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OUR SOCIETY

A
WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., JUNE 12.

No. 28.

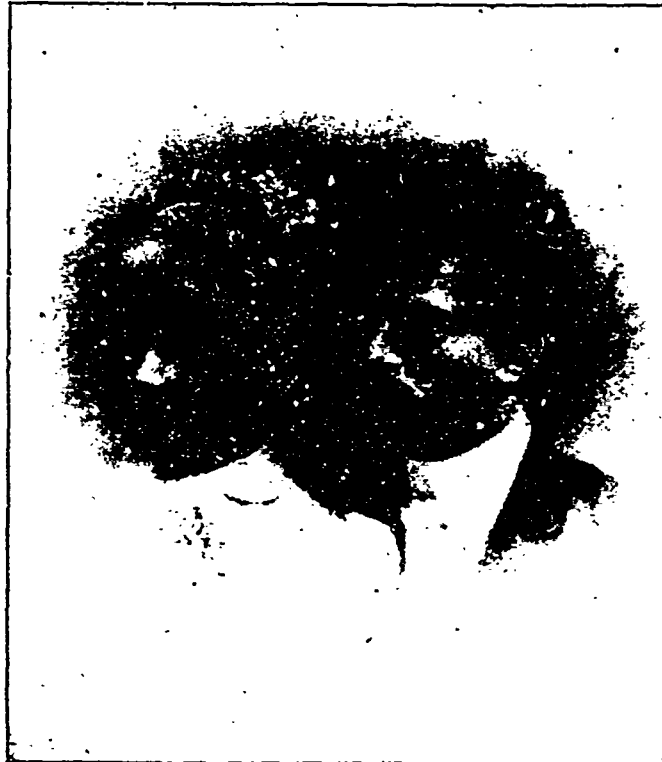
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HERR ERNST DOERING has also travelled a great deal, and has been received as a master of his art in Leipzig, Berlin, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, New York, and many other cities. As a violoncelloist he ranks very high indeed, and is also earning fame as a composer. His rendering of Handel's famous Largo and of the concerto of Jules de Swert have been greatly admired by the critics in nearly all the capitals of Europe, and we in Halifax have not been behind in our appreciation of these and many other great works of art.

Mr. and Mrs. Doering have proved almost as valuable an acquisition to our social as to our musical world, and we hope to keep them with us for many years to come.

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There has been a good deal of preaching and a good deal of practice in the matter of marriage lately; and the "Duchess" especially waxes most eloquent on the subject of the Society girl's idea of matrimony. Now the Duchess writes a good letter, and as a rule talks sensibly enough, but we think that in this instance she is somewhat beside the point. In the first place, she seems to labour under a delusion as to the nature of Halifax society, which is far from being the cold, heartless, aristocratic thing it is in the old country. Ours is essentially a middle-class society, fairly comfortable and not too exclusive, with sufficient heart left for the formation of firm friendships and even true love affairs. Most of the leaders are kind, loyal-hearted women: there is much social injustice,—bitter and cruel sometimes,—but it is chiefly on the part of the *parvenus*, who are two uncertain of their own footing to venture a kind word or deed for anyone else. This is the first and most notable feature of our society.

To return to the starting-point, probably not more than one-half of our society marriages are the result of love affairs. It is of the rest that we have to speak. There is no denying that many of our girls and some of their mammas are dazzled by gold lace and uniform, and by the social distinction that is gained in a garrison town by the possession of a military husband or son-in-law. But looking back over the last few years we cannot deny that the soldiers have chosen some of the best of our fair ones, while the accepted husbands have, as a rule, been men who are as desirable as connections as they are as ornaments. Not always, but very nearly always, this has been the case; and the picture of the pale and trembling bride of 18 forced to the altar with the worn-out old rake of 70 hardly finds its original in Halifax.

We cannot blame parents for looking after the worldly future of their daughters; and we think that true love should be forced to go to the wall unless the prospective husband can make reasonable provision for his intended, or at any rate possesses that grit and moral principle which are certain to insure future success. And on the other hand, a man of good social standing, kindly disposition, and real moral worth is a desirable husband for any girl, even though they are not desperately and wildly in love with one another; and any parent is justified in encouraging such a match.

To resume, and to conclude, there is a great deal too much talked and written about ideas and ways of thinking which can only be carried out to perfection in old and highly artificial societies, among which we do not rank, and do not want to. In the comparatively few cases where Halifax ladies have brought up their children after the tenets of this particular school, the results have been—almost invariably—a dead failure to make a marriage of any creditable kind whatever. And we would like to know that these cases were remembered, and held up as warnings to future generations of those who read of life in cheap novels and society papers, but who know not the society in which they live.

A highly successful concert, organized under the auspices of the Lyric Quartette, was given in the Church of England Institute on Tuesday evening. A large audience, attracted by the excellent programme put forth by those in charge of the arrangement, filled the lecture hall.

The concert opened with Strauss' "Greeting to Spring" by a chorus of ladies, which was fairly rendered, but which would have gone better with the addition of a few male voices. We could not help contrasting it with a rendition that was given in the same place a short time ago by a mixed chorus.

Mr. F. C. Sobeski, who received several encores, was in good voice, and sang, "When the Heart is Young," and "In Old Madrid," in his well-known style. He has rarely done better work. Together with Mrs. Lear he gave the duet, "The Fishermen," in unexceptionable style. Later he sang the quaint little songs, "Celeste," "Two Maidens," and "Boston Cats," interpreting them in a peculiarly happy vein, without which the same songs would not, perhaps,

have been so much appreciated. It is a matter of regret to the music loving public of Halifax that Mr. Sobeski is so soon to leave us. During the too short time he has been with us he has become exceedingly popular as a partner in the firm of Kelly & Co., who have by their artistic productions worked an era in photography in Halifax. As a singer, Mr. Sobeski has always been ready and willing to entertain us with his well-trained and pleasing voice, often at great personal inconvenience; and as a member of society, he has been generally popular, and has formed many warm friendships. His forthcoming departure to Montreal will leave a blank that it will be difficult for another to fill. We trust that ere he leaves us we shall have the pleasure of hearing him sing again, not once or twice, but many times.

Mrs. Clarkson gave "Fiddle and I," and received an encore, as usual, we might say, for she is always popular, and her voice never seems to fail. Mrs. Lear sang of "Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" in excellent style. Her voice has a large range, and she is particularly successful in her low notes. Mrs. Tremaine and Mrs. J. McD. Taylor both did well, the latter giving "The Children's Home," with "All in a Garden Fair" as an encore, in excellent style.

Miss Gladys Tremaine must be congratulated upon her violin obligato, and Miss Clara Tremaine deserves praise for the capable way in which she seconded the vocalists as accompanist.

The final quartette, "Estudiantina," was one of the gems of the evening.

A feature of the entertainment were the recitations of Miss M. Kathleen McGhee, a young lady at present on a visit in the city. She gave evidence of having devoted some considerable study to the art of elocution, her style, though somewhat American, being decidedly interesting and entertaining.

On the whole, we have no hesitation in pronouncing this to be one of the best concerts that have been given in the Church of England Institute for some time.

The programme is subjoined:

- Chorus of ladies' voices—Greeting to Spring Strauss
- Mrs. Lear, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. J. McD. Taylor, Mrs. Tremaine,
Miss Copeland, Miss Clark, Misses Bligh and Robinson.
- Song—When the Heart is Young D. Buck
F. C. Sobeski.
- Fiddler and I Goodroo
Mrs. Clarkson.
- Violin obligato, by Miss Gladys Tremaine
- Reading—Abigail's Adventure M. Kathleen Magee
- Duett—The Fishermen Gabusi
Mrs. Lear, Mr. Sobeski.
- Reading—A Story of Old Florence M. Kathleen Magee
- Song—Beggar Maid Barnby
Mrs. Percy Lear.
- Duet—O Swallow, Happy Swallow Kucken
Mrs. Clarkson and Miss Tremaine.

PART SECOND.

- Piano Solo—H. Logan.
- Song—Children's Home F. Cowen
Mrs. J. McD. Taylor.
- Three songs by { A. Celeste, }
- Arthur Macey and { B. Two Maidens, } F. C. Sobeski
- E. P. A. Newcome. { C. Boston Cats, }
- Quartette—Estudiantina Lacom
Mrs. Lear, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Blois,
Violin obligato by Gladys Tremaine.

Rev. Dr. Fowler, the new pastor of St. Matthew's Church, was given a reception last Friday by the members of his congregation. Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Forrest, Rev. Dr. Fowler, Rev. Dyson Hague and others, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Concerts will be given in the Orpheus Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday next by the Redpath Company, who offer a very good and well varied programme. Miss Chamberlain, the whistling soloist, and Miss Edith Christie, the violinist, are the chief attractions.

OUR SOCIETY

A curiosity in journalism has come into our possession. It is a copy the present month of *Butlers Journal*, a six paged paper issued by Mr. Martin Butler, a peddler who travels through northern New Brunswick. He chronicles in its pages the incidents and events of his wanderings, with the "Canadian Democrat,"—the pet name we take it off his truck or cart—under the heading of *Wayside Warbles*. The editorial which we give below tickled us immensely; it is distinctly quaint, and deliciously original, and in its way almost worthy of Artemus Ward.

"With the hope of increasing our scanty income, we started, this spring, a small candy and beer shop at our rooms on Regent street; but not being able to devote our whole attention to it we left it in charge of mother while we were out in the country trying to earn our living; and the boys have cleaned it completely out—left it as bare as Troy after the siege. We can ill afford the loss sustained; but that was nothing to the brutal treatment they gave the poor old woman. Besides taking everything they could get their hands on, they nearly tore down the house. In fact, they more resembled imps from the lower regions than boys. And not only boys, but some fellows calling themselves young men, and living not far from our corner stole from, abused, and acted in a scandalous manner towards that poor and inoffensive old woman who has never done anyone any harm. We have put up in the past with the slurs and abuse from the boys, and have not resented it. But we do not care for ourselves, but it is our duty, as far as we are able, to protect those who are near and dear to us, and unable to protect themselves. We could make the ears of some of the young men on this street tingle, (who consider themselves eminently respectable), by publishing their names and disgraceful conduct, during our absence; but we forbore, warning them in the future to keep their distance.

That all the boys who have called on us are of the above stamp for the credit of our fair city, we are glad to state is not the case; but that there is a large majority who will eventually fetch up in the penitentiary, if they continue in the course they are pursuing, is a lamentable truth in the city at large, and Regent street in particular."

Mrs. G. W. G. Bonner has left for Cooperstown, N. Y., where she will spend the summer.

The Dartmouth Lawn Tennis Club will commence play on Saturday afternoon.

The South End Lawn Tennis Club opened its grounds on Saturday; a large number of members and friends were present. Play began at three and continued till seven. Tea was served during the afternoon. This week the courts have been occupied daily. Play has commenced at the Dockyard Lawn Tennis ground.

Mr. A. Racey of Quebec Branch has joined the Staff of the Bank of British North America, Halifax, Mr. H. T. Kirton transferred to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bauld have arrived in the city, and have taken the house on Victoria Road, recently occupied by Mrs. Drysdale. Mrs. Bauld was receiving early this week, assisted by Miss May Bauld and Miss Fessie King.

Mrs. Henry Creighton intends shortly to move to the present residence of Mrs. Muncy, and Mrs. Muncy has engaged the house near the residence of Mr. J. W. Allison, and owned by him, formerly occupied by Major Montague.

There was a large and successful Picnic on the Dartmouth Lakes on the 25th ult., which, if we had been writing last week, we would have described more fully.

The London Rubber Stamp Co. have been adding considerably to their works of late, and now turn out Notary Seals, Metal and Rubber Stamps, Stencils, Hektograph pads, in fact hundreds of useful articles, to the business man. This firm deserves every encouragement, as such a business is indispensable in a city. Their office is at No 225 Hollis Street, opposite Messrs. Kelley & Glassey.

We congratulate Admiral Watson on being made a K. C. B. Sir George and Lady Watson return in the Flag Ship in a few days, and will stay till September, when Sir George's time is up. We hope that Admiralty House will be the scene of many entertainments this year.

Sir John Ross was at the same time given a step, being raised from a K. C. B., to a G. C. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Daring will give another of their charming receptions on Monday evening, in their pretty little home on Church St. The soloists will be Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Clarkson, and Miss Burns. The gems of the programme are Liszt's *Fantasia Variations* by Mr. Daring and Popper's Spinning Song, in the rendition of which Mr. Daring has made himself famous.

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The last concert of the season, for the organ fund of Christ Church, Dartmouth, was given in the Sunday School house, on Friday evening, June 5th, when Henry Farmer's celebrated Mass was rendered for the second time. All who heard it on the first occasion were struck with the very creditable rendition of so difficult a musical composition; and the second rendering was quite equal to the first and reflects great credit on Mr. F. W. Drake, the organist of the church. Probably few would realize the amount of time required to organize and drill a chorus of twenty-two, and an orchestra of seven instruments. The Soloists on this occasion were to be Miss McKenzie, Soprano: Miss Shute and Miss Foster, Altos: Mr. Larsen, Tenor, and Mr. W. R. Foster, Bass. Unaccountably however, at the last moment, without any word to that effect, it became evident that Mr. W. R. Foster and his daughter had absented themselves. Mr. Henry Creighton kindly volunteered to undertake the Bass solos and Miss Shute the whole of the Alto, and they succeeded so well that but for the programmes to the contrary, we would have thought they had been thoroughly drilled for their new parts. When all the soloists did so well it would be invidious to particularize Mr. Larsen as deserving of special credit as well as the other ladies and gentlemen from Halifax' in coming all the way to Dartmouth.

Miss Annie Drake, accompanist on the piano, must be mentioned as performing her part especially well.

The first half of the programme was as follows:

- 1.—Instrumental - - - - - Mozart.
Orchestra.
- 2.—Recitation—"The Pied Piper of Hamelin." - - - - - Browning.
Mrs. H. S. Creighton.
3. Solo—"Friend of the Brave." - - - - - Dr. Calcott.
Mr. W. R. Shute.
- 4.—Solo—"O loving heart trust me." - - - - - Gottschalk.
Miss McKenzie.
- 5.—Recitation—"The Legend of the Organ Builder."
Miss Robinson.
- 6—Solo—"Thy Sentinel am I."
Mr. Williams.
- 7.—Baritone Solo—"Prayer," - - - - - S. Beresford.
Mr. W. R. Shute.

The orchestra consisted of Messrs Geo. Ormon, W. H. Bannister and H. Drake, Violins; W. R. Shute, Flute; A. Forsyth, Cornet; Chas. Harris, Tenor Horn; A. Williams, Double Bass.

Dr. Curry has left for Windsor, previous to his trip across the ocean to Dublin.

Miss Massy of Limerick, was a passenger in the Nova Scotian, and is at present staying with Mrs. William Doull at Westenwald.

Mr. Rufus Somerby's Parlour Musee held at the Freemasons' Hall, should be visited by everyone. The few nights that Prince Tiny Mite has been on show, the Hall has been filled to overflowing. He certainly is all that he is represented to be, and we do not doubt Mr. Somerby's word when he says that the Prince is the smallest man on earth. Besides this he is well formed and no such word as monstrosity applies in his case. In addition to this attraction, there is the Paper King, who manipulates paper in such a manner that one wonders if there is anything that he cannot make out of it.

The illusion "Mary Queen of Scots" is very good, and many are the queries from the youngsters "How's it done?"

We cannot miss saying a good word for the friend of our youth, good old Punch and Judy.

Mr. Somerby has provided a show well worth double the money, but as long as he is satisfied, Halifax should be so also.

Sporting Notes.

To-morrow is the last day of entry for the Race Meeting on June 22nd. The prospect of good racing is favourable.

For the *Maiden Army Races*, the starters will probably be Mr. Barry's Tipperary, ridden by Mr. Morrow, Mr. John Ryan's Tepischraun, ridden by Dr. Jones, Capt. Jenkins' roan and Major Maunsel's black pony, of these the first is the favourite, although Mr. Ryan's little black will show a good race and may prove a winner.

In the *Seaside Parse*, the entries will probably be Mr. Gilchrist's Yeolite, Mr. MacMonagle's Stag and Ida Grey, and perhaps Hopeful—but no doubt there will be some others. This ought to be between Yeolite and the Stag.

The *Jubilee Parse* ought to bring a good field, Golden Maxim or Yorktown brought from St. John by Mr. Le Roi Willis. Mr. MacMonagle will send one or two of his string. Another runner will be a mare belonging to Mr. Clinch. Golden Maxim is our choice for this race.

The *Riding ground Pony Cup* is an event which usually attracts a great deal of attention and will in all probability do so this year. The entries will be, Mr. Jack's grey mare Mignonette (the winner of the cup last year) ridden by the owner, Mr. Barry's Tipperary ridden by Mr. Morrow, that ever popular favourite. The Tramp, who will be ridden this year by Capt. Alexander, Mr. Clinch's (St. John) Twinkle and Capt. Jenkins' Rowdy. Our choice in this event is certainly Mignonette unless something very unforeseen happens. But it will in all probability be as good and exciting a race as it was last year.

The *Riding Ground Club Cup* for horses will we hope be one of the most important races of the day. There will be entered probably Mr. Barnaby's Skaniateles (late Emmeline) Mr. Clinch's Wanderer colt, Dr. Hopkin's Sirrocco, Hopeful and probably another horse from Boston. Out of this lot is almost impossible to pick out a winner, but Mr. Clinch's nomination would seem to be the one to put money upon.

The *Citizen's Parse*, open race, two miles, is to be the great attraction of the day, and will draw a large crowd from the country to see it. The entries are Mr. Barnaby's Skaniateles, Mr. Gilchrist's Yeolite, Mr. MacMonagle's The Stag, and Ida Grey, Mr. Willis's Golden Maxim and Yorktown, one if not two horses from Boston and Mr. Clinch's horse. These, and in all probability there will be more, will make a good race and a race worth seeing. We would pick out the favourite either in Golden Maxim or the Stag.

Suburban Handicap for ponies, ought to bring out every pony belonging to members of the Polo Club, not to mention many others. But I am afraid that it will not do this, and that the field will be small. There will be at least six or seven starters, and the race will be a good one, a mile and a quarter. Everything depends on the weights, but we think that Mignonette will be the winner even if she should have to carry top weight, as no doubt she will.

This completes the programme for a very successful day, weather of course permitting.

Every morning between seven and eight the race course is lively with horses and ponies doing their mornings work, and will continue so till the races.

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HOW TO ENJOY A DANCE.

No one has yet discovered the exact psychological moment for arriving at a dance. In London it does not matter so much. The population of a London ball room is a floating one; people are "coming on" from somewhere and "going on" to somewhere else all night, and you are pretty sure to pick up some pleasant partners whenever you make your appearance. But in the country it is different. There everyone turns up within twenty minutes of the time named on their cards, and it is just this twenty minutes—pairing time—that makes all the difference to the individual between a successful and an unsuccessful dance. If you turn up five minutes too soon, you will find a dozen or so girls from the very bottom of the social basket who have tried by a forced march to outmanœuvre the unwary man and snatch a dance from him before he can look the other way. If, on the other hand, you come five minutes too late, the reigning beauties—who are always the latest arrivals—have filled their cards, and reply to your modest request by saying: "Ah, let me see, the tenth extra." There are some remarks that no girl could ever yet refrain from making at the top of her voice. And that is one of them.

Will someone invent and publish a suitable phrase for the use of young men asking for a dance? At present the British youth founders hopelessly. "Gimme a dance, Miss Smith," seems a little abrupt, while "Myawve th' plshaw've daunce?" is oppressive not to say unintelligible. "Hope you ain't full, Miss Jones," which is much affected by cheerful young men with red faces, seems more appropriate for use at a dinner party. Yes, a reward should be offered for a new phrase.

It requires a cool head and a steady nerve to make up a successful programme. The experienced hand will make his way through a crowded room, only seeing about half-a-dozen people, and quietly pencilling down his selections with the speed and decision of a bookmaker within two minutes of a big race; while the beginner, without a definite plan of campaign, will find his way blocked by one girl after another whom he must ask to dance, until his programme is nothing but an ill-digested mass of names without a single partner that he really wanted.

My own idea of a programme is that it should contain at most six names, which should recur with corresponding frequency. For with a good partner the second dance is better than the first, and the third than the second: your steps seem to tumble together. Besides, when sitting out, you can pick up the threads of a former conversation; whereas, if you have as many different partners as there are dances, you have no sooner learned that each of your fair companions loves dancing, and thinks the floor very good, than the next waltz begins, and you part—perhaps forever. There is no satisfaction—no finality—about such sitting out. Just one more word of advice to young men on making up their book. Keep a good partner for the end. One dance after supper is worth two before. And then you have not the uneasy fear that tortured you at the beginning of the evening lest undue exercise should cause your collar, "like a parched scroll," to curl up and disappear down your neck.

And what about the ladies? How are they to manage their programmes? It would appear that they had very little to say in the matter. But naturalists teach us that in the lower creation Nature has compensated lack of strength by superiority in guile. And in the same way the weaker sex is able to combat the brutal assumption of the male by her skill in—well, diplomacy. Have you never seen a girl look straight at a man with her sweet innocent eyes and tell him she hasn't a dance left; while two seconds afterwards another man comes up and puts his name down for half-a-dozen? Some girls, I am told, fill their programmes at once with dummy names, which they gravely exhibit to unwelcome suitors "to witness if they lie." Others keep two programmes, and, like the conductor of a pirate bus, show whichever is convenient at the moment, while their puzzled partners begin to mistrust their own sanity, and rush off to drown their sorrows in champagne. And I know at least one girl who, about half-way through, tears her

programme into little bits and scatters the pieces—with her prudence—to the winds, dancing for the rest of the evening with a single partner. On the whole, perhaps the "dummy" method is the safest; certainly it is the least aggravating to others.

By the way, have you ever noticed how differently the men and the girls treat their programmes? The man shoves it into his trousers pocket, and brings it out all crumpled and torn. When he goes home he chucks it into the fire; though he generally tears off the pencil first, and uses it for booking bets and jotting memoranda on the backs of old envelopes. To a girl her programme is a sacred thing, like Urim and Thummim. She is going to preserve it religiously in a locked drawer at home with half a hundred others, which she glances over occasionally before getting into bed—when she feels sentimental. So she thrusts it tenderly into some mysterious receptacle in her corsage, when on occasion she fishes it up by the pencil. Ladies, you are no doubt laughing at my innocence, but don't you ever lose your programme—temporarily? However, at this rate, we sha'n't get beyond the first twenty minutes of the dance; though, as I said, it is the twenty minutes on which the whole thing pivots. Where is the pleasure of a race meeting if you haven't made a good book? Well, it's just the same with a dance.

About the dancing itself, there is not much to be said. It is not as if the minuet, the pavane, the gavotte, and all the complicated country dances were still in fashion. Any human donkey with two legs and one ear ought to be able to waltz. Only let me beseech the ladies to cut off that extra inch of skirt which they have added this season. It is difficult enough to steer in a crowded room; and if you cannot reverse for fear of hitting other people in the eye with your fist, and cannot back your partner lest she tread on her dress, and, like Mother Eve, drag the man with her in her fall, you must betake yourself, like a South American Republic, to perpetual revolution; which is monotonous and deadly work.

Never talk while you are dancing. The average man's brain is sufficiently occupied with threading his ways through a crowded room, and he has no surplus intellect left for conversation. Gladstone might manage it, or the man who plays half-a-dozen games of chess at once with his eyes blindfolded; but with the rank-and-file of humanity the talk is sure to spoil the dance, or the dance the talk. Young ladies—very young ladies—are the chief offenders in this respect. Leave their remarks unanswered until you have seated yourselves on the stairs: then reply to them in detail. That will crush them. Here is another wrinkle for very young ladies. As you stream out from the dancing-room your partner will probably say, "Miss So-and-so, will you—ah—come and have—ah—some refreshment?" He does not mean that a bit. He means, "Miss So-and-so, I am very thirsty and want a drink: will you come and see me have one?" If you say, "No thank you," he will be sulky; if you say "Yes," you will lose the chance of finding a good sitting-out place. But he will be grateful.

Why is there always such a wild rush for supper? Why do couples besiege the door, and implore the waiters to let them in. Then the room is already packed with a seething mob of feeders: the struggle for tea at a Sunday-school treat, the booking-office, at Victoria on a Bank-Holiday, the pit door of the Lyceum on a first night, all are nothing to the storming of the supper-room at a dance. And yet all of these people have had a square meal an hour or two ago. Dancing truly makes one as hungry and thirsty as a foot-ball match. Therefore, young man, be especially careful in your selection of a supper partner. Not for her dancing choose her, nor for her beauty; do not choose a *debutante*; she will be too excited to eat, and having pecked at a little jelly and a grape, want to run away for the next dance. Choose a healthy girl who looks hungry, if possible, a married woman; she understands the ways of men and their appetites. And above everything, always leave a blank space in your programme for supper; do not insult your hostess by trying to squeeze it in between a couple of waltzes.

What a pity it is that so many hostesses, after providing an

excellent supper, expect their guests to eat it standing, like a ninepenny lunch at a City bar. Wine is good, but not for the shirt-front; and lobster salad is a thing scarcely to be thought of with your plate three feet from your mouth. A picnic may be pleasant enough when you are in flannels on the river, but not in evening dress and a crowded room.

Let me put in a word for the chaperones. They are too often overlooked in the modern ballroom. My grandmother tells me that when she went to balls there were card-rooms provided for the elders. But the young people have turned the card-tables out, and replaced them with easy-chairs and screens, while the chaperones have to sit about in the draught wherever they can, and smile when their corns are stamped on and their dresses crushed. There is a lot of quiet heroism about the British mother, and she has a lot to fight against in these days of competition and wary bachelors. She will sit through dance after dance to the bitter end rather than Maud or Ethel should miss one opportunity. Let us make her heroism as comfortable as possible.

A GALLANT DEED.

FRED HAINES, The Doctor, Sam and Tommy were gathered together in the bar parlour, occupying all the best seats in the Royal Oak, when a little, blue-eyed, weazen-faced individual creaked in by the back door, and slunk into a dark corner.

"That's him," said an ungrammatical loafer, with a green patch over his left eye.

"Who is it?" asked the Doctor.

"Why, the chap who saved a train from being wrecked," was the reply.

"Come, tell us all about it," they demanded, as the small man crouched in the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the blazing gas.

After much persuasion, reinforced by a stiff glass of whisky, he began:—

"It was just such a night as this—bright and clear—and I was going home down the line, when, right before me, across the rails, lay a great beam. There it was, pale and ghastly as a lifeless body; and, light as it appeared, I had not the power to move it. A sudden rumble and roar told me that the night express was thundering down, and soon would reach the fatal spot. Nearer and nearer it approached, till, just as the train was upon me, I sprang aside, placed myself between the obstruction and the track, and the train flew on unharmed."

The silence was so dense for a moment that one might have heard a dew drop. Presently Fred asked:—

"What did you do with the beam?"

"I didn't touch it," he replied; "but it touched me."

"Well," persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't lift it and didn't touch it, how in thunder did the train get over it?"

"Why, don't you see?" said the sad-faced man, as he arose from his seat and sidled toward the door; "the obstruction was a moonbeam, and I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place, and—"

Bang flew a pewter pot against the door; and if it had touched the body of the retreating hero there would have been an inquest the following day. After this the company sneaked out by the back door, and surprised their homesteads by their early arrival home.

It is not generally known that pieces like "L'Enfant Prodigie," or "Ballets d'Action," in which the story is carried out in pure pantomime, are all first rehearsed with dialogue which is afterwards discarded. Throughout the action of "L'Enfant Prodigie" at the Prince of Wales' the actors even now *think* the dialogue that makes the pantomime so forcible and realistic.

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CONCERNING FASHION.

In many things fashion is the outcome of expediency; but fashion in dress is generally started by people who have nothing to do, and haven't got the brains to do it properly. As a rule, those who start the fashions are not known to fame; but for the man who will make it *bon ton* and *de rigueur*, likewise *recherché*, to wear trousers with a slight fringe delicately overlapping the boot, and coats with a tendency to gloss at the elbows, immortality is waiting. A great royal personage has to wear large-brimmed hats to keep her ears from flapping—and there is a fashion started at once.

It is not difficult to evade the strict fashion if you are a man; but for a woman the only alternative is the grave. The idea of being a lady seems to come upon you all at once, though in reality it has been growing imperceptibly, like a progressive cold in the nose. You don't know you're going to have it till you've got it, and you can't imagine what it's like till you've had it. You may go along in the old comfortable way for years, till one day a dear friend comes to see you who has got it badly; and as you gaze upon her knowing little hat trimmed with a piece of black velvet and the remains of a mutilated chicken, the yearning to be fashionable creeps over you. I am not what you would call a Beau Brummel myself, but I never appear on the street without clothes of some sort. It is part of my principle to always respect the views of others, even when they are opposed to my most cherished and deep-rooted convictions. There was a time, I admit, when I used to fancy that if I wasn't dressed in quite the latest thing from Piccadilly, the police would watch me with suspicion, and the people next door would move out of the neighbourhood in disgust. But ever since fashion played a particular mean trick upon me, I have considered it beneath my notice. I refer to the time when it was the fashion to wear large moustaches. I devoted several hours a day in attempting to bring my upper lip to a proper sense of duty and self-respect; and after six weeks of unremitting care and anxiety, I found I had got about a square inch more moustache on one side than on the other, and that the whole of it put together would just about cover a postage stamp. After that, I came to the conclusion that I wasn't built for a moustache raiser; and so now I keep fowls instead.

Sometimes it is the fashion to be beautiful, and it is then that the cruel severity of the strain is most keenly realised. There are fewer things more exquisitely touching than to watch a lady of the highest fashion whose facial outlines resemble the delicate beauty of an overgrown radi-sh, bravely struggling to keep her softest smile inside the frame of the looking-glass. If your cheeks are naturally ruddy with the growth of health, it is a matter for grave regret, because it isn't at all fashionable. You see, the fact is, nature doesn't know anything about it; and it is really wonderful that such incompetence in the business should have been tolerated for so long without competition. Every properly educated lady of fashion knows where the ruddy glow ought to occur, and what the precise tint of it should be; and you can get quite a lot of it for about sixpence. As time goes on, and you follow the prevailing fashion still more closely, you'll find it advisable to keep a little white powder handy for the tip of your nose, to prevent people making unkind suggestions. Truly, we are fearfully and wonderfully made up!

There are some feeble minds who say it is all nonsense to follow the fashions. I once knew a fellow like that. Just the sort of chap, you know, who never would sit and pare his nails during

the sermon at church, and who, when other people were devoutly studying the hymn book, would be vulgar enough to reach out and put something in the collection plate. That man was so atrociously unfashionable that he would even give up his seat to a lady in the 'bus; and as to standing right in front of her and trying to stare her out of countenance afterwards, he positively wouldn't do it. Isn't it dreadful to think what common minds there are in the world? The modern "glass of fashion" is rather large, and holds about a pint. It is the fashion to hang on to the bar as long as you can; and when you are really obliged to let go, to do it like a gentleman, and ask the policeman to handle you kindly. Some people find it convenient to take the other alternative; but in fashionable society it is usual to pay the forty shillings. Always respect the fashions and the people who start them. I have for a long time held that the man who set the fashion of carrying walking-sticks with the point in the air ought to have a nice, big, public funeral. And he ought to have it soon.

WINDSOR.—Several Windsor people went over to Kentville to the ball given by Mr. and Miss Campbell on the evening of the 5th. Among the party were Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Paulin Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Curry, Miss Thom, Miss Gervert, Dr. Ryan etc. Though the dance was not over till about 4.30 on Saturday morning still most of the party returned home by the early train which leaves Kentville at 7. a. m.

An entertainment was given at the School House at the "Three Mile Plains" on Friday evening the 5th. inst. under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society of King's College. The President of the Society (Mr. C. G. Abbott) presided and the musical portion of the programme was mainly carried out by the students. The undoubted musical ability of Mr. G. J. Foster helped largely in making the evening the success it was. The programme concluded with a farce "Cox and Box" performed by Messrs M. A. Abbott, DeMille and Foster. The plot is a most laughable one and was done full justice to by these three young gentlemen. The hall was packed and quite a handsome sum was realised which is to be devoted to the seating of the pretty little church recently built at the "Plains." Many people from town attended, coming in carriages or walking.

The Tennis Club has opened its courts once more. The present season promises to be a successful one.

A very pleasant dance was given by Mrs. McCallum on Monday evening last. With the charming Hostesses this event could be naught but very enjoyable.

A very quiet wedding took place at 6.30 a. m. on Tuesday last at Christchurch, when Miss M. Campbell was married to the Revd. R. H. Taylor of Newfoundland. The ceremony was performed by Revd. Prof. Vroom, brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by the Rector. The bride looked very pretty in a gown of white silk and was given away by her mother. The affair had been kept a great secret, consequently there were very few in the congregation. There were no bridesmaids nor was there a "best-man." The marriage service was followed by a celebration of the Holy Communion. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left Windsor *en route* to Newfoundland by the morning train for Halifax.

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Our Society.

Vol. I. HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1891. No. 28.

WE are treating our readers this week to an unusually long clipping on the subject of dancing. Going on the principle that what reads particularly well in a good London society paper ought to be good enough for us, we take the risk of one or two of our readers having seen it before.

WE welcome the first letter from our St. Pierre correspondent, and hope to hear from him pretty often in future. The conditions of life in the French colony are so entirely different from what they are here that these letters cannot fail to be of interest to our readers. Of the two little social worlds in St. Pierre—the French and the English—it is difficult to say which is the more hospitable and genial; at any rate, both are decidedly interesting to an outsider.

It seems a sad thing for fair ladies to spend their time writing sweet verses, only to be consigned to the waste paper basket, and we feel that we must be made of hard, cruel stuff to resist their tender pathos or withering scorn; but really, sweet damoiselles, it's no use trying it on. It has been said that "no contributions will be inserted unless accompanied by the names of the writers;" and this is as the law of the Medes and Persians. You are quite safe, so long as you don't perpetrate a malicious libel; and if you do, we are not likely to publish it. One or two little soulful fragments we have not yet destroyed, and would rather like to publish; but this is becoming a question of principle.

Provincial Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—The event of the week, musically, was the Philharmonic Concert on Thursday, when the society rendered Dudley Buck's setting of music to Longfellow's "Golden Legend." The audience was small—so small, the society has to seriously consider its financial position, as it depends materially upon the proceeds of its concerts for the salaries of the conductor and pianist, as well as for its other expenses. The orchestra was very weak, owing not so much to the absence of Mr. Vinnicombe's first violin, as to the lack of a leader. The truth is that Mr. Vinnicombe's efficient orchestral club was replaced by a scratch orchestra of six or seven instruments including the piano, at which Mr. Hartz presided with his unusually excellent and faultless accompaniments. The number of vocalists was also seriously reduced, making it almost impossible to render some of the choruses where the men

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

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MR. H. M. BRADFORD has made arrangements to take 8 resident pupils through the Summer Holidays, in the Cottage on the North-West Arm, which affords excellent Bathing, Boating, etc.

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alone were depended upon for their rendition. This seems to be a critical time with the Philharmonic, the crisis being due to more than one cause, but we very sincerely hope to see the society continue to flourish, for it has done excellent work. This last concert was in many ways the best of the four given by the society. Mrs. Malcolm Macleod in the role of Elsie, Rev. Fred. E. J. Lloyd as the Prince, and Professor Caven in the bass solos were severally excellent. No work could have been found better suited to the capabilities of the society. The result was that the defects were few, the audience delighted. Rarely do we hear anything in Charlottetown as excellent as the singing of Mrs. Macleod and the Reverend Conductor, whose solos and duet singing were most delightful. The Rev. Mr. Lloyd departed the following morning for Quebec where he will be absent for a month.

Hon. Daniel Davies and Mrs. Davies arrived home from their bridal trip on Wednesday evening of last week. Mrs. Davies received visitors on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday last, with Miss Maude Ball and Miss Belle Newberry assisting on Monday and Wednesday, and Miss Haszard and Miss Simpson on Tuesday.

Mrs. Ralph Peake and Miss Haviland returned to "The Lilacs" on Tuesday 2nd inst.

Rev. Thomas Lloyd came on Thursday 4th inst., to assume charge of the parish of Kensington.

Professor Shuttleworth, lately teacher of Agricultural Chemistry in Prince of Wales College, having resigned the position, left the Island on the 10th inst., to enter upon his duties as Professor of Chemistry at the Ontario Agricultural College. Mr. Shuttleworth made many friends during his short stay here by whom his departure will be much regretted; he, moreover, endeared himself to his pupils and associates. He carries with him all good wishes for like success in his new sphere of work.

His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax and the Revds. Canon Carmody and Edward Murphy, His Lordship the Bishop of Chatham, accompanied by Revd. Father Walsh of St. John and Revd. Father Bernard of Portland, Maine, were last week the guests of His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown. Their visit was in connection with the services of the "month's mind" for the late Bishop McIntyre of Charlottetown, at which the Archbishop preached the sermon fittingly eulogizing the late illustrious prelate.

Professor Robertson of the central experimental farm at Ottawa has been here, and returned to deliver his lecture, "Twice across Canada" under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of Prince of Wales College.

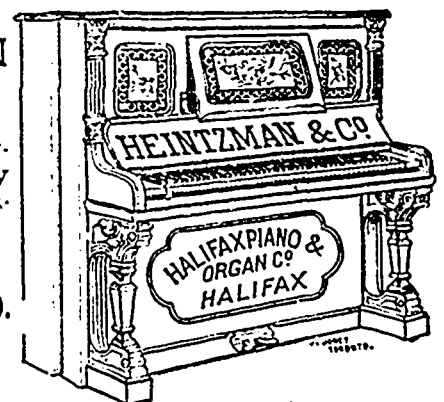
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English Jottings.

REALLY some of the English society papers are carrying the anti-Royalty mania to the extreme. A little of it is wholesome enough, and may serve as an antidote to toadyism, but it is time some sort of a limit was set to this kind of thing when a leading London paper devotes its first page to such stuff as this:—

"By the way, people are asking themselves why Her Majesty came back from Grasse just now? There was certainly nothing to call her back for another week or two; nor, indeed, for the matter of that, need she have come back till the end of the season, and she could have gone direct from Grasse to Osborne! Of course, some grumbles would have rushed into print and complained that the British taxpayer highly disapproves of absentee Sovereigns, and so forth, but Her Majesty does not care a rush-light for such very feeble middle-class indignation, and what irresponsible journalists write about her is a matter of supreme indifference to Mrs. Great Britain, who has quite made up her mind to enjoy herself during these the last years of her life in her own way and fashion.

"But the truth of the matter is, that of late years Her Majesty has become most strangely superstitious and full of forebodings. This may be the result of old age creeping on, or it may be the outcome of these many years of Mausoleumising and moping, but be the cause what it may, the fact remains that of late years (and especially during the last eighteen months), Our Gracious Sovereign has been as full of dire and doleful presentiments as any old Irish peasant woman. Everything, even the most trivial incident, has latterly seemed to her to be full of mysterious and prophetic meaning, and even during the recent visit to Grasse, where she was unusually gay and enjoyed herself thoroughly, she became tormented with these silly superstitions.

"For instance, Her Majesty remembered that her late housemaid, Reynolds, had broken a looking-glass at Windsor just before the Royal party set out for the Continent. Of course all the superstitious fears and vague terrors came back to the mind of Her Majesty with vigour renewed tenfold when she remembered this, and during the last week of her stay at Grasse our Empress-Queen was busying herself interpreting everything, like Joseph in the Old Testament—not dreams only, but all sorts of things, and seeking to find and recognize in the most trivial facts and incidents some mysterious and prophetic meaning.

"Again, if the Princess Beatrice sneezed, Her Majesty would immediately instruct the Duke of Rutland to intimate to Lord Salisbury that it was her Sovereign pleasure that the Portuguese should be dealt with severely, as the sneeze of Beatrice would seem to say, 'Mashomaland! Mashomaland!' and she therefore feared that that South African territory might be in danger. In vain did Princesses Louise and Beatrice endeavour to reason with their August Mamma, she would not listen to them, and went on interpreting everything, looking upon all things as symbolical.

"Henry of Battenberg came strolling into his mother-in-law's sitting-room the other day at Grasse, smelling strongly of brandy, although he afterwards assured Miss Alice de Rothschild that he had chewed an ounce of cloves to cover the smell of this act of treason. The Queen detected the breach of privilege, not at a glance, but by a whiff, and at once (nor indeed was it difficult, for Henry had been indulging in so strong a 'peg' of cognac, that it lifted the roof of the cloves every time he breathed); but instead of at once taxing him with his offence and ordering him from her presence as she would have done under ordinary circumstances, she arose, and came close to Henry, who quailed at her approach and placed his large Teutonic fist over his mouth in a vain attempt to hide the tell-tale aroma.

"Then, after having gazed upon Heinrich with stony contempt as he clumsily explained how he had been over the perfumery factory that morning, and how, bending over some of the newly-distilled essences, his moustache, beard, and mouth had become impregnated with strange odours, etc., the Queen turned aside and

hastily penned a memorandum to ask Lord Lytton full particulars as to whether M. Ribot was not really deceiving us with his frank declaration, and the French were not secretly making schemes which would tend to endanger the independence of Hayti, adding to the note this explanation: 'Tell Lord Lytton to be most searching in his inquiries about this matter, for there is a smell about Henry this morning which plainly warns me that the downfall of the Negro Republic is now an imminent catastrophe.'

"Life under these circumstances became very unpleasant at Grasse for everybody, inasmuch as there are few things more uncomfortable to the average male or female Briton than to be treated as an enigma and have some one searching for your key all the time or be looked upon, even in your best clothes, as only a handwriting on the wall, or a joke in a foreign language which needs translating to be appreciated. Henry of Battenberg was bored, so he slyly pointed out that this year the birthday of Arthur of Connaught fell on a Friday. What Heinrich had foreseen happened at once, of course, the Queen returned without delay to England, dropping him *en route*, so his little plot succeeded. Willy Harry!"

A most pathetic little scene was enacted the other day in the Guardians' committee room at Huddersfield, of all places in the world. A woman, evidently in the depth of poverty—she looked as if she had never known a what it is to have enough to eat—entered the room and presented the Guardians with £50. The intense delight and pride on the woman's face as she did so was beyond description. Years ago, it seems, her father had fallen into evil days, and had been obliged to accept parish relief. The woman had calculated that, in all, he had received £50, and she has worked night and day to save the money, and thus remove the stain of pauperdom from her father's memory. Think of the misery, the pinching, the starving, that £50 represents; for the donor is a charwoman, who rarely earns more than eight shillings a week. The Guardians were most unwilling to accept the money, but the woman insisted upon their doing so, for she could not rest, she said, so long as the money remained unpaid.

Another story, still more pitiable, comes from the same neighbourhood. At a meeting of the Barnsley Board of Guardians the other day, a queer revelation was made with regard to the ways of workhouse officials. Last October it was discovered that a poor old man, who is now eighty-two, and who for the last twenty years has been in the Barnsley Union, owed £3 10s. 6d. The old fellow, it seems had received from time to time chance coppers from outsiders for doing little services; and, in spite of the temptations to spend his earnings in tobacco, or other little comforts, he had saved them every one. Why, Heaven alone knows, unless it were in the hope of thus avoiding a pauper's funeral. No sooner was it known that the money was there, than, in spite of the old man's broken-hearted remonstrances, the officials seized his little hoard, his twenty years' savings and placed it in the bank to the account of the treasurer where it still remains.

The Guardians seem to have cordially supported the action of the officials, for one of them remarked that they really could not maintain paupers with such sums in their possession. Do they think they are elected to make the lives of our paupers as intolerable as possible? Again and again we hear of old men and women preferring death by starvation to life in a workhouse, and little wonder. Surely public opinion will force the Guardians in this case to act with common humanity, and restore to the old man the money that ought never to have been taken from him. They owe him some compensation too for having already kept it seven months. There is a special text with regard to the fate of those who oppress the poor which might be hung up with advantage in the Barnsley Guardians' committee room.

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The Ladies' Column.

Some one wrote lately on the dress of literary women in London, describing it as being generally in bad taste. This is about right, and the reason is not far to seek. First and foremost, to dress at all well requires time and thought, neither of which is at the beck and call of the women who write for bread. Secondly, she has very little money to spare to keep herself practically posted up to date in raiment. And when all is said that can be said, to be at all well dressed requires a good deal more than the working woman of any cult can afford. In New York, women of letters are also bad dressers. The limp æsthetic clinging style is greatly affected by literary women. Others rely upon yards of trimming and a blaze of gems. One well-known writer, says the *New York World*, never appears without a hat, even when she is *decollete*. But, says the same authority, the same fashion writers, with a few exceptions, are the most dowdily and unbecomingly dressed of all. But the raey correspondent of that capital paper deserves to tell his own story, unaltered, so here is what he, or she, says: "There are a few well-known literary women who, with their bleached hair, big diamonds, and taste for colours can be heard on the next block, and often mistaken for Broadway soubrettes. The writers are not above the arts of the toilet either, and rouge, powder, and other details are used by many of the azure-bosed tribe as well by the butterflies of Society. Nor is *decollete* dressing frowned upon by the ladies who write for a living. One may see at functions frequented by writers quite as liberal a display of charms as in the boxes at the Metropolitan." A little further on we read that a writer of note received her visitors in bare feet, which, being pretty, the male portion forgave her. Quite half a column of paper is devoted to descriptions of the chief literary women's dress, but as their names, with few exceptions, are a blank quantity to us, I will not inflict their clothes on my readers.

It is curious, it repulsive, to read how surgery enters into the beautifying of woman, or rather the remedying of her defects of feature. If a nose is too celestial in its aspirations, the bridge is operated on, and the *retroissee* disappears. I have read the process—it made me ill. I will not pass it on. Massage will remove wrinkles, and impurities caused by a sluggish circulation. A facial massager is scientifically trained, and knows the exact direction her operations on the nose must take. By this process the muscles are stimulated into greater plumpness, and the cartilage and muscles of the nose are made soft and yielding. The worst feature is the mouth, and it is almost impossible to make a large one small. A remedy for thick lips is said to be a solution of tannin, which serves

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the purpose of contracting the libial development. But "there is hardly any surgical operation which will reduce the size with any certainty except shortening the muscles at the corners with the knife and sewing the edges together. This operation is difficult because of the necessity of taking food, and some would say of talking. Large ears may be remedied by the knife with ease, as the cartilage of which they are mainly composed is easily cut and heals rapidly. Therefore it would seem unnecessary that any woman should have irregular or homely features if she can only afford the price of such operations, from five-and twenty dollars to almost as many hundreds, according to her status and the physician's name."

Now that there are a few vegetables to be seen in the market, the following may be useful to some of our readers:—

CUCUMBERS A L'ESPAGNOLE.—Choose two or three fresh young cucumbers, peel them, and cut each one in halves lengthwise; next cut each half through the middle, thus forming four neat-shaped, equal-sized pieces out of each cucumber. Take out the seeds and dip the pieces in flour which has been highly seasoned with salt, pepper and a pinch cayenne, then fry in hot butter, or good beef dripping, until richly browned. Drain the cucumbers carefully from the fat and lay them in a saucepan: cover with good brown stock at a simmer gently until quite tender, but not at all broken; then take up the vegetable, place each piece on a slice of hot buttered toast of corresponding size and shape, and arrange neatly on a hot dish. Stir into the stock sufficient brown *roux* to thicken it to taste, boil up, skim if necessary, pour over the cucumbers and serve at once.

SOME INTERESTING ADVERTISEMENTS.—For sale—A damaged Lady's Gold Watch, a mahogany Butler's Tray, a sky-blue Gentleman's Dressing Jacket, a leather-covered Travelling Girl's Dress Basket, a Brass-faced Grandfather's Clock, a second-hand Officer's Regulation Trunk, a half crown, all silver, will be given in exchange for two-and-sixpence, first offer has it.

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A SERPENT'S TOOTH.

It was Thursday, Lady Sewell's "At Home" day, and the drawing room in Queen's Gate Terrace was crowded. The chairs were all occupied by well-fed and well-dressed dowagers, whilst the girls and young men stood about, holding tea-cups in their hands, and exchanging small talk, under cover of the music. A notable tenor had just been singing his last composition, and now that he had finished, the tongues were let loose again, and a general clatter ensued. Lady Sewell herself, an animated brunette of perhaps five-and-thirty, was holding a little court all to herself. She was a handsome and intelligent woman, but there was something hard and cynical in the expression of her face, which outsiders were unable to account for. For, to all outward appearance, Lady Sewell enjoyed a most fortunate and enviable lot. Her husband, Sir Walter, was as good, perhaps, and even better, than the majority of husbands. She had sufficient money to gratify every whim—a large coterie of friends—and three of the most charming children in the world. They were clustered about her at the present moment, for she was a fond mother, and seldom let them out of her sight. Horace and Walter, two fine boys of five and seven years old, and Ella, pretty, graceful child of ten. They were all nice looking, and well-mannered, and affectionate, and more than one mother who regarded them voted Lady Sewell a most fortunate woman. Mrs. Russell, a new acquaintance, who had been brought to the "At Home" by old Lady Gribble, was especially enthusiastic in her admiration of them.

"Really, Lady Sewell, you make me quite envious," she exclaimed. "I have only one big boy of twelve, and I am afraid to let him enter my drawing room. He behaves like a bull in a china shop."

"Perhaps he has not been accustomed to be so much with you as my little ones have with me," returned Lady Sewell, smiling as she stroked the fair head of her daughter Ella. "They know that they cannot remain with me, unless they are good and quiet."

"And such pretty children, too, and so beautifully dressed," continued Mrs. Russell. "I have never seen any to equal them in manners or appearance, except some young friends of mine at Wooltown, in Devonshire—the Reverend John Archer's family—"

Lady Sewell became suddenly pale—the livid pallor of a dark complexion overspread her countenance, and she put Ella's clinging arms away from her.

"Do you know Wooltown?" she enquired, in a strange voice, of her new friend.

"Well. Do you know it also, Lady Sewell?"

"Oh, no?—not at all—that is, it is an immense distance from town. But I have heard of it."

"It is a lovely part of the country," said Mrs. Russell. "I have often been there. My cousin married General Fraser, who has a country seat in the village, and they and the Archers are the greatest friends."

"Yes, yes;" replied Lady Sewell, abstractedly; and then, as other guests began to press around her, she added hastily, "Don't go yet, Mrs. Russell. I should like to speak to you again, when—when the crowd is less—"

Regardful of her hostess's request, the lady lingered on, until the room was almost empty, and old Lady Gribble had gone home in disgust, without her.

"You see, I am still here, in obedience to your wish," she observed, when, at last, Lady Sewell was free to attend to her.

"Thank you! I thought I should so much like to have a chat with you about Wooltown. I—I—*was* there once, in fact. Nurse! take the children away! This lady and I are going to my boudoir. This way, Mrs. Russell." And, preceding her guest upstairs, Lady Sewell led the way to a charming boudoir, fitted with every luxury.

"I daresay you think it very strange I should want to talk to you alone," she commenced, with the same nervous expression of countenance.

"Not at all, Lady Sewell! I am only too much honored"

"But I know—or I did know—some of the people in Wooltown, and I should like to hear it—if—they are well."

"Did you know the Archers?"

"A little!—but it is some time ago"

"And the Frasers—my cousins?"

"No!—I don't think so," replied Lady Sewell, in the same painfully constrained and anxious manner. The conversation flagged. Mrs. Russell hardly knew how to proceed. At last her ladyship resumed, nervously tittering

"Are the Daeres still alive?"

"The doctor and his wife? O yes!"

"And Mrs. Jeffreys at—at—the Mill Farm?"

"Ah! poor old Mrs. Jeffreys!" ejaculated Mrs. Russell compassionately.

"Why *poor!*" cried her ladyship breathlessly

"You can hardly know her history, Lady Sewell, to ask that! It excited my pity more than anything I have ever heard."

"Why? Why? What has she done?"

"*She* has done nothing! It is what others have done to her. She was a wealthy and happy woman once, when her husband was alive, and her son and daughter were with her. But Mr. Jeffreys died, and her son went off to sea, and her daughter who should have been the prop of her old age, deserted the poor old woman in the most heartless manner—eloped, so I am told, with some gentleman, and has been too fine to notice her mother since. And now that she is poor and blind—"

"*Poor and blind,*" repeated Lady Sewell. "Mrs. Jeffreys poor and blind?"

"Indeed, she is, Lady Sewell! She tried to carry on the farm business herself, but got cheated on every side, till she lost all her money. Then an illness came on, and blindness followed it, and she is helpless and in want. It is a cruel case. And the love she retains for her ungrateful daughter, too! To hear the poor old creature talk, you would think the hussy was an angel."

"Don't—don't!" cried Lady Sewell, impetuously, "I cannot bear it! Blind and alone, and in want! Oh! my heart will break!"

She cast herself headlong on the sofa, this proud, imperious beauty, who had been holding her fashionable court but an hour before, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Lady Sewell," cried Mrs. Russell, shocked and alarmed, "what have I done, or said, to upset you like this?"

"Nothing, nothing. It is no one's fault but my own. Sooner or later you will hear the truth. You may as well know it now. *Mrs. Jeffreys is my mother!*"

"Your mother! Impossible!"

"It is the fact. I am the daughter who deserted her. I was a proud, ambitious girl, ashamed of the farm and its humble surroundings, and always glad to get away from it, and visit amongst finer friends. On one of these visits I met Sir Walter, and he fell in love with me and proposed to me, before he knew my antecedents. When he did, he told me I must choose between my family and himself, and that if I loved him as he loved me, I would sacrifice the world for him. And I did. I sacrificed my poor old mother. God forgive me! I ran away with Sir Walter, and married him from my friend's house, and I have never seen Wooltown nor—nor—mother since."

Sobs choked her utterance. The happy and flattered Lady Sewell was crying as if her heart would break.

"I don't know why I should tell all this to you, a stranger," she gasped; "but I must speak now, or I shall die. Oh, tell me all you know! Is she ill, and feeble? Is she very sad?"

"I cannot deceive you, Lady Sewell. She is very feeble—very helpless—and she is very, *very* sad."

"She is fretting for me still—Oh, mother!"

"She speaks of you to every one she sees. I don't think you are a moment out of her thoughts. But I have never heard her mention you by name. She always calls you her Milly. But don't

let my news distress you like this, dear Lady Sewell. If you were thoughtless, Heaven has mercifully averted the consequences. Your hasty marriage has turned out a blessing."

"Yes, yes; for me—but for *her*! Sir Walter is all that is good and kind, and my children are darlings. But, oh! Mrs. Russell, how often have their very love reproached me, by recalling the love *she* showered upon me. I can remember *now* the gentle voice in which she used to speak—the care with which she nursed me—the pride she felt in me! And I requited it all by base ingratitude. What—*what* if my children should behave so to me?"

"It is not too late to repair the past," said Mrs. Russell, gently.

Lady Sewell sat up on the sofa, and pushed the wet curls off her forehead.

"*Not too late!* God bless you for those words! Of course, it is not too late; and I will go to her at once—this very minute. There is a night train to Wooltown. I shall be there by the morning—before my dear old mother has left her bed. Give me her address, Mrs. Russell. Before this time to-morrow, she shall know that I repent."

"But Sir Walter, Lady Sewell."

"He must consent to it. I cannot give in to him any longer," exclaimed the other, feverishly. "He is away for a few days, but when he returns, he shall know all, and I will tell him that I *dare* not neglect my mother any longer, lest God should avenge my conduct by robbing me of my own children. Give me her address, I beg of you, since she has left the farm."

"I am afraid it will shock you, Lady Sewell."

"Her address is the workhouse—Wooltown."

Lady Sewell stared incredulously at her informant for a moment, and then burst into violent hysterics.

"And I have been living in affluence and luxury," she moaned. "O, God, forgive me for my sin!"

But in a little while she rang for her maid, and telling her she had received news that compelled her to go into the country, ordered her to array her in a travelling costume. In her feverish desire for immediate atonement, she would not wait to eat or drink, but drove off to the railway station at once, whilst Mrs. Russell returned home, wondering what would be the upshot of so strange an adventure.

Lady Sewell got out at the little station at Wooltown in the early morning, before the fashionable world of London was awake. How sweet and pure the breath of June appeared to her as it came sweeping over bean fields and through market gardens to fan her anxious brow. Although she was quietly attired, she looked a very fine lady for that distant country side, and the astonishment excited by her advent was greatly enhanced by her asking her way to the workhouse. However, Bumbleton was reached, and Bumble summoned from his breakfast to answer the visitor's enquiry for an inmate named Mary Jeffreys.

"Ah!" murmured the workhouse master, as he turned over the pages of an official book. "Jeffreys! Jeffreys! Let me see. Admitted about two years ago, I believe. No. 3,822 on the books. Yes. She died yesterday, mum!"

Lady Sewell caught at the back of a chair to prevent herself falling.

"*What!*" she ejaculated, with dry, pale lips.

"Died yesterday, mum, at 3 p. m. Will be buried this afternoon. An old servant, mum, perhaps. Some one you had an interest in?"

"Yes! some one I had an interest in," she repeated, mechanically, for the blow had hit her hard.

"Can I—can I—see her?" she continued.

"Oh! yes, mem, if you wish it: but she lies in the dead-house. They all do! Here, Mrs. Martin, take this lady round to see the shell of No. 3,822. She was an old servant of hers—and she'd like to see her again."

Mrs. Martin, anticipatory of a tip, bobbed a curtesy, and Lady Sewell, moving as if she were in a dream, followed her to the dis-

mal mortuary where the paupers' collins awaited the time of burial. Then she stood with a slow, beating heart, feeling more dead than alive, by the wretched shell that contained her mother's body, lying still and cold, with a smile on her dead lips, and gazed at it in silence.

"Aye! poor thing," ejaculated Mrs. Martin, "it is to be hoped she's happy now, for she had a bad time of it here. Lost her husband, and her money, and her children, and her sight, and had a daughter living like a lady all the while. Well! I suppose it will come home to her. Such things usually do. I'd like to see her looking at her poor mother in her coffin now."

"It—is—sure—to—come—home—to her," faltered Lady Sewell, in a low voice. Then she put a piece of money in the woman's hand, and turned away, and walked out of the workhouse and back to the station.

"*Come home to her?*" she thought, as she lay back on the cushions of the railway carriage, exhausted with weeping. "Aye! with every sound of her own children's voices—with every look from their eyes. Oh, my poor mother! God has avenged you. This day has planted a thorn in my breast which no hand but yours can draw away again. However long I live—however prosperous and healthy, and apparently happy I may be—I shall feel the slow, dull, remorseful pain that settled down upon my heart as I looked at your dead face in your workhouse coffin, and knew that you had died without seeing your Millie again. Can you see me now from Heaven? Can you believe that I would give everything possessed to undo the past, and hear your gentle voice speak my forgiveness. Oh, Mother! Mother!"—

This is the cross that Lady Sewell bears through life. She has brought it on herself, but it is none the less hard to carry, and it has the power to stay the springs of her purest pleasures. And she will have to bear it (like all irremediable evils) until she meets her mother again in the Eternal Land.

TOO CRUEL.—They are fond of each other, very, and had been engaged. But they quarrelled, and were too proud to make it up. He called a few days ago at her father's house—to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She answered his ring at the door-bell. Said he: "Ah, Miss Jones, I believe. Is your father within?" "No, sir," she replied; "pa is not in at present. Do you wish to see him personally?" "Yes, miss," was his bluff response, feeling that she was yielding, "on very particular personal business," and he proudly turned to go away. "I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he reached the lowest step, "but who shall I say called?" He never smiled again.

CONVIVIAL PARTY.—Is think a pleece stat'n or a public 'ouse? 'Cos if it's a public 'ouse, 'rest me, cons'ble, but if it's a pleece stat'n gimme three o' Scotch 'ot.

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BRUNSWICK ST.

Provincial Notes.

ST. PIERRE, Miquelon, 30th May, 1891.—I don't suppose there are many folks down Halifax way who will take much interest in either the social, commercial or political life of the inhabitants of St. Pierre, but a few words may find an interested reader somewhere, so I venture my first letter with the hope that there may be even one.

We have had great times lately. What with the Queen's birthday, private parties and the like, one would imagine that instead of being exiled in a French colony that we were in some pleasant English village. Unfortunately, although the French and English people get on very well together in St. Pierre, there seems to be an inexplicable undercurrent of ill-feeling which every now and then crops up, sometimes in social life, at others officially, and renders a complete and sincere interchange of friendly courtesies next door to impossible. Whether this eternal bait bill has engendered a feeling of distrust in the French people I can't say, but there it is, and even the proverbial French politeness fails to cover it at times.

The Queen's birthday falling on a Sunday prevented anything further than a general libation to Her Majesty's health; but it was pleasant to find even in this remote corner of the globe Englishmen still enthusiastic and loyal to the old country. The American Consul (Mr. J. P. Freeker) raised the stars and stripes in honor of the occasion, and during the day received most of the English residents of St. Pierre at the Consulate, entertaining them with reminiscences of bygone days and his usual pleasant chat on the general topics of the day.

At present we have in our midst several visitors from different parts, the most noteworthy of whom are Mr. Stearns, of the Mutual Insurance Company; Mr. Fox, of St. John's, Nfld., of him more anon; and Mr. Wm. Cairns, also of St. John's, representing the firm of Monroe & Co. There are a number of others, and what they all find to do in St. Pierre beats me entirely, excepting that they seem to have a good time. The island doesn't look much of a place to have a good time on, but most folks manage to while away the time pretty comfortably and don't seem in a hurry to leave it. On the occasion of Her Majesty's birthday the St. John's delegates were most enthusiastic in their demonstrations of loyalty; in fact, quite outdid the local Anglais. However, Queen's birthday only comes once a year, so we forgive him the exuberance of his feelings.

I am sorry to record that Mr. Fox doesn't seem to pull a good stroke with the natives. Mr. Fox is a member of the Newfoundland Assembly, and the folks seem to think he is here on behalf of the Newfoundland Government, watching their interests in the bait question. I don't pretend to know much about the matter, or anything about Mr. Fox, but his position is anything but an enviable one, and were I in it I should vindicate myself through a St. John's paper, or quit. Some individual of an artistic turn of mind is exhibiting a picture supposed to be a sketch of one of the quays near the Custom House; a fox is peeping round the corner watching a fleet of schooners lying in the roads. The picture is suggestive of something which I should not like to attribute to the gentleman, but his profound silence is giving his detractors a firm belief in their supposition.

The "Belle Trees," a four-hundred-ton ship, went ashore at Colombie and has become a total wreck. She was just returning to St. John's with a cargo of coal for Sydney, after a most successful series of charters in the West Indies. Fortunately no lives were lost and the owners are fully insured.

We are just about starting a lawn tennis club. We haven't got a lawn, but are making a court which will do very well for a start, and as soon as a little interest in the game is worked up no doubt big things may be expected. Our young ladies are looking anxiously for the completion of the court; that augurs well for the future of the club; soon they will be wanting competitors,

Bless 'em, it's not much we can provide them with in the way of pleasure, so I hope the young men will not flag in their efforts to make the tennis a complete success.

On Monday, 1st June, the Bachelors give another "hop." Our last few dances have been wonderful successes, and no doubt this will be as good as its predecessors. The ladies here say there is only one fault with the dances, and that is that they don't come more often. I expect this will be about the final "hop" of the season, unless some of our Hebes, with their seductive ways, wheedle the married men into treading the light fantastic.

The weather has been extremely changeable. Last Sunday (24th May) we had a heavy fall of snow in the early morning. Up to the present it remains cold and quite unseasonable.

UMTOGATE.

FREDERICTON, June, 8.—The latest additions to the Infantry School are Major Buchan of Winnipeg, Capt. C. S. Mackinlay, Lieuts. Stairs and Ternan. The report that Major Buchan will be appointed permanently to this city lacks confirmation.

Mr. G. W. Babbitt, Bank of Nova Scotia, has been transported to the St. John agency.

In a Base Ball match on Tuesday between the Bankers and the Lawye.s the former won 19—17.

The concert last week given by the Womens' Aid Association, was a great success. Our local talent was ably assisted by Rev. J. M. Davenport and Mr. G. Cleaster of St. John.

Mr. F. D. Widder, of the Bank of Montreal, London, spent a couple of days in the city last week. He will probably be back e'er long.

The Tennis Club had a "Progressive Tennis day" on the 4th. Miss Allen and Mr. T. C. Allen, captured the first prizes and Miss Maunsell, and Mr. W. R. Ricey won the booby prizes.

Miss Bessie Botsford has returned from St. John.

Miss Harrison leaves for St. John to-day for a week or so.

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GABRIEL'S 17 BUCKINGHAM ST.

DR. SCABS:—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!

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