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VOL. II., NO. 74. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1889. PRICE THREE CENTS

WHAT BALL COSTS THEM.

THE RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES OF CITY BALL CLUBS.

Quite a Business For a Short Season—Six Thousand Dollars Will Cover the Expenses—The Gross and Net Sums of the Receipts, Which Are Not as Large as People Think.

What does base ball cost the clubs in St. John?

This question rarely troubles any persons except those on the managing committee. The average man pays his quarter and has his afternoon's fun, takes a glance at the crowd, and makes a mental calculation that the financial end of the association is playing a losing or a winning game, according to the attendance. In most cases the crowd is overestimated, and instead of 1,000 paying persons being on the stand and about the ropes, 600 would be nearer the mark. PROGRESS heard a gentleman offer to bet that $1,500 would be below the receipts at the 24th of May games. The fact was that the three games hardly netted $1,000—and this includes the grand stand receipts, too.

For the information of the thousands who attend the games now and again PROGRESS obtained, by the courtesy of the Amateur association treasurer, some figures bearing on receipts and expenditures. When they are digested the conclusion must be reached that quite a little business is carried on by the association during the summer months, that there is some work in the management and that the receipts and expenditures stare each other in the face from about the same altitude—that is, they are about even.

The figures given below are in the rough and are not in any degree intended to forestall the club's financial statement. They will have served their purpose if the people gain an idea of what a game of ball costs and what it brings in.

Club.	Place.	Receipts.	Expenses.
South Portlands (2)..	St. John,	$422	$288
Bates College (8)....	"	259	274
Presumpscots (3)....	"	557	288
St. Stephens (1).....	"	185	102
Moncton (1).....	Moncton,	90	64
Bath (2).....	St. John,	131	206
Moncton (1).....	"	329	98
Fredericton (1).....	"	210	98
Moncton (2).....	"	346	164
Fredericton (2).....	Fredericton,	77	78
Fredericton (1).....	St. John,	100	74
Augustus (3).....	"	358	339
Bangor.....	Bangor,	130	112
Fredericton (2).....	St. John,	255	118
Presumpscots (2)....	St. John,	300	248
Bangor.....	Bangor,	100	62
Moncton	Moncton,	43	60
Moncton	St. John,	198	117
Auburns (2).....	St. John,	383	268
Moncton	Moncton,	60	35
Shamrocks (1).....	St. John,	388	100

The above table gives the opposing club, the place where the game was played and the receipts and expenditures in round figures.

But while the receipts are pretty well represented there—in fact are all there except the fees of the members which amount to between $1000 and $1200, the expenses represent only those of the visiting clubs, and such incidentals as umpiring &c. The salaries of the home club, the material, the grounds and the hundred and one other necessary articles are not in the list.

So far this year the Amateur association has paid over $2000 for the services of professional ball players. Six hundred and fifty dollars will not cover the cost of playing material, and $800 will hardly meet the repairs of grounds and buildings. The total expenses of the year including everything on the grounds, cricket, base ball, and tennis, will not be below $6000.

And yet the club will show a good state ment at the end of the season, which will convince the club members and the public that there has been no money lost and none made on the season's sport.

The professional salary list amounts at present, and has for some time, to about $115 per week, and the monthly outlay for balls alone often goes as high as $45 or $50. None of the expenses given so far include the rent of grounds or buildings or such incidentals as must be met in such an organization; but the sum total, $6000, covers them all.

The association obtained a great start in their opening games when the South Portlands opened the season. Over $600 was cleared and a better start could scarcely be desired. The end of the season will prove as profitable, the games with the Shamrocks proving one of the best cards of the year. The best thing about them is the nominal expense, each club getting $75 for going on the grounds of the other, and another $25 covers all expenses of umpiring, policemen and other incidentals.

The first game of the series on the Shamrock grounds, according to a statement of one of their managing committee, swelled the gate receipts to about $478. The first game at the A. A. grounds brought $387.85, but it must be remembered that there are some 300 or more members of the latter body that enter free. Both these figures include the grand stand receipts.

Both clubs have the satisfaction of paying their money to gentlemen. Of the St. Johns, outside professionals, Small, Rogers, Parsons and Cunningham are quiet, sensible fellows, who mind their own business and know how to find amusement outside of a ball club. The Shamrocks have a good bargain in McGrath, who is studying for the priesthood, and a clever twirler, Abbey, who is thinking of the ministry. The management of both clubs is holding out inducements for the boys to make their next season with them, but nothing has been determined yet.

JOHNNY WRITES FROM THE ATTIC.

A Call From the Minister and What Followed.

We've got a new girl, but she's homlier nor a stone fence, so pa says, and ma says she's glad and that's what she got her fur, because praps pa'll not be in the kitchen so much now, for ma got suspisious about him cause he got some black lead on his face. Guess he didn't know what good lookin' girls blackened stoves and her hands was dirty. Anyway, ma said she wasn't goin' to stand it any longer, so she bounced her right orf cause she's too good lookin'.

I like the new one pretty much 'cause she darned my stockin' afore ma saw it, when I ripped it up chmbin' down Mr. Waterses cellar after our ball. Guess I wouldn't a tore it though if I hadn't a tried to get out that bird cage what was down there for to make a mask outer.

Ma's madder nor anything when she saw the new girl with her new wrapper on, but I guess she didn't know what I give it to her and said what it was a present from ma. I guess if she hadn't a been homily she'd a got bounced right off.

Our minister give us a call this week, 'cause he said he wanted to bring pa inter the fold again, 'cause he's learned we strayed out, and ma got orful mad 'cause I said, oh, yes, pa's a lost sheep, er a gone goose or somethin'. Pa was hidin' in the closet, 'cause the minister come so quick he couldn't get in any place else, and told me to say he was down town. I guess pa got pretty tired in there, 'cause I could hear him breathin' like a steam ingine. He was orful scared when I was goin' to show the minister my new base ball soot what was in there. He must a bin leanin' against the door, 'cause when when I turned the handle the door bust open and pa fell kerflop into the room, and spread all over the floor, and a hole lot of banboxes and things all rolled out, too. Ma and the minister was scared most to death, and I made believe I was. Oh! my, there was a scen. Pa was mortified like everything, and nobody said anything, and the minister shook his head an' went out. I've been locked in the attic ever since, and I guess I'll haveter tie a stone on this and fire it out the winder to Bill.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

A FEW DIMES REMAIN

To Show That Moncton's Exhibition Was a Financial Success.

MONCTON, Sept. 24.—"Cecil Gwynne" has given you so full an account of the exhibition that there scarcely seems anything left for me to say; but, at least, I may remark that our much-talked-of "show" was an unqualified success, and better still, that it fully paid for itself, and left a few dimes over to jingle in the town treasury. True, there were some slight drawbacks, but their prominence was merely noticeable on account of the surrounding effulgence, as spots are visible on the face of the sun. For instance, it poured rain on Thursday afternoon, and the roof of the building being merely temporary, some of the choicest fancy work was grieviously wounded and deeply injured, and the exhibitors were naturally "mad." Again, the platform which held the distinguished visitors and the reception committee was rather a close fit. Of course it would never do to say that those prominent individuals were packed together, like sardines in a box, but to the irreverent eye of the newspaper correspondent they presented that appearance during the opening ceremonies. But these were "trifles light as air," in comparison with the general brightness and enthusiasm which surrounded the formal opening of the exhibition.

I must say I felt proud of our little town last week, it did present such a festive appearance. There were many strings of flags hung across the main streets, flags and Chinese lanterns decorated the shops. The office of the *Daily Transcript* was almost hidden from view, and some of the private residences were bowers of beauty, with quantities of little bannerets interspersed with lanterns. Mr. Sangster's handsome house on Highfield street, and Mr. J. R. Bruce's on Bonnaccord street were notable instances, and Steadman street was rendered attractive by the brilliant appearance of Mr. T. V. Cooke's and Mr. C. P. Harris' respective residences.

G. C. S.

Patronize Our Own People!

It is said that the building committee of the Union club house has decided to employ a Halifax man to put in the heating apparatus. This is rough on the St. John men who are in the business. Is there any reason for such discrimination?

WHY NOT RUN A PAPER?

A "COMPARISON BETWEEN OREGON AND SHEETS."

One Costs, Eight Times as Much as the Other—Some of the Results of the Use of "Plate Matter"—Everything From a Prize Fight to a Sunday-School Lesson.

Who would not own a newspaper?

The time has arrived when for a few dollars a week, without type or composing office, without printers, without writers, any man can run a "newspaper."

The people of St. John and New Brunswick have not long been used to seeing one or two sides of their favorite daily or weekly filled with American "plate matter." For some time they could not understand why one part of their paper was printed in clear, nice type, while the rest of it was so blurred that it could not be read, and when it could, the articles were untimely, old, and a repetition or rehash of something they had read before. Then the printers' strike in the city occurred, and the people began to find out the reason why "plate matter" was used, and the objections to it.

They found that the daily newspapers of this city instead of giving them local matter written and served up in its usual readable style, were replacing it with what was called "plate matter," imported at a mere nominal cost from the states, and sent out to a hundred or more papers at the same time it was forwarded here. They found that the "plate" was American from the top to the bottom of the column, that it was made up solely of extracts from American newspapers, and that the trash and rubibsh served up to them, Canadians, every day were simply stuff and nonsense, anecdotes of American people, and general information of things in the East and West of Yankee land. And this continues.

PROGRESS is the only newspaper in the city and one of two or three in the province, that does not use "plate matter."

One of the results of its use is to injure the daily newspapers of St. John and the weekly papers of the province that use it. They have lost much of their interest for the true Maritime Canadian who dislikes to strike on the first and last pages of almost every newspaper he picks up nothing but American thought and American sayings. Another result is to drive good workmen from St. John, and force them to find employment elsewhere. The time was when printers were plenty in St. John, when there was always a job for them on the press of the city. Times have changed, and the daily newspaper offices when they find their printers scarce make up the difference by using "plate matter" and cheating their readers.

To give some idea of the difference in the cost of the original matter set by compositors and the "plate matter," it is only necessary to take one page of any daily paper in the city. If it is filled with interesting original matter, set in this city by compositors, the composition alone would cost about $1.50 per column or $12 a page. The latter amount of "plate matter" costs $1.50, and there is no expense of writing, proof-reading, wear and tear of type or light and heat, and other incidentals. Or if the page is "illustrated," it would cost $2. But the public can gain a better idea of the variety of this "slop" by reading a page of one of the concern's circulars, which is given below:

Telegraphic News Reports—An elegant line of service for daily and weekly papers, illustrated page	$2 00
Correspondence page, illustrated	2 00
Department page, illustrated	2 00
Editorial page, not illustrated	1 50
Humorous page, illustrated	2 00
Paragraph page, not illustrated	1 50
Combination page (humor and paragraphs), illustrated	2 00
Sensation page, illustrated	2 00
Sporting page, illustrated	2 00
Talmage sermon, not illustrated (plates shipped in advance of verbal delivery)	1 50
Agricultural page, illustrated (furnished every third week—the page contains three instalments or sections	2 00
Agricultural page, No. 2, not illustrated (furnished every third week—three instalments).	1 50
Horticultural page, illustrated (issued once in three weeks—three instalments	2 00
Secret society page, illustrated, issued once in three weeks, three installments	2 00
Architectural designs, illustrated, issued once in six weeks—six installments	2 00
Puzzle page, furnished every sixth week—contains six installments, the puzzles and problems in one column being answered in the next, illustrated	2 00
Sunday school lesson page, not illustrated, furnished every sixth week—contains matter for six weeks, one column being given to each lesson	1 20
Battle pages, illustrated, furnished on or about 25th anniversary of each important event of the great civil war	2 00
News miscellany, not illustrated	1 20
Miscellany, not illustrated, (per page)	1 20
Short stories, not illustrated, each page contains three completed stories, (per page)	1 20
Serials, with and without illustrations	
Novelettes, illustrated, furnished in sets of eight pages, (per set)	12 00
Special features, holiday pages, anniversary pages, etc., illustrated, (each)	2 00
Political matter ("in season,") cartoons	1 50

That covers a broad field, does it not? Telegraphic news set up in Boston or New York and sent by frieght train! Editorials written in Boston for a St. John paper! A sensation page too!! Agriculture of the New England and Western states served up to maritime farmers!! Even a Sunday school lesson! or Battle pages, or—save the mark—"political matter in season"!!! Who wouldn't run a "newspaper"?

A PRECOCIOUS YOUNGSTER

Who Appealed in a Startling Fashion to His Pastor for Butter.

A story of an American child, good enough, I think, to print, reached us this week. She was a maiden of five summers and possessed an inquiring mind and a tongue of such phenomenal length as to require constant repression. A few weeks ago the little lady's mamma invited the minister to tea, and a lengthened code of instructions was at once issued for Louie's guidance on the trying occasion. She must not chatter, she must not ask questions, and above all, she must be very quiet at the tea table, and wait her turn to be served patiently. The seed fell on good ground, and Louie was a model of decorum till tea was well under way. Then she grew restless, but no one noticed her, or asked the cause. Nobody had helped her to butter, and manners or no manners! dry bread was an infliction her little soul declined to submit to; but the butter was directly in front of the minister, and nothing but a direct appeal for spiritual assistance would avail. So folding her little hands devoutly, she lifted up her voice and spoke after this manner: "Dear pastor: for Christ's sake, pass me the butter." The parson dropped his napkin and hunted around on the floor for it till he was purple in the face. Her mother swallowed an entire cup of boiling tea, and then hid her face in her handkerchief. Her father crawled abruptly under the table to find the parson's napkin, and Louie, in the general confusion, helped herself quietly to butter. ***

They Couldn't Fill the Engagement.

Gossip is rife among the city bandsmen, this week. The Fusiliers made a change some time ago, and are playing better music. Prof. Bowen has arrived from New York, and the City Cornet band is pleased with him. But the Artillery band is in a bad way. They had an engagement last Sunday to attend a funeral, but were unable to get a band together, and the Kingsville band had to lead the Orangemen. James Sullivan, their leading cornet player, handed in his resignation a short time ago. His object was, he said, to "stir the band up." The band, it seems, didn't "stir up," but accepted his resignation, and lost a good man. Now Prof. Williams has given up his position as bandmaster, or was asked to, statements on this subject differing widely. It is said that the band knew more than the instructor, and music by the best composers in America or elsewhere would not suit them. The band, however, give a different version of the affair, and one more unfavorable to Mr. Williams. Altogether, changes are the order of the day in band circles.

Mr. McCoy in Boston.

John McCoy was in Boston last week, and met Mr. Leavitt at the Quincy house. It is said that the scene was an interesting one. McCoy was as cool as a cucumber, and took all Mr. Leavitt said with a smiling indifference peculiar to him. The conversation turned chiefly on the advisability of a man introducing ringers into his own county, where he owned good horses. Earl, alias Stanley, has been turned out and his hoofs cut to grow again. It is quite probable that if McCoy values his his connection with the racing tracks under the National Trotting association that he will meet all its demands and get into the fold again.

Groping In the Dark.

More light is wanted on Portland Bridge. On Saturday and Sunday nights the crowds that walk along that thoroughfare have to grope in the dark, and not a few step off the sidewalk or run against the hydrant in front of the nail factory. There is an electric light at the foot of Main street, but it blinds the eyes of people walking towards it, so that they cannot see who or what they are running against. A street over which so many people pass should be better lighted and more unlike a place where one is likely to sprain his ankle in a deep gutter.

Dangerous Fun.

The son of a King street merchant went home from school, one day this week, with a sore head—the result of a shot from a rubber sling. There may be a good deal of fun in the use of these affairs, but there is often much misery also. Teachers should, as far as possible, forbid their use in the play grounds. They are too dangerous.

They Struck the Wrong Man.

The crowd of young fellows who imagine they own the King square, and act accordingly, had a narrow escape Tuesday night, when they ran against the novel reading character with a brace of revolvers. Had he used his hands instead on some of them, there are people who would not have been sorry.

MUCH ADO ABOUT LITTLE

THE CHIEF OF POLICE AND HIS "INVESTIGATION."

Discord and Jealousy On the Force—Every Man Suspecting His Comrade of Suggestion to the Chief to Hold a General Investigation and Dismiss Himself.

There is much ado about little or nothing in police circles just now, and excitement runs high on the force. A severe moral tone has struck the chief and his immediate assistants and confederates, and they are so surprised that an investigation into the cause was their only resort. They have several clues to their conversion, but the proper main spring of their recent actions keeps discreetly out of sight.

Since union, the police force is, if possible, more wonderful than ever in its composition. With the added virtues—and vices—of the old Portland squad, the present protective force of the city is quite a motley body. From the chief and his chief whipper-snapper Jack Ring, to the latest appointee there is mutual suspicion and dislike. Every man is distrustful of his neighbor, and but few have a good or a favorable word to say of the men who walk the same beat with them. The *bete noir* of the entire force is Ring, a man who has attained his present position rather by assisting the chief to discover the faults of his associates than by hunting out the crimes of outsiders. He could be credited with no piece of work as a policeman that would warrant his advancement, and since he has been known in the office of his chief as the "detective" he has more than ever devoted his astuteness to breaking the reputation of other men on the force. His one time close associate and politic friend, sergeant, now inspector, Weatherhead, was some years finding him out and then it was only another exemplification of that old and true adage, "Set a rogue to catch a rogue." Ring's past record will hardly bear inspection, and that he should be selected to pass on the faults of other men and report their misdeeds, causes intense disatisfaction.

The present fracas has for its aims and object the dismissal of George Fullerton from the force. Fullerton is one of the ablest men in any division, a quiet, good-tempered fellow who usually minds his own business and is always ready to laugh at a joke and give one in return. He makes mistakes sometimes and one of his errors led him a short time ago to keep the society of a fellow friend instead of going on duty as usual, and to show him the "sights." The sights only took an hour or two, but Fullerton's indiscretion in going in citizen's dress where his duty had often called him, is now being made the subject of an "investigation."

PROGRESS has no words in defence of any policeman's neglect of duty, but the most that Fullerton's offence deserves is a severe reprimand and possibly a short suspension. It does not do, as in the present case, to have the case so well worked up that when the chief is persuaded to dismiss the offender, his successor is ready to step into his shoes. Jack Mullin may be an excellent man for a policeman in the estimation of his friends Ring and Covay, but the rest of the force, and outsiders who know anything of the man and the circumstances, are of a different opinion.

Some day, when Chief Marshall finds time, when the journals with poetry in them are not too numerous, let him hold a general investigation into the morals and habits of the men under him. But, first of all, let him investigate himself. Rigid self-examination is a good thing once in a while, and PROGRESS is sure that that if he cannot manage to find out anything under his own examination, that some of his officers can help him. If he is honest about the matter, there can be no doubt of the result. He will dismiss himself promptly. This would be a fitting finale to such a drawn out farce.

No Misunderstanding Now.

Inspector Rawlings labored under a misapprehension until one fine morning this week, when he met Chief Kerr of the fire department. The captain was under the impression that when there was a fire he and the policemen were under no authority save himself and Chief Marshall. Some little difficulty about the ringing of the alarm occurred the night before, and Chief Kerr endeavored to straighten it out. Rawlings, in the presence of his men, doubted the fire chief's power to give orders, but he was quickly undeceived. He was given to understand in an unmistakeable fashion that at a fire Chief Kerr's word was law, and if Inspector Rawlings did not think so he could be arrested and fined! He soon came round to a correct view of the case, and while there are no hard feelings over the matter there is no misunderstanding.

The Mayor's Water Bill.

Mayor Lockhart owns a lot of land up town and last week when the water tax bill deliverer was around he poked his hand through the fence, deposited the bill on the lot, laid a stone on it and departed!

A VERY PLEASANT TRIP.

The Annual Picnic of the Slaughter House Commission Goes Off Well.

The slaughter house commissioners enjoyed their annual picnic to St. Martins. In fact they were simply delighted with the time they had. And they all went, which was a cause for sincerd congratulation. There are a couple of slaughter houses at St. Martins which the inspector likes the board to glance at once a year. Due notice is given of the intended visit, and it is presumed that the fortunate owners of the establishments have them no dirtier than usual upon that occasion. What happens at St. Martins once a year takes place about St. John once a month, when the chairman or any other commissioner and the inspector proceed, after due tooting of horns, to have a look at the slaughter houses in the vicinity. Their report has become so stereotyped in its form that the commission doze, or occupy themselves in some such agreeable fashion, while it is being read.

But this year Chairman Thomas L. Hay, John Nugent, Uriah Drake, Patrick Gleason, Daniel Edgar Berryman, Aldermen Stephen G. Blizzard and Amos N. Shaw—the entire commission—were seated comfortably in Harry Short's barouches and with beer and cigars from Alex. Kane's, passed an exceedingly pleasant time until the Ben Lomond house was reached. Then there were more beer and cigars and dinner, and more beer and cigars.

The chairman and Dr. Dan were especially glad to get to St. Martins and the new seminary. The commission spent a lively evening cracking jokes and smoking cigars, and next day started for the city again. They have been busy since receiving the congratulations of their friends on their safe return.

Inspector Bustin went along and it is expected that he will report the slaughter houses in St. Martins in excellent condition, and that he had the pleasure of the company of the commission. The bill for coach hire, beer and cigars and board, in all about $30 will, it is expected, be duly paid.

A BIT OF FAITH CURE.

Where an Oilcloth Mat Replaced a Mustard Plaster.

A learned judge of the supreme court is subject to severe colds, which, if once permitted to settle on his chest, cause him great inconvenience and suffering, and under these trying circumstances his unfailing panacea is mustard applied thickly and promptly in the shape of a large poultice. Not so very long ago his honor felt unmistakable indications of a violent cold, and as it was near court time he could not afford to be ill, so he requested the partner of his joys and sorrows to prepare a good sized poultice for him before she retired, and leave it on the table beside his couch so he could apply it himself; which request she dutifully complied with.

The judge slept and arose much refreshed in mind and body. When he descended to the breakfast room his wife inquired for his cold. "Gone," he responded, "entirely gone, not the slightest hoarseness left. Nothing like mustard, Maria! Nothing in the world like mustard for the chest!" "But," responded his wife, "you forgot to put the poultace on, I found it when I got up just where I left it last night, it had never been touched!" Assertions and mild contradictions on both sides brought out the awful truth that the judge had slumbered peacefully and recovered miraculously, with the large circular oilcloth lamp mat from the bedroom table clasped close to his manly chest, under the impression that it was a warm and comforting mustard poultice. He had been too sleepy to turn up the lamp and had seized the first thing that felt cool and damp to the touch, with the above thoroughly satisfactory result.

Bumble and His License.

The 62nd Fusiliers had their inspection yesterday. Bumble was there. He is just as shaggy and unbeautiful as ever, but none the less liked by his friends of the battalion. Bumble has been a wanderer lately. When one of his friends, the officers, went to Fredericton, Bumble found his way there somehow and made himself agreeable for a time in the capital. One fine morning he was found sunning himself in front of McMillan's. Bumble had returned—no one knows how, but he was there. In the same way he went to Hampton for a short vacation, and returned when he pleased. He attaches himself to no one in particular, but when he loses his friends he wanders into the office of the Royal and is sure to pick up someone to spend the night with. He likes anyone who will provide him with good meals, and in this particular is quite fastidious. Bumble has only one grievance—he can't find anyone to pay his license.

Probably a Fake.

There is considerable speculation around town as to who the New Brunswick girl, of a wealthy family, is who attempted suicide in Halifax. The field is limited, and the public has about come to the conclusion that the story is a "sensational newspaper fake."

TRURO, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton's.]

SEPT. 18.—Mrs. Spencer, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Mate, left last week for a trip which will embrace points through Massachusetts and other places of interest.

The normal school staff, for the oncoming term, loses a valued member, in the person of Dr. J. B. Hall, who is now en route to Germany, where he expects to remain about a year, in the pursuit of favorite studies.

The agricultural school is open for the ensuing term, under the able tutorship of Prof. Smith.

Miss Block and Miss Dickie have gone to Halifax and the ladies' college.

Mrs. George Archibald entertained over 30 at 5 o'clock tea, last Thursday afternoon.

Miss Florence McCully, one of the popular and most efficient clerks in the post-office department here, has resigned her position. The vacancy occuring has been filled by Mr. Harry McDougall.

Prof. Colwell, of Acadia college, was in town last week.

Mrs. Annand and her son, Mr. Edward Annand, are in Halifax. Mr. Annand enters on his collegiate course at Dalhousie this autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bligh left last week for a tour through the upper provinces and parts of the neighboring republic.

Conductor Fred Davison and wife have gone to the Toronto exhibition, and will, *en passant*, visit Niagara and other points of interest.

Mrs. George Patterson is home from Kentville, where she has been visiting friends.

Mr. Geo. A. Pike, of Halifax, was in town on Saturday last.

Miss Caikin, of Kentville, is visiting her brother, Principal J. B. Calkin and Mrs. Calkin, at "Fern Hill."

Mr. and Mrs. Dimock Cummings are home from England and the continent. Mrs. Cummings is in Amherst, where she will make a short visit among friends.

Last Friday, Truro's natal day, was observed here as a half holiday. The Truro Amateur Athletic club arranged and carried to a most successful issue a varied and interesting programme of sports on the Truro Driving Park.

The Misses Alice and Lillian Smith gave a most delightful party last Friday evening. Nearly 50 guests were present, and dancing, which was the principal diversion of the evening, was kept up indefatigably until the "wee sma' hours ayont the dawn."

The Misses Crever, of Pictou, were in town yesterday.

The news of Miss Kate Kennedy's death, which occurred in Pictou Saturday afternoon, was received here the same day, and was learned with regret by a very large circle of friends. Miss Kennedy will be remembered here last summer, when she was among us, a merry, light-hearted girl, full of bright life and animation. A victim of consumption, she has early succumbed to the dread disease. The remains were brought here for interment, the funeral occurring from the residence of her grandmother, Mrs. Fleming, Queen street. FEG.

DARTMOUTH, N. S.

SEPT. 17.—The handsome residence of Mr. Chas. H. Harvey was the scene of a very brilliant party last Thursday evening. The guests numbered about 50, among whom were Mrs. Betts of New York, formerly Miss Needham of Fredericton, N. B., who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fay, in Halifax, and Mrs. Ella Randolph of Fredericton, who has been spending a few weeks with Mrs. Harvey. This is said to have been one of the most enjoyable parties ever given in Dartmouth. The host and hostess are special favorites, and did everything in their power to make the evening pleasant to their guests. The house and grounds are well adapted for a festive scene of this kind. The spacious drawing room and hall, which open into each other by folding doors, were devoted to the use of the dancers, while the splendid large parlor, opposite, was occupied by the card-players. These rooms were very prettily decorated with natural flowers, as well as the supper room, which was thrown open before 10 o'clock and remained so throughout the evening. The supper table was a marvel of beauty, being arranged and presided over by Street in his very best style. The commodious veranda and fine grounds were beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns and colored fairy lamps. This with the fine view of the harbor lying at the foot of the hill, and the lighted city opposite, presented a magnificent scene. Dancing was kept up with unabated zeiteest until 2 a. m., with sufficient interval between each dance, to allow of a short promenade in the moonlight, among the trees and shrubs, or a quiet little chat in a summer house or tent provided for the occasion, and called flirtation nooks. There were some handsome dresses, but I fear it will take too much space to give a description of them. The merryfoot was kept running until half past one for the accommodation of the guests from Halifax.