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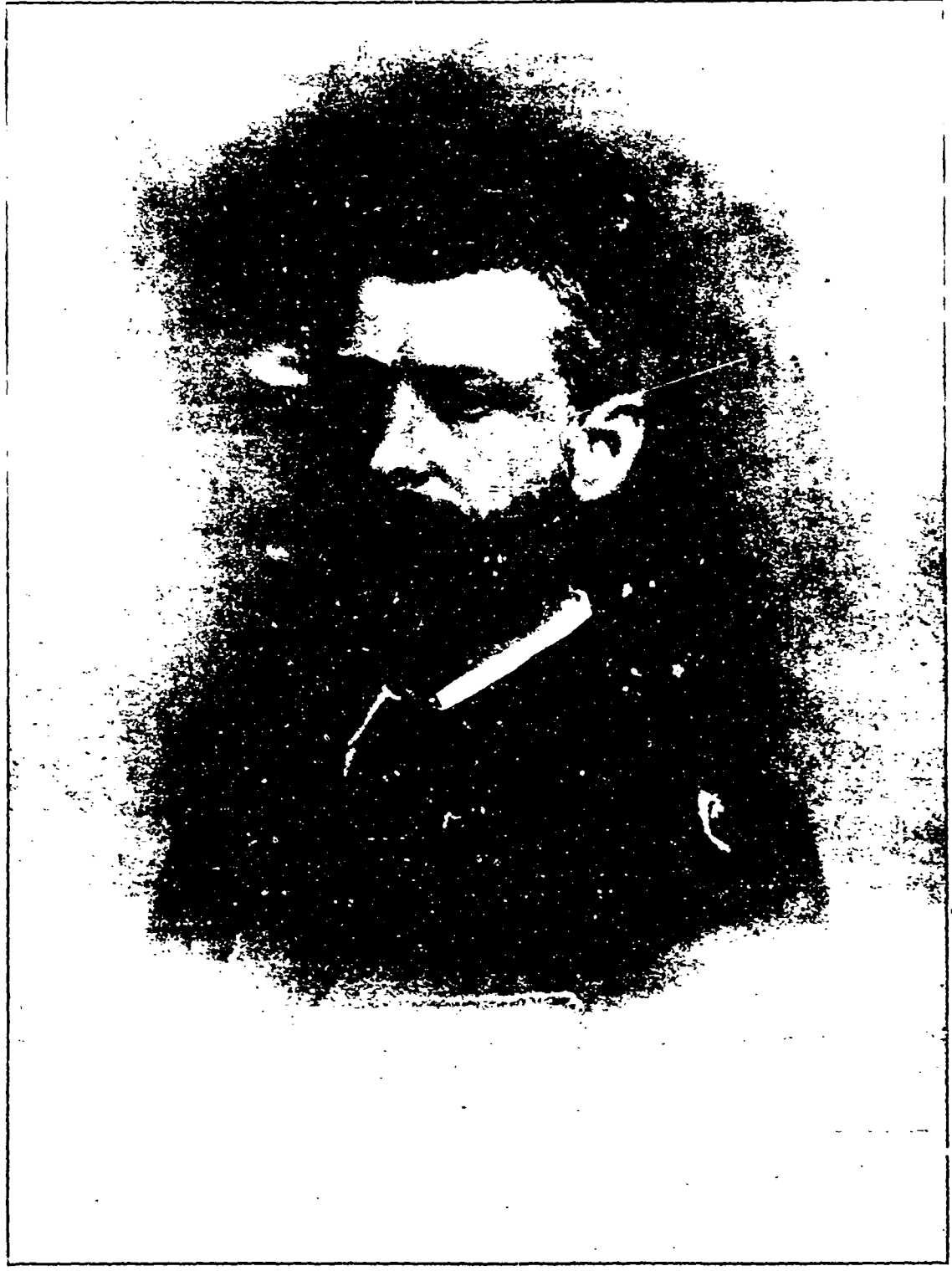
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Society Notes.

There will be a fair chance now of getting something to read occasionally in the daily papers,—now that the elections are all over. For the last few weeks everything has been crowded out to make room for politics; even the Saturday night gossip has taken a back seat. Poor old Doesticks was crowded out altogether last Saturday, but Lady Jane rose to the occasion with a brighter column than usual. Her remarks on the "Barn Door" dance are about the best that have yet appeared on this engrossing—but not very Lenten—topic: and her concluding paragraph is full of good-will to all men: at the same time we should be sorry to own that we have displayed "real downright venom and bad feeling" to anyone, though for editors to "dwell together in peace and unity" is rather a large order. There is much common sense in what Lady Jane says, all the same; our new contemporary is in such an entirely different line to ourselves that he may find a sufficiently large public quite outside that which we cater for.

We welcome the *Echo's* new society correspondent, *Ino*; the more the merrier!—and perhaps from such a number of councillors Halifax will at length learn wisdom. *Ino* should be a little more careful, however;—it is far better not to make an announcement at all than to make it wrong, and especially careful enquires should be made before publishing the death of one who has many intimate friends here.

Our remarks on the bringing up of children have given rise to much comment, and will very likely give rise to more in future. So far, funnily enough, no one seems to have drawn any distinction between male and female children. We are ready to grant that our mothers are fairly proficient in the art of bringing up their daughters to secure husbands from the garrison and navy; so much so, that Halifax has for many years been considered one of the best "marrying stations" by both services. The point at issue is the bringing up of boys: it is nothing less than a phenomenon that there are many gentlemen under the age of 14, but between 14 and 21 hardly any, and those for the most part to be found in the old-fashioned, quiet-living families that provide some sort of home-life for their boys as well as their girls. The greater part of those who are just beginning to call themselves "men" are about as ignorant, illiterate, and bad-mannered as any set of young cubs on the face of the earth. What strikes a visitor from the old country most forcibly is the fact that fathers do not seem to take any responsibility whatever, but just let their boys run wild like weeds in a field, spending what they please, smoking, drinking, playing billiards, gambling, and swaggering in public places, till they become a nuisance and an eyesore to respectable members of society. Many of them are sent away to good schools for a few years, where they cut a great figure, till their parents vote them too expensive, and bring them home to loaf.

This is not a pleasant picture, and their is, happily, another side to it. There are a few youngsters here whom it is a real pleasure to meet, and who are, and always will be, a credit to the names they bear. All honour to them, and to the parents who reared them!

We have been asked our opinion on a rather knotty question,—whether officers in the garrison have any right to take an active part in Canadian politics. We refrained from making any remark on the subject till the elections should be over, but now, that it is all settled, we do not hesitate to say that, in the first place, we think it would be far better if officers were not allowed to vote at all: but that, if they are allowed to vote, it is only natural for them to express their opinions pretty freely, when there is any question of secession from the old flag. At the same time, it is impossible for a sojourner here to thoroughly understand the very intricate, and very corrupt, politics of the colony, and we cannot help thinking that officers in Her Majesty's Service would do better to either not vote at all, or record their votes in silence.

No doubt, there will be many indignant protests against the expression "corrupt," as applied to Canadian politics. It is simply meant to mean that the amount of "bribery and corruption" that goes on in this country about election times is phenomenal to an Englishman, though it is nothing to what goes on in the States.

Now a word to the Wanderers—Do you mean to have a really good season's Cricket, or are you going on in the old hum-drum style, as heretofore? Are local matches to be the Alpha and Omega of your efforts to induce the Halifax public to take a real interest in the game? It lies with you; the citizens of Halifax have, when they saw you were really exerting yourselves in anything, done even more than you could have expected of them,—otherwise, how would you have stood to-day? Not in the same position you are in now, with a ground of which a town of the same size in England—(the home of Cricket)—might well be proud! No, we think not:—it has been the support given you by your fellow-townsmen that has provided you with such a ground, and therefore it behoves you, both as a body and individually, to do your utmost to make the public of Halifax proud of you— You may think that this is early to talk of cricket, but it will give you all the more time for correspondence with regard to your fixtures— There are plenty of towns in the States who would be glad to send a Team here during the summer, if approached early enough, and you would not only have the pleasure of making new friends, by their coming, but you would also be advertising our city. And now, to come to the main point: Why not have the International match played in Halifax? We can hear many *pooh-poohs* at this bold suggestion, but nevertheless the facts remain in favor of this proposition.

- 1st.—That Halifax has about the best ground in Canada.
- 2nd.—That the match has never yet been played here.
- 3rd.—That members of this club have at times journeyed to Toronto, and elsewhere to render their services.
- 4th.—That Halifax is as nearly accessible for the Americans as any Canadian town that might otherwise be chosen.
- 5th.—That without doubt, should it be entertained at all, the public of Halifax would come forward and give our visitors a hearty welcome.
- 6th.—That we are egotistical enough to think that Halifax could provide three or four, good enough to be on the Canadian Team.

We now leave it in the hands of the Wanderers, but, at the same time would urge them, if they think this worth considering, to be up and doing while yet there is time.

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The "send-off" dinner given by the Halifax Club to Major Trench on Monday night went off very pleasantly. None of the other officers of the 76th were present; they considered the compliment paid to Major Trench as a compliment to the regiment, and preferred to let the Major respond for them, which he did in an exceptionally neat speech. Among those present were the General, the Governor, the Spanish Consul, Col. Hill, R. E., and Mr. MacGowan, R. A.

By way of paying a last compliment to the departing regiment the club made them all honorary members for the last week or so of their stay here, and the Private Rink Committee did the same.

We hear that the City Club is moving into its temporary premises on Hollis St., where it will be established for several months, till the new building is ready. The City Club appears to be in a most prosperous condition; many of the most substantial men in Halifax are members, and several military men have joined during the last year or two. In fact, the two clubs seem to be in much the same relationship to each other as a junior to a senior club in London.

Mrs. James Morrow gave a large afternoon tea yesterday as a farewell party to Major and Mrs. Trench. We shall all miss the Trenchs very much; they have made more intimate friends among the residents than any one else in the 76th, which is above all things a "clanny" regiment, and inclined to keep rather much to itself.

Two parlour concerts are announced for next Tuesday night, one at the residence of Mr. C. H. Harvey of Dartmouth, in aid of Christ Church Organ Fund, the other given by the King's Daughters, at 320 Robie St.

There is one of the West Riding regiment who should carry away very pleasant remembrances of Halifax; we mean Band Master Gray. Within the last few days he has been the recipient of a Purse of gold from St. Mark's Church, Silver Cup from the Institution for the blind, besides another Cup given by the music teacher of that establishment, also a handsome clock from some of the habitués of the Exhibition. Band Master Gray thoroughly deserves these testimonials, for no band master stationed here has ever been more obliging, or striven harder to please the public. Wherever he may go, we wish him the same measure of success, that he has achieved here.

Our large weekly contemporary saddles Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Clarke with a sleighing party last week. We have no doubt Mrs. Clarke will give a drive when she feels inclined, but in this particular case Mr. and Mrs. Clarke simply clubbed together with a party of friends, and are not at all anxious to take all the *kudos* to themselves.

We are very glad that Mr. Irons' benefit at the rink was such a success, both financially and otherwise. This is not to be wondered at, as the *beneficiare* is always ready to go out of his way to be obliging to the patrons of the rink.

Thursday has been for some time the day usually chosen for big concerts, and is at least as convenient as any other day to the majority of people. We imagine that the elections are responsible for the change made this week in the day of the Orpheus concert, but coming with such short notice, this change was responsible for the absence of several who have got into the way of making no other than musical appointments for Thursday nights. It would be well to have it thoroughly understood that Thursday—or any other day that may prove more convenient—will be, bar accidents, the regular Halifax concert night for the future. Some such order is observed in all the great musical centres, and the reason probably is that more very busy men find their chief—if not only—relaxation in music than in any other form of entertainment, and to a really busy man it is a struggle to get a night off unless he systematically arranges his work with that object. But then, there are so few busy men in Halifax—except about election times—that this is hardly worth mentioning.

The Orpheus Club's Lent Concert will long be remembered as one of the most successful of its kind ever given in Halifax, in spite of the absence of the chorus. The programme—which is given below was well arranged, with just the right proportions of instrumental and vocal.

PROGRAMME.

1. *Trio. Piano, violin and cello. Opus 42 Gade.
Allegro animato.
Andantino—allegro con fuoco.
Leipzig Trio.
2. Vocal Trio. "Jesu Dei vivi." Verdi
Mrs. Percy Lear, Dr. W. B. Slayter, Mr. J. B. Currie.
3. Solo. "L'incontro," Ardit:
Mrs. C. W. Harrison.
4. Song. "Holy Mother," Luzzi
Mr. J. B. Currie.
5. Trio. Piano, violin and cello. Opus 15, No. 2 Rubinstein
Adagio.
Allegro assai.
Leipzig Trio.
6. Song. "There is a green hill far away," Gounod.
Dr. W. B. Slayter.
7. Vocal Trio. "Madre del sommo amore," Campana
Mrs. Lear, Mrs. J. McD. Taylor, Dr. Slayter.
8. Song. "The new Kingdom," Tours.
Mrs. C. W. Harrison, Accompanied by the Leipzig Trio.
9. Trio. Piano, violin and cello. Opus 15, No. 2 Rubinstein.
Finale—moderato.
Leipzig Trio.
10. Quartette. "Ave Maria," Lutz.
Mrs. Lear, Mrs. Taylor, Dr. Slayter, Mr. Currie.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

*Neils Gade's work on Op. 2211, 1817, at Copenhagen. Dec. 21st, 1890

The Leipzig Trio, consisting of Messrs. Porter, Klingensfeld and Djeriug, well sustained their reputation; the first piece, from the works of Neils Gade, was a particularly good selection, calculated to leave the audience in that peaceful and contented frame of mind, which is essential to the enjoyment of a musical evening. One great element in the success of this concert was the admixture of sacred music, in which most of the performers are adepts, especially Mr. Currie, who does better work in this department than in any other, though perhaps he is the best all-round amateur in Halifax. We do not get enough sacred music here; many of the greatest composers the world has produced have devoted their best energies to this class of music, and the Orpheus Club would do well to pay more attention to it. There is no reason for confining it to Lent: nothing appeals more directly to the sympathies of a general audience at any time of the year, and a chorus from one of the great Oratorios would have far greater effect than the drowsiest of Lullabies.

The event of the evening was the appearance of Mrs. C. W. Harrison. We say advisedly the "appearance," for the men had quite made up their minds for an *encore* even before Mrs. Harrison commenced to sing. We have not had the pleasure of hearing this lady before, but heard enough on Tuesday night to be able to say without reserve, that she is splendid. The only other singer here with whom we can compare her is Miss Laine, and it is difficult to say which we prefer. Mrs. Harrison has a very charming style, and a very sweet voice, capable of wonderful inflections, and with great range. In her first song, *L'incontro*, she simply showed us what she could do, impressing rather than charming us. *The Fairies*, given as *encore*, showed more feeling. *The new Kingdom* entirely captivated us,—a beautiful song, and perfectly rendered. Mrs. Harrison finished up with "*I will extol thee*" (Eli) as an *encore*, evoking more enthusiasm than we have ever seen displayed at a Halifax concert.

We do not know which to like best, Mrs. Harrison or Miss Laine. We should like to have both, and it seems as though the fates have willed it that we shall have neither. And yet, who can tell?

A member of the staff of the Merchant's Bank in Halifax who is very popular in Pictou, will shortly carry off to Halifax another of their fair daughters. The Halifax young men seem to be "The Boys" among their Young Ladies.

The engagement of Miss Annie Crerar (daughter of D. S. Crerar of Pictou and niece of late John Crerar of Halifax) and Mr. Fred T. DeWolfe of Halifax is announced. The wedding will take place early this fall.

Miss Laine's programme for Thursday next, is a thoroughly representative one: the ancient school is represented by Gounod, Massenet and Bizet, and the German by Schubert, Rubinstein and others. Interspersed with these are some quite new and very beautiful songs with violin obligato, two M.S. songs by Mr. Doering, and one by Mrs. Doering. Another novelty is Herr Klingensfeld's performance on the viola. Perhaps the most attractive number is a song by Brahms, to be sung by Miss Laine with viola obligato. This is based on a song of great antiquity, and the melody is interwoven through voice, viola and piano, in a marvellous manner. Mr. Porter accompanies. We hope the weather-god will be more propitious than he was last time. Seats can be booked any time after Tuesday morning at the Halifax Piano and Organ Co's. rooms on Hollis St.

We omitted last week to record the birth of a daughter to Mrs. Walter Leigh, on Friday the 20th February.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lyle leave in a few days for a trip to the Southern States.

The services at the Garrison Chapel for next week are:—Sunday, 8th March 11 a. m. Parade Service, Rev. F. N. Norman Lec. Holy Communion at 12. Children Service and Address at 3 p. m. 7 p. m., Evensong. The "Misere Mei Deus" will be sung. Preacher Rev. F. N. B. Norman Lec. Wednesday 11, Litany at 10 a. m. Mission Service and address, 7.30. Preacher, Rev. F. N. B. Norman Lec. Friday 13th, Evensong and address, 6.30. "I have sinned" (the Prodigal). The Rev. Mr. Ruggles. The "Misere Mei Deus" will be sung.

The usual services will be held at S. Luke's on Sunday, Rev. C. W. McCully preaching in the morning, and Rev. W. B. King in the evening.

The trooper Orontes arrived yesterday morning, after a very bad passage. We are afraid the new-comers will not form much of an opinion of our climate at the outset, and they are not likely to change it for some months to come; they will no doubt be relieved to hear that there is usually a summer of some sort, though it is often late making an appearance.

We trust none of our readers will forget the St. Patrick's Minstrel performance to-night, in aid of the Springbill fund.

Some newspaper man, who evidently believes in telling things just as they are, says: "Do not swear. There is no occasion to swear outside of a printing office. It is useful in proof-reading, and indispensable in getting forms to press, and has been shown to assist in looking over the paper when it is printed, but otherwise it is a very disgusting habit."

We have heard numberless tales as to the risks men will run when backing their fancy in regard to their pet politicians, but commend me to the man of whom the following is told:

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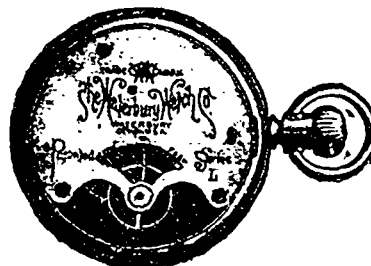
Stranger, entering an Hotel the other evening hearing "and here's a \$5 bill that Jones and Farrell will get there," slides up to the speaker saying, "Right you are, boss, I take that." "Put it up along side that then," said the proposer depositing the \$5 on the counter. Stranger, searching his pockets, is unable to post similar amount, so with persuasive accents asks, "If I put up the value, suppose that will do?" "Certainly." "Right then, here you are," and he straightway deposits his brand new set of—false teeth.

Can anyone support his opinion, or his cause, in any more heroic manner than this?

CURLING.—On Monday evening there was a very interesting match played at the Curling Rink between R. Clark, one of the Chatham, N. B. celebrated curlers, and Lieut. McGowan, R. A. At the start Fortune seemed to smile on Clarke's banners, but the steady play of T. H. Murray, who only joined the club this year, combined with the usual brilliant play of S. R. Kaye and Mr. McGowan's usual luck, proved too much for the bankers, although supported by one of the best players in the club.

In the final game in the Peter's Cup Competition, McLaughlin beat Howe by 2 points.

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THE BEST WATCH FOR THE MONEY.
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Mens', Boys' and Ladies' Sizes
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LADY MARY'S PROTEGE.

LADY MARY CATILINE, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Mount Primrose, was in her own graphic language "wretchedly badly off." By this she really meant that she endeavoured to live in a set composed principally of persons who were very much richer than herself, and she found her income hardly able to bear the strain. In earlier days she had been a very haughty and dignified dame, with a high sense of her position and a just appreciation of the fact that the only way by which her order could resist the encroachments and domination of the rising plutocracy was by remaining true to themselves, and by preserving intact the traditions and standard of conduct which had been handed down to them by their forefathers. Poverty had, however, made her acquainted with strange shifts, and hardened her outer integument until at last she stooped to trade on her position, and by her own acts supplied an excuse and an occasion for many of the encroachments which she had once so deeply deplored and resented.

She seemed to regard it as a natural and agreeable mode of increasing her income to act as *chaperon* to the daughters of people whose principal claim to be admitted to society at all lay in their wealth. She acquired a habit of "taking up" rich young men who were ready to be generous in the way of dinner-parties, theatre tickets, and costly presents to any kindly friend who would introduce them to really nice people and procure them invitations to really nice houses. She was always willing to strike up an acquaintance with people who were blessed with the good things of this life, and at one or two houses where the society was mixed, but the *cuisine* excellent, she was almost as regular a portion of a dinner-party as the plate, which was almost as new as her family was ancient.

In the year 189—, however, she advanced a step further. It happened that at the beginning of the season she found herself without what had become a necessary part of her limited establishment, namely a *protégé*. Unless this undesirable blank were filled up, she foresaw that she would be obliged to curtail her expenses without being able to fix on any portion of her annual expenditure which she was willing to surrender. The prospect was intolerable, and she set herself in earnest to meet the dilemma by prompt action.

After considering the prospects of the situation for some time with great perplexity, she decided to try what would be the effect of advertising in a certain fashionable organ. She had heard that such things were done, and if it were so, it was clearly useless for her to entertain any false delicacy on the subject. Other people were obviously to blame for having first introduced the practice. It seemed hard if she might not profit by it as well, and if ever circumstances rendered such a course of action justifiable, she was quite certain that the horrible emergency to which she found herself reduced, furnished her with an ample justification for extricating herself from it by almost any means.

After some care and thought she managed to concoct a suitable advertisement, setting forth that a lady of position and title, moving in the very best society, was willing to present and *chaperon* through the London season a young girl of property and personal attractions; and this paragraph duly appeared in the columns of the fashionable organ above referred to.

It excited a good deal of comment in various circles, and so many hard things were said with regard to the "Lady" in question that Lady Mary's ears ought to have tingled till they positively ached.

"Wonder who she is," quoth Reggie Montford to Ronny Cochrane and Bertie Gilbert, as they sat in the bow-window of a certain well-known club not far from Hyde Park Corner. They had exhausted their vocabulary of disgust and disapprobation, and their curiosity was excited.

"It would serve her right," observed Ronny Cochrane, referring vaguely to a suggestion which had been thrown out earlier in the course of the conversation by Bertie Gilbert.

By-the-bye, there never was a more remarkable contrast than each of the friends presented to each other. Ronny Cochrane was a tall, sinewy, red-haired, high-checked Scot, the eldest son of a Ross-shire laird, a noted golfer and untiring deer-stalker. Lord Reggie Montford was a big Life Guardsman, as dark as night, with a heavy black moustache, sleepy eyes, and curly hair. Reggie was never so happy as when he was in the saddle: he preferred hunting to shooting any day, and was great at tent-pegging, polo, and other equestrian sports. Bertie Gilbert was small and slight, fair-haired, and smooth-faced, by no means an athlete, and fonder of drawing-room sports than those of the field. He owned a very sumptuous flat in Mayfair, and used to give tea-parties. What constituted the link between him and his more virile friends was a question which usually perplexed strangers not a little. Intimate friends, however, knew that Ronny Cochrane and Bertie Gilbert were old school chums whose friendship dated back to the day when the younger, cleverer, and weaker boy was the fag-master of the bigger one, and helped him over the stiff fences of Latin prose and translations, while relying very much on the taller boy's big shoulders and powerful arms to preserve a certain amount of respect for their weakly superior among the turbulent youths of the Lower School. Reggie Montford's friendship for Bertie was a much more simple affair. He was, in fact, in love with Bertie's pretty grey-eyed sister, whom her brother resembled as much as it is possible for a man to resemble a woman; and there was this in common between him and Cochrane, and the grey-eyed, golden-haired beauty flirted with them both most impartially, and ill-used and snubbed them both with the strictest and most uncompromising equality. But then she was an heiress, and pretty heiresses are apt to be wilful.

"It would serve her right, and would really be an excellent joke," laughed Reggie Montford, who did not imagine that Bertie was speaking seriously, or that Ronny Cochrane had taken him in earnest.

"The mother would be the real difficulty," observed Bertie reflectively.

"Surely an old woman would do for that," suggested Cochrane. "With a new gown and a veil, and the strictest injunctions to say very little, and leave everything to her brazen daughter. After all she has only one appearance to make. Are you sure of the daughter? That seems to me the weak part."

"Oh no," replied Bertie confidently. "I will back the daughter against the mother any day. Don't you remember how completely Miss Scott took in all the men at the Christ Church ball last year, and how furious all the women were? Well, don't you think that if any of them had suspected what she really was, they would have been only too glad to say so out of sheer spite?"

"Well, there is something in that," replied Cochrane, who in his heart did not very much like the idea which Bertie had proposed. He thought it rather "rough on a lady," and perhaps a trifle "low" in itself, but he never had been able to shake off the curious ascendancy which Bertie had always held over him. On the whole, however, he was glad that he was going to Scotland on the following day, and would therefore not be able to render any practical assistance to the scheme.

"It will probably be a mere question of money," said Bertie with a sneer. "I daresay that the 'lady' would present a Variety chorus-girl if she thought that she could do it without detection, and the chorus girl paid handsomely."

The number of answers to Lady Mary Catiline's advertisement was not very excessive. One was from an American person, who wrote in rather a tasteless manner, and referred to the financial portion of the arrangement in a blunt fashion which sounded very coarse. The second came from Manchester, and contained a query as to how much the lady of title "charged" for presentations. The third purported to come from "Tottie de Vere," and was couched in a very familiar and offensive strain. The address was St. John's Wood. This Lady Mary decided at once to be hoax,

OUR SOCIETY.

and threw indignantly into the fire. The fourth was a charmingly delicate epistle, written in a very ladylike hand, and treating the subject with such exquisite taste that Lady Mary was captivated at once. She determined that unless Mrs. Martin—the correspondent in question—proved to be “difficult” on the pecuniary question, Miss Muriel Martin—the name itself was so delightfully taking—should be her *protégé* during the season which would shortly begin.

She wrote by return of post to the hotel from which Mrs. Martin had dated her letter, and made an appointment for the following morning.

Mrs. Martin proved to be rather a disappointment. She was a decidedly colourless and somewhat nervous, old lady of quite fifty, who after she had exchanged greeting in a reverential fashion with Lady Mary, seemed entirely to forget the object of her visit and fidgeted on her chair precisely as if it were stuffed with pins instead of more ordinary material.

Fortunately, however, Miss Muriel Martin came to the rescue in a very self-possessed voice, and completely assumed the principal part with so much tact that she seemed merely to be acting as her mother's mouthpiece, and referring to her most dutifully on every point. Nor did she for a moment lose her perfect *aplomb* of manner, even though she must have been perfectly aware that she was being subjected to a very close and critical scrutiny all the while, and that on the result of that scrutiny depended the realization of her hopes.

Lady Mary was on the whole decidedly pleased with the girl. She thought her lady-like and pretty—not perhaps, really pretty, but very striking in appearance. She was too big to please a woman's taste, but for the same reasons she would probably find many male admirers. Her hands and feet were too large to be fashionable, though they were not too large for her height. Her hair was fine and very abundant, almost too abundant, thought Lady Mary, for the heavy masses gave an awkward look to the head. Her eyes were large, fine, and very decided in expression—perhaps a little too decided. But the explanation of this decision of look and tone was very simple, for it was quite evident that the mother was a poor weak creature who was entirely guided by her clever daughter. It was undoubtedly a pity that this girl shaded her eyes and used powder on her face so palpably, and several years ago this would have been quite enough to prejudice Lady Mary against her. Most of the old-fashioned prejudices, however, had been rubbed off in the whirl of the London season, and now Lady Mary determined to give her new *protégé* a hint one day that she must really cultivate a little more delicacy of touch in the employment of artistic aid to beauty.

Meanwhile, she was learning little by little that Mrs. Martin was the widow of an ironfounder, who had owned some large works not far from Grantham. Presumably he had made a fortune in iron, for he had bought a large place not far from the town and a good deal of land as well. Mrs. Martin had been well content to live there both during her husband's life and after his death; but since her daughter had grown up, she had become inspired with ambitious views for this her only child, and was anxious that she should see more of life, and have better chances than would fall to her lot if she continued to drag out her existence in a northern manufacturing town.

“She will be an heiress when I die,” interposed Mrs. Martin at this point; “and will have money of her own when she marries.”

In short, the situation was very simple. The mother of the girl was ambitious, and had no friends of any influence. They were inclined to be generous in the matter of terms, and they agreed to all Lady Mary's proposals with regard to the advisability of giving a ball and a reception early in the season, in order that Muriel might “get into the swim” at once. When, further, she convinced herself by personal inquiry that a good account had been opened at a London Bank in Muriel's name—for Muriel explained that her mother could not make up her mind to leave her old Grantham

(Continued on Page 10)

— THE “RIALTO,” —

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THE FINEST OYSTERS THE YEAR ROUND.

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London Letter.

AN OLD-FASHIONED WINTER -1890-91,

I have always had my own private suspicions as to the good old days so loudly vaunted by my elderly friends and relations. Suspicions due partly perhaps to the sceptical tendencies of the age, but partly founded on my own observation and experience. Have you ever lived for instance in an old house? I have spent some weeks in one both in summer and in winter, and I fail to see where it makes its points in comparison with one of my own age "with every modern appliance." There are long ghostly corridors down which the wind "soughs" with a blood curdling rustle in the long wintry evenings: enormous bedrooms the corners of which are masked in horrid gloom: the ceilings are low, so low that my best beaver never survives the first week; the windows rattle and the ivy strings flap across the panes—altogether its a fine situation for an uneasy spirit or a disappointed human who wants to hug his misery, but for myself I find it too exciting. I always thought coaches would suit my constitutional indolence and love of the picturesque better than railway cars, and I rather prided myself on being a follower of Ruskin's thoughts in this respects, until one day I came across an old fellow bent nearly double, and was told that for 50 years he had never seen the sky since one fatal evening he had travelled on the top of one of those old coaches in the rain leaning against a bale of hay sodden and soaked like himself. Think moreover of the two pronged steel forks, that willow pattern that haunted my childhood's dreams, and those primitive and barbarous notions as to the proper function of the birch twigs. But I didn't mean to write of these things, but of the good old-fashioned winter in former years in my ignorance and trustfulness I sighed for such a winter with thoughts of tobogganning, skating, curling, sleighing, but I little knew for what I sighed: for the Gods have sent us this year a specimen of that same old-fashioned winter, and so I have become a pagan for evermore. I have three chief complaints to make, and these minor ones against this spirit of the departed years, there is too much snow, there is too much wind, and there is too much fog: anyone of these is bad enough, but together they form a very trinity of woe.

I had always understood that our hardy forefathers buttoned up their coats and strode out in keen enjoyment of the frosty air, well I tried it and pretended to myself that I liked it, but my guileless nature is unsuited to hypocrisy and so a thick fog came on and I found myself on a common many miles across, and ten miles or so from home, that was my first experience, and I used up most of my accumulated stock of bad language in trying to find a way out. Then I remembered that in those bad old days they used to get up skating and sleighing parties, and have no and of fun pic-nicing in mid-winter. Well, I deluded some friends into joining with me in this second experiment, (they count me their friend no longer), and we drove out in waggonettes to a large pond: and a bitter east wind waltzed up to see us start and insisted on racing us all along the road and won, hands down, every time. Never mind, said I, we shall soon get warm skating: Rash youth, I little knew what fate had still in store for us. That pond had thawed a little the night before and the beasts of the field had walked over it in every direction and their footprints had remained in the ice, and oh! we did enjoy skating over them. My friends soon abandoned the attempt and got warm by playing Aunt Sally with snowballs. I did not get warm for they were kind enough to pretend that I was their sainted relative in question. For three weeks since then we have not seen the sun; fog and snow, snow and fog and the awful

prospect of the thaw to come: trade stopped, amusements impossible, doctors alone cheerful, population decreasing, tempers spoilt. —oh! is there no demand in your country for a good old-fashioned English winter, no reasonable offer refused! you may have it for nothing if you'll only cart it away!
G. E. G.

The first Drawing Room of the season will be held by the Queen in person on Wednesday, March 4. This will really be the most important of all the Drawing Rooms which will be held during the year, for at it the Queen will go through the ceremony of formally receiving the representatives of the Powers. In consequence all the leading diplomatists, their respective staffs, and the ladies belonging to the various embassies and legations, will attend in order to make their bow to the Queen. On this occasion, moreover, the representatives of each nation will present any additions to their staff or any distinguished compatriots of theirs who may happen to be visiting London in the spring.

The regulations for a Drawing Room are drawn up every year by the Queen herself, and may be obtained at the Lord Chamberlain's Office in the Stable Yard of St. James' Palace. They contain most precise directions with regard to style of the dress (which must be *decollete* after the fashion of full ball dress), the length of the train (which must not be under a certain limit, though it may be as much over as the wearer pleases), the number and mode of wearing the feathers in the hair, and other details, which must be observed precisely by all who attend the Drawing Room, unless they wish to run the risk of being peremptorily requested to withdraw.

The Drawing Room is really a survival or modern development of the old custom of the Sovereign to dine in public, and to allow all properly qualified persons having sufficient quarterings or powerful protection to come and go about the palace at their pleasure during the dinner. These privileged people could also attend the royal reception which was held later on in the evening, and could gamble at *le jeu du roi*, which was literally a public gaming-table, kept for the king by some great nobleman who was honored with the king's confidence. In the reign of Charles II. the proceedings at Court were so low that they became a public scandal.

There was no very marked change, however, except in decorum until the reign of George III., when the King's evenings were attenuated to a reception, to which the Court were admitted, while the Royal Family amused themselves by playing cards. These receptions gradually diminished in number, and were, at the end of the reign, transferred to the morning, a practice which was confirmed by George IV., and during the present reign, has developed into the Drawing Room. Since the death of Prince Albert moreover, the Queen has almost completely retired from public life, and, in consequence, some four or five annual Drawing Rooms have taken the place of the more frequent and less formal functions of the earlier part of the reign, and the result may be seen in the overgrown dimensions of the crowd which swarm to the palace on each of these occasions.

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ENVELOPES TO MATCH THE ABOVE.		CARD CASES.	

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Crests and Monograms stamped in wax

Our Society.

HALIFAX, N. S. FRIDAY, MARCH 6th, 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	\$4.00 per quarter
2 "	7.50 " "
3 "	11.00 and so on.

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

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

Subscription \$2.40 per annum, post free.

H. BEADFORD,
Business Editor.

WE have not yet been able to procure any paper quite good enough for an *édition de luxe*, but are promised some in time for next week. It is very difficult here to get anything at all out of the common, especially when you want it in a hurry.

The letter from our very good old Tory correspondent "Grandma"—to be found in these columns—will probably excite a good deal of comment. We fancy that Morris Granville will have something to say in reply in our next issue: but in the meantime we cannot conceal our surprise at finding such real undiluted narrow-minded Conservatism in a colony at all. The *Bourgeois* is a very important and exalted section of the English aristocracy, and in a couple of hundred years, there will be few members of the House of Lords who do not number some merchants among their relations.

WE have to thank the editor of the *Windsor Tribune* for one of the best notices we have yet received in the provinces. *Windsor* seems to appreciate the tone of *OUR SOCIETY*, which is no doubt largely owing to the fact that we have an excellent correspondent there: and our agents, Messrs. Knowles & Co., are rapidly increasing the sales.

Correspondence.

TO MORRIS GRANVILLE :

On reading your article in *OUR SOCIETY* of February 20th, I thought I might explain why society is at present so "very peculiar a mixture (you say) of trade and military, and the almost total absence of the professional classes."

When our governors were appointed from England (those I remember were) Sir John Murray (his wife, the daughter of an earl), Earl Mulgrave, and Sir Gaspard Le Marchant, they brought their aides with them (generally married men). The army and

SEALETTE SACQUES, Cloth Jackets, Redingotes, etc., made to order a
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navy were entertained with our leading professional men, their wives and daughters. At that time society was very exclusive, the governor representing Her Majesty.

On the appointment of a civil governor from among the people, merely the representative of the Governor-General, a change came over society, the people considering that as the Governor was one of themselves they had a right to call and visit where they would not have been received before, and with each appointment down to the present day those who had been accustomed to mix in the best or first society, by degrees retired, and left the field clear for the "Parvenues," who have, through their assurance, worked their way, through the military, and strangers (who did not know them) to the best society going at present.

But there are quite a number in Halifax who will not mix with those they remember years ago as trades-people and shopkeepers. Who would expect to meet the wives and daughters of grocers and brewers at the Admiralty House and Government House? And yet we may meet them on all occasions, people we never meet among our friends or relations, and would not wish to. Therefore strangers wonder if there are no others than those seen every day, and I do not wonder.

I could give a list of the oldest and best families, and also of the "Plebeians" (now aristocracy), as I have been here all my life and know names though not the persons.

Truly the last have become first and the first last.
Halifax. Yours, "GRANDMA."

SIR,—May I trespass on your space to remark on "Lady Jane's" very absurd order that for the future I should write to her privately, addressing "Lady Jane," Recorder office.

Why should I do so? I have nothing to say to her, and as to what I may say of her, if "Lady Jane" is entitled to publish her "young ideas" so I suppose is "Street Arab." I do not think it required very much penetration on her part to discover the identity of "Street Arab," but even if she be not extraordinarily clever, "Lady Jane" is certainly very kind to say that I write "well." And, if a plain straightforward statement of simple facts really has the effect of "blowing any person's trumpet," how justly proud should that person feel?"

If "Lady Jane" has anything more to say to me perhaps she had better *pro bono publico*, herself write a private letter directed to "Street Arab," office of *Our Society*. She may signit with her own name, or any other she pleases. Availing myself of her kind permission to do the same, and there being no reason why I should change my *nom de plume*.

I beg to remain, STREET ARAB.

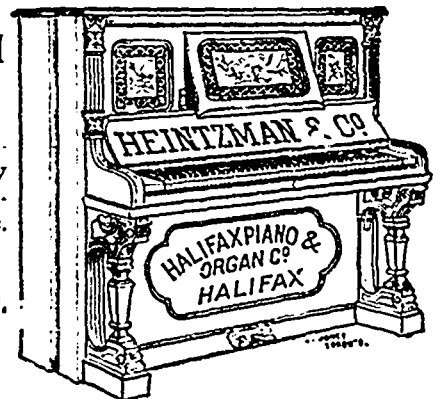
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bankers—and when she had cashed the cheque which Muriel handed her “instead of references,” Lady Mary began to feel that the wind had indeed been marvellously tempered to suit her fleecless state, and went round in a most cheerful frame of mind to give her usual annual order for the hired victoria (or brougham, as befitted time and weather) for the season.

Muriel proved to be the most gentle, docile, amiable creature in the world. She appeared to have no wishes of her own; her one idea was to please Lady Mary. She consulted her *chaperon* about everything that she did, and deferred to her opinion so charmingly, that Lady Mary was delighted. Even when they went to choose *chiffons* and arrange about the dress which Muriel was to wear at the Drawing Room, the girl was content to trust more to her friend's judgment than her own.

“But, my dear,” expostulated Lady Mary, “Surely you must have some preference of your own? When I was your age I should not have cared for a dress that was entirely arranged for me.”

“I am so inexperienced,” said Muriel, in her deep contralto voice. “I would rather trust to your taste than to my own, should so like to look well.”

In short, Lady Mary had not enjoyed her shopping so much for a long time, and she exerted herself with such goodwill to reform Muriel's wardrobe in points where she considered it defective, that she very soon transformed the simply-clad country girl into a perfect peacock as regards her plumage.

She was very glad to find that Muriel was fond of walking, and did not care for riding in London. Muriel never refused or fidgeted because this or that thing did not go right, never lost her head in a crowd or rushed into the jaws of death at a crossing. She took life easily and enjoyed it with a quiet air of amusement as if she thought it very entertaining.

“It is so new to me,” she explained one day when Lady Mary asked her why she smiled. “So different to the country that it surprises me at times.”

She completely won Lady Mary's heart by the keen attention with which she listened to the old lady's old stories of her flirtations, her cleverness in managing her swains, her triumphs and coquetries of earlier days, and also of the misdeeds or successes of other *protégés*, with all of whom Lady Mary, according to her own account, was “distantly connected.” Nor did Muriel ever manifest a desire to assume the lead in the conversation. She could be very amusing when she chose, and entertained her *chaperon* very much by her clever satirical comments on things and people, but as a rule she allowed the main burden of the conversation to fall on the shoulders of the elder lady, who bore it without any sign of fatigue.

There were only two points on which she did not approve of Muriel. She considered that the latter's appetite was far too good for a fashionable young lady; she was foolishly vexed because in consequence of the extreme delicacy of the girl's constitution she was to be presented in a high dress.

Before Muriel had been a week with her, Lady Mary was completely devoted to her, and took as much interest in the approaching *debut* as if she had been the girl's mother.

“You are a dear, sweet girl, and you have quite won my heart,” she said to her one afternoon, when they had just returned from driving; and then, in an impulse of unusual affection, she kissed her for the first time on the side of the mouth, as women do to one another, and the girl's cheek touched her face.

At this touch she drew back abruptly as if she had received a shock. Then she scrutinised Muriel closely and curiously, drawing back a little, while a look of surprise, almost of terror, came into her eyes.

“Is anything the matter?” inquired Muriel, as Lady Mary walked hastily across the room.

“No—yes—I don't know. I am not sure,” replied the lady, stopping by the table, and eyeing her guest from head to foot with an air of the greatest perplexity. “It seems absurd. Have you ever looked at my work?—catch——” and she abruptly tossed a

bundle of wool skewered into a ball by knitting needles towards her unsuspecting companion.

Startled into rapid action, Muriel, by an irresistible impulse, brought her knees close together, and, catching the bundle clumsily through her fingers, saved the fall with her knees in a rough and ready manner that considerably disturbed the set of her draperies. Then she raised her head to see Lady Mary's face turn ashy white and her eyes dilate with rage and horror.

“You wretch, you villain,” she cried, in a scarcely human voice. “What devil has prompted you to do this villainous thing?” Then she fell forward in a dead faint.

“I was scared at the suddenness of the thing,” said Bertie, when he told the story afterwards, “and my one idea was to bolt as soon as possible. So I rang for the servants, told them their mistress had fainted, rushed upstairs as fast as those confounded skirts would let me, hustled into my jacket and hat, and slipped out and took the first hansom home, where I was fortunate enough to get in unperceived. But, to tell the truth, now that it is over, I am rather ashamed of the thing, and I have made a vow never to tell her name.”

“And to tell the truth, Bertie,” said Ronny Cochrane, who had listened with much disapprobation, “I think you would be a scoundrel if you did.”

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NEW MUSIC.		PRICE.	NEW MUSIC.		PRICE.
“Loves Golden Dream,”	Waltz.	70c.	“Our Society,”	Waltz.	70c.
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“Santiago,”	“	50c.	“Pixie and Dido,”	Polka.	50c.

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Retail at Wholesale Prices.

The Ladies' Column.

COOKERY.

There doesn't seem to be much demand for dinners, but the last cold supper was voted a success, so we are giving another this week. There are so few things to be had at this time of the year, that it is really difficult to put on anything like an inviting spread, but we think the following will be found useful:—

SUPPER MENU.

- Oyster Soup.
- Roast Chicken with Bacon.
- Sirloin of Beef. Beefsteak and Oyster Pie.
- Horseradish Sauce. Celery Salad.
- Lemon Cream Pie, Meringué.
- Tipsy Cake. Stewed Prunes.
- Whipped Cream à la Vanille.

OYSTER SOUP.—Put 30 oysters in their own water, with half-a pint of water added, in a saucepan, with a tablespoon of salt and half a teaspoon of pepper, and 1 oz good butter. Let it boil once only, and add half a pint of cold milk.

CELERY SALAD.—Take 2 heads of celery, pare off the stalks, trim the roots, and cut into short shreds. Wash in cold water and drain in a cloth. Place the celery in a salad bowl, season with a pinch of salt, half pinch pepper, and 1½ wooden salad-spoonfuls of vinegar, also the same quantity of oil, mix well and serve.

LEMON CREAM PIE, MERINGUÉ.—Boil 1 pint of water in a saucepan, put in another vessel 4 oz powdered sugar, mix in 1 oz corn starch, grate in the rind of a lemon, squeezing in the juice and mix well together. Break in 2 eggs, beat all together for 1 minute, and add it to the boiling water in the saucepan, stirring sharply till it boils, then take off the fire. Have ready a pie-plate, lined with puff-paste, put it in the oven, and let it bake for 10 minutes, so that the crust gets a good golden colour; pour the preparation into it, and let it get thoroughly cold. Beat in a copper basin 3 egg-whites to a stiff froth, mix in 3 oz powdered sugar, and lay half of it over the pie. Sprinkle plenty of sugar over, place in a slow oven for 10 minutes, to let it get a pale brown colour; then remove and put away to cool.

STEWED PRUNES A LA GENERAL DUFOUR.—Take 10 oz of prunes, and soak in a quart of cold water for 4 hours; thoroughly drain them, put in a saucepan with half a pint of cold water, the zest of a lemon, a 2 inch length piece of cinnamon, 2 oz fresh butter, and 4 oz powdered sugar. Place the pan on a slow fire, and stir gently once in a while to avoid breaking. Cook slowly for 2 hours, and add a pint of Bordeaux wine; replace it on the stove to heat thoroughly, but do not allow it to boil again. Take from off the fire, let it get cold, and serve.

A woman recently went into a bookseller's shop to purchase a present for her husband. She hovered around and manifested the usual indecision, whereupon the assistant in charge, to help her out of the difficulty, suggested a set of Shakespeare's works. The would-be purchaser, evidently having heard the author's name before, met this proposal with the prompt remark, "Oh, he read that when it first came out!"

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OUR CHURCHES.

No. 3.—ST. GEORGE'S.

The Round Church—which by the bye is not round—is not from the outside a particularly attractive looking edifice; it has a sort of weather worn appearance, damp and cold looking; but to make amends for this, how hearty is the welcome vouchsafed when one enters!—and on looking at people as they come in, by their faces one can judge that they do feel really at home. It has never been my lot to visit a church where all seem so contented. Why this comes about I think I can make plain anon. I can fancy the inside of this church, with enough money spent on it, and an old oak screen,—I have the very one in my mind's eye, now in a church in England—in the chancel, would present the handsomest interior of any church in Canada; at present it looks as if one part had had all the moneyspent on it and the remainder been left out in the cold. The position of the pulpit is hardly the best that could have been chosen, certainly it does not tend to enable the congregation to hear that portion of the choir which is behind it so well. I was glad to see that it is the boys that are hidden and not the ladies. This choir is of what is vulgarly called the cock and hen order, and sings well, but personally I do not like this order, for experience teaches me that when a young lady with a loud voice sings in a choir she invariably makes the utmost use of it, at the expense of what really good notes she may have, and of the singing of the other members of the choir. If there be such an one in St. George's choir who feels that the cap fits, let her put it on and say "I will modulate!" Just one word more as to the choir: Why should not those dear little boys wear surplices, to hide their incongruous garments?

We see one boy in corduroys, walking with a boy in blue knickerbocker suit, followed by a boy in his best Sunday go-to-meeting black suit, alongside one whose clothes seem to have descended in a direct line from father to son, and so on. Now would it not look far neater and more decent if they all wore surplices; is it that this would be of the Pope, Popey?

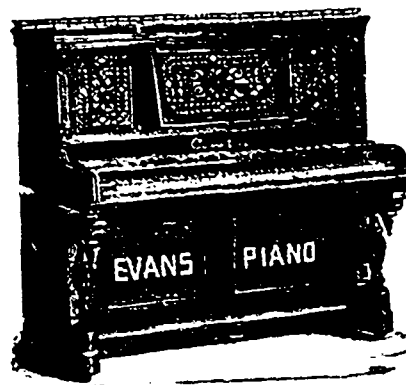
One thing that struck me very forcibly on my visit, was the great preponderance of the number of the women, over that of the men. Why is this? Have the teachings of the Rector been taken more heed of by the latter, so that they consider that they do not require quite so much church-going now, or is it that they stay at home in the evenings, to look after the children, while the ladies do the same service in the morning, combined with that of looking after Sunday dinner? For what ever reason it may be, it remains a fact, there were 7 women to 1 man. There was one man I could not help noticing, who on the text being given out, settled himself as comfortably as if he had been in his own arm chair, and did not open his eyes, until the rustle of the congregation rising told him the sermon was over and his tithes were required. But the innocent look on that mortal's face was superb, it actually spoke, saying "Do you really think I was asleep! Why I always shut my eyes when I want thoroughly to enjoy a discourse; my attention is not distracted!"

Now, who is it that makes this church so comfortable and so contented? Its rector, Dr. Partridge, assisted by willing church wardens. Dr. Partridge, unlike some I have known, can see things not only from the clergyman's point of view, but also from that of a common sense man. He knows, as a priest, that we must all go astray, and as a priest gives us spiritual advice; but as a man he is able, having seen many phases of life, to give such worldly advice as may be of use at the moment. He carries his services through in such a manner as to inspire confidence and command attention. In reading the prayers there is no whining as if he were apologizing to God for taking the liberty of praying to him, as is the case with so many of our clergy; far from it, he speaks in his natural voice, with a look that says, "I am proud to do this thing!" Why is it that so many of the clergy do go out

of their way to change their voice, and go through numberless gestures and contortions in the pulpit, such as would tend to get them put into a lunatic asylum in private life?

In Dr. Partridge's sermons I have noticed one thing particularly—he does not say "I say so," he says "this is so. Look for yourselves, study it for yourselves, and you will come to the same conclusion." Again, he preaches a sermon within the understanding of all, does not mount on the wings of Pegasus, with such flights of imagination as to require a metaphorical 19th century balloon to get at his meaning. Although at times he suffers from "Parson's throat," still his voice is very audible, and is so inflected that it must command the attention of the congregation: it is the monotonous whiners that send the poor sinners to sleep; and for my part I would prefer a veritable "pulpit thumper" to one of these. Among the poor of his parish he is deservedly loved for his kindness and charity. As to his business capabilities, it is sufficient to point to the work he has to do at the Church of England Institute. If the combination of all these qualities, in exercising which he has not one minute to spare in idleness, do not make up what a man should be, then my name is not

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Answers to Correspondents.

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

Mohawk—The term "Ibsenite" has lately been applied to the admirers—some of them almost worshippers—of Henrik Ibsen, Norway's greatest poet. The translation and adaptation of his plays has become almost a craze in England during the last few years, and certainly several of them have had most successful runs. His four greatest satires are *Love's Comedy*, *Emperor and Galilean*, *Peer Gynt*, and *Brand*. We cannot afford space to give an account of all four, but hope the following sketch of *Brand*—the most popular of Ibsen's works—will interest you.

Brand, the hero of the book, is a priest in the Norwegian church. The temper of his mind is earnest almost to fanaticism, consistent beyond the limits of tenderness and humanity. He is sent for to attend a dying man, but in order to reach him he must cross the raging Fjord in a small boat. So high is the storm that no one dares go with him; but just as he is pushing off alone, Agnes, a young girl of heroic temperament, who has been conquered by his intensity, leaps in with him, and they safely row across. Brand becomes priest of the parish, and Agnes, in whose soul he finds everything that his own demands, becomes his wife. In process of time a son is born to him. The doctor declares that unless they move to some healthier spot—the parish is a noisome glen that does not see the sun for half the year—the babe must die. Brand, believing that duty obliges him to stay at his post, will not leave it. His child dies, and the mother dies, Brand is left alone. At last his mother comes to live with him, a worldly woman with a frivolous heart; she will not submit to his religious supremacy, and dies unblessed and unannealed. Her property now falls into Brand's hands, and he dedicates it all to the rebuilding of the church. The satire now turns on the life in the village; the portraits of the various officers, school-master, bailiff, and the rest, are incisively and scathingly drawn. All society is reviled for its universal worldliness, laziness and lukewarmness. At last the church is finished, Brand, with the keys in his hand, stands on the doorstep and harangues the people. His sermon is a philippic of the bitterest sort; all the wormwood of disappointed desire for good, all the burning sense of useless sacrifice, vain offerings of heart and breath to a thankless generation, all is summed up in a splendid outburst of invective. In the end he throws the keys far out into the river, and flies up the mountain side away into desolation and solitude.

Shang—The most usual meaning of the word "gall" in modern slang seems to be "check," though it is sometimes almost synonymous with "courage." We cannot quite explain how these meanings became attached to the word, but it is worthy of note that in China to this day the gall bladder is supposed to be the seat of courage, and it is not at all uncommon for men who wish to be very courageous to devour the galls of wild beasts. There are many cases on record of Chinese who have, with the same object, eaten the galls of notorious murderers, who have expiated their crimes at the hands of the executioner.

Curio—'Marines' and 'dead-men' are both used to denote empty bottles. We thought everyone knew the old tale about the Duke of York and the 'marines.' The Duke was dining at the table, and happened to order the waiter to take away the

marines—meaning, of course, the empty bottles. A marine officer, who was present, took offence at the expression, and asked for an explanation. "I call these bottles marines," replied the Duke, because they have done their duty well, and are prepared to do it again." Needless to say, the officer's equanimity was at once restored.

K. T.—Do you mean "Bob" or "Bobby?"—Both are very common words in England. A "Bob" is a shilling, from "baw-see." A "Bobby" is a policeman, probably so called from Sir Robert Peel, who established the force in Ireland. From him also they are called to this day "peelers;" and it is a remarkable fact that a couple of hundred years ago the same word was used to signify "robbers."

Kosmos.—The Army is certainly the better paid service, and in the army the Royal Horse Artillery comes first, Household Cavalry next, then Line Cavalry, R. A. and R. E. and Infantry. A naval Lieutenant ranks equal with an army Captain. A Captain R. H. A. receives £274 (and allowances), Captain Household Cavalry £246, Captain Line Cavalry £237, Captain R. A. or R. E. or Infantry £226, while a Naval Lieutenant receives from £182 to £225. A Major R. A. or R. E. receives considerably more than a major of Infantry.

Dartmouth.—The question of a site for the new Dartmouth Post Office is now under consideration. Thanks to Mr. Jones and Mr. Kenny, but chiefly, no doubt, to the latter, the Dominion Government lately voted \$5,000 for this object. The appropriation was not made before it was needed, as our present office is very inferior in size and appearance to those of even the small villages of the province. The matter of selecting a site was referred to our town council. They recommended all or a portion of the property situated just south of Simmond's Hardware Store, belonging to the Dartmouth Ferry Commission. For the whole of this piece of property, including that on which Simond's barber shop stands, the commission ask \$4,000, and for a certain part \$2,500. The site has been submitted to the government engineer, and there the matter stands. At these figures it would appear that there will not be much money over for erection of a suitable building.

We certainly think that the corner on which the barber's shop stands is the place for the Post Office. It is at the junction of the two main streets, Water and Portland. No doubt many who, having to go to Halifax, now find the city office the handiest, would then drop their letters and buy their stamps in this office, and so increase its business and importance. But especially a fine building on that situation would greatly improve the appearance of Dartmouth as it is first viewed from the ferry. And it would insure the removal of the old unsightly buildings that now occupy that site.

However, the people of Water Street and the northern part of the town want the new Post Office to be north of Simmond's Store. Certainly then a jubilee meeting should be called, and the people be allowed to choose the site themselves.

The only three cases of diphtheria now in Dartmouth are nearly quite recovered.

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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 Tommaso Salvini says: "The other night when my voice would have otherwise failed I was able to accomplish my duty to 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.

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

NIGHT CLERK ON THE PREMISES.

TELEPHONE CALL 153.

Provincial Notes.

PICTOU.—A splendid concert was held in Prince St. Hall, on the 19th, when the following programme was carried through:—

1. Rossini.....Overture to "Tancredi.".....piano 4 hands.
Miss Minna MacDonald and Miss Thompson.
2. Wagner..... "Bridal Chorus"..... From Lohengrin.
Ladies' Chorus.
3. Verdi.... Anvil Chorus, and scene from "Il Trovatore."
Arr. for two Violins.
Miss MacKenzie and Mr. Frazee.
4. Readings (a) "Robert of Sicily," (By request), (b), selections.
Mr. W. A. Dickson.
5. KuhlauSonatina Allegro-Rondo..... Piano.
Master Charlie Rice.
6. Toms..... "The New Kingdom."..... Song.
Mrs. J. Cooke.
7. Faure..... "The Palms."..... Song.
Mr. Sobeski.
8. Wilson..... "Greetings to Spring."..... Part Song.
Sopranos -Miss Jennie Olding, Miss Millie MacDonald, Miss Laura Fullerton, Miss Lizzie Olding.
Mezzo. Sop. -Miss Ethel-Porteous, Miss MacNaught.
Contralto. Miss Campbell, Miss Jessie Murray.

PART II.

1. Wynne..... Gypsy Chorus.
Solos. "The Fortune Tellers." Miss MacKenzie.
"The Gypsy Dance." Miss Murray.
"Gypsy's Love." Miss Porteous.
2. Chopin..... Polonaise (in A Major) Piano.
Rubinstein.....Bacarelle (in F Minor) Piano.
Miss MacDonald.
3. Garcia..... "Nina."..... Duett, Soprano and Baritone.
Mrs. Percy Lear and Mr. Sobeski.
4. Gounod..... "Nazareth."..... Tenor Solo with Violin Obligato.
Mr. A. I. Rice.
(Violin, Mr. Perron.)
5. Violin..... Wedding March..... Beethoven.
Mr. Perron.
6. Wellings..... "Close to My Heart"..... Song.
Mr. Sobeski.
- 6½. Harp.... "Robin Adair" and "Bonnie Annie Laurie."
Mr. Sobeski.
7. Bailey..... Vocal Waltz—"Fleeting Days."
Mrs. Percy Lear.
8. Pit-pat Goes the Rain"..... Chorus.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The concerted pieces by the ladies were one of the features of the evening, the last one "Pit pat goes the Rain" being decidedly the best, and we would suggest the keeping together of such a good body of voices. Our Halifax representatives, Mrs. P. Lear and Mr. Zobeski, as usual, sang well, and were accorded a hearty reception. Mrs. Lear's rendition of "Fleeting Days," being encored, was responded to by "Will the heart is young," while Mr. Zobeski sang in response to an encore for "The Palms" that good old standard "The Anchor's weighed." Mr. Dickson gave by request his reading of "King Robert of Sicily," but was not received as well as on New Year's Day. He also kindly consented to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Huggins' illness and gave a comic reading called "Jim Blaines' Ra" which tickled the audience greatly. Of the other performers Mr. Rice, Miss MacKenzie and Mr. Frazee and Mrs. Cooke received encores, the latter as usual completely charming the audience (of whom she is apparently a favorite of the musical portion of Pictou) by her rendition of the "New Kingdom" in response to an encore singing "Bonnie Dundee." Last but not by any means least, we must certainly give the lady who played all the compliment not only for that, but for the whole concert (as the success in every way was entirely due to her untiring zeal in connection therewith) great praise, one and all voting it one of the best concerts held in the good old town of Pictou for some time.

A VISITOR TO PICTOU.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Sir Charles Tupper is expected to address a political meeting on Thursday—nomination day. Contrary to expectation, Sir Charles is to be the guest of Hon. Neil MacLeod, Q. C., Premier, instead of Mr. Edward J. Hodgson, Q. C., as stated last week.

The Philharmonic Concert was given last Thursday, and proved a emphatic success. The audience was not as large as at former concerts of the Society, but a more appreciative one could not be found. "The Heavens are telling" and "By thee with Bliss" from the Creation, a violin solo by Mr. Newcombe and Mr. Arthur Sullivan, "Will he Come" sung by Miss Roome, constituted the former part of the programme, the latter being devoted to Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Mrs. Malcolm Macleod and Miss Russell, sopranos, and Rev. Fred. J. Lloyd, tenor, sang the solos, and the concerted parts written for the soloists, and each individually excelled. Miss Barratt was very nervous and in consequence did not sing as well in her solo parts as when supported by Mrs. Macleod, who was in excellent voice and interpreted her solo with accuracy and exceeding expression. Mr. Lloyd was particularly happy in his rendition of the thrilling solo "Watchman will the night soon pass" and indeed his rich expressive voice was never used to better advantage. The chorus was composed of about forty voices, was well balanced and did good service, but the instrumentalists from want of practice together were not united in their accompaniment, and while there was good individual playing in certain passages, the whole effect was not what it should have been. This does not apply to Mr. Healy, the accomplished pianist, who was faultless in all his playing by which he elicited universal praise and admiration. Our one great annual concert is thus a thing of the past, and it is with regret that we chronicle the fact.

Practices have already begun for the fun drill which the Tennis Club purposes performing on or about St. George's Day. The practices are held in the Philharmonic Hall, Capt. Weeks being drill master. Two have already been held, on last Tuesday and Saturday, respectively, and these will be continued weekly until the date of the entertainment, the other features of which have not been definitely announced. There are, however, rumours of a farce. If the entertainment prove as excellent and remunerative as the last one, it will be another success for the Tennis Club to score.

Last Friday a drive was organized in which about thirty ladies and gentlemen joined. It was a short drive, but the dance which was sandwiched in between the outward and home-coming journeys was invigorating. It was one of those successful parties which need only a moving originator and cost nothing, the care falling equally upon the various ladies who see to it that the inner man is refreshed.

CURLING.—A series of games to contest the superiority of President vs. Vice-President was begun in Hillsborough Rink last week. On the first day six rinks participated, the play resulting in a victory for President by two shots. The game was resumed on Monday, when only two rinks joined issue, giving a victory to the Vice-President by four shots, thus leaving the match for the present with two shots to the credit of the President.

HOCKEY.—A game of Hockey is arranged for Wednesday 27th instant, between Liberals and Conservatives. A system of voting is arranged in connection with the game which will bring in a goodly purse for the Hospital for whose benefit the game is to be played, as a means of testing the voice of the electorate it will not have much weight as the great event arranged for Thursday 5th March.

TRURO.—Mrs. F. A. Lawrence returned last week from Boston, after an absence of some months.

Rev. T. Cumming of St. Andrew's Church, exchanged pulpits Sunday last, with Rev. J. McMillan of Halifax.

Mrs. F. Congdon of Halifax, is visiting Mrs. Ernest Gladstone Queen St.

Mrs. Lordly of Acadia Mines, and Mrs. F. B. Pearson of Halifax spent a few days last week with her mother, Mrs. Reading.

The juvenile dancing class met at the residence of Mrs. M. Blanchard, on Monday evening. Quite a number of little folk were present and enjoyed it immensely, being initiated in the movements of graceful art.

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Mr. Harry Tremaine of Amherst, spent a few days last week in Truro.

Our courageous friends who braved the fierce elements on Thursday evening to attend the Scotch concert, were amply repaid for doing so, and all speak in highest praise of Miss O. Smith, who so ably managed the whole entertainment. To gaze upon the three little bonnie lassies, who appeared in Highland costumes, was enough itself, but when their clear, sweet voices rang out in "coming through the rye," they were heartily applauded, and made to appear again and again. The songs were all so good, I could not begin to particularize, and the Scotch Airs played by Mrs. Patterson were enough to melt a heart of stone.

Miss McLellan, who has already become a favorite with a Truro audience, was enthusiastically received, and her rendering of "How the organ got into the Kirk" received a hearty encore. "The first quarrel," read by Miss Mary Black, was beautifully done, as also the recitation by Miss Beatrice Blanchard, who for the first time made her appearance in public, and bids fair to eclipse all our amateur elocutionists.

Mrs. Grundy.

BRIDGEWATER.—We hear nothing now, but about the election. Everything seems to have gone out of sight till the campaign is finished. When your readers see this, the fight will be over, and our people will again be living in their ordinary way.

How fond our politicians are of us when we are to have an election. Among other visitors who came to turn our darkness into light, were Sir J. S. D. Thompson, and Hon. C. H. Tupper, and Hon. J. W. Longley.

I am glad to hear that we are going to have a Y. M. C. A. It is proposed to have in connection with the Association a Gymnasium and reading-room. Both will be much appreciated by our young men.

Misses E. T. Freeman and V. Farrel, of Halifax favoured us with short visits lately.

Sunday morning we were unfortunate enough to have a fire, resulting in the destruction of two buildings on the main street. One of the firemen was severely injured by glass cutting his eye.

I am sorry to have to tell you that Dr. March has left us, and is going to practice in Lunenburg. He and Mrs. March will be greatly missed.

The rain has broken up the ice in the river, and I am afraid for this season has spoilt our skating and tobogganing.

Mrs. Dunstan is visiting her sister Mrs. Crawford at Mahone Bay.

I notice that several of our young men who were attending college are home again.

Miss Duff of Lunenburg, is visiting Mrs. N. M. Duff.

On dit that one of our prominent professional men is going to California in the spring.

Next time I write,—after people have ceased giving all their time to politics, I hope to give you more news.

PETE.

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

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

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