

GRADUATING
SUPERHERO

Enjoyable Function at Sackville
Friday Night When Lady Graduates of University Were
Guests at Dinner.

Sackville, N. B., May 28. — On Friday evening the annual supper in honor of the young ladies of the University graduating class was held. About fifty were present including a number of lady graduates. Among the latter were Mrs. John L. Dawson, B. S., '75, Sackville; and Miss S. Harlet S. Stewart, B.A., '82, Sackville, the first lady to receive an arts degree from a Canadian University. Other graduates present were Mrs. C. H. Johnson, '08; Misses Jennie C. Colter, B.A., '06; Annie L. Smith, B.A., '06; St. John; Nan Cowie, B.A., '08, Bridge-water, N. S.; Daisy Ripley, '09, Nap-pan.

The toasts honored included those to the King, Seniors, Visitors, Mount Allison, The Gentlemen, Athletics, Our Next Merry Meeting. The toast to the seniors was proposed by Miss Leora Masters, '11, of Windsor. Responses were made by Miss Madeline DeBury, St. John, vice president of class of 1910, Mary C. Hesley, of Lunenburg, N. S., and Gladys Vaughan of Wolfville.

Other young ladies speaking to several toasts were: Misses Daisy Gass, '11, Shubenacadie; Constance Chap-pell, '12, Tobique; Annie Fuller, '12, Yarmouth; Elizabeth Kilburn, '12, Kil-burn Victoria County; Freda Wren, '12, St. Andrews; Gladys Dawson, '13, Chatham; Helen Hughes, '13, Char-lottetown; and Jean Campbell, '13, St. John.

The ladies of the senior class are: Gretchen Allison, Sackville; Adda L. Atkinson, Albert; Lena Bartlett, To-ronto; Katherine Bates, St. John; Mil-dred Bennett, Hopewell Cape; Leah Borden, Lower Canada, N. S.; Mary Chesley, Lunenburg; Alberta Crail, Mahone Bay, N.S.; Madeline DeBury, St. John; Gertrude Hamilton, Sackville; Jennie King, Sackville; Mabel Leaman, Truro; Miss Marion Alex-herst; Annie McElmorn, Oxford; Gladys Vaughan, Wolfville.

This morning another delightful concert was given by Miss Wetmore and the Boston Festival Orchestra Club in Fawcett Hall. Owing to the breaking of apparatus in the gymna-sium the exhibition by the academy gymnasium class had to be dispensed with.

90TH BIRTHDAY OF
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

King George Sends Congratu-lations to World's Greatest Nurse—Health Did Not Per-mit of Receiving Visitors.

London, May 29.—On the celebra-tion of the ninetieth anniversary of her birth, Miss Florence Nightingale, O. M., received greetings from all parts of the civilized world. The tele-grams included the following grace-ful message from the King: "Miss Florence Nightingale, O. M., On the occasion of your 90th birthday, I offer you my heartfelt congratulations, and trust that you are in good health. (Signed), George R. and Queen." A reply was sent King George on be-half of Miss Nightingale, expressing respectful thanks for His Majesty's message. For many years past the health of Miss Nightingale has de-manded the most complete quiet, and save the immediate members of her family circle, she was unable to re-ceive any visitors on her birthday. That fact did not, however, hinder the sending to her house in South street of innumerable congratulations to the noble woman whose life has revolutionized the whole system of the care of the sick, and whose name will for ever be associated with the glorious work which she and her de-voted band of 37 co-workers did in bringing about order and comfort out of the chaos of the military hospitals of the Crimea. Miss Nightingale has rendered splendid service in every great nursing scheme which has been formulated.

DOES NOT FAVOR
LADY CHAIRMAN

London, May 29.—Mrs. Clayton, wife of the Bishop of Leicester, has been appointed chairman of the Boarding-out Committee of the Peterborough guardians, and although the board by a small majority have confirmed the appointment, there is a widespread feeling of resentment, not against Mrs. Clayton personally, but because a lady has been selected to preside over a committee mainly composed of men. There are four lady members of the board, and they are impatient at the criticisms made by Mr. Dean, J. F., who said he would resign every public office he held rather than sub-mit to a woman ruling a mixed com-mittee. It was not right, he said, that a woman should occupy the seat that ought to be occupied by a man. "We do not mind submitting to petti-ty authority at home," he added, "but here we shall do as we like." Mr. Sharpe said that when he arrived at the committee meeting and saw a lady in the chair he felt humiliated. It appears that three ladies and two men were at the committee meeting when the appointment was made. A man, Mr. Davis, proposed Mrs. Clay-ton's election, and the other man who was present seconded. Mrs. Clayton at first demurred on the ground that she was a co-opted mem-ber. "If we can be trusted to work on the committee," one of the lady members said, "surely we can be trusted to take the chair, and we shall stick to our guns."

Tableaux in Career of Sweet Girl Graduate



PREPARATION.
Yesterday she had only one thought,
"Twain having the gown fit like it
ought,
For one who has learned as much as
she,
Must be perfectly dressed for all to
see."

GRADUATION.
Today is the climax of her life,
She's ready to lighten the world's
hard strife;
Armed with flowers and wisdom,
Starts out to uplift humanity.

RENUNCIATION.
Tomorrow—well, that is different,
A disillusionment often occurs—
With gingham apron well shielded
she
Is found preparing some hash for
for tea.

NEW REGIME IN
SOCIAL LIFE

Queen Mary's Influence on
Court and Public -- Royal
Pair Who Delight in the
Domestic Life.

London, May 29.—Very soon the pub-lic will begin to appreciate what a change of sovereign means to the so-cial life of the country, for though in politics the King is hedged round with all sorts of limitations in the domain of social life, he is the great-est autocrat in the world. Rather it should be said that the King and Queen are the greatest autocrats in the world, for it is obvious that in the sphere which is peculiarly a man's, the Queen must command an over-whelming influence. In the last reign the overmastering personality of the King entirely dominated the court. Under the new regime there will be an important difference in this re-spect, partly due to the fact that Queen Mary was born and bred an Englishwoman, and can therefore thread the social path with the perfect confidence of a native, and partly be-cause of the strength of her person-ality. For Queen Mary has a mind of her own, and its quality will be impressed upon the life of the court, and will speedily react upon the life of the country. Her Majesty, who brought up in a perfect English home, simple, affectionate, loyal, devoted to duty, and to good work.

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Correct and Proper.
"The Queen will be very correct and proper, Queen Mary shares all the views of the Duchess of Portland, and the stiffness around her will not be forgotten by much humor." Thus has the new regime been forecasted by one who is much in the society of the youthful sovereigns.

Queen Mary is the perfect model of an English wife and mother. She is intensely domestic and never demon-strative. Her children, she has brought up admirably, always trying to be their companion, and to enter into all their interests; whilst she has taken care they shall be more simple-minded and natural than the bulk of children one meets. Both she and King George are never so happy as in the bosom of their family, and this taste for domesticity cannot fail to react upon the life of the country, in a most felicitous manner. "Children are the fa-vorite toys of their parents," Queen Mary once said to her little daughter in answer to the question, "Mamma, what do you do without toys?" This is a very pretty idyll—quite character-istic.

Queen Mary (says the Liverpool Daily Post) suffers from overworking

A WEDDING IN
FAR-OFF PERSIA

Bride and Groom First See Each Other at the
Marriage Feast—Gorgeous Dress of the At-
tendants—Bride is Quite Overcome With Orna-
ments and Decorations.

I entered a tortuous, covered, dark way leading from a dirty street from the most crowded part of the bazaar in Teheran into what reminded me of the patio of an old Moorish house in Spain, writes Lady Rabel in the Pall Mall Gazette. The passage out into the wall was like a tortuous way to a torture chamber of the Inquisition. Here and there a Persian soldier stood near the old stove in the dark, his tattered uniform looking like a burlesque of war. Unexpectedly the dark ended and a small doorway let me into the inner courtyard of the women's quarters.

Two square stone basins of clear, clean water formed the centre of the patio, and some paths run around them. Stunted trees here and there pushing their squeezed trunks through the paving stones of the courtyard gave the impression of a shabby gar-den. The house stood at the far end, facing me as I entered, and the first impression which I received was of a moving mass of rather solid butters, or a cluster of badly painted sweet peas, for so looked the women. You could not say they were not at-tractive, for they were; but it was like a scene in a play, all done a lit-tle wrong to our eyes. I have grown accustomed to these standards, and I can now also see them as they un-doubtedly see themselves.

This sweet pea effect arises from the head-dress they wear, a piece of black muslin stuffed with cotton wool around the low open brow, flowing free at the sides and behind. Their brilliantly colored dresses become softened under the white, the hair is cut short and much curled on the forehead with the state of matrimony while the girls wear it uncut, both have a hundred little braids down their backs.

Met by Mother.
I crossed the court, escorted with great ceremony by the oldest nurse carrying the son, a little boy of 6. Half way I was met by my mother, who with grave courtesy led me up among the sweet pea bunches and into the house. Here perhaps thirty little tables held the sweets sent for the wedding, the gift of the bridegroom; they stood in double rows all around the room, and in a little room apart, which windows from the big room looked into, sat the bride's old grandmother.

She had a low table covered with a seed pearl embroidered cloth set in front of her, and she sat enthroned like a gorgeous old owl, leaning against gold encrusted cushions and wrapped in priceless cashmere shawls. She had a low table covered with a seed pearl embroidered cloth set in front of her, and she sat enthroned like a gorgeous old owl, leaning against gold encrusted cushions and wrapped in priceless cashmere shawls. She had a low table covered with a seed pearl embroidered cloth set in front of her, and she sat enthroned like a gorgeous old owl, leaning against gold encrusted cushions and wrapped in priceless cashmere shawls.

Her hands crossed, her eyes smiling, she inclined her whole body toward me with a smile, but she did not rise. We only looked at her. "She is the oldest woman here and the most hon-orable," was whispered to me, "so she sits apart."

When the room was quite filled and the four walls lined with the nun-like figures, the oldest woman was brought in. She was dressed in the dress of the past, a sort of cashmere smoking jacket, with a shawl folded around her waist and crossed in front. An enormous eunuch, hung by a string of crookedly pierced pearls, held her coil in place under the chin; her bright eyes shone and twinkled, her cheeks were rosy with paint, her thick hair was dyed black as night and curled on the forehead.

"She is a very, very old woman," was whispered in my ear, and to my self I said: "and a very worldly old woman still, who has eaten the good things of life and thoroughly enjoyed them." She was one of the eighty legitimate wives of Nazreddin Shah (I am not indiscreet, among eighty I may surely describe one and be for-given). When she was seated she took an orange, and having peeled it, she said: "Take it, it is yours." She handed it to me. This was the sign for all to eat; they exchanged oranges from table to table, talking little.

Felt Slighted.
One woman who arrived late was brilliant in a cherry damask gown, and flashing her eyes down the room to one old woman who had remained sitting when the others rose at her entrance called across, "Why do you not salute me? Why do you not speak to me?" Quite a flutter greeted her remark. She continued, "Why do you not speak to me? Why do you not speak to me?"

Another hour we sat eating, then we were moved to the terrace, given a high place and told to watch the dancers. They faced us below be-yond the bonfire and were unique girls from 12 to 20, no more, their hair cut like the pages in a panto-mime, bushy and curled and dyed with henna; they kept tossing it about like a pony's mane. Dressed in men's trousers with a pleated cloth skirt above the knee, a girdle of silver with a jerrinklike coat, they were strange figures. They clashed tiny cymbals while they danced; every now and then two would rush off and return dressed in European men's uniforms, meaning-ness and ill fitting, and dance an in-dance. Now and then a couple would come back dressed in capri-les with necked pink satin gowns, careless, with sagging skirts, and then a couple in the old costumes of Persia would come, dignified and graceful, and the spirit of the music would seem satisfied by the change. Some old woman would crouch the love song, which the dance expressed and harmony was no result.

Suddenly there was a commotion, a moment of expectancy, as a still more important and more ancient lady arrived than "the oldest woman." She was dressed in beige cloth with no color about her; her white cowl sur-rounded the face of some old abbess. Such a calm, intelligent old face I have never seen. She might have sat for the portrait of St. Elizabeth. She beamed on all as she was es-

FAILED IN
KEEPING FAST

Three New York Society La-dies Abandon Interesting Experiment After Three Days and Indulge in Solid Meal.

Three New York society ladies who called themselves Methusals decided a short time ago to starve themselves into what they believed would be permanent health and beauty. The ordeal, however, proved more difficult than they had antici-pated, for, after holding out for three days, they abandoned it, and indulged in a good solid meal, consisting of steamed cornflakes, three soft-boiled eggs, two lamb chops, and fried potatoes, muffins, rolls, coffee and straw-berries and cream. They intended to fast for a fortnight, and swallowed nothing but water and occasional orange juice till an early hour on the fourth morning, when, with touch-ing unanimity, they agreed that they could not stand the pangs of hunger or the merciless shaft of public ridi-cule any longer. With regard to the latter, they received written or tele-graphed advice from all parts of the country, while hundreds of inquisitive persons called and poked fun at them. Two of the ladies, Miss Townsend and Miss McKellar, received scores of offers of marriage. Miss Town-send, says the "Leader," somewhat sheepishly welcomed the reporters after breakfasting. "Yes," she said, "we simply couldn't endure it. Hun-ger was bad enough, but the imperi-ousness of the newspapers was infi-nitely worse. It's perfectly outrageous that ladies cannot diet themselves without a lot of rude reporters tel-ling us how to do it, and then at-tempting to prevent ourselves getting fat and homely. Well, we managed all right the first day, but the second we were so tired and hungry, and our heads ached and felt giddy, and our clothes didn't fit. We were so ill last night that we could not sleep, so this morning, by the strangest coincidence you ever heard of, we all spoke sim-ultaneously, and called off our fast."

Counted and passed by. She was seated on the terrace and a special table brought to her. A gold chair was set opposite to her and the whis-pering of the ladies was heard. "Now she is here, the bride may come." I asked who the ancient lady was and was answered, "A very great lady—the bride's father's name." A stillness fell on all and from a doorway down the courtyard the bride came slowly. The dancing girls walked backward in front of her and the family and friends scattered sweetly to the crowd. Such a quiet, well be-haved crowd! They did not fight or scramble, but bent quietly and took their seats. The bride was a little thin, but she was satie-tied. The little bride came toward me; she was a pretty, simple, sweet faced girl of 16 when I had seen her last.

As she came I could not control the shock which went through me at the change they had made in her. Her head was held high and draped with golden Christmas tree hair, her eyes were cast down, her face colored scarlet and white, with a pair of beetle eyebrows met in a point over her nose an inch broad, and on her upper lip was shaded a black mustache. Is this not crude—the sign of a man? I shuddered at the thought that passed unheeded but understood through my mind.

They seated her speechless in the great gold chair; then she raised her eyes to the ancient lady's face, and they looked into each other's eyes for quite three or four minutes. It was a wonderful look. Then the girl dropped her head, and the old woman's expression softened as she leaned toward her and continued gazing. For half an hour we sat in silence like this; then the old woman re-moved her eyes and turned to the crowd of women watching her as she pointed at the bride, saying: "She is all good; what fault can you find? I am responsible for her." Then the crowd of flowers came a little for-ward and poured compliments into the bride's ear. She listened speech-less, with her eyes cast down. The old lady continued: "Tell the foreign-ers she is all good; they may give her their best gift, praise," and I leaned

POTTS

VALUABLE FARM,
40 ACRES, M or L,
Five miles from
city on the Lach
Lomond Road, near
School House. Good
spring of water
and brook running
along border of property. The above
farm belonging to Simon I. Graham,
Esq., will be sold at Chubb's Corner
on Saturday morning, June the 4th,
at 12 o'clock, noon.

F. L. POTTS, Auctioneer.

May 28.

May 28. The little girl, and said: "I hope you will have happiness and sons to bless you."

There stood an enormous mirror at one end of the room, and there the bride toward evening would stand, and the bridegroom who sent it would look over her shoulder on arriving, and so they would see each other for the first time.

We left after the fifth cup of tea; on ordinary occasions the second is the signal for departure. The mother's eyes filled with tears as she said: "Good-by; you will come again, but you will not find her here." She pointed to the bride, whose head was drooping, partly from weariness and partly because of the three or four necklaces that were hung under her chin from ear to ear, forming a helmet. So we pressed her hand and left.

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