

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. George Robertson of Richibucto spent Tuesday in St. John. Mr. R. D. McGibbon, Q. C. of Montreal was here for a short time this week. Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison of Fredericton were in town for a part of the week. Miss Mabel Clerke and Miss Mason of St. Stephen visited friends here this week. Mr. and Mrs. G. De Vabre of Gagetown were among the city's recent visitors. Mr. George L. Harrington of Truro spent Wednesday here. Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson paid a short visit to St. Stephen this week. Mr. Peter Clinch was among the St. John people in St. Stephen this week. Miss Annie Colter of Calais was here for a few days this week. Miss Cushing is in Calais a guest of her friend Miss Susie Clarke.

WINDSOR.

[Phonographs for sale in Windsor at Knole's book store and by F. W. Dakin.] Nov. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Dimock were in Halifax on Monday to hear Madame Albani. Mrs. Curry, Miss Curry and Miss Maisie Curry have returned from visiting in Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Roach were among those who went to Halifax last week to hear Madame Albani. Miss Begg of Kentville is visiting her friend Miss Alice Richardson. Mrs. B. H. Knowles, Mrs. Gontley and Miss Annie Anslow were in Halifax for a day or two last week. Mr. and Miss Nellie Paulin spent a day in Halifax this week. Mrs. Torrey of Illinois is in town. Mr. J. W. Curry was in Halifax last week. Miss Annie Anslow spent Sunday in Wolfville. Mr. and Mrs. C. DeWolfe Smith leave this morning for St. John N. B., where they will spend Thanksgiving. Miss Stewart of Guysborough is visiting Mrs. Morris. Dr. Haley M. P., has returned from Halifax. Miss George Wilson is spending a few days in St. John N. B. Mr. George Graham has returned from Boston and will remain in Windsor all winter. A number of Kings college students went to Wolfville on Saturday to witness the football match between Dalhousie and Acadia which resulted in a victory for the former.

The people of Windsor were much startled on Thursday morning to hear of the serious illness of Mr. J. A. Shaw which resulted in his death in the afternoon of that day. Mr. Shaw was one of our oldest and most prominent residents a man well known and much respected and one who will be greatly missed in the community. The funeral which was postponed until yesterday to admit of the presence of his only daughter Mrs. Torrey of Illinois was very largely attended, the church in which the services were held being crowded to the door. The Faculty and students of Kings college of which Mr. Shaw was a governor attended in a body. The floral tributes were exceedingly beautiful. Mr. Lawrence Whitehead of Morris is in town the guest of his mother Mrs. Willett, Kpg's college. The young men of the baptist church expect to give another of their popular concerts on Thursday evening. It is to be hoped they will have a large audience as the last time, Mrs. Gourley of Truro who has often delighted Windsor audiences with her recitations, is to assist them. Miss Nora Shand is home from Acadia seminary, Wolfville, to spend Thanksgiving. Miss Jean Smith has returned from visiting in Parrsboro. Mrs. Geldert and children have returned from a short visit to Mrs. Geldert's parents, Grafton, Kings county. Mr. Howard deBois of Halifax is in town for Thanksgiving. Mr. Geldert is spending a few days in Lunenburg. Mrs. Ross and son of Kingston are visiting Mrs. Ross's sister Mrs. E. J. Morse. Mr. Duncan of Grand Pre was in town on Friday. Mr. E. J. Morse and master Graham were in Halifax over Sunday.

DORCHESTER.

[Phonographs for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.] Nov. 27.—Mr. A. E. Masse, the popular traveller for L. Higgins & Co., Moncton, spent Saturday and Sunday at the Hotel Windsor. Quite a number of Dorchester people went to Moncton last night to hear Albani. Among the number were Judge and Mrs. Landry, Colonel and Mrs. Steven, Lady Smith, Mrs. Joshua Chandler, Mrs. P. Gallagher, Miss Nellie Gallagher, Mrs. Chipman, Miss Etta Chipman, Mrs. Foster, Miss Forster, Messrs. Friel, Wilson, Fowler and Hickman. Pierre and Hector Landry and Will Gallagher of St. Joseph's college are home to spend Thanksgiving. Mr. Chas. E. Farrand, representing the Canadian Drug Co., St. John, was in town last week, the guest of the Hotel Windsor. Mr. F. C. Barker of Moncton, is spending Thanksgiving in Dorchester. Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Teed are visiting in St. John Windsor on Monday. Judge Wells is in town this week. Miss Tait has returned from Sackville. Mr. Bernard Gallagher spent Thanksgiving here.

He Raised Them.

A few nights ago a miner from the North who has lately sold a claim, had money to burn and was in an incendiary mood, came down to Spokane, to make the currency bonfire. He was rather rusty-looking when he struck Spokane, but he was hungry, and, before going to a barber shop or bath, dropped into an up-town restaurant to get something to eat. There was but one waiter and he, busy carrying champagne to a party at another table, paid little attention to the hard looking miner. Finally the waiter was called over, when the miner said: 'See here kid! Do I eat?' 'Sorry I can't wait on you now,' was the prompt reply, 'but the gentlemen there have just ordered a fifty dollar dinner.' 'Fifty dollar dinner be damned! Bring me \$100 worth of ham and eggs, and be quick about it! Do I look like a guy who can be bluffed by a mess or popinjays?' He was waited upon promptly.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

The Honest Broker.

Banker.—'No I'm afraid I can't let you have the money. You are too much indebted to the institution across the way.' Broker.—'No, sir, you are mistaken. They told me for nothing—they've got only my word.'—Journal Amusant.

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FIGHTING CATFISH.

He Weighs 110 Pounds and Knocked out Three Men on Dry Sand.

Swimming lazily about in a tank with extra heavy glass sides in the state hatchery of Nebraska, at Omaha, is a member of the finny tribe that has suddenly leaped into piscatorial fame as a "man smashing" catfish. It is beyond question that this is the only catfish caught in inland waters in the world which has a record of knocking out three men on terra firma, and which has lived to be feared and at the same time admired by his human victims.

Ichthyologists are, scientifically speaking unacquainted with the appellation, "man smashing." No denizen of the water is classified by them under that forcible term, but fishermen and attaches of aquariums are very familiar with the slangy but expressive title, just as circus employes know and dread a man-killing elephant. This "man-killing fish has justly earned the strange name by actually smothering in three ribs of one man, and painfully bruising two others, one no less a person than the state commissioner of Nebraska, Lew May. Were he not the property of the state, he would doubtless be widely sought by museum agents and exhibited from one end of the country to the other. As it is, several of these enterprising gentlemen have unsuccessfully endeavored to secure his lordship.

There have been plenty of instances of a fish knocking a man out when both were in the water, but for even a big fish to accomplish that feat on land is certainly a novelty.

The catfish weighs 110 pounds. A catfish that weighs a good deal less than that is an ugly customer to handle, for he has vim and bounce enough for a dozen of some varieties of his brethren. They are all weaklings when compared with this 110-pounder, as the story of his achievement shows.

He was one of the big attractions at the recent state fair at Omaha, for ever since a plucky fisherman netted him out of the Missouri river, at Plattsmouth, he has been growing larger and even handsomer, as fish go.

He showed such a record as a fighter that his captor, instead of keeping him and serving him up to hungry customers, put him in a tank and awaited developments. They came soon enough. From being a big fish he was rapidly becoming an enormous one, and each day increased the troubles of his unfortunate captor. He was getting too big and valuable as a curiosity to kill, and, at the same time, his destructive habits threatened to force his owner into bankruptcy. Almost every day he managed to break the light wooden tank in which he

Rich Red

Blood is absolutely essential to health. It is secured easily and naturally by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, but is impossible to get it from so-called "nervine tonics," and opiate compounds, absurdly advertised as "blood purifiers." They have temporary, sleep-inducing effect, but do not CURE. To have pure

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was at first kept into a greater or less amount of kindling wood.

When the fair ended it was decided to transfer the big fellow to the hatcheries. This was the beginning of the trouble. The big-jawed leviathan rather liked to be on exhibition. He seemed to look at the people just as much as they looked at him. So when it came to retirement he objected. How he did object. Even the venerable Holman, in the days of his dictatorship, couldn't hold a candle to him.

His catfish's home at the fair had been a narrow tank, so that he would not have much of a chance to swing his tail with sufficient power to do any damage. His reputation for amiability was not above par, and when it came to moving him, precaution was taken to prevent him from hurting any one.

This precaution consisted in wrapping a folded cloth around the fish's head, before any effort was made to lift him out of his abiding place. The cloth was made fast, it was supposed, and then the word was given to those assembled to perform the task to leave away.

They heaved right royally, and so did the fish. As last he had room according to his tail. Over went men and fish on the floor, and the number of revolutions the terrible tail made in a moment would put any respectable fly-wheel to shame. All hands rolled around the floor, the fish landing every time he struck. It was the prettiest fight Omaha ever witnessed. The beauty of it was, too, the police couldn't stop it, not even the fish's tail. If Sharkey should ever hit Corbett with anything like the force with which that fish struck his antagonists there would be a new champion right away.

There were really three men in this boat, and a pretty bad boat it was to be in. The more the fish struggled, the stronger and wilder he seemed to get. Presently his tail went sideways with a swish. A second later, John Meredith of the state fish hatcheries, found himself up against the side of the building with three broken ribs. Supt. O'Brien of the hatcheries, went head over heels from a blow of that powerful tail on one of his eyes. State Fish Commissioner W. L. May never knew what hit him, because it came so quick and hard, but it drove him some distance along the floor and caused him to feel as if he had experienced a sudden and violent attack of muscular rheumatism.

Then the great big, conquering fish went to tire. The absence from his wonted element told on him. The force strokes of the tail came less and less often, until at last they ceased altogether. The monster lay limp and apparently lifeless on the floor.

This was the coveted opportunity. One man went forward, and to show his courage patted the fish. Then he turned in triumph and then—well, there was a sud on s-w-i-s-h, and the man of courage went into space as if he had been impinged by a full grown catapult. It was the tail again—the tail of the biggest fish Omaha ever saw.

There is an end to all things, and so, after awhile, the fish capitulated, was wrapped in a blanket and carried in triumph to the hatcheries. When they dumped him into a tank there he deliberately sank to the bottom and refused to move.

The fish—strangely enough he has no name of his own—has always been considered rather dangerous, ever since he began to approach his present size. For days at a time he will sulk, for all the world just like a chry, and then in a moment seem to reach a fury of passion and do his best to disturb his surroundings.

Wisely, though, he is so quartered that that powerful tail of his can inflict no damage. If it was not for that there would be no tank in the hatcheries of sufficient strength to hold him.—Philadelphia Times.

ODD BREAKS OF SPEECH.

Amusing Turns of Phrase in Speaking and Writing.

A coroner's jury in Maine reported that "deceased came to death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

An old French lawyer, writing of an estate he had just bought, added: "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

On a tombstone in Indiana is the following inscription: "This monument was erected to the memory of John Jenkins accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A Michigan editor received some verses not long ago with the following note of explanation: "These lines were written fifty years ago by one who has for a long time, slept in his grave merely for passive."

A certain politician, lately condemning the Government for its policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

An orator one of the university unions bore off the palm when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its shell."

A reporter in describing the murder of a man named Jorkin said: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but, luckily, Mr. Jorkin had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before so that he lost nothing but his life."

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote

Imitations in Plenty

There are imitations of Columbia Bicycle everywhere—all said to be "just as good" as the famous American machine. But imitations are not



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many mild days yet, and, in fact, off and on all winter, when they could be exposed without danger, but, as a rule, it is best to keep them indoors and run no risks, for it takes a long time for a plant to regain its vigor after a blight, whether it be a freezing or a scorching one.

The chrysanthemum will not be queen of the floral realm this fall. Orchids, in beautiful colorings and shapes, will be the proper thing for all decorative work for those who can afford such a costly luxury.

Roses are beautiful just now, whether it be the last one, "blooming alone," or whether one views a collection in a florist's storehouse. The American Beauty holds her own as queen of them all, and will be just as popular this winter as ever.

While moderately costly just now, when the gay season begins and social events succeed each other with giddy rapidity, the price will mount higher and higher, until it is far beyond the reach of the ordinary being. The modest violet is on hand also, and holds its own. Bridal bouquets are just as popular made of lilies of the valley as of "bride roses," and possibly are more artistic. Valerian lilies can be had now, but the fashionable thing is, of course, the orchid.—Washington Star.

CLOTH WINDOWS.

A Substitute for Glass Which Never Leaks and Will Not Break.

Windows of cloth instead of glass sounds like an impossibility, and yet it is a reality, and the employment of such a substitute is an acknowledged success. It is not ordinary cloth, but such as is translucent, through which light comes just as through glass. To all intents and purposes this cloth window is similar to the sheets of glass, and lasts ever so much longer, while still having just as good an appearance.

Now, the remarkable feature of this new fabric is that it never leaks, does not break, and is nearly one-third cheaper than glass. A large skylight composed of the new substitute for glass, which has been in constant use long enough to show its worth, remains in perfect condition, not one cent having been spent on it for repairs.

The material has many advantages claimed for it, chief of which is that by its employment in train sheds, freight houses, large auditoriums and public buildings having skylights of large area, the light weight of the material permits of a simple, inexpensive and light form of skylight construction.

The joints are made water-tight by a special method used with this material. The translucent fabric consists of transparent material spread over steel wire cloth with twelve meshes per inch, which gives the panels a flexible and elastic quality, permitting its adjustment to any shape that the roof structure may take, owing to the expansion or contraction of the framework. The fabric is strong and is made in panels 18x36 inches in size, and can carry a weight of over 400 pounds per square foot.

It might be naturally assumed that the translucent qualities of the fabric would be much inferior to that of glass, but a careful comparison has shown that the amount of light which it transmits equals that of ribbed glass one-quarter of an inch thick. As it is treated with a special preparation, the fabric is impervious to cinders or even hot coals, dropped upon it, and will burn only when set fire to at the edges. Even then the flames make slow progress, thus furnishing timely warning.

Another argument in its favor is that it is greatly superior to even the finest glass as covering for art galleries and studios, for the reason that it will never leak, and, therefore, serves as a perfect protection to the valuable works of art. Sometimes a heavy deposit of snow serves to crack the strongest glass skylight, and often injures paintings and tapestries beyond restoration.—New York Journal.

QUEER PLACES FOR MONEY.

Change Should Not be Put in the Mouth, as It May Cause Disease. 'Did you notice that?' asked Dr. J. J. Clarke, of this city, to me, as we were riding on a Sutter street car.

What he drew attention to was a Chinese passenger, who, when asked for his fare, took a nickel from the interior of his left ear and gave it to the conductor.

'A queer place for carrying money,' I said. 'I know of many odd places that people carry money in, but that is the oddest.'

'It was with the view of drawing your attention to a dangerous practice that I

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