

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

DEAD BUT NOT MOURNED.

THE CITY CLUB OF MONCTON WITH THE THINGS OF THE PAST.

It seems to have expired through lack of vitality—why no tears are shed because of its fate—its record as regards some well known facts.

For some months past it has been reported, with a degree of mystery rather difficult to understand, that the famous Moncton City Club, known to its intimate friends and regular patrons as the "Tanacada" was no more. That after a brief but too brilliant career, of three years it suddenly went into a galloping consumption which terminated fatally some four or five months ago.

It is almost impossible to obtain any particulars of the demise as no one seems anxious to spread the tidings; and the probability is, that posterity will be deprived of any authentic record of the last moments of one of Moncton's most famous institutions. As far as I know the death has never been registered, and the utmost confirmatory evidence of the affair that can be obtained from those who should know best, consists of an unwilling—"Well yes, I believe the club is closed up, but don't say I said so, because it might be a mistake you know."

But alas, there can be no mistake now, the club is cold and dead; it is not even beautiful in death, and as the cause of its departure from this life is tolerably well known to have been inanition it would be idle to go through the form of an inquest, and therefore the only consolation left to its sorrowing friends is to find a fitting epitaph: "Resurgam" would be out of place, because it is most unlikely that the "Tanacada" can ever be galvanized even into a brief existence again. Besides that, it is not a very nice corpse and its record seems to hang around it, not exactly as the scent of the roses clings around the shattered vase, but more as the unhealthy fog hangs low over the Tonine marshes in Italy and makes those who inhale it very ill, so we really don't care about its rising again.

However, the Club is dead, and therefore it has expired its sins and earned the right to be leniently dealt with. Its existence was brief, but its short life has not been by any means barren of results; and though truth compels its biographer to confess that it was neither a particularly high class institution nor yet as famous as the "Author's Club, London, for the numbers of brilliant men who have graduated from its walls, yet it was well known in its own peculiar way, and it looks heartless to let it pass out of existence unwet, ununhoned, and unused. None of its former friends and adherents appear disposed to write an obituary notice for it, and so the task seems to have been almost forced upon me.

From the first, the "Tanacada" has scarcely seemed to be what the Scotch call "Canny." It appeared to have a baleful influence upon all who belonged to it, and to exercise a certain malevolent power over all who came in contact with it, which even extended to the four-footed members, whose names have already been marked out for deathless fame, in the columns of PROGRESS. Alas, Gault! alas, Jerry!! and thrice alas Rocket!!!—where are you now? Gault is a broken-hearted lone exile in a farming land, Jerry has long been dust, a victim to the cruelty of man, and the potency of strychnine. Rocket fills an un-hallowed grave, and Peter alone survives, a grizzled and rheumatic relic of the club's palmy days, but still supported by conscious rectitude diversified with succulent bones, and the consciousness that he did his part to break up the club on one memorable occasion, but only succeeded in breaking one of its windows. Perhaps it might be as well not to attempt to follow out the career of all the members, partly because some are not finished yet, and it is always discouraging to look into futurity, and partly because I don't know enough about them myself to give a very intelligent synopsis, apart from the fact that this is not a biography of prominent men, but the obituary of a defunct institution, the usefulness of which, always questionable, is not past forever.

Perhaps it is as well that the Tanacada did not have a public funeral but was buried like Mr. John Moore, "darkly at dead of night," because its general survival would have been a difficult one to preach if due regard was paid to the good old latin rule "DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM," and it is best to lay the dead club silently away in an hermetically sealed vault, over the door of which is written the fitting epitaph "Ichabod." For surely its glory has departed.

GEORGE CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Many Times a Winner.

A reader of PROGRESS in Halifax writes in reference to the article of its correspondent in a recent issue on yachting matters and combats the mistaken idea that Mr. Fred H. Murray, who has always taken such an interest in aquatic matters, is unlucky in races. He says that the correspondent is much mistaken when he

writes that Mr. Murray did not win a single race with the Lenore last year, for a reference to the books of the Royal Nova Scotia squadron for 1892 will show that the Lenore beat the Youla four times during the season; on July 9th when she crossed the finish line three minutes ahead of her in a match race; on August 6th and August 20th when the Youla was again defeated by the same yacht. Further than this, he says the comparison of the race winners of 1891, 1892, 1893 will show that the Lenore did quite as well under Mr. Murray's control as she has ever done when racing against the Youla and Wyn. The statement that the Lenore has won the Lansdowne cup is exceedingly premature considering that it requires to be won three times before becoming the property of any one, and the Youla has won it twice against the Lenore's once. PROGRESS is glad to correct any mistaken impression that the article in question may have made, because those who have been regular readers of the paper will have learned long ago what a keen interest Mr. Murray takes in yachting matters in Halifax.

WOODSTOCK HAS THE SCOTT ACT. Some of the Results—How a Well Known Hotel Keeper Enjoys Himself.

WOODSTOCK, Sep. 27.—The attempts to enforce the Scott Act, or "Scotch Act" as it is sometimes called by the unlearned, (though why the Scotch, not especially an inventive people should be saddled with the initiation of this unique piece of legislation remains to be shown) are spasmodic and apologetic instead of regular and firm. A repetition of the celebrated Fredericton case, when the hotel proprietors were placed in gaol and there was no room in the inn, is likely to be repeated in Woodstock.

A gentleman rejoicing in the classic cognomen of Maxon a superintendent of a Sunday school did some swearing a short while ago, which led to the fixing of certain individuals for the illegal sale of liquor. The Scott Act people go on the principle that the end justifies the means. A protestant minister exonerates himself, for hiring a fellow man to drink intoxicating liquor, and thus run the risk of becoming a drunkard, by pleading that it is the only means to get at the desired end of stopping the sale of liquor. Evil is thus done that good may come.

About a year ago a genial, half-fellow-well-net chap was around Woodstock. He took drinks with all who would drink, and no doubt went in for other moderate vices. But there came a day when the various violators of the Scott Act were sorry that they ever beheld his genial countenance, for it turned out that the jolly good fellow was a Boston detective, hired by the Scott Act people to inform on those who sold him liquor. He did inform, as a real detective only can inform. Among others found guilty, as a result, was Mr. Wilbur, proprietor of the Wilbur House, who was thereupon convicted of a third offence, and sentenced to spend 60 days in gaol. The cases were appealed, but the appeals were dismissed; and a few days past, while Mr. Wilbur was holding a pair of horses in front of his place, a constable arrested him and away to gaol at the Upper Corner was borne. He was locked up tight in a cell, but when the good gaoler came, he allowed the prisoner all the privileges which he gives to his first class boarders.

The other day, I called to see Mr. Wilbur, I found him in the buckwheat field working away loading the grain. "I feel first-rate," says he, "why should I not. I never robbed or killed a man, and have not a guilty conscience." Then we proceeded to his cell, which he shares with one Jas. Travis, who rather than pay his second fine of \$100 went into custody. The cell is the size of an ordinary bedroom, and as Mr. Wilbur has many friends, it looked quite home-like. He has a comfortable bed, a comfortable arm-chair, and the fair-minded gaoler gives him comfortable meals. Many visitors go to see him daily, and a lady of town sent him a beautiful bouquet of flowers. Fortunately for the prisoner he is a good bit of a farmer, and he finds plenty of hard health-producing manual labor around the grounds. Excepting for the bars on the windows you would take the Carleton county gaol to be a model farm house, and the grounds about are fertile, well kept, and well farmed. Then, there is a really pleasant view, and altogether Mr. Wilbur's lot might have been cast in a more sorry place. "I am glad the thing is over," said he, "and that I am serving out my time." Still the good hotel proprietor is not as young as he used to be and more than once his eyes wandered wistfully to the calendar in his cell; "when my time is up I will get the brass band to escort me home," he said, "And no doubt he will."

There are two other reputable citizens who are living a life of purgatory, looking forward to going through the same ordeal as Mr. Wilbur. It is not pleasant to have the prospect of two months in gaol hanging over one, and as the present prisoner can well say, the anticipation is really worse than the reality. In the meanwhile the hotel keepers talk of shutting up, as their confederates in Fredericton did.

Of course there are two sides to every question, and the doctrine that the end justifies the means may be the true doctrine after all.

DONE BY OLD MORPHEUS.

THOUGH IT READS LIKE SOMETHING DUE TO OLD JARICA.

Leaves from an Old Journal of an Active Temperance Worker in Nova Scotia—A Dream Which Almost Had Snakes in It, as it Certainly Had a Moral.

[The following old time reminiscence from a prominent temperance worker, now resident in Dartmouth, N. S., will interest many residents in that province. It is no breach of confidence to state that one of the party described was Mr. Henry G. Taylor, who was grand treasurer of the Sons of Temperance for a number of years, and another was "Pat" Monagan, as he was formerly called, who was grand scribe of the same body.—Ed. PROGRESS.]

Sometime before the railroad was finished between Windsor and Kentville the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance held a session at the latter place. Among those present were the venerable Dr. Cramp and the Rev. Dr. Tupper, father of Sir Charles Tupper. On the last evening of the session we held a public meeting which was largely attended. It was understood that after the meeting the grand scribe, the grand treasurer, the writer and two others would leave by a private conveyance for Windsor to take the morning train for Halifax.

After the meeting we bade farewell to our friends, and started for Windsor, a jocular crowd. We had hardly got two miles on our way when the rain began to fall in large drops. Presently it came down in torrents, and not being prepared with rubber coats, in a very short time we were drenched to the skin, and by the time we got to Windsor, we were wet as ducks. On our arrival at the hotel, the landlord, seeing our condition, put on a rousing fire in the stove, and we hung our dripping garments on every available spot where they were likely to dry. Nearly all sat round the stove. "In a little time the writer began to experience the soothing influences of 'Old Morpheus,' and in a short time was utterly oblivious to all surrounding manifestations. It appeared to him that the locomotive 'Bacchus' was to take us the rest of our journey, and drew up toward the hotel door for that purpose. The grand scribe and treasurer with myself got on top of the engine with our gripsacks and endeavored to accommodate ourselves as best we could. In front of us was our driver, old Kilcup, from Windsor, who now was to have charge of us on this extraordinary trip. He immediately jumped horse-fashion on the front of the engine, and no sooner was he seated than he commenced urging forward the fiery Bacchus. On we went with fearful rapidity. I could not but laugh at the strange figure he cut. He had on an overcoat of buffalo skin, to which was still attached the tail of the animal; on his head a tall cap ornamented with the tail of a racoon. He had on the regalia of the grand scribe and treasurer; one on the front the other hung over his back and shoulder, swinging around his neck in every direction. With his tremendous tail he kept lashing away at the engine, urging it forward with frightful speed. On crossing a bridge which spanned a considerable run of water, the wind blew off Kilcup's cap, which fell into the stream. Kilcup's spirit rose to meet the emergency. He at once took from his capacious pocket a large red comforter. This he wound round his head and let the ends float in the breeze.

In a little while we stopped, and it appeared to be opposite an old dilapidated looking distillery in Water street, Halifax. Here it was understood we would take in water and fuel. Through a broken window a leather hose was pushed out and at once commenced filling up the boiler of the engine. As it emptied itself it appeared like a large jet of blue flame of burning gas, and had a disagreeable smell of the worst kind of putrid poisoned whiskey, but it had a wonderful effect on the engine for the latter became dreadfully uneasy and old Kilcup could hardly restrain it. The noise that issued from it was really deafening and appalling, sending forth a most unearthly scream with a voice of humanity that was truly startling, setting all the dogs in the neighborhood howling.

Then we were off again sitting straddle legs on the engine, on we went like lightning though, strange to say, the treasurer had his grip sack and was quietly scanning the documents of his office among which were quite a quantity of his quaint cough lozenge "ads" of which on occasions of this kind he always has a bountiful supply. These latter he would throw up in the air and at last one of them flew into the face of Kilcup which put him into a rage, he arose to his feet on top of the engine and acted like a fury, two tremendous horns seemed to protrude through his red head gear and his eyes were like two balls of flaming fire. On went the "predacious destroyer like the wind, smothering like a thousand demons. The sleepers over which we sped had the appearance of human bodies and dreadfully mangled, legs and limbs scattered in all directions. The cowcatcher did its

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share of the horrid work, snatching poor widows, heart-broken mothers, and fatherless children, which were hustled among the sleepers, there to meet the fate of those before them.

At last there was a sudden halt, the locomotive gave a lurch and I felt I was falling off when a hand grasped me by the shoulders and aroused me. I found the landlord was awakening up the sleepers, I looked up and observed the grand scribe and treasurer. They were at a table, examining the hat of the former, which in his somnolent state, had come in contact with the lamp and burnt a large hole in its rim. "Oh" says the treasurer, "you patronize a first-class latter and buy a beaver, and the whole rim may be burnt off while you are asleep and it would never be 'felt'." Then we all went to bed.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BEAUTY.

The Theory That There Are More Handsome Women Than In Old Times.

If the question, "Who was the most beautiful woman who ever lived?" were put to a hundred average men, it is probable that about 90 per cent. would reply, "Helen of Troy," "Cleopatra," or some one of the many heroines of antiquity. It is so difficult to formulate any standard by which we can measure the comparative degrees of beauty possessed by those in past and present times, that the verdict of two or three thousand years ago is still accepted by many without considering whether or not, to use a sporting phrase, "the record has been broken."

But whatever may be the relative position of those and their more modern rivals, there is every reason to believe that the average standard of feminine beauty has been steadily advancing. There have always been and always will be, individual cases of phenomenal beauty, just as solitary genius appears in the world regardless of the conditions under which it exists and of the general rise and fall of education and opportunity. The talent of a community may be materially raised, but it is impossible to regulate its genius. So it is with beauty; the average can be raised, but the phenomenal are irresponsible and unaccountable.

It is even quite open to doubt whether Helen and Cleopatra were fairer than any average pretty woman of today. If Helen (assuming that she ever existed) was the cause of a long and sanguinary war, it was more through incidental complications than for the primary object of getting possession of her. If Cleopatra subjugated Anthony so that he set at naught all ties of religion and humanity, and counted a kingdom well lost to gain her, there are hundreds of women in later circles, and even Cleopatra found all her charms useless to move either Herod the Great or Caesar Augustus.

It may be safely laid down that the universal cultivation of any particular faculty or gift is the surest way to pre-empt that individuality on posterity. For at least the last two thousand years, women in all classes of life, and in all countries, have been cultivating and encouraging personal beauty, and it would be unnatural if this had not resulted in a higher average. Again, the modern social conditions are more favorable than they have ever been before. The two great deterrents of beauty are disease and anxiety: the former leaves its brand from without, as it were, the latter from within.

Until the improvements of modern science made the periodical attacks of the plague, small-pox, and other scourges fewer and less virulent in their effects, it is said that the number of victims destroyed by small-pox alone was something fearful, and each visitation would leave its indirect effect for more than one generation, and greatly tend to retard the forward progress of the whole race.

As regards the second consideration, nothing short of disfigurement is so detrimental to beauty as the anxious, haggard look of one whose whole life seems to be spent under tension, and the average woman of today has less cause for anxiety than her ancestor of any period.

Refinement, also, is a great auxiliary to beauty, and has a direct influence on the moulding of the features besides contributing to the charm of manner. Doubtless Cleopatra owed much of her fascination to her versatility, for although she had every bad quality under the sun, her voice was said to be like "a many-stringed instrument," and among her accomplishments she numbered seven languages.

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FRIENDS, NOT LOVERS.

Can a Young Man and Woman Manage to Sustain that Relation?

Walter Besant has been answering the old question, "Why cannot men and women become friends?" His first answer is that they can; that they do; that they have become friends, then he cites Mme. du Deffand and Horace Walpole, Mlle. Lespasse and D'Alembert, but adds Mme. du Deffand was past fifty, and blind, when she made a friend of Horace Walpole. The friendship of men was necessary to her; it was what survived of her love making.

"I am not so sure," he continues, "that friendship is possible between two young people of opposite sex. One knows perfectly well what will be said—cannot two persons become friends without the tie being broken or spoiled by the intervention of that other passion? Well, you see it is always present as a possibility; as a disturbing element."

He speaks of the colleges in America where the young man and woman sit on the same benches to study or listen to lectures, and pass the same examinations, but have not succeeded in creating a new atmosphere of friendship or Platonic love. "There are," he argues, "so many obstacles interposed by society, by convention, even by nature, to this kind of friendship. The young man and the young woman who want to be friends cannot; they must not be seen too much together; they must not travel together; they cannot enjoy perfect freedom of conversation because there are many subjects quite proper for either alone, but tacitly forbidden between the two."

"A young man shall find, if you like in a woman much older than himself, a charming, kind, and sympathetic friend—it is the very best kind of a friend that a young man can find: or an old man may find a woman much younger than himself to keep alive in him the waning fire of courage and self-reliance. But that a young man should find any young woman who would become to him an equal comrade as another man might be, entering into his views and requiring him also to enter into her own views on equal terms, that kind of equal alliance and friendship I do not ever expect to find between the youth and the maiden."

He Smoked the First Meerschaum.

The man who smoked the first meerschaum pipe was a shoemaker, Kaval Kowates, who, in 1723, lived at Pesth, the capital of Hungary. Besides being a shoemaker, however, he was one of Nature's handicraftsmen, being gifted with an intuitive genius for carving in wood and other material. This brought him into contact with Count Andassy, with whom he became a great favorite. The Count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity, on account of its extraordinarily

light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Kaval cut a pipe for the Count and one for himself. This first meerschaum pipe, made and smoked by Kaval Kowates, has been preserved in the Museum at Pesth.

To Suit The Occasion.

General Ogle, when submitting a letter for approval by the Pennsylvania Legislature, which he had addressed on their behalf to the newly-elected President, General Andrew Jackson, was interrupted by a dapper little fellow from Philadelphia thus: "Pardon me, General; I do not wish to assume to make a suggestion to so distinguished a gentleman as yourself, but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary in the East, and I may say in almost all the civilized countries of Europe, to write a capital, 'I' instead of the small 'i' in using this personal pronoun in epistolary correspondence."

General Ogle drew down his heavy brows, piercing the dandy's marrow with the fierce shaft of scorn that shot from his eyes.

"Sir," said he, beginning with a hiss and ending with a roar, "when I write to such a man as General Andrew Jackson, Democratic President of the United States, I abuse myself, sir; I use as small an 'i' as I can put on paper. But, sir, if I should ever get to such a low pitch as to have to write as small a little fellow as you are, I'd use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two pages of foolscap."

Respect Your Husband.

Have you not seen the woman who thinks time lost when she is not talking; who will tell any and every detail of her daily life to the dear friend whom she fondly imagines can become a second self in sympathy? Occasionally they may chatter away for hours with nothing more important under discussion than generalities, but sooner or later comes the slip of the tongue that leads to inevitable mischief. Girls, don't tell all your heart's love even to the lovely friend you acquired at the seashore quite a month ago, and who has since your return to the city been your almost inseparable companion. Wives, remember that no matter how much food for gossip may be found in the telling of your husband and his doings, he is ever so many, he is still your husband, and to no one would he speak of you except in terms of praise.

Very Wisely Put.

An Eastern potentate once asked a group of his courtiers what they thought the greater man, himself or his father. At first he could elicit no reply to so dangerous a question. At last a witty old courtier said: "Your father, sire; for though you are equal to your father in all other respects, in this he is superior to you—that he had a greater bun than any you have." He was promoted on the spot.