your brother love you, you have a cheap advertising medium, and by this means enhance a hundred-fold your chance of securing a good husband.

"My papa's got some new horses and a nice new brougham."

"Well my papa's going to buy a new yacht."

"And my mamma's got a lovely new piano."

"Well—w—well, my mamma's got a cook that has stayed two weeks!"

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

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. 28th.)

ST. GEORGES CHURCH, Full Communion at 8 o'clock; morning prayer and sermon, 11 o'clock; preacher, Rev. W. B. Belliss; evensong and sermon at 7 o'clock; preacher, Rev. Dr. Partridge.

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

GARRISON CHAPEL, 8 A. M., Early Communion. 11 A. M., Parade Service, (Rev. Norman Lee). 7 P. M., Evening Service, (The Very Rev. the Dean).

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. T. H. Kelsick, from Antigua, Queen Hotel.

Sir R. Bond, Halifax Hotel (Saturday).

Mr. J. Longworth, from Tuoro, Halifax Hotel.

Mr. C. A. Lowe, from Amherst, Queen Hotel.

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

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE.

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CAMBRIDGE HOUSE.

GIN A BOBBY!

(With a thousand apologies to the Scottish Bullader.)

Gin a bobby see a body
Hugging lamp-post tight,
Need a bobby think a body
Isn't sober quite?Gin a bobby scent a body
Redolent of gin,
Need a bobby seize a body,
Run a body in?Gin a bobby hear a body
Murmuring in Greek,
Need a bobby have a body
Brought before the beak?Gin a bobby find a body
Lying in the lane,
Need a bobby ease a body
Of his watch and chain?Gin a bobby start a body
On his homeward way,
Let a body tip a bobby
Thankfully next day!