

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin M. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Werden, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Zittel, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Zittel, Miss Zittel, Miss Merlau, Mrs. M. French, Miss French, Miss Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Thumm, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Currier, Misses Currier, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. March, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Croscup, Mrs. Felix Stotter, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Burden, W. T. Hotchkiss, Mrs. T. G. Sands, Mrs. B. B. Hotchkiss, Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Co., Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Pike, General John J. Morrison and Miss Morrison. Miss Almon left this week and will be one of Mrs. A. H. Rice of Milltown was a guest of Senator and Mrs. Lewin lately.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the residence of Mrs. Robert Macintyre on Queen street at noon Tuesday, when Miss G. Ada Macintyre was united in the bonds of matrimony to Mr. Harry S. Daly. Only the near relatives of the bride and groom were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon DeVeber. Mr. and Mrs. Daly left on the C. P. R. this afternoon for Halifax and will enjoy a tour through Nova Scotia before returning.

Mrs. C. W. H. Grant was in Digby for a day or two this week.

Mr. J. L. Peters returned the first of the week from a trip to Digby.

Miss Nora Shand of Windsor arrived Wednesday for a visit to city friends.

Miss Robertson is in Windsor a guest of J. W. Curry.

Miss Payne is visiting Windsor friends.

Miss Winifred Dick of St. George who has been visiting here has returned home after a visit to friends. She was accompanied by her cousin Miss Addie Dick of Queen street.

Mrs. H. H. Magee spent Sunday in Pettitcodiac.

Mrs. Sedge Webber of Calais spent a day or two here this week.

Mr. Edgar W. Thompson of St. Stephen was here for a short time this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Montgomery have returned from their wedding tour.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Murray of Boston are spending their wedding tour in the city.

Mrs. F. A. Kinnear and Miss Kinnear of Sackville are in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hewson of Amherst were in the city Wednesday. They left Thursday morning for Montreal, Toronto, and Niagara Falls where they will spend their honeymoon.

The city had a distinguished visitor this week in the person of Rudyard Kipling who was on his way to the North Shore on a fishing trip.

Mrs. O. Crookshank and Mrs. Clifton Tabor of Fredericton were in Rothesay part of the week.

Mrs. Finley has returned from a visit to her sister Mrs. A. W. Edgecombe of Fredericton.

Miss King is in Fredericton visiting Miss Wood bridge.

Mrs. James Neil of Fredericton who spent the last two weeks with city friends has returned home.

Mrs. E. B. Winslow has returned to Fredericton after a pleasant visit to St. John.

Mrs. Beatty of Carleton is in Fredericton a guest of Miss McKee.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Court are visiting Fredericton.

Miss May Hanford has returned to Amherst after spending the winter here. She was accompanied home by Miss Bessie Eastwick.

Miss Baldwin is in St. George visiting Mrs. Geo. Hall.

HARCOURT.

June 17.—Mr. Harry Wathen left by last night's express for Montreal for medical treatment.

Mr. John Wathen returned from Kingston yesterday.

Mr. John C. Miller of Milltown was in Harcourt yesterday.

Rev. J. C. and Mrs. McClure went to Kingston on Saturday and returned home on Monday.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson of Kingston was here yesterday for a short time on his return from Montreal.

Dr. R. P. Doherty O. D. S. of Moncton has been in Harcourt the past ten days.

Mr. Henry O'Leary of Richibucto was here today from St. John.

Quite a number of Harcourt politicians attended nomination proceedings yesterday at the shire town.

Rev. J. W. McConnell is attending the Wesleyan conference at St. John.

The joint annual picnic of the Presbyterian and Wesleyan Sunday schools at Grandville today was largely attended, and the day being fine all enjoyed themselves.

Mrs. D. D. Johnson returned from Kingston on Saturday.

Miss Ella Wellwood has returned from Kent Junction and is on the sick list.

Mr. J. B. Humphrey is improving and was in his office this afternoon.

Excursionist Briggs was in Harcourt yesterday.

Mr. B. S. Bailey went to Queens county today on a political mission.

Mr. U. Z. King of Pettitcodiac was in town today.



Nervous Prostration

It is now a well established fact in medical science that nervousness is due to impure blood. Therefore the true way to cure nervousness is by purifying and enriching the blood. The great blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this letter:

"For the last two years I have been a great sufferer with nervous prostration and palpitation of the heart. I was weak in my limbs and had smothered sensations. At last my physician advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did, and I am happy to say that I am now strong and well. I am still using Hood's Sarsaparilla and would not be without it. I recommend it to all who are suffering with nervous prostration and palpitation of the heart." Mrs. DALTON, 66 Alice St., Toronto, Ontario. Get Hood's, because

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Prominently in the public eye today. It is not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story.

Hood's Pills Set harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Varnish



The highest effect in finishing the cases of the Pratte Pianos is obtained by using only a fine grade of VARNISH. It is made from purest copal gum, cleaned, washed and mixed with clarified oil and other ingredients of best quality. This makes clear varnish, whereas the ordinary varnish used by others is dark and deadens the brightness of the wood.

In varnishing our cases, we use better varnish than other makers, more coats, and give each coat more time to dry; we have other special points in varnishing, and all these together give the look of brightness to our wood-work, so noticeable in the Pratte Piano.

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RICHIBUCTO.

[Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore P. Graham.]

Miss Hamilton of Pictou N.S. returned to her home on Tuesday after a pleasant visit to Miss Sylvia Black.

Mrs. Oswald Smith of Campbellton is in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Phinney.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson returned from Montreal on Tuesday morning.

Mr. Aubrey Allan is home from Fredericton where he is a student at the U. N. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ferguson have taken up their residence in their home recently purchased in Cunard street.

A large crowd of people were in town yesterday attending the nomination proceedings.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. Atkinson of Kouchibouguac spent Tuesday in town.

Mr. Charles Foster of Dorchester is visiting Mr. and Mrs. David Cochran.

A little daughter gladdened the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Storer on Tuesday morning.

Mr. Harry Atkinson of Moncton spent Tuesday in town.

The band under the leadership of Mr. B. E. Johnson gave an open air concert on Tuesday evening which was much appreciated by the large crowd in attendance.

Mr. Gordon Livingston of Harcourt spent Monday in town.

ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.]

June 17.—Miss Winifred Dick has returned home accompanied by her cousin Miss Addie Dick of Queen street, St. John.

Mrs. Steeves and children of Keswick are visiting Mrs. Steeves parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dykman.

Miss Baldwin of St. John is visiting Mrs. Geo. Hall.

On Wednesday evening the liberal conservatives held a public meeting in Court's hall. Hon. George Foster was met at the train by the St. George band, Mr. John Chipman, Mr. Gilbert Ganong, St. Stephen, and a delegation from the L. C. party on arriving at the L. C. rooms a short address was made by Mr. George Johnson, Mr. Foster responded. An excursion came from St. Stephen and St. Andrews. The St. Andrews and St. George bands gave a concert in the square in the afternoon.

Mr. Vess Lynott spent a few days here last week with his family who are visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Young.

Miss E. O'Brien is spending a short time in St. Andrews the guest of Miss Nellie Stewart. MAX.

PETITCODIAC.

Messrs. Charlie Trilles, Arnold Soden, and Allison Smith who have been attending McGill college Montreal returned home on Friday.

Mrs. Haffield of St. John, is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Sinclair Smith spent Saturday last in Moncton.

Mr. H. Magee of St. John spent Sunday here.

Mrs. L. O. Merriam who has been visiting her sister Mrs. D. L. Trilles has returned to her home in Minneapolis.

The Rev. Mr. Thompson of Campbellton spent part of Tuesday here.

Miss Alice Trilles is visiting in Moncton.

Mrs. D. A. Jones spent a few days of last week in Moncton.

Mr. B. A. Trilles of Sussex, paid us a short visit on Saturday.

The Cherry Tree.

The cherry tree is one of the most beautiful that temperate climates can boast. It figures largely in oriental poetry, especially in that of China and Japan. Lafcadio Hearn, America's prose poet, writing of them, says: "Why should the trees be so lovely in Japan? Is it that they have been so long domesticated and caressed by man in this land of the gods that they have acquired souls, and strive to show their gratitude, like women loved, by making themselves more beautiful for man's sake? Assuredly they have mastered men's hearts by their loveliness." But we do not have to go to Japan for beautiful cherry trees. Our own native cherry is the cherry of the Japanese and their astonishment is that our fruit is fit to be eaten. There are over eighty varieties of cherries and America has a full share. The Australian cherry is probably the oldest, for the stone is on the outside. Like all other wild or native fruits in Australia it is not fit for food. Our own wild cherry is valuable only for its medicinal properties. There is a species growing in the Rocky mountains which the Indians gather, dry and mix with meat, well pounded, and then make into a sort of broth. Another odd cherry is one that is used by confectioners for flavoring, because of its perfumed kernel.

Wall paper, and window shades. You will find the largest assortment—best value—newest goods in wall paper at McArthur's book store, 90 King street. 3.18.12.12

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MILLE. YET KOM'S DEBUT.

Her First Appearance in the Tragedy of a Green Apple.

When Mr. Kipling, speaking of a Cosack officer, laid down the general proposition that it was as the most western of Eastern people that the individual Orientals became charming, it was without doubt before he had seen the inside of the Chinese theatre at 5 Doyers street. After such an experience it would have strained even his vigorous English to make such use of that adjective. But it is possible that there should be interest where there is no charm and that condition may be ascribed very properly to the performance which began at this Chinese theatre on a Saturday afternoon lately and wound up some time before Sunday began.

Some one not connected with the Chinese Concert Company informed the newspapers that a wonderful new Chinese actress would begin a long engagement last night. He said she had been brought out from China especially for this production. The expenditure was great, both in money and in labor, there having been a great deal of difficulty in arranging with the Government officials to permit the young woman to land. Thereupon a Sun man was assigned to find out about her and her performance. Mott street, when it chooses, can be just as communicative as a hole in the ground, and it chose yesterday afternoon. There is an enticing expression in the eyes of an intelligent English-speaking Chinaman when he looks blandly over your head at the wall behind you and diligently fails to comprehend your meaning. That expression is a promoter of language that is not taught at Sunday school, and it encourages a persevering man to resort to a means of physical argument by law. It is an expression which ought to be sternly suppressed. There was a good of it around in Mott street that day and that is direct evidence of the extremely unprogressive character of the Chinese nation. Who ever heard of an American manager who couldn't talk? Such a misfortune would disqualify him instantly. But the press agent bump on the Chinese manager's head is a hole, and instead of a carefully prepared statement of history, training life, personal habits, gustatory desserts and accomplishments, gems and poodle dogs, such as preceded, accompany, and follow the American or English star, the beautiful Yet Kom began her first New York engagement with no more heralding than the announcement of her name, coupled with the smiling declaration that it was the large enough and securely in his pocket before he began, the manager would unravel, out of his imagination, if not out of his store of facts, a yarn about her, the length of which would be in exact proportion to the amount paid. There's a good deal of interest about that sort of a press agent, but not much charm.

However, it may be stated as certain that Yet Kom is 21 years old at least, and instead of having been brought out from China solely for this engagement, she has been doing stunts in San Francisco for six years. The piece in which she appeared at the theatre, for the mismanagement of which Chu Fong was fined, is called Ge Bok Si Yan, which, according to the expert translation of a Mott street grocer, signifies "The singing of the apple," meaning, no doubt, that the apple was green, and Yet Kom, having eaten it, was in difficulty with her health. That certainly was the interpretation irresistibly suggested by the actress's rendition of her lines.

The play began with a violent orchestral performance on two strings and a tom-tom, which resembled a tomcat solo, with bagpipes accompanying. After that a tall man with a very long false white beard came out and chanted the song which the Swiss bear trainers sing to their dancing bears in the summer as they travel through the country, only there was no bear. After that a villain came out. Everybody knew he was villain because his face was painted and he had a big club. A man in a long silk robe walked out of the dressing room at the corner of the stage and ordered the villain to get him a glass of water. Perhaps after all that wasn't what he said, but it sounded like that, and it was a reasonable request, considering the temperature of the theatre. But the villain flew into a rage and assaulted the man in the long robe with his club and huge knife. The man died and the villain robbed him. After that the villain let out a long lamentation with bagpipes accompanying, and went away. Whereupon the dead man got up and went away, too.

Then came the King with an army of one red-legged soldier. The King was a fine old man, with a round face and a very long beard, and his robe was of cretonne, with figures of bunched grapes on it. He sang a song, something like the bear song, except every little while he ejaculated in a loud voice.

"Look at Susie."

Everybody looked around quickly when he did that, and it must have been very embarrassing to Susie, wherever she was. But the King kept on until finally a horrible villain, with a face looking like an Auk Indian's war mark, came out and chased the King away. The villain was telling the audience what a great man he was when Yet Kom appeared. She had on a blue dress with long black sleeves and she wiped the spots of red grease paint off her cheeks on the sleeves. The dress gods probably washes very easily. Yet Kom was very coy. She kowtowed around the horrible villain and waved her hands at him with the delicate motion which in the select society of Shinbone alley means "I choose you." But he was a hardened villain, and the blandishments of the beautiful black-eyed, Yet Kom didn't affect him. Presently, however, the apple began to sing. Instantly the villain became uneasy. As the song went on, and the action of Yet

The...
Keyhole Knows

that in the twenty keys on the key-ring, there's just one will fit it. All the rest of the bunch are keys, too, some of them very much finer and some much bigger than the right key—the key that fits. That's the way with sarsaparillas—there's a string of them. Have you tried them, and found they did not fit your case? Never despair, until you have tried Ayer's. There's others that promise more, but Ayer's is the Sovereign Sarsaparilla. It cures where others fail. So many people write us: "I got no benefit till I tried yours." "When all others failed, I was cured by taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

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J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Kom became correspondingly energetic, the villain was alarmed visibly. He was a stout-hearted villain, and it took some time to subdue him, but the apple kept at it, and after a while he fled precipitately. After that the King came back bringing the dead man, who married Yet Kom. And they may be happy yet.—N. Y. Sun.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"Trust in the Lord, and do Good," is Her Favorite Motto.

Forty five years ago it was that Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote her great slave epic, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and she was then a mature woman of forty. The book appeared first as a serial in "The National Era," of Washington, running from June, 1851, to April, 1852. For the serial rights she received three hundred dollars, what seemed to her then a good round sum. When the story was given book form, in the same year, the sale was phenomenal, and the result is a part of United States history. Three thousand copies went off the first day; the second edition the next week; a third within a month, and one hundred and twenty editions within the year—over three hundred thousand copies. The shy, retiring wife of the country professor, familiar with all the exigencies of small means, found her royalties in the short space of four months yielding her ten thousand dollars. But it must not be forgotten, in the overwhelming dominance of "Uncle Tom," that Mrs. Stowe has written other powerful and charming novels. * * * Mrs. Stowe can rest on her laurels in the comforting sense of the beneficent use of a great gift. Throughout her long life her favorite motto, often spoken and written, and deeply felt, has been: "Trust in the Lord, and do good."

The passing of such a life when the hour comes, a life so long spared, can have little of sorrow. Most of her kin, the majority of her friends, and all her literary contemporaries have gone. Father, mother, husband, several children, countless folk in this and other lands who were intimate in more active years, and the great New England literary group with whom she is naturally to be associated—Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, and finally, her good friend, Dr. Holmes, "the last leaf upon the tree"—all these and others yet again await her. One feels that whether here, tenderly cared for by her own, or there, with the companions of her main strength and mightiest work, all is well with America's foremost and beloved woman of letters.—Richard Burton, in June Lady's Home Journal.

Greased the Wrong End of the Train.

An old gentleman before getting into an express at Euston tipped the guard and said:

"I wish you would make sure of catching the 11:45 at Crewe."

The guard went to the engine driver, who had been a witness of the tipping business, and said:

"Here, Billy, this gentleman wants to catch the 11:45 at Crewe."

They arrived at Crewe just in time to see the 11:45 leaving the station.

The old gentleman went in a rage to the driver and shouted:

"Weren't you told to catch the 11:45?"

The impassive driver, with a solemn wink, replied:

"Yes, sir; but you greased the wrong end of the train."

Our old friend will tip the driver the next time he wants to travel unusually fast.

THE THOUGHT SWITCH.

Many Kinds in Use, But None Yet Discovered That Quite Fills the Bill.

"I suppose," said Mr. Glimmerton, "that if a man is blessed with fairly good health he ought to be able to sleep nights; but, as a matter of fact, many people lie awake half the night worrying over things not worth fretting about, and waking up in the morning tired out to start with."

"What is needed is a thought switch that will switch the thoughts over from unpleasant lines to lines that are pleasant and keep them there. There are plenty such switches now, but the trouble with 'em all is that they don't lock; they're all open switches. A man gets over all right, but it's always up grade where this switch is laid, and the first thing he knows he slides back on the old line of thought. What we want is a switch that will keep him on the right track till he's gathered strength enough to climb the hill to the level, where the going is easy; and where the track lies straight for Dreamland."

"There's money for the inventor in this, and what a boon he would confer on his brother man."

Not of a Humorous Turn.

The train boy was passing along with a stack of comic literature. The kind-faced gentleman looked interested and the boy stopped.

"Haven't you anything except funny literature?" he asked.

"Not this trip," was the answer. "Don't you like to laugh?"

"Very much, indeed. But I'm afraid my mind is of to practical a turn to develop on what you might call a delicate responsiveness of humor."

"You want facts?"

"I'm afraid so. When I was a young man and went courting the young lady never ordered more dinner than I could pay for; neither did she use the palpable subtleties to get me into the vicinity of an ice cream parlor. Although I was not enjoying a large income, her father never threatened to kick me down the front doorstep, nor did he keep a bulldog where he would be likely to bite me. My mother-in-law is a most estimable lady, whose presence in our household has always been a joy, and never in my life have I been obliged to get up in the night and walk the floor with a crying baby. These circumstances have had a tendency to make me distrust the accuracy of humorists, thereby, no doubt, materially lessening my appreciation of their efforts."

The train boy looked at him pityingly and said:

"No. There ain't no use o' your tryin' to laugh. Wait till we get to the next station and I'll get you a dictionary and a pocket encyclopedia."—Detroit Free Press.

Double-tailed Fishes.

Prof. J. A. Rider of this city has recently made research of some length into the methods by which the Japanese have produced the race of double-tailed goldfish, carassius auratus, which are such favorites with fanciers and the owners of aquaria in this country.

Dr. Rider is inclined to regard the double-tailed goldfish as "the actual real-

Bargains in Wall Papers at McArthur's King St.

ization of an eight-limbed vertebrate," a thing most contradictory of our present basis of animal classification. These fish have been produced in Japan he concludes, for at least two centuries, and they there command high prices among the wealthy classes, the finest or most abnormal variations being in great demand.

By taking the eggs of the normal species of goldfish and shaking them, or disturbing them in some way, the Japanese get double monsters, some with double heads and a single tail, and some with double tails. Naturally the complex double monsters would be unlikely to live, while those with only the duplication of the tail, having the problem of life in no way complicated for them, would be quite likely to survive. These monstrosities, being selected and bred, would in all probability hand onward the tendency to reproduce the double tail, which in time would become fixed and characteristic, if judicious selection were maintained by interested breeders.

A Canandaigua Fishing Contest.

There was a time only a few years back when side hunts and fishing contests were exceedingly popular with the sportsmen and others, but that time seems to have passed. The Canandaigua Gun Club of Canandaigua, N. Y., announced that it was going to have a fishing contest and that the honored member of the day would be the fish counting as follows: German trout, 9 inches long, 75 points; lake trout, 15 inches long, 50 points; 10-inch black bass, 50 points; 15-inch pike, 50 points; 9-inch chub, 15 points; 14-inch pickerel, 12 points; 7-inch perch, 10 points; 9-inch bullhead, 10 points; 7-inch sunfish, 10 points, and for each pound of fish 5 points extra.

According to the shooting and fishing these contests should be discouraged, because they lead the fishermen to fish for profit and not for the fun of it.

An Iceberg Stranded in Massachusetts.

AMESBURY, May 26.—A big iceberg drifted ashore near here yesterday, and for a short time during the low water grounded on the sands. When it left its birthplace in the polar regions it must have been one of the largest of the icebergs. After penetrating so far south as this it was as big as a church. Several venturesome persons rowed around the berg, but did not go near, fearing the fall of fragments of ice. The thermometer dropped to 40° at the beach during the night. This morning the iceberg had weighed anchor and sailed away.

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