

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

MARY'S GOSSIPY LETTER ON MANY TOPICS.

Moncton Society, Celestial Gossip, Woodstock Whispers and News from All Quarters.

My DEAR JANET: I see that the arrival of the "woman's rights" lady in Woodtown has stirred your wrath to a tremendous extent; you already appear to see all Canada converted to the propaganda of this "great movement." Now I shall really have to remind you of your oft repeated warnings to me against "mistaking the temporary freaks of one's neighbors for the expression of wide spread conviction." Now, my dear old Hypatia, not an echo of the thunders of your Woodtown orator has reached St. John, and I expect that when that excitable lady comes here (it she ever does), Woodtown will have forgotten all about her, and the impression she makes here will be as local and temporary as it was in Woodtown. What do we want to go into parliament for? Truly, as you say, we have lots of chance to talk nonsense without our getting, (or trying to get) the poor country to pay us for making a business of it.

No! I don't read the newspapers very much; they have hardly anything in them now-a-days, except base ball and politics. Besides, I read a book the other day that said that if people were to devote half the time they give to newspapers to learning a language, or something like that, they'd—well, they'd learn something more interesting than "league jottings."

But to return to the main subject of your letter. It's bad enough for people to think that men were made for politics instead of politics for the convenience of men, without extending the theory and practice to women, too. If the devouring monsters of politics and business are allowed to swallow us, too, there will be positively no one left to cultivate the art of happiness, or to make life a little bit musical. I can almost forgive Plato his horrible caricature of women—as a sort of second-rate men—just for his delightful suggestion about life moving onward to a kind of musical rhythm.

Dancing is a sort of echo of this idea. Everybody ought to learn to dance, just on that account. With the Greeks, dancing gained a sort of dignity from its relation with religious festivals; and later on, when our own people still believed in taking the trouble to cultivate the graces of life, dancing had a kind of solemnity. The minuet was beautiful, but who would take the trouble to learn it now!

I'm glad you like *Donovan*. I don't wonder you're fascinated with "Dot." How prettily the recollection of "Dot" is continued through the book, her little fox terrier acting as a sort of connecting link between herself and the little girl who is destined to become *Donovan's* sister-in-law.

Edna Lyall is evidently very fond of dogs. She even talks of her favorite parson, Charles Osmond, as having *doglike* eyes. And the conduct of the famous terrier sometimes makes one half inclined to think that Edna Lyall is a bit of a Buddhist, and wishes to represent this singularly sympathetic dog as the possessor of poor little *Dot's* soul. Poor *Donovan*, one is sorry to part with him at the end of this book, and very glad to find in *We Two* that Mrs. *Donovan* is as nice as she ought to be.

Of course, you have seen by the papers that the wedding we have been looking forward to with the usual amount of excitement took place on Wednesday evening, at the Stone church. There were not very many invited guests, as, with the exception of one or two intimate friends of the bride, only the relatives of Mr. and Mrs. *Turnbull* were present. This was rather a disappointment, for, I think, very often it is almost as interesting to look at the variety of dresses among the guests as anything else. The bride's dress was very handsome—satin and moire, trimmed with orange blossoms, and she, as well as the bridesmaids, carried a most exquisite bouquet. Her travelling dress was dark green cloth. The groom's present to each of the bridesmaids was a pretty gold pin, in the shape of a four-leaved clover.

The 24th was a beautiful day here, and nearly everyone seemed to take advantage of the holiday to go out of town. There were picnics of all sizes and kinds. Of course the base ball matches attracted a great many to the cricket grounds in the morning, and in the evening King square was crowded with people, enjoying the music of the City Cornet band.

When I suggested that you should make your tennis dress with a blouse waist, I did not mean an ordinary sailor waist. I agree with you in thinking one is apt to get tired of them when so many wear them. I meant an English blouse—just a gathered basque made without lining, and worn with a belt; they generally come below the belt about six inches in front and a little shorter behind, and are plainly hemmed round. Sometimes they are gathered round the top next the collar in three or four rows of shirring, or else they are gathered only in the middle of the front and back in one row just below the collar. The backs have a narrow side torn, but the fronts are full and straight. Some people are making these blouses of pale blue or any light-colored surah to wear

at home with black or cream lace dresses. A sailor hat or a pretty white "Tam" is the prettiest and most comfortable thing for a girl to play tennis in, I think.

What are to be your club colors? You must give me a full description of your opening day. I see that a few of the girls are again wearing *bretelles*, and another pretty fashion is the wearing of a velvet dog collar around which are set tiny pointed loops of picot ribbon. Down both sides of the front and back of the bodice are arranged velvet ribbon *bretelles*, edged in the same way with pointed loops.—I am sorry I can't tell you of any very new waltzes. "Dorothy," "Katrina," "My Love" and "The Maid of the Mill" are about the last I have heard.

MONCTON SOCIETY.

MONCTON, May 23.—Do you know, *PROGRESS*, these innocent little letters of mine are creating a great deal of curiosity here, and that I am the victim of a great many unkind remarks? For instance, on Saturday afternoon, after *PROGRESS* had been circulated to a large extent on the streets, I happened to overhear a conversation between one of our fair maidens and one of our most promising young merchants. They were leaving a fruit store. He had treated. She said, "I love bananas, and I would eat these on the street in a minute; but I am sure if I do that horrid correspondent of *PROGRESS* will have me in next week."

I think I told you last week of a wedding we were to have this week. Well, I was mistaken. The professional man to whom I referred says it is not quite so soon; he has not engaged the house till the first of June. However, my announcement has brought out the fact that another professional man is thinking of matrimony. It is a lawyer, this time; and, I regret to say, he has passed over *Moncton's* fair ones, and travels St. John-ward in search of a life partner. We grant you forgiveness, Frank (because we have learned you were spoken for long ere you came to *Moncton*), and drink *a votre saute*; but the girls rejoice that the doctor is still eligible.

I never write that word but it reminds me of a very good thing I once heard in regard to an I. C. R. official, who shall be nameless. A certain lady in town in speaking of him said, "I consider him very *legible*," to which her companion (one of those nasty men) remarked truthfully, "He certainly is remarkably plain."

The *Moncton* ladies expect to make a grand rally about the first of July, when a bazaar will be held for the benefit of the Cricket club. Dr. McCully, as captain of the club, has been calling on his fair friends and asking their aid, which, I am sure, they were pleased to give. The real old-fashioned bazaar has become a thing of the past; it doesn't pay. Now, doctor, let me make a suggestion: why not make the affair "a fair of nations," and have it open on the first day of July? I have been informed it was a decided financial success in St. John; and if the St. John ladies could make money out of one, I would stake unlimited capital (if I had it) that the *Moncton* ladies can do the same.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. de Wolfe Spurr were charmed to see them in town last week. Mrs. Spurr (Mrs. Robertson), when we knew her best, was one of our most charming matrons. I remember the boys used to envy her son his mother, and the girls were never satisfied with a new dress till her excellent taste had pronounced it good. St. John owes *Moncton* a return.

I regret to know that Miss Estey leaves town this week for an indefinite visit to her old home. I had almost fancied her a *Monctonian* by this time, and hope she may soon return.

It is a settled fact now that Rev. Mr. Hogg will go to Winnipeg. There is a great deal of sorrow in the congregation at his decision. Mr. Hogg has worked up a large congregation; was the moving spirit in the building of that handsome church, the finest in town; and has won the esteem of all classes; while Mrs. Hogg will long occupy a corner in the hearts of all her old *Moncton* friends. Their eldest daughter, Miss Ina, will remain in Halifax for two years, as a student of Dalhousie college. We wish them all *bon voyage* and God-speed.

I have also to announce the departure of Rev. Mr. Crisp. *Moncton* seems unfortunate this year in losing such popular ministers. Mr. Crisp has proved himself a zealous worker in all good causes, and will be deeply missed by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. His successor, Mr. Campbell, comes to us with a high record; so with best wishes we will speed the parting and welcome the coming guest.

By the by, *PROGRESS*, did I tell you of the fact that Queen street had a genuine surprise the other day? "Jack" was out working, working hard (on the tennis lawn); but don't smile, *PROGRESS*; big results have sometimes small beginnings, and using a lawn mower is both healthful and exhilarating, when one's best girl is watching with words of approval from the verandah steps.

Dr. and Mrs. Baxter and Master Gordon have returned home. They failed to see any improvement in Boston weather over *Moncton*. In fact, the rain was so incessant that they were obliged to return a week earlier than they expected, and have quite decided that the Hub is the scene of

the next deluge. *Appropos*, will your readers forgive here an almanac conundrum, that seems to fit in: "Why was Noah considered a good financier? Because he successfully floated a limited company, when all the rest of the world was in liquidation."

Miss Thomson and Miss Holstead, two of our most pleasing young ladies, leave today to spend the 24th in St. John.

Miss Phoebe Chandler, youngest daughter of Dr. H. A. Chandler, was in town last week. I regret to know she is not at all well, and sincerely hope her stay in Dorchester may prove beneficial. When there she will visit her uncle, Mr. George Chandler.

The residents of Alma street are glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Butcher to east end. Mr. Butcher, who is such a popular bank manager, has taken that pretty place recently occupied by Mr. Evans. In addition to his other merits, Mr. Butcher shines as an actor of no mean order. He has already successfully managed two plays, and is now getting one ready for the boards, the object in view being aid for St. George's church. Mr. Butcher has an able assistant in Mrs. Butcher, who is a most charming little actress, and took the house by storm on her last appearance on the amateur stage. Many professionals have a much poorer record.

Mrs. Fred Proctor has returned home, after a visit to Halifax of some length. Her friends are glad to welcome her back.

Arbor Day was quite a successful affair. A great many trees were planted, and the ardor lingers, for even today I noticed a number being planted on some of the streets, notably Botsford, the residents making the appearance of that street a personal matter.

LYNN.

CELESTIAL GOSSIP.

FREDERICTON, May 23.—Mrs. and Miss Temple are in New York, where they will remain until after Miss Scovill's wedding, which takes place June 5. Rumor says Miss Temple will very soon follow the example of her friend.

Mrs. Winslow, who has been visiting her son, Mr. Byron Winslow, will return to her home in Woodstock this week.

Many of our young people are availing themselves of the excellent opportunity of learning to converse in French and German, by the method of the Berlitz school. All express themselves as being much pleased with this new system.

The one excitement in social circles, this week, is the university sports.

Preparations are being made for building a handsome brick residence on the corner of York and George streets, to be occupied by Mr. J. J. Weddall.

Mrs. Hunter and her daughter have given up housekeeping and are boarding at Mrs. Smith's, on the corner of Brunswick and Westmorland streets.

A little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Edgecomb is very ill at their residence on King street.

Miss Maggie Ellis, of Carleton, is visiting Miss Babbitt of this city.

Miss Gertrude and Miss Grace Skinner, from St. John, are here for the sports. Miss Gertrude is the guest of Miss Mira Randolph, Frogmoor, and Miss Grace of Miss Maggie Allen, King street.

There will be several private picnics on Thursday; one will be on the grounds of Mr. Phillips, Beech Mount.

Dr. Bailey, of the N. B. University, will read a paper at the Royal Society of Canada, now in session at Ottawa.

May 26.—Judge and Mrs. Steadman and Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Randolph went to St. John Wednesday to attend the wedding of Miss Turnbull.

Harry Chestnut, son of Mr. Henry Chestnut, is very ill at his home on Charlotte street.

The first game of lawn tennis for this season was played Thursday afternoon in the officers' square, a number of ladies and gentlemen taking part.

Mr. Temple, M. P., is expected home in a few days from Ottawa.

A number of young ladies and gentlemen are enjoying these beautiful moonlight nights out on the river in their canoes.

The tree-planting in our streets is missed this spring, but no doubt there is plenty of time between this and the next revolution.

STELLA.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERS.

WOODSTOCK, May 24.—The finest residence in this county is unquestionably that of L. P. Fisher, Esq., which is pleasantly situated on Main street north. This spring the grounds are being considerably improved by setting new hedges, planting flowers and trees, &c. Mrs. Fisher has one of the finest collections of roses to be seen anywhere.

The time is at hand when the changes are made in the pastorates of the Methodist churches. In Woodstock it is understood that Rev. T. J. Dienstadt is to be succeeded by Rev. Job Shenton. Mr. Dienstadt has been a hard and faithful worker, and his labor has not been in vain. The church will greatly miss Mrs. Dienstadt, who has taken a very active and useful part in church work. She has been a leader in many undertakings for the interest of the congregation, and an able assistant in all.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

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