



The annual concert of the Misses Furlong which took place at the Mechanics Institute on Wednesday evening was attended by a large and fashionable audience...

- Hauser.....Hungarian Rhapsody
Miss Helen Furlong.
Nevin.....The Rosary
Gounod.....There is a Green Hill Far Away
Miss Kathleen Furlong.

A very pleasant dinner party was given on Tuesday evening by Mrs. Isaac Burpee at her residence Mount Pleasant, for Mr. and Mrs. Usher...

Professor Bristowe, Mrs. Bristowe and family are spending a week or two at the Bay shore.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Burpee who were married in Fredericton on Wednesday were in the city for a day or two this week.

A dinner at which Mrs. George Jones was the hostess, preceded the concert on Wednesday evening, the guests going later to the Institute.

The sad death by drowning of Mr. Robert Ferguson, which occurred last Sunday was a shock to his many friends and the deepest sympathy goes out to the bereaved family.

Broken wheel of white roses, carnations swansonia and ferns with spokes of red carnations from friends in the St. John Bicycle and Athletic club.

A large cross of white roses, carnations, tube roses and ferns from a few friends.

A broken column composed of white carnations twined with yellow roses, with base of yellow roses, swansonia and ferns from the staff of Emerson & Fisher.

A crescent of pink roses, carnations, swansonia, spirea and ferns from Messrs. Emerson & Fisher.

An anchor of white roses, swansonia and ferns, from the crew of the schooner yacht 'Windward.'

Broken column of cream roses, carnations plox, stock, swansonia on a base of Crimson Jacquinet roses, spirea and cornelias, asparagus and smilax, from the wheelman's Rod and Gun club.

Cross of white roses, carnations, abutilons, spirea, smilax and asparagus from Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Drury.

Mr. Ed Ward M. Abbott has returned from a pleasant stay of three weeks in New Hampshire.

Mrs. Amy Bender and her two children, of Fairville are paying a visit to Woodstock as guests of Mrs. Bender's sister Mrs. J. C. Tabor.

At a band benefit given in Wolfville last week little Miss Roberta Wisley of this city sang a solo very acceptably.

The Victoria carried a happy party up river last Saturday as far as Fredericton, in which city they were guests at the Queen.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allison, of St. John, who had for their guests Miss Allison, Miss Flossie Bowman, Miss W. C. Bowman, Walter C. Allison and W. S. Allison of St. John, and Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Seymour of Chicago.

Judge White of Sherbrooke Quebec and a party of friends spent part of this week in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Luns and the Misses Lane of Brockton, Mass., are visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. James Webster of Shediac spent part of this week in St. John.

A party of Calais ladies who make an annual visit to Nova Scotia were here this week for a day or two.

A party of gentlemen enjoying a fishing trip on the North shore this week included: Messrs T. Amos Gousoe, A. W. Macrae, T. A. Peters and E. G. Evans.

Miss Jennie Perkins of Fredericton is spending a month with Fairville friends.

Mrs. F. J. White of Moncton spent part of this week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harrison, little daughter, and Miss Lily Adams spent Sunday in Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Inches arrived from Fredericton Monday on a two week's visit.

Mr. A. P. Barnhill left this week on a visit to Boston and Ottawa.

Mr. J. W. Bailey of Boston, formerly of Fredericton, was in this city Monday en route to Sydney, C. B., from whence he will go on a visit to Newfoundland.

Rev. R. J. Haughton and Mrs. Haughton arrived in the city this week on a visit to Mrs. Haughton's mother Mrs. J. T. Steeves of Wellington row.

Miss Muriel Dick returned Monday from a pleasant visit to Boston and other parts of Massachusetts.

Mrs. Charles Balloch of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs. Alex. Mac ulay, Princess street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Campbell and the Misses Campbell of Fredericton were here for a short time early in the week.

Mrs. Emma L. Estey came down from the Capital on Tuesday and will spend a few weeks with friends here.

Dr. R. F. Quigley returned the first of the week from a visit to Boston. He was accompanied by Mr. A. L. Palmer.

The marriage took place on Wednesday of Mr. James W. Manson and Miss Jessie Stirling Livingstone.

The officiating clergyman was Rev. W. W. Rainie, of Calvin church. The bride wore a most becoming fawn tailor made suit, and a white sailor hat very artistically trimmed with fawn and blue.

Miss Ella McAlary, her bridesmaid, wore a pretty dress of fawn and heliotrope, with hat to match.

Fred W. Amland was the groomsmen. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Manson took passage on the Prince Rupert for a honeymoon trip through Nova Scotia.

The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond ring, and to the bridesmaid an opal ring. The bride received a handsome picture from her associate teachers of the Indian town school.

Miss Emma Hudson who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. David Hudson for the past four weeks returned to her home in Richibucto Friday.

Mr. James Moulson is making a weeks visit to New York.

Mrs. C. T. Burns, and son Arthur arrived from Halifax, Monday on a visit to friends in the city. They will be the guests of Mrs. G. G. Boyae of Germain Street.

Miss Mary Henderson of Philadelphia is visiting her aunt Mrs. Robert Braedon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Allan have returned from a visit to the upper provinces.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Emerson returned this week from a trip to England.

Mr. James E. Hogan who has been quite ill for several weeks is much improved.

The usual golf tea was not given on Friday as many of the members were absent, having gone to St. Andrews to play a match with the club of that town.

Without having God we cannot begin right.

Emancipated Woman. The future is veiled in a mysterious mist That looms up darkly, but the whispering winds Tell us queer tales of what is yet to come—

'O men, enwrapped in all the mists ye see, A figure stands and bids the world defiance, A woman's form, but not a woman's soul,

And there she stands with proud and curling lips, Saying quite loudly: 'Oh, I am free, am free; No more am I the slave of brutish man;

The hope of centuries is realized; Woman has risen from the awful mire That held her down in all the ages gone,

And then, O men, the figure glides away, And thousands like her, with the same old chant, Behind them shows a burning racking sun,

For forehead is wrinkled with the awful knowledge Of science, and the things innumerable With all the petty things one must endure,

If children are to grow and come of age. Her nose is sharp, her posture is defiant; A glint of triumph seems to light her face

And says quite plainly, 'I am free, am free, And never more will I bow down again.' And then she looks to you, O man, behold,

Adds to that laugh a hollow mockery, And the wind, returning, carries it swiftly on. And thus we hear a hideous, awful laugh

Go trailing by to space, indistinctly, An mocking all the men and women, too, And seeming loud to say: 'Oh, blind fools, Ye see, and just the same ye do not see.'

Now, tell me, men of foresight and of sense, Is this the nightmare of an addled brain? Or will this be the woman who shall breed

The race of future men—men who shall build Empires throughout the space of all the earth; Men who must meet with force the awful needs

Of giant countries, and who still must fight The fearful battles of the coming age; Who must stand up and meet the crashing shock

Of new and old, of monarchs, kings and slaves, Of old, of the old, of the old, of the old, Of old, of the old, of the old, of the old,

With one great question pressing to be solved? Is this the woman who must be the wife,

The helpmeet of the working, toiling man, The one to soothe him when great worries come And take possession of his heart and brain?

Would she give up all fame and work and glory To give her time to petty, household things, To happiness and love and simple life,

And things that only women can do well? Nay, never so! A weakened puny race

Of worried men would haunt a busy world, And then, oh, woe to nations and to man! For when the nations progress on the earth,

And, in their weakness and their leanness, Down they would sink into the awful mire Where fallen nations sleep and never rise.

No, when the time shall come for women, too, To sacrifice their bodies to their heads,

Their heart and soul for knowledge and for fame, Their hapiness for hollow names and titles, Then such a thing as home will not exist,

And there will be no woman on the earth. True womanhood, its pureness and its power Will fade away as 'e'en the vanishing winds!

O men, take warning from the whispering winds! —James Oppenheim.

'They Say' Have you heard of the terrible family 'They' And the dreadful, venomous things they say?

Why, half the gossip under the sun, If you trace it back, you will find begun In that wretched House of 'They.'

A numerous family, so I am told, And its genealogical tree is old; For ever since Adam and Eve began To build up the curious race of men, Has existed the House of 'They.'

Gossip-mongers and spreaders of lies, Horrid people whom all despise! And yet the best of us, now and then, Repeat queer tales about women and men, And quote the House of 'They.'

They live like lords and I never labor, A 'They's' one task is to watch his neighbor, And tell his business and private affairs. To the world 't large they are sowers of tares,— These folks in the House of 'They.'

It is wholly useless to follow a 'They' With a whip or a gun, for he slips away And into his house, where you cannot go, It is locked and bolted and guarded so— This horrible House of 'They.'

Though you cannot get in, yet they get out, And spread their villainous tales about. Of the rascal under the sun Who have come to punishment, never one Belonged to the House of 'They.'

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

In The Tenement. A butterfly, wafted from Orange hills (By a zephyr that died ere it reached the town), O'er the reek of the streets and the smoke of mills Poised for a moment, then fluttered down;

Fluttered down to a window-sill, Where a child of the people lay weak and ill.

In the sweltering heat of the tenement row (Mountain of mountain of torrid brick), Where ill-smelling ether-beats come and go, And ozone lies dead, and the air is thick, Two wings of gold from the sun's bright roof Fanned at a casement beneath the roof.

A tired little voice bade the wanderer stay,— A wan little face grew all alight,— Little feverish hands, that so helplessly lay, Were clasped for glee at the wondrous sight. Then away through the pulsing waves of heat The butterfly drifted on down the street.

Through the purple and breathless August night, 'Mid the sickening tenement sounds and smells, A baby dreamed how those wings of light Were coursing through meadows and shaded dells, While, in sight of that room 'neath the tenement roof, Lay a butterfly—crushed by a horse's hoof —Albert Payson Terhune.

Noontide. From portals that glowed with the rarest splendor, Stillier than roses unfold and die, She came and passed in her grace so tender,— And noontide hangs in the silent sky.

The butterflies flit in the drowsy weather Bitter and on a maze red,— Or dreamily fan their wings together, To the rane of the locust's droning wheel.

In zigzag courses the fences shimmer; Ferrid and faint in the pallid moon The corn-leaves curl and the poplars glimmer, And drowsily wait for the south wind's boon.

And airy and white as a wing drifts over— Filmy and fair in the silent blue,— A ghost of a cloud—through fields of clover Its shadows trail slowly through.

The poplar leaves in the silence quiver, Restless in slumber, while all things seem;— The birds and the bees and the shaded river, Lapped in the maze of a noontide dream. —Benjamin F. Leggett.

Baffled. The play began: I heard the words, But little could I see, Except the roses on the hat Which loomed in front of me, Despite the programme's kind request, Which none could fail to see.

One act I suffered silently, And then made up my mind; I boldly asked that girl in front To be exceeding kind And remove her hat, so those could see Whose seats were placed behind.

With dearest touch she quick removed The awful hat she wore, But I, alas, could see the stage No better than before: The lady had removed her hat But not her pompadour. —Charles M. Bryan.

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