

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

DEAD BUT NOT MOURNED.

THE CITY CLUB OF MONCTON WITH THE THINGS OF THE PAST.

It Seems to Have Expired Through Lack of Vitality—Why No Tears are Shed Because of Its Fate—Its Record as Regards Some Well Known Dogs.

For some months past it has been reported, with a degree of mystery rather difficult to understand, that the far famed Moncton City Club, known to its intimate friends and regular patrons as the "Tanacada" was no more.

It is almost impossible to obtain any particulars of the demise as no one seems anxious to spread the tidings; and the probability is, that posterity will be deprived of any authentic record of the last moments of one of Moncton's most famous institutions.

But alas, there can be no mistake now, the club is cold and dead; it is not even beautiful in death, and as the cause of its departure from this life is tolerably well known to have been inanition it would be idle to go through the form of an inquest.

However, the Club is dead, and therefore it has expiated its sins and earned the right to be leniently dealt with. Its existence was brief, but its short life has not been by any means barren of results; and though truth compels its biographer to confess that it was neither a particularly high class institution nor yet as famous as the "Author's Club, London, for the numbers of brilliant men who have graduated from its walls, yet it was well known in its own peculiar way, and it looks heartless to let it pass out of existence unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

From the first, the "Tanacada" was scarcely seemed to be what the Scotch call "Canny." It appeared to have a baleful influence upon all who belonged to it, and to exercise a certain malevolent power over all who came in contact with it, which even extended to the four-footed members, whose names have already been marked out for deathless fame, in the columns of PROGRESS.

The other day, I called to see Mr. Wilbur, I found him in the buckwheat field working away loading the grain. "I feel first-rate," says he, "why should I not. I never robbed or killed a man, and have not a guilty conscience."

Perhaps it is as well that the Tanacada did not have a public funeral but was buried like Mr. John Moore, "darkly at dead of night," because its general sermon would have been a difficult one to preach if due regard was paid to the good old Latin rule "DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM."

Many Times a Winner. A reader of PROGRESS in Halifax writes in reference to the article of its correspondent in a recent issue on yachting matters and combats the mistaken idea that Mr. Fred H. Murray, who has always taken such an interest in aquatic matters, is unlucky in races.

Of course there are two sides to every question, and the doctrine that the end justifies the means may be the true doctrine after all.

writes that Mr. Murray did not win a single race with the Lenore last year, for a reference to the books of the Royal Nova Scotia squadron for 1892 will show that the Lenore beat the Youla four times during the season; on July 9th when she crossed the finish line three minutes ahead of her in a match race; on August 6th and August 20th when the Youla was again defeated by the same yacht.

WOODSTOCK HAS THE SCOTCH ACT.

Some of the Results—How a Well Known Hotel Keeper Enjoys Himself.

WOODSTOCK, Sep. 27.—The attempts to enforce the Scott Act, or "Scotch Act" as it is sometimes called by the unlearned, (though why the Scotch, not especially an inventive people should be saddled with the initiation of this unique piece of legislation remains to be shown) are spasmodic and apologetic instead of regular and firm.

A gentleman rejoicing in the classic cognomen of Maxon a superintendent of a Sunday school did some swearing a short while ago, which led to the fixing of certain individuals for the illegal sale of liquor. The Scott Act people go on the principle that the end justifies the means.

About a year ago a genial, half-fellow-well-met chap was around Woodstock. He took drinks with all who would drink, and no doubt went in for other moderate vices. But there came a day when the various violators of the Scott Act were sorry that they ever beheld his genial countenance, for it turned out that the jolly good fellow was a Boston detective, hired by the Scott Act people to inform on those who sold him liquor.

The other day, I called to see Mr. Wilbur, I found him in the buckwheat field working away loading the grain. "I feel first-rate," says he, "why should I not. I never robbed or killed a man, and have not a guilty conscience."

Then we were off again sitting straddle legs on the engine, on we went like lightning though, strange to say, the treasurer had his grip sack and was quietly scanning the documents of his office among which were quite a quantity of his quaint cough lozenge "ads" of which on occasions of this kind he always has a bountiful supply.

There are two other reputable citizens who are living a life of purgatory, looking forward to going through the same ordeal as Mr. Wilbur. It is not pleasant to have the prospect of two months in gaol hanging over one, and as the present prisoner can well say, the anticipation is really worse than the reality.

Of course there are two sides to every question, and the doctrine that the end justifies the means may be the true doctrine after all.

DONE BY OLD MORPHEUS.

THOUGH IT READS LIKE SOMETHING DUE TO OLD JAMAICA.

Leaves from an Old Journal of an Active Temperance Worker in Nova Scotia—A Dream Which Almost Had Snakes in It, and Certainly Had a Moral.

[The following old time reminiscence from a prominent temperance worker, now resident in Dartmouth, N. S., will interest many residents in that province. It is no breach of confidence to state that one of the party described was Mr. Henry G. Taylor, who was grand treasurer of the Sons of Temperance for a number of years, and another was "Pat" Monagan, as he was formerly called, who was grand scribe of the same body.—Ed. PROGRESS.]

Sometime before the railroad was finished between Windsor and Kentville the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance held a session at the latter place. Among those present were the venerable Dr. Cramp and the Rev. Dr. Tupper, father of Sir Charles Tupper. On the last evening of the session we held a public meeting which was largely attended.

After the meeting we bade farewell to our friends, and started for Windsor, a jocular crowd. We had hardly got two miles on our way when the rain began to fall in large drops. Presently it came down in torrents, and not being prepared with rubber coats, in a very short time we were drenched to the skin, and by the time we got to Windsor, we were wet as ducks.

On our arriving at the hotel, the landlord, seeing our condition, put on a rousing fire in the stove, and hung our dripping garments on every available spot where they were likely to dry. Nearly all sat round the stove. In a little time the writer began to experience the soothing influences of "Old Morpheus," and in a short time was utterly oblivious to all surrounding manifestations.

It is even quite open to doubt whether Helen and Cleopatra were fairer than any average pretty woman of to-day. If Helen (assuming that she ever existed) was the cause of a long and sanguinary war, it was more through incidental complications than for the primary object of getting possession of her.

It is even quite open to doubt whether Helen and Cleopatra were fairer than any average pretty woman of to-day. If Helen (assuming that she ever existed) was the cause of a long and sanguinary war, it was more through incidental complications than for the primary object of getting possession of her.

It is even quite open to doubt whether Helen and Cleopatra were fairer than any average pretty woman of to-day. If Helen (assuming that she ever existed) was the cause of a long and sanguinary war, it was more through incidental complications than for the primary object of getting possession of her.

It is even quite open to doubt whether Helen and Cleopatra were fairer than any average pretty woman of to-day. If Helen (assuming that she ever existed) was the cause of a long and sanguinary war, it was more through incidental complications than for the primary object of getting possession of her.

It is even quite open to doubt whether Helen and Cleopatra were fairer than any average pretty woman of to-day. If Helen (assuming that she ever existed) was the cause of a long and sanguinary war, it was more through incidental complications than for the primary object of getting possession of her.

It is even quite open to doubt whether Helen and Cleopatra were fairer than any average pretty woman of to-day. If Helen (assuming that she ever existed) was the cause of a long and sanguinary war, it was more through incidental complications than for the primary object of getting possession of her.

FURS. FURS. FURS.

In our fur department we are now making a GRAND DISPLAY of most fashionable Furs for the coming season. SEALSKIN JACKETS and CAPES A SPECIALTY. SEALSKIN

For its undoubted beauty and fast growing scarcity takes first place in popular favor. Jackets this season have all Storm Collars, and some Butterfly Capes. Sleeves are only moderately full at top, but are made very wide to admit easily the full, deep sleeve. We have in stock Jackets, 30 inch, 36 inch, and 40 inch deep, at last year's prices.

ASTRACHAN JACKETS are made in the same style as the seal. Our Jackets are all made from reliable skins and are well shaped. FUR CAPES

are mostly worn from 18 inches to 36 inches deep, having flat blocked shoulders. Many of the most stylish have the full Collarettes, in addition to storm collar, in Astrachan, Persian Lamb, Black Marten, Greenland Seal, Grey Lamb, Beaver, Alaska, Seal, Etc., Etc.

FUR COLLARS, COLLARETTES AND RUFFS in every variety of FUR and in newest shapes. FUR LININGS, FUR TRIMMING and SKINS for Cloak and Dress Trimmings; any width or shape cut to order. FUR LINED CLOAKS in medium and full lengths. Among the newest shapes will be found the COLUMBIA and PRINCESS MAY, the leading shapes for season 1893 and 1894.

FUR LINED CLOAKS and SEAL JACKETS made to order or reshipped to latest fashion.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, - - - ST. JOHN.

share of the horrid work, snatching poor widows, heart-broken mothers, and fatherless children, which were hustled among the sleepers, there to meet the fate of those before them.

At last there was a sudden halt, the locomotive gave a lurch and I felt I was falling off when a hand grasped me by the shoulders and aroused me. I found the landlord was awakening up the sleepers, I looked up and observed the grand scribe and treasurer. They were at a table, examining the hat of the former, which in his somnolent state, had come in contact with the lamp and burnt a large hole in its rim.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BEAUTY. The Theory That There Are More Handsome Women Than In Old Times.

It is the question, "Who was the most beautiful woman who ever lived?" were put to a hundred average men, it is probable that about 90 per cent. would reply, "Helen of Troy," "Cleopatra," or some one of the many heroines of antiquity. It is so difficult to formulate any standard by which we can measure the comparative degrees of beauty possessed by those in past and present times, that the verdict of two or three thousand years ago is still accepted by many without considering whether or not, to use a sporting phrase, "the record has been broken."

But whatever may be the relative position of those and their more modern rivals, there is every reason to believe that the average standard of feminine beauty has been steadily advancing. There have always been and always will be, individual cases of phenomenal beauty, just as solitary genius appears in the world regardless of the conditions under which it exists and of the general rise and fall of education and opportunity. The talent of a community may be materially raised, but it is impossible to regulate its genius. So it is with beauty; the average can be raised, but the phenomenal are irresponsible and unaccountable.

It is even quite open to doubt whether Helen and Cleopatra were fairer than any average pretty woman of to-day. If Helen (assuming that she ever existed) was the cause of a long and sanguinary war, it was more through incidental complications than for the primary object of getting possession of her.

It is even quite open to doubt whether Helen and Cleopatra were fairer than any average pretty woman of to-day. If Helen (assuming that she ever existed) was the cause of a long and sanguinary war, it was more through incidental complications than for the primary object of getting possession of her.

It is even quite open to doubt whether Helen and Cleopatra were fairer than any average pretty woman of to-day. If Helen (assuming that she ever existed) was the cause of a long and sanguinary war, it was more through incidental complications than for the primary object of getting possession of her.

It is even quite open to doubt whether Helen and Cleopatra were fairer than any average pretty woman of to-day. If Helen (assuming that she ever existed) was the cause of a long and sanguinary war, it was more through incidental complications than for the primary object of getting possession of her.

BOYS:

REEFERS, OVERCOATS, SUITS,

HALF PRICE.

for one week—commencing Saturday, Sept. 30, we will sell all the odd Boys' Suits Overcoats and Reefers, at half what they are marked. They are "Plums" for every mother that wishes to get a winter's outfit for her boy cheap.

You can call this sale, "cleaning out for new goods to arrive,"—or "old stock," or "foolishness," whatever you like, but here are the suits, and here we are to stand by them. Your money back if you wish.

OAK HALL, King St., Corner German St. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., ST. JOHN.

FRIENDS, NOT LOVERS.

Can a Young Man and Woman Manage to sustain that Relation?

Walter Besant has been answering the old question, "Why cannot men and women become friends?" His first answer is that they can; that they do; that they have become friends, then he cites Mme. du Defland and Horace Walpole, Mlle. Lespasse and D'Alembert, but adds Mme. du Defland was past fifty, and blind, when she made a friend of Horace Walpole. The friendship of men was necessary to her; it was what survived of her love making.

"I am not so sure," he continues, "that friendship is possible between two young people of opposite sex. One knows perfectly well what will be said—cannot two persons become friends without the tie being broken or spoiled by the intervention of that other passion? Well, you see it is always present as a possibility; as a disturbing element."

He speaks of the colleges in America where the young man and woman sit on the same benches to study or listen to lectures, and pass the same examinations, but have not succeeded in creating a new atmosphere of friendship or Platonic love. "There are" he argues, "so many obstacles interposed by society, by convention, even by nature, to this kind of friendship. The young man and the young woman who want to be friends cannot; they must not be seen too much together; they must not travel together; they cannot enjoy perfect freedom of conversation because there are many subjects quite proper for either alone, but tacitly forbidden between the two."

"A young man shall find, if you like in a woman much older than himself, a charming, kind, and sympathetic friend—it is the very best kind of a friend that a young man can find; or an old man may find a woman much younger than himself to keep alive in him the waning fire of courage and self-reliance. But that a young man should find an equal woman who would become to him an equal comrade as another man might be, entering into his views and requiring him also to enter into her own views on equal terms, that kind of equal alliance and friendship I do not ever expect to find between the youth and the maiden."

He Smoked the First Meerschaum.

The man who smoked the first meerschaum pipe was a shoemaker, Kavol Kowates, who, in 1728, lived at Pesth, the capital of Hungary. Besides being a shoemaker, however, he was one of Nature's handicraftsmen, being gifted with an intuitive genius for carving in wood and other material. This brought him into contact with Count Andrassy, with whom he became a great favorite. The Count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity, on account of its extraordinary

light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Kavol cut a pipe for the Count and one for himself. This first meerschaum pipe, made and smoked by Kavol Kowates, has been preserved in the Museum at Pesth.

To Suit the Occasion.

General Ogle, when submitting a letter for approval by the Pennsylvania Legislature, which he had addressed on their behalf to the newly-elected President, General Andrew Jackson, was interrupted by a dapper little fellow from Philadelphia thus: "Pardon me, General; I do not wish to assume to make a suggestion to so distinguished a gentleman as yourself, but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary in the East, and I may say in almost all the civilized countries of Europe, to write a capital, 'I' instead of the small 'i' in using this personal pronoun in epistolary correspondence."

General Ogle drew down his heavy brows, piercing the dandy's marrow with the fierce shaft of scorn that shot from his eye. "Sir," said he, beginning with a hiss and ending with a roar, "when I write to such a man as General Andrew Jackson, Democratic President of the United States, I abuse myself, sir; I use as small an 'i' as I can put on paper. But, sir, if I should ever get to such a low pitch as to have to write to such a little snipe as you are, I'd use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two pages of foolscap."

Respect Your Husband.

Have you not seen the woman who thinks time lost when she is not talking; who will tell you and every detail of her daily life to the dear friend whom she fondly imagines can become a second self in sympathy? Occasionally they may chatter away for hours with nothing more important under discussion than generalities, but sooner or later comes the slip of the tongue that leads to inevitable mischief. Girls, don't tell all your heart feels even to the lovely friend you acquired at the seashore quite a month ago, and who has since your return to the city been your almost inseparable companion. Wives, remember that no matter how much food for gossip may be found in the telling of your husband's little failings be they ever so many, he is still your husband, and to no one would he speak of you except in terms of praise.

Very Wisely Put.

An Eastern potentate once asked a group of his courtiers which they thought the greater man, himself or his father. At first he could elicit no reply to so dangerous a question. At last a wily old courtier said: "Your father, sire; for though you are equal to your father in all other respects, in this he is superior to you—that he had a greater son than any you have." He was promoted on the spot.