

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. Milner and family leave the last of the week for England.

Mr. Wheaton of New York was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hillson last week.

Mrs. Bliss of Mount Whatley's is spending a few days with her son Dr. Bliss, Church street.

Miss Helen Pipes went to Halifax on Tuesday where she will make a short stay before going to Yarmouth to visit friends for several weeks.

It is with deepest regret I write of the death of Mr. F. B. Robb of the Robb Engineering Co., which occurred on Tuesday afternoon at Pagswash while in bathing; details are not to hand but the sad fact has elicited sympathy from all hearts for the suddenly bereaved family and the question of the day is, who will fill the place left vacant by the loss of such a kind hearted charitable citizen who was ever in the foremost line of everything that tended to the good of his town and welfare of his employees. The remains came by Wednesday noon train and the burial takes place on Thursday afternoon.

Invitations for two social functions have been canceled the picnic of the Baptist S. school postponed and all gaiety for the time being is over shadowed by the sadness of the unexpected loss of Mr. Robb and boys of the Y. M. C. A. camp return to night to attend the burial of their late associate and true friend.

## PARSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parsboro Book Store.]

July 22.—Judge Morse, Mr. M. J. Townsend, Q. C. and Mr. D. D. Burpee of Amherst, Hon. Dr. Borden and Mr. E. B. Cogswell were here on Thursday attending a special session of the County Court.

Miss Armstrong of Rangoon India, is visiting Mrs. MacKerze.

Mr. J. R. Little from Japan, recently spent Sunday at the Queen.

Mr. James Jenks of Minnesota, with his son and nephew, were here last week, guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Jenks.

Miss Mattie Woodworth is visiting friends at Sackville, N. B.

Dr. and Mrs. Holmes returned on Saturday from their wedding trip. Mrs. Holmes receiving visitors this week, wears white silk and is assisted by her mother-in-law and Miss Curran of Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Aikman were in Halifax last week. Miss Ellen Aikman arrived on Tuesday from Boston.

Mrs. Stewart Day of New Glasgow with her twin is visiting her parents.

Mrs. Kellart and Miss Grant of New Jersey and Glen of Quebec are guests of Mrs. Dickinson.

Mr. C. S. Mur and Mr. Churchill have been to Turo.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Coates of Amherst spent Sunday with Parsboro friends.

Mr. T. E. McKay former principal of the school has been spending a few days here. His many friends were very glad to see him again.

Mrs. Smith of Windsor and little daughter Geraldine are visiting Mrs. Eville.

Mr. Clarence Cole who has been at home from St. Stephen paying a visit to his father and mother took his departure today. Mr. and Mrs. George Cole of Amherst spent Sunday before last with their relatives.

Dr. and Mrs. Jeffers are back from Baltimore and are staying with the parents of the former.

A large crowd went to Springhill in a special on Thursday night to see Washburn's circus, returning the same night.

Miss Hockin of Turo is visiting friends here.

Miss Mattie McAlan is at home from Boston for a couple of months.

Mr. F. Beverly of St. John is the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Reid.

Judge Winterbee has lately spent a few days with Judge Townsend.

Miss McCurdy and Mr. S. McCurdy are at present at St. Martins.

Miss Upham returned on Saturday from St. Stephen.

## ANNAPOLIS.

JULY 22.—Society here was just a little quiet during the early spring and summer but social matters are beginning to look up somewhat of late. We are promised a rare treat on Tuesday evening the 27th, when the Miles Ideal Stock Company will play here for one night. The press notices given this theatrical company would seem to indicate that it is a first-class combination in every way, both from a social and professional standpoint. The plays are all exceptionally interesting it is said and in St. John this company made a wonderful hit playing to crowded houses every night. Some of the artists have held responsible engagements in leading theatres in the United States. The Yarmouth people speak in the highest terms of this part of the country that no doubt all will be eager to take advantage of the opportunity offered on Tuesday.

## GRAND MANAN.

JULY 18.—Mrs. Berrie of Malden, Mass., arrived here on Saturday, and is a guest of her brother Capt. Allen O. Guphill.

Rev. W. B. Covert spent a day in St. George this week.

Miss Eunice Bancroft of Boston is a guest of

## Strong Nerves

Nerves just as surely come from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla as does the cure of scrofula, salt rheum, or other so-called blood diseases. This is simply because the blood affects the condition of all the

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

bones, muscles and tissues. If it is impure it cannot properly sustain these parts. If made pure, rich, red and vitalized by Hood's Sarsaparilla, it carries health instead of disease, and repairs the worn, nervous system as nothing else can do. Thus nervous prostration, hysteria, neuralgia, heart palpitation, are cured by

## Hood's Pills

Because it is the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, etc.

## BABY HUMORS

Instant relief for skin-tortured babies and rest for tired mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure. The only speedy and economical treatment for itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and pimply humors of the skin, scalp, and blood.

## Cuticura

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Sole Proprietors, Boston.

age "How to Cure Every Baby Humor," mailed free.

BABY BLEMISHES Prevented and Cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

her father, Mr. Henry Bancroft. Miss Bancroft was accompanied home by her friend Miss Gordon.

The church of Ascension Sunday school had their annual picnic on Saturday. The scholars and friends of the school went by steamer Flushing to St. George, where Mr. Gilmour, ex M. P. P. of Charlotte county, gave them the use of their beautiful grounds. The trip across the bay and up the river was beautiful and all enjoyed the day thoroughly. So far there has been very few picnics but I have heard of one or two for next week.

Mr. G. P. Newton arrived home from New York on Saturday.

Mrs. L. C. Guphill and children have returned home from a pleasant visit in Milltown.

## FOOLING THE AUDIENCE.

A New Development of an old Theatrical Plan to Have fun With the House.

The builders of burlesque long ago discovered that the New York public got an immense amount of pleasure out of seeing a man made ridiculous. Five years ago, in a farce which was produced in this city, a variety actor used to stop in the middle of his 'turn' and apparently hold a whispered conversation with somebody in the wings. Then he would step to the front of the stage and in a rather anxious voice inquire whether there was a doctor in the house. It's hard to find a New York audience which doesn't include at least one physician, and the actor's inquiry and evident anxiety invariably brought at least one man to his feet.

'I'm a physician; what's wanted?' was the usual form of response, and the spectators would glue their eyes on the doctor, who would be undergoing the sensations that usually come to a man who hears his own voice raised to a high pitch in a theatre for the first time. Then in the dead silence the star would make some such reply as:

'Well, we're glad you're here, and hope you'll stay for the next act, because it's good.'

Sometimes the physician would retire amid shrieks of merriment from the audience, sometimes he would stick it out, but the trick was always regarded as a mean one, and was finally abolished by managers.

Then a travelling variety company conceived the clever scheme of waking up parts of the audience by running electric wires through different chairs in the body of the house. At a quiet period of the performance they would turn on a switch behind the scenes and the audience would have the pleasure of seeing a dozen people spring out of their chairs simultaneously. A man finally sued the managers of a theatre where this trick was played on him, and recovered several thousand dollars' damages. The wires weren't utilized again. Finally came the soubrette, who had a song of several dozen verses, descriptive of all sorts and conditions of people. From her repertory she could draw verses to fit people in the audience in range of her eyes and these personalities always tickled those at whom they were not directed.

New Yorkers finally revolted against this sort of thing and then came a London singer with the well-known song 'Georgie' which she sang to the 'cello player, to the intense amusement of concert hall habitués.

Then the custom of singing at some individual in the audience died out, but it has been revived on a different plan in a burlesque which is now running at an uptown theatre. Here a young woman in tights, a very pretty and shapely young woman, wanders out on the stage, looks around with a forlorn expression on her face, finally fastens her eyes on a light-haired young man in the audience—he always sits in the aisle seat, third row, left hand side of the house—looks happy again, and proceeds to sing a song of love to him. She is quite mild in the first verse, but grows warmer as the song proceeds, and finally almost falls over the footlights in her efforts to get near the object of the outburst. The young man meanwhile wriggles around in his seat, tugs at his mustache, and looks as uncomfortable as he can. The audience roars at him; other young men feel sorry for him and get a little lower in their own seats for fear the singer will turn her ditty on them. Just before the last verse the young man gets up from his seat, runs up the aisle, and disappears. The spectators howl with glee, the singer tosses a kiss after her victim, finishes her song, and trips off the stage. Night after night this goes on, and each night's audience is certain that it has seen something not down on the programme. But it hasn't. That

same young man does the uncomfortable wriggle and disappearing act every night and matinee, and the joke is on the audience, not on him. He is the singer's husband and the son of a well-known comedian. As he puts it: 'New York audiences are easy.'

## HER COMPLEX ACCENT.

A Chicago Girl Whose Way of Speaking English Must be a Puzzle.

People who are under the impression that accent betrays not only the nationality, but provincialism as well, will perhaps be somewhat disillusionized by reading the following incident.

The experience is that of a Chicago woman who made a trip to New York a short while ago. Up to the time of her visit to the Eastern metropolis she supposed that she spoke fairly good English. She read none but the best authors, and as her friends were all numbered among cultured people there really seemed no reason why she should not couch her sentiments in pure substantial Anglo-Saxon. Neither did she affect an accent. At least, she was not aware that she did. After arriving in New York, however, she learned that she not only had an accent, but that it was a many-sided affair that was truly perplexing.

She attended a reception one evening where literary and artistic people predominated. The first person she talked with was a man with a bushy red beard and gold eyeglasses.

'I am so glad, madam,' he said, in the course of the conversation, 'to know that you are from my town. That Boston accent is bound to betray the speaker wherever it may be heard.'

The Chicago woman flashed him one keen glance; then, seeing that he was in earnest, she said:

'I fear you have made a mistake. I am from Chicago.'

Soon after she began talking to an elderly woman.

'You are from Georgia, of course,' said the older woman. 'I can always tell a Georgian anywhere. There is nobody on earth pronounces a's and u's like a person born and bred in that state.'

And again was the Chicago woman forced to proclaim the city of her nativity.

Later a young man commented on her accent. 'From Nova Scotia, of course,' he said pleasantly. 'I hail from there myself, and it's a pleasure to see some one who speaks as they do at home. The minute you pronounced my name I knew you were from my part of the country. Nobody else could say it with just that accent. Again she gasped out something about 'Chicago.'

A half hour later another man claimed her for a kindred spirit.

'I've been lonesome and out of place to night,' he said. 'Nobody here from my section of the globe. You're the first person I've met all evening that hails from west of the Rocky Mountains. The minute I heard you speak I said 'Here's a woman from the far west.' We never lose our accent, it seems, wherever we may go.'

Just before the reception ended the suave young man who stood at her side leaned forward and said:

'I'll drive over and see you some day, if you don't mind.'

'You'll do what?'

'Drive over and see you. I'll wager we don't live more than ten miles apart. My home is in Robinson, W. Va., and you cannot live far away. An accent such as yours and mine is never heard outside our immediate vicinity.'

They were on their way home at last.

'You'll be apt to have a caller to-morrow,' said her cousin. 'That young doctor from Montreal is anxious to know you better. He feels confident that you belong to his city. He says he was attracted by your accent from the very first. He's homesick and would like to talk to someone from his native town. I didn't tell him any difference. You—'

But the young woman gasped 'Chicago' and fainted.

## STOPPING A RUNAWAY ENGINE.

How the Davy Crockett Was Brought to a Standstill with Wheels Buzzing.

'When the road was first built,' the storytelling railroad man continued, which now runs from Harrisburg to Canadairus, N.Y., it was nicknamed the Davy Crockett and for many years thereafter the name clung. It was brought about in this way:

One dark night, when the conductor was taking three passenger cars through to Sunbury, he noticed the headlight of a locomotive in the rear. He instantly informed the engineer of the fact and both began speculating what it meant. The train was running at a high rate of speed, but the headlight in the rear was gaining steadily on them. As there were no lights in the rear of the headlight, they concluded it must be an empty engine. That road twists in and out among the mountains, and skirts the banks of the Susque-

hanna River in such a way as to permit any one looking back to observe what is going on in the rear for a considerable distance.

The conductor ordered the engineer to put on more steam, and the latter pulled the throttle wide open. Then followed a wild chase through the night. Pursuer and pursued tore along at the highest speed. Everybody on the cars believed that the engineer of the pursuing engine was either drunk or crazy.

'At last a bright idea struck the engineer. He recalled the fact that a locomotive can make little progress on greasy rails. The contents of two large cans of lard oil were poured on the track from the rear of the last passenger coach. The idea proved a great one. Soon the headlight of the pursuing engine grew dim in the distance. When it was safe to do so the train stopped and backed up to solve the mystery. A very funny sight was revealed.

'One of the finest engines on the road, called the Davy Crockett—they gave the locomotives names in those days instead of numbers—had broken away from a hostler up at Williamsport and started down the track on a voyage of destruction. The oil poured on the track had baffled all the destructive abilities that locomotive possessed. There stood the Davy Crockett, puffing and snorting like a Texas steer, the driving wheels buzzing around on the greased track like a flywheel in a machine shop, but hardly moving an inch.'

## SHE PAINTS PET CATS.

The Novel Field of Art Discovered by a Young Welshwoman in London.

A Welsh girl, Mary Knight, is growing rich in London by painting miniatures of pet cats. She went there about three years ago, and, fortunately, was immediately taken up by the smart set. Since Miss Knight received her first order she has been kept busy filling those that have followed.

The first cat that the young artist ever painted belonged to the Duchess D'Alencon. Its name was Tommy and it was presented to the Duchess by one of the English princesses when she was making a visit to London. She was exceedingly anxious to keep it, but as she was going to travel for some time, some one persuaded her that it would be better to take a picture of the cat than the animal itself, and gave her Miss Knight's address, saying she was a young stranger in London and would no doubt be pleased to get the work. The Duchess was delighted with the idea and placed the order at once. Miss Knight was very much amused and a little annoyed, at first at such a commission, and told the Duchess that she could never make a success of it unless she had a chance to study the cat. Accordingly the cat was sent to the studio, and the clever young Welshwoman began to see many possibilities in its face. She finally concluded that the grays and whites combining and set off by the blacks of its glossy coat would make a most charming miniature, and in ten days the cat was sent back to its mistress with a perfect likeness hanging from its neck. The picture was a complete circle of ivory with the cat asleep in straw in the foreground. She had caught the exact expression of indifferent well-bred contentment that every cat brought up in luxury wears, and the Duchess was much pleased with the clever idea. From that time Miss Knight had no longer to sit with folded hands and dream an artist's dream. She was dubbed Amelia Kussner of the Cat Kingdom.

Since then she has devoted herself to painting miniatures of animals, one of her most successful pieces of work being a miniature of a Jersey heifer belonging to Lady Abingdon. The cheapest miniature ever painted by Miss Knight brought her \$20, and this was only an ordinary painting in water colors on a square of canvas. The miniatures on porcelain and ivory sell for from \$50 to \$100, and even more if finer ones are wanted. She says a person wanting to paint cats should take at least three months for the first, and then, when the art is learned, the work can be done quickly. Cats are in no way like coons, and they all do not look alike to this painter of cats. She says that each one has just as much individuality as human beings, and that one cat is no more a picture of another cat than a man is a picture of another man. As for the kittens with their artful and wily expression and way—well, painting kittens is altogether different from painting cats.

## How Ostriches Run.

Considerable misconception prevails as to the manner in which the ostrich runs. It seems to be still generally held that when running it spreads out its wings, and aided by them skims lightly over the ground. This is not correct. When a bird really settles itself to run it holds its head lower than usual and a little forward, with a deep loop in the neck. The neck vibrates sinusoidally, but the head remains steady, thus enabling the bird, even at top speed, to look around with unshaken glance in any direction. The wings lie along the sides about on a level with or a little higher than the back, and are held loosely, just free of the plunging 'thigh.' There is no attempt to hold them extended or to derive any assistance from them as organs of flight.

When an ostrich after a hard run, is very tired, its wings sometimes droop; this is due to exhaustion. They are never, by a

running bird exerting itself to the utmost, held out away from the sides to lighten its weight or to increase its pace. But the wings appear to be of great service in turning, enabling the bird to double abruptly, even when going at top speed.

## One Way to Silence a Brass Band.

Did you ever, in a spirit of friskiness, suck a lemon in full gaze of the members of the Electric Band, while they were engaged in rendering those sweet and seductive strains for which they have become noted? Well, don't. Nor before any other band, for it may not be such a scathless escape as a boy met with who figures as a principal in a story a friend relates.

It was when the little German band was playing for drinks before saloons and incidentally picking up some small coin of the realm at other business houses. In front of a Demmler shop they started to tear the 'Watch Am Rhine' to pieces. They fared pretty well and had switched off to 'Sweet Rosy O'Grady,' when a small boy, who had evidently been put up to do the trick, made his appearance and stood near the band. He was sucking a lemon, and at his appearance a look of disgust spread over the faces of all the members of the band. One by one the musicians dropped out of the game until at last there was left only the bass horn player. He had to quit after a little while. It was raining, and this with the lemon episode, rather combined to put the bass horn player in a bad humor. He walked over to the boy, and, catching him by the ear, he said: 'Vat for you come around here mit a lemon an kveer der whole tam pand? It's tough luck to stand about in der rain mitn being kveered by a poy mit dot tam lemon.'

There was a subdued laughter in a store near by as the German band left for other words to conquer. It is a fact slightly known that the presence of any one sucking a lemon in front of a band will cause a panic. The musicians' mouths fill so rapidly with saliva that they cannot play.

## The Wrong Boy.

At a country school not a hundred miles from Weatherly one of the directors is a clergyman. He sent word that he, with the other directors, would visit the school last Friday. The teacher, a young girl, was desirous of making a good impression so she drilled the children carefully as to just what to say on the occasion of the visit. The first boy was asked, 'Who made you?' His reply was to be 'God.' The second boy was to be asked, 'Who was the first man?' His answer of course, was to be 'Adam.'

The appointed hour came, and in her flurry the teacher failed to notice that the first boy was absent. She walked over and asked, 'Johnny, who made you?' 'Adam' was the reply. 'No! No! Johnny; God made you.' 'No he didn't. The boy what God made stayed at home to-day.'

## Provision for Both.

Smith walked up Market street the other evening with a box of candy under one arm and a big package of meat under the other.

'Hello, Smith,' said Brown, 'gone to housekeeping? I didn't know you were married.'

'I'm not yet.'

'What are you doing with candy and meat then?'

'Going to see my girl.'

'Do you furnish the family with meat already?'

'Oh, no, the candy is for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square myself with both.'—San Francisco Post.

## "He who greases his wheels helps his oxen,"

is an old saying, but true.

We help those who help us, and those who help us help themselves. We do business for what business will bring. The bigger the business the better the values that can be given to customers. An importer overstocked offered us

## 50 Dozen

Of the Finest Quality this Summer's . . .

## STRAW AND CHIP HATS

Comprising Turbans, Toques, Walking Hats, Sailors and Dress Hats, worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50 each, at a cash price that enables us to offer the lot—

## Your Choice for 50c:

All Hats and materials purchased during this sale will be trimmed free.

## The Parisian