



In the absence of other pleasures the ladies have spent the past week mostly in the millinery stores, several of these very interesting events having been held early in the week, and serving nicely as a leisure diversion. Easter comes so very early however that one will hardly expect to see the result of these visits on that day. The forista hold popular attention just now, the pretty custom of sending flowers to ones friends at this season having become very general. Next week other pastimes will present themselves and so the time goes on. In the meantime it is hardly necessary to say that during the past week the usual quiet has not been disturbed by any social gaieties, whatever, even the mild afternoon whist having been given up for the time being.

Surprise parties have been quite a favorite form of entertainment during the past winter, and each one has invariably been pronounced the very nicest and most enjoyable of all. Youthful devotees of the Terpsichorean art are never very hard to entertain once given good music, an interesting order of dances, and a congenial company. These combined elements are what made the surprise party given to Mr. Charles Vanwart of Summer street on Wednesday evening an unusually enjoyable affair, and accounted for the apparent unwillingness of the guests to make their adieux until the latest possible moment. It was after two o'clock when the young folks reluctantly dispersed.

Though dancing was the chief amusement, the evening's pleasure was greatly enhanced by the presence of many musicians of more than ordinary ability, vocalists and instrumentalists, who graciously assisted in the entertainment. The rooms were nicely arranged, and cozy sitting out corners were numerous. The dance programmes were of an interesting and original nature, as opposite the regular dance numbers were little merry subjects that would suggest a conversation to the dancers. In fact the affair throughout was marked by that originality which makes social life doubly enjoyable. Tempting and delicious refreshments were served during the evening to the guests, among whom were:

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| Misses. | Messrs. |
| Jennie Patchell, | Campbell McKay. |
| Miss Groves, (Calais) | Chas. Vanwart. |
| Jennie Belyea, | Chas. Turner. |
| Georgiana Rourke, | George Brown. |
| Flossie Belyea, | Edgar Logan. |
| Belle Ross, | Brad Patchell. |
| Bessie Harrison, | W. H. Golding. |
| Annie Belyea, | George Allen. |
| Christie Ross, | Leslie Palmer. |
| Lizzie Gregory, | Roy Vanwart. |
| Gussie White, | Fred Rourke. |
| Essie White, | C. K. Cunard. |
| Nettie Vanwart, | Frank Bonnell. |
| Addie Montelth, | Charles Morgan. |
| Jessie McQuarrie, | Sydney Strand. |
| Mrs. D. N. Vanwart, | Mr. George Smith. |
| Mrs. S. Strand. | Mr. Herbert McDonald. |

The concert given under the auspices of Jewel Rebekah Lodge No. 6 I. O. O. F., in Carleton on Tuesday evening was exceptionally good, and was largely attended. The excellently rendered programme was as follows:

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| Overture..... | Carleton Cornet Band |
| Vocal duet..... | Mr. and Mrs. Titus |
| Reading..... | Daisy Sears |
| Piano solo..... | Mrs. Montgomery |
| Vocal solo..... | Prof. Titus |
| Reading..... | Miss Wetmore |
| Solo—Death of Nelson, with hand accompaniment..... | S. Herbert Mayes |
| Violin solo..... | Prof. Bowden |
| Vocal solo..... | Miss Oiding |
| Reading—Toots' Mistake (by request)..... | Alleen Hobart |
| Vocal duet..... | Prof. Titus and S. Herbert Mayes |
| Reading..... | Mr. Price |
| Vocal solo..... | Mr. Hood |

God Save the Queen.
Mrs. E. Sears Miss Daisy and Master Jack Sears enjoyed a very pleasant visit to Fredericton recently.

Mr. Henry Calder of Campobello Island spent a day or two in the city during the week.

Miss Georgie Bartlett of Moncton accompanied her brother Mr. Holly Bartlett to St. John this week upon his return to Brooklyn after a short visit to his home in that town. Miss Bartlett will spend some weeks with friends here.

Mr. R. E. Armstrong of the St. Andrews Beacon spent a little while in the city this week.

Mr. T. A. Brennan of the Summerside Journal spent a day here lately on his return from a trip to Chicago and Montreal.

Mr. George J. Clarke of St. Stephen was here for a day or two last week.

Dr. J. M. Smith has been confined to his residence this week by a painful injury to one of his eyes, which will prevent him from attending to his duties for a little while.

Miss Maude Clark has gone to Toronto for a few weeks visit to friends.

Mrs. Fearon and Miss Katie Greaney of Pitt St. leave Monday for a visit to Montreal friends.

Master Jack Andrews is in Calais on a visit to his mother's relatives and other friends.
Friends of Mrs. C. H. Stevens will regret to hear that she is very ill with pneumonia at her home in that town.

Mr. and Mrs. P. S. MacNutt left Tuesday for a short visit to New York and other cities.

Mr. H. D. McLeod of Amherst spent a few days in the city lately.

Mr. Matthew Neilson returned Monday from a Southern holiday which he greatly enjoyed.

The death of Miss Olive May Patterson the fourteen year old daughter of Mrs. Sarah Patterson of Waterloo Street occasioned much regret among those who knew the bright young girl and loved her for her graceful winning manner and happy disposition. In the Exmouth Street Sunday school

she was a great favorite with teachers and fellow pupils all of whom expressed deepest regret at her early death.

Dr. J. H. Morrison is still confined to his room as the result of his recent accident in a street car. Dr. J. H. Scanlon who was surgeon on the Labrador, has been appointed surgeon on the Dominion in recognition of valuable services rendered at the time of the wreck of the Labrador. The Dr. was in the city for a few days before entering upon his new duties.

Mrs. R. W. W. Frink and little daughter Gladys left the beginning of the week on a visit to Boston. Miss Nora Kinney of Williamsburg, Pa., is visiting friends in the North End.

Mrs. Thomas Galleon, of Nashua N. H., is visiting her sister Mrs. S. E. Freeman, Charlotte street. Mrs. Yorke of Farrisboro, N. S., is among the weeks visitors to the city.

Mr. George Crockett who was here to attend his brother, Mr. T. Crockett's funeral last week returned to Boston on Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. A. E. Prince who has been spending a few weeks in Boston returned home this week.

Mr. George F. Baird's condition was slightly improved the first of the week.
News of the death of Mrs. Macrae wife of Rev. Dr. Macrae principal of Moria college, Quebec was received in this city with genuine regret. It is a comparatively short time since Mrs. Macrae left here a bride; the bereaved husband will have the deep sympathy of many friends. The remains were brought to St. John for interment and the funeral took place on Thursday from the home of her mother Mrs. J. Reid, Mount Pleasant.

After a protracted and patiently borne illness Mrs. Edwin Peters passed away at her home on Germain street last Tuesday morning. The surviving members of her family, husband, son and daughter have much sympathy in their sad affliction. Mrs. Peters was a daughter of Mr. H. F. Worrall of Halifax.

Mrs. Fraser, of Grand Manan, was in the city for a little while during the week.

Mr. John Sullivan left this week for Boston, where he will take up a permanent residence.

The St. Andrews Curling club concluded its season with a very enjoyable snoker on Tuesday evening of this week. About fifty members of the club were present, and among the guests were Mr. James Kennedy, president of the Thistle club; Mr. C. B. Allan president of the Carleton Curling club; Mr. D. S. Macrae Toronto. Mr. G. T. Baskin McAdam Junction. After refreshments had been served President Watson distributed the prizes and trophies won by the members and rinks of the club in the various competitions during the winter, each presentation being made with an appropriate speech. The evening was very pleasantly spent by the members of the club and their guests.

Some of the millinery openings may be said to have been social events bringing together as they did in an informal way so many of the fair sex gathered in force for a peep at the many lovely creations exhibited by the milliners. Mme Kane's store was especially patronized by those in search of the chic and swellest styles, and it is no exaggerating to say that her exhibit far surpassed any seen so far this season in point of taste and artistic design.

About two hundred invitations are out for a dance next Wednesday evening at 74 Germain St. and those favored are anticipating a very pleasant evening.

Among other affairs of next week are the B and A. ball which takes place at the institute on Friday evening and for which over 1000 invitations have been issued; several small parties, and a Cocoa dance, so that there is every prospect of a very gay Easter season.

Mrs. A. S. Murray is at home with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles for the Easter holidays.

Rev. L. G. Macneill left this week for Clifton Springs, N. Y., for the benefit of his health, which has not been very satisfactory of late.

Mrs. Walter Brown and Miss Leslie Ervin left this week for Boston where they will spend the next three weeks with friends.

Miss McKeown of this city is in Fredericton the guest of Mrs. [Chancellor,] Harrison.

Mrs. R. N. Coler left this week on a visit to her sister Mrs. J. J. Weddall of Fredericton.

Miss Lora Hallett of Augusta Me. is staying with West side friends for a few weeks.

Miss Julia Lawlor and Miss McGonry returned this week from a very pleasant visit to Fredericton. During her stay in the capital Miss Lawlor sang a solo at last Sunday's services in St. Dunstan's church which won a great deal of praise, and favorable mention in the Fredericton papers.

Mayor Sears was confined to his residence for a day or two this week by a severe attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Hutchinson and Miss Hutchinson of Miramichi spent a day or two in the city this week.

Mrs. Henry F. Todd and Mrs. Frederick McNichol returned to St. Stephen this week after a pleasant little stay here.

Mrs. T. A. Vaughan has also returned to the border after a short visit here.

Mrs. C. H. Clerke and Miss Mabel Clerke of Calais spent a few days here this week.

Miss Minnie Elkin left this week for Boston to join the large number of provincialists who are engaged in the profession of nursing in the United States. Miss Elkin was accompanied by her parents Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Elkin who will spend a little while in Boston. While the young lady friends deeply regret her removal from among them they will wish her every success in her chosen work.

Among the young people who braved Wednesday's storm and came across in the Prince Rupert to spend the holidays at home were the following Edgell students Miss Mary Inches who has as her guest Miss Clark of Boston, Miss Schofield, Miss Kimball, Miss Barker and Miss Grimmer of St. Andrews.

Mr. Hugh Gillespie of Farrisboro spent part of this week in the city.

Rev. John Hawley of Waterville, N. S., was one of the city's visitors during the early part of the week.

Mrs. Sutton Clarke of St. George has been spending the week here, having accompanied her husband who left later on a trip to Europe thus far. Colonel Donville came down from Ottawa on Wednesday evening.

Miss R. brie McAvity left Wednesday for a visit to Boston.

Miss Nannie Gaynor is paying a visit to friends in Portland, Me.

FARRISBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Farrisboro Bookstore.]

MAN. 29.—Mr. Broderick's summer hotel at the beach is approaching completion and will without doubt be well filled when the tourist season commences as the location is most attractive as a summer resort. The house contains sixty rooms and is to be fitted up with every convenience and conducted in an up to date manner.

Mrs. Burpee Tucker gave a progressive euchre party on Thursday evening for the pleasure of her guest, Miss Logan. Among the guests were Mrs. Langille, Mrs. McKenna, Miss Howard, Mrs. Davida Howard, Miss Smith, Misses Maud and Florence Coibett, Miss Laura Tucker, Messrs. H. McKenna, Clarence Langille, L. S. Grove, J. D.

Nichols, Robert and Walter Howard, Dr. Murdoch McKenzie. The prizes were carried off by Mrs. Langille, Miss Howard and Mr. Nichols. After supper dancing was indulged in.

The Literary Society had an enjoyable evening at Rev. Mr. McQuarrie's on Monday.

Mrs. Brough left this morning to return home to Antigonish.

Mrs. Yorke, Miss Maud Gillespie and Mrs. Gust who have been attending the openings in St. John have an exciting display of Easter millinery.

Mrs. McKenna entertained some friends on Monday evening. Whist and dancing were the amusements.

"My Ma, she Knows."

My Pa, he sro ds me jez becuz
He says I'm gittin' 'tough';
He says my face is never clear,
My hands are always rough;
I'm not behavin' like I should,
An' scoldin' wrong I s'pose,
But Ma, she tells me to be a man;
An' Ma, I guess she knows!

My Pa ain't got no use for boys,
He wants 'em always men;
I wonder if he's clean s'rogot;
The boy he must 'a been;
Jer Ma, she says they're all alike
'Bout face an' hands an' clothes,
An' 'till he's 'plinked' an' 'rim,'
An' Ma, I guess she knows!

My Pa, he says I ain't no good
At doin' anything;
I'd rather fool away the time,
An' whistle, play an' sing;
But Ma, she smiles, an' says I'm young,
An' then she up an' goes
An' kisses me an' shows me how;
For Ma, you bet, she knows!

My Pa, he says, I'll never be
A business man like him,
Becuz I ain't got any 'drive,'
An' 'I get up,' 'plink' an' 'rim,'
But Ma, she says so solemn like,
A man's a boy that grows,
An' boys must have their playin' spell;
An' Ma's a trump, an' knows!

My Pa, he shakes his head an' sighs,
An' says he doesn't see
Where I get all the careless ways
That seems 'jest' born in me;
An' Ma, she laughs, an' laughs, an' laughs,
Till Pa's face crimson grows,
An' then she says 'Tis very queer,
But somehow, Ma, she knows!

My Ma, she knows most everything
'Bout boys an' what they like;
She never scoldin' 'bout the men
I make with kites an' bibe;
She says she wants me to be good,
An' conquer all my foes,
An' you jes' bet I'm goin' to be,
'Cuz my sweet Ma, she knows!

Footfalls on the Night.

Ah me, how ineffably weird
Are the reveries break up our rest!
And often my lamp has appeared
Like that which Aladdin possessed;

For when it has summoned around
The genii that people the night,
Mysterious is every sound,
Mysterious is every sight.

I hear with inordinate dread
That step which is shuffling away,
For never with stealthier tread
The jaguar stole on his prey.

The woodpecker's in ellet would make
That merry inaudible sound,
But Vulcan's own hammer could wake
No startling echoes around.

And thus my soliloquy runs:
"Who, who can that wanderer be,
That so like a fugitive sneaks
The light that is welcome to me?"

"Can some good Sarmatian be
Still sowing his seed by the way,
Aware that his Master can see
As plainly by night as by day?"

"Or is it some felon who sees,
In each ray of light on his track,
A sinner that points where he flies—
An arm that is dragging him back?"

"Or is it some creature forlorn,
Who finds the sharp wind of the night
Less keen than the glances of scorn,
She me's with the coming of light?"

The answer is pregnant with fate,
For we travel at every breath,
The path that is narrow and straight,
Or broad road that leadeth to death.

The Call of the Angels.

Lyn that, patient from day ter day,
Wearin' his poor 'il the lie away
But never complainin', as when 'he cried,
His mother, settin' thar at his side,
Layin' his hand in hers, so kind,
And tellin' her, "Mother never mind!
Though he knowed well, and we was shore,
Death wuz waitin' outside the door."
"I'd like ter stay whar my own folks be,
But I hear the angels is callin' me!"
(Poor little feller, so pale and slim,
What did the angels want with him?)

Lyn that, patient, from night ter night,
An' like a ghost in the lonesome light—
His mother—holdin' his hand as though
Not even for death would she let him go;
An' hearin' the wind, so soft and sweet,
An' sayin': "It's the fall of the angel's feet!
I'd like ter stay whar my own folks be,
But they're always callin'—callin' me!"
And still with eyes on her face, so kind,
An' whisperin', "Mother, never mind!"
(Poor little feller, so pale and slim,
What did the angels want with him?)

Lyn that, sleepin', from daw ter day,
Under the green leaves an' under the gray,
It's long since the angel's took him away.
An' the mother k' eels in the dark ter pray!
An' she says when the nights are long an' chill,
She feels his hand in her own hand still,
But she knows it wuz Go's an' the angels' will.
But, as fer me, from day ter day
An' night ter night I hear him say
(Fer all the comfort they bring to me)
"I'd like ter stay whar my own folks be!"
(Poor little feller, so pale and slim,
What did the angels want with him?)

Sapping Season.

The moose-birds in the underbrush
Go hoppin' here and there;
The red squirrel in the henlock bush
Smells April in the air,
The blue jay screeches in his glee
As I move on from tree to tree,

I fill my palls with nectar-dew
That gathered in the night
The-sugar wine that dreads dew
And ripen for our delight;
And so I go from tree to tree
Like some great, vagrant honey-bee

Od' Dickon near the cabin door,
Piles high his mosses fire,
The sooty camp-pots number four
The blue smoke bill is a spire,
A sleepy owl has got to see
What all the sudden noise may be.

Ten geese come flyin' from the south
The sun climbs free and high,
Far off some farmer's dog gives mouth,
A rabbit scurries by,
Below the wag ing snows I see
The black streams twistin' to win free.

Old Dickon stands with fist on hip,
And whistles clear and thin,
Like tick of clock I hear the drip,
Drip, drip, of sap on tin,
The pots are singin' merrily
A quartette to the maple-tree.

—Theodor Roberts.

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CONDITIONS.—Essays to be written plainly with pen and ink, signed with name and address, also statement of age of writer and that the Essay is his (or her) unaided work, name and grade of school attended, and name of teacher, this statement is to be certified to by one parent or teacher.

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