

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. Geo. Cook has returned from a business trip to Vancouver.

Miss Bessie Munro went to St. John on Wednesday to remain the summer.

The marriage of Mr. Walter Calhoun to Miss Clute of Middleton takes place today, he has many friends in town who will heartily congratulate him on the important occasion, Mr. W. G. Calhoun left Monday for Middleton to be present at his brother's marriage.

Mr. E. J. Day went to his former home on Tuesday in response to a telegram that his mother was dangerously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Coates of Parrsboro have moved to Amherst and Mr. Calder and Family of Wolfville are among our new residents.

HARCOURT.

[Progress is for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. S. Livingston.]

APRIL 7.—Mr. Louis H. Rainie of St. John was here on Monday and went north by the express last night.

Mr. Alfred Haines of the Public Works Department was here yesterday returning from Kingston. Rev. Wm. Byram of Buctouche held services in Harcourt and vicinity on Sunday last.

Mr. James P. Cate of St. John was here yesterday going south.

Rev. J. K. McCure spent Sunday in Rogersville. Mrs. Gordon Livingston and Master Grover C. Livingston have been visiting at Richibucto for some days.

Alderman W. D. Martin of Moncton, and Messrs. James Hains and Samuel Hayward, of the I. C. R. passed through Harcourt yesterday on their way to Kouchibouguac beaches, wild duck shooting.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson and Thorne Bowser of Kingston left here by express train on Monday evening from Montreal whether Mr. Bowser goes for medical treatment.

Miss H. Barrisa of Campbellton is visiting her relatives here.

Mr. J. R. Ayer of Sackville was in town today.

Mrs. Lamkie, mother of Conductor Lamkie of the I. C. R. is dangerously ill.

Mr. Edwin Bowser of Kingston was here today enroute to Rainbow, N. Y. York state where he will remain for some time for the benefit of his health.

REASON IN ANIMALS.

Intelligent Oysters a Pet Caterpillar, an Ungrateful Butterfly, and Wise Fish.

Henri de Parville has written for a French newspaper the following article on the memory of fish, insects, and other creatures:

'Herr Edinger, the German anatomist, recently discovered that fishes have memories. Now it is believed that insects and mollusks are equally gifted. One of my lady readers, a teacher of drawing in the Paris schools, puts the following question to me: 'How can anyone imagine any animal to exist without a memory?' And, dwelling upon her query, she affirms that caterpillars have memories. She at one time possessed a big brown caterpillar with magnificent fur. She kept him in a work box and carefully fed him with choice leaves. Now this caterpillar, following the fashion of his kind, used to roll himself up in a ball whenever he was frightened.

When the lady wanted to make his bed and fix up his apartments, she took him delicately on a leaf and brought him out of the box. At first the creature would roll himself up, but in a short time he became tame and remained in an outstretched condition, knowing well that no harm was intended.

'I was then a schoolgirl in the Sacre-Coeur de Beauvais,' said my correspondent, and with my caterpillar I gave exhibitions to the sisters and the girls.' Whenever she touched him he remained perfectly at ease and never coiled himself but when any one of the other girls touched him he instantly rolled himself up. He knew his mistress well; therefore the creature evidently possessed a memory.

'One morning the woman opened the box and to her astonishment, the caterpillar was gone. In his place there was a little heap of agglutinated hairs. Her pet had become a chrysalis. The sisters and pupils awaited the arrival of the butterfly with impatience. The question was would the butterfly have any recollection of its existence as a caterpillar? And would it remember its mistress? The answer is easily guessed. Butterfly and caterpillar

are two. And the butterfly has no recollection of its kind nurse and paid no attention to her whatever. When it arose in the world, it forgot its old friend.

'The young lady afterward raised several caterpillars, but none of them evinced such intelligence as the first. At all events her statement proves that it is quite possible that caterpillars have memories.

'Here is another example relative to mollusks. A civil engineer wrote to me as follows: 'While at Conrassulles-sur-Mer I watched with curiosity the oyster floats. Noticing a workman at low tide shovelling out a great quantity of oysters upon a declivity, so as to keep them completely dry, I asked him what was the utility of the operation. He replied that the oysters were to be sent to Paris but before sending them it was necessary to "educate" them and teach them to economize the water in their shells. If you export oysters that are accustomed to be always in the water, they open on the road and arrive at their destination dried out, dead, and spoiled. If, on the contrary, they are placed on a declivity so that they will be alternately under water and high and dry, they will be fit to eat without water, and doubtless suffer considerable inconvenience. Consequently they wisely retain the liquid, and when they learn that tuck they are sufficiently advanced to pass their examinations in Paris. Therefore the oyster, though inferior in intelligence to a fish, is susceptible of training. It must be admitted that it has a certain memory, since it recollects its sufferings from the imprudent opening of its shell when it is not in the water, and knows enough to keep itself shut when in a basket.'

'But here is another example in regard to fishes. It is given by Mr. Pierre Megnin of the Eleveur. 'It is not necessary to travel very far,' he says, 'to get the evidence of memory among fishes. One need only go to Fontainebleau and look at the historic carps in the pond of the castle. I often went there some years ago when I was camped in the forest with my regiment during the firing exercises. There is one spot behind the castle where people amuse themselves by throwing bread and fruit to the carps. The little pieces of bread are eagerly devoured and fought for by the fish. But, if an apple is thrown in, the fish, recognizing it, pass it by disdainfully. They know by experience that the thing is beyond the power of their jaws.'

'There is one trick which is often played upon them, and that is to throw to them an entire loaf, and as hard a loaf as can be procured. The carps poke their noses at it and retire, keeping it in view. They surround it, remaining at a little distance from it. One big old fellow approaches it from time to time to ascertain the progress of the soaking and softening, and in about twenty minutes, when the explorer discovers that the required degree of softness has been reached, he notifies his companions of the fact by a wag of his tail or by whatever means of communication the carps possess, and instantly they charge upon the loaf, tear it to pieces, and help themselves. In a few seconds nothing is left of it.'

'Now this shows that experience has taught the carps that the bread, no matter how hard it may be at first, is bound in time to become soft enough to eat, and they wait patiently for the expiration of the necessary time. In this there is not only evidence of memory, but also the proof of a complex intellectual operation.

'M. Pierre Megnin may be right, because it is very difficult to explain in any other way than by cerebral action, that series of facts in some degree reasoned out exhibiting the carp waiting for the softening of the hard read every time it is thrown to them.'

ICED THE THERMOMETER.

How Phillips Brooks was Made to Feel the Intense Heat.

After Phillips Brooks graduated from Harvard College, while he was in doubt as to what profession to choose, he taught in the Boston Latin School on Bedford Street. With his disinclination for detail and dislike of routine, it is not strange that he met with no very marked success as a disciplinarian. The boys liked him, but sometimes played practical jokes on him.

Then, as now, some rooms were easy to heat and others not. Mr. Brooks rarely suffered from cold or heat, and never thought of the temperature of the room unless some one reminded him of it.

One winter day a rogush boy managed to slip a bit of ice behind the bulb of mercury in the thermometer. Word was passed about, and the cue given that the room was cold.

One boy passed near the thermometer, looked at it and asked, 'May I open the register? It's not quite sixty degrees.'

Coats were buttoned closer and collars turned up. Soon a pupil asked, 'May I get my overcoat?'

'Certainly,' answered Mr. Brooks. He went forward and inspected the thermometer. 'Quaker,' he said, 'but the room seems warm to me.'

Both registers were open, but still the boys seemed to be suffering with cold. Some one was sent to the basement to turn the heat as much as possible into Mr. Brooks's room.

'Wasn't that room hot?' said the narrator of the incident. 'But we were bent on making our teacher acknowledge it so.'

The boys kept up the joke pretty well. Only here and there did one unbutton himself out.

Mr. Brooks wiped the perspiration from his forehead, but went on with the school work as usual. The ice meantime was melting and the mercury was rising. A teacher from another room came in to see Mr. Brooks about something, and was at once aware of the torrid temperature.

'Cold here!' he exclaimed. 'Why, it must be eighty-five at least,' and he went to look at the thermometer. 'Well, it's not quite that, but it is seventy-eight.'

Most of the boys kept sober faces, but the keen-eyed visitor saw enough to divine the truth, and said in an undertone to Mr. Brooks, 'I suspect your pupils have been playing some joke on you.'

'May be so,' was Mr. Brooks's audible reply; but if so, their punishment went with it, for they have evidently been warm enough.

Windows were opened, registers closed, and the room was soon comfortable.

Years afterward some of the 'boys' told Mr. Brooks about the ice in the thermometer, and his hearty laugh testified to his enjoyment of the story.

ITCHING SKIN DISEASES

SPRINKLE CURE TREATMENT for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly skin and scalp diseases with loss of hair.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA Ointment, and full doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CO., Sole Prop., Boston, Mass. "How to Cure Itching Skin Diseases," free.

RED ROUGH HANDS Softened and Beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

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THE MAGNETIC HAMMER.

A Traveller's Tale of an Uncommon Episode in a Country Store.

'Standing one day in a country store,' said a traveller, 'I saw drive up a travelling dealer who carried his stock with him, his turnout being of a kind more commonly seen years ago than now, in these days of easier railroad communication and more frequent drummers. The wagon was big and heavy, but the body hung gracefully on platform springs, the rear hanging a little lower than the forward end. The running part was stout but well designed and finished. The body of the wagon was like a long, deep box, the top being fixed and permanent. For a space of perhaps three feet forward from the rear end of the body was built up a little higher, with a vertical face at the front, down to the roof; it was as though the rear end of the wagon had been carried up a low story higher than the rest. Midway between the face of this higher rear part and the driver's seat there was another higher section extending across the roof from side to side, but narrow.

'The sides of the wagon body were paneled off. The mouldings marked the spaces into which the interior was divided, and access to the compartments was had by doors in the sides and the end. The seat at the forward end of the wagon was capacious and comfortable, and there was over it a substantial leather top that would keep out any weather. Attached to this wagon there was a pair of big, good-looking well-fed horses that could haul it anywhere. Take it all together the outfit had an air of solidity, combined with no small degree of rakishness: it was an outfit such as any man might reasonably be proud of.

'I don't remember what he was selling, but it was something packed in boxes. He brought in a sample—he was a rather tall man with a beard, with a good-humored eye, and a quiet manner, and the merchant bought some. Then he went out to his wagon again, and brought in the goods, and he brought with him a card-board placard which evidently he intended to put up in the store.

'Rising in the centre of the store was a large, square, wooden pillar supporting overhead a big cross beam, upon which, I suppose, the inner ends of the floor beams rested. When he had laid the goods down on the counter he picked up the card that he had brought in with him and turned toward the square pillar in the centre of the store; he had located it when he came in, or I guess he knew it; he and the store keeper didn't talk very much, but I thought they seemed to know each other; no doubt he had been there before.

'The big, square post was covered with just such cards as he had brought in, tacked on all over, all around as high as a man could reach, and I couldn't see where he was going to get his card in; but he walked over to the post just as though there was plenty of room there. He took a paper of tacks out of his pocket and sited out four into the palm of his left hand and then put them into his mouth. Then he placed his placard against the side of the post, and pushed it up until the bottom of it was clear of the top of the highest card on that side. He could do this because he was pretty tall, and he was simply holding on to his card at the bottom; but I couldn't see yet how he was going to reach up to tuck it at the top.

'But he tuck it up on the face of the post with both hands calmly, and then, holding it with one hand he reached into his outside coat pocket for his hammer. It

was just a small tack hammer with rather a long handle. He carried the head of the hammer up to his mouth, and when he withdrew it there was a tack sticking to the face of it. The head of the hammer was magnetized, and the smooth, flat top of the head of the tack stuck to its face, the point projecting in line with the hammer's head. All he had to do was to reach up. With a single tap he drove the tack through the card at one corner away up at the top easily. Then he drove a tack through the other upper corner in the same manner and then he drove in a couple of tacks at the bottom and dropped the hammer in his pocket. Then he went out and got on his wagon and drove off.—N. Y. Dispatch.


SLEEP AFTER EATING.

It May Harm Some People and be Beneficial to Others.

Advocates of the after-dinner nap have a powerful, and to them all-convincing, argument in the fact that most animals sleep immediately after eating. Yet the propriety of such a habit among human beings bids fair to be an open question for some time to come.

One authority has recently added his mite to the collection of statistics upon this interesting subject by making a series of experiments upon two persons of normal digestive abilities.

The stomachs of these two persons were emptied a few hours after meals, some of which had been followed by sleep and others not, and the contents analyzed.



Barns Cost Money

to build, and will cost money to replace. Paint 'em and save 'em. Paint of the right sort, carefully used, will give good returns on the investment. The barn will last longer and look better. Lumber that has become weather beaten, is beginning to decay. Good paint closes the pores of the wood, stops decay, and preserves the structure.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CREOSOTE PAINT

is the best barn paint. It is made for use on coarse grained woods. It is good for barns, roofs, and fences. The colors are right, the paint is right. It is economical.

If you are in doubt as to the best paints to use for bath tubs, chairs, cupboards, shelves, baseboards, buggies, boats, plows, wagons, floors, houses—for any paintable thing under the sun—send for "Paint Points." It is a book for the house-keeper and house-owner. It tells what is good paint and bad paint, when to paint, and how to paint. It is a handy book for anyone to have. It is free. Send for it to-day. For booklet, address 7 St. Genevieve Street, Montreal.

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BEST ON EARTH

Watson's Dundee Whisky

"Whisky of this standard of purity can be highly recommended and used with confidence." Says the Public Analyst for the Royal Burgh of Dundee

CHARD JACKSON & CO.,
MONTREAL, Agents for Canada ESTABLISHED 1815

CARD.

St. John, N. B., Feb. 20, 1897.

George Robertson, Esq., Mayor of the City of St. John:

Your Worship—In recognition of the large amount of time and earnest efforts which you have devoted to your duties as chief magistrate of the city during the past three years, and fully realizing the deep interest that you have taken in the work of harbor improvements, and the general development of the city:

Feeling that it is in the public interest that all the experience available should be utilized for the completion of the improvements which the increased traffic of our port will still require to be carried out: We, therefore, trust that you will vote another year to the service of your fellow citizens, and assist in carrying to completion the work in which you have taken such an active part.

It is our earnest wish that you will have much pleasure in nominating you on the 13th April.

We have the honor to remain,
THOMAS McAVITY,
W. S. FISHER,
And many others.

Gentlemen.—In compliance with the above most influential and numerous signed requisition, representing the manufacturing, shipping, labour, real estate professional, mercantile and other important interests in the city, I feel it to be my duty apart from all personal considerations to accept your nomination, and offer my services to the citizens for another year.

Yours sincerely,
GEORGE ROBERTSON.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN:
Ladies and Gentlemen.—I respectfully solicit your support for the office of Mayor at the coming election.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE ROBERTSON.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—At the earnest solicitation of a large number of electors, I have consented to become a candidate for Alderman for Wellington Ward at the approaching civic election. I respectfully solicit your support, assuring you that if elected, my best efforts shall be directed to the promotion of the city's best interests.

Having never sat at the Council Board I have no record to meet your approval or to merit your condemnation, but I believe that the affairs of the city should be conducted on the same business principle as those of private concerns, combining enterprise with economy.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES DUNLOP, Grocer,
Cor. Waterloo and Paddock Sts.

Worry Flurry

Is life worth living with the cross locks you get because this bread was poor this morning? How hard you tried to make it good from poor flour. Now try "Tilson's Pride." Grocers sell it, or write to:

THE TILLSON COY (Lid.),
Tilsonburg, Ont.

Mechanics' Institute

.....GO AND SEE.....

The Yellow Kid

In real life in HOGAN'S ALLEY, TO NIGHT.

ALSO.....

THREE - NEW - PERFORMERS
IN SPECIALTIES.

Admission 10 and 20 Cents.

LIFE'S A BURDEN

If the Stomach is Not Right.

Is there Nausea? Is there Constipation? Is the Tongue Coated? Are you light Headed? Do you have Sick Headaches?

Any and all these denote Stomach and Liver Disorder.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills act quickly and will cure most stubborn and chronic cases. No unpleasantness. No griping. These little pills are little wonder workers and are far-famed. 40 in a vial for 20 cents.

T. O'LEARY,

.....RETAIL DEALER IN.....

Choice Wines and Liquors
and Ales and Cigars.

16 DUKE STREET.

Why

Do people buy Hood's Sarsaparilla in preference to any other,—in fact almost to the exclusion of all others?

Because

They know from actual use that Hood's is the best, i. e., it cures when others fail. Hood's Sarsaparilla is still made under the personal supervision of the educated pharmacist who originated it.

The question of best is just as positively decided in favor of Hood's as the question of comparative sales.

Another thing: Every advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla is true, is honest.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

are the only pills to take Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla.