PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS.....Editor.

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The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it s necessary to put the inside pages to press on THURSDAY, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsuited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

EDWARD S. CARTER,
Publisher and Proprietor,
Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 26.

CIRCULATION, 6,800.

☞THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

LESS MACHINERY NEEDED.

Is it any wonder that people complain that the country is governed to death? There is enough machinery of state in Canada to govern the whole North American continent, and to support it money is taken from the people which if turned to legitimate industries would make the abolition of poverty no longer a problem to be solved.

Admitting, however, that under the condition of things there is some justification for the vast and extravagant expenditures of the federal government, what reason is there for all the pomp and circumstance of state which are maintained in the province of New Brunswick? Is there any reason why a population less than that of many cities on the continent should require all the paraphernalia of a nation to conduct their affairs? Most people who have given the matter any consideration say there is not, and they are right. The amount of business done by the provincial government is less than that done by single firms of St. John, and yet, in addition to the governor and a lot of office holders, nearly three score of legislators are deemed proper and expedient to carry on the work. Their number could be very materially reduced, not only without detriment to the affairs of the affairs of the province, but with positive advantage.

In the first place, the eighteen wholly useless and antiquated dignitaries, known as the Legislative Council, could be swept out of political existence. Their loss would not be felt, neither would it be mourned. Then the culling down of the assembly could begin. It could be reduced at least twenty-five per cent., and still give every county as fair a representation as it has now. Thirty-two members would be more than sufficient to do all the work that is to be done, and where the number from each county was thus diminished in quantity it is more than probably that there would be an improvement in quality. The best material would be selected, and there would not be, as is now too often the case, a search to find a man simply to fill out a ticket. The country would be just as safe as it is now, and there would be a good deal less waste of both time and money.

It is not to be expected that such a change could be made in a hurry. The abolition of the Legislative Council has been discussed with more or less sincerity and hypocrisy since a time when our present legislators were children. It seems as sure of life now as it was then, and it is not likely to show any symptoms of dissolution until Hon. ROBERT YOUNG becomes a Dominion senator and other honorable members find equally soft positions in which to spend their later years. The abolition of the council is, however, the first step to be taken, and when that is done the way will be easier for a reduction of the size of the assembly.

In the meantime, the people should keep before them the idea that less government for the province means less money wasted, and that with the revenue increased, more grants for those things in which the people are concerned. This takes the theory out of the realm of sentiment and makes it a pure matter of business. As it is now, the province and the people are in the position of a concern which is hampered and made poor by employing ten clerks where five is all that its business can afford.

The subject is worth more consideration than most people are inclined to give it. The day may come when it will be a live issue.

A TOPIC FOR DEBATE.

The budget presented to the British House of Commons the other day, shows that the receipts for the year exceeded the estimates by over three million pounds, and that the receipts for alcoholic beverages exceeded the estimates by nearly two million pounds. There is doubtless a temperance lecture in this for those who desire to improve the occasion, but PROGRESS has no idea what that lesson may be. The nation was more prosperous last year than for many years, and according to some authorities, the temperance societies were never more successful in making wonderful progress in reforming the masses. So, with drunkeness decreasing, and the revenue from liquors increasing nearly fifty per-cent, it is hard to say just what the moral is.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer in the course of his remarks said that:

A closer examination would not diminish the surprise, for the largest increase had been—of all the spirits in the world—from rum. [Laughter.] The rum was drunk mainly at seaports. In 1888 the number of drams taken reached 245,000,000. In 1889, 275,000,000. It was an extraordinary historical fact that in the years 1875 and 1876, the greatest drinking years recorded, there was precisely the same rush and precisely the same proportion of revenue from different spirits. Increased prosperity therefore meant a great increase in consumption of alcoholic drinks.

It is not probable that anyone will contend that because increased prosperity means an increase in drinking, that drinking conduces to national prosperity. It may be, however, that some of the happy results are due to a return to that old, oderiferous, and now unfashionable beverage known as rum. In these degenerate days, when drunkenness is a curse in America, there are occasionally found aged people who delight to tell of old times when everybody drank and hardly anybody got drunk, because rum was the universal beverage. Now a days, not one man in ten can use the common spirits of commerce without being physically, mentally and morally the worse for it, and by a singular coincidence hardly anybody drinks the old-fashioned rum of his forefathers. The chief reasons assigned are that, in the first place, it is very hard to get the genuine article, and in the next, the partaker of it wafts the tidings afar whenever he opens his mouth. For these two reasons, rum is not likely to regain the popularity it enjoyed among the sturdy Loyalists, who quaffed it to the health of their king, while they hewed out a city from a barren rock. The drink of today and the future will be whiskey, always dangerous and often poisoned to satisfy the greed of the seller.

So, if there is any moral to be drawn from Mr. GOSCHEN'S budget, it is not in favor of the saloon, as it is understood in this country. What it is in favor of, is a matter for the debating societies to settle.

TO BAFFLE THE MOSQUITO.

Last summer, a benevolent New Yorker offered a series of cash prizes for essays on the best methods of exterminating the mosquito, with special reference to the dragon fly as a destroyer. The dragon fly, otherwise known as the "devil's darn-needle" is understood to have a partiality for mosquitoes as an article of diet, but the prize essays show that they are too limited in number to make an appreciable diminution of the small pests, and that while they can be artificially propogated for the purpose, yet their bohemian habits make it uncertain whether they would stay in New York or wander to the Pacific slope. Besides, under the most favorable circumstances not enough of them could be raised to be of any practical benefit. The mosquitoes would be no fewer than before. There is also some stress laid on the fact that while the dragon fly is a respectable creature which does its work by day, the mosquito is most perniciously active by night. It is certain that the mosquito will not reform its hours, and there is no reason to suppose that the dragon fly can be so demoralized as to spend the night in searching for the frisky mosquito.

Several other methods are suggested by the essayists, including pans of oil made attractive by lanterns, drainage of swamps, etc., but none of them seem to give a great deal of hope to tortured humanity.

There is just one way the residents of New York and New Jersey can enjoy their summers without the mosquito pest. Let them seek the maritime provinces for their outing places, and they will have more solid comfort than all the devices of entomologists can give them from now to the end of time. There are no flies on our seaside resorts.

THE TRUTH ABOUT A BOOK.

When some idle and intellectual people of the United States found a new fad in the absurd theories of a book called *Looking Backward*, they were very much delighted. Some of them who had never taken the trouble to investigate the works of GRONLUND and MARX were fascinated with the picture which the superficial BELLAMY drew, and they have been posing as his disciples ever since. They look upon him as an apostle who has, as they think, made it clear that socialism is a very respectable and very desirable thing. They will be somewhat surprised to learn that BELLAMY was not a laborer in their vineyard until he found it the popular and paying thing to be so. It is hinted by Boston *Liberty* that BELLAMY "wrote this book as a satire on socialism, and submitted the completed manuscript as such to HARPER & BROTHERS, and that that house, while not absolutely rejecting it, declined to take it unless the satire could be made less extravagant, and given more an air of probability."

Liberty thinks that, if this be true, it is high time the people were made aware of the fact. "If this were a fact," it says, "and it should be made widely known, it would not only bring into deserved disrepute a man who is now posing on a pedestal as a sociologist, but it would save multitudes of foolish, though well meaning, people long and profitless mental meanderings, and might save this country (one never can tell) a bitter experience of state socialism."

It is not likely that the fear expressed at the close of the paragraph quoted is likely to find a realization in this era of the world. The growth of individualism may not be as spasmodically rapid as that of the new-fangled nationalism, but it is a good deal more sure, and it is founded on something better than Boston sentimentalism.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.

Does anybody think that the legislators earned their sessional allowance this year?

These be great days for the daily papers, which delight in items concerning wild geese and mayflowers.

The Department of Public Works really deserves a pat on the back, for the good work it is doing about the streets.

It looks like corruption in high places when 26 ballots are cast in the municipal council, with but 25 members present.

Justice may be blind, but she can see her way clear to make up an amazingly large bill against the municipality of St. John.

The modest man has no business in the common council, if he wants to get his share of what is going. The hustler is the man who "gets there."

The first thing the new county council needs to do is to stir up the folks at Ottawa with a long pole, in regard to the old penitentiary buildings.

Moncton as a city, with an electric railway, horse races every Saturday, and a rat-pit in the market building is reasserting its claims for popularity as a summer resort.

It is claimed that if St. Paul were now living he would edit a religious paper. Perhaps so, but he wouldn't do it as some editors do, and he wouldn't grow rich by charging $2 a year for a $1 paper.

No one is more glad at the prorogation of the legislature than the operators in the Fredericton telegraph office. Three of them had to send 20,000 words one night, which means a good many dots and dashes.

The *Religious Intellingencer* does not profess to be a funny paper, but it is somewhat comical when, in reference to the Scott Act in Portland, it says: "There has not for a long time been even an attempt to enforce it. What ought not now to be done is to bring the Act into force in the whole city."

There must have been a reduction in the expensive bill of fare which the province has been providing for the Lunatic Asylum. The inmates appear to be getting tired and are walking away. If the dangerous lunatics can't be kept from going abroad to the terror of the community, there ought to be another annex provided for them on Goat island.

PEN AND PRESS.

The many friends of George Baldwin, the former night messenger of the Western Union in this city, were glad to him in town this week, though regretting the sad event caused his visit—the death of his mother. George was the main stay of the morning newspaper offices three years ago, and many a time has saved the night editors from being driven insane by the "copy" howl by his welcome "press."

The *Orange Sentinel*, of Toronto, is now publishing a "history of orangeism" since the formation of the society at the Battle of the Diamond, fought in the county of Armagh, Ireland, in the year 1795, up to the present time. The history appears in chapters, one each week, and its publication will occupy a period of upwards of two years. It is written by Richard Lilburn, editor of the *Belfast News Letter*, who is acknowledged to be the best living authority upon the history of orangeism.

The *Sun* evidently shared in the general prosperity last year, for since the balance sheet was struck the editorial workers have been working for more pay. President Thorne is a good business man and evidently thinks the same methods that have built up his own business will pay in the *Sun* office. There is no doubt of it. The daily newspaper workers in St. John have had little to encourage them in the past, and it looks as if the *Sun* was going to make the break. In addition to the salary increase, an order for a new double cylinder Hoe press was given to Mr. Smart last week. Two folders which will trim and paste will be attached, and in the near future the *Sun* will probably appear every morning as an eight page paper, trimmed and pasted as PROGRESS is now.

Progress and Its Patrons.

The Gorbel art store thinks the Opera House wants the earth since it has been driven out of its old quarters and across the street, until the first of August, when the front of the new building will be in. Still Mr. Gorbel says his stock will be just as good on the other side of the street, and his facilities for picture framing even better than they have been. His old friends, who read this, will not fail to find him, and those who always keep the "50-cent side" will tumble over his sign.

The days of ice-cream are at hand, and every girl who boasts of an escort contrives to make him approach Washington's saloon. This paragraph should remind him that there's ice-cream within, and if he doesn't want his best girl to go back on him there is but one thing to do. Treat.

T. Patton will soon move to the store at 11 Charlotte street. The stand will be a decided improvement over the Waterloo street store, though that was always bright and attractive. The people will always meet with courteous attention at Mr. Patton's counters, and find his goods just as he represents them.

A good many of the readers of PROGRESS have a fancy for gardening, and delight to potter in the soil in their spare hours. The attention of such is directed to the "Cycle" wheelbarrow, the convenience, handiness, lightness, durability and cheapness of which W. F. Burditt & Co. talk about on the second page of PROGRESS today. No matter whether you are out of town or in town, the "Cycle" will go to you if you will fulfil the conditions.

Mrs. Kane will move Monday, and she tells why and where in her own way elsewhere. If you want new hats, ladies, you can't help seeing her announcement.

Unless you have a $5,000 accident policy on your life it is not safe to put one chair on another and from the top of that structure attempt to take down the parlor curtains. Ten chances to one you will tumble, catch the curtains and it will cost you the price of many of Howe's step ladders, which are always safe and handy. Now is the time you want them, and Messrs. J. & J. D. Howe, in the Market building, have all sizes and prices.

McDowell Will Summer in Toronto.

The McDowell company will begin a seven weeks' engagement in Toronto on May 19.—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

PROGRESS last week published the rumor that McDowell's St. John season was doubtful. Some friends of his persisted that he was coming—in fact, was on his way here, but the above paragraph from the reliable dramatic department of *Saturday Night* indicates that McDowell will be in Toronto the best part of the season.

Ladies' Jersey Underwests, from 16 cents, at MANSON'S.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Probably the most delighted people in the city last week were the committee of management of the *Dorothy* opera company. A cable was received by them stating that the long looked for and much delayed libretto had been mailed and was on its way to St. John. Another thing to give them joy was the fact that Mr. Duff had come down in his price for permission to play the opera, and this reduction on his part made it possible for the committee to engage the Philharmonic club, a venture that had been almost given up on account of the high price that orchestra asked for its services.

By the way, I did not know that the Philharmonic had started out as a professional orchestra. I may be wrong, but think this is the first time they have been engaged at a fixed price, although I know when the amateurs gave the *Sorcerer*, *Pirates of Penzance* and the *Bells of Corneville*, they were given something for playing. I am sorry that they should select *Dorothy* for their first professional engagement, for the management has had a good deal of expense, without having to guarantee $100 to the Philharmonic club.

I was rather amused at hearing an ex-member of that musical association say, "Why do the orchestra want a guarantee? That was one of their reasons for not keeping me in it—the fact that I had played once or twice with a professional (hired) orchestra." But time works wonders.

There has been some trouble in St. Andrew's church choir, which has resulted in the loss of the choir master. I believe the members do not attend regularly enough to suit his ideas of punctuality, etc., and when three maidens slipped out (as they fondly, but not correctly, thought unseen) last Friday evening to attend a practice of *Dorothy*, matters came to a climax, and at present the St. Andrews people are bewailing the loss of their best basso.

I did not manage to hear the organ recital in St. Luke's, last week, but from all accounts, believe it was a very good one.

Many teachers of music, and indeed musical people generally, will miss having Mrs. G. F. DeVine's store to run to when they are buying or ordering music. Mrs. DeVine is closing her store and selling the stock to Mr. Bustin, preparatory to leaving this city for Boston. I have always found Mrs. DeVine a very satisfactory person to deal with, and hope she may be successful in her new venture.

The Oratorio society took up *Samson* at its Monday evening rehearsal. I believe this work is to be sung in the summer, and *Jeptha* will be given some time in the autumn.

The choir of St. John's church arose early to sing at the wedding of Mr. R. Cameron Grant to Miss Florrie Adams, on Wednesday morning at half past seven o'clock. The usual wedding hymn was sung, and Mr. Ford played the Wedding March in a most finished manner.

The *Dorothy* rehearsals will be held on Monday and Thursday evenings of next week, and with the orchestra at one practice and the libretto to be read at the other, there ought to be a good attendance.

Concerning the war that is raging between the Wagnerites and the people who patronize the Italian opera in New York, *The American Musician* says:

Another little Patti cake is to be lost. You remember that Lilli Lehmann, sick with admiration, or jealousy, or noodles, left the Opera House in the middle of one of the Patti operas. A *Herald* reporter seized upon the incident for a sensation and sent up his card to Patti, asking what she thought of this discourtesy. You should have seen the childlike simplicity with which Patti replied: "I do not know Miss Lehmann, and was not aware that she had been in the theatre, or that she had left it." Lovelier than any dramatic successes are these delicious bits of high comedy off the stage.

Andran, of *La Mascotte* fame, has written a new opera comique entitled *L' Oeuf Rouge* with words by Messrs. Busnack and Vauloo. The music is said to be correct and very refined.

Perhaps I expected too much from the choirs which assisted at Trinity church on St. George's day, but I was disappointed in the singing very much. I am keeping in my mind all the drawbacks they had, but even allowing for all of them, the service was hardly as satisfactory as it might have been. The processional looked magnificent, and I really cannot think where all the voices went to. Such a lot of people and such a *small* noise! Why, they ought to have made a tremendous volume of sound, but they did not. The first part of the processional hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," went fairly well, but the last verse was bad. The organist, Mr. R. P. Strand, must have had a hard time to pull them together, for the choir, band and organ each had taken a different tempo.

The special psalms cxii, cxxxiii were chanted very fairly, considering that the Mission church boys use the Gregorian chanting and the Trinity choristers have hardly learned to chant as yet. The anthem "O Give Thanks," by Sir George Elvey, was too high for the trebles; their voices were lost at times, the other parts completely swallowing them. The first bit of real hearty singing was Mr. Morley's exquisite hymn tune "Muriel" which the choir entered into with a great deal of spirit. The other hymn and "God Save the Queen" were also sung well, and I must say that the Amens to the prayers were sung with much precision and sweetness. Stainer's beautiful sevenfold Amen was sung after the benediction.

I was delighted with the intoning of the service by Rev. J. M. Davenport, and although I sat at the other end of the church I could hear every word he uttered most distinctly. Mr. Strand's playing also deserves special mention. It was no easy task for him to keep three choirs and the band in time and tune, and I think that once or twice they would have come to grief had he not rendered timely assistance by pulling them together.

Mr. Strand played the closing voluntary. I am not quite sure, but think it was one of Baptiste's. For my part, I do not really think the band was a very great acquisition to the service. It did not seem to be in perfect tune with the organ.

Of course, the Neptune Rowing club concert was a great attraction Thursday evening. I shall have something to say about it next week.

I did hear a rumor, but can hardly believe it, something about a vested choir of ladies to assist the boys in Trinity church. I don't put a bit of faith in the statement myself, but give it to the readers of PROGRESS for what it is worth.

TARET.

CHATS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

A SCHOOL GIRL, Chatham.—No harm done. We were just as sorry as you are about the omission. Always glad to hear from you—but always be on time.

PEEK-A-BOO, Woodstock.—Would like to hear from you as often as you can write. Thanks for your bright letter.

A LOVER OF DAVID, Amherst.—Your letter is at hand, and will receive attention in a few days. "Pampering to the vanity of the elite" is not in our line.

BORDERER, Houlton.—Your letter is and always will be welcome. Will send correspondence envelopes. No, not until circulation warrants it.

H. Price Webber at Bar Harbor.

What a merry, jolly fellow this same H. Price Webber is, to be sure! His fun always appears so genuine, and indeed we believe it is—Webber enjoys it himself. He is as comical as two "end men" rolled in one. And yet, as an actor of more serious parts, he can be as fierce, as solemn, as tragic, or (as in Rip Van Winkle) as pathetic as occasion may require. Truly a rare talent for impersonating his fellowmen and portraying the creations of the dramatist has this brisk little comedian, who, for lo these many years, has done so much to brighten up this stern New England life of ours. Long may he live to cheer us with frequent visits, and may he continue to prosper most abundantly!—*Mount Desert Herald.*

Umbrellas Repaired; Duval, 242 Union street.

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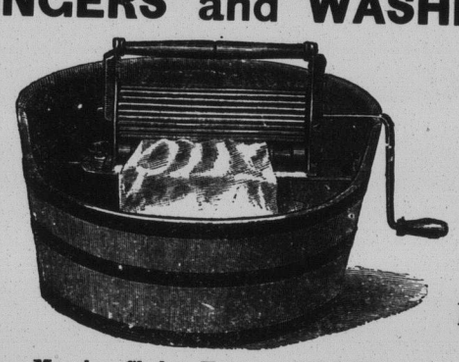

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Is it Right?

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In my opinion the principle of "Responsible Self-government" is not understood by the majority of the members of the legislature of New Brunswick, or if understood is prostituted by that august body.

I hold that the grand fundamental principle of responsible government consists of direct responsibility to the rate-payers of a country, for any act on the part of any person or persons involving a money tax upon the people. The bill committed by Mr. Pugsley to amend the public health act of 1887 authorizes the board to assess the ratepayers of this country for $3,000. This warrant should issue from the municipal council, and the council should have, to some extent, control or supervision of the expenditure.

The public hospital commissioners are another irresponsible body who are authorized to levy a tax upon the ratepayers, the expenditure of which is in no way controlled by the people's representatives, as the warrant of assessment is issued by the commissioners and directed to the assessors.

This is not as it should be, and it is the *duty* of PROGRESS to enter its solemn protest against a practice which may, at some time, operate prejudicially to the best interests of the people of the country.

C.

Yes, It is from Keats.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Would you kindly, in your next issue, under your "Chat with Correspondents," tell me who is the author of the quotation, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." I claim it is from Keats. Unfortunately, in this inland country you can lay your hands on nothing that will give you the authorship of such things. If not too much trouble, you would oblige by answering in the paper. I enjoy PROGRESS very much. It reaches me every Sunday, and recalls many old times of days gone by.

J. S. BENNET.

Kamloops, B. C., April 12.

[The quotation begins with the first line of Book I. of *Endymion*, and reads:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower of quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.]

The Creed of St. Athanasius.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In a late issue of your paper, I read with pain that in this city two ministers of the Episcopal church (or more properly speaking, two priests of the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic church) omitted at mattins on Easter morning to read the creed of St. Athanasius, so called.

Can you, sir, or any churchman, inform me by what right the two priests in question make this omission?

The Rubric before the Apostles' creed reads thus: "Then shall be sung or said the Apostles' Creed," etc., etc., "except only such day as the Creed of St. Athanasius is appointed to be read."

The Rubric before the Creed of St. Athanasius reads thus: "Upon these Feasts, Christmas Day, the Epiphany, Easter Day," etc., etc., shall be (not may be, but shall be) sung or said at morning prayer instead of the Apostles' Creed etc., etc., the Creed of St. Athanasius by the minister and people standing."

You will see by this that the Rubrics allow of no discretion, on the part of either the priest or people, and are very plain in their reading.

Knowing well the unswerving fidelity of the Lord Bishop of the diocese to his church and prayer-book, I can come to only one conclusion—that the priests in question, without their Diocesan's authority, made this unwarranted and unauthorized change in the services, in direct violation of the rubrics, in order to suit some whim of their own, or to pander to some extraordinary hallucination of their flocks.

Nowadays, when so many objections are made to some rite which the prayer-book neither prohibits nor enjoins, but is silent upon, methinks it would be well for those to whom we look to for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to be firm in the faith, and by their example teach us how to be true to the "Faith once and for all delivered to the saints."

STUDHOLM.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Knew He was Needed for an Item.

A Newfoundland dog that had taken poison died on Granville street today, in front of the *Herald* office.—*Halifax Recorder.*

Found the Streets too Muddy for Comfort.

A flock of wild geese were heard settling on the marshes in the vicinity of the town last evening, at an early hour.—*Moncton Times.*

Anticipation of War.

It will now be in order for the Bridgewater *Enterprise* to get out its "brimstone pot" and Billingsgate vocabulary, and hurl its harmless thunders in this direction.—*Lunenburg Argus.*

Sabbath Observance in Halifax.

Two well-dressed young women had a fistic encounter on Quinpool road, not far from the rididing grounds, yesterday afternoon. They went at it in regular pugilistic style, each with another young woman as her second and some admiring female spectators. For some little time the air was thick with shrieks and yells, flying hair, hats, buttons, torn clothing, remanents of disloged bustles, and other feminine gear—*Monday'e Echo.*

Moncton's Latest Recreation.

Mr. Sherlock yesterday commenced the work of repairing the market floor. In doing so five nests, containing 18 or 20 rodents, some of immense size were unearthed. There was a great frolic for a while, all the market lessees participating and only one or two of the vermin escaping. "Boxer," Mr. Sherlock's rat terrier, did excellent work.—*Times.*

Singers Seeking Inspiration.

A door on the side of the stage occupied by the basses, if I am not mistaken, is something entirely new. It may be convenient for gentlemen who desire to lubricate their voices during the progress of a concert; but the frequent disappearing or reappearing of one or more members on Thursday night through this curtain-covered opening was annoying to the audience.—*Hx. Mail.*

You can place your orders for all kinds of Painting, with Wilkins & Sands, 266 Union street. Telephone connection.

SOCIAL AND PE

EVENTS OF THE WE BRUNSWICK AND NO

And the Happenings in So Fredericton, Moncton, Wo chester, St. Stephen, Sus Calais, Etc.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Troop, Ora tained a number of their friends last week, to a whist party. Thei ing-room, as well as the supper t fully decorated with cut flowers their own conservatory. Whist wa hours, and after a sumptuous supp parted, much pleased with the ev This entertainment prevented man the first production of the *Elevator* England Institute, but another afforded them on Saturday evenin off most satisfactorily. The nice was realized for the flower mission.

Judge King, accompanied by M daughters, left the first of the week tour on the Continent. Their ma them *bon voyage*.

Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd have Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Prescott are vis

Mr. and Mrs. Wardroper have trip to Montreal and other Canadia

Much interest was evinced by so erally in the wedding (which to John's church on Wednesday morn Cameron Grant and Miss Floren well known in St. John. Although ot 7.30 a. m. was appointed for the a large congregation assembled in t ceremony was performed by the R and the choir of the church, under ship of Mr. Ford, rendered the mu the service admirably.

The bride was given away by h Arthur W. Adams, and she was a bridesmaids, Miss Edith Burpee, Miss Florence Boyd. The groo Everett Morse, of Boston, and the J. Twining Hartt and Mr. Charles

The bride wore a pretty travellin cloth with hat to match, and carri boquet of white roses, tied with wid

Miss Burpee was attired in a cost trimmed with brown, hat to match yellow roses.

Miss Boyd wore a dress of grey cl entirely composed of violets, and boquet of yellow roses. On accoun bereavement of the family, the wed quiet one, and only the following lad men were present at the ceremony wedding breakfast at the residence Adams, Coburg street:

Mrs. W. H. Adams, Miss Adams Grant, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Boyd, M Adams, Miss Fellows (England), George F. Smith, the Misses Nic with the addition of the wedding pa made a pleasant gathering, and their and good wishes as the bride and the station were hearty and sincere maid received from the groom an i with enamelled shamrocks and dia The gift from him to the bride was a watch.

I have not received a complete list gifts, so I will refrain from menti when the young couple return fro tour to New York and other citie their new home on Wentworth stree with handsome silver, ornaments and ful gifts, with which to commence

This is only one of the weddings I weeks ago, but there are several yet which more anon.

On Wednesday evening a pleasant was given by Mrs. John Thomson. were invited from 4 until 8 o'clock, time everything was thought of for th There were about 30 present.

On Thursday evening Mr. R. Peni tertained a few of his gentlemen frie party at his residence, Carleton street

Mr. A. H. Beddome, of Moncton this week; also Mr. Alfred Street, o

I understand Mrs. George M. A abandoned the idea of removing to has decided to remain in St. John, h house in Wellington row, adjacent residence.

Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Algoma, is vis and will preach in some of the church

The Metropolitan and Coadjutor S St. John this week, to attend the serv church on St. George's day.

Mrs. Hendershot is visiting friends

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Street, of St. rived in St. John last week, to reside

Mrs. Osmoud, of Hillsboro, who has Mrs. John McMillan, returned home t

Mrs. Andrew Cowie and family l last for Liverpool, N. S., where she wi

Mr. J. McGregor Grant is the guest the Misses Nicholson.

Mr. T. W. Bell, since moving into dence, Germain street, has had a seve his late illness.

Mrs. James Straton arrived home on Wednesday last, where she has sp two.

Mrs. W. Clarke Gillibrand is visiting Mrs. Dever, at 5 Chipman hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Temple and Mrs. Daniel's, King street east, for The report that they had moved to th on the Mahogany road, was incorrect.

Miss Harriet Eaton left on Monday her sister, Mrs. Robert C. Adams, at Mo.

At the close of the proceedings of G Wednesday night, Dr. Walker entert residence, Princess street, the special had exemplified the work and a few o friends. It is quite unnecessary to time was most enjoyably spent, the "grand honors" accorded to Mrs. the young ladies were given with a gen asm. As was remarken by a distinguis of the craft, the doctor is blessed with does not think that Masonry is largely late hours and latch-keys, but who fe interest in the fraternity. If it were of Masonry to grant any woman an h for services rendered to the craft in th Walker would undoubtedly receive it.

A very pleasant time was spent at M Butcher's, Tuesday afternoon, when sh ception for her sister, Mrs. L. G. Cro mouth. Between thirty and forty pa cup of tea, so dear to the ladies' heart dispensed by Mrs. W. H. Merritt, assis Barr and Miss Butcher. These afterno getting to be quite fashionable, and are with the ladies.

St. John—North End.

Miss Cowie B. Jordan was ill a few d of the week, but has fully recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rowan, who h joying a few days' pleasant recreation in returned home by the early train Monda

I hear we are shortly to lose the Me from North End, as they intend givi place at Gilbert lane and removing to th East Ends.

Mrs. J. Purdy has been confined to with a slight attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Hall, of Hampton, was her guest

Mr. Wm. Brown was confined to th some days, through illness, last week.

The Misses Gray entertained a large their friends last Thursday evening, as dancing party. There were about 50 gentlemen present, all of whom enjoyed