



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

The citizens band under the leadership of Prof. Rosendale are to give a minstrel show in the near future.

The R. C. congregation are to have a turkey supper in the Hall on Thanksgiving evening.

Mrs. Lawrence and son and Miss Annie Webster of Petticoac have been visiting at Dr. F. Daly's.

Mrs. James McLeod is visiting her sister in Fredericton who is very ill.

Miss Lena Keith, Petticoac, spent Wednesday of last week with friends here.

Invitations are out for a wedding on Thanksgiving evening. The principals in the event are Miss May White, youngest daughter of Mr. Chas. T. White and Rev. S. N. Leonard of Lubec Me.

Rumor has it that a number of weddings are to take place in the near future.

HOW THE CITIZENS DO IT.

Moncton Water as it is Daily Supplied to the Town.

The Moncton citizen is seldom without a grievance of some kind or other, and to do him justice it is not always of his own making. His life really does seem to be rather over crowded with disappointments, and his most cherished dolls stuffed with the commonest and driest of sawdust. The poor soul always seems to be striving after something to which distance lends enchantment, and as soon as the glittering bauble is his, the gilding begins to rub off and disclose a piece of very ordinary gingerbread, which is not only tasteless to the palate, but utterly without commercial value. He is always satisfied that he has a sure thing this time, and is ready to begin over again with a child-like confidence, as touching as it is unusual.

For instance—he was satisfied that if he could only have an electric street railway to play with he would ask nothing more of Fate but sit down contentedly and grow rich with the money the railway earned for him. After a long time he got the railway but the novelty wore off so soon that he never managed to get it paid for, and so far from making money out of it he won't use it himself enough to make it pay running expenses, though he feels deeply injured because everyone else doesn't spend most of his time riding around the line, and bringing up the receipts to a respectable figure.

It was the same with the gas and water! The representative citizen was firmly convinced in his own mind that if he once had possession of the property owned by the Moncton Gaslight and Water company, and controlled the working of that institution he would revolutionize things so quickly that his fellow citizens would think they were living in a sort of modern utopia, and would constantly rise up and call him blessed. He was never weary of criticizing the quality of the goods supplied by the company, assuring all whom it might concern that Moncton had the worst gas, and the worst water of any city of its size in the Dominion, and promising an interested public that if they would just wait till he had the gas and water supply under his own control, they would see what a first class article really was. Gas that should put the strongest electric light to the blush, water sparkling and limpid as it drawn from a bubbling spring, and all at a price that would be merely nominal, almost amounting to free water, and free gas.

The citizen in the concrete rose to the fly as usual and without stopping to consider by what form of alchemy these wonders were to be wrought, he hit eagerly at the opportunity of punishing the capacious company who had been robbing him for so many years, and incidentally saving a little money for himself at the same time killing two birds with the same stone, with neatness and despatch.

So he acted on the artful suggestion of the representative citizen and as soon as he got a good chance he descended on the Gas and Water Company like a wolf on the fold, and coolly took possession of their property against their will, paying them what he considered was sufficient for it, and allowing them no option whatever in the matter. Then he started out with beautiful self confidence to reform matters.

These of course are only small drawbacks, scarcely worth mentioning; but lately it has come to the ears of the citizens through letters to the local papers, that the down trodden inhabitants who cannot obtain a decent supply of water legitimately have taken to obtaining it in

Merit Talks

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give his brethren a tetter and cheaper service and make things hum generally. He succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations and made them hum to such an extent that he thought a swarm of bees had settled about his ears!

His first essay at reformation took the form of increasing the water rates to such an extent that all but the wealthier classes were compelled to adopt scotch act whiskey as a regular beverage and take their baths in milk, because both these commodities were so much cheaper. While increasing the cost of water, the representative citizen took care to reduce the supply, thereby making water such a luxury that people scarcely wondered at having to pay a high price for it; and whenever he wished to discipline them, and make them fully alive to their blessings, he turned the water off altogether and let them learn to do without it. It was such good training for a floated bond-holder to prepare for the luxury of a bath costing about ten cents a quart, remove all his clothing, collect his towels, soap and sponges, and then turn on the tap with all the confidence in life, only to be greeted with a derisive hiss, from the air which poured out of the pipe, and informed him conclusively that the water was turned off for the next few hours and his best plan would be to dress himself again, and to go about his work as usual.

On the rare occasions when such little accidents happened in former days, the great man always had the remedy in his own hands! He just walked down to the company's office and blew up everybody within hearing, asked what they meant by charging him exorbitant water rates "Exorbitant I say, sir!" and then keeping him without the commodity he was paying for. He usually wound up by threatening to dig a well, and be independent of the city water altogether, and then the polite manager and clerks all expressed their regret that he should have been put to any inconvenience and promised to repair the mains only in the dead of night, for the future.

But now all this is changed, the injured citizen can hardly convene a special meeting of the city council, or call a mass meeting of the electors every time he wants to swear about the water service, so he has to swallow his wrath as best he can, and console himself with the bitter reflection that he has no one but himself to blame in the matter.

Meanwhile the local papers keep a notice ready set up announcing that the water will be turned off at nine o'clock on Monday morning, and will be off for six hours; and another setting forth that the pumping station will be shut down at twelve o'clock noon on Saturday, and remain in that condition for twelve hours. On the rare occasions when the notice is not required, the comp's just paste a piece of paper over the notices and thus save themselves work, and have them in readiness for next day. But that does not mean that the water is only shut off when notice has been given, by no means! The city fathers reserve to themselves the right of giving the water a day off whenever they please, and Sunday is the favorite day; therefore it is taken quite as a matter of course that there should be no water in the bathroom on Sunday morning, and thrifty people fill all their tubs and pails on Saturday night, and make some sort of a shift with milk punch, to wash down their dinner. Members of the W. C. T. U. depend on the cold tea left over from the night before.

These of course are only small drawbacks, scarcely worth mentioning; but lately it has come to the ears of the citizens through letters to the local papers, that the down trodden inhabitants who cannot obtain a decent supply of water legitimately have taken to obtaining it in

a nefarious manner, and may be seen any day when the weather is favorable, using the reservoir as a swimming bath, washing their wagons in it, and allowing innumerable flocks of geese to use it as a field for exercise, and a medium for cleansing themselves. The idea is not a nice one, but there is a certain amount of satisfaction in knowing positively the cause of that very peculiar smell about our drinking water, which has been a puzzle to us for the past two or three years, and in having our often expressed opinion about the quality of the water so decidedly confirmed. In the days when the old company mismanaged things, they always had the reservoirs well guarded, and no such abominations were allowed; we got the water in as pure a state as it could be obtained, and paid only a fair price for it, but still it is a grand thing to know that we have matters in our own hands, and can manage, or mismanage them to suit ourselves instead of being "bull-dozed" by an arrogant company. At least this is what the citizen says in public, and if he ever admits to himself in private that he is paying a larger price, for a very inferior article—in short for "the same old water" in a very deteriorated condition—he keeps his own counsel bravely, and munches cheerfully enough at the lump of dry old gingerbread, which looked so tempting before the gilding was all rubbed off.

HIS HEART MISPLACED.

Case of Charles Schuppel Whose Anatomy Puzzles Surgeons.

There is a man in Chicago, says The Times-Herald, whose heart is on the right side. His heart is, however, not in the right place. The right place for the heart is on the left side.

Charles Schuppel, a professional nurse is the man who enjoys this unusual distinction, and he did not know it himself until a few days ago. Schuppel had been troubled with disease of the stomach and called upon Dr. O. L. Schmidt, of the Schiller Building, to seek relief. Dr. Schmidt examined him and found that something was wrong with his stomach, which he relieved, but he was also puzzled by the action of his heart. An investigation led him to suspect that there was something unusual about it, and he took Schuppel to see W. C. Fuchs, that an X ray photograph might be made of the heart so that anything out of the ordinary in connection with it might be more readily detected.

Mr. Fuchs Schuppel to lie upon the photographing table and placed the plate under him, as is customary in taking photographs of this kind. When the photograph was developed it was found that Schuppel's heart was on the right side, in spite of the fact there appeared to be nothing the matter with it, and the organ seemed entirely healthy.

Such a case as this is so rare that it attracts unusual attention among medical men. The usual position of the heart is to the left of the middle line of the body and between the two lungs. Portions of the lung are behind in the left half, to the left and in front of it, except about two superficial inches. Its base lies under the third rib on the left side, extending three inches from the middle line of the body. The right auricle, when filled extends half an inch to the right border of the breastbone in the second intercostal space (space between the ribs), retreating under the breastbone upon its contraction. The apex is found in the fifth intercostal space three and one-half inches from the middle line. Unite this point with the point three inches to the left of the middle line on the third rib by a curve that will cross the fourth rib at a point four inches from the middle line and the left border of the normal heart is indicated. From the point indicating the apex carry a line to the right and a little upward along this right border to the second intercostal space, and this will complete a journey along the lines that bound the internal position of the heart.

But in the case of Schuppel all this is reversed. Where left is mentioned read right and you have the place where it is located.

Cases of this kind are unusual. And what is more unusual is that the position is exactly reversed and the heart seems to be about perfectly. Dr. Schmidt could detect nothing wrong about it. In the ordinary man the liver is on the right side. Schuppel's liver is on the left side.

Schuppel is 28 years of age and for that length of time he had lived without knowing that his heart was differently located from that of other men. His heart has never caused him any worry and it is to all intents and purposes as useful as any other man's heart. He has, however, never been possessed of great physical strength and this may be in part due to his extraordinary anatomy.

Schuppel is of German parentage, and

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has lived in Chicago only since last spring. He was born in Heidelberg, Jan. 12, 1869. At the age of 16, after having received a good education in the old university town, he went to work in one of the many paper mills. He continued at this trade for some time, but three years ago was lured to America by the idea that here he would be able to make more money with less work. He worked at various odd jobs but had no trade. Hence he was forced to manual labor and he found great difficulty in lifting heavy weights.

This apparent lack of physical strength prevented him from keeping at work. For three weeks he was a nurse in one of the Cleveland hospitals, and since then he has followed nursing as a profession. This has, however, been a precarious means of support, as men nurses have not been much in demand of late, since the advent of the trained woman nurse. Forced by necessity, for one week he stepped as a sailor on a lake vessel, but left it when the ship reached Chicago, for he was unable to stand hard work. Since then he has been in Chicago and was for a part of the time at the Cook county hospital.

With the exception of this inability to heavy weights or engage in any work which exerts a strain on the organs of the body, Schuppel is in good health and his heart does not cause him any inconvenience. Were he a man who labored with his hands and used his muscles but slightly, the transposition of his heart would cause him no annoyance. But men nurses are usually employed rather than female nurses only in cases where strength is necessary. Hence Schuppel labors under a disadvantage.

A FAMOUS CHARGER.

The Horse That Led the Light Brigade at Balaklava Died on an Ohio Farm.

The noted white Arabian steed ridden by Capt. Nolan in the charge of the Light Brigade at the memorable battle of Balaklava of the Crimea was quartered for several years in the immediate vicinity of Cincinnati, and died a natural death at a ripe old age in the neighborhood of Morrow, O.

When the blundering order for the charge of the Light Brigade was given Capt. Nolan was in command. As the men charged into the "valley of death" Nolan on his conspicuous white Arab, spurred far in advance of all—a fine mark for a Russian rifleman. With his sword high uplifted and a cheer on his lips he was struck to the breast by a fragment of shell, thrown in the Russians' first discharge and instantly killed. His sword dropped from his hand, but the arm retained its upright position and his left hand the bridle rein, as his horse instinctively turned back and galloped toward the brigade. As the files opened to let him pass an unearthly shriek rent the air, said by some to be the last agonizing cry of Nolan, in a vain effort to turn the brigade from its impending doom, but thought by others to be the result of no human will, but rather due to those "spasmodic forces which may act upon the form when life has ceased."

Straight into the Russian guns, which were opened full upon them, dashed the brigade, and then they rode back; but not the six hundred. The immense loss was "only counter-balanced," says one, "by the brilliance of the attack and the gallantry, order, and discipline which distinguished it."

The remnant of the Light Brigade was sent over to Quebec to recuperate, and with them Nolan's white Arab, with two slight sabre cuts in his side. He carried the marks to his death. After his master's death the horse was called Nolan. While in Quebec Lester Taylor, a wholesale cotton merchant of Cincinnati, purchased him and brought him to Cincinnati, where he shortly afterward sold him to August Le Broots.

Le Broots was a Frenchman. The Le Broots owned a pretty summer house at South Covington, Ky., on the cliffs of Licking river, and now known as Dinmore Park. Luxurious quarters were fitted up for Nolan. A French zouave was brought from France to care expressly for him and a handsome jet black stallion, called Sultan, purchased in Algiers by M. Le Broots on one of his numerous trips to Europe. Nolan was a magnificent creature, fifteen and a half hands high, snow white, with mane and tail like strands of burnished silver, and nostrils like pink satin; fleet as the wind under the saddle—the only use to which he was put—with a swinging, easy gait, most inviting to the equestrian lover; high-spirited, yet gentle, as a foal, both Nolan and Sultan were regularly exercised in a ring laid out on one part of the grounds for that purpose. So

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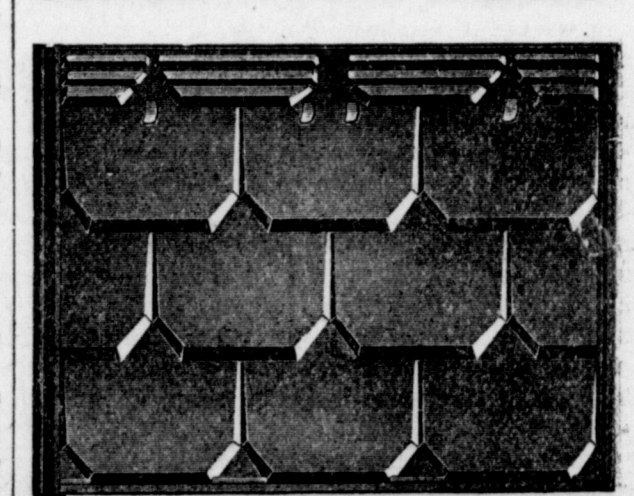
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