MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT



## CALENDAR.

### Of Temple of Honor and Temperance of N. B.

TEMPLES.

Victoria No. 2 meets every Tuesday (except Third) at 8 p. m., Temperance Hall, (Market Building), Charlotte street, St. John.

Alexandra No. 6 meets Thursday at 8 p. m., in Temple rooms, Union Hall, Main street, (opposite Douglas Avenue), St. John (north.)

Milford No. 7 meets Monday at 8 p. m., in Temple Hall, Milford, St. John Co.

Fraternal No. 8 meets first and third Wednesdays at 8 p. m., in Orange Hall, Germain street.

COUNCILS.

Eastern Star No. 1 meets Third Tuesday at 8 p. m., Temperance Hall, (Market Building, Charlotte street, St John, N. B.

Riverside No. 2 meets first and third Tuesday at 8 p. m., Temple Rooms, Union Hall, (opp. Douglas Avenue.) St. John, (north).

SECTIONS.

Victoria No 1 meets Friday at 8 p. m. in Temperance Hall, (Market Building.) Charlotte street., St. John, N. B.

Alexandra No. 2 meets Friday at 7.30 p. m., in Temple rooms, Union Hall, Main street (opp. Douglas Avenue) St. John, (north.)

La Tour No 3 meets first, second and fourth Thursdays, at 7.30 p. m., in Temperance Hall, Market Place, St. John, (west.)

Fairville No. 4 meets Monday at 8 p. m., in Temperance Hall, Main street, Fairville, St. John Co.

### TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS

The Gunner's Mate at the Opera House.

Special meeting in Charlotte street S. A. barracks.

# Local News.

Don't forget the special meeting tonight in the Charlotte St. S. A. barracks conducted by Mrs. Colonel Sharp, assisted by Capts. S. Riley and Urquhart, who will furnish some sweet music. The band will be at the front. Also a commissioning of bandsmen. Ice cream and cake will be served after the meeting. A good time is anticipated.

## "THE GUNNER'S MATE"

### A Powerful Melodrama at the Opera House This Afternoon and Evening.

A magnificent revival of that powerful and highly successful melodrama The Gunner's Mate, by William J. McKiernan, has been made this season by Manager Max Zoellner. The play had a successful tour back and forward through the country a few years ago, and it proved to be then one of the best examples of modern American playwriting. Without making invidious comparisons with some of the trashy dramatic stuff inflicted on long suffering audiences, it can safely be said that The Gunner's Mate is a commendable example of what a good melodrama should be. It tells a coherent story and tells it intelligently; it is filled with real human characters who comport themselves in a sane and thoroughly rational manner. The humor of the play, and there is a bountiful supply of it, between the dramatic episodes, is of the clean and wholesome kind, without a suggestion of vulgarity at any time. The dramatic episodes follow each other in rapid succession and the audience is borne along on the tide of excitement with never flagging interest until a moment prior to the falling of the final curtain. Manager Zoellner has selected a cast of more than usual competence, and has given it a scenic equipment of a most elaborate description. The scenes showing the quarter-deck, the forecastle, and the furnace room of an American warship are actual reproductions taken from the original.

The Gunner's Mate will be the attraction at the Opera House commencing this afternoon.

## OBITUARY

### Major Henry A. Gray

TORONTO, May 23. — Major Henry A. Gray, civil engineer in charge of many dominion public works, died today at his residence in this city of pneumonia, as a result of a cold contracted a couple of weeks ago while inspecting the Fort Francis Canal. Major Gray was 62 years of age and leaves a wife and family.

### Mrs. George Carlin

Much sympathy is felt in this city for George Carlin over the loss of his wife, who died suddenly at Salford, Manchester, England, on the 12th May. She left this city some time ago on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Reynolds. The first intimation of her death was received yesterday afternoon. She leaves a husband, three sons, and one daughter. The sons are:—Samuel S, of the Dufferin Hotel staff; William S., who has just arrived home from Australia, and John and daughter Annie, who were both with their mother when she died.

## HOTEL ARRIVALS

Royal—Gordon C. Temple, Amherst; H. D. Murphy, Amherst; Thos. Gallagher, Moncton; J. C. Sibner, Moncton; D. W. Burpee, Fredericton.

Victoria—Geo. McCoy, Moncton; Harry Green, Moncton; Luther Goody, Moncton; James Harland, Fredericton; Geo. Rideout, Guelph; R. D. Macdiarmid, Fredericton.

Dufferin—James C. Averd, Moncton; Miss A. W. Webster, Fredericton; E. C. Brown, Halifax; Wesley Newton, Grand Manan; C. H. Curren and wife, Antigonish; F. W. Stevens, Fredericton.

Clifton—A Dennis, New Glasgow; H. R. Barber, Glasgow; Harold McLellan, Rothesay.

## OPERATION OF LAMINECTOMY

DETROIT, Mich., May 16.—Three weeks ago David Mitchell, from near Owen Sound, Ont., jumped from the third-story window of a hotel at Mount Clemens and broke his back. Gangrene and complications set in. There was but one chance of saving his life, and yesterday the rare and difficult operation of laminectomy was performed on him in Detroit. The operation was successful. The outcome depends upon Mitchell's recuperative strength. The amphitheatre of the college was filled with physicians, who came to witness the operation.

## A SUMPTUARY TEST

A well-known Episcopal Bishop of High Church tendencies was giving a dinner to a number of his clergy not long ago, according to Lippincott's. In arranging for it with his English butler he was surprised to have the man ask:—"Is they 'Igh Church or Low Church, sir?"

"Why, what possible difference does that make?" the Bishop inquired.

"A great deal of difference, sir," the man replied, "the Low Church they eats the most, sir." The Bishop thought the joke good.

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Mabel.—"Now Mr. Sporty, supposing you were Paris, which of us three would you give the apple to?"

Mr. S. (thinking he sees a brilliant way out of a difficulty). "Well—you see—there's such a sameness about you all!"—Punch.

Smart Pastor—"My congregation is made up mostly of fools."

Parishioner.—"Ah! that explains it."

Smart Pastor—"Explains what?"

Parishioner.—"Your habit of addressing them as 'beloved brethren.'"—Cleveland Leader.

"Do you think that a man's political influence depends on his ability as a public speaker?"

"Not altogether," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have found that the speeches which sometimes counted for most were made in the strictest privacy."—Washington Star.

Pausing uncertainly before a desk in the big insurance office, the Hibernian visitor said to the clerk: "Oi want to tek out a pawlicy."

"Life, fire or marine?" drawled the dapper clerk with infinite sarcasm.

"All three, Oi'm thinkin'," retorted the applicant. "Oi'm goin' fer a stoker in the navy."—Puck.

Tommy (dressed for evening party).—"Mother, shall I wash my hands or put on gloves?"—Punch.

Slimson is very proud of his wife. He says she can't be beat. Not by Silmson, certainly.

The girl who sets her heart on anything should be very careful that some young fellow doesn't come along and steal it.

Inscription for a missionary box. Let him who is without sin among you cast the first coin.—Life.

"I hear the cashier of your bank is very musical."

"Try working off a false note on him and you'll think so."—Judge.

"No; I wouldn't join that club. It's too full of stupid idiots."

"You're mistaken. There's always room for one more."—Philadelphia Press.

Excited New Reporter—"Say, there was a man named Smith killed a bit ago down on Blank street?"

Cool City Editor—"Well, don't get excited. There's plenty of Smiths left."—Baltimore American.

Askitt—"Your friend Lambley is quite well off, isn't he?"

Knowitt.—"He was."

Askitt—"He was?"

Knowitt—"Yes; but he didn't realize it until after he had taken a flyer in Wall street."—Chicago Daily News.

Unson.—"Carnegie is a conundrum, isn't he?"

Downs.—"Why so?"

Upson.—"He can't get rid of his money fast enough to suit himself, and yet he says he doesn't want any worthless dukes in his family."—Detroit Free Press.

When your friend says he has got your idea through his head make sure that he doesn't mean that it has gone into one ear and out the other.

Mistress.—"Did you dust the furniture this morning, mary?"

Maid.—"No, ma'am, it didn't need it; it had all the dust on it that it could easly hold."

"No, thank you," said the new boarder, looking suspiciously at the milk which the landlady passed him; "no, thank you, my physician says I must let mixed drinks alone."

Pingry.—"I met Brown just now; he looked fearfully glum. What's the matter with him? A note gone to protest?"

Brown's Clerk—"No; they've sent him word that his note is overdue, and he has gone to protest."

Greene.—"Tompkins spoke quite complimentarily of you today. He said you were a man of grit."

Skooper (Grocer).—"It may be complimentary to me, but don't you think it sounds like an imputation upon the honesty of my sugar!"

She—"Don't you think the waltz is a charming dance?"

He—"Ah but the spinning round. The music isn't so bad and the hugging is heavenly."

Her mouth calls him a "great nuisance," but her eyes agree with him perfectly.

Grimes (to his eldest son)—"Why will you make a fool of yourself?"

Grimes, Jr.—"All owing to my bringing up, dad."

Grimes.—"That's just it. Thank fortune, I had a father who knew something. He wasn't such a ninny as yours, young man."

New Missionary—"Can't you tell me what has become of my predecessor?"

Cannibal Chief.—"He made a trip into the interior."—Washington Life.

What are you going to do with your new magazine?"

"Get a corner on all the anti-trust literature."

"And then what?"

"Shove up the price of the magazine."—Washington Star.

Helen—"How is Jack Newlywed getting along with that rich girl he eloped with?"

Ethel—"Dreadfully! She is suing him for non-support, and won't let him even have money enough to pay his lawyer's fees."—Judge.

"Teachers" said the educational cynic, "are divided into two classes: Those who quit because they don't know enough to teach, and those who keep on because they don't know enough to quit."—Baltimore American.

Bosh—"Is Blank on the stage?"

John—"No."

Bosh—"Why, yes he is! He told me that he made his first appearance two years ago."

Josh—"Umhuh! He made his last appearance on the same night."—Detroit Free Press.

### SPRING SONG.

Spring came dancing down the glades,
Her arms with violets laden;
And Spring met Love, and Love was sad,
Love vowed he'd never more be glad.
Spring sighed—the tender maiden!

Spring scattered violets through the glade,
And hid them in the blowing grass;
And Love bent down and plucked a flower
And fastened to his lady's bower.
Spring sang—the happy maiden!

Spring whispered to the waiting birds
To trill a roundelay;
Along came Love, and Love was glad,
He vowed he never could be sad.
Spring laughed—the witching maiden!

—Rita Sherman, in the Reader Magazine for May.

### No Little Worries

(Chicago Tribune)

"John," said the wife of the literary man, opening the door of the library, "I want to know when you are going to have the screen doors and windows put in. The flies are getting awfully thick in this house."

"I wish you wouldn't bother me just now Maria," he answered, with visible irritation, "I'm writing an article for a magazine on 'How to Exclude Aliens from the National Domain.'"

## TEACHERS FOR NETHERWOOD

Two new lady teachers have joined the teaching staff of Netherwood school at Rothesay.

They are Miss Field, who holds an honor certificate in French and German, obtained at Cambridge University, England, and Miss Dorothea Switzer, an honor graduate in classics of Victoria University, Toronto.

Just a few tears sprinkled in with our laughter,
Just a few clouds in the blue of the sky;
Showers make brighter the shine that comes after,
Smiles are the sweeter that follow a sigh.

Just a few griefs in the midst of our gladness,
Only for foil there could never be rest.
Scans we love most hold a shadow of sadness,
Joys that are touched with a sorrow are best.

## IS IT ANY WONDER?

(Ottawa Journal).

Is it any wonder that there are socialists and anarchists in the United States, when, according to Henry Clews, the financial expert of New York, twenty-two men in the United States (nearly all of them resident in New York) are worth two billion, one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars, an average of ninety-six millions each. A recent magazine article estimated that the average income of the heads of families of the United States is under five hundred dollars per year. It is pointed out that, as compared to the masses, a man earning a salary of $1,000 was in a little class by himself, while the man with a salary of $1,500 to $2,000 could consider himself mighty fortunate as compared to the mass of his fellows.

If twenty-two men control $2,125,000,000 the fact is but emphasized that some of the poor under-dogs must have precious little.

If the multi-millionaries who are yearning to die poor would try and arrange some scheme whereby their vast wealth could be distributed so as to relieve the misery of their fellowmen, they might be doing more good than endowing colleges and founding public libraries.

But we fancy the most important question is, are the conditions which made these vast private fortunes possible, just to the rest of the people? Is it possible to prevent them being made? If it were possible to prevent them being made would it be desirable to prevent them being made so long as they are not made at the expense of the moral rights of others?

Because after all there can perhaps be little objection to an individual earning a great amount of money if he would spend it as fast as he made it, and thus keep it in circulation and doing good. The objection to the rich man arises when he holds on to the money he makes.

### IMMORTALITY

(By Joseph Jefferson, who died April 23).

Two caterpillars crawling on a leaf,
By some strange accident in contact came;
Their conversation, passing all belief,
Was that same argument, the very same,
That has been "proed and conned" from man to man,
Yea, ever since this wondrous world began,
The ugly creatures,
Deaf and dumb and blind,
Devoid of features
That adorn mankind,
Were vain enough in dull and wordy strife,
To speculate upon a future life,
The first was optimistic, full of hope;
The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope.
Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation."
Said number two: "I'm sure of our damnation;
Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates,
And bar our entrance through the golden gates.
Suppose that death should take us unawares,
How could we climb the golden stairs?
If maidens shun us as they pass us by,
Would angels bid us welcome in the sky?
I wonder what great crimes we have committed,
That leaves us so forlorn and so unpitied.
Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforgiving;
"'Tis plain to me that life's not worth the living."
"Come, come, cheer up," the jovial worm replied,
"Let's take a look upon the other side;
Suppose we cannot fly like moths or millers,
Are we to blame for being caterpillars?
Will that same God that doomed us to crawl the earth,
A prey to every bird that's given birth,
Forgive our captor as he eats and sings,
And down poor us because we have not wings?
If we can's skim the air like owl or bat
A worm will turn 'for a' that.'"
They argued through the summer, autumn nigh,
The ugly things composed themselves to die;
And so to make their funeral quite complete,
Each wrapped him in his little winding sheet,
The tangled web encompassed them full soon,
Each for a coffin made him a cocoon,
All through the winter's chilling blast they lay
Dead to the world's eye, aye, dead as human clay,
Lo, spring comes forth with all her warmth and love;
She brings sweet justice from the realms above;
She breaks the chrysalis, she resurrects the dead;
Two buttenflies ascend, encircling her head,
And so this emblem shall forever be—
A sign of immortality.

Pell—"Did Hardup ever hear from that uncle of his who made a fortune out West?"

Mell.—"No; his uncle heard of him first."—Detroit Free Press.

## SACKVILLE.

SACKVILLE, May 23. — Last evening was given a delightful entertainment in Beethoven hall. The star was Miss Sara M. MacKinnon, who is a piano graduate. Miss MacKinnon, who was assisted by Miss Helen Perley, reader, showed in her playing the result of close application and hard work. She played her closing number in excellent style. The programme was as follows:—

1. Sonata Op. 22 .. .. .. .. .. Beethoven
2. Reading—"The Light Goes" .. .. (From "The Light that Failed") .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Kipling
3. (a) Barcarola Op. 7 .. .. Chaminade
   (b) Polonaise and Finale from
3. (a) Barcarolle Op 7.. .. .. Chaminade
4. Reading—"Love in a Life" .. ..
5. (a) Pastorale .. .. .. .. .. Scarlatti
   "Life in a Love" .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Browning
   (b) Fantasie—Impromptu Op. 66 .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. Chopin

The remains of Rev. James C. Steadman, whose death occurred here on Sunday last, were taken this morning to Prosser Brook, Albert Co., where interment takes place. A memorial service was held last night in Main street Baptist church, Rev. B. N. Nobles conducting the service. Deceased is survived by a wife three sons and four daughters. The sons are:—T. Harding, of Boston; Manning C., of River Glade (N. B.), and Clyde G., of Sackville. The daughters are Mrs. Wm. A. Kaye, Elgin, (N. B.); Mrs. C. S. McLeod, Amherst; Mrs. J. Henry Flood, Boston, and Mrs. Otis G. Cogswell, Port Williams (N.S.)

The lot on the corner of Squire and Bridge streets, owned by S. W. Copp, has been purchased by the Presbyterians of New Brunswick and a building 30 x 45 feet with 21 feet posts will be immediately erected thereon.

The body of James Helm was found on Saturday on the track of the Chignecto Marine Railway, near Tidnish dock. Deceased who was 80 years old, left the home of his son, intending to spend the night with another son some distance away. He leaves a wife, four sons and one daughter.

### A RE-UNION

(Music and Drama).

Miss Louise Closser, who played Prossy, the typewriter, in "Candida," last season, told the story of a well-known dramatic school the other day:

"When I resolved to go upon the stage," said Miss Closser, "being still a young thing, I went to Mr. Frohman's office, steadying my nerves at the door by repeating over and over again 'Perseverance is the price of success' and such-like braving sentiments. In that way I got as far as the ante-room. There I saw an office boy sitting with his feet upon the desk and a newspaper before him.

"'Is Mr. Frohman in?' I asked.

"'Naw,' said the office boy, without changing his position or raising his eyes.

"'Then I'll wait,' said I. I waited an hour in silence. Then it occurred to me to put a simple question. I addressed the still absorbed office boy.

"'When will Mr. Frohman be in?'

"'He ain't goin' to be in,' he answered, shortly. 'He's in Europe.'

"Naturally I retired after that. When I went into Mr. Daly's company last winter I told him the story.

"'Were you that girl?' he said. 'I was that office boy.'"

### THEY NEVER HAD A MOTHER

President Hadley of Yale University was one of the speakers at the dinner of the Cornhill Alumni, of New York City. Dr. Hadley told a story of a little boy whose mother had died and whose father had married again, having two sons by the second wife.

"I had a mother and I've got a stepmother," said the boy, "but Billy and Harry, all they've got is a stepmother. They never had any mother."

### ON A LONG WALK

Ten men, belonging to the party of foreigners who refused to cross the bay to Shelburne, started to walk to Winnipeg last evening. They will probably be turned back at Vanceboro.

The other men who belonged to the party, are scattering over the province, and Mr. O'Brien of Montreal, will have trouble in gathering them together. A member of the men who were working with Messrs. Mooney, at Loch Lomond, promised on Saturday that they would go to Shelburne.

On Monday, with the prospect of getting more pay, they broke their promise, and joined the strike at Loch Lomond.

Instead of receiving an increase in pay, they were discharged, and once again thought it best to go to Nova Scotia. They will leave on Thursday evening.

Binge—"What do you think of this Meredith idea of marriage for ten years!"

Bangs.—"Does a man get any commutation for good conduct?"—Life.

## DEATHS

CARLIN—In Salford, Manchester, England, on the 12th May, Annie, the beloved wife of George Carlin, aged 45, leaving three sons and one daughter. Her end was peace. Boston and New York papers please copy.

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Lustres, in Black, White, Cream, Navy, Brown, Greens, Champagne, Pale Blues and Reds.

Wool Henriettas, special quality, 44 inch, at 50 cts. Black, White, Cream, Brown, Fawn, Castor Greys, Moss Green, Reseda Greens, Myrtle Green, Cardinals, Pinks, Pale Blue.

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