

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

SOCIETY EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN THE CITY

And Towns of the Province—Celestial Gossip—Moncton Society—Woodstock Whispers—St. Stephen Sayings.

I had the honor of attending an entirely feminine picnic the other day. We wanted to have a real good time, you know, and in the gentlemen's presence we can't climb fences with half the agility, nor would it be considered the correct thing to hang collars and cuffs on a tree until we are ready for civilization again. It had been arranged that the best elocutionist of the party should read some interesting story (I think *Lucile* was selected) while the others reclined under the trees and enjoyed themselves generally. I don't know what could have happened our elocutionist—probably she was among the number who at once removed their shoes and became absorbed in the levelling of the heels by means of pen-knives and flat sticks. At all events *Lucile* did not receive much attention, but *PROGRESS* did. Oh, yes, they all professed great admiration for *PROGRESS* and declared themselves quite impatient for next Saturday's issue. But imagine my chagrin when some manifested a desire to see the town-tattle column a vast improvement on last week's. They then spoke of "Typewriter's" letter from the Boston *Transcript* and discussed her and their own ideas of women and work. During their debate I was surprised to learn how many of our girls really earn their own pin-money. And here I wish to apologize to these young ladies for having credited them with extravagant waste of time that I now know to be fully and profitably occupied; how, I shall relate at some other time, for I must now jot down the other items of interest gleaned at this same picnic, viz:

Miss Fannie Scammell, of New York, is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. McNair is among us again for a few weeks. She is at her father's (Mr. Cruikshank) residence, Queen square.

The many friends of Mr. Bois DeVeber, jr., are delighted to see his jovial face once more and only regret that his stay is to be so limited.

Those who wish to witness a very pretty wedding should walk over to Fairville Methodist church, July 3rd.

Mrs. William Hazen and family are spending the summer at Rothesay, as are also Mr. and Mrs. M. Mackay and Messrs. Lawton, Murray, Miller and others whose names I have forgotten.

Progressive euchre and donkey parties having had their day, the question now is, how are we to entertain our friends?

Boston's latest idea is "conversations." Each lady wears a corsage bouquet. As the gentlemen arrive, they are presented with a card bearing the names of the flowers worn by the ladies. At a signal the gentlemen converse with the ladies who correspond with the name first on the card. Each one is allowed three minutes. When the list is exhausted the ladies write the names of the best and poorest conversationalists on a slip of paper, the head one receiving the first prize and the poorest the booby. It is doubtless very entertaining, but if tried in St. John I'm afraid it will be difficult indeed to decide on the winner of first prize.

A pleasant party called at Mrs. Morton's, Tuesday evening, and congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Morton upon the tenth anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Arch Milligan celebrated the fifth anniversary of their marriage Wednesday evening. Their numerous friends wish them to see the 50th reminder of that happy event.

Miss Maud Russell goes to Halifax this week to visit friends for a few weeks.

Mrs. Fred. Burpee and Miss Katie Burpee arrived home Wednesday afternoon. They have been absent more than a year on the continent. Mr. Burpee met them at New York and accompanied them home.

St. Paul's Sabbath school will give us a pleasing entertainment about the first of July. The four seasons will be represented by four different booths, where refreshments and useful as well as fancy articles will be disposed of by the teachers and scholars in attendance.

I hope the ladies won't mind my making a few observations on the too lavish use of perfumes, especially in a room or hall crowded as the Institute was by the throng of people who went to see and enjoy the delightful tableaux last week. I was among them, but, alas! for my anticipated enjoyment, seated as I was with a woman on either side who persisted in keeping up a perpetual fan with handkerchiefs that must have come fresh from *rondelita* and *heliotrope* baths. Of course a pleasant odor is always welcome, so long as we don't get too much of it. It is said that Mr. Worth will never undertake the altering of a dress that has been saturated with perfume. I don't blame him. It is an excellent idea the leading modistes are now adopting, of sprinkling some delicate sachet powder between the lining and material of the dress. A gentle hint like this, I'm sure, is quite sufficient for our lady readers; but I might expatiate by the week on men and *hair-ointment*, before they who indulge in it would give the matter a thought. Do you know, I saw one of our soldier boys, at the ball recently given by the 62nd Fusiliers (I hope we may soon enjoy another), who looked the ideal military man, all but the

hair, which actually resembled a mucilage brush, so pasted together were the hairs with some barbarous mixture. But to give a pleasanter wind-up to this olfactory (?) subject, we'll talk of the *pot-pourri* being a delightful acquisition to our drawing-rooms. They can now be procured all ready prepared, so that one does not have to collect the leaves and devote much time to their arrangement. Pretty Japanese jars, filled with the fragrant mixture, may be had for a trifling cost, and one or two in a room give a delicious perfume, if not counteracted by tube roses or lilacs.

"Passing a house on Union street, Monday," writes a lady correspondent, "I saw that the windows were thickly covered with dust. Stopping a moment in amazement at the contrast between the windows and the furniture within, I noticed that someone had written with his finger on the pane the suggestive word, 'DIRT!' I'm laughing over it yet."

A large number of the fair sex assembled at St. Luke's church, Wednesday morning, to witness the marriage of Mr. Robert Lamb, of St. Andrews, and Miss Lizzie Rowan, of Bridge road. The bride was attired in a most becoming travelling costume of terra-cotta. After breakfast at the bride's home, Mr. and Mrs. Lamb left for St. Andrews.

Last Thursday evening a most enjoyable and instructive two hours were spent by the Half-Hour Reading club, at the residence of Mr. Charles Kinnear. Interesting essays on Thackeray were read by Mrs. J. E. B. McCready and Miss Elder. This club is proving a success in many ways. Its principal object is to develop a taste for the higher standard of reading. The members are supposed to devote half an hour each day to the reading of books, which they keep an account of, and at the end of the year the prize is awarded the one who has read the best selection.

Thursday evening appears to have been set apart for the festivities of the week. Besides a number of public entertainments, parties, receptions, etc., kept the coaches and carriages busy, flying to and from the different hospitable residences. A merry party gathered at "the Ferns" on Bay shore, where a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The asylum also presented a very gay appearance, while Mrs. Steeves and her daughters entertained a large number of their friends. It would be difficult to imagine a prettier scene. All the youth and beauty of St. John seemed to have assembled in the large room devoted to dancing. Some of the dresses worn by the ladies were really lovely. The only shadow that fell over this entertainment was when the few small hours compelled the guests to bid adieu to their charming hostess.

Mrs. Mont. McDonald and family are rusticated at Westfield.

I wish I were at liberty to tell you of a not-yet-announced engagement between one of our young men and a young lady not a great number of miles from the city. It might prove the most interesting item told by

WHAT CURED HER.

She had suffered with the phthisis, and had taken tons of physic, and whole barrels of bitters, and whole loads of nauseous pills; She'd been troubled with miasma, and all choked up with the asthma, And been shaken for a month or two with ague and the chills; She had had the yellow fever, of which nothing could relieve her, And the rheumatism lamed her so she could not go about; And she groaned with tonsillitis and the most acute bronchitis, And she suffered endless tortures from the twinges of the gout. She had tried old-school physicians, Christian scientists, doctors, magicians, Indian doctors, electricians, and magnetic healers all, And drank tons of nauseous liquor, but grew ever sicker and sicker— And they got the undertaker to prepare her shroud and pall. Then great auction sales of laces advertised in various places Caught her feverish eye, one morning—and she leaped up sound and well! She shook off death's stiffening rigor, and with most emphatic vigor She grabbed her husband's pocket-book and rushed down town pell-mell.

—Toronto Telegram.

CELESTIAL GOSSIP.

FREDERICTON, June 21.—Mr. and Mrs. McNutt, Mrs. Fletcher, Dr. Fletcher (mother and brother of Mrs. McNutt) and Miss Bailey went to Grand Falls last Friday and returned Monday. This was the first time the majority of the party had visited the falls, and they expressed themselves as being very much pleased with the scenery. The weather was all that could be desired for such a trip.

The first train went across the new railway bridge, Wednesday morning, with a large party of ladies and gentlemen on board. All seemed to enjoy the novelty very much, in spite of a little fear and trembling among the fair sex.

Prof. Roberts has returned to Windsor, leaving his two little sons at the rectory for a few weeks.

Mrs. Gilmor Brown has been holding a reception the first three afternoons of this week. Her friends, Miss Temple and Miss Wetmore received with her. She wore, the afternoon I called, a cream-colored dress, with a handsome black spotted lisse overdress; ornaments, diamonds. Cake and wine were offered to the visitors, and

those who took wine drank to the health and happiness of the happy couple. The bride was charming, both in appearance and manner. Mr. and Mrs. Brown went to St. John today to spend a few days.

There was a five o'clock tea at the residence of Mrs. Judge Fisher, Wednesday afternoon, and a large evening party at the residence of Mayor Hazen, on St. John street, Wednesday evening.

Mr. Rob. Randolph left this city Tuesday morning for Boston. He will also be present at the commencement of Mount Holyoke seminary—where his sister, Miss Nellie, attends school—which takes place today. He and Miss Nellie will return home Saturday.

Mrs. Todd has returned to her home in St. Stephen, accompanied by Miss Bessie Jack, who will spend some weeks in that town. Miss Todd remained in Fredericton; she is at present visiting at Government house.

Tuesday was reception day at Government house, but as Lady Tilley was very much engaged making final arrangements for the opening of the Victoria hospital, she did not receive.

Mr. George A. Haggerty, mechanical railway superintendent at McAdam Junction, has presented the Victoria hospital with a very neat fountain, which has been placed between the front entrance and the gate. It adds very much to the attractive appearance of the place.

Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe has returned home from St. Stephen. They moved into their new residence on King street Monday. Her mother, Mrs. Eaton, being much better, has gone to Boston to consult an oculist. She will return by the way of Fredericton, where she will spend a few weeks with Mrs. Edgecombe.

Mr. R. S. F. Randolph, of Digby, spent a day this week with his brother, Mr. A. F. Randolph, at Frogmore.

Mr. Chas. Bramble was in the city this week, from Doak settlement.

The Chantauquans had their last meeting for this year, Monday evening. They expect to have their annual picnic next Monday if the day should prove favorable. It is not yet decided just where they will have it.

There will be a large party at the residence of Dr. Bailey, Friday evening.

STELLA.

MONCTON SOCIETY.

MONCTON, June 20.—Much obliged, *PROGRESS*, for the assurance conveyed in your last letter that your interest in the cricketers' fair equals mine, and I gladly comply with your request to tell you the result of that second meeting at the "Brunswick." Well, the sub-committee had worked hard all week, and Friday's meeting was to hear the reports and make final plans. The soliciting committee reported that on their canvass of the entire town they had not had a refusal. That shows what the people are ready to do for "our boys." I again regret to write you that all my news is second hand, for though there was an addition of two extra gentlemen at this meeting, I was not one of them. Please, *PROGRESS*, explain if you can, why they invited "Jack" and left me in the cold? However, it was better they did. I would have felt badly (being naturally shy) at the remarks made about me. One lady said, "Now I propose that we each make affidavit to the effect that we are not the correspondent of *PROGRESS*." Another said, "Let us close the doors, and try it possible to keep a report of this meeting out of *PROGRESS*." While a third voice despairingly remarked, "But it will get there all the same"; and to all these and several other proposals the doctor cheerfully remarked, "Just so, just so." Well, it was at last decided to open the fair July 10, and keep it open three nights, and the amount of amusement they are going to give each one for the small sum of 10 cents, will fill the heart of the beholder with joy. I will give up my nightly cigar and so swell the proceeds. No doubt they will have a crowded house each night, for the Monctonians know a good thing when they see it. In fact the way we have grown so wealthy is by getting more than our money's worth every time, and all who attend the coming bazaar will, I am sure, be more than repaid. But *recessus a nos moutons*, there is one more plan I must tell you of. Now promise me, *PROGRESS*, that you will consider as being told *sub rosa*.

What do you think of the idea of ending the fair with a Poverty ball? Not the old fashioned kind that they spell "poverty." It is quite French, spelled you notice with an *ie*. This kind is all the rage now. Yes, that is what they have decided on as a pleasant windup; and as all the committees are so energetic in this good cause, it will be a success. Down in Ally's drug store, last evening, the "Twilight coterie" decided the name would suit the condition of the boys' pockets after three nights at the bazaar.

Every one goes fishing, now-a-days. Mr. Dykes Robb, I. C. R., had a most successful trip last week. Mr. George Ryan, Botsford street, has been doing all the trout streams around with great luck, too, bringing them home by the dozen; but the best report comes from a professional man, who tells that in an hour he caught four dozen trout, only one weighing less than a pound. Now, what are you smiling at? Remember *ilium fuit*; so go thou and do likewise.

Continued on Eighth Page.

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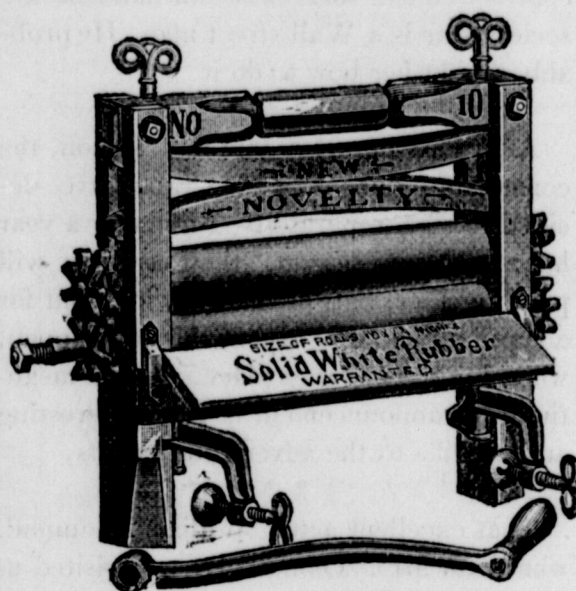
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