

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

the head office at Montreal, will regret to hear of his recent severe illness. Mr. Stead has been in the Montreal hospital for some weeks seriously ill with typhoid fever but I am glad to say is now convalescent.

Mrs. I. L. Miller left town on Monday to visit St. John and Fredericton.

Judge and Mrs. Steadman of Fredericton are spending a few days in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Crandall of Pleasant street.

Miss Tweedie left town on Saturday to spend a few days at Marysville, with Rev. W. W. and Mrs. Brewer.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the bookstores of G. S. Wall, T. E. Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. In Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

Sept. 15—A very happy wedding party gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fredric Hill on Wednesday morning to witness the marriage of the eldest daughter Miss Louise Hill to Mr. William Henry. The house was beautifully adorned with flowers for the occasion, an arch was erected in the parlor, from which hung a marriage bell, made of white phlox, under this the bridal party stood during the marriage ceremony which was performed by Rev. S. G. Davis of the universalist church. The bride wore a handsome costume of blue covert cloth with hat to match. She was attended by a bridesmaid, and maid of honor. After the marriage service a wedding breakfast was served, and immediately the happy young couple drove to the C. P. R. station and left for a wedding tour to be spent in Boston and vicinity. The wedding gifts were unusually handsome, the bride having a large circle of friends and relatives who presented many rich gifts. On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Henry they will reside at No. 5 Downes street, Calais, where they will receive their friends on the third and fourth Monday in October.

A treat in store for the music-loving public is a grand concert to be given on Friday of next week by Miss Louie Taylor, in which Madame Marie Harrison, lately returned from Paris where she has been a pupil of the famous Marchesi, will sing. Mrs. Harrison has several times sung before a St. Croix audience and is always a favorite, and there are many who are her admirers, are most desirous of hearing her again. Miss Taylor who has also recently returned after several months study on the violin, will give several selections and a feature of the concert is a duet sung by Madame Harrison and Mr. G. S. Mayes of St. John. Miss Ina Brown of St. John will recite and Miss Berta Taylor will appear as accompanist. The concert is to be given in the Curling Rink.

Misses Margaret and Esther Black daughters of Mr. John Black of the bank of Nova Scotia, left last evening for Windsor Nova Scotia, to resume their studies at the Edgemoor school in Windsor.

Miss Emily Milliken has returned from Augusta Maine.

Mr. Wilmot Brown of Richibucto has been spending a few days in town.

Mr. G. W. Ganong, M. P., has sufficiently recovered from his illness to be able to attend to business.

Miss Carrie Washburn has been the guest of Mrs. W. B. King, during this week.

Mr. Wendal Spooner, has returned to his home in Plymouth, Mass., after a visit of several weeks with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coe.

Mrs. Almon I. Teed and her guests Mr. and Mrs. George Murray and Mrs. Deacon of Benton, are spending this week at Deer Island.

Miss Bessie McIntosh has gone to Woodstock for an extended visit of several months.

The Misses Whitlock who are still occupying their cottage on the river bank at the Ledge are spending today in town.

Mrs. Hazen Grimmer is visiting friends in St. John during the week.

Miss Mabel Clerke has arrived home and it will be pleasing news to know she is rapidly recovering from her illness.

Miss Mamie Nicholson of Somerville, Mass. is the guest of Mrs. Charles Beard.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gillmor are in Pembroke attending the Washington county annual fair and exhibition.

Mr. W. F. Vroom instructor at the Teachers college, New York city, is today for that city after an extended vacation with friends here.

Mr. Jem. Bates has returned to St. Johnsbury Vermont, after a pleasant visit of several weeks in Calais.

Inspector Carter is in town today arranging and perfecting plans in the Teacher's Institute which is held here in the Curling rink on Thursday and Friday of next week.

Mrs. Charles Whidden and her daughter Christine have returned from a delightful visit in Rockland, Maine, and vicinity.

Miss Winnifred Todd went to Andover Mass. on Tuesday to resume her studies at the Ladies Seminary in that place. Miss Todd's young friends greatly regret her departure from among them.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Orchard most cordially welcome them to St. Stephen. Mr. and Mrs. Orchard arrived from Chicago this week and are guests of Judge Stevens at Hawthorne Hall, after an absence of eight years.

Miss Bessie Porter in St. John the guest of her

Sales Talk

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than accorded any other proprietary medicine. This is simply because it possesses greater merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy

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sister Mrs. A. W. Reed, Stoneleigh Terrace, Prince William street.

Prof. and Mrs. Ganong accompanied by their sister Miss Sue Ganong leave this afternoon for Northampton Mass.

Lady Tilley is in town visiting her mother Madame Chipman at her beautiful home The Cedars. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Todd who accompanied their daughter Miss Sarah Todd to Wolfville Nova Scotia where she is a pupil at Acadia seminary, have returned home.

Miss Ethel Waterbury is in Fredericton the guest of her friend Miss Edith Hillyard.

Mrs. Waterbury has spent the past week in St. Andrews with her sister Mrs. G. Durell Grimmer.

Mrs. A. E. Neill and Mrs. John C. Taylor are guests of Mrs. Charles W. King Kingsville St. John.

Miss Penna and Miss Gibson are guests of Miss Roberta Murrie.

Misses Millie and Emily Rockwood and Vesta and Rebecca Moore left this morning for Wellesley Mass. to resume their studies at Wellesley college.

Mrs. A. H. Thompson arrived from Denver Colorado on Friday and will spend a fortnight here arranging some business affairs.

RICHIBUCTO.

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

Sept. 15—Rev. John A. Clarke of Newcastle occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday evening last, while in town Mr. Clark was accompanied by his two daughters were the guests of Mrs. Wm. Lawson at the parsonage.

Rev. Mr. Lucas and Miss Lucas were in town last week attending the S. S. Convention and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Forbes.

Mr. A. N. MacRae of St. John spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Frank Richman returned to Montreal on Tuesday after spending his vacation at home.

Miss Gertrude Evans of Shediac who has been in town for the past week guest of Miss Nellie Ferguson returned home today.

Miss Allen of Murray Harbor, P. E. I. is in town guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Carter.

Mrs. Allan Haines returned home on Wednesday last from a visit to Moncton and Chatham.

Mrs. George Haines of Moncton is visiting friends in town.

Messrs. C. and A. Black of Boston spent Sunday in town guests of their brother Mr. J. F. Black.

Mrs. Hiram Thompson returned last Wednesday from an extended visit to Tracadie.

AURORA.

ORIGINATES HIS OWN SPECIALTIES.

A Comedy Artist Whose Clever Work is all Original.

Conservative St. John, critical almost to a fault, has added two more to her not very lengthy list of theatrical favorites, in the persons of Jack Tucker and Eva Williams, the refined comedy couple and sketch pair of the Miles Ideal stock Co. who have only recently played their second engagement in this city to delighted audiences.

It may be quite different in other cities but in St. John the fullest success of a theatrical company's engagement cannot be guaranteed with impunity unless that organization has among its members a bright, intelligent interpreter, or interpreters of the humorous. Comedy is essential in the play of the day but unless it is enacted in a truly artistic manner it ceases to be comedy and assumes a very different form. With regard to the Miles company it can be truthfully said the comedy roles of Miss Williams and Mr. Tucker were highly appreciated and carried out without a suspicion of crudeness or contrary to human, natural ways. Their conception of funny parts was just as we see them in everyday life, and rarely, if ever, overdone.

Of Mr. Tucker, who by the way is one of a family of brilliant theatrical people, and brother of Ether Tucker well-known in the city, it may be said he is a remarkably studious as well as original young man, creating all his own little side sketches in which he and Miss Williams take part, thinking out designs for costumes and then illustrating them in pen and ink and water colors, for his own satisfaction and guidance. A number of these drawings which Progress had the pleasure of examining were pronounced works of art, full of originality and highly creditable, as a matter of draughtsmanship. Mr. Tucker spends a good deal of his spare moments in this his favorite pastime, and, has from the beginning of that fin de siècle craze, been a devotee to the poster girl. Some of his drawings contain new and decidedly unique designs in this style of art. Such original sketch successes as "Music Light Brigade," "De Belle of Hogan's Alley," "Rosie, Posie, Pansie," "Cake Walk" etc., were all illustrated before the parts were given out. Several new comicallities have been inked and painted into existence by the popular "Jack" of late. They are being rehearsed.

"My Coal Black Lady" is one of Mr. Tucker's songs that has caught on immensely; and "I'm Willie off the Yacht" now in course of preparation with a novel introduction, will be equally popular, it is safe to say.

While before the footlights Tucker and Williams put on pure, unalloyed fun, original to a nicety, free from even a suggestion of broadness, sparkling and catchy. Their engagements take them all over the American continent, and in the first playhouses of the land. One tribute to their work is exemplified in the fact that several stagelancers have pirated upon their original sketches. There is one thing about it they're solid with the St. John public.

WAYSIDE JOTTINGS.

What I have Seen and Heard in my Varied Wanderings.

There are a great many things that are incongruous in this world, and how often do you see and hear of places named, which by the sound you would think most delightful.

I know a man who insisted on calling his house 'Rose Cottage' when there was not a rose or anything approaching it within five miles.

Another man called his place 'Laurel Lodge' when such a thing as a laurel was totally unknown there.

Another case came under my notice of a lady calling her residence 'Laburnum Villa' where the tree was utterly unknown. On being asked why she called her home of the name she did she replied:

"I saw the name in a story book I was reading, and never thought about its being appropriate or not. All I know is, it suits me, and that is enough!"

* * *

I once had a man in my company who was very self-sufficient, and, in fact, "knew it all." It was hard to get him to understand the world could get along without him, and there is nothing on earth so hard as to unlearn.

We were going to play in a certain town that was off the railroad about eight miles, and we had to drive. I made enquiries about the road, and was told the hotel we had to reach was a very long, story and a hall building, which we would see on a hill after we had passed through a piece of woods.

The young man I have referred to said: "I know the way, Price, let me drive and I will get you there sure."

I said for him to go ahead, and we started. After driving for about four or five miles through a deep wood, we suddenly came upon a large building, and our friend said:

"Here it is. This is the hotel, for I know it well, having passed quite a number of weeks here during a vacation."

I remarked that we were told the hotel was on a hill; but the man who knew it all replied:

"Those folks did not know what they were talking about. I know the place; this is the hotel and I will soon let you see I know all about it."

He jumped out of the wagon, and went to the door of the house, knocking very loudly. Presently an aged woman came out, and our friend said:

"Come, madam, come. We want our rooms, and let the company know when dinner will be ready."

The woman looked at him and replied, "Company! Rooms! Dinner! Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh, here, my good woman, send the landlord here. It is only a waste of time talking to you. We are the theatrical party who play at the town hall tonight, and we want our rooms."

The woman was evidently astonished for she said:

"Theatre! Town Hall! Why where do you suppose you are?"

"Isn't this the hotel?" our friend asked, impatiently.

The aged female opened her eyes with wonder, and replied:

"Hotel! Why, deary me, this is the Poor House!"

There was dead silence, and as our friend slowly got back to his seat in the wagon, one of the company remarked:

"A good place to spend a vacation, cheap board, and not many different suits of clothes needed?"

More anon. H. PRICE WEBBER.

TEXAS SETS THE STYLES.

Lone Star Newspaper says it, and Mentions one Conspicuous Instance.

The denizens of the older States of the East love to rejoice in their own self-constituted superiority and conceit. These soft shell creatures lay back in their satisfaction, and it affords them supreme gratification to hear Texan pictured as the wild and woolly outskirts of civilization; a land dominated by the roaming cowboy with the six-shooter and rattlesnake hatband, and who prowls over the expansive prairies seeking some helpless human victim to slaughter. It does not occur to them that the great Lone Star State is a land of limitless possibilities and that a large percentage of the brains and energy of the nation and of the world has camped within her borders seeking fame and fortune, and that we have an up-to-date civilization here that knocks out the Europeanized and congested article they glorify.

Such is the case, however, and the Lav-

acen further begs to inform the inhabitants of the corrosive East who so love to flatter their own superiority and snatch beams out of the eyes of the West that Texas leads the fashions in this country. The Texan dude (and suffice it to say that we have begun to breed this variety of the human species within our midst in great numbers) puts on the latest spring touches long before his brother in the East has crawled out of winter quarters and is ready for another immutable edict from the decaying monarchies of the old world.

M. E. Fowler, one of the most fashionably decked out men who rambles over these parts went to New York at the beginning of summer and had an experience which shows how we stand on the dress question. He went to mix with friends and relatives and take in the giddy sights. In addition to the latest style suit he tapered himself off with a gray hat with a black band. He found that the Gotham natives had not yet caught on, but moved around in old foggy raiment and thought that he had just suffered from a death in his family.

It is so always, and the Texas lady who goes East arrived in the latest for the season often suffers from the gaping curiosity and inquisitiveness of the local folks who must still wear out-of-date styles. When it comes to keeping up with the fashion it is a settled fact that the East is not in it with Texas.

CONCERNING CORKSCREWS.

Now Almost all used in This Country Made Here.

A man who had wondered how the twist got into the corkscrew found, of course, that it was put there by machinery, and he learned also that such improvements have been made in this country in recent years in the manufacture of corkscrews that, whereas formerly the greater part of the corkscrews used here were imported from Europe, now nearly all the corkscrews used in this country are made here, and the production amounts to millions annually, for there are few articles of more common use.

There is now made a corkscrew with the screw part of steel wire and the handle of wood, a very respectable sort of corkscrew, that is produced so cheaply that it can be sold at retail for 5 cents with a very fair margin of profit. Corkscrews run from that up in price. There are now sold great numbers of corkscrews that are made, handle and all, of a single piece of steel wire. There is a tiny little corkscrew that is put up with patent medicines, a corkscrew with every bottle. This sort of wire corkscrew has for a handle a little loop or hoop just big enough to put a finger through. It is a little bit of a corkscrew, but perfectly effective for the use for which it is intended. If one bought a dozen bottles of a preparation with which such corkscrews are packed he would get a dozen corkscrews, but he need not fear that he is getting more than his share, for that he ought to return some of them, for they are produced at a cost that seems marvellously small, even when the wonderful results obtained by the aid of machinery are taken into account.

There is a corkscrew that is attached to a spoon. With such a spoon there is never any trouble about getting the cork out of the medicine bottle. There are various kinds of pocket corkscrews including the folding corkscrew, in which the screw part, turning on a pivot, turns back into a triangular-shaped handle. There is also a folding corkscrew whose handle, made in two parts, folds down on either side over the screw. There are corkscrews whose screw part, when not in use, is inserted into a tube, which passes through an eye at the upper end of the screw, serves as a handle when the corkscrew is used.

There is a familiar corkscrew that has around the screw part an attachment that rests upon the neck of the bottle, in which the screw turns. By the continued turning of the corkscrew the cork is raised from the neck of the bottle without direct pulling. A time-honored corkscrew is the one with a brush in one end of the handle with which to brush off the cobwebs, and the fragments and dust of wax on the top of the cork when the seal is broken. Such corkscrews are still sold, but not nearly so many of them as formerly, their disuse being due to the widespread modern use of metal capsules on various kinds of bottled goods.

Formerly every bartender pulled corks just as everybody else did. Not very few pull corks in that manner. Almost every bar, and many other places where many bottles are opened, has a cork puller, of which there are various kinds and styles. The cork puller is secured to the bar. It has an attachment that cuts the wire off the bottle, and one by which the metal cap is removed. The neck of the bottle is then thrust into a holder, and by a single throw of a lever, or a half turn on a crank, the cork is drawn.

FOR THE WRITING TABLE.

Dainty Furnishings of Burnt Leather the New Fashion of the season.

The newest furnishings for writing tables for women are of leather. And by the way, writing tables will be more fashionable next season than desks. They are spindle-legged, of course, and are enamelled or made of wood that matches or harmonizes with the other furniture.

The pads to be used on these tables are small hardly larger than the square of letter paper used on them. The backs and corners are of curved or burnt leather in-

stead of the long popular silver or decorated china mountings. The burnt leather is of several shades of mole with elaborate designs burnt in dark brown. The effect is dainty and somewhat more feminine than the carved leather. The latter is said to be all imported, and, therefore, too expensive for a modern purse. The inkstands, candlesticks, pen and pencil trays, paper weights, and the other articles are leather-covered and carved or burnt with the same design. The blotting paper to be used with such sets should be mole colored or brown to match the leather, and sometimes it has a similar design traced around the edges.

For men the fashionable furnishings for desks are cut glass, stag horn, and silver. The inkstands and other large pieces are cut glass on massive silver mountings, with stag horn top pieces or pen racks.

CAPITALIST'S WHISKERS.

Something Wrong, Apparently With the Ideal of the Capitalist.

"I wonder why it is," said a man who is always putting troublesome questions to himself, "that the average cartoonist or caricaturist looks upon side whiskers of one particular brand as a necessary adjunct of the capitalist?"

Of course the man who never troubles himself about anything didn't know, but he was willing to learn if it wasn't too much bother.

"I am inclined to think that the late William H. Vanderbilt must be responsible for it," explained the man who was in the habit of devising fool questions just to worry himself, "but I am not at all sure. If you will look at the cartoons in the illustrated humorous papers you will find that his brand of whiskers is the one that is favored whenever the artist finds it necessary to bring capital and labor together, and in fact whenever he introduced capital into his work at all. Sometimes he puts a George M. Pullman goatee on his plutocrat, but the Vanderbilt whisker is the insignia of plain everyday capital."

"Now, what's troubling me is, why is it so? Vanderbilt is about the only well-known capitalist in the list who ever wore what I may call the capitalist side whiskers, with the possible exception of ex-Gov. Oliver Ames of Massachusetts. P. D. Armour of Chicago tends a little in that direction in the cultivation of his whiskers, but he trims them closer than the cartoonist seems to think proper. Chauncey Depew, R. P. Flower, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, of course, favor hair on the sides of their faces; but they keep it clipped so short that they cannot be held even remotely responsible for the existence of the cash whiskers in modern art. The late George W. Childs of Philadelphia is another who might be added to this list. This makes four who favor, or have favored a field with the crop cut rather short to two whose inclinations were to let it grow long, with Armour left on the fence. Now why didn't these facts impress themselves upon the artists who were looking for something to convey the idea of wealth?"

"When we put side whiskers out of our investigations entirely," continued the man who was trying to worry himself into an early grave, "we are more surprised than ever at the tendency of art to mislead us. There is John Wanamaker with a smooth face, and J. V. Farwell of Chicago also with a smooth face. And there have been others. The late Matthew Vassar for instance. Why shouldn't they have got into the picture papers as the capitalistic type? And what excuse can the artists give for overlooking beards and chin whiskers? Think of the men who have money and also hair on the chin? The late Jay Gould was one, and he should have been enough to offset the Vanderbilt favorites. The late Cyrus W. Field was another. I can also think of Calvin S. Brice, Senator Stewart, C. P. Huntington, Russell A. Alger, ex-Senator Farwell, Austin Corbin, Oakes Ames and Seward Webb. There are certainly enough with money and hair in some form on the chin to have attracted the attention of the men who give us pictorial lessons in the management of our affairs. Why have they been ignored?"

"Even mustaches make a better showing in the field of capital than do side whiskers. There are the late A. J. Drexel and Russell Sage, M. H. DeYoung of San Francisco, Marshall Field of Chicago, Ongles T. Yerkes, H. H. Porter and John D. Rockefeller that I can think of without having to refer to a photograph album, all of whom have cash and hair on the upper lip. Why should they get the go-by from the thoughtless artist?"

The man who had been lying awake nights to worry over the future of the illustrated weeklies paused as if expecting an answer.

"Give it up," answered the man who didn't give a continental anyway.

"As a matter of fact," persisted the troubled one, "the man with full side whiskers is usually the man of small means. While he isn't the laborer, he isn't usually the capitalist, either."

"Very likely," admitted the easy going one.

"Then why not be accurate? If we are out after a type, why not get one?"

The easy going man shrugged his shoulders and the troubled one went off into a corner to worry some over the contrivance of things in general and the slipshod way in which this world of ours is handled.

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