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OUR SOCIETY

A

WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1. No. 12.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27TH.

HALIFAX, N. S.

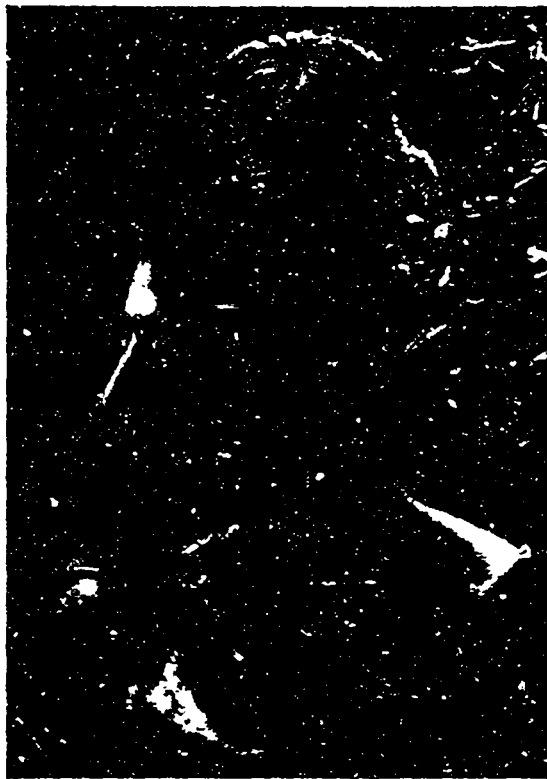
BONS-MOTS.

MONSIGNOR DONNER, Archbishop of Bordeaux, was taken to task for his friendly intercourse with the Protestant minister in that city. The very tolerant Prince of the Church replied -

"Pray allow me to have the pleasure of seeing him in this world, as I am not so sure of meeting him in the next."

SOMEONE the other day at Brighton, seeing Mr. Edmund Yates, the well-known journalist, looking unusually solemn, asked him what he was thinking about. "The next World," was the reply.

No architect has ever yet designed that step at the top of the stairs which your foot catches around for in vain when you go up in the dark.



MRS. NESBITT.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is very bald, and yet there are those who talk about the "hair apparent."

PROPRIETOR: "Was our reporter the first on the scene when the train was wrecked?"

EDITOR: "Better still; he was the first man killed."

HIS LITTLE BILL. "Whitebait! What's this, waiter? I never had any whitebait!"
"Quite true, sir, there wasn't any; but monsieur ordered some."

WELL MEANT. BARONESS: "Johann, send the cook up to me at once!"

FOOTMAN: "Hadn't your ladyship better wait a little? She is in a dreadful temper just now."

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WILLIAM NOTMAN.

* Photographer to the Queen, *

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Society Notes.

No paper in Canada is more extensively advertised than the *Canadian Queen*, and no paper in the world offers more valuable prizes for success in its competitions. Among the thousands who try for the prizes and fail, there are sure to be found many small-minded enough to vent their disappointment in charges of unfairness against the managers of the *Queen*, and hints that the prizes offered are not actually given. This has been the case during the past few months in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; so much so, that it has become a stock remark in Halifax that the 'silver tea service' degenerates into a plated butter-knife when you really attain it. Pretty broad hints to this effect have gone the round of the papers; and it was evident to us either that the *Queen* was perpetrating a gigantic public fraud, or that some person or persons were maliciously trying to damage its circulation in the Maritime Provinces.

We have made it our business during the past week to enquire into the matter, fully prepared to publish the results of the enquiry without fear of action for libel; but a very little trouble has compelled us to give a verdict entirely in favor of the *Queen*. We find, in the first place, that the *Queen* is a very readable paper, quite worth the subscription price apart from the value of the prizes offered: it is somewhat old-fashioned in style, but publishes some first-rate stories, and a great deal of useful house-hold information. In the current number, for instance, there is a new story by Bret Harte, that takes up 11 pages, besides several other short stories, and the usual columns on 'The Work Table,' 'Cooking School,' etc.

Then again, on turning up the list of successful competitors in the December word contest, we find the full address given in every case, so that the sceptic can easily corroborate the accuracy of all the statements made. Of course by far the greater number of prizewinners live in Upper Canada and the States, but Nova Scotia makes a very fair show. Among others are Mrs. J. A. Taylor, Hantsport, (silver watch); B. F. Porter, Truro, (silver dessert set, and tea service); Miss Jost, 69 Queen St., Halifax, (silver tea); Mrs. Tremaine, 36 South St., Halifax, (silver tea); Mrs. Annie E. Hood, Yarmouth, (silver tea); Mrs. A. Savary, Annapolis, (silver tea); Mrs. C. L. Snow, Pictou, (silver tea); Miss Helen McGregor, 52 Brunswick St., (silver tea); W. H. Calnek, Bridgetown, (silver tea), and Mrs. Warnford Dodge, Bridgetown, (silk dress).

It seems rather ridiculous for those who only received butter-knives to growl, in the face of a list like this; they might at least take the trouble to ask one or two of the above, who do not live so very far off.

Mr. Alec Doull gave a pleasant little euchre party on Friday last.

Among the passengers on the *Circassian* on Saturday were Major and Mrs. Bagot, Miss Cadell, and Mrs. Cecil Cutbill.

We hear from Jamaica that Commander Baker, of the *Buzzard*, and Lieut-Commander Noel, of the 'Partridge,' have recently been promoted, being succeeded by Commander Brown and Lieut-Commander Weldon. The squadron sailed for Trinidad and Barbados on the 7th, the 'Canada' and the 'Buzzard' remaining on the Jamaica division.

It makes our mouths water to hear of Cricket and Aquatic Sports this dull season; we hear of the Kingston C. C. being beaten by the fleet on February 2nd, and again by the garrison on the 4th. On the latter date a fancy dress ball was given by the Governor, Sir Henry Blake, which was a brilliant affair, as all his dances are, and thoroughly enjoyed by the fleet.

The 6th was a general holiday throughout the fleet, inaugurated by a 'pulling regatta,' commencing at 7. a. m. They get up earlier than we do, down there!

Just imagine what it would be if the programme were reversed, and the ships stayed here for the winter! Think of the flag-ship ice bound in the N. W. Arm:—what grand old jaunts we should have, and what a demand for moonlight! There's only one consolation,—the "Halifax young man" does get some sort of an innings now, though one wily blue jacket has managed to steal a march on him during the winter months.

Halifax is a great place for news,—at least, so any diligent reader of the English papers would imagine. Some of the most extraordinary cablegrams on North America and West Indian affairs are received from "Halifax correspondents." It is a pity that some of them cannot be waylaid for the benefit of the local press. Indeed, it would have been well if the last few budgets had been suppressed altogether, as they have created a great deal of comment which must be very unpleasant to the officers and men of the Leicestershire Regiment, now on their way hither. Detailed accounts of the doings of this Regiment have appeared in the *Weekly Times* and other London papers, in which the men are represented as a body of bandits, who would have taken forcible possession of the W. I. Islands had not the fleet been present to overawe them. A graphic picture of a lawless soldiery, drinking, quarrelling, thieving, and in every way oppressing a helpless colony, has been placed before the British public; until at last an M. P. brought the matter before the House of Commons and asked the Secretary of State for War to make enquiries. The answer was just what any sober man would expect,—that the Regiment in question is, and always has been,—an exceptionally well-behaved one, and that no acts of insubordination have been reported during its stay in the Islands.

One of these precious "Halifax correspondents" stated that the residents were in a state of fear and indignation at the very idea of having such a lawless body of men quartered amongst them, and were prepared to protest strongly against their being allowed to disembark. Now that our fears are allayed, we are naturally rather curious to know the names of these mischievous busy-bodies, who are doing their best to make the city of Halifax notorious in the old country as the abode of liars. If ever they are revealed, we would strongly recommend the institution of a horsepond for their special benefit: the privates of the 17th would no doubt be delighted to do the ducking.

Among those whom the *Queen* has "delighted to honor" this New Year is the genial Dr. Quain, and now that he has received his baronetcy everyone is wondering why the distinction was not conferred long ago. Dr. Quain is a favourite in Society, a *bon camarade* in the ranks of metropolitan Bohemians, and is universally respected by his brother professionals—which is saying a good deal.

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The last mail brought news of the decease of Lieut-Col. George Firebrace, R. A., who died of pneumonia at Aberdeen, (Scotland), on the 6th of February, after a very short illness, at the age of 48. He was the second son of Major William Firebrace, 58th Foot, and joined the R. A. as Lieutenant, in June 1862. Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Firebrace and the children, who are well known here. We might mention that Col. Firebrace took great interest in Masonry, especially in the Scottish Rite, in which he attained the 32nd degree. He was also one of the best whist-players in Halifax, and was greatly missed at the club when he went home.

From grave to gay, for we are pleased to hear of the engagement of Mrs. Moren to Mr. Fred. Corbett. We congratulate both parties most heartily. Also another engagement, this time from Ottawa, but whether true or not is hard to say.

Capt. Swanson is the latest—not the engagement, but the "Capt." We hear that he has got his step; long may the Croesus of the Regiment prosper.

Talking of wealth, we hear that Mr. Barnes has left the service, having come into almost untold wealth, such an amount as to make one's mouth water. So that if true, we will see his classic features no more. Really, living in Halifax is like going on a sea voyage, as soon as you make an acquaintance you lose him again.

Capt. Suft and Mr. Umfreville returned on the *Mongolian*, only in time to be off again. A regiment comes, taking the place of one that the people know, everyone looks upon them with contempt and suspicion, but gradually they become part of the place. And then just as every body knows them and they know every body, off they go, and we are left lamenting; and then the same thing happens again. We remember when there were two regiments here, the newest one of the two was always looked down upon, but as soon as the oldest went off elsewhere, then the late new one stepped up and took its place in the affection of society. And in those days the regiments staid for five years instead of two

The date of Miss Laine's second Recital has been postponed to Thursday, March 12th. This change is made chiefly on account of the elections, which will take numbers out of town. The programme is, of course, not yet settled, but Miss Laine is to be assisted by Mr. Porter and Herr Klingensfeld. A new and interesting feature will be the introduction of the viola as a solo instrument by Herr Klingensfeld, who will also play obligato to one of Miss Laine's songs. We will give full details of the programme as soon as they are quite decided on.

We are very glad to hear that the St. Patrick's Minstrels have arranged another programme for Friday next, the proceed to go to the Springhill Relief fund. Mr. H. B. Clarke has offered the Academy of Music free for the occasion. This is the very best thing that could be done in the way of entertainments. The minstrels have earned great popularity, and elicit something more like real enthusiasm than is usually displayed by a Halifax audience, so there is no doubt about a full house.

While taking tickets for Friday night, we hope no one will forget the Mayor's subscription list, which is increasing rapidly. Nothing but a very large sum is any real use, and no adequate amount will be collected except by each one giving his mite, all over Nova Scotia. Nearly every provincial town of any size has already sent a substantial contribution, and we hope to see Halifax giving its proper portion.

The Halifax Lyric Quartette have made a decided success of their visit to Truro. We have heard both privately and through the Truro press of the high estimation in which their musical powers are held in the provinces. The Quartette consists of Mrs. Lear, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Sobieski, and Mr. Blois, assisted by Mr. Philips; who treated their Truro audience to a remarkably well selected and

well rendered programme. Mr. Sobieski's whistling performance alone could not fail to please any average audience, as we all know, so it is not much wonder that such a combination "brought down the horse."

Halifax hardly seems to recognize now much kudos is gained for the city by the efforts of such clubs as the Lyric. It is by their means that our musical status is established throughout the country, and we ought to do everything in our power to help them. The same may be said of the Doerings, and some few others who visit the provinces and show what kind of talent is harboured in the capital.

Monday night will be a great time at the skating rink, being Mr. J. D. Irons' annual benefit. The bands of the West Riding and 66th Regiments will be in attendance.

An Orpheus Club Concert is fixed for Tuesday next, when the Leipzig Trio and Mrs. Harrison will be the chief performers. The notices to subscribers should have been out before this

The names of the officers of the Leicestershire Regiment (1st Batt.) are as follows.

Lt. Col. W. M. Rolph; *Majors*, C. W. Vulliamy, and F. W. Reader; *Captains*, E. H. Pencoek, J. G. L. Burnett, E. H. Griffith, R. L. Sandwith, V. Semini, R. A. Vowell, L. C. Sherer, H. M. Welstead; *Lieutenants*, J. H. Heycock, W. S. Melvill, L. A. Maunsell, H. L. Croker, W. P. Hussey—Walsh, C. E. Cox, C. G. Blackadar, C. W. Bengough, G. J. Walsh, Hon. H. B. Hawke, T. M. Drew, W. Bryce, G. G. Stockwell, A. Pennywick, C. Devonshire, H. S. Smith.

The first four only are married.

Col. Stewart leaves on a trip to England to-morrow week.

Rev. W. B. King is preaching at Amherst on Sunday. The services in St. Luke's will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Partridge in the morning, and Rev. C. W. McCully in the evening.

The services in the Garrison Chapel during next week will be as follows:—Sunday 1 March: Communion 8. 11. Parade Service Rev. F. N. B. Norman-Lee. 7. Evensong, The "Misere Mei Deus" will be sung. Preacher: Rev. F. N. B. Norman-Lee. Wed. 4. Litany at 10 a. m. Mission Service and address, 7.30. Rev. F. N. B. Norman-Lee. Friday 6, Evensong and Special Address, 7.30. "I have sinned," Judas. Preacher, The Rev. Dr. Bullock, The "Misere Mei Deus" will be sung.

The pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Star Street, (Rev. A. G. Jones) who has just returned from England, will speak next Sabbath evening upon "Daakest England and the way out," describing the several phases of the scheme as seen. All seats are free and we trust that the church will be well filled to hear an account of so gigantic an undertaking for bettering the condition of the "submerged tenth."

Our notes on last page were in print before the publication of Col. Rolfe's letter in the daily papers, so perhaps some part of them will be a little bit stale. We hope copies of the Colonel's letter will reach the London papers, more especially the *Weekly Times*.

A correspondent calls our attention to the fact,—decidedly noteworthy—that there is no instruction in Ambulance given in Halifax, and asks us to draw the attention of the public to this important matter. We shall be only too glad to do so; this certainly is desecrutable to a town of this size, and is another respect in which St. John sets us a good example. A great many lives are lost by accidents every year, and in many cases a layman might do a great deal before the doctor can arrive. This is especially true in cases of apparent drowning, suffocation, and the more common phases of poisoning. We should welcome any suggestions as to the best method of organizing classes such as are held in almost every other town of this size.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE.—In the presence of a numerous company, the marriage of Captain Hugh Sandham Jendwine, R. A. son of the late Rev. Mr. Jendwine of Woburn, to Miss Grace Meynell, daughter of Mr. David Meynell, of Halifax, and granddaughter of the late Mr. Godfrey Meynell, of Meynell Langley, Derbyshire, England, was solemnised at Hope Church, Eccles Old-road, Pendleton, Lancashire, on Tuesday afternoon, the officiating clergy being the Rev. Henry Meynell, uncle of the bride, and the Rev. Henry Sayers, incumbent of Hope. The wedding party included Mr. Oliver Heywood, Mr. E. S. Heywood, Mr. C. Heywood, Rev. H. R. Heywood, (vicar of Swinton), Miss Heywood (Acresfield), Miss Heywood and Miss M. Heywood (Doveleys), Mrs. Jendwine, Miss Meynell, the Rev. Frank Meynell, and Miss Bourke. Mr. Bertram Heywood gave the bride away, and it is certainly many a long day since a more charming bride knelt at the altar at Hope Church. Save for the warm glow of her cheeks, she was, as the novel has it, a "vision in white." Her bo lice and court train were of white brocaded satin, the petticoat being of plain satin and the girdle and trimmings of glistening pearl. An ample veil and wreath of orange blossoms completed the pleasing ensemble. The bride's principal ornament was a diamond crescent, the gift of Mr. Gerrard Meynell; and she carried a delicious bouquet composed of tube rose and orange blossoms. The Misses Grace and Kate Jendwine, sisters of the bridegroom, were the bridesmaids. Their dresses were of a creamy hue, with turquoise trimmings, and they wore hats of turquoise velvet, embellished with cream feathers, to match. Captain Jendwine's presents to the bridesmaids were diamond and pearl rings, together with handsome bouquets. Captain Arkwright officiated as best man. The bride was met at the entrance to the sacred building by the surpliced choir, who led the way to the chancel singing "The voice that breathed o'er Eden." Tea was afterwards served at Moss Meadow, the residence of Mr. Bertram Heywood, and in the evening Capt. and Mrs. Jendwine took their departure, *en route* for Wales. It may be of interest to mention that the wedding cake was from Gunter's. The approach to the church and the whole length of the centre aisle were covered with scarlet baize, and a quantity of cut flowers and a number of plants were tastefully arranged for decorative purposes. At the close of the service the flowers were removed to Hope Hospital, there to gladden the eyes and sweeten the lives of suffering humanity. A list of the presents made to the bride and bridegroom is appended:—

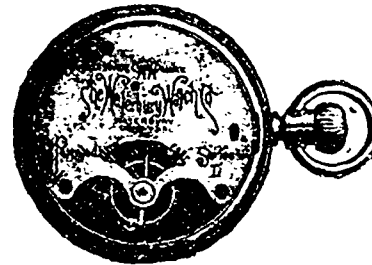
- Diamond ring, watch, bracelet, and necklace, the Bridegroom to the Bride.
- Pearl bracelet, Mrs. Jendwine.
- Moonstone and pearl necklace and pendant, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Heywood.
- Glass and silver scent bottle, Mr. C. Howell.
- Diamond crescent and cheque, Mr. G. Meynell.
- Silver coffee pot, Sir Percival Heywood.
- Silver tea pot, Mr. W. Meynell.
- Silver mufflers, Colonel W. H. Sandham.
- Gold and pearl brooch, Mrs. W. W. Jendwine.
- Gold bracelet, Lady Heywood.
- Butter dish and knife, Miss Bourke.
- White gauze fan, Mr. and Mrs. Alleyne.
- Travelling bag, the Rev. Henry and Mrs. Meynell.
- Egg stand, Miss M. Heywood.
- Hot water dish, General and Mrs. Hereford.
- Glove sachet, Miss Noyes.
- Photograph screen, the Rev. Frank Meynell.
- Tea tablecloth, Mrs. Askew.
- Cheque, Mr. Oliver Heywood.
- Diamond bracelet, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heywood.
- Caddy spoon, Miss Dawson.
- Handkerchief, Mrs. Stewart.
- Gong and brushes, Major Meynell.
- Italian rug, Miss Meynell.
- Pearl and diamond ring, Mr. and Mrs. Meynell.
- Photograph album, Miss Heywood.

- Glove sachet, Miss H. Heywood.
- Silver card case, Captain Arkwright, R. E.
- Silver cream jug, Mr. G. Heywood.
- Travelling bag, hat box, and knife, the Bride to the Bridegroom.
- Silver hot water jug and mustard pot, Mrs. G. Jendwine and the Rev. H. Sandham.
- Silver silver and cream jug, Mrs. Jendwine.
- Gold scarf pins, Mr. and Mrs. B. Heywood.
- Letter weight and writing case, Mr. W. Meynell.
- Silver cigarette box, Mr. Kent.
- Silver-mounted letter case, Captain Vincent, R. A.
- Silver teaspoons and sugar tongs, Miss Sandham.
- Candlesticks, Major and Mrs. Montgomery.
- Silver mufflers, the Rev. G. W. Jendwine.
- Silver flask, Rev. B. and Mrs. Belcher.
- Silver match box, Miss Belcher.
- Silver cigar lighter, Major Newbigging.
- Claret-jug, Captain Boileau, R. A.
- Cheque, Mr. W. W. Jendwine.
- Salt cellars, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lovett.
- Silver teaspoons and sugar tongs, Colonel and Mrs. Unwin.
- Brass candlesticks and inkstand, Miss C. M. Backhouse.
- Entree dish, Captain and Mrs. Sheppard.
- Silver candlesticks, the Misses G. and K. Jendwine.
- Silver mullinet, Miss Constance Sandham.

Mrs. W. B. Reynolds leaves the city on Monday, on an extensive trip through Canada and the States, visiting among other towns Quebec, Ottawa, Montreal and Pittsburg.

CURLING.—The competition (at points) for the Peters Cup, commenced on Tuesday, and has not yet been concluded. So far Mr. Sydney Howe is 11 points ahead.

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RUSH OF LIFE AND RUIN OF TEMPER.

It is possible to obtain statistics and data about almost everything nowadays, from the average length of the hair of minor poets and musicians to the influence of the dialogues of Plato upon the peri-winkle; but up to the present no one, so far as I can ascertain, has thought of instituting an enquiry into the normal temper of modern civilised adults as compared with the temper of people of generations gone by. "Studies in Comparative Irascibility" is a title that would look well in the advertisement columns of the *Athenaeum*, and a volume written up to such a gilt-lettered back might be made really interesting, not to say useful. Mrs. Lynn Linton could do it very well. Sweeping the field of history (so to speak) with my mental binoculars, I should say that probably the conclusions to which such an inquirer would come would be, that whereas there were in the good old days more examples of colossally bad temper than in contemporary times, yet on the whole the excitability of the race has decidedly increased. When King John was in a rage (so our school history manuals told us) he used to throw himself down and bite the rushes which served for carpets in those days. Similar instances of occasional splenetic eruption are not uncommon in history; in fact, once upon a time it seemed to be the correct thing for people of rank and genius to assert their superiority by the dominant might of their wrath. Really huge bad tempers may not be so common amongst us, but we are infinitely more irritable over trifles than our forefathers were. "I don't mind bein' cussed now and then," a philosophical printer's devil used to say to me about a particularly tetchy colleague, "but I can't stand 'is bloomin' nasty little ways;" and it is these little ways of cuts that are the evidence of our latter-day idiosyncrasy of irascibility.

The correspondence in the *Times* about "Uncut Books" is simply a phenomenon of our temper. It was started by some dudgedoned grump calling himself "Nemo," who pointed out that publishers might save trouble to book buyers if they would slice off the edges of new books with a stroke of a machine instead of leaving them to be cut with a paper knife. Did anyone ever hear of such an iniquitous proposal? I should not be surprised to be told that this "Nemo" insisted on having his food masticated by machinery and administered to him through tubes, to save him the trouble of chewing. It is quite proper and convenient, no doubt, to guillotine the edges of reference books, and such others as are not meant to be read; but it would be simply a sin and a shame to deprive the book-lover of the genuine pleasure he gets from slowly cutting the leaves of a pleasant volume as he reads it. The man who is in too much of a hurry to cut his books is in too much of a hurry to read them with any digestive comfort. Every true lover of books will feel indignant at the making of a proposal for the lopping of his edges and the paring of his tops.

But people are in such a desperate break-neck hurry nowadays that they scarcely have time to enjoy anything or do anything with grace and ease. We all seem to be striving to live at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and our tempers and our manners suffer in consequence. The only people in the community who do not appear to hurry themselves are policemen and telegraph messenger boys. In the street, "business" men no longer walk—they rush, cannoning meek and inoffensive folk against other rushers, and leaving them to endure the curses intended for the causers of the mischief, already many yards away. In America the city men have abolished eating as we understand it; they get platefuls of small-chopped food in front of them, and tuck it into themselves with a couple of forks, one in each hand. We are becoming quite as bad in London, especially in the City, where men do not eat, but simply load up. How can decent tempers be preserved under such conditions of desperate, excitable hurry? They cannot. The idea is absurd. The men of serene and tranquil temperament will become more and more exceptional if we go on at this rate—and these few will indubitably be the men who insist on cutting their own books.

English Jottings.

I hear that a project is on foot for establishing a really fashionable ladies' club, which is to be conducted on entirely different lines from those which do not seem to have ensured any striking success in other similar attempts in the past. The exact programme is at present a secret, but I am at liberty to state that one of the principal features will be a number of small private dining-rooms, in addition to the big table d'hôte room. There will be a musical drawing-room and a non-musical drawing-room, and each of these rooms will be divided into cosy nooks by the help of pillars, projections, and divan seats, so that some half-a-dozen parties can occupy them at once, with all the semblance of strict privacy. Men are to be admitted, but in order to keep this privilege within bounds, there is to be a rule that, by a vote of two-thirds of the entire committee (including business members, who are to be of the male sex), any member's name can be taken off the list without the assignment of any reason. There are to be very extensive stables, in which members will not only be allowed to put up riding horses, but to keep them there on payment of a moderate sum, and it is hoped that will be a great attraction to many ladies who, not having stables of their own, are at present subject to the extortion of livery-men.

It is impossible that the very untoward state of things in Burmah should have escaped public notice, though its records pass without remark month after month. The last news from Rangoon, however, is too stirring to be neglected. It is said that a mysterious band of Chinamen, armed with rifles, and about eight hundred strong, are on their way to attack Mogoung. Who leads them, who sent them, and even whence they came, appear to be quite unknown at present. One of our officers has been despatched, with a fitting accompaniment of troops, to make inquiries about a body of incursionists who will not be completely mischievous if they draw attention to Burmah in a general way.

It will not hurt him, because his artists who smear all objectionable paragraphs in foreign journals with lampblack will not allow him to see it, but still it affords one considerable personal satisfaction to say of the Czar of Russia that he is a much befooled and mole-blind person, who has recently added gross rudeness to his other bad qualities. The memorial sent to his Imperial Majesty by the Lord Mayor of London and a body of most influential citizens and noblemen respecting the persecution of the Jews in Russia, was studiously respectful. "Mind your own business" could not be the answer to it, inasmuch as, persecuted Russian Jews being driven to London, it is our business. So the Czar has simply returned the memorial unanswered and affectedly unnoticed. The barbarousness of Russia is a low state from which its monarch is evidently not entirely freed.

I believe there is a prevailing prejudice against having teeth pulled out. Some people squirm at the very mention of dentistry, and, when I come to think of it, I do not remember to have ever met anybody who looked upon the extraction of molars as a conceivable pleasure. But, as has often been observed before, this is an age of marvels, and the possibilities of science are so wonderful that it need not excite very much surprise when I say that, by means of electricity, it is now possible to draw bad teeth, men's old ones, and insert new ones, not only painlessly, but with a distinctly pleasant sensation to the patient. Such is the case, at all events.

A friend of mine who interests himself in such things insisted upon rushing me, despite my protests of indifference, into the premises of the Medical Battery Company in Oxford Street the other day to see this wonderful dentistry apparatus. The process seems to be this: You sit in a chair that is connected with an electric battery. The current, a continuous one, is applied to your upper story, and produces a tingling sensation very agreeable, and yet so strong as not to permit the feeling of any of the pain pertaining to the operation. Patients, I was told, have been known to express regret that it was over so soon.

There is notoriously a certain amount of jealousy and ill-feeling between the engineers and the executive officers of the Royal Navy. This is manifestly prejudicial to the welfare of the Service; and it is the obvious duty of every good captain to discourage it as much as possible. Unfortunately there are captains who, instead of striving to narrow the breach, do all that lies in their power to widen it. Here is a case in point. In one of the Mediterranean flagships there is a young engineer officer who is possessed of considerable private means, who is no longer a boy, and who spends his money and his leisure in such ways as are natural to a healthy-minded Englishman. He is fond of riding and driving, and, when on shore, he occasionally drives tandem. The other day his captain, whose professional ability is more conspicuous than his urbanity, sent for the engineer, and told him that he considered driving tandem did not become an officer of his station: he, therefore, advised him to stop it forthwith. Now it happens that in the same ship there are at least two executive officers who are also accustomed to drive tandem. The captain has found no fault with them, though there are special and particular reasons why he should do so.

Since Mr. Bradlaugh's illness was to prove fatal, it is a pleasure to think that he lived long enough to hear of the friendly feeling for him which was so strikingly displayed in the House of Commons on Tuesday evening. His decease may be regarded as no loss by the ranting Socialists to whom he was so courageously opposed; they, no doubt, will regard it as "a happy release;" but to most people, including many whose religious opinions he so violently offended, it will be sincerely deplored. It took some courage, complete honesty, to confront the Socialism which taught, amongst other lies, that Bradlaugh had deserted the People through whose suffrages he had risen. Mr. Bradlaugh's opinions on many subjects were not ours. We do not doubt that in his time he did much mischief, and some that he must have recognised as mischief in his later days, when it began to bear fruit. But he had honesty; he had courage, he did not shrink from self-sacrifice, nor even feel it as such; which is as much as to say that he was a better man than many weaklings of more orthodox opinions.

"Cease to do Evil; learn to do well," is the proposed motto for the new police-station to be erected in Guildford. When the plans were discussed at a meeting of the Town Council, Alderman Crooke took exception to the motto, which he said was all very well for a church or school, but something more significant ought to be invented for a police station. "Justitia" would be better.—Councillor Bullen: Surely you would not go so far as to say that at the present moment justice is not administered to the criminal in Guildford, which one might infer from your remark.—I think the motto may be allowed to pass, because it will tell people "this is a place for punishment. We ask you to 'cease to do evil, learn to do well,' and then you will never come to this place" (laughter).—The Mayor suggested that the motto might be omitted.—Councillor Taylor observed that if the argument of Mr. Bullen were correct the proper motto would be "Keep away from here!"—Alderman Crooke. That would be better.—Councillor Taylor: If Mr. Crooke is afraid of the namby-pambyism, I would suggest that we borrow the motto of the Salvation Army, and put up "Blood and Fire" (renewed laughter)—Councillor Wrist thought that, as the new police-station would face the market place, the present motto might exercise a very beneficial influence over the traders.—Ultimately the plans were adopted, and the motto was allowed to remain.

PURITY OF RECRUITS FOR THE ARMY.—That it should be seriously proposed to arrange for the delivery of lectures throughout the country on the advantages which the army offers to young men indicates to what a pass the difficulty of enlisting recruits has come. Commanders of infantry regiments are said to be in a serious fix, and recently, it is added, it was declared to be impossible to comply with an instruction to provide drafts for foreign service. No doubt improved trade has a good deal to do with the scarcity of re-

cruits, but it is quite possible that a knowledge of the soldier's grievances and disabilities greatly contributes thereto. As intelligence spreads amongst the masses and wages are increased, it stands to reason that the lot of the private soldier must be made more tolerable and much more attractive than it is at present if the strength of the army is to be kept up to its proper standard.

This is a pretty way of putting it. Baron von Soden, on his way from Central Africa to Berlin, is going to "acclimatise himself" in Southern Europe. That is what they call it now at Monte Carlo.

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Sporting Notes.

An American contemporary has been comparing the foxhounds of Virginia with those of England. The conditions of life are so strange to English dogs in the old slave state that they seldom do well; the best dog is a cross between the Britisher and the home animal. In America, the hounds are not, as in England, trained to run close together. There they belong to various persons, and are consequently various in size, colour and shape, some being favourites because they are speedy; and others because, although very slow, they have the keenest noses. The Virginian hounds have, we are told, greatly improved during recent years, and as a proof of this it is mentioned that they rarely run foxes over four hours, whereas years ago the hunters would "run them from twelve to thirty-six hours," and then have to shoot the quarry. This latter story must be of the genus known as "snake," and a real American snake story is not limited to truth or even probability.

Young Donoghue has proved how speedy he is on the skates by beating his own record (at Amsterdam) of 16min. 1 sec. for five miles by doing the distance in 15min. 38secs. at Newbury, Vermont, last week. He is unquestionably the fastest skater in the world.

Ossian, who won the St. Leger in 1883, has had an ignominious death. He died of sea-sickness on his way out to America last week. He could not, however, have been considered of high value, as he only fetched 250 guineas at the Newmarket sales in December last.

HOCKEY:—There has been a great deal of hockey this winter, but for some reason or other no regular clubs are formed, and no set matches played. It seems a great pity that so much energy should be spent with no tangible result; even in England there have been hockey matches by the score, the most important club being the Virginia Water, whose rules we append.

1. The game shall be played with light ash sticks (plain), and a flat bung covered with leather. All players must wear skates. Teams, eleven a side.
2. The ground shall not exceed 150 yards in length, and 70 feet in breadth.
3. At the commencement of the game, or after a goal has been obtained, the bung shall be bullied off from the centre of the ground.
4. If the bung goes behind the goal line it shall be hit out into play, the other side keeping back at least 25 yards from the goal.
5. When hit outside the side lines, the bung shall be thrown out straight, at least five yards along the ice into play.
6. The goal posts shall be not less than 10ft. and not more than 12ft. apart.
7. A goal cannot be obtained (1) from a free hit unless the bung strike one of the opposing side; (2) if the bung is hit through the goal posts more than 5ft. above the surface of the ice.
8. The bung may be stopped, but not kicked by the foot.
9. The goal keeper alone may stop the bung on the ice with his hand and kick it away with his foot.
10. The bung may be stopped by the hand when in the air, but not otherwise. It must be immediately placed on the ice at the point where caught.
11. The bung may not be struck with the stick when in the air.
12. Sticks may not be raised above the shoulder in striking.
13. No hooking of sticks, intentional charging, tripping or intentional interference with a player when not actually on the bung, allowed.
14. Corner-kicks as in the case of corner-kicks in Association football.
15. Off-side rule as in Association football at least three of opposing side (including goal-keeper) in front of striker.
16. Except as hereinbefore appears, the rules of Association football shall be observed where applicable.
17. Penalty for wilful non-compliance with rules—free hit to other side.
18. Umpire's decision final.

Whilst the American was showing the Dutchmen how to skate, at the recent championship meeting, a team of Englishmen were teaching them how to play hockey on the ice. The game was a novelty to the large concourse of spectators, who did not seem at all annoyed when the English visitors (all of them members of the Bury Fen Bandy Club) beat the local men by twelve goals to one. The Amsterdam players intend, however, to pursue the game with vigour, and when the next English team goes there they may not have so easy a task.

Provincial Notes.

DARTMOUTH.—The beauty of the Dartmouth lakes must have been appreciated by all who witnessed the annual horse races there, on Friday last. They appeared particularly lovely on account of the fine, mild weather and the smoothness of their broad surface. It occurred to many that they should be more utilized as a pleasure resort. An unusually large number of people of all classes were present to see the races. Mr. J. W. Allise's handsome pair of horses were on the ice, probably the best-mated in Dartmouth and Halifax. Much interest was manifested in the races but particularly in that in which W. H. Green's horse "Hattie" took part and won. She is 22 years old and though always in these races has never been beaten by a Dartmouth horse. The crowd were ready to carry her on their shoulders after the result.

Not even horse races, however, can interest Dartmouth for a day, now that the Dominion elections are pending. In the evening, Reform Club Hall was filled to overflowing—fuller than if the question had been water supply for the town—by the bone and sinew of the place, to hear the discussion between Messrs. Stairs, Farrell, Kenny and Jones. What is more, the ladies of Dartmouth were on the platform. All the speakers spoke well. Dr. Farrell was perhaps the most pleasing. They indulged too much in personalities, of course, but it would be hard for an impartial observer to say which side had the best of the argument. The audience was very enthusiastic but very orderly.

The series of entertainments for increasing the organ fund of Christ church is to continue after the elections are over. Just after, there is to be a concert, under the management of Mr. W. R. Foster, for the holding of which Mrs. C. H. Harvey has very kindly offered her parlors. Then there is to be an entertainment to consist largely of tableaux. In four weeks time, as nearly as possible, Farmer's Mass is to be rendered by a chorus of about twenty-five voices, with orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. F. W. Drake.

Rev. E. W. Williams, B. A. has intimated his intention to resign his charge of the Baptist church in Dartmouth. It is rumored that an affaire de coeur is at the bottom of this step. He is a popular preacher and generally well liked.

A sleigh drive from Dartmouth to Bedford, on Friday evening last, in connection with the order of the Sons of Temperance, resulted in the upsetting of a sleigh containing eleven people, a mile and a half from Bedford on the Dartmouth side. Two of the ladies were injured about the head and required surgical assistance.

TRURO.—I was sorry not having anything in the way of news to send last week, but Lent came upon us so suddenly our lively little town seemed all at once to come to a standstill. True, I might have sent a few "chestnuts," but as our luminary on Queen Street seems to have that prerogative I would not interfere, as it is understood the representative of all that brightness is suffering from a bad attack of pip or an aggravated corn, cannot just say which, but in either case would recommend K. D. C. in large doses.

Last week our streets were a glare of ice and creepers and ice sticks were in great demand, but even thus provided, the many "Oh, my's" of the pedestrians could be heard frequently. Open air rinks could be found everywhere. On Friday afternoon Farquhar's pond presented a lively appearance with the many skaters gliding swiftly by, dressed in

"Something old and something new,
Something brown and something blue,"

but a storm came next day and now our footing is more secure.

Miss Nora Blanchard of Windsor is visiting her cousin, Miss Beatrice Blanchard.

Rev. Mr. Gibbons, of Parrsboro delivered a very interesting lecture on Newfoundland, in the crypt of St. John's church, on last Friday evening, to a well filled house.

Sir Adams and Lady Archibald spent two days at the "stage" last week.

After much trouble and anxiety the Conservatives and Grats have settled upon their warriors bold, and in all his war paint may be seen one William of the Conservative party spinning along o'er hill and dale

A. & W. MACKINLAY,

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Our Society.

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, 1891.

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

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

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

- (I.) Notices of intended removal, expected arrivals, etc.
- (II.) 'At Home' days, and more especially alterations in the same.
- (III.) News of 'ne 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 \$2.10 per annum, post free.

H. BRADFORD,
Business Editor.

Our new contemporary has made its appearance at last, in a pretty good all-round first number. There is plenty of news, much the same items as we gave on Friday; and many of the articles on general subjects are decidedly good, as clippings from the *World* and other New York papers very often are. The sporting columns are full, too, and not at all bad, though it might be misleading to a young cricketer to tell him the game should be played "with a straight bat and the shoulder well up."

We are "dealt with," as promised, pretty much as we expected, with plenty of abuse and very little taste; even down to printer's errors and the mistakes of proof readers, from which, by the way, our very clever contemporary is by no means free himself. But then, of course, a school-boy might be misled by us. (Rather rough on us, isn't it?)

Just one word of advice: If the "sun" really means to eclipse the "tallow-dip" he should not be quite so blatantly personal; ladies do not like it, and it will effectually cut off all chance of receiving any communications whatever from members of that peculiar class of society which has so far taken a pleasure in contributing to the columns of OUR SOCIETY. The sun will have to show himself in the "light business" before he can compete at all.

Our last issue but one has disappeared altogether. This is the first time we have been fairly "out of print" and we cannot help regarding it as an omen. Last issue is already very scarce, so we are increasing the number for the future.

COMMENCING next week, we are printing a small number of copies (one hundred to start with) on the very best paper obtainable, in which the plates will be engraved with the greatest possible care, and should be in every way as good as real photographs. Subscribers who wish to have these *editions de luxe* can have them delivered at a cost of 10 cents per week.

THE *Dominion Illustrated* this week issues a beautiful engraving of Richter's "Petruccio" which is quite worth framing.

THE sixteen-page *Progress* is "booming;" this is now the largest weekly paper in the Maritime Provinces, if not in Canada, and we wish it every success. There is room for us all, and our many bulky contemporaries only seem to help poor little "OUR SOCIETY" along the uphill road. By this morning's mail orders came from booksellers in two new towns, with news that we had been seen and liked. We hope in time to prove still more acceptable to the little public we are proud to call our own.

(Continued from page 8.)

in the classic shades of Tatamagouche, seeking whom he may devour, while Peter McGregor may be noticed leisurely wending his way from his home on Bible Hill, knowing victory is his, and every other man in the county is a namesake of his own; but be careful, cold as the weather is lots of these orphans are on the fence and instead of waiting for Peter to unlock the golden gate, behold the money comes along, and with promises made and never kept, these trophies are landed in the hands of the Philistines and all the *old horses* in town cannot buy them back again. A thousand pities the "prophet with the flowing beard" could not be warded from the land "where eternal summer reigns" to help his weaker brethren in this their hour of need.

It is an established fact here that any entertainment under the "auspices of the ladies of St. Andrew's church" means success in every sense of the word. They are always watching and waiting for anything new, and were the first on Thursday evening last to secure the services of the young and attractive elocutionist, Miss McLellan. All her recitations were most highly appreciated, and being interspersed with soft strains of music from Rosendale's Orchestra, the large audience went away delighted.

LIVERPOOL—QUEENS COUNTY.—We are glad to welcome our good Doctor, Henry G. Farish back again in thoroughly restored health. The Doctor has been six weeks under the skilful surgical treatment of his son Dr. George Farish of Yarmouth, with the above excellent results.

Mr. Duncan McRae Menaid, of Milton, has been taken into the office of the agency of the Bank of Nova Scotia here in the place of Mr. William H. Stevens, who we regret to say is suffering from amourosis, and has gone to Boston for treatment by an oculist, which it is to be hoped will have a favorable effect in his case.

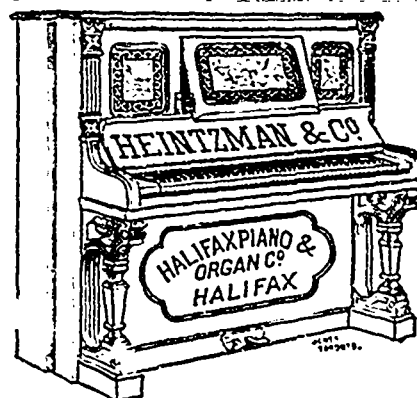
The political atmosphere is very much disturbed just at present, but we hope it will be cleared by the electrical action of the 5th March.

We certainly do not like the Wiman-Cartwright-Farrer annexation conspiracy, and trust to see it killed "dead as herrings."

Sir John Thompson and Hon. Mr. Tupper paid a flying visit to the town last week, and delivered most interesting addresses in Jubilee Hall to a very crowded audience, which included many ladies. It is a good thing to see ladies take an interest in political matters, and tends to round off asperities.

Sir John Thompson and Mr. Tupper were entertained by Mrs. Patch at Chestnut, Hall where they lunched on arrival and dined after addresses, and then held a hasty open interview with many gentlemen of the neighbourhood who desired to pay their respects to these honored guests of Liverpool, who left the same night to return to Bridgewater.

We are glad that Diphtheria is disappearing from our midst.



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The Ladies' Column.

We are glad to find that some people take the trouble to try our cookery receipts occasionally, and it is worth recording that one or two have even gone so far as to express entire satisfaction with the results. This is gratifying, and we feel more like giving another

BREAKFAST MENU.

Scrambled Eggs with Mushrooms.
Lamb's Kidneys with Colbert Sauce.
Fried Potatoes. Stewed Apples.
Oaten Biscuits spread with Honey.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH MUSHROOMS.—Place in a saucepan four good-sized, sliced mushrooms with a glassful of Madeira wine. Reduce to about half, which will take two minutes; add a table-spoonful of butter; season with one pinch of salt and half a pinch of pepper. Crack into the saucepan twelve eggs, mix all well together with a spatula for three minutes on a very hot stove without stopping. Turn into a hot tureen and serve.

LAMB'S KIDNEYS.—Split open twelve kidneys, skin them well, and place in a dish with a tablespoonful of sweet oil. Season with a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper, and half a teaspoonful of nutmeg. Take 6 wooden skewers, run each skewer through the centre of two kidneys (which should never become detached), roll them in fresh bread-crumbs, and put them to broil on a moderate fire for four minutes on each side. Place them on a very hot dish on which has been previously poured a pint of hot Colbert Sauce, and send to the table very hot.

COLBERT SAUCE.—Put in a saucepan half a pint of very thick Madeira sauce; add very gradually one ounce of good, fresh butter, also two tablespoonfuls of meat-glaze. Mix well together without boiling; then squeeze in the juice of half a sound lemon, and add one teaspoonful of chopped parsley when serving.

FRIED POTATOES.—Peel and wash 6 large potatoes, cut them up into five slices, a quarter of an inch in thickness; plunge them into very hot, clarified beef suet or fat, and cook slowly. When they are soft, lift them out with a skimmer (it generally takes ten minutes to cook them); heat the fat again to boiling-point and put the potatoes back. Smooth them down with a skimmer, and after two minutes they will swell up considerably; lift them out with the skimmer, drain, sprinkle a pinch of salt over, and serve on a hot dish with a folded napkin.

Fashions.

The continued mode of long sleeves seems to please everybody except the glovers. Although they have been in fashion a whole year, and have undergone several changes in size, shape and material, the length has never altered; we who wear them are quite satisfied, inasmuch as we go on patronising them, and I quite believe that we should take very ungraciously to anything shorter for some time to come. Not so, however, the *gantier*; indeed, he is rebelling against it, and as, after all, we could not do without him, I suppose we had better humour him to some extent. I will tell you how this is to be done without sacrificing our nice long sleeves. There has just been introduced a sort of gauntlet, which widens from the wrist and covers the sleeve itself. The gauntlet of this glove, which is much in view, is heavily embroidered, and in some cases reaches almost to the elbow. Of course, the sleeve of your gown must be perfectly plain, for the glove really forms an embroidered cuff. The latest way of finishing sleeves is to have the upper and the under part forming a point filled in with a *chiffon* frill falling right over the hand. I have seen this done for visiting gowns and even walking dresses, though it is best suited for indoor frocks. Some sleeves I lately remarked, in speckled or striped material, presented exactly the appearance of a snake, and made

me feel quite creepy. As I have mentioned gloves, I must warn you against an innovation which is decidedly bad taste. I refer to evening and even to afternoon gloves, which some ladies wear all embroidered and ornamented with pearls, precious stones, and everything that can attract attention. Such handcoverings are no doubt more brilliant than the unpretentious Suede gloves; but who would dare to say that in their modest simplicity these latter have not infinitely more distinction? The order of the day, moreover, is that for evening, wedding, visiting—in short, for all ceremonial toilettes, gloves must be of a very light shade. But there are some ladies who always wear black gloves with black gowns, even at balls; this gives to one's appearance a certain *cachet*, which does not appeal to every woman, but is appreciated by most. Let me point out to you that in this respect those shiny black kid gloves, which somehow suggest those worn by a *croqu-mort*, are simply abominable in the evening, while silk ones are deadly, and black Suedes alone are absolutely good taste.

It has been frequently remarked that Prussia has very often secured her greatest generals and statesmen from other countries. To go back to somewhat ancient history, I may mention that General Blücher entered the Prussian service involuntarily, that is, as a prisoner of war taken from the Swedish Army. Freiherr von Stein, the regenerator, after the wars of liberty was a free Baron of the Roman Empire of German nationality, who only recognized the Kaiser, than an Austrian, as his sovereign. Moltke, as everybody knows, was a Danish officer before he swore allegiance to the King of Prussia; and now Bismark comes forward with the statement that he was very nearly elected chief Minister of the Duchy of Anhalt-Bernburg, since extinct. To prevent Bismark from accepting the post, the King of Prussia offered to raise his salary as Bundestag-delegate or, to be more correct, add to it rations for four horses, or their equivalent. Truly, the world is ruled by accidents. To those four-horse rations Germany owes her duty, and Prussia her supremacy, while the Duchy of Anhalt-Bernburg, which had no four-horse rations to offer, went into what the Irish would call *smithereens*, and is to-day but an historical interrogation mark.

The other day a clergyman in an advertisement, evidently rather hastily written, asks for:

"A young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind."

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Answers to Correspondents.

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

Boxer—Heenan and King fought Dec. 15, 1863.

Hat—Both Lord Kinsale, by grant of King John, and Lord Forester, by grant of Henry VIII, have the right of wearing their hats in the presence of their monarch.

D.—"Zounds" is a contraction of "his wounds," and "s'death" of "his death." Queen Elizabeth used to swear by saying "By God's wounds." The young ladies of the Court brought it down to "Zounds."

Banker—The largest amount of business done in the London clearing house in any one year was in 1888, when the transfers amounted to £6942,172,000. The year 1881 comes next, with a total about half a million less than in 1888.

Divinity student—The total number of Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops throughout the world is 1191; this is according to the official returns at the end of 1888. In the British American Colonies alone there are 8 Archbishops, viz.: Quebec, Ottawa, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Halifax, Port of Spain and St. Boniface, with 23 bishops. The number of Church of England Bishops in the same colonies is 15.

Kosmos—It would take up a column to answer your questions. Perhaps there are more "Plums" in law than in any other profession in England. Certainly in the government service positions which require technical knowledge of any kind are as a rule worse paid than those that do not: we will give statistics later on. The pay of a Vice-Admiral, with allowances, amounts to between £2500 and £3000, according to the station; that of a Rear-Admiral from £1600 to £2700. A Lieutenant-General's regular pay is about £1300 per annum, without allowances, which are very large.

The Sultan is perfecting himself in the German language, and assured Herr von Hulsen the other day that he hoped to be able to converse with His Majesty in his mother-tongue if he paid him another visit. Heine and Geibel are the Sultan's favourite authors. But there is no complete happiness in this world, even for a Grand Turk, and so His Imperial Majesty was lately favoured by the Queen of Roumania with a full supply of her German works, with a polite request to give an unvarnished criticism of Carmen Sylva's muse. I fancy that before Abdul Hamid gets through with Sylva he will anathematise the day when he commenced to study the language of poets and fools.

Overheard from the Schoolroom. A little Bohemian scholar—who cares for nobody, no, not she, not even the new daily governess—is at her history lesson. It is somewhere in "the glorious times of great Elizabeth." Asked which was the most amiable character, the Virgin Queen or Marie Stuart, she answered, with a fine disregard of preciseness, "She." The teacher went for her again, and said, "Who is She?" Quick as lightning came the reply, "The Cat's Aunt." The governess is still wondering whether she gave it in favor of Elizabeth or her rival.

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SITTINGS BY APPOINTMENT.

A TALE OF THE BAR.

"MARRY in haste and repent at leisure." There is, I daresay, no truer adage, and yet how many lovers are ready to pooh-pooh its warning. Many and many a time has its bitter truth been brought home to a young couple, even as it was to Arthur and Norah Drummond. Drummond was a young barrister with nothing a year of his own, who by dint of hard work, much devilling, and a fair number of briefs from a firm of solicitors, of whom the moneyed partner was a college chum of his, was earning some £200 per annum. One year, when down at Liverpool on circuit, he happened to meet the daughter of a certain half-pay Colonel Forbes, at a dance, and fell violently in love with her. They corresponded, and the next year, when he met her again, he asked her to be his wife, and married her before the fortnight was concluded. She had the not over magnificent fortune of £50 a year of her own, and there was no prospect from the Colonel, her father, who was over head and ears in debt. But there was no question as to the beauty of her handsome face and graceful figure, any more than there was of her undoubted fondness for her husband.

"With £250 a year," said Arthur, "we shall be able to do very well. We shall, of course, have to economise all we can, and have to live in a tiny house or flat in West Kensington; there will be no theatre-going, or anything of that kind, and we shan't be able to entertain, but we shall get on alright. And, you know, I am almost certain to get more work next year, and, after all, if things do get tight, which isn't likely, I have always got my uncle to fall back upon."

Not that Arthur had really any immediate expectations in that direction, for although, now both his cousins were dead, he was actually Lord Eagleston's heir, he knew well enough by experience that the old fellow was terribly close-fisted, and although possessed of plenty of money, he had no fancy for helping his poor relations; and that, moreover, there was a very distinct possibility of his marrying again. Lord Eagleston's chief excitement consisted in gambling on the Stock Exchange, and his experiments were crowned with success, if report ran true; he had also somewhat of a reputation among men about town for his amiable weaknesses for chorus-ladies and ballet-dancers. Arthur had written to acquaint him with his marriage, and after a few weeks in lodgings, when they were settled in their little house at Brook Green, he wrote again to invite him to dinner to meet his wife. To neither letter did the Earl vouchsafe any answer. A week or two afterwards, Arthur happened to meet him in the Strand, and repeated the invitation *in person*. Lord Eagleston refused point-blank.

"To think," he said, "of you marrying an almost penniless girl—you, with your prospects. You had no right to marry at all

without my consent; and now, you know well enough, you haven't enough to keep a wife, and so you're deuced civil to me, thinking I'm going to finance you. I can assure you you're very much mistaken. Not one penny will you get out of me, my boy, until I'm dead, and that won't be yet awhile. Perhaps you think I'm too old to marry again and cut you out. Well, you wait and see."

Arthur protested vainly that he had no such ideas in his head; but still he felt the interview was a most unsatisfactory one, and so, too, thought his wife when he repeated the conversation to her. The outlook, moreover, happened to be very unpromising. Arthur had given up his circuit work, and now, worst of all, there were rumours that there was something wrong with the firm of solicitors from whom he got three-quarters of his briefs. Suppose they were to dissolve partnership, or collapse, where would he be then? He was working, as it was, harder than he had ever worked before, and yet he could only just pay his way.

Arthur did not repent his marriage, but he could have wished things were different; every penny had to be considered. He knew his wife's existence must be terribly dull; they could not afford to entertain, even if he could have induced his bachelor friends to explore the wilds of Kensington. At last, some three months after his marriage, he returned home with a face of utter despair. The solicitors upon whom he mainly depended were bankrupt, and more than half of his scanty income was gone. They would have to let their house as soon as possible, and move into the cheapest lodgings they could find. Goodness only knew how they would be able to make both ends meet. It was certainly a case of repentance at leisure. A few nights afterwards Norah had some wonderful news for her jaded husband. She had got some work to do. She had been answering advertisements, and after many disappointments had at last succeeded in obtaining an appointment in the City, with a salary of £2 a week. Arthur, who had always a loathing for the City, at first said he would not hear of it, but his wife insisted. It was not the sort of work, she said, that she should have chosen, but after all, "beggars must not be choosers," and if she could make a little money by honest work, why, there was nothing degrading in so doing. Only she didn't want Arthur to bother about what it was, he must be content to trust her. Besides, it was so dull for her to fret at home all alone while he was at work in his chambers, and she was glad to have something to do.

Arthur felt there was reason in what she said, he knew he had only barely enough money in the house to pay the quarter's rent, and so, at last, he consented. He did not worry Norah by making

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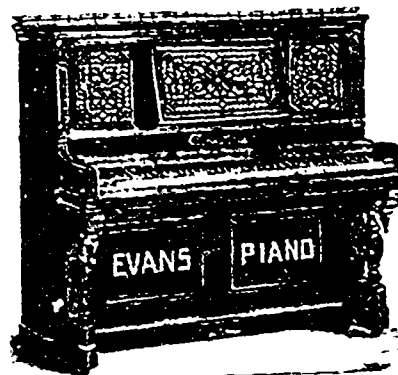
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 Also Complete lines in GENTLEMENS' GOODS.

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her explain exactly what her duties would be: but he was pleased to hear that her "office hours" would be short, from ten in the morning to four in the afternoon. And so, for the next two or three months, they went up to town by the same train, Arthur getting out at the Temple, and Norah, always quietly dressed in black, going to the Mansion House. Arthur's prospects improved steadily, his hard work at devilling for well-known barristers was beginning to have its effect, and "briefs came trooping," if not exactly "gaily" at all events fairly frequently. Suddenly another blow fell. He was assured by a friend that his uncle, Lord Eagleston, was about to marry again, either a chorus-girl or a barmaid, his informant had forgotten which. Arthur went straight off and had a long interview with his lordship's solicitors, whom he knew professionally. It was not, he told them, that his own prospects of succeeding to the title were placed in jeopardy, for of that there was no immediate prospect under any circumstances, but the scandal of such a *mesalliance* ought to be prevented. They promised to help him. A few weeks afterwards they wrote to him that they had been successful in bringing influence to bear upon the Earl, and that the proposed marriage would not take place; on the other hand, there would unfortunately be an action for breach of promise, unless they could effect a compromise. All attempts, however, had hitherto failed, and if the matter did have to come into court, they hoped he would consent to hold a brief marked with a liberal fee, which somewhat tended to mitigate his disgust at the inevitable scandal of a *cause celebre*, which he saw very clearly, as soon as he had read through the papers, his uncle was quite certain to lose. He was, of course, furnished with copies of the letters that had passed on both sides, and he writhed at the thought of the Earl's ridiculous effusions being read out in open court. The letters from the girl, on the other hand, were almost dignified, and showed a superior education, at all events it appeared that Lord Eagleston, during his frequent visits to his stockbroker, had been much struck by a good-looking barmaid at the "Packhorse," and had spent hours pouring sweet nothings into her ears, while she poured out his drinks. There were letters, offering to get her a place in the front row at the Frivolity Theatre, invitations to dinner at celebrated restaurants, etc., etc., all of which Miss Skinner (that was the fair charmer's name) had refused, much to the Earl's bewilderment. She had evidently, Arthur realized, played her cards extremely well. By dint of refusal after refusal she had gradually drawn Lord Eagleston on to his absurd protestations of affection, and ultimately to the proposal of marriage, which had been duly accepted. He had asked her to fly with him to Paris where he would marry her at the Embassy; but, apparently, this proposition had not met with Miss Skinner's entire approval, for she had failed to keep the appointment which he had suggested. Arthur knew well enough that the other side would assert Lord Eagleston had never really intended to marry the girl at all, but had merely written these letters to get her into his power; and he thought of the susceptible hearts of a British jury, who would almost certainly award the full damages, which were laid at £20,000. "And not a penny more than the old fool deserves to lose," Arthur said to his wife when he told her all about the story that

same evening. "Just fancy if we had got it instead of Miss Skinner; still, I shall make my bit anyhow out of it, which is some consolation, and though of course we shall lose the case, it won't be a bad advertisement for me. And Norah, dear, now I am getting on rather better, I hope you will give up that tiresome work of yours."

Arthur had many interviews with his uncle before the case came on, and found him crustier than ever. He quite realised what a fool he had made of himself, and implored Arthur to do all he could to effect a compromise. He would willingly pay £5,000, £10,000 even, to escape going into court. Arthur duly conferred with the solicitors engaged on the other side, but in vain; as he expected, they were confident of obtaining the full amount demanded.

At last the day of the trial arrived. Skinner v. Eagleston stood second on the list. The Earl was in a pitiable state of nervousness, and almost prepared to pay the whole sum in order to escape the publicity which was inevitable. Arthur saw the Q. C. engaged by the other side come into court, and made a final effort.

"How much will you take to compromise?" he asked.

"Will take £15,000 and our costs; that is what I have just proposed to my client, and she has agreed."

Arthur went at once to his uncle and suggested a settlement on these terms, he would save £5,000, and the story would not get into the newspapers. Need I say that Lord Eagleston at once agreed; he brought out his cheque book, and signed a cheque then and there for £15,000, cursed Arthur and all lawyers, and rushed from the building.

Arthur returned to the consulting-room and announced his success; he was curious to see the plaintiff, but she did not appear and as he had business in another court, he hurried away, leaving the formal statement of the compromise to be made by his junior.

In the evening he went home and told Norah all about it, and how the family, not that it made much difference to them personally, was £15,000 the poorer.

"Will you promise to forgive me, dear," said his wife, "if I tell you something? You know I never let you know what my work in the city was. It was the only work I could get to do. I saw the advertisement, and thought it would be amusing, and of course I knew at once he was Lord Eagleston, because of the photograph there on the mantelpiece."

"But what are you talking about, Norah?" said Arthur, bewildered.

"And don't you see, dear, if he had come to dinner when we asked him, it would never have happened, for he would have recognised me? And I was so afraid you would find it out and put a stop to it all. And, do you know, my lawyers were so glad to compromise it when I told them I wouldn't go into court."

"But, Norah dear, you don't mean to say—"

"That I was Miss Skinner, the barmaid? It has been such a hard secret to keep, especially these last few days. But you will forgive me, dear, won't you? for we did want the money so badly, and we have a sort of right to it, anyhow. And I'm sure it will be a good lesson to our dear uncle. But, dear, it was tiresome work, horribly tiresome, and I am so glad to be able to give it up."

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

LONDON DRUG STORE, 147 Hollis Street, by J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist.

Also, Laurances' Axis-Cut Pebble Spectacles, endorsed by the leading Oculists of the day. Also, a New Glass especially adapted to those who read and write by electric light. Orders taken for Cut Flowers and Plants from the Willow Park Nursery. Subscriptions received to the Art Union of London.

NIGHT CLERK ON THE PREMISES.

TELEPHONE CALL 153.

Provincial Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN, FEB. 17TH.—Mrs. Malcolm Macleod secured the last hours before Lent came in for a large musical party, which, while the last on the list, was one of the most enjoyed of the entertainments of the past season. The large number of guests did not over crowd the rooms, and this lent part of the charm to the party.

Many a gathering is ruined by want of room, or by what is equivalent—too many guests. One becomes "cornered" among a number of people one sees once in an "Highland Moon," or even worse, you are hedged in beyond possibility of escape, and doomed to laboured and spasmodic interchange of common places with some uncongenial companion, while just beyond,— "so near and yet so far"—stands a group of intimate friends smiling at the situation.

But at the party in question the numerous means of communication between the rooms, and the spacious halls obviated such a contingency. It is just this sort of thing that makes a party uninteresting to many individuals, and personal discomfort multiplied by a very small figure means the failure of the entertainment.

Mrs. Macleod must excuse our using her musical as a text for some reflections, but here's another which I cannot resist.

There was less of that annoying, unkindly, and very exceedingly rude talking, while people are singing or playing, which unhappily is so universal, at least in Charlottetown, and prevented in this case by each individual or each small group of guests standing alone. Quite a different thing when one's identity is lost in a crowd! Why is it that this prevails? Most of our neighbours would resent being accused of grave breaches of ordinary etiquette, and would promptly notice with proper indignation persistent interruption in conversation; yet they will talk incessantly while their friends are doing their utmost to please them at the piano, and so fall into the very faults which under different forms they would reprimand in others.

I have sometimes pictured the idiotic expression their faces would probably wear, were some musician suddenly to stop in the middle of a *forte* or *ff* passage. I wonder if habit would not prompt them to offer that least sincere of all compliments:—"thank you so much; I enjoyed every note of your delightful music!"

Could I sing I would make the experiment myself, but being common-place and not talented in that direction, I must leave the experiment to some one else. The idea is not copyrighted—your readers are welcome to use it as they will.

Next morning Lent came in, earlier the usual, and now all is quiet, for altho' everyone does not profess to keep Lent, and as a matter of fact, I suspect very few really do, still it is regarded here as fittingly a time of no parties.

Still concerts galore are certainly on the tapis and lectures alternate with these. There is a series of both at St. James Hall on Tuesdays.

The Philharmonic Concert will likely be given next Thursday, when ever those who go into retirement at this season like bears and other hybernating animals, may venture out to enjoy the soul-inspiring music of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

We failed at the proper time to welcome amongst us Dr. George Warburton, who with Mrs. Warburton and their family have come from India to their old home. At present they are at "Milford" with Hon. James Warburton, Dr. Warburton's father, and will remain there until a suitable residence offers itself for purchase and occupation.

Mr. Fred. Anderson, son of Professor Anderson, of Prince of Wales College, has embarked upon the calling of civil engineering, for which purpose he has left his native shores with attendant good wishes.

Sir Charles Tupper was to have been here yesterday, but other engagements called him hence, to the great disappointment of his followers, and probably of the more liberal of the Liberals. Sir Charles was to have been the guest of Mr. Edward J. Hodgson, Q. C.

Sir Charles' name suggests the election—not that there is any need of any such suggestion, for the papers are full of it, the air one breathes is heavy with it, and there is little else to talk of, think of, dream of or write about. "Praised be blessed," as one of my old domestics used to say—there will soon be an end of it all, and then we'll sober down into our usual mid-winter and early spring want of everything but nothingness.

Some of the clergy refused the share of the proceeds of the Charity Ball offered them by "mine host" of the Hotel Davies. This was at least consistent upon the part of His Lordship at St. Dunstan's, and the Rector of St. Paul's, in both of which churches sermons had lately been preached against dancing. "Tom Trim," had he not been promptly and properly silenced, would probably have had a word to say

concerning the Rev. James Simpson, of St. Peter's, Rev. Mr. Bremer, of the Upper Methodist Church, and the Treasurer of the W. C. T. U., none of whom refused a good thing for the help of the poor.

One begins to tremble now-a-days. We know we are to have the poor with us always, and this winter we have had three concerts and one Charity Ball to patronize (or run the chance of being misjudge!), in addition to one's private and more health-giving, to lessen the misery of others.

What, should the system become fashionable and the infection spread? Happy thought!—put your name down on the poor list—a second suggestion not copy-righted.

A little piece of gossip and I'll say *au revoir*.

There is nothing more delightful than a hyacinth at this time of the year. How provoking it must be to be told that a certain tall parcel contains a bottle auxiliary to the culinary department, to seize it by its uppermost part, feel it give way in your hand, open the wrapper, and find you have broken the bloom off a beautiful specimen of the plant in question! Yet all this lately befell a certain *belle* among us and I'll probably "get fits" for telling about it.

Yours devotedly.

"CHARLOTTETONIAN"

SPORTS.

CRICKET is very popular among certain of our citizens this winter.

In a late competition between Rinks representing different Churches the following games were played, and won in each case by the latter of the two named:

Church	vs. Methodists.
Presbyterians	vs. Church.
Presbyterians	vs. Methodists.

In a game between West and East—Prince Street being the dividing line—East defeated West. The last contest was as follows, military winning:

ALLCOMERS.	
Percy Pope.....	5
H. Beer.....	10
	—
	15
W. A. O. Merson.....	11
Rev. Jas. Carruthers....	8
	—
	19

HOCKEY.—On Ash Wednesday evening four games of hockey were played in the Hillsborough Skating Rink by sides representing East and West. The playing was very animated. West scored a victory in each of the four games. Admission was charged for, and proceeds, amounting to \$38.00, were given to the P. E. I. Hospital.

YARMOUTH.—Lent having come in, the whirl of dissipation is somewhat abated, and I have more time to look about and see what is going on, and first I must tell you of the very pleasant sleigh drive we had about two weeks ago. The night was fine, the sleighing perfect, and the company all that could be desired. We (to the number of about forty) left town about half past six for Tusket, two miles from town, and reached Gilman's by devious bye paths, between seven and eight o'clock, where a good supper awaited us; Gilman is too well known to need description. Suffice it is to say he quite Out Morrisoned Morrison, and on this occasion was quite up to the mark. Some of the young ladies having kindly consented to play, dancing was indulged in for two or three hours. And we were all sorry when it was time to leave for home, which we reached in the "wee sma' hours."

Prof. Peakes of the Y. B. Band, has just opened a Dancing class, which is already attended by about 70 of the young people. He seems to thoroughly understand his business, and those that went with the intention of only having a good time, are beginning to find that there must be method even in dancing. He promises to teach the German, though if course that will be a sort of finishing touch, at present he keeps them at one step until they are perfect in that, he also teaches the young men how to enter a room gracefully, and several other little things which will not come amiss to the youths of our Society.

Miss Grace Turnbull of St. John, and Miss Robinson of Annapolis are visiting Mrs. W. D. Ross. Mr. Ross left for England last week.

Miss Dodds, and Miss Tooker returned from St. John last week.

I think the Yarmouth people consider it quite beneath their dignity to get excited over anything, consequently the Political force which burns so fiercely in some parts of the Dominion, is here in a very "light" form. The candidate chosen by the people has not willingly run, so they are contenting themselves with "Hobson's choice." Who is a perfect Demosthenes, and if successful will be able to plead the cause of Yarmouth in a most able manner—and "In a measure so kindly, you don't if the toes, that are trodden upon are your own or your foes."

Miss Nellie Eskins has gone to Mt. St. Vincent Academy to finish her education. The Yarmouth and Shelburne Steamship Co., are just putting on a fine new steamer between here and Shelburne. She is somewhat after the style of the Paddle steamers, very broad with promenade decks, is handsomely furnished and fitted throughout, and will no doubt prove a great accommodation to the travelling public. Who that has ever taken the ride by coach from Shelburne to Yarmouth, would take it again just for the fun of the thing?

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Windsor.—I think I have mentioned before the several literary societies that exist in Windsor. There is one for the study of French, and another for the study of German literature, both of which are doing a good work in their limited circles. But the most important and most widely known of our literary clubs, is of course the "Haliburton" society of Kings College. This club is presided over by Professor Roberts, whose courteous and genial manner well qualify him for the position. Besides reckoning among its members many distinguished men in Nova Scotia, it has also on its list of membership many prominent literary men throughout the whole of Canada. In Windsor itself, it is by no means confined to students and others connected with the college, but a large number of townsmen belong—the Vice President being Mr. H. P. Scott, a well known legal gentleman of this town. It meets once a fortnight throughout the Collegiate year, and on these occasions a programme is discussed, consisting of original essays, poems, readings, critical reviews, etc. It has a good many musical members, and the banjo, flute, cornet, harmonium, etc., are frequently called into requisition to accompany the solos, duets, quartettes and college songs that are interspersed between the numbers on the programme. The membership has increased to such an extent that it has been found necessary to fit up a Club room for the meetings, a large apartment in the college has been handsomely furnished for this purpose, at a considerable expense. The "Haliburton" published a couple of years ago as its first annual, Mr. Blake Crofton's Essay on "Haliburton, the man and the writer," which has become so widely known. I was informed lately that the new club room is the identical apartment where "Sam Slick" resided during his undergraduate days some four score years ago.—

We were sorry to hear that Mr. D. P. Allison had a bad fall some days ago, but we trust that we shall soon see him out once more.

Mrs. Prat of Wolfville, is paying a visit to her daughter, Mrs. George Wilcox.

The Revd. Canon Maynard has been officiating at Annapolis the last few Sundays during the lamented illness of the Reverend J. J. Ritchie.

The marriage of Miss Florence Wilson to Mr. Friend, of Boston, U. S. A., took place at the residence of Mrs. George Wilson on Thursday, the 20th inst. The bride was assisted by her cousin, Miss Georgina Wilson, and Mr. Richardson of Boston acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Maynard. The bride was dressed in a dark travelling dress which became her very well. The presents were very pretty. Mr. and Mrs. Friend left for Boston the same evening, where they intend to reside.

Miss Hind has returned to Windsor from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Harley, at Pictou.

A public meeting was called by the mayor on Monday evening to discuss the best means of assisting the sufferers of the terrible calamity at Springhill. Quite a number of citizens were present and there would doubtless have been many more if longer notice had been given. A subscription list was opened and over \$300 was then subscribed, and a committee of representative men was appointed to collect contributions from the other inhabitants. We feel sure that Windsor will in this terribly sad case well sustain its reputation for generosity.

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