

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. P. S. Archibald's many friends were glad to welcome her home again, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hannington spent last Sunday in town. I noticed them among the congregation of St. George's, Sunday morning. By the way, our warmest thanks are due to Miss Greta Peters, for her kindness in continuing her cornet accompaniments, not only to the hymns in church, but also all through the chants. It is no light task for a lady, and adds an inexpressible brightness and charm to the service.

Hon. P. A. Landry of Dorchester paid a short visit to Moncton Monday.

The many friends of Mrs. Owen Cameron, will regret to hear that she has been seriously ill, suffering from a sharp attack of congestion of the lungs. I am glad to say that she is now on the way to recovery.

Mrs. Capt. Demier left town, Monday, for New York, where she will spend the rest of the autumn, and part of the early winter.

I think I told you last week that the Dramatic club was reorganizing. Well, they have mustered in goodly force and gone earnestly to work. They have placed in rehearsal the play of *Hazel Kirke*, which they hope, in theatrical parlance, to "put on the boards" before Christmas, and when I tell you that Mrs. C. J. Butcher takes the title role, I am almost prophesying the success of the play.

Mr. Arthur Busby, general passenger agent of the I. C. R., left town this morning for Toronto, where he will spend some days.

No! Sphinx, my most respected contemporary, I have not heard the faintest whisper, the very least rumor, of a leap-year ball in Moncton. Of course, "Cecil Gwynne" is not omniscient. No one on earth, I believe—except a country editor—has ever attained so great an eminence as that, but still he comes as near it as he can, and he will let you know the moment his familiar spirit—the small bird who tells him so much—brings him any news on the subject.

Mrs. J. H. Nase, who has been so seriously ill with typhoid fever, is rapidly recovering. At one time her life was almost despaired of, and Mrs. Nase is one who could ill be spared from the community.

Dr. A. H. Chandler, of Dorchester, was in town last Monday, for a few hours.

I regret to say that Mrs. Dr. Bourque is very dangerously ill; so ill, in fact, that very little hope is entertained of her recovery.

CECIL GWYNNE.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERS.

Woodstock, Nov. 7.—A social assembly will be held in the Opera House, Nov. 14, by Division No. 1, A. O. H. The energetic committee will leave nothing undone to make the event a social success.

Mrs. H. M. Jewett, who has been visiting her friends here the last few weeks, left for her home in Caribou, Wednesday.

Mrs. Z. Currie, who made quite an extended visit to friends in Minnesota, has recently returned.

Mrs. W. E. Vickery has gone for a few weeks visit to Fredericton.

Miss Gussie Sharp, who has been here visiting friends for five weeks, returned to her home in Sussex, this week.

Mr. Hugh Davis is having his residence on Broadway greatly improved in the interior. When the work now in hand is completed it will be very attractive.

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Goodspeed, of Nashua, were among their friends in Woodstock last week. Mr. Thos. Goodspeed of the same place was the guest of his son-in-law Mr. J. N. Cluff.

Rev. Wm. Kinghorn was the guest of Mr. Colpitts last week.

BORDER JOTTINGS.

St. Stephen, Nov. 7.—Our weather prophets croak of Indian summer, but it would take an extremely fertile imagination to construe the present days into summer, Indian or otherwise.

The Russell-Foster concert on Tuesday evening last was a most enjoyable affair and participated in by the finest talent on the river. The *Jolly Blacksmiths*, by the Citizens' band, with anvil accompaniment, won favorable comment, while I heard words of praise on every hand for the efforts of the favorite Parlor orchestra and the piano duet by Miss Cullinlen, of St. Stephen, and Miss Fogarty, of St. John.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Neely, of Maine, was in town last week, the guest of Rev. O. S. Newnam.

Mrs. Jos. Murchie and Miss Nettie Murchie made a flying trip to Boston last week.

Capt. Nelson Clark, of St. Andrews, was in town over Sunday.

Mr. Wm. Clewley, of Boston, is visiting his brother, Mr. Albert Clewley, who is yet in a critical condition.

Mrs. Jessie Moore has returned from a lengthy visit to friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. William Todd and Miss Kate Bolton left town yesterday for a trip to the Hub.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Y. Patch have returned from their trip to the States and taken up their residence on this side of the border, whereby Calais sustains quite a social loss.

Mr. Percy Biggs leaves on Monday next to make his home in Boston.

Mr. L. Dexter, treasurer of the St. Croix cotton mill, was in town last week.

Next week St. Stephen is to lose one of its most popular young ladies, while St. George will be the gainer thereby. Another wedding!

Rev. R. Weddall will spend Sunday in Deer Isle.

DORCHESTER DOTS.

DORCHESTER, Nov. 7.—Oysters and money were won and lost here today, when the results of the United States election became known, though no doubt the losers will insist upon waiting for the 4th of March before resigning all hope. The general sentiment seems to be that it serves Cleveland right, and many even who have Democratic sympathies, are not sorry to see him defeated after his recent nasty conduct. A number of good Democrats laid wagers on Harrison in order to secure either satisfaction or its cash equivalent, whichever way the election went.

Messrs G. N. C. Hawkins and A. K. Neales are looking about for rooms in which to keep bachelors' hall. Those who know

say that for one of them, at least, this will be only a preliminary course in housekeeping, preparatory to admission as a life-member of the Society of Benedictines.

Rev. J. R. Campbell spent several days in St. John last week, engaged in church committee business and arranging for the establishing there of his son, J. Roy Campbell, who has decided to practise in St. John, instead of in Yarmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Godfrey returned today from St. John, where they have been making a short visit. Miss Sarah Godfrey spent a few days in Moncton last week.

The rumored dances that "Sphinx" wrote about, last week, seem to have fizzled out. One of them, especially, people regarded as an absolute certainty, but it has disappeared and left no trace, while rumor is silent with respect to the others. Hello! Moncton.

Mr. F. Chumney Chandler, of the Chignecto ship railway, is spending a short holiday at home before resuming work for the winter.

Messrs. J. H. Hickman and H. R. Emerson, M. P. P., have been enjoying a fortnight's goose-shooting at Caraquet. Mr. Hickman has a shooting-box and other paraphernalia there, and spends several weeks on the North Shore every year. Mr. Emerson returned on Sunday, and reports good luck. His companion is to follow in a day or two, bringing the game.

Mrs. Albert Hickman leaves for St. John shortly, where she intends to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Upham.

Mr. P. B. Chandler leaves today for New York, to take a course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. FANSY.

CHATHAM BRIEFS.

CHATHAM, Nov. 8.—Society has been delighted this week with the announcement that several of the ladies have decided on having a series of "at homes" during the coming winter. Mrs. John Labie, of Nappan, has issued cards for Tuesday evening next, and Mrs. D. Hayes, Bartibogue, entertains her friends the second Thursday of every month; Mrs. Adam McLean, Richibucto road, the first Monday of every month, and Mrs. James Doyle, of Douglasfield, have the first and last Friday in each month, respectively. Cake and coffee have been decided upon as the bills of fare. I hear that several of the ladies of the town are agitating a similar series, and that they will shortly follow the good example set them.

Mrs. Sutherland is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Street. She has come take her daughter home with her.

Mr. George K. McLeod, of St. John, was in town Thursday.

I hear of a very large progressive euchre party for Friday night, but cannot say positively.

Mrs. Sidney Carmichael, Jay du Vin, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Archibald. Rev. Canon Brigstocke, of Trinity, St. John, was in town this week.

Mr. A. D. Smith is looking after the interests of the S. P. C. A. here, and I have heard of much good work done.

Mr. A. N. McKay paid a visit to the Northwest bridge, Wednesday, to inspect the repairs which have lately been made to that structure. PERCY.

THE SHIRE TOWN OF KENT.

RICHIBUCTO, Nov. 7.—Mr. E. B. Bucklefield, of Harcourt, was in town today looking well.

I am pleased to learn that Mr. Alexander J. Girvan, who has been confined to his house with typhoid fever, is recovering and will soon be able to be about again.

Mr. Nathan Smith is visiting his uncle, Mr. Oswald Smith, at Kingston.

Mr. Joseph Wood has returned home and intends to remain here this winter.

Mr. Henry Dwyer, of Rogersville, was in town last week.

Mr. John Rusk, collector of customs, has gone to Halifax.

Miss Taylor has returned from Dalhousie.

Mr. John Morton, of West Branch, led to the altar, Friday evening, one of the fair daughters of that vicinity. The ceremony took place at Kingston, Rev. Wm. Hamilton officiating. A number of the elite from Weldford participated in the festivities.

Mr. Andrew Gorman, formerly of St. Louis, now of Oldham, Maine, is visiting his father, Commissioner Gorman.

Mrs. Dickie is here visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. B. Noble.

Mr. Johnson, quondam teacher of the advanced department here, now located at Bass River, paid a flying visit to our town this week.

The good people of Richibucto and vicinity are wondering if Webber or Dr. Ellis or anybody else will favor them with their presence this winter.

A crowded house and enthusiastic audience would liberally patronize any one of respectability who would execute amusement.

The social event of the week was a dance given by Messrs. Ferguson and O'Leary in the Masonic hall, Tuesday evening. The hall was tastefully decorated and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Professor Goldie as usual took charge of the musical department. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Weeks, Miss Sayre, Miss Emily Sayre, Miss Miller, Miss Phinney, Miss Ferguson, Miss Annie Ferguson, C. T. Weeks, M. D., Mr. Harrison, Mr. R. Phinney, Mr. Abbott and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Ferguson. LELIA.

NEWCASTLE ECHOES.

NEWCASTLE, Nov. 7.—Dr. and Jas. Fish have left for Boston, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mr. Colin McLellan, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Hickson, has left for home, his short stay being regretted, especially by the fair sex. Miss McLellan remains a while longer.

Mr. Byron Call has returned from Moncton, and intends remaining a few days previous to his departure for Colorado.

Mrs. J. E. Morrison has gone to Summerside for a short visit.

Mrs. Wilmet, who has been the guest of Mrs. D. Morrison, has left for Bathurst.

Miss M. Smith has returned and will spend the winter at Judge Williston's. LALLA ROOKH.

Lead Pencils Wholesale at McArthur's 80 King St.

IN WHITECHAPEL.

The flickering lights cast uneven shadows across the sodden pavement. Grotesque forms and faces loomed momentarily through the overhanging mist, taking human shape only when they came within hand's reach. Seen at a dozen paces, the dank and streaming groups before the public-houses blended in a confused mass. The atmosphere was laden with a chill that pierced to the marrow and the sifting rain closed the eyes, swept the features and penetrated every cover.

I had been wandering since nightfall through the most dismal streets and squalid purlieus of London. Why I visited the place I cannot tell. Why I lingered I can no more explain. A gruesome fascination seemed to draw and bind me to the spot that a man-monster has consecrated to Crime. I sought nothing. I desired nothing. Yet I walked and waited, while a growing sense of shuddering expectancy possessed me.

The early evening gave me companions in plenty. Men, drunken, degraded, brutish, elbowed me on the narrow walks. Wolf-eyed women leered into my eyes and plucked my sleeve. Ruddy publicans swung their doors invitingly open as I passed, and the humble merchants of the street-stands held their wares before my eyes. Nothing uncanny here!

But as the night wore on the scene changed. The freshening rain drove the male beasts to their dens. From cellar to garret the rookeries filled with their accustomed inmates. Watchful policemen hastened home the noisy and the quarrelsome. Women no longer held to the open streets but skulked in the recesses or peered out from the doorways. Whitechapel slept.

Imperceptibly but surely the temper of those who were abroad with me had altered. When a new step sounded on the pavement, the helmeted officer close at hand gripped his truncheon more tightly. Belated wayfarers huddled together as if for mutual protection. A light-footed shop-boy came suddenly out of his door and a trembling woman fled shrieking into the shadow. Unaccustomed visitors and habitués alike trod gently, kept silence and watched. All of Whitechapel that was wakeful was apprehensive.

Depression settled down upon me like a pall. The spot where murder has been done has its own peculiar atmosphere. Lead-en-weighted, it fell about me, intangible to sense, but palpable to spirit, and pressed me beneath it. I, too, grew timorously observant. When I emerged from the deeper darkness between the lamps I found myself clearing my eyes of rain and looking for a Face to show through the glimmering ray of light. My heart beat hard as I divided the echoes. The Step that I listened for I should be sure to know!

Bare and ghastly rose the unfinished cells, where, a month ago, a dead face turned to the sky. The tragic mystery of murder invests the spot. Did the murderer glance around him, on that October night, and laugh noiselessly at his environment? Did he hug himself with blood-stained hands as he thought that the crims of crimes had been committed in the future stronghold of the Law? Shall we ever know what his thoughts were?

Back to the open street again: for in seclusion here there is the concentration of horror.

The wind had arisen, and the hurrying footsteps of those who were yet abroad eddied through it like its own blasts. The street-lights showed themselves but dimly through the veil of rain. The gutters ran high with refuse, and the street was a swimming mass of putrescent filth. Sliding and stumbling over the pavement, I reached my favorite post of observation—a doorway commanding three streets.

The voice tells more than the face. Down at my right I heard sounds that convinced me the unadmitted end of my vigil was nigh at hand. A hesitating, evasive, tricky voice, cowardly compliant, but meanly insistent, came to me on the wind. The words, broken and disjointed, told me nothing. The voice gave me to feel that he I had waited for was on his round. And then—I saw the Face!

The rain drifted between us as he shuffled stealthily across the light, but one glance showed me all. I cannot picture that receding forehead, stamped with the brand of Cain; that weak, sensual, cruel mouth; those eyes, directed towards the pavement, yet shiftily watchful on all sides; but the memory of them will abide with me to my dying day.

Impulse urged me after him. I would see how the demon did his work!

On through the wind and rain; the shabby figure in advance casting a frequent backward glance, then lowering his head again and idling forward. At a quiet corner, a miserable woman accosted him, but when he replied to her she shrank away. He stopped and looked after her. Interested to see the end, I pressed incautiously forward.

He turned and came towards me! I do not think I am a coward, but I learned, then, what fear is.

All the revolting details of this wretch's many crimes pressed upon my mind as I hurried from him. Death was the least I had to fear. A few minutes more: my

blood would ooze away through the slippery street and the pitiless rain would beat upon my pallid face. Four hours later: London and the world would ring with the news of the latest Whitechapel murder. One circumstance, I reflected,—I laughed mirthlessly at the thought—would make my murder memorable: I should be the first man the man-fiend had slain!

Only the rain and my footfalls broke the quiet of the street. My pursuer came on noiselessly through the mist. I looked about for an open doorway, but saw none. I tried to cry out and the sound died in my throat. Another glance backward—to see that only a few steps separated us—and as I turned my foot slipped and I fell on my knees!

But when I went down my right hand, plunged in my pocket, came in contact with my revolver and hope revived. It should be that against the knife! If I must die, I would go like a man! I sprang to my feet and grasped the weapon as the murderer came close. He lifted his eyes for a moment and with a fuller comprehension I looked again into their cruel depths. Then he spoke:

"I say, matey, will yer give a poor cove the price of a drain?"

ELBERT KELCEY.

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