

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

	10X		14X		18X		22X		26X		30X	
	12X		16X		20X		24X		28X		32X	

OUR SOCIETY

A

WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

VOL. 1. No. 11.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH.

HALIFAX, N. S.

"Is there a man in all this audience," fiercely exclaimed a female lecturer, "that has ever done anything to lighten the burden resting on his wife's shoulders? What do you know of woman's work?"

"Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms, and looking over her audience with superb scorn, "that has ever got up in the morning, leaving his tired, worn-out wife to enjoy her slumbers, gone quietly down stairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, darned the family stockings, scoured the pots and kettles, cleaned and filled the lamps, swept the kitchen, and done all this, if necessary, day after day uncomplainingly? If there is such a man in this audience, let him rise up! I should like to see him!"

And in the rear of the hall a mild-looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. It was the first time he had ever had a chance to assert himself.



HON. A. G. JONES.

HENRY PETTIT, who is a most excellent after-dinner speaker, told a little story against himself which I fancy I have heard before, but it is worth repeating.

Pettitt not long since met an old school-fellow that he had not seen for years, and told him that he was a journalist and critic. "By the way," said his old friend, "are you any relation to Henry Pettitt the dramatist?"

"I am he," replied Pettitt.

"Ah, but I mean the *great* Henry Pettitt who writes plays for Drury Lane."

"Yes," said Henry, modestly, "that's me."

"Well," said his friend, with disgust, "you always were a liar, Pettitt!"

A copy of Mr. James Payn's "Heir of the Ages" was sent to be rebound. It came back with "The Hair of the Aged," imprinted on its cover. Mr. Payn tells the story, so it must be true.

OUR SOCIETY is on sale regularly at the following stores:—

HALIFAX (South End):

Knowles' Book Store (cor. Prince and Granville Sts.)
Halifax Hotel.
Clifford Smith's Bookstore, (by Queen Hotel).
T. C. Allen & Co's (Granville St.)
Knight & Co's.
C. C. Morton & Co's Provincial Bookstore, 143 Barrington St.
Connolly's Central Bookstore, George St.
M. A. Quinn's, 25 Barrington St.
Hattie & Mylius' South End Store (Morris St.)
Horneman's (Spring Garden Road).
Buckley's Drug Store " "

HALIFAX (North End):

I. C. Railway cars.
Power's Drug Store, opposite Depot.
G. J. Elin's, 197 Gottingen St.
J. P. Griffin's, cor. Poplar Grove and Jacob St.
J. W. Daley's, 211 Brunswick St.

DARTMOUTH:—G. H. Craig's, Water St.; Bentley's Tobacco Store.

YARMOUTH:—E. J. Vickery's, T. F. Knight's.

TRURO:—D. H. Smith & Co's.

PETROU:—J. McK. Beattie's.

ANNEBETT:—B. C. Munro's.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.:—T. L. Chappell's.

St. JOHN, N. B.:—J. & A. MacMillan's.

BRIDGEWATER:—Mrs. M. T. Taylor.

PARRISBORO:—A. D. Barryman's.

COPPERPLATE PRINTERS,
COLOR STAMPERS,
DIES and PLATES made to Order.

124 GRANVILLE STREET.
T. C. ALLEN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS,
STATIONERS,
PRINTERS.

Have in Stock NEW LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC BOOKS and LATEST NOVELS.

SOCIETY STATIONERY Including FINE NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES TO MATCH. BALL PROGRAMME CARDS, MENU CARDS, VISITING CARDS, WEDDING CARDS, INVITATION AND AT HOME CARDS. FINE LEATHER IN PORTFOLIOS, PURSES, CARD CASES, MUSIC ROLLS, &c., &c. ALLEN'S 124 Granville Street.

OUR SOCIETY.

EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.,

Estimates given for Central Station
or Insolated Plants.

122 HOLLIS STREET,

E. T. FREEMAN, Agent.

ROBERT STANFORD,
Fashionable Tailor,
156 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

OUR SOCIETY STATIONERY. The ELEGANT, SUB-ROSA, FAVORITE GRAY,
CANVAS, BLUE SERGE, KENT LINEN, IVORY VELLUM and other Fashionable
NOTE PAPERS and ENVELOPES. NEW CORRESPONDENCE CARDS. SOCIETY VISITING
CARDS. A fresh supply of WHITE INK for Tinted Note Papers just received.
KNIGHT & CO., 125 Granville St.
P. S. - We are showing a fine assortment of BOOKLETS, CARDS and NOVELLES
for the HOLIDAY SEASON.

Provincial Book Store.

XMAS GOODS in great variety. Papeteries. Writing Desks. Gift Books
and Annuals for 1891. STATIONERY, - Best and Cheapest. A splendid
lot of Booklets and Cards. Call and See for yourselves.
C. C. MORTON & CO., - - - 143 Barrington St.

WILLIAM NOTMAN.

* Photographer to the Queen, *

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

PAPER HANGINGS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, BRONZES, ARTISTS'
MATERIALS, GOLD LEAF, &c., &c. MIXED COLORS ALWAYS ON HAND.
AT REARDON'S,
40 & 42 BARRINGTON ST. - - - HALIFAX N. S.

W. C. BISHOP,
ACCOUNTANT,
TRUSTEE,
ESTATE
ADJUSTER, &c.
62 BEDFORD ROW,
HALIFAX, N. S.

S. GUNARD & CO.,

UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY,

62 AND 64 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

GOODS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.

26 to 32 Waterloo Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

TELEPHONE NO. 651

COAL DEPARTMENT

DEALERS IN

HOUSE & STEAM COALS.

SYDNEY, VICTORIA,
BRIDGEPORT AND ANTHRACITE,
ALWAYS ON HAND.

NORTH END DEPOT, - - - O'Neill's Wharf.
SOUTH END DEPOT, - - - Dominion Wharf.

W. H. BANNISTER, Optician,

(Graduate of New York Optical College.)

136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - - HALIFAX, N. S.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY OF TORONTO.

FIRE AND MARINE.

Capital and Assets, - - - - \$2,000,000

A. M. SMITH, President J. J. KENNY, Managing Director
C. C. FOSTER, Secretary.

ALL KINDS OF PROPERTY INSURED AT LOWEST RATES,
AND LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

G. M. GREER, General Agent, 154 Hollis Street

AGENT ALSO FOR

MANCHESTER FIRE INS. Co., of England. FIRE INS. Association, of Hartford
CONNECTICUT FIRE INS. Co., of Hartford.

DAVID ROOPE,
PAINTER, GLAZIER, PAPER HANGER & DECORATOR
234 AND 236 ARGYLE ST.,
15 BARRINGTON ST.

A. W. REDDEN,

IMPORTER OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.
153 GRANVILLE STREET.

Society Notes.

The point at issue between our young men and the society girls is not by any means settled yet, and is not likely to be while there is a garrison in the city. There is one question we should like to ask, en passant, of the girls who profess not to consider men in their position in life good enough to marry:—look up your proposal books, young ladies, before answering. Are the "eligible" bachelors of Halifax in the habit of *asking* you to marry them? If not, it is a little bit premature to talk so dogmatically about what you would or would not do. We would very much like, for instance, to ask Miss Gaseous—who was taken so sarcastic last Saturday—how many of the depised civilians she refused before she captured the roaming uniform? What! Not got him yet? Well, never say die! But you *might* tell how many plebeian hearts you have broken in the mean time.

You see, we have a strange weakness for facts in the discussion of such an important subject. The men are not likely to supply the necessary statistics, but we should have imagined that the girls would be only too delighted to do so. We can assure those who have long lists that any confidences they please to make will be treated strictly "as such," and used only as data for the correct solution of this most engrossing problem. So far, certainly, the balance of opinion expressed by observers of both sexes goes to show that the "eligible bachelors" do not appear to dangle about the "marriageable maidens" nearly so much as the marriageable maidens dangle about the would-be-indifferent army and navy men.

There is another point that does not seem to have occurred to any of the disputants: Business men are busy in their offices, or in the clubs, as the case may be, all through the best part of the afternoon, just when the ladies want some one to talk to or skate with; and the others, who have nothing particular to do, come in very handy. You see, the art of bringing up house-keepers is as entirely lost in Halifax as most other arts, so that young ladies do not appreciate being left to their own devices all day—it's altogether too slow. Unfortunately, the men who occupy the field in the afternoon are often tempted to make arrangements for the evening also, and so *vous autres*, when you do come home, find it often advisable to loaf off out again and spend your evenings as best you can. If you really want to have a "look-in," why not petition the General to order all junior officers on duty every night for a month or so? He is very good-natured, and no doubt would be willing to give you every chance. But if—as some fair writers seem to insinuate—you have all proposed to all the maids already, and all been refused, perhaps it wouldn't be much use.

Dramatic criticism is about as amusing a game—to watch—as politics. For instance, in Saturday night's *Recorder* Lady Jane, talking about Mrs. West's acting in *The Shaugraun*, says: "I don't believe three people in the audience heard or understood a word she said." And on the same page a correspondent of "Doesticks" states that "She went through her long part without any apparent assistance from the prompters." No doubt both are right, but it's rather hard to reconcile them. It won't matter much to posterity, anyhow, so we won't argue the point, though life is made of trifles.

The fair correspondent quoted takes objection to our one very brief remark on Mrs. West's acting. Where we cannot give an entirely favourable critique of a lady amateur's acting, we prefer to pass it over with brief comment; and we have already had occasion to state very plainly our opinion of this particular lady's capabilities for the stage, and can only regret that she has not thought fit to act on our advice, which was well-considered and well-meant.

Progress is very much down on Mr. Lytell and his company, though why "Proscenium" should judge only by the first night—when Mr. Lytell himself thought it necessary to make an apology,

—it is hard to see, as the same piece, *Hands Across the Sea*, was produced again on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights,—with what success, this very prejudiced critic does not condescend to mention.

In our opinion, Mr. Lytell himself is as good an actor as is likely to find it worth while to visit the Maritime Provinces, and his company is as good as he is likely to be able to pay out of the proceeds of a Maritime provincial tour.

The fact is that neither S. John or Halifax is ever likely to see first-rate talent in any branch of art. In any European city people will pay a sovereign to see a good play who would grudge a shilling for such companies as we sister towns delight in, while here people willingly give three shillings to see any rubbish that is put before them, who would not run to ten shillings if Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were advertised to appear.

Our distinguished contemporary at St. John, publishes a yarn about Mr. Lytell going off from Halifax, without paying his hotel bill. An adverse criticism is bad enough, but this is rather too bad, as there is no truth whatever in it; the bill was paid in St. John exactly as arranged by Mr. Lytell, nothing in the shape of a lawyer's letter was called into requisition. We have no doubt that *Progress* will, in common fairness, publish these facts, which we have on the authority of Mr. Hessein himself.

Apropos of theatricals, it hardly seems fair that all the *kulos* should be showered on Companies that may from time to time occupy our Academy of Music (by the bye, why not *theatre*? Is it unlawful in Halifax to call a spade a spade?)—and not one word should be said about the man who really runs these shows. It is a query, whether if Mr. H. B. Clarke dropped out from this venture, we should get anyone else to take the responsibility; therefore, it is only right in thanking these actors who have given us pleasure, we should at the same time return thanks to Mr. Clarke for having provided the actors themselves.

Does anyone in Halifax read the *San Francisco News Letter*? We looked at the pictures in the Xmas number long ago, and thought them splendid, but only to-day thought of reading the letterpress. The Society notes are interesting—a queer mixture of very old and very new fashions the American Societies display. The cotillon seems to be much in favour, just as the minuet has been here for the last few months. On the other hand, "New Year's Day" receptions may now be said to be quite obsolete, becoming but a memory of the past, and a very pleasant memory too, to some, it will be admitted. In its place the custom has arisen of spending the holiday away from home, at some of the out-of-town resorts.

FANCY CHAIRS, TABLES, DESKS, CABINETS.

CARPETS & FURNITURE.

Great Reduction in Prices for One Month.

AN IMMENSE STOCK TO SELECT FROM, CALL AND INSPECT.

A. STEPHEN & SON,

THE HOUSE FURNISHERS.

Cor. Prince and Barrington Sts.

Pleasant memories and sad reflections are conjured up by the remark that the day of Christmas Pantomimes is past. We might extend this and say at once that the day of children is past. Childhood is rapidly becoming a myth, a dream to be read of in books from the old countries. When a great city confesses that its children cannot raise a laugh for Clown and Harlequin we are no longer surprised to meet old men of 10 who spit and smoke and talk politics. Alas! poor Harlequin! there's many an old man among us who would fain laugh at you even now, but our children have forbidden it!

An interesting discussion on Canadian Literature by the Toronto University Language Club was held last week, the chief speaker being Dr. Rand, one of Nova Scotia's most famous scholars. He said, among other things, that Canadians, as a rule, are not readers of literature, except that found in the daily papers. He might have added that the cultivated classes are great students of second-rate novels, but we quite agree with him as far as he goes.

The engagement has been announced of Lieut. Grant of H. M. S. *Forward*, to Miss Hattie Albro, younger daughter of John Albro, Esq.

We regret to hear that Mrs. Albert Hensley is confined to her room, by a severely sprained arm. Mrs. Hensley fell while walking in Hollis Street one slippery day.

We regret to hear that Dr. Weston is to leave this station early next month. Dr. Browne will go down with the Duke of Wellington's Regt. to the West Indies in the *Oronles*; and Dr. Fowler, it is said, is to go home with some of the Grenadier Guards, who pass through Halifax on their way from Bermuda to England.

The Archdeacon of Nova Scotia paid a flying visit to town at the beginning of the week. He was the guest of Mr. Peter Lynch at 22 Tobin St., and preached in St. Luke's Cathedral on Sunday morning. We saw the Archdeacon of Cape Breton also in town a few days ago.

The Bishop continues steadily though slowly to improve. His Lordship and Mrs. Courtney will probably leave Bishopsthorpe for the South early in March.

Major and Mrs. Mansel are to be congratulated on the birth of a son, who was born in Somersetshire, England, on the 31st. ultimo.

Major and Mrs. Bagot, who sail for England in the "Circassian" on Saturday, will be very much missed in Halifax Society, and will carry with them the good wishes of a host of friends. Major Bagot is a smart and agreeable officer, and as such will be a great loss to the Garrison; he is also a keen sportsman, but perhaps his departure will be most felt in dramatic circles, where the numerous and varied parts he has taken in Theatricals from time to time with so much success will long be remembered.

Captain Jeurwine, R. A., was married to Miss Grace Meynell of Halifax at Manchester, England, on the 10th inst. Captain and Mrs. Jeurwine sail for the East Indies in a Troopship on the 10th March.

Miss Cadell sails for England in the "Circassian" on Saturday.

Mrs. James Morrow gave a large sleigh-drive on Saturday, the guests including the General, Colonel and Mrs. Nesbitt, Capt. and Mrs. Trench, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kenny, and many others. The party had a most enjoyable drive out to the "Bedford," where they sat down to one of those recherche little spreads, for which Mr. Morrison is rapidly becoming famous.

The last English mail brings the news of the death of a very distinguished military officer, General the Hon. Sir Leicester Smyth, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Gibraltar, whose decease took place in London, while he was absent from his command on 3 months sick leave. He belonged to the Rifle Brigade, and had seen active service in the Kaffir war and

the Crimea, and from the latter he brought home the despatches announcing the fall of Sebastopol. His last appointment but one was that of Military Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, in which he was succeeded by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught.

In a recent *London Gazette* we regret to observe that a Captain of the Battalion of the Rifle Brigade quartered at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, has been removed from the service, "the Queen having no further need of his services." Happily it is very rarely that the military career of an officer is closed in these terms, the formula: "Is permitted to resign his commission" being usually resorted to, except in very serious cases. The case here referred to is all the more distressing as the officer who has come to grief had previously distinguished himself on active service, and had been rewarded with a Brevet Majority in the Egyptian campaign.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Hartlen has finally decided on undertaking the job of cleaning away our ashes; and that his carts were actually at work yesterday. It only remains for householders to do their part in the matter by communicating with Mr. Hartlen at the Colonial Market, and the city may be reduced to a fairly decent condition of cleanliness.

The Rev. W. S. Cunningham, A. B., B. D., of New Jersey (formerly of Halifax) accompanied by his wife (daughter of the late William Jordan, Halifax) embarked February 18th on S. S. "Westmoreland," Red Star Line, from Jersey City, on a foreign tour. They proceed direct to Belgium, thence through Europe to Egypt, the Holy Land, returning via Asia Minor and Great Britain.

The St. Andrews Church Concert on Tuesday night was very enjoyable, the events ranging from the purely classical of Herr Klingensfield to the extreme comic of Mr. Godfrey Smith. The programme was as follows:—

1. Quartette.—"My lov' is like a red, red rose"..... Misses Burns and Bligh, Messrs. Gillis and Ward.
 2. Song.—"Give me thy love" (*Wellings*)..... Miss Mackay.
 3. Violin.—Seventh concerto (*de Bériot*)..... Herr Klingensfield.
 4. Song.—"This is my dream" (*Wellings*)..... Mr. E. F. Smith.
 5. Song.—"Ask me no more" (*Tosti*)..... Miss Bligh.
 6. Piano Solo.—"Romance" (*Babiar*)..... Miss Irene Chamberlain.
 7. Song.—"The standard on the braes O'Mar"..... Mr. S. Crawford.
 8. Song.—"A brook song" (*Mazson*)..... Miss A. Burns.
 9. Violin.—"Nocturne" (*Chopin*)..... Herr Klingensfield.
 10. Song.—"The Scottish blue bell" (*Jarvis*)..... Mrs. G. M. Campbell.
 11. Vocal duet.—"Love is a voice divine" (*Donizetti*)..... Miss Bligh and Mr. G. Smith.
 12. Song.—"Smile once again" (*Millard*)..... Mr. Godfrey Smith.
 13. Quartette.—"Sleep my Sweet"..... Miss Bligh, Messrs. Gillis, Smith and Ward.
- Accompanist..... Mr. T. J. Payne.

The question of whether people take sugar in their tea or not is a troublesome one for hostesses, and an aggravating one sometimes for guests, especially when one who does not take it is given three lumps and then asked "Are you quite sure your tea is sweet enough?" but everyone must admit it forms a great staple of conversation at 5 o'clock tea parties. We therefore throw out a suggestion to some of our readers, who are fond of statistics, that it would be interesting, in this Lenten season of afternoon tea parties, for a person to note how many times he overhears any of the following stock sentences in one week, or in one afternoon—

1. Do you take cream and sugar, Miss Muffin?
2. It is so difficult to remember who takes which.
3. They say it's fashionable not to take sugar.
4. So many people don't take sugar now.
5. I have given up sugar during Lent.
6. Not taking sugar brings out the flavour of the tea so much better.
7. Tea without sugar is undrinkable in my opinion.
8. I have never taken sugar since I was a little girl.
9. You are sweet enough without sugar!
10. I have always taken sugar.
11. I have a very sweet tooth.
12. Sweet to the sweet!

Sir:—We very frequently hear, and see written many things about Society in Halifax—what it is, and who compose it. I have tried to find out how it is made up, and this letter is my opinion on the subject. In London, Society, the very height of Society—the set that remains after all others have been weeded out, is that immediately surrounding Marlborough House, a natural Society, and one that is built on a thoroughly substantial and easily understood basis. In New York, Society is artificial, there are no definite lines drawn—the claims of people to belong to Society depend on wealth, or personal accomplishments of a peculiar kind. Now, let us see what it is in Halifax—First I could define Society, as that particular set, most talked of, thought about, and received by the majority of people—Halifax is a peculiar place, and the people are a peculiar people,—and two-thirds of the Society as it exists to-day, consists of people not belonging to the place, but only transient. Take it as it is now. We have a popular General and a popular Governor; they are the heads, and have naturally their own friends and sets surrounding them, the two merging into one. These sets form a nucleus; the rest of the Society is an undefined mass surrounding this nucleus. Undefined because its border merges off gradually into outside sets. Therefore, with the exception of the few forming the nucleus, the greater number of people help to form the undefined body,—Now what are constituent particles of the whole?

1st—Those whose qualifications are official, the military who are not included in the aforementioned nuclei. Some of these stray out into sets bordering on the border land, and become identified with them, depending on their tastes, attainments, and origin.

2nd—Those who are members of the body, because they have never been anything else, belonging to families who are necessary to the maintenance of the whole.

3rd—Those who, like the first, depend on their official position—political, legal, etc. The sons and daughters of these become parts of No. two, that is, if they are worth it.

4th—Those who do not rightly belong to this set, and who have no right to be there, but have pushed and pushed till they have managed to be considered as parts, if not the very highest part, of the whole. This generally depends on the energy and ambition of the female members of the family.

5th—Those of whom we could not say exactly why they go everywhere and are important, but I simply think it is because they make themselves agreeable and useful. Many of the civilian young men, who go out much, can be put in this class.

Nine classes form and make up what is known as Society in Halifax. It is, as I said, peculiar, being composed of a peculiar mixture of trade and military, and what must strike a stranger is, the almost total absence of the professional class—lawyers and medical men. With very few exceptions very few of these are in the set just classified; why it should be so I can hardly find a reason, except that a great many of them do not belong to the town, but come in from the country.

The sets that border on this one are too numerous to mention even. Some in these are contented, others wish to rise and are ambitious, and do rise sometimes. And taking it all in all, Halifax society is just about as pleasant and as real and definite society as there is anywhere. The constant changing of many of its constituent elements gives a piquancy and flavor that could in no other way be imparted; and long may it be so is the wish of

MORRIS GRANVILLE.

We have received a protest against the new police regulation which seems practically to mean 11 hours night but at a stretch with 1 hour off in the middle for "refreshments." Unfortunately, time does not admit of a discussion of question in this issue, but we should be glad to hear from members of the force during the week.

We are asked to announce that the services at the Garrison Chapel during the coming week will be as follows:—

Sunday 22 Feb. : 11, Parade Service, Rev. F. N. B. Norman-Lee. Holy Communion at 12; 7, Evensong. "Misere Mei Deus" will be sung. Preacher: Rev. Norman Lee. Wednesday 25th, Litany at 10 a. m. Mission service and address 7.30, Rev. Norman-Lee. Friday 27th, Evensong, special address, 7.30. "I have sinned, 'David.'" The "Misere Mei Deus" will be sung. Preacher: Rev. W. B. King.

The only novelty at the Stanley Cycle Show of interest to my readers was the electric bath chair and tricycle. The manner in which the motive power is exerted seems feasible, and may prove practical, but at present electrically-driven vehicles of this kind have not got beyond the experimental stage.

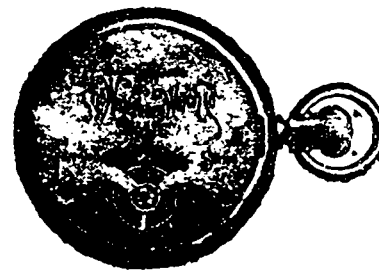
Lieutenant de Winter, the young Russian officer who recently made the journey from the Russian frontier to Paris on foot, leaves the French capital this week for Italy, whence he will regain his native country by the Balkans, walking every step of the way. In the meantime, another Russian, M. Euatsky, has made a bet of 20,000 roubles (about £2,400), that he will drive from St. Petersburg to Paris in eighty days in a troika, a vehicle drawn by three horses. He has already started on his journey, and on Wednesday last had reached Groubechow, where he was six days in advance of time. The wager was made with an Englishman.

NEW MUSIC.		PRICE.	NEW MUSIC.		PRICE.
"Loves Golden Dream."	Waltz	70c.	"Our Society."	Waltz	70c.
"Loves Dreamland."	"	50c.	"Katie and Lou."	Galop.	50c.
"Santiago."	"	50c.	"Pixie and Dido."	Polka.	50c.

For Sale at **A. E. JONES & CO'S,**
MUSIC DEALERS AND IMPORTERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
No. 83 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

(OPP. A. STEPHEN & SON.)

THE WATERBURY WATCH.



Since first placed on the market has been so continually improved that it is to day

THE BEST WATCH FOR THE MONEY.
now obtainable.

Mens', Boys' and Ladies' Sizes
\$2.75, \$4.50, \$9.00 & \$10.00.

* **J. CORNELIUS,** *
JEWELLER, . . 99 Granville St.

HATTIE & MYLLUS,
The Druggists,

ACADIA DRUG STORE, SOUTH END PHARMACY,
155 Hollis Street, Cor. Pleasant and Morris Sts
HALIFAX N. S.

DISPENSING OUR SPECIALTY.

For **FINE PERFUME,**

SACHET POWDERS

TOILET SOAPS and every TOILET REQUISITE

GO TO

DORA'S STORY.

THE only person speaking was a handsome Jewess of twenty-four or twenty-five, whose name, or *mon de guerre*, was Theodora Osnavitch. She was a rare type of that race, being a superb blonde, with bright, golden hair, large, lustrous blue eyes, and exhibiting the powerful figure and splendid health which characterize the Hebrew women to so remarkable a degree. As she paused at the end of an argument and drained a glass of Joseph-shoefer, some one asked, "What made you a Nihilist, Dora?" "Nothing very remarkable to us Russians," she replied. "I belong to a good family in a small town in the Warsaw Province. I married the *kabbi* of our synagogue, and we were very happy for a few months. The Czar then made a change, and sent down a new Governor from St. Petersburg to replace our old one, who was a just and good man, although a Russian general. The newcomer had every vice, and no virtue of any kind. He was so bad and cruel that our friends and relatives wrote us when he came, warning us against him. My husband, the next Sabbath, in the synagogue, told our people about him, and advised them to be over-cautious in not violating any one of the thousand and one tyrannical laws with which they were cursed. Though he spoke in Hebrew, for fear of spies, some one betrayed him to the Governor. He was arrested, tried, flogged on the public square into insensibility, and sent to Siberia for life. I was present when he underwent his agony, and stood it until I became crazed. I broke through the crowd toward the wretch of an official, and cursed him and his master, the Czar, and swore vengeance against both. I, too, was arrested, tried at court-martial, and sentenced to receive a hundred blows with the rod in the public square. I, a woman, was taken by drunken *Moujiks* and heathen *Cossacks* to the place, tied by my hands to the whipping-post, my clothing torn from my body to the waist, and beaten before all the soldiery and the people of the town. At the twentieth blow I fainted; but the ropes held me up, and the full hundred were counted on my body. They cut me down, rubbed rock salt and water and some iron, that cuts like fire, into my back to stop the bleeding, and carried me to the hospital. I lay there two months and was discharged. I had but one idea then, and that was vengeance. By patience I managed to get employment in the Governor's palace as a seamstress. One afternoon he was in his bath, and he sent for towels. The attendant was tired, and I volunteered to take them. I threw them over my arm, and under them I held a long *stiletto*, sharp as a needle. I entered the room, and he was reading and smoking in the bath. I laid the towels by his side with my left hand, and at the next moment, with my right, I drove the knife through his heart. It was splendidly done. He never made a sound, and I escaped to this land. This is why I am a Nihilist. Do any of you doubt it?" She sprang excitedly from her chair, and in half a minute bared herself to the waist. The front of her form, from neck to belt, might have passed as the model of *Venus di Milo*. But the back! Ridges, welts and furrows, that crossed and interlaced as if cut out with red-hot iron! patches of white, gray, pink, blue, and angry red; holes and hollows with hard hideous edges; half visible ribs and the edges of ruined muscles, and all of which moved, contracted, and lengthened with the swaying of her body. There was a gasp from every one present. The aged host rose, silently kissed her on the forehead, and helped her to put back her garments. Then again the wine passed round, and what secret toasts were made as the party drank will never be known.—*By order of the Czar, by Joseph Hatton.*

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

The controversy which has been raging for sometime in the columns of an esteemed contemporary, as to whether the best English is spoken in Canada or the Mother country, has excited a good deal of interest. In order to settle the matter conclusively, "Grip"

determined to interview a few gentlemen conversant with the linguistic peculiarities of the two countries. The results of this undertaking are given below:

Mr. Cholmondeley Perkins, late of London, England, on being questioned on the subject said: "Wy, of cawse wo speak the language bettah at home, yah know! The discussion—aw—is perfectly widiculous. It's only to be expected that the bettah clawses of English society should converse maw cowrectly than *Canadians*, don't you know. You weally couldn't imagine that the people of a blawsted colony could acquiah the accent wich is only obtainable by constant intercawse with the highest circles. W'y you've no aristocracy in this country. How should you know how to speak English when you haven't got the models of excellence before you that every well-bwed Englishman lives up to?"

Mr. Isaac Brock Secord, school teacher of Memphramagog township, said: "What yer givin' us? I'm a native Canadian, of Canadian descent, begosh; an' I'm givin' it yer straight when I say that there ain't no place where the English language is spoken better nor in Canada; no sir! *Canadians* ain't no slouches when it comes to correct pronounciation and grammar. These here English fellers can't speak the language worth a cent. Their accent fairly knocks you silly, the way they misplace their haiteches and drawl out their words. You bet, ther ain't no flies on young *Canadians* when it comes to pronouncing correct."

Mr. 'Arry 'Olborne, was next called up on. He said, "It's ail a bloomink lot of rot discussink of sech a question. Where should Hinglish langwidge he spoke proper hexcept in Lunnon, Hi shid like to kneaw? There's where you get it chop. If yeou want to 'ear it real proper go out to 'Amstead 'Eath on Bank 'Ollerday an' mix free with the craoud, and you'll never awsk sech a jolly silly question again. 'Ow should people in Cenedy know 'ow to speak proper? They ain't got the toime for anythink but 'untin bears an wolves, as I hunderstands. In Hingland we 'ave the Hoxford and Cambridge Colledges to teach us wot's wot, and so we cawn't 'elp speakin' proper, don't you sec."

Mr. Timothy O'Mulligan, whose name sufficiently indicates his nationality, was the last person interviewed. He remarked: "Do I t'ink that the English or the Canajins sphakes the English language wid the greatest purity? 'Pon me sowl then, I do not. Av coorse, as ivery ejuccated man knows, the besht English in the world is to be harrd in me native city av Dublin fwhere they have jist a bewtiful accent—like meself for instance. We sphake rale ould ancient English, jist as it was spokke in the toime of Shakespear and Spenser an' them, in all it's purity an' swateness, with divil a wan av the corruptions and alterations wid wich thim Cockneys—bad luck to them—have defoiled it. Its only in Dublin, the home av min av shaparior intelligence and janius that ye'll foind the thrue and genuine English accent, d'ye moind that now!"

That pretty little woman from Philadelphia who married last year the reigning Count of Pappenheim (Bavaria), and found after settling her fortune on her husband that she could not attain his rank, has become very popular in Berlin society. She was a Miss Wheeler, I believe, and as she could not ascend she made her husband descend. Count Pappenheim renounced his headship of the family and his title of "Erlandht" (Serenity) in favour of his younger brother, and now is recognised simply as a cadet of a noble family. The whole affair raised a great storm of indignation in Philadelphia, where the marriage was celebrated with most elaborate ceremony. However, Countess Maximilian Pappenheim, as she is called now, has some recognition from the Royal circle which declined to receive her as the consort of the head of a house, and she is to be presented at the Prussian Court in February with the rank, at least, of a noble woman. This success must be particularly gratifying to her, as she expects her accouchement in May next.

PRIVATE O'FLANAGAN'S BUTTON.

To the Editor of "Our Society":

The central park of—shall the timorous writer say for fear of libel cases?—Gerolstein presents a proud and pompous spectacle. Gerolstein has just made a declaration of complete and unalterable neutrality, and of course is reviewing its army to show what a warm affection it has for peace.

Next to universal industrial exhibitions, this is the best recognized way of evincing pacific intentions and producing bloody battles. The Cavalry is curvetting, the Infantry is tramping, the Artillery is rumbling—all past the grand stand, illuminated by His Serene Excellency the Hereditary Graf, and the equally Serene Excellency the Hereditary Graffin.

His Serene Excellency is not exhilarated. He is rather used to this kind of thing, being entitled to wear sixty-seven different uniforms belonging to all the armies, navies, and police forces of Europe, Asia, America, and the Sublime Porte. But even an Hereditary Graf must say something now and then if he doesn't want his silence to be interpreted in the "Recorder" next day, and cause the funds to fall to something below zero.

So having a keen eye for the detail of military costume, as a man with so varied a wardrobe should, His Serenity fixes his eagle eye on the Graffin's own Bombadiers which are marching past at the moment, and he indifferently remarks to his commander-in-chief:—

"Why has the sixth private in the third company lost his seventh button?"

A blush suffuses the manly cheeks of all the staff. And in a tone of suppressed fury, with gestures denoting subdued apoplexy, the commander-in-chief addresses his aide-de-camp:—

"A. D. C., clap spurs to your steed, and go ask the General of Brigade why that dastardly private six of the 3rd company lost his 7th button."

In a trice the Martial Mercury has overturned four literary mongers, and has swept down upon the General. In a trice, too, that warrior has used unladylike language and roared:—

"Orderly, go ask the Colonel commanding why that dunder-headed rascal, private six of the 3rd company, has lost his 7th button, and give him a week's shot drill. With march and musical clattering of sabre-taches and clinking of spurs, the orderly is down upon the Colonel, and in his turn the Colonel is wrath, and proclaims the fact emphatically, as Colonels will under provocation:—

"Fly and ask the Major why that villainous rogue, the sixth private of the third company, has lost his unspeakable seventh button. And let him have a fortnight's imprisonment."

There is more clattering and clinking down the column, and the Major is heard to bellow:—

"Orderly, rush to the Captain of the third, and demand why that abominably criminal private six has swallowed his despicable seventh button? Give him a month's hard labor."

The Captain can't answer, but he calls the Sergeant, and orders two months in irons haphazard. The Sergeant calls the Corporal, and adds bread and water, and the Corporal finally accosts Private O'Flanagan:—

"Private O'Flanagan, you've disgraced the army of an historic people and defiled the tombs of your ancestors, if you ever had any. You're to have a week's shot drill, a fortnight's imprisonment, a month's hard labor, two months in irons, and two on bread and water; and after that I'll have you drummed out. Where's your 7th button, you ridiculous wretch, and how did you lose it?"

"Is it lost ye say? and bedad I had only forgotten to button it." And straightway Private O'Flanagan's button reappears.

Then again there is a stir, a clatter, a clinking down the resplendent column. The Sergeant reports the Captain; the Captain enlightens the Major; the Major sends word to the Colonel; the Colonel communicates with the General; the General sends a

message to the Commander-in-Chief; and in a simoon of dust, with a dozen aides-de-camp galloping at his ringing heels, that illustrious warrior sweeps breathlessly down upon his sovereign:—

"Your serene excellency, the 6th private, third company who lost his seventh button."

"Eh! what!" exclaims the potentate who, has seen so many buttons during the last 4 hours that he quite forgets that seventh one of Private O'Flanagan. "Oh! I remember; well, have him shot!"

"But Excellency, he had only forgotten to button his 7th button."

"Oh well then—let me see—make him a Marshall—"

And they say that the army of Gerolstein is mismanaged.

F. L.

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 10th, 1891.

THINGS SOCIETY READERS CAN DO:

WRITE a note at the public desk without putting the book-keeper to any inconvenience. Get a supply of nice Stationery. Buy the best self-feeding Pen in the world. Get an Express Money Order that will be payable almost anywhere in the world. Get a vol. of Music bound so it will open flat and stay there the first time it is used, and wear for years too. And many other things at

KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, Cor. George & Granville Sts.

* ROUE & RENT, *
LENDING LIBRARY, Will re-open 1st of February, 1891, with a full assortment of Books. For terms apply to
91 SOUTH PARK STREET.

THE PALACE BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
156 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.,

WM. TAYLOR & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
Ladies', Gents', Boys' Misses' & Children's BOOTS & SHOES.



We are showing a magnificent Stock of
FRESH MEAT & POULTRY.
— At our New Building —
110 BARRINGTON ST.,
W. A. MALING & Co.
BUTCHERS

WE cordially invite our patrons and the public generally to visit our new premises and inspect the latest improved appliances for handling meats.

NEW Grocery and Provision Store.

ANDERSON & CO.,
84 BARRINGTON ST., - - - HALIFAX, N. S.

TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS,
Canned Goods, Fresh & Dried Fruits, Poultry, Game, etc.

THE stock has been carefully selected to suit the wants of families requiring FIRST-CLASS GOODS, and has been purchased at the lowest cash prices, so that the most favorable terms can be given to all patronizing the new establishment.

Under the personal supervision of Mr. W. CHARLES ANDERSON.



THOS. ROBINSON,
Livery & Boarding Stables,
No. 4 DOYLE ST., near Spring Garden Road
HALIFAX N. S.
Conveyance to be had at all hours, Day or Night.

By-the-Bye.

What cruel, heartless, reckless people Halifaxians are! Have they no care for human life? Why don't they put a little ashes before their doors during this slippery weather? In all my travels I have never seen so many persons slipping, floundering, balancing and creeping in the streets as during the past few months in this town. And yet it does not occur to more than two or three persons in a block to put out the cheap, all-saving ashes. Surely the fact that ashes are cheap ought to appeal to the good people here! Whatever else may be said against us, no one can assert that we do not know the art of getting as much as we can for nothing. But then that is only indirectly connected with the putting out of ashes on the ice.

What a blessing Lent is to Society, especially in a place like this, where no one is ever enthusiastic over anything but amusement. Whenever I go abroad, and people ask me what the Halifaxians are like, I say, "French—very French. They sing, they dance, they have picnics, teas, theatricals, concerts, suppers, dinners—and then they die." But Lent gives us a breathing spell, and we certainly need it. One reads a great deal of sarcasm in the papers about fashionable people's Lents, but much of it is rubbish. My experience is that fashionable people keep it just as well, on the whole, as the unfashionable; and some of the best Christians I have ever known have been acknowledged leaders in Society. This is true of Halifax, as well as of other places.

By-the-bye, I hear we are to have a new weekly paper. Well, I certainly wish it good luck. But I should personally prefer to see a new daily. We need one. It is true we have three excellent daily papers already, which in their separate styles cannot be surpassed. But it strikes me there is a great opening for a daily of a different order, one whose object would be to give us local news, telegrams, innocent gossip from abroad, and interesting reading matter of every kind. Mind you, I assert again that our existing journals are excellent in their respective lines. I always dissent when I hear everybody running them down, and in my own house I never permit anyone to say there is nothing in them. I always point to the advertisements and say, "What do you call that? Is not that good reading? I should like to know how you would ever have heard of Paine's Celery Compound or the Nasal Balm without the daily press? You know very well if you want to read anything you must read about them!" And my indignation generally produces an impression. Then, too, I am justly angry at people who say they are ashamed to send our papers to their friends abroad, and the following note from England roused my fiercest wrath. It ran: "DEAR MOTHER,—Do not send me any more Halifax papers, as I have to show them round, and the people in this house laugh at them and say we cannot do any better. They also call me a Yankee. Your loving daughter, MARY ELLEN." Such sentiments are unpatriotic, to say the least, and if Mary Ellen were my daughter she should have nothing but Halifax papers to read for a year, till she learned to like them. It is an acquired taste, I admit, but I have no hesitation in saying to grumblers that if they were set down in a desert island, with nothing but a bundle of the three Halifax dailies to read, they might be glad of them.

Consequently I shall not be suspected of ill-feeling when I say I should like a different sort of two-cent paper coming out every evening. I am not hard to please, and the kind I want is not difficult to find. It is sold in the streets of St. John, Montreal.

Boston, New York, London, Paris and other places, and the principal quality for which one buys it is news.

I always like to see a new idea take well and succeed. The Bishop of North Dakota, who spent a part of last summer in Halifax with Bishop Courtney, has started a Church Car, in which he goes about holding services in all the small places of his diocese through which the railway passes. The car is fitted up as a chapel, with altar, organ and all essentials. The Bishop has also a small room for himself. He does all the work alone—sweeping, cooking, preaching, christening, playing the organ, leading the singing, and even ringing the bell. This Cathedral on wheels is a great success. Only twice since it has been going its rounds has it not been crowded. The Bishop visits in it mining camps, lumbering camps, isolated villages and new settlements; and many people come to him who have not attended a Christian service for fifteen and twenty years. It is nick-named in Dakota the "Roamin Catholic Cathedral."

ETHELBERT L. WISE.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of "Our Society":

SIR,—May I, in your columns, say that if the writer in an evening paper who signs herself "Lady Jane," will copy the straight-forwardness of the amateur actress whom she attacks, and write, as that lady did, over her own signature, I also will do the same, and over my own signature repeat what I now say: That Lady Jane's statement as to that lady's having, at Mr. Lytell's benefit, to be "audibly prompted by the other actresses," is simply utterly and entirely untrue.

The lady in question was once or twice prompted by the regular prompter, but I doubt his professional whisper having been heard off the stage, and if "Lady Jane" knew more of the "ins and outs" of a hastily rehearsed professional performance, she would not have committed herself by a so easily disproved—what shall we say? "Tarrididdle?" but would understand, why, well inclined as they were to help an amateur *con-soeur* (Lady J. having been abroad can say whether that is allowable French) it would have been almost impossible for either Mrs. Edwards or Miss Celeste to help her in that way.

Also, inaudible speech being one of the faults most severely criticized, and least easily forgiven by an audience, it seems strange that the lady in question should have made so good an amateur reputation for herself, if what Lady Jane says of her be true.

As for "promptings" by amateur actresses. "Ah! sure." Is it the fault of the unlucky wights who may be acting with her? that a lady amateur (nicknamed "Prompter") should so pride herself, not only on her lessons in "elocution" (that infallible amateur receipt for actress-making) but on her "memory," so that she always insists on learning, not only her own part, but that of everyone else, and woe betide anyone who may pause, for gesture, "business" or stage effect. Invariably *down* she comes on them, with an ostentatiously "audible," and generally unwelcome "prompt."

"Lady Jane" herself is, I know, not one of "our amateurs," at least, not in the play-acting line; but, is it possible that she still "knows nothing about 'Prompts'?"

I should say that the reason why "amateurs are so anxious to join professionals" (does Lady J. mean act with them?) is that whatever art you may dabble in, be it music, painting, cookery, or even acting, is, if worth doing at all, worth doing *well*, and the best way to learn to do a thing well is to practice it among

A. & W. MACKINLAY,

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

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

VISITING CARDS PRINTED FROM PLATE

137 GRANVILLE STREET.

Crests and Monograms stamped in Colours

Our Society.

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH, 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 the whereabouts, etc., of any old friends who have left Halifax.
- (IV.) Recommendations of servants leaving.
- (V.) Advertisements of articles lost or found.
- (VI.) " of articles for sale, etc.

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

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

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

The rates for business advertisements are:

1 inch.....	\$1.00 per quarter
2 ".....	7.50 " "
3 ".....	11.00 and so on.

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

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

Subscription \$2.40 per annum, post free.

H. BRADFORD.
Business Editor.

We are glad to receive another contribution from the pen of our friend, E. L. Wise, and our readers will agree with us that the form in which he has thrown his jottings is most charming. We hope to regale our readers with many more *By-the-Byes* during this decidedly dull season.

It seems that to some of our readers it was a severe shock to find a portrait of Mr. Kenny on last week's issue. We certainly did, at the outset, undertake to steer clear of politics, and it is our intention so to do till the end of the chapter. At the same time our political leaders of both persuasions are men of eminence amongst us, and therefore entitled to a place in our portrait album. Perhaps the portrait of Hon. A. G. Jones on this number will do something to restore the mental equilibrium of our whig friends. We had quite a lot to say to-day—but its always our luck, when we are wound up—the pressure of news and correspondence at the last moment compels us to adjourn the meeting. It really looks as though "OUR SOCIETY" would have to be enlarged to a "thirty-two pager" after Lent.

We have to thank the Windsor Tribune for calling our attention to *English as she is spoke*, which we had overlooked in *Grip*. It's just the sort of clipping to "go the round," and very likely has already appeared in several other papers, but we are not proud:—it's clever in its way, and good enough for us. We have something more serious on the same subject for a future occasion.

(Continued from page 8.)

those from whom you can learn something, even if, by so doing, you have for a time to play second or third "fiddle," instead of a perpetual "double first" (if I may "mix up" metaphors). And I think amateurs of various kinds, not only actors and actresses, but scribblers, might do far worse than to try to gain the pleasant experience of a "peep behind the scenes."

For there are many lessons to be learned from the members of the theatrical profession, not only about acting, but from their admirable habits of not only understanding their business, but *mind*ing it. Their way of never giving *unasked* for advice. Their way of leaving stage management to the stage manager and prompting to the "prompter." Their kindly helpfulness to one another. Their generous appreciation of any bit of good work done by their companions (amateur or professional). Their good humour. Their non-interference with what does not concern them, makes a visit behind the professional footlights a charming variety in one's experience. I have met a good many actors and actresses. A few I have known well. It may possibly be that their busy life does not leave them any time to "talk," but they actually don't seem to understand the art of gossip and backbiting and tittle-tattle, and of those I know best I can only say I never heard them say an unkind word of anyone. I think that the lady who took the part of "Arte O'Neil" could hardly either expect or desire to be *complimented* on her acting of that part on Monday night. Though had the play been repeated a second night she might well have gained honors in it, and "Captain Molquanan" himself would probably be the first to say that a fair comparison as regards powers of acting can scarcely be drawn between the holders of two parts, one of which was undertaken several days before the performance, was studied from a book (does Lady J. understand), and acted after either *two* or *three* rehearsals, and the other studied from a *written* part, read for the first time about seven o'clock on Saturday evening, learnt by eleven o'clock that night, and *once* on Monday morning, rehearsed among people with whom she had never before acted and who had also studied *their* lines from written parts, and acted the same evening by the same amateur, who, if she did not do much good for herself or her acting anything like justice, certainly did no harm to the piece, which, according to the (probably impartial) critic of OUR SOCIETY, "went without a hitch." And learning from written parts means that, except what you may learn at rehearsals, you have absolutely no clue to the plot, scenes, persons, or dialogue of the play, beyond your own "lines," and one last word (your *cue*) of the person addressing you. If you fail to catch *that*, or to *give* a cue, the whole thing is upset. Professionals who, even if they have not previously acted in that particular play, have probably done so in a dozen like it, quickly catch up the idea of a part. Though one rehearsal is unusually short, preparation even by them for a 3-act play. So, even if she was not brilliant, to be, under the circumstances, *harmless*, should, I think, "score one" for a lady amateur totally unaccustomed to professional methods.

Is this a "whirlpool of abuse?" It is certainly not a "sweetest, kindest letter note," and I am very sorry to have had to write it, for I do *not* think that public prints are the proper place for Society ladies to air the (direct or indirect) spites, jealousies and tiffs, either of themselves or their friends and acquaintances. At the same time, when false statements are publicly made, I think it best that they should be publicly contradicted, and, if "people who appear before the footlights expect to be commented on," I suppose, equally so, do those who write about them. I have said nothing that I object to signing with my own name, if "Lady Jane" will be equally frank. But while she remains "Lady Jane" I prefer to remain "STREET ARAB."

I may add that "Arte O'Neil" did not offer her services, but on Saturday was, by Mr. Lytell, asked to take part.

HALIFAX PIANO AND ORGAN CO.,

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

The Finest Pianos
... in the World. . .

WAREHOUSES 157 & 159 HOLLIS STREET.

Theatrical Notes.

A SAILOR who had just come into port with a full pocket paid Stephen Kemble £30 to have a performance of *Henry IV.* all to himself, with Kemble as "the old boy with the round fore-castle, built like a Dutch lugger, and lurching like a Spanish galleon in a heavy sea." He chose the music to be played by way of overture, saw the play through, and gave vigorous expression to his appreciation of the Falstaff of the occasion. Mr. J. C. Foster, an American manager, taking his ease at his inn in Bucyrus, Ohio, was aroused by a stranger entering the room, playbill in hand, and accosting him with, "You play *Richard III.* to-night? Now, I have never had an opportunity of seeing it, and, unfortunately, I must leave town this evening. How much money would induce you to play *Richard III.* for me this afternoon?" Thinking his visitor was joking, Foster said he would do it for twenty-five dollars. "And how much for *The Rough Diamond* as well?" "Ten dollars," quoth the amused manager. He did not know whether he was amused or vexed when the stranger planked down thirty-five dollars, with the remark that the performance must commence at two o'clock sharp, and took his leave. Upon telling his company the bargain he had concluded, the notion of playing Shakespeare's tragedy to one man so tickled their fancy that they at once consented. Two o'clock came, and with it the audience. Choosing the best position in the hall, and placing his feet upon the back of the seat before him, he settled down to enjoy the tragedy, applauding heartily, and at the conclusion calling the Richard before the curtain. Then the farce was gone through with equal success, and the delighted audience left in time to catch the 6.45 train.

When the Louth manager, says *Chambers*, came with a long face to Macready, as he was dressing for *Virginius*, and, in answer to the tragedian's inquiry if it was a bad house, replied, "Bad house, sir? there is no one!"

Macready asked: "What! nobody at all?"

"Not a soul sir, except the Warden's party in the boxes, and one or two in the gallery and pit," responded the manager.

"Are there five?" queried Macready.

"Yes, sir, there are five."

"Then," said the actor, "go on at once; we have no right to give ourselves airs."

And in his own opinion he never played *Virginius* better than he did to an audience he could count on his fingers.

On that terrible bitter Tuesday night in January, 1881, when few who could help it cared to traverse the London streets, the combined audiences of all the theatres would not have made a decent gathering for the smallest of them. Mrs. Bancroft felt she would have liked to ask the weather-beaten few who had battled their way to the Haymarket to forego what they came to see and take tea with her on the stage. Giving more practical proof of his sympathy, Mr. Toole straightway invited his "gods" and his pittites to take their case in the stalls, and regaled them with hot spiced ale; whereupon they sang, "He's a jolly good fellow!" and a merry evening was enjoyed on both sides of the footlights.

It is not easy to eclipse the gaiety of the Parisians; but in 1832 they voted the play was not the thing when cholera was ravaging the city, although publicly advertised. "It has been noticed, with much astonishment, that the theatres are the only places—no matter how crowded—where not a single case of cholera has appeared." One night the company of the Odcon found themselves confronted by one man. This was too much, or rather too little, for their patience, and they insisted upon his taking back his money. He stood upon his rights and insisted upon the play being played. The law was on his side and the actors were obliged to act; but they did their very worst until the audience hissed his hardest; then the manager handed him over to the police for disturbing the performance, and closed his doors.

A YOUNG FINANCIER.

He was a wise youth, although not very old. One day his father brought him home a little bank to keep his savings in.

"Now, Willie," he said, "we'll start a bank."

"I choose to be cashier," interrupted the boy.

"Very well, you can be cashier, and I will be the board of directors. Then you and your two sisters and your mother and I will be the depositors. Now, I'll put these five new shillings in to start with. What will you do?"

"I'll put in my seven pennies," he responded. His mother dropped in a couple of shillings and each of his sisters a sixpence. During the next two weeks numerous deposits were made and all ran smoothly. Then one morning *pater familias* found himself short of change, and abstracted a sixpence from the bank for his fare. But the eagle eye of the young cashier detected the shortage, and he promptly took what was left. The next morning Willie's father, wishing to instil a little more business knowledge into his head, said,

"Now, Willie, suppose one of the depositors wished to draw out some money, what would you do?"

The boy simply pointed to the bank, on which was the following placard:—

"PAYMENT SUSPENDED."

"Why Willie, what does this mean?" inquired the father.

"Directors overdrew their accounts, so the cashier hooked it with the rest," was the laconic response.

"You don't mean that you have taken the money that was in there, do you?" in a tone of pained surprise.

"Yes."

"But don't you know that that is not honest?"

"Honest!" exclaimed the boy, scornfully, "did you ever hear of a cashier letting the directors get the best of him? I fancy not I know a little business. When the directors begin humbugging with the finances the cashier always sees that he gets his share."

"My boy," said the father, admiringly, "some day you will be a great financier, but first you have a few things to learn. Now come with me to the bedroom."

"Father," replied the youth, persuasively, "can't we compromise this matter in some way? If you won't prosecute I'll see that the bank resumes payment, and won't say anything about the directors drawing out money on the sly."

It was compromised on that basis.

FOYLE BREWERY.

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

Brewers, Maltsters and Bottlers.

Sole Manufacturers of KRAIZER BEER.

II. B.—FAMILY ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

— THE "RIALTO," —
(AFTER THE GREAT BRIDGE OF VENICE.)

Headquarters for NEW YORK LAGER BEER.

THE FINEST OYSTERS THE YEAR ROUND.

CHARLIE AU COIN, PROP'R. OPP. H. H. FULLER & CO.

HALIFAX MARBLE WORKS,

73 and 75 BARRINGTON ST.

WM. BISHOP, Contractor for Cut Stone for Buildings.

Manufacturer of Monuments in Granite and Marble, Mural Tablets, Church Fountains and Cemetery Work of all kinds.

Orders from the Country promptly attended to. Designs furnished on application.

The Ladies' Column.

COOKERY.

CZARINA CREAM, which is now served in preference to ices at really nice and refined dinners, is very easy to make and looks extremely pretty and ornamental. Whisk a pint and a half of cream to a strong froth, add fourteen ounces of fine powdered sugar, a wineglass of maraschino, half a glass of kummel, sixteen drops of concentrated essence of vanilla and one and a half ounces of isinglass dissolved in a gill of boiling rosewater. Have ready a glass of spinach juice, colour the cream therewith, beat the mixture thoroughly and drop it into some shredded fresh pistachios and almonds. Pour into a mould and place in a pail of crushed ice and salt to freeze. Serve with iced champagne sauce and vanilla wafers.

MACARONI CHEESE.—Quarter pound macaroni, four ounces grated cheese, half pint milk, two quarts hot water, one and a quarter ounces dripping or butter, one ounce flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard, and half teaspoonful of pepper. Break the macaroni into small pieces, put them into a saucepan of boiling water, and boil fast for half an hour, leaving the pan uncovered; Strain off the water. Melt one ounce dripping in a small pan; remove it from the fire, add the flour; mix well with a wooden spoon. Pour in the milk very slowly, stirring constantly; add the salt, pepper, and mustard mixed together, and two ounces grated cheese; stir over a slow fire until the sauce boils, then pour it into a basin, and mix well with the macaroni. Grease a flat tin dish, put the macaroni and sauce into it, sprinkle the remaining cheese, and bake in rather a quick oven, or in front of the fire, till brown. Serve very hot.

TO CLEAN LACE.—Cover an ordinary wine bottle with fine flannel, stitching it firmly round the bottle. Tack one end of the lace to the flannel, then roll it very smoothly round the bottle, and tack down the other end, then cover with a piece of fine flannel or muslin. Now rub it gently with a strong soap liquor, and, if the lace is very much discoloured or dirty, fill the bottle with hot water, and place it in a kettle or saucepan of suds and boil it for a few minutes, then place the bottle under a tap of running water to rinse out the soap. Make some strong starch and melt in it a piece of white wax and a little loaf sugar. Plunge the bottle two or three times into this, and squeeze out the superfluous starch with the hands; then dip the bottle in cold water, remove the outer covering from the lace, fill the bottle with hot water, and stand it in the sun to dry the lace. When nearly dry take it very carefully off the bottle, and pick it out with the fingers. Then lay it in a cool place to dry thoroughly.

Mrs. De Society: "What a lovely great big baby that is we just passed."

Mrs. De Fashion: "Yes; it is mine."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, I'm sure of it. I recognised the nurse."

"We have decided that the baby looks like Uncle Joseph," said the happy mamma.

"Why, Joseph Harris is as ugly as a mud wall."

"Yes, but he's worth £20,000."

"Might I tempt you to venture upon this orange?" "I should be happy to oblige you, madam," said Leigh Hunt, who was thus being addressed by a lady, "but I'm afraid I should fall off."

97 — TO — 101
BARRINGTON STREET.

MAHON BROS.

The Largest Retail Dry Goods House in the City.

"Discount for Cash."

"**CUT PRICES.**"

LATHAM & McCULLOCH

47 BARRINGTON STREET,

Are Selling Roure-Bertrand Fils' Perfume at 25 Cts. per Oz.

The popular **BLENDS OF TEAS,**

"Unawatta," "Orange," "Dehiwalla," "Darjeeling" and "Excelsior,"

AT

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

COFFEES fresh and good.

CHOICE CONFECTIONERY at lowest prices.

MOIR, SON & CO.,

MAMMOTH WORKS.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bread, Biscuits, Cakes, Confectionery,

DESSICGATED COCOANUT, FRUIT SYRUPS, ETC.

WOOD AND PAPER BOXES.

SALESROOMS:

125, 130 and 132 ARCYLE ST.

Fashionable Hats and Furs.

C. S. LANE, 113 GRANVILLE ST.

Trunks & Valises at Factory Prices.

W. W. HOWELL & CO.,

Machinists,

121 & 123 LOWER WATER STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

ISAAC DURLING,

— BUTCHER —

Beef, Lamb, Mutton, Veal, Corned Beef, Corned Tongue and Poultry
ALWAYS ON HAND.

67 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

• P O R T R A I T U R E •

In Photography, Crayon, Pastel and Water Color.

SITTINGS BY APPOINTMENT.

ELITE STUDIO,

16 SPRING GARDEN ROAD,

KELLEY & CO., Proprietors.

Provincial Notes.

Our Dartmouth correspondent omitted to furnish us in time for last week's issue with a notice of a very attractive concert which was held in Christ Church school room on the evening of the 10th inst., under the management of Mr. W. R. Foster, in aid of the fund for the proposed new pipe organ for the church. Although the weather was anything but delightful, and walking almost impossible owing to the slushy and slippery condition of the streets, quite a full house met the performers at the hour of commencement. As the programme was one of unusual merit, we give it from memory :

- | | | |
|---|--|--------------------|
| 1.—Violin and Piano | THE MISSES DRAKE. | |
| 2.—Recitation, "King Robert, of Sicily." | MES. H. S. CREIGHTON. | <i>Longfellow.</i> |
| 3.—Song.—"Once in a While," | MR. S. DRAKE. | <i>Schofield.</i> |
| 4.—Song.—"Maid of Athens," | DR. W. F. SMITH. | <i>Christie.</i> |
| 5.—Flute Solo | MR. S. DRAKE. | |
| 6.—Song, "Give Me Thy Love," | MISS MCKENZIE (with violin obligato by Mr. HAGARTY.) | <i>Wellings.</i> |
| 7.—Recitation, "Told at the Falcon," | DR. W. R. FOSTER. | |
| 8.—Song. | DR. GOW. | <i>Carver.</i> |
| 9.—Violin and Piano Duet. | MR. AND MRS. H. B. HAGARTY. | |
| 10.—Song, "It Came with the Merry May, Love," | MR. J. WILSON. | <i>Low.</i> |
| 11.—Song, "Is This a Dream?" | MRS. HAGARTY. | <i>Sullivan.</i> |
| 12.—Recitation, "His Answer to Her Letter," | DR. M. A. B. SMITH. | <i>Brad Hart.</i> |
| 13.—Song.—"To Anthea," | DR. MILSON. | <i>Schofield.</i> |

Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty, in their violin and piano selections, and Mrs. Hagarty in her songs, gave great pleasure to a most appreciative audience, as did also Miss McKenzie, Mr. Wilson and Miss Daisy Foster, in her accompaniments, and, in fact, all of the ladies and gentlemen who contributed to the programme. The recitations by Miss Creighton, Miss Foster and Dr. M. A. B. Smith were much appreciated, notably that by Miss Foster, "Told at the Falcon." It was this little lady's first appearance in the role of a reciter, and she certainly made a decided hit, having not only good style, but an uncommonly good voice. Her portrayal of the kind old darkey in her encore number was capital, and fairly brought down the house. Miss Creighton's "King Robert of Sicily" was an ambitious undertaking, and was well done; but we enjoyed her rendering of "The Jackdaw of Rheims" in a former entertain-

ment much better, such a selection being, in our humble judgment, more within her power. We always enjoy Dr. Smith's recitations, and if he would cultivate a more easy and graceful manner he would be a most pleasing reciter, but on this occasion we did not think him happy in his choice, and unfortunately he was not sufficiently familiar with his lines to render them effectively.

Where all did so well it is perhaps indiscreet to particularize, but we may be pardoned for suggesting to some of the performers that although a good voice is said to embrace nine of the points which go to make up a singer, yet that alone fails to satisfy critical audiences, who are now looking for culture and style as well.

WINDSOR.—The number of dances that were given in Windsor previous to Lent, were followed by their inevitable result—much visiting. The people of our little town are very good in this respect, and there are very few places where one can pay calls with so much satisfaction, or be so cordially welcomed as in Windsor. Last Friday was a glorious day, and many took advantage of the favourable weather to walk out to the College—Friday being College afternoon. There were so many callers at some of the houses that a lady told me it seemed more like a series of levees than an ordinary visiting afternoon. But there seems one disadvantage in our system of visiting, due no doubt to the rambling extent of the town, and that is that so few people are at home on the same day, and unless one is blest with a good memory one is very apt to call on the wrong afternoon, and be met by the cheerless intelligence—"Not at home."

Of course the approaching elections cause a good deal of interest in Windsor. Both parties held conventions last Saturday not very far from town, and the extreme cold failed to cool the ardour of the politicians. Mr. Putnam is the Liberal-Conservative candidate and Dr. Haley is the Liberal nominee. Both are popular men in the county, and one may predict a close competition.

Mr. Thomas Whitehead of Montreal, paid his relations and many friends a brief visit last week. We wish we could have seen more of him.

Mr. William Curry left Windsor on Saturday last en route to Bermuda, where Mrs. Curry is now visiting. I hear they will not return for two or three months.

The carnival last week was not much of a success. It suffered the disadvantages of a postponement, but one carnival a winter seems to be amply sufficient in a small community like ours.

I have heard a good deal of disgust expressed at some excessively vulgar Windsor whispers which were recently published in a Halifax paper. It is not positively known who enjoys the unenviable reputation of sending them from here, but the general impression is that he, or she, is sadly lacking in nice feeling. I trust that the authors of these vulgarities will wake up to a sense of their shame.

C. W. HAYWARD & CO.,

Brewers and Bottlers.

XX & XXX ALES AND BROWN STOUT.

Family Orders promptly attended to.

Telephone, 126.

MISS M. TOBIN, Fashionable Dress Maker.

Tailor-made Gowns, Tea Gowns & Evening Dresses.

Fit and Style Guaranteed.

Dress Material and Finings on Premises. All Orders from Country promptly attended to.

15 GRANVILLE STREET

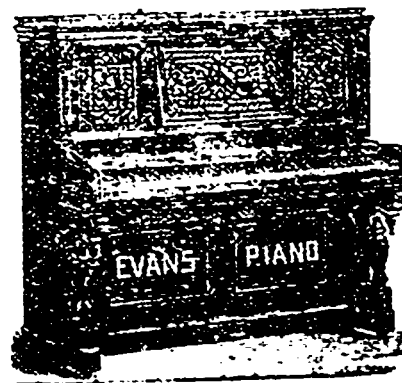
JOHN F. KELLY.

Manufacturer of all grades of HARNESS and COLLARS.

Horse Boots, Horse Clothing, &c. Importer and Dealer in Saddlery Hardware, Patent and Harness Leathers, Harness Makers' Supplies, &c.

33 and 35 BUCKINGHAM ST., - - HALIFAX, N. S.

Retail at Wholesale Prices.



Established 1868.

MILLER BROTHERS

Manufacturers' Agents for the best

Pianos, Organs

— AND —

SEWING MACHINES.

Pianos and Organs Warranted 17 years.
Sewing Machines Repaired.

158 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

TELEPHONE 718.

PUTTNER'S
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.
EMULSION

SEALETTE SACQUES, Cloth Jackets, Redingotes, etc., made to order at
E. MAXWELL & SONS,
 LADIES' & GENTLEMENS' TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

We have a large stock Selette, Ladies' Cloth for Jackets, Redingotes, etc.
 Also—Complete lines in GENTLEMENS' GOODS.

63 GRANVILLE ST. 2 doors south of Y. M. C. A.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., FEB. 10TH.—His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Carvell entertained a large party of ladies and gentlemen at dinner on Monday last 9th inst.

Mrs. Malcolm Macleod, "Newlands," entertained a small number of guests at dinner on the 4th instant. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Carvell, the Chief Justice and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. E. J. Hodgson, Q. C., being among the guests.

Mrs. Macleod has also issued invitations for a musical "At Home" for to-night (10th.)

Proprietor of the Hotel Davies threw his house open for a charity ball on Monday last, providing refreshments for the large party which assembled at the dance. The proceeds are to be handed to the various clergymen for distribution among the poor. The tickets, admitting two persons, were sold for \$2.00 each.

The City Council has voted money to buy large quantities of wood which will be distributed in the same way. This is owing to the scarcity of coal consequent upon our being frozen in a month earlier than usual last year.

The Hon. Wm. Welsh has returned from Ottawa, and has been selected with Hon. Lewis Davies by the Liberal party to contest Queen's County in the coming election.

Senator Howlan has also returned from Ottawa, where he had been still labouring to further his pet plan—the tunnel.

Miss Amy Palmer, who has been so long confined to the house with sciatica, was able to take a short walk a few days ago.

The Fancy Dress Carnival held the same night was largely attended. The prizes were won as follows: for the dress best representing the character assumed—Miss Lottie Strickland, who made a capital "Britannia;" for the handsomest costume—Miss Lollie Breckon, who impersonated "Mary Queen of Scots" with grace and dignity. Mr. Alfred Bremner as Charles the II, carried off the gentleman's prize corresponding to Miss Breckon's, and Mr. Hardy was awarded the other prize for his accurate personation of a squaw.

Year before last the Tennis Club had a most successful entertainment, encouraged by the success of which they now contemplate a second to be held on St. George's Day, and at which the Fan Drill will be presented with other features. A preparatory meeting has been held, but arrangements have not yet been definitely completed.

Mr. Walter Ings is here upon a visit to his parents.

English Jottings.

The officers of the Royal Artillery are to have a new pattern of tunic, which is said to quite eclipse in point of beauty the present none too "dressy" garment. It has already been approved by the Commander-in-Chief, and the full description will be given in an edition of "Dress Regulations of the Army," shortly to be published. Officers joining the corps will take to the new jacket at once, but there will be a reasonable time allowed to those already serving to discard the "old clo."

The vexed question of mess jackets, now worn by naval officers at the express desire of the Duke of Edinburgh at public balls and other entertainments, is again agitating the naval mind, which is becoming painfully aware of the insignificant and undignified appearance of their steward-like garments. The officers feel how entirely the military mess jacket cuts them out in appearance. May I suggest, since the naval officers seem unable to rise to the occasion, that these jackets should have one, two, or three rows of distinctive naval gold lace, according to rank, and corresponding to the sleeves, round the back of the jacket, with the addition of a distinctly naval knot on the two back seams, just as the military staff have two "frog" buttons, and the A. S. C. two circles, and the Artillery some other detail? The lapels of the jacket might be faced with colour to indicate rank.

An eminent London oculist has had a case submitted to him which, in view of the spread of the electric light, adds a new terror to daily life. It goes to show, says the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Post*, that the electric light is capable of causing a malady similar in its bearing to sunstroke. It is said that though the phenomenon is new in this country, it is not unfamiliar to French savants. At the Creuzot coal mines and iron works the electric light is largely used in some shops, and candle-power reaching a very high range. In such circumstances attacks akin to sunstroke are by no means unfamiliar, happening generally in the case of persons peculiarly susceptible to electric shocks.

The defence of the Fulham gentleman, who was fined £5 for driving a tandem across the Serpentine when it was frozen over, was that he wanted to test some paper pulp with which the horses had been shod. Surely he could have experimented with this novel kind of shoe without risking the lives of himself and those who were on the ice at the time. A slippery road would have done just as well. But notoriety-hunters are often thoughtless of the fate of others. Their sole ambition is to be the hero of some exploit, whether creditable or not, which will cause people to cackle about them, and the newspapers to repeat that cackle with a substantial border of Fleet Street embroidery.

J. H. ALBRO,

84, GRANVILLE ST., (Opposite Provincial Building.)

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT.

City Agent for THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
 OF NEW YORK CITY.

THOMAS P. CONNORS,

Custom Tailor,

55 BARRINGTON ST., Cor. Sackville, HALIFAX, N. S.

HARRINGTON'S CORNER.

Established 1860.

NISBET & DRAKE,

— DEALERS IN —

GROCERIES, FRUITS, FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCE,

Corner Hollis and Sackville Sts., HALIFAX, N. S.

DO YOU read "OUR SOCIETY?"—If not you are in ignorance of this "A.I." and unaware that "Doughty's Voice Lozenges" are patronized by the leading Speakers and Singers of the day. Signor Tommaco Salvini says: "The other night when my voice would have otherwise failed I was able to accomplish my duty on the very last in "Othello," 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.

Agent for 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 the Electric Light. Order 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.

THE IRISH PATRIOTS IN COUNCIL.

[Although we do not approve of the form in which the following contribution is written, the author has certainly presented the chief features of the question in a remarkably vivid light: so we have decided on publishing it on its own merits, while deprecate the fact that it was not put in some other form.—Ed.]

And it came to pass in those days that there was great confusion amongst those who dwelt within the borders of the land of Ire.

And all the people lifted up their voices, some on the one side and some on the other.

The sound was as of the rushing of mighty waters, but the smell was that of whisky.

For behold a great man of the tribe had looked upon the wife of his friend, and coveted her.

And she went forth from her husband and dwelt with him in divers places, and under divers names was she known.

Now when the husband had put her away from him, some there were of the people who counselled among themselves, saying, What shall be done unto him who hath done this thing?

And William, the son of Gladstone, spake, saying, Let him go his way in peace, for I will have none of him.

Peradventure, if he hideth his head in the earth, like unto the ostrich, for six months, and will take the woman to wife, we will forgive him and take him back unto our bosoms.

Davitt, who is called Michael, spake loudly against him, and cried out for his blood.

And the patriots who are across the sea, even Dillon and O'Brien, demanded of the people that he be stoned to death.

And O'Brien removed his nether garments and refused to be comforted.

But certain others of the tribe said, Not so. Let thy servant remain and save Ireland from the jaws of the accursed Sassenach.

Let him not go forth from our tents, for who is there to save us, if he be taken hence?

And in the multitude of counsellors there was much talk, but little wisdom.

Then he who is called Parnell, wearing not his crown, stood boldly up in the temple, and spake with a loud voice.

Saying, Hear ye, oh my people, and give heed unto my words, for they are many.

Behold I, even I, have appointed myself to bring ye forth out of the land of the enemy, and to establish Home Rule in thy borders.

There is no leader in the land but me, and none shall make me afraid.

I will not go hence, but will remain and smite the enemy with the sword.

For as I did unto O'Shea so will I do unto England. I will take Ireland, which is the gem of the sea, from them, and she shall run after me and other strange gods.

And for this Gladstone, let him hold his peace, or I will split upon him.

Did he not bargain with me at the place which is called Hawarden?

And the pledges which we made one to the other have been as reeds in his hand which he has broken.

And he spake many things, concerning this Gladstone, the which he denied.

And the congregation of the people, and those who were not in the swim, spake unto Gladstone.

Saying, We will take thy word, but do not this thing again.

For we are a plain people and honest, and we will have no hole-and-corner business.

Inasmuch as thou hast done this, thou shalt no more be called the Grand Old Man, but shall henceforth be known as the Mysterious Old Mahdi.

And Parnell called the captains of his people together, and the chief men of those who sit in Westminster were glad, for they could give heed unto their work and were not obstructed.

And when they had gathered together, Parnell took his seat in the chief place.

Saying, Verily, I am he who will rule over you.

And Timothy, surnamed Healy, exclaimed, Thou art another.

And he reviled Parnell saying, Thou art an Obstructionist, and other speeches made he not fit for publication.

Then was Parnell wroth, and he smote the table with his fist, and made a speech.

And he spake vehemently against him, calling him insolent and impertinent.

So these two were called patriots, slanged each other, and their words were like the words of those who sell fish at Billingsgate.

And every man in the assembly abused his neighbour, in that he did what had been done for years by them in the Parliament.

But Parnell sat upon them, cheeked them, and ruled them out of order.

And they generally were, because it was their nature so to be.

The lightning flashed messages to them in number like unto the birds of the air, and the hand of each man was strengthened against the others.

And they talked from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof, and did nothing.

Then Parnell smiled within himself, and rubbed his hands, chortling.

And when the fulness of time had come, they rose up, as did the cats of Kilkenny, and devoured each other, and behold of the eighty-six there was not one man left of them.

Nevertheless, Mrs. O'Shea dwelt in Brighton with her daughters.

It is the man who can tell you why his neighbour failed who never seems to succeed.

Our ancestors the monkeys were not so ignorant after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.

A sociable man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't.

Mr. Jones (taking his watch from under his pillow): "Six o'clock, and no one has come to wake me yet! I shall certainly lose the train if they don't come soon."

SQUIRE.—Well, Pat, this is my birthday; will you drink a glass of champagne?

Pat drinks, and after a pause, says, "Your honor hasn't a drop of the crathur handy? Them mineral wathers are taydious drinking."

Mr. Dunly: "I always move about the best society."

Mr. Mayfair: "Indeed?"

Mr. Dunly: "Yes, I am the agent of a debt-collecting institution."

GIRLS who cannot get married in this country should go to Australia. A colonist says that girls are easily snapped up there, and he also indicates Johannesburg in South Africa as a locality very favourable to matrimonial speculations. Even the barmaids there are very exclusive, and "have very nice traps and horses, and they are said to be better paid and enjoy life more than any one else." This however, is from a financial paper.

HIGH TONED GOODS are what all want, whether they be in Society or not.

CRAGG, BROS. & CO., Corner Barrington and George Streets.

Are showing this Season the finest stock ever offered in Halifax of SKATES, FINE CUTLERY, USEFUL HOUSEHOLD NOVELTIES, &c.

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

Correspondence.

A VISIT TO A POLITICAL MEETING.

Mr. Editor :

SIR,—I humbly apologise for any and all things I have been guilty of doing against the Editorial Chair. Not that I know of anything particular, but suppose it's everything in general, from badly spelt copy to irreverence; anyway there is, there must be, something wrong, or you would never, no, sir, never—(this is political talk now)—I say again, never, would you have imposed upon me, out of all the staff at your command, the duty of telling you of what a political meeting consists. I remember now, when receiving orders, I *did* see a twinkle in the Editorial eye, which I can now translate: "Ubique" must go into training to fight Gaseous. He shall have the chance of getting some of the adipose off to-night." Again, sir, did your sagacity show itself. When weighed on my return I found I had lost 7 lbs.; this is training with a vengeance. Hot, did you ask? Hot! Well, yes, *rather!* Hot as Aden, which some people say is only separated from a still warmer place by a bit of brown paper, and that piece of paper gets burnt through every now and again.

This meeting was held in a building called the Drill Shed, admirable no doubt for the purpose it was intended, but hardly satisfactory for anything else—being, in fact, a transmogrified kind of barn. And now as to the congregation, or rather the gathering. First and foremost, very orderly—in fact, tamely so; I had not even to show my 75-cent revolver, or use the office knuckle duster. What struck me most forcibly was the great number of bald-headed men. Now, bald-headed men irritate me always; but on this special occasion one of these gentry—by-the-bye, the baldest of the bald, who, I feel confident, had shined up that pate for the occasion, so spick and span new did it look—who, moreover, was redolent of bad Scotch and brimfull of Tory enthusiasm, would so continually wag his head to catch a glimpse of the speaker that the electric light, glancing off that shining surface, so dazzled me that I was bound to leave before the show was quite over. I don't exactly know what those who provided the entertainment were talking about; as long as they did talk, that's surely enough for those who will give them their support at the coming election. It seems to me politics are born in a man, very seldom bred. Judging from tone of voice, and gesture, and occasional repartee by Sir Charles Tupper, both he and Sir John Thompson spoke admirably, the latter's being perhaps the more taking style, though perhaps a little too judicial. Enthusiasm spent, especially that of my polished-headed friend—everyone seemed happy and contented—more especially myself—when safely in Spring Garden Road.

UBIQUE.

198 BARRINGTON STREET.

WILLIAM CROWE,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Berlin Wools, Yarns, Fleeces.

And all kinds of Ladies' Fancy Work and Materials

— AGENCY FOR —

Mme. Demorest's Patterns for Ladies' and Children's Garments.

GABRIEL'S, 17 BUCKINGHAM ST.

DR. SCARD:—Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a Carbuncle.

Mrs. SMITH:—Suffering, why he is delighted with it. He wears it in his scarf!

M. A. QUINN,
25 BARRINGTON STREET.

Fancy Goods, Indian Work and Curios.
BOOKS, STATIONERY, ETC., SELLING OFF AT COST.

LE BON MARCHÉ,

DESIGNERS, MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

FINE FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS.

91 BARRINGTON STREET.
HALIFAX, N. S.

LEITH * HOUSE,

Established 1818.

KELLEY & GLASSEY,

(SUCCESSORS TO ALEX. MCKEOD & CO.)

WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS,
HALIFAX, N. S.

English Chop and Oyster House,

HOLLIS STREET, Opp. Halifax Hotel.

CHOPS & OYSTERS Served at all hours.

F. FULLER, Proprietor.

J. A. LEAMAN.

R. H. EDWARDS.

J. A. LEAMAN & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Victuallers & Pork Packers,

HALIFAX, N. S.

OFFICE & RETAIL STORE: 6, 8 & 10 Bedford Row.

Pork Packing & Canning Factories & Warehouses: 13, 15, 17 & 19 Bedford Row.

WANTED!

WANTED!

Left-Off Clothing!

22 Ladies and Gents waited upon
at their residences.

VERY HIGHEST PRICE PAID.

Address, W. DAVIES, 134 Argyle St., Cor. Duke.

J. SNOW & SON,

Undertakers and Embalmers,

56 ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Telephone:—Shop, 387. House, 388.

DOULL & HENSLEY,

Dealers in FOREIGN STAMPS.

Send for Price List to 46 VICTORIA ROAD, HALIFAX, N. S.

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

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

ARMY AND NAVY DEPOT

ESTABLISHED 1832.

JAMES SCOTT & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS.
117 & 118 GRANVILLE STREET, . . . HALIFAX, N. S.HALIFAX BRANCH - - - 139 GRANVILLE STREET.
New England Paper Company,
Manufacturers of NEWS, WRAPPING and MANILLA PAPERS,
All Sizes and Weights made to Order.
21 & 23 DE BRESOLES STREET, MONTREAL.

TO LET.—A pleasant Front Room to let, with or without board, at 18 Church Street.

Dancing, Music & Drawing.

(Classes and Private Lessons.)

By well qualified ENGLISH TEACHERS.

Apply at CAMBRIDGE HOUSE, Halifax.

"THE BEDFORD,"

BEDFORD, N. S.

The Fashionable Winter Resort of the Maritime Provinces.

EXCELLENT accommodation for Permanent and Transient Guests. Hot and Cold Water. Open Fire Places. Comfortable and Cosy. Thoroughly English Cuisine. Private Parties by Rail or Road entertained at shortest notice. Permanent rates very moderate for the winter months. TELEPHONE 580.

J. C. MORRISON, Proprietor.

N. SARRE & SON,

HALIFAX, N. S.

— DEALER IN —

Tobacco, Cigars and Fishing Tackle

49 Barrington St. 'LADIES' EMPORIUM. Two Doors North of Gordon & Keith's
HALIFAX, N. S.

A. O'CONNOR,

Dealer in Childrens' and Ladies' Suits, Fancy Goods, Dress Trimmings, &
MILLINERY A SPECIALTY.

Ladies' Childrens' and Infants' White-Wear, damaged by Water at late fire will be sold on Counters Wednesday, Feb'y 4th, at Ladies' Emporium, A. O'Connor

ST. JAMES' BILLIARD HALL

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.

AMERICAN BOWLING ALLEYS AND SHOOTING GALLERY.

English Ale and Porter on Draught.

CHOICE WINES. FINEST HAVANA CIGARS. LAGER BEER on Draught
JOHNSON'S FLUID BEEF on Draught.

RICHARD SHEPEARD, 117 Hollis St.

Cambridge House

BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL

18 Morris St., = = = Halifax, N. S.

DEPARTMENTS:

- 1.—Coaching Department for Public Examinations.
- 2.—Senior Boys' School (thorough Commercial Education).
- 3.—Junior Boys' School.
- 4.—Language Department, for Foreigners wishing to learn English.
- 5.—Childrens' Class, (held in the House).
- 6.—Dancing.
- 7.—Music.

The Staff comprises:—3 resident and 1 non-resident English Master; Professor French and German; Resident Dancing and Music Mistresses; and Drawing and Painting Mistress. Another English University man, to take the place of Mr. Taylor will be out shortly.

"THE BEDFORD,"

BEDFORD, N. S.

The Fashionable Winter Resort of the Maritime Provinces.

EXCELLENT accommodation for Permanent and Transient Guests. Hot and Cold Water. Open Fire Places. Comfortable and Cosy. Thoroughly English Cuisine. Private Parties by Rail or Road entertained at shortest notice. Permanent rates very moderate for the winter months. TELEPHONE 580.

J. C. MORRISON, Proprietor.

CLOTHING!

Juvenile Boys' and Mens'.

CUSTOM & READY-MADE.

ARTISTIC AND DURABLE.

CLAYTON & SONS, 11 Jacob St.

A. G. KAUZER,

* Furrier, *

140 and 142 GRANVILLE ST., . . . HALIFAX, N. S.

TELEPHONE 348.

NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY,

Lockman Street,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

PLANTS, ROSEBUDS and CHOICE FLOWERS.

* HORSE CARS PASS NURSERY. *

JAMES H. HARRIS, MANAGER.

GEM RINGS.

Our Fine Stock is worthy of Inspection.

ALSO:—Our choice stock of unset STONES, DIAMONDS, RUBIES, OPALS, &c., &c. we are prepared to mount at brief notice to suit the taste of purchasers.

M. S. BROWN & CO.,

ESTABLISHED. A. D., 1840.

Working Jewellers and Silversmiths.

Dealers in High Grade ARTISTIC GOODS in Silver, Plated, Marble, Bronze, Bric-a-Brac and Sundries, appropriate for Holiday and other presents.

128 & 130 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX.

OUR SPECIAL DEPARTMENT

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