

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Messrs Edmund Stevens, Maurice Bedell, Frank Ervin, and Rebt. Turner acted as ushers. The wedding march was finely rendered by Mrs. W. B. Hoyt. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents...

The presents were numerous and elegant, testifying in the esteem in which Miss Tibbitts is held both in Andover and other places...

DIGBY.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] Sept. 1.—Mr. S. E. Townsend has returned from his trip to England and is spending a few weeks with his family here.

Mrs. Gordon of Ecton is visiting her sister Miss Tupper.

Mrs. A. D. Daley is visiting friends in St. John. Miss F. E. C. Cruikshank of St. John is visiting at Mrs. Robinson's.

Mr. F. W. Doane of New York is on his annual trip to Digby.

Miss Robinson of St. John is visiting friends here. Miss F. Dunbar is visiting her brother Capt. Allen.

Miss Redding of Kentville is on the academy staff of teachers in place of Miss McNeill.

Prof. Ashley and family who have been spending the summer here return to New York today.

Mr. Allan Randolph of Fredericton is with his family here. Mrs. Tucker and Miss Tucker of Fredericton are at present visiting Mrs. Randolph.

Miss Annie Short who took very ill while visiting friends in Bear River is convalescing.

Dr. Fritz of Manchester, N. H. was in town for a few days last week, his many friends here were glad to welcome him.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Barrill of Weymouth spent a few days in town last week. Eon.

GRAND MANAN.

Aug. 30th.—Miss Grace Benson of South Boston, has been a guest of Mrs. Leavitt Newton for the last week.

Capt. Warren Cheney and Miss Claire Cheney went to Eastport on Saturday.

Mr. W. Harold Covert of Halifax, spent the last week with his parents at the Rectory.

Miss Carrie Guptill has gone to St. John to visit friends.

Miss Eckett has returned to her home in Calais. Miss Gordon of Malden is a guest of Mrs. Hamilton Bancroft.

Miss Kathleen Wooster and Miss Jennie Ingalls leave by today's boat for Fredericton. Mr. Scott Wooster also will go to Fredericton today.

Miss Josephine Cronk of Boston is a guest of her father.

Miss Mabel Carson who has been attending the Training School for nurses, at the Public Hospital, St. John, is spending her holidays with her mother.

I hear of two weddings which are to take place soon, but more later.

Hon. A. H. Gilmour of St. George is on the Island. EAWREED.

HARCOURT.

[Progress is for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. S. Livingston.]

Sept. 1.—Mrs. John Beattie who was visiting at Richibucto for some weeks returned home today.

Sheriff Legere is in town this evening.

Rev. W. Lawson who exchanged pulpits with Rev. W. E. Johnson on Sunday last was the guest of Councillor L. J. Wathen while in Harcourt.

Mrs. Shannon of Jamaica Plains, Mass. U. S., is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Brown.

Miss Marion Wathen who has been visiting at Campbellton, returned home yesterday.

Mr. James Buckley spent Sunday in Campbellton with his daughter, Mrs. H. Baireau.

Stipendiary Magistrate B. S. Bailey drove Her Majesty's Mails to Chipman, Queen's county this morning.

The lecture in the town hall by Rev. W. Lawson on Saturday evening was well attended. The refreshment portion after the lecture realized \$8 00.

Mrs. Isaac B. Humphrey and her daughter Jennie left by train yesterday on a visit to Moncton and other places in Westmorland county.

Swedish Exposition Lottery.

The Swedish Government having relaxed its anti-lottery law to enable the Scandinavian Exhibition thus to pay a portion of its expenses, wealthy gentlemen of Stockholm advanced the necessary funds, and two drawings have already been held, and another will come off next month. The capital prize is 100,000 kroners, about \$26,000, the total prizes amounting to about \$123,000, and the exhibition will clear a handsome sum from the enterprise.

Merit Talks

"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best, in fact—the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills Do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists, 25c.

FACE HUMORS

Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, mothy skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Cuticura

SOAP sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. See "How to Prevent Face Humors," mailed free.

EVERY HUMOR From Pimples to Scrofula cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

WAYSIDE JOTTINGS.

Things I Have Seen and Heard in my Varied Travels.

I heard a remark from a friend of mine whilst passing up King street, to the effect that he believed in the old saying, "opposition was the life of trade" and, I am well aware of one case where it certainly was not.

A widow lady used to have a small eating house, at my home in England, and she made a great specialty of hot mutton pies, in which she did a particularly good business. After a while a man started an opposition shop close by, and he gave larger mutton pies for the same money, than the widow did, and, as a natural consequence, he got all the customers, for the public usually go where they get the most for their money in the eating line. In despair the widow mentioned her case to a friend, who was a purveyor of cat's meat, and the cat's meat man said:

"When does the opposition shop have the biggest crowd in eating?"

"Saturday night," replied the lady.

"All right," said the cat's meat man; "next Saturday night I want you to have a large number of pies ready in your shop, for you will get all your old customers back again, and a good many new ones."

The widow had implicit faith in her adviser, and prepared accordingly. In the meantime the cat's meat man went to the proprietor of the other pie shop and tried to get him to make his pies the same size as the widow's but the man obstinately declined saying "opposition is the life of trade."

On the following Saturday night, the man's shop was crowded with customers eating mutton pies, when the cat's meat man walked in, right among them, having a large stick on his shoulder, on which was strung nine dead cats. He flung them on the counter right before the horrified proprietor, and in a very loud voice, said:

"There is every cat I can find in the city. You have been doing such a terrific business the past few weeks, there are not any more cats left."

It is hardly necessary to say that all the customers rushed out of the shop, and when the place was empty of all but the pie man, the latter said:

"In this case, opposition kills trade!"

Some people when they are elevated to a position of importance, get the idea in their heads that it is themselves and not the position which makes the greatness.

A very pompous individual was made a Trial Justice in one of the Devonshire towns near my own home and he strutted around, trying to impress everybody with his importance. While he was passing Galmpton moor a plain near the village, he met a boy about fifteen years old, driving a flock of sheep, and the pompous gentleman, as he had been lulled so much, thought the boy would naturally know who he was and take off his hat and bow to him.

The boy did not exhibit any eagerness to do him reverence, and in withering sarcastic tones, the man called out:

"Don't take off your hat, boy!"

The boy looked at him a moment, and then said:

"I won't a-going to, sur."

This settled it and the pompous gentleman had a subdued feeling of sadness.

A few years ago, there was quite a furor over what was then thought to be a discovery of a cure for consumption in milk, and you could meet signs: "Goats' milk for sale here, 'on every hand.'"

A dairy man, who had heard of the great business that was being done in the sale of the milk of the goat, was anxious to share in the profits accruing from the sale of the article. He did not have any goats, but he put up a sign in front of his house, as follows:

"Goat's milk, fresh from the cow, for sale here!"

That effectually did the business.

In another issue, I will try and give you a few more instances of various matters that I hope will prove interesting.

H. PRICE WEBBER.

WHERE IS THE BYE LAW?

Is the One Relating to Sidewalk Cycling Lost or Mislaid.

MONCTON, Sept. 1.—The way of the transgressor—in the matter of using the sidewalks for bicycle riding, seems to be much harder in Nova Scotia than it is in New Brunswick, because I see by recent reports that the law on that point is actually enforced in the sister province and bicyclists who persist in using the side-walks for wheeling are not only arrested but positively fined, when they persist in disregarding the public ordinances.

I have been keeping a quiet, but deeply interested eye on the newspapers of other places, during the present summer, and I have been moved to a wonder not unmixed with awe, at the summary manner in which offenders have been dealt with in towns where the law is enforced without fear or favor. During the last week of July no less than fifteen cyclists were brought before the authorities of the little town of Windor N. S., charged with riding on the sidewalks, in defiance of the law, and in each case a fine of five dollars was imposed on the offender—and collected. Several young ladies were included in these violators of the law, but their sex failed to protect them and they were obliged to pay the penalty.

Within the past two weeks information was formally laid in Amherst, by a member of the police force against ten people in one day for the same offence, and two of the culprits in this case also, were young ladies. What penalty was imposed on these law-breakers I have not yet heard, but the "Daily Times" in noting the circumstance mildly inquires in a foot-note—

"What has become of the byelaw against wheeling on the sidewalks in Moncton?"

The question is a very pertinent one and many of the citizens would like to have it satisfactorily answered. Evidently it has either been lost, or so hopelessly mislaid that there is no chance of finding it before the bicycle season is over, when it will doubtless be quite as useful for all practical purposes as when it was first passed; and since it has obviously never intended to be enforced one cannot help wondering why the city council ever wasted valuable time in framing such a bye law.

Early in the present summer the city council of Halifax drew up an exhaustive set of bye laws for both the guidance and protection of bicyclists, the violation of any exceeding twenty dollars for each offence, and in default of immediate payment the culprit was to be imprisoned in the city prison for a period not exceeding ten days. These laws were not intended to be a mere embroidery upon the regular city ordinances but for practical use, and the police had every intention of enforcing them when necessary but I believe very few examples are made; and the city of Halifax is free from the nuisance of bicycle riding on the sidewalks. It would be most interesting to watch the progress of a case in Moncton where the minions of the law dared to interfere with the liberty of any free and independent citizen, male or female, who chose to use the sidewalks for a bicycle track! Of course there is no danger of such a contingency arising as the officers of the force know better than to engage in any such unequal contest, but the howl of indignation which would arise against such an outrage would shake the city to its foundations and probably result in most unpleasant consequences for the policeman. "Day after day" and worse still night after night, the festive cyclist dashes up and down the quieter streets just where she can do the most harm, since people are not looking for danger in the more pastoral parts of the city, and nobody says a word the public having meekly accepted her as a necessary summer evil, just like the mosquito or the house fly. But sometimes a bolder spirit is moved to sigh for laws that really mean something and are of practical use, so that

HUMPHREYS'

CURES

- No. 1 Fever, Congestion. No. 2 Worms. No. 3 Infants' Diseases. No. 4 Diarrhea. No. 7 Coughs & Colds. No. 9 Headache. No. 10 Dyspepsia, Indigestion. No. 11 Delayed Periods. No. 12 Leucorrhoea. No. 13 Croup. No. 14 Skin Diseases. No. 15 Rheumatism. No. 16 Catarrh. No. 27 Kidney Diseases. No. 34 Sore Throat. No. 77 Grip & Hay Fever.

Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medical of Diseases at our Druggists or Mailed Free. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25cts. Dets. or St. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK 1847 ROGERS BROS. MARK AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BESURE THE PREFIX > 1847 < IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

the sidewalk rider might have one or two expensive rides and after paying five dollars a few times for the privilege of using the sidewalks, would find out that it paid better in the long run to use the road.

To Play a Week's Engagement.

The Miles Ideal Stock Company return to St. John next week to play a week's engagement at the Opera House, opening with a matinee on Monday Labor Day. The company have met with great success in their trips through the provinces and return to St. John fully prepared to sustain the excellent reputation they made during their two weeks stay here in the early part of the season; while the personnel of the Company is practically the same as when here last, there have been one or two changes that will serve to strengthen it, particularly in the specialty line: Baby Vavens the wonderful little child dancer has been secured and will appear at every performance. This little lady made many admirers during a recent engagement here, winning all hearts by her dainty childish grace and simple unaffected ways. The company are worthy of every support as they have proved in the past and will no doubt draw largely.

Will Give Dancing Lessons.

During the stay of the Miles Company in this city next week Mrs. Anna Dodge will give dancing lessons to a limited number of pupils, grown people and children. Mrs. Dodge, who is the teacher of the clever little Vavens whose work was so much admired during her stay here this summer, is an excellent teacher and has given lessons in different towns throughout the provinces. She will suit the convenience of her pupils by either teaching them in her own apartments, or at their residence as desired. Application may be made personally or by letter to Mrs. Anna Dodge, Miles Stock Company.

A PRESS AGENT'S MISTAKE.

He Nearly Provokes a Riot at an Outdoor Show.

"Speaking of press agents," said the old showman, sometimes the cleverest of them over-reach themselves. I remember that on one occasion a very alert and hard-working gentleman in charge of the literary bureau of an outdoor entertainment in Boston almost precipitated a riot in order to obtain publicity for his show. The orchestra had been on strike once or twice for back pay. The promoter's checks didn't come in with gratifying regularity, and the elements conspired to close the gates of the big amphitheatre from two to four nights every week. After a consultation with the members of the business staff one day, the press agent sent out a rather readable yarn to the effect that the pretty daughter of an aristocratic family on the Back Bay had appeared incognito as a figurante in the outdoor spectacle purely because of her love for the stage.

The press agent raved over the beauty of the Back Bay belle, and said that she had the most striking figure of any of the corps of two hundred who gathered, whenever the weather permitted, on the big outdoor stage. He surrounded her with mystery. He told that she drove nightly to the performers' gate in a closed carriage, attended only by her trusty French maid. He said that the management had, with due regard for the feelings of the aristocratic Boston girl, provided a separate dressing room for her where she would not come in contact with the ordinary ten or fifteen dollar a week coryphees and the howling mob of auxiliaries recruited from the North End and from South Boston.

The press agent went still further in his advertising scheme. He said that a brother of the Back Bay beauty was on the war-path and had actually gone so far as to threaten violence to one member of the management. Nevertheless, it was stated, that she was determined to appear, at each and every performance, regardless of the wishes of her family in the matter. Of course, no names were mentioned; that goes without saying.

The story appeared in several of the Boston papers, and the press agent gleefully rubbed his hands. He knew that the reporters would be after him in a body, and that something must be done to get a

second-day story about the Beacon street daughter who appeared in the scanty costume of a Pompeian dancer. He decided on heroic measures. For a wonder the advance sale of that night's performance was very large. It was almost certain that if the rain held off and the scenery didn't blow down and the orchestra didn't go on strike again the night's receipts would be over \$2,000, so the press agent felt justified in blowing himself a little. And he did.

"Not having any Back Bay girl of theatrical proclivities in the company, he had, of course, to provide a substitute. He found one in the wife of an accommodating property man. She was quite pretty, had appeared in the ballets of outdoor spectacles for several seasons, and managed most of the time to provide food and lodging for herself and her husband. The agent took the ballet girl into his confidence, and also told the husband what his part was to be. It was arranged that at an important juncture in the performance, when the entire company was assembled on the stage, the husband, disguised in a dress suit lent to him by the agent, and a false beard from the costumer, was to create a scene at the main entrance to the grounds, and to call loudly for—

"Sister! Sister!"

"Your wife will be your sister, of course, for the time being," said the agent. "She's the Back Bay beauty that all the papers told about this morning, and you must demand that she leave the show at once. You must make your row in front of the boxes, and you mustn't be quieted even though the police threaten to club you. We'll fix that. In the excitement the orchestra will stop playing, and the performance will be interrupted. I'll make a little speech to the effect that your sister is the stage struck girl from Beacon street, and that you have come to save her from the perils of the 'Fall of Pompeii'! I'll tell you to accompany me to the stage and point out your sister if she is really there. Of course you will point out your wife. She will refuse to leave. You demand her arrest, and the rest is easy. She must resist, but without giving her time to put on her street clothes you must throw a shawl over her head and drag her screaming to the stage door. Then bundle her into a closed carriage which I will have there for you, and drive like the devil to a hotel at the north end.

"You must keep out of the way of the reporters and stay under cover all night, the agent continued. 'The job is worth \$25 and a couple of bottles of wine for you and your wife. I guess she won't kick; in fact I know she won't.'

The patient little dancer consented to her part in the game which was to set all Boston talking, and the offer of \$25 and the two cold bottles won the husband over in a jiffy. The plan was carried out without a hitch up to that point where the pretended brother insisted on rescuing his alleged sister by force. Unfortunately the press agent had not taken the ballet and the supers into his confidence. The spectators shouted, cheered, yelled, and jeered.

"Take her out. You're right. Take your sister out," some of them cried.

"Let the show go on, we've paid our money, we want to see the fireworks," cried others.

"Those women in the crowd who had read the story in the morning papers were wild with curiosity for a glimpse of the runaway beauty from the Back Bay. When the press agent, with a special officer and false whiskers got back to the stage where the bunco sister was selected for the sacrifice, a howl went up from the army of dancers and auxiliaries. It threatened to topple the canvas walls of Pompeii around the heads of all concerned. The little woman made a pretense of resisting, and this only excited the wrath of her associates who were not onto the game. In the rush that followed the press agent's dress coat on the back of the accommodating husband was ripped beyond repair. The husband's prop whiskers went sailing out into the artificial lake in front of the stage, and he nearly followed suit.

The big policeman who was in the conspiracy was compelled to club three or four of the men. The pretended brother made a gallant rush for his Back Bay sister threw a shawl over her head, and while the press agent and cop guarded the exit, husband and wife fled to the stage door and escaped in the carriage which was waiting.

The press agent and every one concerned in the management, including the foreign stage manager, had hard work to restore order among the ballet and supers. When this was accomplished they found more trouble on hand. Some of the people in the boxes and on the tiers of the seats began cries of Shame! Outrage! What has the poor girl done? and so on. The press agent had just about strength enough left to mount the orchestra stand and request silence. He made a brief explanation of the alleged position of the management toward the kidnapped Back Bay beauty. That was all. The performance went on.

"The accommodating husband not only punished the two bottles of wine, but stayed drunk for a week afterward at the expense of the management. An unfriendly reporter got the story from the husband, and it was only suppressed after considerable effort. That press agent concluded that for the balance of the season he would do his work along ordinary and more peaceful lines, even though he didn't succumb thereby in promoting publicity to the extent he contemplated when he put up the job to abduct the Back Bay beauty."

The big policeman who was in the conspiracy was compelled to club three or four of the men. The pretended brother made a gallant rush for his Back Bay sister threw a shawl over her head, and while the press agent and cop guarded the exit, husband and wife fled to the stage door and escaped in the carriage which was waiting.

The press agent and every one concerned in the management, including the foreign stage manager, had hard work to restore order among the ballet and supers. When this was accomplished they found more trouble on hand. Some of the people in the boxes and on the tiers of the seats began cries of Shame! Outrage! What has the poor girl done? and so on. The press agent had just about strength enough left to mount the orchestra stand and request silence. He made a brief explanation of the alleged position of the management toward the kidnapped Back Bay beauty. That was all. The performance went on.

"The accommodating husband not only punished the two bottles of wine, but stayed drunk for a week afterward at the expense of the management. An unfriendly reporter got the story from the husband, and it was only suppressed after considerable effort. That press agent concluded that for the balance of the season he would do his work along ordinary and more peaceful lines, even though he didn't succumb thereby in promoting publicity to the extent he contemplated when he put up the job to abduct the Back Bay beauty."

Coleman's CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM SALT PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION CLINTON, ONT.