



Now that the weather is growing a little pleasanter, the social sky is beginning to brighten also and the past week has been filled with gay little doings which have helped to make the time pass very pleasantly. The Rothesay summer residents have had a very lively summer of it, and happy gatherings have been many this season. Barn dances, garden parties, yachting and teas have followed in quick succession, and there does not seem to be any cessation in sight at least for the next few weeks.

On Tuesday evening of this week the Misses Hannington of Sydney street gave a dance which, despite the intense heat was very pleasant and enjoyable; good music, glass like floors and all that the most hospitable of hostesses could do for the pleasure of guests could not but make the dance one to be remembered.

Mrs. George F. Smith was one of the week's hostesses giving a bright little dance on Thursday evening for the entertainment of some friends of the Misses Smith who are visiting the city. The rooms were prettily decorated with cut flowers and plants and excellent music was provided for the dancers. Loes were served during the evening and later a delicious supper.

Mrs. Stockton of this city is a visitor at Broderick's beach, Farrisboro, N. S. which has suddenly sprang into notice as an ideal summer resort.

The Misses Furlong have returned from St. Andrews where they gave a concert on Wednesday evening which was very largely attended and most successful.

Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes who is visiting Fredericton sang a solo in St. Paul's church last Sunday evening which has elicited a great deal of flattering notice.

Miss Daisy Sears entertained the youthful portion of the summer population of Westfield at a garden party at Woodman's Point on Tuesday last. About fifty young people were present and various games made the sunny afternoon pass quickly and pleasantly. Supper was served at six and the affair ended with a big fire on the beach, round which many of the older residents assembled and assisted in the jollity which reigned supreme.

The party was in honor of Master Prescott Woodworth and among the young folks present were Misses Jean MacDonald, Constance Inches, Misses Crothers, Misses Gregory, Misses Heath, Misses Bullock, Messrs. Alward, John Sayre, Fisher, Bullock, Leonard, K. Jones, Charlie Inches, Messrs. Doody and others.

Miss Nan McDonald entertained her friends at a garden party at the lovely summer home of the family at Woodman's point last evening. The place is an ideal one for an affair of this kind and though it occurred too late in the week for an extended notice there is no doubt it will be counted as one of the seasons most successful functions.

Mrs. W. B. Dunn and son are visiting Moncton as guests of Mrs. R. P. MacNichol.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McArthur returned Tuesday from a very pleasant trip through Nova Scotia.

Miss May Bookhout of Mecklenburg St., is spending a little time with Mrs. R. T. Rabbit of Gagetown.

Miss Emma Thompson has returned to Fredericton after a pleasant stay with friends who are summering at the Bay Shore. Mrs. J. H. Barry and family have also been enjoying an outing with friends at the shore.

Miss Jessie Munro of Messrs. Macaulay Bros. & Co., who has been visiting relatives in Toronto and Niagara has returned home after spending a very pleasant visit.

Miss Foley and the Misses Agnes and Marie Foley, returned Tuesday from a three weeks' stay in the country.

Mrs. B. A. Stammers and Miss Elliott went to Elgin on Monday to attend the funeral of their cousin Mrs. Joseph Steeves who died very suddenly on Saturday evening. Mrs. Steeves was very well known in this city where she frequently visited relatives and news of her death was heard with much regret.

Says the St. Andrew's Beacon: "Among successful New Brunswickers in New York the name of John Boden, formerly of St. John, stands among the foremost. At home, John, (or Jack as he was better known by his conferees) was an exceedingly clever, but not very busy, young lawyer, with an aptitude for newspaper work, a love for good horses and an abiding affection for his pipe. A little over ten years in newspaper work in New York has placed him among the front rank of journalists, and gained for him a firm foothold as a knowing horseman. Besides holding down the position of city editor of the Press, he owns one of the finest racing studs in the United States, and is secretary of the New York Racing Association, a position which yields him a salary of \$3,500 a year. This season, his horses have won for him some splendid victories. John's old newspaper cronies in New Brunswick are pleased to hear of his good luck, more particularly as it has not turned his head."

An event of interest to the St. John friends of the

bride took place at Holy Trinity church St. Martins, on Wednesday, Aug. 16th, at 3.30 p. m. when Miss Sarah J. Manette eldest daughter of Mrs. Bessie Manette was united in marriage to Charles H. Brown of Gagetown by Rev. Mr. Baraman. The bride looked charming as she entered the church wearing a suit of blue trimmed with white lace and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses, chrysanthemums and maiden hair fern. Miss Bertha Manette sister of the bride was bridesmaid and looked very nice in a suit of blue trimmed with white lace and ribbon with hat and gloves to match. The groom was assisted by Fred F. Duff of Fairville.

After the ceremony the bridal party and about forty invited guests drove to the home of the bride's mother, where the wedding supper was served. The young couple who are very popular, were the recipients of a large number of handsome and valuable gifts. At nine o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Brown left for St. John, to start the next day on their bridal tour through Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island before returning to their home in Gagetown.

Mrs. C. W. Beckwith of Fredericton spent last Sunday with city friends.

Misses Lizzie McLooney and Mary McMurray have been spending a little while with Fredericton friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. O. Jones were among St. John people who visited the capital last week.

Kennedy's hotel had among its guests last week the following: St. John people: W. E. O. Jones, J. O. Charlton, A. McCloskey, W. L. Harding, M. Atkinson, H. D. McLaughlin, Richard Sullivan.

The St. Paul Morn. Dispatch of Aug. 14th has been received with the following interesting marriage notice: "Miss Agnes Chestnut Thorne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Thorne of St. Paul, and Leland Prince Arthur, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Arthur of St. Paul, were married at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon by Rev. Benjamin Longley, at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Yerxa at Wayzata, Lake Minnetonka. W. J. Tompkins' orchestra played 'Cavalliera Rusticana,' 'O, Promise Me' and other appropriate selections during the afternoon. The bride wore a beaming crown of Parisian style, heavily trimmed with lace and satin ribbons, and carried a bride's bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Grace Arthur, sister of the groom, wore pink organdie and lace and carried pink roses. Charles Frost was best man. The cottage was decorated with festoons of asparagus and sweet peas. Over the altar was a screen of asparagus from which hung a large floral ball. The steamer Victor met the guests, who, included the intimate friends of both families from St. Paul and Minneapolis. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur left on the evening train for a short wedding tour, after which they will be at home at Grand Fork, N. D."

The marriage of Miss Genevieve Landry daughter of Mr. I. J. D. Landry, and Mr. Edmund L. Breese took place in the Cathedral at half past eleven Monday morning. Though there were no invited guests and the bridal party was unattended, a large number witnessed the ceremony which was performed by Rev. F. J. McMurray. The bride looked very graceful in a travelling dress of blue cloth with hat to match, and was conducted to the altar by her father. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Breese returned to the residence of the bride's parents where they remained until the departure of the C. P. R. in the afternoon, many friends calling in the intervening time to offer congratulations. The bride was the recipient of many very beautiful presents from friends here and elsewhere. Mr. and Mrs. Breese are spending the honeymoon at Newport where they will remain until Mr. Breese joins the James O'Neill company of which he is leading man. Mr. and Mrs. Breese have the good wishes of many St. John friends for their future happiness.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Milligan enjoyed a most delightful outing at their suburban home 'Beausean' Torryburn, last Saturday afternoon, the time being spent in strolling on the Kennebecasis beach, watching the yacht race from Rothesay. A visit to the Y. M. C. A. chalet was also included in the entertainment offered to the guests. A supper that was perfect in all its details was served on the lawn and later on there was delightful music in the parlors and as the songs were all popular ones most of the guests participated in making the evening a very merry one. Among the guests were:

- Mr. Eben Perkins, Mrs. Perkins.
- Mr. Fred Bonnell, Mrs. Bonnell.
- Mr. Boyd McMahon, Mrs. McMahon.
- Mr. Fraser, Mrs. Fraser.
- Mr. J. N. Golding, Mrs. Golding.
- Mr. Arthur Sharpe, Mrs. Sharpe.
- Mrs. W. H. Jones, Mrs. Pitt, Bermuda.
- Miss Stone, Bermuda, Miss Mabel Shipp, Boston.
- Miss Effie Howe, Boston, Miss Grace Smith.
- Miss Effie Ross, F'ion, Miss L. Pitt, Bermuda.
- Miss Broad, Halifax, Mr. Robert Ross.
- Mr. Walter Golding, Mr. Walter Goddard.
- Mrs. Miles Dixon is spending a few days in Fredericton as the guest of Miss Allen.

The marriage is announced for Sept. 26th of Miss Hannah Gorham of West End, one of St. John's fairest school teachers, to Harry Woods of Welsford, the well-known farmer, politician and "blueberry king."

Miss Alice Kane of North End has returned from an extended visit to relatives in New England. Miss Effie Smith of Charlottown, Mass., is visiting her aunt Mrs. D. N. Vanwart, Charlotte street.

Miss D'Prager, medical missionary from India was the guest of Mr. Ira Kierstead, Paradise Row, for a short time this week.

Mrs. John Burpee is entertaining Miss Aggie Neil of Fredericton, this week.

Miss Troop returned Saturday from a stay of several months with friends in England.

Mr. and Mrs. R. McVey of Missoula, Mont., are spending a little while with friends here.

Ex-Mayor Whitehead, Mrs. and the Misses

Whitehead of Fredericton are among the summer visitors at Duck Cove.

Mrs. F. H. J. Brigstocke left the first of the week for the Pacific Coast where she will spend some time with her son.

The Misses Lizzie and Alice Estey are paying a visit to Fredericton.

Dr. John Berryman and Mr. L. J. Almon enjoyed a little fishing expedition on the Nepisiquit this week.

Misses Annie and Marguerite Kelley returned home this week from visiting friends in Shediac and Grande Digue.

Miss Alice Fleming arrived from Nova Scotia on Tuesday and will spend the next three or four weeks with city friends.

The Misses Queenie and May Estabrookes are visiting Marysville as guests of Miss May Rowley.

Miss Ida Lucin has returned from a pleasant visit to Marysville.

Mrs. W. L. Blair has gone to St. Stephen to spend a little while with Mrs. F. I. Blair.

Miss Minnie Smythe has been paying a visit to Miss Annie Shaugnessy of St. Stephen for a week or two.

Mr. W. McKenzie of Ottawa was here this week en route to Shediac where his family are summering.

Mr. Percy Olive is home from Boston on a visit to relatives.

Mr. Raymond Parker of Liverpool spent a day or two in the city lately.

Mr. H. A. Whitney and the Misses Whitney of Moncton spent Wednesday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Sprague and the Misses Sprague of New York spent part of this week in looking through the city and suburbs.

A party of Worcester, Mass., people who have been doing St. John this week were, Miss Annie Ois, Mr. Edward Ois, Mr. Harry Ois, Miss Mary Clark, Miss Blanche Raymond, Mr. Fred L. Batchelor and Miss Mary Goddard.

Mrs. John Henderson, Miss Louise Henderson and Miss Lily Price have returned from a very pleasant visit at Williams' Wharf.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sullivan and child who have been visiting friends in this city have returned to their home in Chelsea, Mass.

The Abolition.

Woman sat on a throne in the good old days gone by; Man worshipped at that throne and asked no reason why.

Woman was high and apart from the man who bowed him down, But she laughed when he laughed, and when he sighed she smoothed the angry frown.

And she gave him her loving heart when she gave him her soft white hand, And she did her best to make them a nest called home in the happy land.

And she did her best through the long, full years to help him to his goal, And her children and he, and her home and hearth were part of her heart and soul.

But then came a sad, sad day—woman raised her head, And thought: 'Well, all these weary years I've been far worse than dead!'

And said: 'Man rules the earth—too long has he had power. The taxes I pay, so I'll have a say, and now is the time and hour.'

And, foolish, she then set forth and imitated men, Learnt what they learnt, said what they said, and caught up the gravel and pen.

Then a doctor she was, and then she studied law, And then she went and her time she spent in wagging a foolish war.

For she said, 'I am free and strong,' and she said 'Now I must vote.' So she spoke from the stump (with her children at home) and then with her pen she wrote.

Men laughed up their sleeves: 'Superior are we, For she imitates the things we do, and to us she bows the knee.

Once she was high and apart, and men they bowed at her feet, But even now the women bow, and they give us frowns for feet.

She has come down from her throne to mingle with those below, Though we warned her long that she was wrong, but she thought that we did not know.

And we warned her long ere the day had come when women tried to men, But, just the same, right down she came, nor would she go up again.'

And thus the foolish seeds of discontent were sown. And she never thought what she had lost when she came down from her throne.

And she never thought through the weary days when on a level with men, She learnt what they learnt, and did what they did with the brush and the tongue and the pen.

—James Oppenheim.

The Microbe's Discontent.

'It is to laugh!' the microbe cried with glee; He and his kind were floating in the water; Gas producing germs like the Characae Gurgler's assent, though ignorant of the matter, While Uroglens, diatoms, and Crenothrix Hastened to join the group; well pleased to mix With Zoogles. Higher forms will do the same When Orators commence their game.

'You know full well,' the verbose germ began, 'How deeply wronged we organisms feel By those above us, and above us our enemy is Man. Although, continually, we seek his weal, In union's strength, so hasten to unite; Our wrongs redressed, and everything made right is what we need. But can he make us to feel A leather scabbard oftimes covers steel.'

'While I in a pond was filling my function, And working for humanity's good, with uncton, I was suddenly put under shameful arrest, And subjected forthwith to microscopical test. And what what developed? When in such sad plight, Why! I developed of course, until in man's sight I was visible. Then ticketed with latin name, I became a germ of dread and shame.'

'What can man do, without our intervention? We purify his food, and in so many ways: In decay, air and water. Our intention Is always for his good; and to prolong his days, Yet our habits, lives, and acts in scientific light Become his jest. Ah! thankless always is the task Of doing good behind the mask.'

While still he spake these words of discontent, I And sought to stir up elementary strife, His words indeed were vain, and labor spent, For racing round him, intermingling strife, Combinations caused; while Uroglenic decomposing life Lent fuel to the flame, and, sad to tell, ere morning brook The whole thing ended up in smoke.

The Flower of Fame.

He sought it before the billow of spring on the meadow was seen, When only the flash of the willow was tracing the river with green; He scanned to the edge of the fraying snows that dappled the mountain slope, And ever too late the March sun rose, for he searched the world with hope.

I saw him at noon of the summer day, and that was the favorite hour. To one that had hunted from March to May and never had found a flower. For the light was full, as though the sun were aiding his eager quest. And there were no warning shadows to run over his path from east or west.

And still in September's purple and gold he was hunting the grudging ground, But not with the steady eye of old or the spring-time's joyous bound; He stopped in his feverish roaming, 'twas to question the darkling air. Too early came the gloaming; he was searching With despair.

And while, for a chance of the rarest, he wanders in storm or heat, He is blind to the charm of the fairest he is crushing beneath his feet. The flower of every valley, the flower of all the year, Deep in whose broken blossom the dew lies like a tear— Herbert Underwood Johnson in Century.

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