

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hopgood of Halifax were in the city this week. Many St. John people, more especially those of the North end, will learn with regret of the death of Mr. J. C. C. Andrews...

ST. ANDREWS.

Oct. 7.—Mrs. Peavy's of Fredericton is visiting at Dr. Parkers. Miss Magee has returned to Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Nattian Treadwell have returned from Woodstock. Mr. M. J. C. Andrews who has been quite seriously ill is recovering.

Mr. Charles Everett is in town. Mrs. A. W. Smith and daughter have concluded to remain in town all winter.

Miss Annie O'Reil is in Boston. Mrs. George Mowat has gone to Moncton; before returning she will visit Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stevenson have returned from their wedding trip. Mrs. Stevenson received this week, on Monday, she was very becomingly attired in black and white silk, and Miss Stevenson looked charming in white colored silk.

Miss Marie Lamb is at home. Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Magee have gone to Boston where they purpose doing a dressmaking business.

The Rev. Mr. Mahon and wife have returned from Prince Edward Island, they were accompanied by Miss Keay.

Mrs. E. G. Clinch, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Clinch at Moncton, has returned, bringing Miss Julia Clinch with her.

Miss Ketchum is at home again. Mr. Carleton Ketchum was in town a few days last week.

Mrs. Geo. Sharp and family have moved to Boston. Mrs. W. B. Morris will reside at Beech hill all winter.

Mrs. M. N. Cockburn has gone to Boston. Mrs. G. S. Grimmer is expected home this week. She has been spending the past year with her son, Dr. Grimmer in Scotland.

McArthur's for Dolls, Toys and Fancy Goods.

BIRTH OF CHEWING GUM.

The Discovery of the Modern Article was Purely Accidental.

'Chewing gum? Yes, sir; what kind shall I give you?' said a small shopkeeper yesterday in answer to a request for a cent's worth of the commodity.

'Well,' said the dealer, 'there are fifteen varieties in that show case—take your choice.'

Fifteen different kinds of chewing gum seemed an elaborate assortment for so small a store, and the would-be purchaser inquired how many varieties of that confection were in the market.

'A hundred or more, at a rough guess. I have samples here of twenty-eight brands, and they are exclusive of "scheme" goods, or prize gum, of which there are many brands.'

This man was a small manufacturer, and general wholesale dealer of gum exclusively. The reporter, for such was the customer, I accepted the prosperous-looking young man's invitation to take a walk out to his next customer, where he would display his samples and give a better idea of the magnitude of an apparently very small business.

As they proceeded, the gum man gave an entertaining account of his struggle in 'building up a route,' as he termed it, and a general running story of the interesting features in the development of the chewing gum business.

'In the first place,' said he, 'most people underestimate its magnitude, and that is not surprising, for I often wonder what consumes the apparently small, but in reality large quantities that I dispose of. A quarter of a century ago there were practically but two kinds of chewing gum, the regularly made spruce gum sold in the stores and shoemakers' wax, which the boys used to beg or steal. Then the white paraffine gum—coal-oil gum the youngsters call it—came out and was the ladies' favorite from the start. It was soft and did not tire the jaws like the tough, unyielding spruce. Besides, it would not dislodge a set of false teeth, was cleansing and could be used in emergencies to cover over black decayed spots in natural teeth. This was followed by 'tasty tolu' and 'snapping wax,' both of which acted as pioneers for the trade, inducing by their seductive sweetness and flavors a far more general use of the article by adults.'

'Following these came the still more popular brands of to-day, which, a few years ago, were used almost universally in great quantities, and from the manufacture of which colossal fortunes were harvested almost in a season. I was in the business at its best, and I made a little, but I lacked

the experience, the capital and the luck to make even a fair share of the 'big money' that some of the gum men got out of it. I added the word 'luck' because if it had ever had a proper place anywhere, it belongs right here. I'll tell you why.'

'The largest eastern manufacturer of chewing gum got into the business, so I understand, in this way: He was peddling small articles, like razors and combs, among the sailors along the docks, and one day, with probably hundreds of others, was idly examining a cargo of Mexican chicle gum that had been brought here for ballast in the hope that it could be sold to bookbinders and the makers of leather tips for those purposes, and was to have been towed to sea and cast overboard. This peddler tasted it, found it would 'chew,' thought of its adaptability as chewing gum, got the whole cargo for shovelling it out of the ship, and today is a millionaire several times over. Wasn't that luck?'

'The case of the other man, who had made as many millions and perhaps more out of the business was very similar in so far that a happy thought was the chief factor of his success. He had, by great industry and after many years of hard labor succeeded in getting his goods fairly well introduced and in moderate demand. But he lacked a 'leader.' The sale of his best brands never even approximated the phenomenal, as had some of the best ones from the east here, and, like all the other makers, he was always experimenting in an effort to produce an article that should excel all others in merit and popular favor. At last, just before Christmas, in 1885, it occurred to him that as peppermint candy was a general favorite with children, why should not a peppermint-flavored chewing gum be so? He tried the experiment, got a gratuitous advertisement as a compliment one of the newspapers paid to the gum upon receipt of a box he had sent as a Christmas present, and in two years had erected a large factory, quadrupled his working force, and was from three weeks to three months behind in filling the orders that poured into his office. From that time to the present day he has employed hundreds of hands.'

'Where does all the gum go? Who chews it? I don't know. This man has told me that when he went a stranger to the city where his success has made him one of its best known capitalists he had slept on a pile of straw under a viaduct, and had manufactured his first chewing gum on a common kitchen table after cooking it in the tea kettle. 'The man is shrewd, though. I will tell you an anecdote that illustrates that fact. This chicle, that is the basis of all the best gums at this time, was originally handled almost wholly by three shippers in small Mexican ports on the Gulf. The natives gathered it from the wild trees in the forests of Southern Mexico and the Central American states and it was cheap. This man sent an agent to Mexico, ostensibly to see the gum-manufacture article, but when his trip was ended it was discovered to the everlasting sorrow of the most of the rest of us, that he had secured contracts for the next two years' output of these firms chicle at that time, if I recollect, was selling for twenty-eight cents a pound, but before the close of the next season the price was \$1.35, and it was difficult to get at that. In order to put upon the market the same large sized piece that was then in vogue, the rest of our output would almost entirely dissolve in the mouth, leaving only a piece of gum as large as a pea. The result was that his goods became actually far superior to the general run of gums and eventually most of the newer concerns were compelled to quit.'

'A Louisville firm at one time made a good chicle gum that contained some kind of an extract of tobacco, and I looked for a phenomenal sale of their output, but Uncle Sam declared that he was entitled to the regular revenue tax for manufactured to-

acco upon the article, and that, of course, made it an unprofitable product at any price it was possible to obtain for it. 'It's a big business, but I'm afraid it's being overdone.'—New York Times.

IAN MACLAREN.

Rev. John Watson, Author of "The Bonnie Briar Bush," in America.

The Rev. John Watson, who arrived from Liverpool a day or two ago, is known to hundreds of thousands of readers in this country. To most of the readers he is best known as Ian MacLaren, for that was the name they saw on the title page of the "Bonnie Briar Bush," a book that has sold to the number of one hundred and odd thousand in this country alone.

Mr. Watson has come to America to lecture and read from his stories, as did the other Scotch devine and novelist, the Rev. George MacDonald, some twenty-five years ago. Mr. Watson up to the present time has published no books but those containing short stories. He has written one novel, "Kate Carnegie," which has run simultaneously in the Outlook and The Bookman, but it has not yet been put upon the market as a book. As a story writer Mr. Watson combines the pathetic and the humorous to a delightful degree. He leads the reader up to tears and then turns off the spigot with a smile.

In a recent conversation with a fellow Scot, Mr. J. James MacArthur, of the Bookman, Mr. Watson said— 'I am a pure Highlander, my mother was a MacLaren and came from Loch Tay and spoke the Gaelic tongue. My father was born at Braemar, and Gaelic was the language of my paternal grandfather.'

'Then it is not true, as an account had it the other day, that you are an Englishman, but of Scotch extraction?' Mr. MacArthur asked.

'No, indeed, my father was in the civil service and happened to be stationed at Manningtree, in Essex, when I was born. While I was still a child my parents went back again to Scotland.'

'Another erroneous and regrettable statement that is current, Mr. Watson continued, 'pretends to reveal the origin of my characters and scenes. Now, I want it distinctly understood that my work is all creation and purely imaginary. No real person, living or dead, has been drawn in the "Bonnie Briar Bush." I have sought in all I have written to be true to life, but where types have been suggested to my mind they have been idealized as to be irreconcilable in the original. Besides, from the point of view of art, I know the dangerous facility of crowding a story with detail, and I have purposely avoided all description that would mar the book as an artistic whole.'

Replying to the question whether he intended working out this mine of Scottish life further, he said: I do not mean to attempt to exhaust all the materials at my command in this field. I shall fill another book and then leave it.'

After finishing the Scottish stores he will begin a new series in English, minus the dialect, entering altogether 'fresh woods and pastures new.'

Mr. Watson's career is readily traced in a few lines. 'I studied,' he said 'at Edinburgh University, at the New College and at Tubingen.' A reference which he made to the I. M. Stevenson is of interest. 'I remember that his attendance was very occasional, and when he entered the class room he was invariably greeted with a round of cheers.' Mr. Watson's liking up literature as a profession was quite accidental. A gentleman who heard him preach a sermon in which he spoke of certain Scotch characteristics, begged him to write a sketch of Scotch life for publication. This he did, and the sketch falling into the hands of the ind fatigable hunter after new writers, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, he published it in the British Weekly, where most of the Bonnie Briar Bush stories appeared.

The Silent Harmony. . . .



that exists where the piano accords, in color and design, with its surroundings, is as noticeable as the tone harmonies.

Our desire to see the Pratte Piano the most complete satisfactory, had led us to make suggestions pertaining to its surroundings after it leaves us. You want that "silent harmony."

We can make a Pratte Piano to match the furniture or wood work, and to match the decorative design. This enables the Pratte Piano to give an artistic and harmonious appearance to the whole room.

We keep constantly in stock pianos in at least 15 different kinds of woods in all natural colors, from white satin wood to sombre rosewood. Better take a view of our exhibit in our show rooms.

Pratte Pianos 1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

Like many rich members of the human family, wealth and ease have not brought happiness to the four-footed legatee of the \$50,000 fortune. Day and night the poor brute, if such a term may be properly applied to a dog with a big bank account, can be heard coughing in the most dismal fashion.

With the fox terrier are the two Misses Davis, daughters of the dog's kindhearted master; W. H. Reynolds, a friend of the family, and a maid whose duties are to nurse the dog, give him his cod liver oil, cough balsam and other medicines, and accompany him in his daily airings. They all—dog excepted, of course—registered from Philadelphia, although that was not the point from which they last started for Denver.

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WEALTHIEST DOG IN THE WORLD.

Although Owner of \$150,000 He is an Invalid and Unhappy. Perhaps the most distinguished party of tourists the Brown Palace hotel ever gave shelter to registered there yesterday afternoon. All of its members did not register, for one—and he is the most distinguished of them all, in his way—cannot form a letter of the alphabet, let alone write his name. The traveller is a fox terrier, far advanced in years and suffering from phthisis in its last stages.

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To Feel The Fickle Pulse of Fashion. . . .



Our new FALL and WINTER JACKETS are perfection in Style and Finish. We have spared no pains to procure only exclusive designs, EVERYTHING NEW in Sleeves, Collars and Backs. We are most particular to have our garments correct in every detail.

Jackets from \$5 to \$35.

Dunlap, Cooke & Co., Ladies' Tailors & Furriers, AMHERST, N. S.

TREE THAT SPLIT A ROCK.

A Botanical Samson of California That Cracked a Boulder.

The wonderful force of the roots of growing trees is demonstrated on a hill in Mill Valley, where a laurel tree has split a huge boulder into three pieces. The tree is of the type common in many parts of California, but there are several queer things about it and its surroundings. The place where the tree grows is a most unusual one for its species, which naturally requires considerable moisture. The fact of the tree taking root in a barren rock is also unusual in California on account of the long, dry summers, during which young sprouts usually perish unless there is considerable moisture in the soil.

The exact location of this botanical curiosity is a few hundred feet east of the trail to the top of Tamalpais. The general appearance of the tree is most unusual and undoubtedly it is very old. At first glance it looks like an oak, but a most unusual one. The upper branches are twisted and turned in all directions and a large portion of them are dead. In reality the tree looks like those in the Dore illustrations of Dante's "Inferno."

An examination of the tree and its surroundings shows that the boulder is one of the large flat stones in the vicinity and cannot weigh less than 500 tons. The location of the tree is almost exactly in the middle of the stone and about five feet from the end of the split. This rift in the rock is about fifteen inches long and at one end is only a few inches wide. At the end where the tree is it is at least three feet. To prove that it was the tree that caused the split there is a crack in one of the halves of the boulder showing that the force of the growing roots was so much that it cracked the rock where it could not move it.

Miss Eastwood, a botanist of the Academy of Sciences, gave as her opinion that the strange natural curiosity was the only one of its kind in the state. She says that in all her studies she has never seen like here, although in localities where there are summer rains the phenomenon is not unusual. And yet even under those conditions she never heard of a laurel growing as the one in Mill Valley does.

In Miss Eastwood's opinion there must have been a small rift in the boulder to begin with. Possibly it was tight enough to hold water. In the fall of the year the seed of the laurel blew into it and in the spring of the year came to life. The walls of the rift then acted as sunshades and also kept the water from being evaporated too rapidly, so that the young shoot was able to struggle through the long summer until the winter rains came. Or it may be that there was an unusually rainy summer that gave the tree its start in life. At first the tree was a year old it was able to take care of itself, and then showed its ingratitude to the rock that had protected it.—San Francisco Call.

HOT WORK OF A BAD BEE.

Played Sad Havoc With a Fine Large Trout—Perhaps.

There is an old darkey who can be found any day perched on such freight as may rest on the platform of the little station at S—, up in Maine. He has a cheerful word for every one who will greet him, and was never known to lose his good humor except on one occasion. One morning he was, as usual, perched on a bale of straw, but, instead of whittling at a piece of stick, a habit of his, he sat with his face in his hands, gazing mournfully over the little lake that stretched away among the hills. It was then I noticed that his nose had assumed enormous proportions, almost shutting out his eyes.

'Why, Ike, what's the matter with your nose?' He shook his head sadly, and inquired if I had a little 'baccy.' I handed him some and waited for an explanation about his nose.

'I's neber gwine ter fish no mo', sah—no, sah? neber no mo' cause dat's what I's got dat nose, you see.'

'How did it happen, Ike? Tell us; perhaps we can fix you up.'

'See dat little neck er-runnin' out past de big mountain ober dar? Well, round dat neck dere's a cove, and dere's as fine er trout stream runs in dere as dey has 'bout dis place. Ise was er-fishin' dere de oder day when Ise seed er big one flittin' by a rock dat's dere. Ise thrashed dat spot by de hour, and dat trout he done come an look at de fly, an' den—yes, sah, den dat trout laugh at me an' swim 'way. I's tried ebery'ting to ketch him, but 'twan't any use. Den Ise grew er-thinkin' what he do round dat stone all de time? So Ise rested very quiet, and watched dat stone. Pretty soon Ise see er bee hummin' round close to de water, and near de stone, and Ise seen de trout make er leap fer him.

'Dat settled it; Ise knew what ter ketch 'im wid. Ise just caught er bee an' put de hook in between de wings, where it wouldn't hurt him. Den Ise casted. Yah, yah!—he! he! Dat trout he made one leap an' he had de bee; but de fight was awful. He done paid no 'tention ter me, but he an' de bee wauz er-bravin' it out—and how dey did fight! Ise got him on de bank at last, and dere's whar my trouble came in. Ise opened his mouth to get de book out, when out flew dat bee, and he wuz mad.

'Yes, sah, he just been er-waitin' fer me. Ise know, an' he landed plumb on my nose. You see de result. But dat's only part ob it. De trout he swelled up de same way. He was five pounds when I de first ketched him, but when he was done swellin' he was too heavy to be carried home. We siently left Ike to continue his mournful contemplation of the lake.—Harper's Round Table.

A Hundred Miles an Hour by Electric Car.

An electrical engineer has been exhibiting in London the model of his proposed single rail electric line for speeds of 150 miles an hour. The rail is fixed on a V-shaped trestle, and runs up into the body of the car, which as it were, runs astride on it. The car runs on twelve bearing wheels and seats 135 passengers, with space for their baggage. One of the difficulties met with in schemes for excessively high-speed travel is the tendency of the car to run off the track. By running the rail within the car the lateral tendency of the train is overcome. But in this late scheme the great difficulty seems to be the passenger. What would happen to the passenger while the train took a sharp curve while going at 150 miles an hour is not explained.

Balooning at Sea.

The French navy is now being fitted out with vessels which are to carry on the science of balooning at sea. A French cruiser, the Stax, belonging to the Mediterranean squadron, has been fitted out expressly for experiments with baloon. The baloon itself is kept on deck in a hard inflated condition. It does not take up much space of itself, but the equipment necessary for proper baloon work demands a good deal of room. Whenever it may be deemed necessary to learn of the presence of vessels in the neighborhood of the French squadron, the baloon will be inflated and sent up; and its occupants will thus have a view of a far greater extent of ocean than could be seen from the deck or mast of a vessel.

Nature's Voices.

To the discerning ear Nature has many voices. She has a message in the sweet tones of the brook as it rushes down the hillside in ocean's meedy voices, now rippling with gentlest cadence upon the golden sands, anon in deep boisterous voice as she lashes the beach with foam. Then the voice of trees which the laughing winds bear to our ears, to sunshine and shade, of hill and valley, of bird and flowers. But she comes in pain, too, the voice of the aching, stinging corn speaks impressively, but Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the worst corn in twenty-four hours, painlessly and without leaving sore spots.

INVEST YOUR MONEY

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA GOLD MINES. Last week I advised investing in shares of Deer Park at 12, Josie at 8, etc., and those who took my advice have already made large profits. Today I especially direct your attention to GRAND PRIZE quoted at 15c. per share. For sale by me in lots of 100 shares or over. Send your order at once. EDWIN J. H. PAULLEY, Money and Mining Broker, P. O. Box 351, Halifax, N. S.

That Tired Feeling

Means danger. It is a serious condition and will lead to disastrous results if it is not overcome at once. It is a sure sign that the blood is impoverished and impure. The best remedy is

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, red blood, and thus gives strength and elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain and health and vitality to every part of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla positively

Makes the Weak Strong

'I have used six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a general tonic and have enjoyed the best of health. Although I had a strain of work I have had no sick spells for many months and no lost time so I am doubly repaid.' THOMAS S. HILL 261 Brussels St., St. John, New Brunswick

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye. Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.