

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

which I will try to immortalize. Miss Minnie Gray, wore a very pretty gown of pale blue muslin with yellow insertion and lace.

Miss Isabel Gray, cream crepon with cream satin and lace.

Miss Maud Conrod, pink cashmere with passa menterie and flowers.

Miss Adelle Bent, looked very pretty in white muslin with white silk.

Miss Matilda Bent, cream muslin with cream silk.

Miss Gene Mitchell wore a becoming gown of cream cashmere with decoration of crease velvet.

Miss Isabel McKay, white cashmere with trim, mings of lace, ribbon and rose.

Miss Eva Grant, garnet silk with garnet veils and white chiffon.

Miss Ella Bowman, white cashmere with lace and swansdown.

Miss Annie M. Graham, scarlet cashmere with black chiffon.

Miss Gertrude Douglas, cream muslin with flowers.

Miss Isabel Graham, pale blue silk, with overdress of black net.

Miss Ray Ross, white cashmere with lace and ribbon.

Miss Tena Green, wore figured chaille with lace.

Miss Dollie McCarther, white nuns veiling with lace.

The "Olio" given Friday evening by the members of the Band of Hope met with an unusually large attendance, the majority being children, the programme was good but simple and varied, it consisted of a cantata, followed by a number of most amusing dialogues; the feature of the evening was "The Bird Carol" in which some of our young whistlers distinguished themselves, at the close of the programme Rev. A. Robertson in a few well chosen remarks, thanked the audience in behalf of the rafter performers, for their kind attention to the rather lengthy programme. Rev. and Mrs. Robertson are to be highly complimented on the perfect success of the Olio which was due entirely to their patient teaching, and good management.

I have this week to tender, an apology to Mrs. George Townsend, of Trenton for the grievous mistake appearing in my last issue, the winter party given by Mrs. Townsend on Friday of last week was a most informal affair, and not intended for "White."

Miss Minnie Hyndman, of Charlottetown, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James F. McLean.

Mr. John J. Roy a student of McGill University Montreal, has returned home, the winter season being concluded; congratulations to Mr. Roy on the successful issue of his exams.

Miss Mary Eastwood entertained her friends very pleasantly Monday evening from 7.30 till 11.30. In the course of the evening selections on the mount organ by Messrs. Harry Grant and G. W. Jackson delighted the assembled guests. Dancing and cards were the other amusements. The dresses worn by the young folks well merit mentioning, but it is not my intention to do so. Those who participated were: Misses Annie C. Fraser, Jennie Eastwood, Jessie Douglas, Laura Smith, Lillie Munroe, Lida Kennedy, Freda Bent, Florence C. Bailey, Ida McKay, Nina Grant, Laura M. Ross, Minnie McGregor, Stella McKenzie, Emma MacDonell, Flossie McKay, Daisy Bell, Bessie McDonald, Sadie Fraser, Jessie Gray, Messrs. Harry Grant, G. W. Jackson, Charles Gray, Hedley MacLean, Louis Eastwood, Vernon Kerr, Will Kerr, Adam Bell, Kenzie McGregor, George Boggs, John Mutch, William Cameron, Stanley Fraser, George McKay and Fred Reid.

Miss Thompson, of Sydney, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Croft, of Charlottetown.

Miss Minerva McIntosh, of Oxford, has resumed her position as milliner at Stiles and Condon's.

Miss Grace Carachuk entertained a few young friends Saturday evening.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the lecture given by Rev. A. Robertson on Thursday evening was very poorly attended; the lecture was most interesting and the subject "Scotland Yet" is one that the speaker proved himself to be a competent master of. We hope to hear it repeated in the near future.

Mr. T. Graham Fraser, left on Tuesday for Halifax.

Mrs. James Carmichael entertained the following ladies with a very enjoyable "Tea" on Tuesday afternoon; Misses De Veeber, Mrs. Andrew Walker, Mrs. James D. McGregor, Mrs. M. W. Fraser, Mrs. F. Fisher Grant, Mrs. John R. Smith, Mrs. Heywood McGregor, Mrs. James Keith, Mrs. S. Earl, Miss Margaret McKay, Miss Anna G. McGregor, Miss Margaret Carmichael, (of Pictou), Mrs. Norman McKay, Mrs. James Eastwood, Miss Margaret McGregor and Miss Carrie Carmichael.

Miss May Agnes Kelly gave a recital in McGregor's hall last evening under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. C. E. It station, was a most interesting and no small tribute and the recital well merited a much larger attendance.

DALHOUSIE.

[Progress is for sale in Dalhousie by A. H. Johnson.]

April 3.—Miss Bessie Stewart has gone to St. John, for a few months.

Rev. H. B. Morris who has been visiting friends in England, for the past few months has returned home.

Miss Lena Barberie very pleasantly entertained a few of her young friends last Tuesday evening. Mrs. Cus. Stewart has returned home from Campbellton.

Mr. Edgar Chandler, of Campbellton, is spending a few days in town, the guest of his uncle Mr. John Barberie.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Hattie Johnson is confined to the house, by a severe cold.

Mrs. H. O'Keefe was the guest of Mrs. Murphy Tuesday.

Miss Maggie D. Vereaux spent Tuesday in town. Miss Sarah Murphy who has been absent several weeks visiting friends in St. John, and Chatham, has returned home.

The many friends of Mr. Andrew Burr, are pleased to see him in town again.

Miss Bert Stewart, of Campbellton, was in town yesterday the guest of her cousin Miss Aggie Stewart.

HARCOURT.

April 3.—Mr. Edward Hannah and bride, of Kingston, were at F. Woods' hotel today returning home from their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wallace Graham were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David D. Johnstone on Monday.

Mr. Charles Fawcett of Sackville spent part of last week in Harcourt.

Mr. James D. Woods left on Thursday for Lynn, Mass.

Mr. James R. Ayer, of Sackville was here for a short time on Friday.

Conciliator Robert Murphy of Bass River was in Harcourt on Monday.

The entertainment in the town hall on Friday evening, by the Harcourt dramatic troupe, was well and deservedly patronized and can bear repetition.

Rev. Mr. Peacock, who has occupied the pulpits of the Presbyterian churches at Harcourt and Mill Branch so acceptably for the past two months, will leave this week for a circuit in Restigouche county.

Mr. J. Harry Wilson, who has been at Kent Junction relieving Mr. J. W. Morton, during the latter's illness, has returned and resumed his duties in Harcourt I. C. E. station.

Mr. Albin McLellan, of Newcastle, has accepted a position in Mr. Ben. McLeod's mercantile establishment.

Misses Lizzie and Minnie Buckley spent Saturday at home and had as their guest Miss Christina Fraser, formerly of Kingston.

ANAGANCE.

April 3.—Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Steeves spent last Friday in Sussex visiting friends.

coasting last Friday night is not yet able to be around.

Miss Bertie Davidson, who was so ill last week is now convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Dunfield are entertaining a few of their friends to a candy party this evening.

Mr. G. H. Davidson, (Station agent), was in St. John last week on business. Mr. J. L. Taylor, of Salisbury, was the operator, who relieved him.

Mr. Dick Gross, of Penobscot, spent last Wednesday in town.

Mosquito.

BATHURST.

[Progress is for sale in Bathurst by Master Joe London.]

April 3.—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. H. Stewart are in St. John visiting friends.

Mrs. P. J. Burns entertained a few ladies at afternoon tea on last Thursday.

We are glad to welcome among us Mrs. O. F. Stacey, of Boston, who I think intends making her home in Bathurst during the summer months. She and her genial husband are quite an acquisition to our society.

Mrs. Wilson, of Halifax, is visiting her niece, Mrs. des Brisay.

During the month of March a host of our young folk male and female have been enjoying delightful tobogganing on "The Island" as early as five o'clock in the morning they may be seen wending their way to the place of fun.

Jacob White is now completing his large store on the corner of St. Patrick's street. He intends moving in about the first of May.

T.

ST. ANDREWS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Andrews by T. R. Wren.]

April 2.—Mr. W. A. Robertson has been visiting Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hanson have been paying a short visit in St. George.

Miss Stevenson entertained a few friends at whist on Thursday evening.

Rev. Mr. Allen preached in the Methodist church on Sunday, while Rev. Mr. C. C. Cullen officiated at St. David's.

Rev. Archibald Gunn is making a short visit in St. Andrews.

Mrs. G. H. Lamb entertained a number of wee people on Wednesday of last week.

The Presbyterian pulpit was filled last Sunday by Rev. Mr. McLean.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Clarke and their little ones spent Sunday of last week in St. Andrews, the guests of Capt. and Mrs. Nelson Clarke.

Mrs. C. H. Munro has joined her husband in Hamilton.

Mr. James Russell, M. P. P., went to Deer island on Tuesday.

Capt. and Mrs. Kent, of Grand Manan, were in town on Thursday, en route for Shubenubee.

Mr. Robert Johnson, of Victoria, B. C., is visiting friends here.

Mr. H. M. Nourse came from Boston last week.

Mr. T. T. Odell has returned from a very pleasant visit to Washington and other cities.

JACK.

HILLSBORO.

[Progress is for sale in Hillsboro at Dr. Marven's Drug store.]

April 2.—Mrs. G. D. Steeves entertained a few friends to tea last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Keith is visiting her sister Mrs. Hayes in St. John.

Mrs. Jas. Scott gave a small but pleasant party last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Steeves and Miss Flo Steeves gave a party last Friday evening. Among the invited guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Lewis, Dr. and Mrs. Marven, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Steeves, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Steeves, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Steeves, Mr. and Mrs. D. Duff, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Duff, Mr. and Mrs. John I. Steeves, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. John Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Watson Steeves, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Edgett, Mrs. Keith, Miss Joan Wallace, Miss Emma Wallace, Miss Gellard, Miss Curry, Miss Ida Scott, Miss M. Gross, Miss Katie Gross, Miss Annie Steeves, Miss Romaine Beatty, Ed. Sherwood, Mr. Jas. Wallace, Mr. John Wallace, Mr. F. Thomson and others.

A prize was given during the evening for the game of "Hidden Books." Miss Joan Wallace won the first prize and Mrs. John Peck second prize.

Mrs. John A. Beatty and Mrs. Geo. Edgett, who have been spending the past week in Moncton, returned home Saturday.

Miss Mabel Gross has gone to Amherst to visit her aunt, Mrs. Calhoun.

Mrs. G. D. Steeves will have a small whist party tomorrow evening.

The friends of Mr. Rowe will be glad to learn that he is now convalescent, and left here Wednesday morning.

scribble.

A Modern Nursery Rhyme.

[Nova Scotia Folk Lore Collection.]

Respectfully dedicated to the Historical Society.

Air, "Who Killed Cock Robin?"

Who'll kill Bemeon's Bill?

Said J. Wilberforce Longley

(He spoke very strongly)

"I'll chop it and scratch it,

With my little hatchet

I'll kill Bemeon's Bill!"

Who'll catch his blood?

"I will," said Dysdale;

"You cut off its entail,

And I'll catch his blood!"

Who'll see it die?

"I will," said Wickwire,

"I'll watch it expire—

"And I'll see it die!"

Who'll make its shroud?

Said a member for Kings

"I'll attend to such things—

If I'm kindly allowed,

And I'll make its shroud!"

But who'll dig its grave?

Said that Premier unyielding,

"I'll dig it—O very—

This obstruction to bury,

And I'll dig its grave!"

But who'll wring its death knell?

"Why! that's easy to tell,"

Said Commissioner Church,

"Don't leave me in the lurch

And I'll tell my own bell!"

But who'll be the clerk?

"Well," said Doctor Bethune,

If you'll help pitch the tune

Perhaps—I might be the clerk—"

And where is our parson?

"Ahem!" said Forthier,

I might offer this prayer,

(If you want something racy)

"Requiescat in pace."

When they told the sad news

To the Temperance U's,

No moments were wasted in sigh'n' or sob'n'

For they went right to work on another Round Robin.

HALIFAX.

* Woman's suffrage suffered defeat in the local legislature by a vote of 21 to 12.

Making Gold go Far.

By means of electricity gold leaf can now be produced five to ten times thinner than ordinary gold leaf. This wonderfully thin foil is made by depositing gold on copper with the electric current and then dissolving away the copper from it with perchloride of iron.

THE NEW MAN'S RIGHTS.

WILL THEY BE CONSIDERED BY THE WOMAN?

Will He be Allowed to Occupy a Place, However Humble, in the Improved and Regenerated World She Will Create, When She Comes Into Power?

I wonder whether, if she told the truth the New Woman would not confess as being just a little weary of that capital N. and capital W., which seem to be perpetually cropping up in every column of print one scans? If the N. W. was in search of an advertisement she must surely be satisfied, as success beyond her most sanguine dream has crowned her modest efforts. But if she only knew it she has reached a more critical point in her career than she seems to be aware of.

Unfortunately there is only one short step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the dividing line between the two is so invisible that the honest searcher after notoriety does not usually discover it until too late, and then to use a homely expression, "the fat will be in the fire."

"The new woman again," some impatient reader will exclaim, "what an old story she is getting to be, and now I wish she would keep out of the newspapers!" And some evil inspiration will prompt the person addressed, to respond bitterly,—"Yes, she is a nuisance, and I am sure her age qualifies her for a vote now, she ought to be called the Old Woman by this time!" And the Old Woman she will be from that time forth until she only has one wish left, the longing to hide her diminished head somewhere, and forget that she ever existed. Impertinence and persistence are good things in their way, but still there is a proverb somewhere which tells us that we may get too much of even a good thing, and once Woman—with a capital W.—becomes a drug in the market, and gets to be a nuisance, her cause is lost! The public is a long suffering institution in many ways and willing to put up with a good deal, but the one thing it will not stand is being systematically, and persistently bored! It rather fancied the New Woman at first, because she has a fresh sensation her pretensions were so large that their very audacity has enough to make the sternest critic smile and the easy confidence she displayed in her own ability to "run things" was too funny for anything. So she was rather encouraged that the contrary, and the public grew quite interested in her movements and waited indulgently to see what she would do next.

Since that time he has managed to do a good deal, and to keep the public surprisingly well-informed of her movements. True, she has not attained the summit of her ambition, since she does not vote, and still wears skirts; but she rides a bicycle, and holds congresses, at which she settles the affairs of the nation and many other things besides. She has rather a nice time I fancy, and I know she looks down upon the retiring matrons, and maids who are satisfied with their lot in life, and have no yearnings to mould the destinies of men—except those of their lovers, husbands and sons—or to shine on the platform, the hustings, or in the political arena. Such poor spirited creatures are only worthy, in her estimation, of oblivion, and the smallest w to be found in type!

She is a noble self-reliant being, this new woman, and just now she is stalking through current literature in a sort of dignified solitude truly edifying to behold, but which must be a little trying to endure. It is very nice to be a central object perched on the summit of a mountain and have everyone looking at you, but I should think it would pall after a time, and the peaceful valleys look very inviting to the solitary rambler on the height.

So far, the New Woman has said so little about the new man, that I am in doubt as to whether he will be allowed to occupy a place, however humble, in the improved and regenerated world she will create, when she comes into full power. She does not seem to take him into account at all, and it is the fear that his position is to be ignored, which has started my eloquence, and my ink flowing today. It is true there is consolation in the certainty that the newest and bravest kind of woman must pass through many generations of independence, and "self-helpable-ness," before she will get used to seeing herself home at night, to driving away a stray cow from her path, or facing an able-bodied mouse alone; so our total extinction may be delayed for some years yet, but the solemn fact remains that our usefulness is gradually growing less, and we are being crowded off the scene more rapidly than is at all pleasant. I don't know that the remedy lies in our hands, in fact I am afraid it does not, but if we would clutch the least remnant of supremacy before it is quite out of reach, it behooves us to do something, and that right soon. In short the time has arrived for the New Man to be heard from, and to assert his claim to existence as emphatically as possible before it is too late. I confess I don't see that there is any more crying need for us to be regenerated, made over new, as it were, than for the other sex to go through a like process, but it is as well to be out of the world as out of the fashion, so we may as well follow the lead of our better angels, and be new if possible. I have

B.B.B.

CURES

DYSPEPSIA

SCROFULA

CONSTIPATION

not yet stretched out a platform for the New Man, provided he gives me a portfolio, but I am very sure the front plank in that structure, if I had anything to do with its framing—would be this—that women of independent fortune, or those who were wage earners, or bread winners themselves, should be entitled to all the privileges they are contending for, but that it should be considered a grave breach of the law, for women who are entirely dependent upon men for their livelihood, be they wives, daughters or sisters, to refuse to take some notice of the humble beings who work so hard for them and are content with so little in return. A very slight acknowledgement of their existence would be sufficient, and the dignity of the now superior sex would not suffer from the condescension in the least; while the stamp of approval which would thus be placed on the lower animal man, would be of incalculable benefit to him; a hall-mark, or to speak, which would give him a distinct standing in the world, as well as a marked value. Do think it over, dear kind ladies of creation, and make up your minds to give us more rights even if you do decide to depose us, don't annihilate us altogether. Let us feel that we have still a place in the world if it be an inferior one, and even though the new woman should be destined to reign paramount on the earth, during future ages that there will be a few homes in the land where the Sultan law is not entirely forgotten, and the new man will feel that he has a right to exist, else some day in the far off future, he may arise and clamor or his rights, even as you are doing now; and somehow I have an impression that if the new man ever does arise in his might and take the bit between his teeth after ages of oppression, he will create a ripple on the shores of time, beside which the famous Saxon gale will sink into insignificance. This is not intended as a threat by any means—only a friendly warning.

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

PAID MONEY TO THE ROBBERS.

The Sultan of Muscat and His Strange Dealings with the B. dools.

It was a novel plan the Sultan of Muscat adopted the other day to get rid of his enemies. They had possession of the fort that overlook his chief town, and were making things very warm for his Highness. They had made most of this Arabian seaport untenable, and the Sultan was at his wits' end to know what to do.

At last a bright idea struck him. According to the cable despatches he offered the invaders \$10,000 in cash to get out of the town and give up the forts. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and, after looting the palace and picking up a lot of other plunder, his Highness's disloyal subjects retreated over the hills, and the Sultan again lords it over the famous seaport of eastern Arabia.

The Sultan was in a pickle. The robber mountaineers who had risen against him, as they have a habit of doing about once a year, had come from some distance in the interior, and almost before he knew anything had happened they were in possession of the little forts that crown these mountains and of the stone fortifications that run along the slope. They had the greater part of the town at their mercy, for most of it was within range of their guns. The Sultan was still master of a small part of the town. Under the circumstance the rebels left his Highness off dirt cheap when they agreed to raise the siege for \$10,000, but then they carried off a good deal of plunder besides.

If the Sultan will take our advice he will spend the coming year and all the money he can raise in preparing to give these wild Bedouins a good trouncing when they come to the coast again to extort money from the people of Muscat. As sure as the years roll round they will appear again on the heights above the seaport. The only difference between the recent raid and that of former years is that the successful foray of the past few weeks was on a much bigger scale than usual. These Bedouins are scattered all over the interior of Oman, of which Muscat is the capital. They nearly monopolize the carrying trade, rear and most of the camels, and possess large tracts of country among the highlands. They are numerous and powerful, and the Arabs of the towns are afraid of them. The fact that, after the date crop had been sold and the people have a little more money than usual, bands of these robbers rove through the land and even

infest Muscat to forcibly acquire the product of the year's harvest, shows that the Sultan's power is inconsiderable.

Muscat is hardly half an Arab town, for many Indian traders have gone there, and today they are the largest factor in its trade and industry. The result is that this important port on the largest peninsula in the world has lost the tactical character that makes most towns in Arabia so difficult of access. The religious faith of its inhabitants has become a curious mixture of Islam, Brahminism, and Parsee fire worship. The glory of the town is its fine harbor. British steamers call there regularly. Some of these days we are likely to hear that the British flag has been flying to the breeze in Muscat. The people probably would not object if they might thereby secure protection against the marauding Bedouins.

De Maurier Takes an Awful.

A learned traveler who was lately permitted to look through a window pane at George Du Maurier says that he is kept in close seclusion, nobody being permitted to see him, the slightest allusion to "Trilby" causing him to froth at the mouth. Every morning Mrs. Du Maurier carefully reads the paper and cuts out all the notes about "Trilby," and throws them in the fire. Then she lets the wretched man read the news. The Harpers have been warned to address no communication to him, not even bills of exchange for his profits, lest they should remind him of "Trilby," and he should go mad. On a recent morning at breakfast Mrs. Du Maurier, opening the mail, paused to examine one communication. "What is it?" asked Mr. Du Maurier. "Oh," said she, thoughtlessly, "It's that little bill—"

With a wild shriek Du Maurier rose and began hurling the china. "What, again?" he howled. "Little Billie again? Where is he? Where is he? Oh, let me get at him!" And it was quite a while before he could be calmed and told his mistake.

Three Crops a Year.

Small as the farms are, many of the new being less than an acre in extent, the Chinese farmers obtain wonderful results from their work. Three crops a year are by no means uncommon, and it is a sign of a failure of crop is seen, the seed for another crop is straightway sown. The land is irrigated and thoroughly fertilized. Everything is saved. Thousands of men do nothing else but gather up bits of fertilizing matter and sell them. The refuse is put together in such liquid form that not a bit of it is wasted. The manure is kept in great vats, and the farm is watered like a garden. Each plot gets its daily food and drink.

Whalebone in Favor.

The best dressmakers no longer are willing to use substitutes in the market for the old-fashioned whale-bones. They insist upon going back to these for the darts and seams of gowns. They are put in however, with a difference. The casings are stitched upon the lining and then the bones, which have been soaked in a basin of water till they are perfectly flexible, are run in-

Broken in Health

That Tired Feeling, Constipation and Pain in the Back

Appetite and Health Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mr. Chas. Steele

St. Catherine's, Ont.