

NO EQUAL AS A HOSTESS.

HOW A NEW YORK SOCIETY WOMAN ARRANGES HER DINNERS.

Mrs. William Astor and the Banquets for which she is famous—she consults a Man as to the Guests and an Artistic Woman Give Needed Advice.

The last course had been swept from the mahogany table, the last lingering guest had bidden farewell to the hostess, the last light had been extinguished in the great salon. And alone in the big staircase hall where she had taken leave of her guests, stood a tall, stately woman with whitening hair, brow touched with time, yet dignified, beautiful and the grand dame from head to foot.

In parting with the last guest Mrs. William Astor completed a year of the most famous dinner-giving on record in the social world from the time of Mrs. Antony to the present day.

In the year which closed with the end of the Newport season Mrs. William Astor had entertained more than two thousand guests at dinner, had given over one hundred small dinners and presided over fifty ceremonious events. This means being hostess at a dinner party three nights of the week for a whole year, and entertaining an average of twelve persons at each of these feasts.

To be the hostess at a dinner party is one of the most trying of social functions, even if one has the host to fall back upon for assistance. The host can tell the hostess with one peculiar glance that it is time to rise from the coffee cups and the hostess with an answering look says, "Rise and escort the ladies to the drawing-room door." It is the host who leads the men back to the dining room for a smoke, or to the smoking room, and who finally conducts them to the ladies.

But in the case of this famous woman dinner giver it must all be done alone, for Mrs. Astor is a widow, and, though she has a son, she is far too great a dinner giver to intrude her own family at all gatherings of young or old, literary or social.

When Mrs. Astor started in upon her career of dinner giving, just after her retirement from Mr. Astor, she took up the thread where she had dropped it two years before, but in a much more thorough way. Her first dinners were conducted in series of six, with one night between, and a different set being represented at each. And this last point she has followed out to this day, believing it to be the most successful way.

When planning a dinner Mrs. Astor's first move is to send for some gentleman of her acquaintance. And, as she always has a dinner in prospective, her mornings are spent behind the friendly samovar consulting some one or other of her friends about the next feast. The gentleman selected is for the evening the host in many ways, and he occupies the seat of honor opposite the hostess, unless some very old or very celebrated lion is to be shown off at the dinner.

The gentleman selected goes over the list of guests with Mrs. Astor. Her first question is as to politics. She desires those of the same political hue, to make the dinner harmonious, and then those of the same tastes. When she entertains Chauncey Depew, who is a favorite dinner guest with her, she selects persons who are fond of travel or foreigners, sure that other countries will form a pleasant field for discussion.

Ward McAlister was for years Mrs. Astor's confidential adviser regarding ceremonious dinners, though a great deal of rivalry existed between them. McAlister was jealous of Mrs. Astor's wines, and Mrs. Astor resented the way he had of following up her dinners with larger and more elaborate ones on her own lines. But the two worked together in one thing—to entertain society.

When the matter of guests has been settled the chef is called. He, overworked dignitary! has been inventing new dishes and a new menu! "This is unknown as yet," he says, taking an elaborate menu from his pocket and describing a new creation of culinary art. At one of the dinners the "creation" was a soup made from the juice of small birds squeezed uncooked through a press. This juice was afterwards highly seasoned, cooked by a special process, so that the fire did not touch it, and served hot and fragrant. Its color was a clear red.

The artistic director of the establishment is next consulted. This personage in Mrs. Astor's household is a woman. She is a tall young girl of Greek parentage, and as beautiful as she is artistic.

"With the brown of the soup there should be the blue soup service," she says, consulting the menu left for her.

"Silver fish," she decides, "should be served upon the silver fish plates and flat-ters, and the fish should appear in full beauty at the table." Nothing but the roast is served upon the gold set—that solid, priceless service that cost even more labor than money.

And so through the dinner. Each course, in accordance with the prevailing style, goes upon a separate set of dishes, and each is a figure in itself.

For her dinner parties Mrs. Astor dresses in black velvet always. And wonderful black velvet gowns she has! A maid laid one over a chair, supporting it

for a certain paltry scribbler to see, and the writing woman gasped for weeks in memory of its elegance. The waist was encrusted with tiny diamonds. They belong to Mrs. Astor's nest collection and are pierced. They are sewn on the velvet like beads, and the sparkle, as they cover the entire bodice, is greater than tongue can describe.

Another of the many velvet gowns is plain, one magnificent sweep of glowing velvet. But over it is clasped the wonderful stomacher that cost \$50,000; and jewels are hung from shoulder and neck. No stater's sight was ever seen than this American hostess when she welcomes her guests at the dinner hour.

To be the greatest dinner giver in the world means a great deal besides being the hostess at the dinner itself. It means an enormous amount of thought and expense upon the dinner services themselves. The gold set, for example, used to cost \$100 every time it was cleaned; and so deeply did the cleaning process penetrate that each time \$50 worth of gold was removed by actual weighing. This summer Thomas, the trusty steward, has himself cleaned the set to preserve it from further ravages.

When a dish is broken and the set cannot be matched, it is given away or sold, and when a new fork or spoon comes out in the jewelry line it is immediately purchased by Mrs. Astor, whose table boasts the newest of everything. Each week there go to her samplers of quarter-tined jolly forks, and the oddest silver and gold spoons ever seen. If she accepts them for dinner use, the patroness is assured of their future sale.

To be the greatest dinner hostess in the world means a cost of \$1,000 for each dinner, and to be the model hostess means a world of good dressing and both a hereditary and a cultivated fund of tact and training. But Mrs. Astor is willing to go to all the trouble to accomplish her pet social fad, and as a reward she is famed, from the circle of Mme. Felix Faure across the ocean back home again to her own New York and Newport, as the greatest dinner hostess that ever lived.—N. Y. Advertiser.

GARRISON AND WANDERERS.

They Are Still at War for Reasons which Seem Good Ones to Both Sides.

HALFAX, Oct. 3.—That the Garrison and Wanderers are still at war is apparent from the fact that the officers declined to put a football team into the trophy league this season. The Garrisons would not play cricket with the Wanderers all summer because the latter excluded them from membership in the club, and now they refuse to play football, as a club in a league in which the Wanderers are one of the principal competitors for the trophy.

While the Garrison have refused to enter the football league this year, such decision is the act merely of a majority of the club. It was not an unanimous conclusion. No one knows positively outside the charmed military circle, what took place at the meeting of the Garrison club on the same afternoon that the trophy committee met, but all agree that it was a stormy gathering. The officers met at 3 o'clock, while the trophy committee assembled at 5 the same afternoon. The two hours were spent in arriving at the decision not to play. The Garrison club was entitled to two representatives on the joint committee. At 10 minutes past 5 one military representative only, Lieutenant Bailey made his appearance. When he arrived from his meeting instead of taking his seat with the others he held a whispered consultation with the navy representatives. The result of that deliberation was that the navy representatives announced that their team would include some of the officers and would be called "the United Service team." The navy were determined to go in regardless of what the military decided.

The fact seems to be that it is the minority of the Garrison team, who are opposed to the Wanderers boycott by their comrades who are to play their men along with the navy footballists. The majority would not allow them to enter the league with the Wanderers under their own colors, but they could not prevent their joining forces with the sailors and playing under the name of "the United Service."

Surprise is expressed that Colonel Anstruther should now place himself so determinedly in opposition to the Wanderers, as he has done. At one time earlier in the season it was thought he was in favour of harmony, but that with him day has passed away.

The first game of the league takes place next Saturday (October 12th) when Dalhousie will meet "the United Service." The football fever reaches an intense heat in Halifax. The feeling is rising now, and by next Saturday it will be well up towards the crisis which comes when Dalhousie and Wanderers compare strength. A. D. McIntosh is the College captain and Frank Grierson the Wanderers leader.

The Chinese Minister and the Boys. Although great sticklers for ceremony, in private life Chinese dignitaries are simple and unaffected, more like boys than men. A young lady was walking through a park in Washington not long ago, when the Chinese minister passed her, going out. He was followed by a lot of boys. The young lady was afraid the boys were about

to do something rude, and she called one of them to her. "Do you know who that is?" "Yes, Chinaman," was the laconic reply. "He is the Chinese Minister," said she, impressively, "and you must be very careful not to be rude to him." "Oh, we ain't going to hurt him," answered Young America. "He is all right. He has been playing football with us down in the park."

WANTED TO SEE THE BORE.

So He Went to the River Provided with His Own Artificial Light.

There is nothing in the world so desirable as genius, after all, and when it happens to be coupled with that most rare attribute, presence of mind, then the possessor is indeed to be envied. A group of Moncton people had a very interesting illustration of this unusual combination one day last week. And it happened thus:

The celebrated Peticodiac bore is too well known an attraction to need any description. He is a source of perennial curiosity to all tourists who pass through the railway city, and of deep interest to all strangers who sojourn for any length of time within our gates. The residents of Moncton are naturally proud of their crowning attraction, and if they do not show as much excitement over the movements of their cherished possession as strangers think they should, it is merely because they are used to his ways and know exactly how to take him.

One secret of their apparent indifference is the fact that his worship has special reception days when he greets his admirers in war paint and feathers, and puts on special attractions. These periods are about four times a year, when the tides are highest and then the bore has no reason to complain of indifference on the part of his townspople.

September and November are great months for seeing the bore at his very best and last week the wharves were crowded with sightseers, who were fully rewarded for their long chilly vigil because the bore was well worth seeing, between seven and eight feet high, and roaring like a railway train. One night in particular, a certain wharf was black with an impatient crowd of people who had been waiting for a long time in the raw night air, and who were beginning to get tired, as the bore did not seem to be on schedule time. The night was very dark, and the watchers had been straining their eyes, and having their ears deceived by the roaring of the quicksand, for a longer time than they liked.

At last the far off rumble was unmistakable! Nearer and nearer it came with the regular, measured roar which makes it almost impossible to distinguish from a rapidly approaching train, and at last it was in sight. The spectators closed up to the front of the wharf and gazed eagerly down at the bed of the river where the foaming wall of water was plainly visible stretching across the channel, and it was then that one genius arose in his might and showed what material he was made of. Just as the bore reached the foot of the wharf, some one in the crowd hastily struck a match, and stood a living illustration of liberty lighting the world, flashing his mimic torch into the eyes of the spectators and successfully blinding them until the bore had passed out of sight, and there was nothing more to look at!

We have often heard the expression bailing out the ocean with a sieve, but it remained for a Moncton genius to light a match, in order to view the famous Peticodiac bore.

DEATH TO THE SPARROWS.

Remarkable Exploit of a Man who had a Very Strong Baking Powder.

A party of drummers having met at one of our hotels recently, they commenced to tell their experiences and what they had seen, when one of the drummers told the following story:

"One of the slightest men I ever saw was a young fellow out West who was selling baking powder, and was up to all the dodges to advertise his goods. He happened to strike one little town in which English sparrows were a great nuisance and the authorities had offered a bounty on sparrows heads. The baking powder man saw a golden opportunity to give his goods a big reputation, and offered to exterminate all of the sparrows in town inside of two weeks. His proposition was gladly accepted, so he began his work.

He selected a large vacant lot as the scene of his operation, and every evening would go out there with several bushels of corn, which he fed to the sparrows until they began to get acquainted with him, and came to the lot in bigger droves every day. In the meantime he had sent East and bought a barrel of empty capsules, which he filled with the baking powder, and then put salt on the outside of them. When he saw that all the sparrows in town were coming to the feed ground he had a large tank of water placed there and was ready for the grand climax. On this eventful evening he took his salted capsules of baking powder to the lot instead of corn and threw them out to the unsuspecting sparrows.

Of course, the salt made the birds thirsty and they immediately flew to the water tank and drank, and the result was something awful. The water melted the capsules and made the baking powder rise. The poor little birds try to stay on the ground, but the baking powder was too strong and it compelled them to rise

straight up into the air and finally popped them open. The spectators could plainly hear the sparrows pop and said it sounded like the popping of a paper bag. It rained sparrows all night, and the next day not a single live one was visible.

It is needless to say that there is only one brand of baking powder for sale in that town.—Portland Telegram.

TOLD OF A FRENCH KING.

He Fulfilled a Promise Made by Him More Than Years Ago Before.

A pleasant story is told of how the French King Louis XIV. neglected a promise for a great many years. A member of his court, and one of his devoted followers, Monsieur Puyssieux, had been in Switzerland on an important mission, and on his return to France was cordially welcomed by the King. After they had exchanged greetings, Puyssieux asked the king if he were really satisfied and pleased with him, if his expressions were more than mere words, and were to be absolutely relied upon. The king warmly assured him that he meant what he said. Then Puyssieux replied gaily that he could not say the same, that for his part he was not at all satisfied with the king. "And why not, Puyssieux?" asked the king. "Why, sire, because although you are the most honest man in the kingdom you have failed to keep a promise to me which you made more than fifty years ago."

"How is that?" inquired the monarch, surprised and mystified.

"How is it?" You have a good memory. Your Majesty, so I am sure that you cannot have forgotten the circumstance. Do you not remember our playing blind-man's bluff at my grandmother's, and that you put your blue ribbon on my shoulder that the blind man would not recognize you so easily? When we had finished the game, I returned the decoration to you, and you promised to give me one when you became king. You have been king a long time, and I have never received the blue ribbon."

The King remembered the game of blind-man's bluff perfectly, laughed heartily and said that Puyssieux should at once have the blue ribbon to which he had so clear a claim. This blue ribbon was the decoration of the Order of the Holy Ghost. That very day the King called a meeting of the chapter, and Puyssieux received the decoration for which he had waited for more than half a century.

His Dream was Worth Millions.

Elias Howe almost beggared himself before he discovered where the eye of the needle of a sewing machine should be located. His original idea was to follow the model of the eye at the heel. It never occurred to him that it should be placed near the point, and he might have failed altogether if he had not dreamed he was building a sewing machine for a savage king in a strange country. Just as in his actual waking experience, he was rather perplexed about the needle's eye. He thought the king gave him twenty-four hours to complete a machine and make it sew. If not finished in that time, death was to be the punishment. Howe worked and worked and puzzled and puzzled, and finally gave it up. Then he was taken out to be executed. He noticed that the warriors carried spears that were pierced near the head. Instantly came solution of the difficulty, and while the inventor was begging for time he awoke. It was 4 o'clock in the morning. He jumped out of bed, ran to his workshop and by nine a needle with an eye at the point had been rudely modelled. After that it was easy. This is a true story of an important incident in the invention of the sewing machine.—Phila. Times.

Importation of Precious Stones.

It is estimated that during the last twenty-five years the American people have paid duty on at least \$180,000,000 worth of diamonds and other precious stones. In 1893 alone they imported \$15,203,563 worth, but in 1895 there was a falling off, owing to hard times, and the total was only \$4,856,985.

There's one good school—Snell's College. PITMAN SHORTHAND is hard to learn and hard to read. SNELL'S is easy to read because the vowels are written, learned in half the time and BETTER IN EVERY WAY. Taught by mail. Lesson free.

S. A. SNELL, Truro, N. B.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED At Exhibition. Everybody to see "Blow me" Siegel Rebers at Leather Exhibit. They are warm, last longer, look better than most kinds. Wm. Peters, 240 Union St., St. John.

ST. BERNARD PUPS FOR SALE Thoroughbred St. Bernard's pups, 4 weeks old, extra large stock, price \$16. For further particulars apply to A. W. Cruise, Moncton, N. B.

ARE YOU COMING to our Exhibition? If so, cut this out and present it at our exhibit, it will enable you to have your photograph taken and a cabinet print, free of charge. THE ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS and Amateurs are invited when visiting the Exhibition to inspect our modern studio in Main Building, where all the new appliances and materials will be demonstrated. THE ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO.

RESIDENCE for the Summer months. The pleasantly situated home known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Robbsey Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Penney, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24-25-1.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Developing, Toning and fixing solutions for sale. LUCIEN PHOTO STUDIO, 38 Charlotte St., St. John N. B.

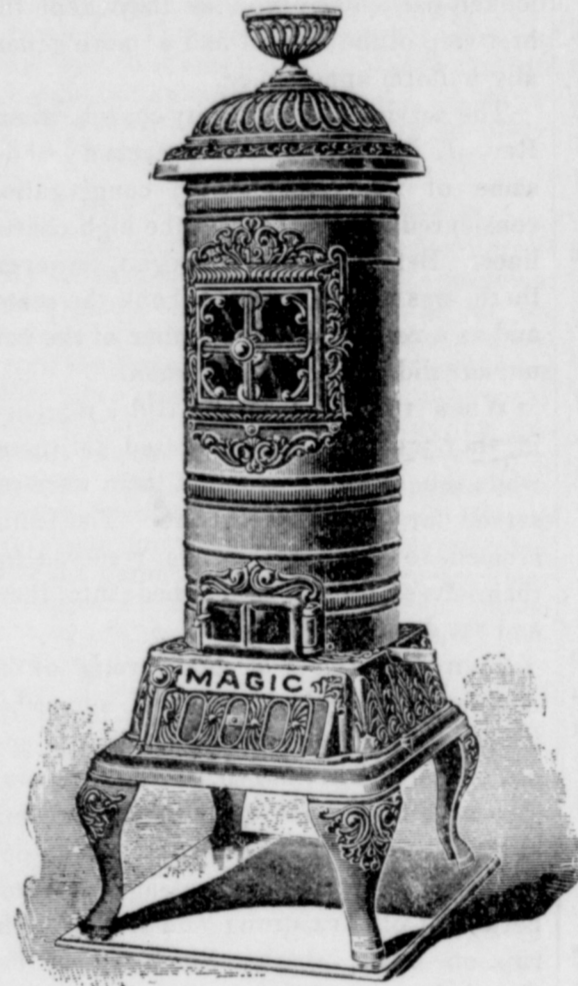
ELEY'S

ENGLISH AMMUNITION.

Job Central Fire Cartridge Cases
Brown " " " " "
Brown Pin " " " " "
Green Central Fire " " "
Thick Felt Wads, Pink Edge Wads,
Black Edge Wads, Cardboard Wads,

E. B. Military Caps, E. B. Caps, C. Caps,
Best Sporting Caps,
Also, 1373 Bags Shot.
To make the best shooting, use Eley's Cartridge Cases, loaded with Hazard's Powders and M. J. Shot.

W. H. THORNE & Co., LIMITED, MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.

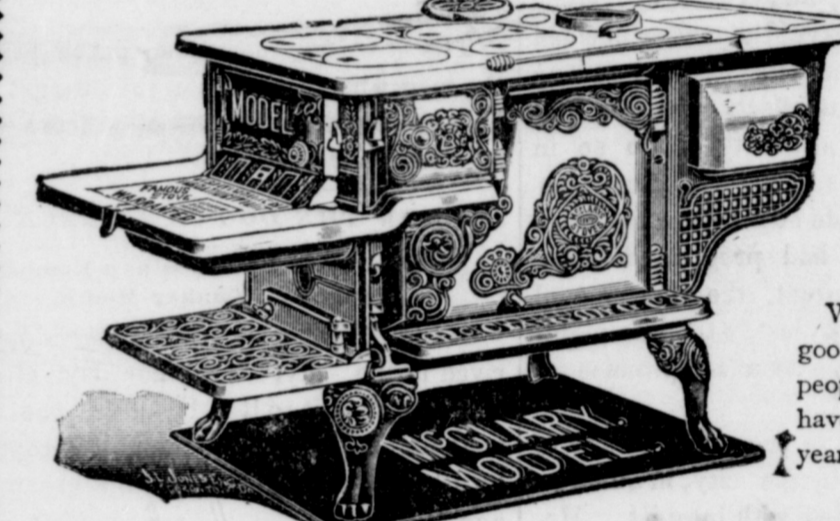


Have you seen our new RUSSIA IRON HEATER "The Magic."

It is the latest addition to this line. There are 3 sizes, with all the modern improvements: Anti-Clinker Grate, Large Ash Pan and Earthen Evaporating Cup. The fire can be continued throughout the entire season.

EMERSON & FISHER.

Fifty Years Experience



We must make good stoves or the people would not have bought them year after year.

The "Model" Wood Cook is the Farmer's Stove.

THE McCLARY MFG. CO. LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

DO YOU WANT A GUN?



If so, it will pay you to send at once for our price list. We have a fine assortment of

T. M'AVITY & SONS, 13 to 17 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Advertisement for Progress Engraving Bureau. Includes text: PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU, PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK, DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. Also features a logo for 'Masonic Building' and 'Germain's'.