



(CONT. FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. Percy Blanchard of Baddeck who has been visiting his parents here, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blanchard left for his home on Tuesday.

On Monday Mrs. Clarence H. Dimock entertained a number of her lady friends at afternoon tea to meet Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Rutherford.

Mrs. Des Barres of Halifax spent a few days of this week with Mrs. Chas. Hens ey.

The Misses Smith and Graham of St. Stephen who have been with Mrs. Eville, Parrsboro are now the guests of Mrs. John M. Smith "Island Home."

Dr. and Mrs. Reid are to be congratulated on the addition of a young daughter in their household.

Captain Starratt of the Bark Landskrona and Miss Campbell were quietly married at the residence of the bride's parents on Monday. They left immediately after the ceremony for New York where they join the ship which is loading for Rio.

Mr. Harry King of Halifax was in town on Monday to be present at the marriage of Miss Wiggins.

CAMBRIDGE, QUEENS CO.

Oct. 13.—A very pleasant gathering took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson, Jr., at the Narrows, on Saturday evening last, to celebrate the 16th anniversary of their marriage. The rooms which had been beautifully decorated with flowers, autumn leaves and evergreen for the occasion, presented a very pleasing appearance.

A bountiful repast was served at eight o'clock, after which a very enjoyable evening was spent in games and other like amusements, until about midnight when the party broke up with the singing of God Save the Queen, and Auld Auld Synne, wishing the bride and groom many happy and prosperous years together. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson were in receipt of many handsome and valuable presents.

Among the guests who were present were:—Mr. and Mrs. G. Gordon Boyce, Mrs. Johnson and Miss E. J. Miles, St. John; Mrs. M. N. Powers, the mother of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. John Belyea, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. White, Dr. and Mrs. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Robinson, and Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. John Ellsworth, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Arch McLean and Miss McLearn, Miss Rebecca Robinson.

S. GEORGE.

Oct. 12.—It may indeed be said that the friends and relatives of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alex Parks are passing through deep waters of affliction one week from the day of Mrs. Parks' burial the death of Mr. Parks occurred of Typhoid pneumonia. The deepest sympathy is expressed on all sides for the five little children now orphans and the bereaved families. The funeral took place on Friday afternoon the beautiful burial service of the church of England was read at the grave by the rector of St. Mark's church Rev. R. E. Smith. The pall bearers were Mr. H. Chaffey, Mr. F. Meating, Mr. T. Meating, Mr. H. Macgowan, Mr. John McCormick and Mr. Murray.

Mr. Edward Milliken has been appointed American Consul for St. George.

Mrs. McLearn is visiting her sister Mrs. Wm. Kennedy.

Miss Winifred Dick returned on Tuesday from a visit in Dartmouth. MAX.

What the Belle Sang.

O, joy of creation
To be!
O, rapture to fly
And be free!
Be the battle lost or won,
Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my love—the one
Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands,
All alone,
With the power in his hands
Not o'erthrown:
I shall know him by his face,
By his godlike front and grace,
I shall hold him for a space
All my own!

It is he—O, my love!
So hold!
It is I—all thy love
Foretold!
It is I, O, love, what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
Ah, sweetheart, what is this?
Lies there
So cold!

Closing Out.

Every pair of Spectacles and Eye Glasses must go at once.

Here are the Prices as low as the Goods Last!



Solid Gold Frames, Warranted,	\$10
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted,	2.15
Years	.90
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 5	
Years	.65
Best Lenses, Per Pair, Warranted,	.85
Aluminum Frames, Gold Filled	
Nose-Piece,	.20
Alloy Frames, Note	.20
Steel or Nickel Frames,	.05

We have taken the sole Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Don't delay. Respectfully yours,

Boston Optical Co.,
25 King St. St. John, N. B.

Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

Perfectly Cured

Weak and Low Spirited—Nervous Prostration—Appetite Poor and Could Not Rest.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla to others. It has been the means of restoring my wife to good health. She was stricken down with an attack of nervous prostration. She suffered with headaches and her nerves were under severe strain. She became very low spirited and so weak she could only do a little work without resting. Her appetite was poor, and being so weak she could not get the proper rest at night. She decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, as we had heard it highly praised, and I am glad to state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured all her ailments." G. BELLAMY, 321 Hannah St., West, Hamilton, Ontario. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1.50 for \$5. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

DISEASES CURED BY MIRTH.

Physician Tells of Cases When Laughter Has Dispelled Sickness.

Some French science men have been discussing and endeavoring to dispose of the question of mirth as an agent for the cure of disease or of states of mind which favour the progress of certain diseases. At the convention of the French scientific press, as reproduced in the Journal d'Hygiene, it appears that some very novel views were advanced on the subject of mirth as a therapeutic, and the case was recalled of Lord Lanesborough, a victim of gout, who, on the approach of an attack began dancing, not as it from the spasms of pain, but with the lightness of joy, executing, so to speak, a passeeur that might be applauded in the academy. Lord Lanesborough, according to the statement of the Frenchmen who spoke in praise of his action, was so steadfast a believer in the merit of mirth as a cure for ills that at the death of the Prince of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, he requested a special audience of her majesty in order that he might explain to her the advantage of "ordering the fiddlers to tune up," that her grief at the loss of her consort might be by this method assuaged and that she might too graciously forgetfulness at a time of sore personal trial by dancing so the French also describe it, the reel of Virginia.

Dr. Denis Prudent-Roy, author Parisian, commended mirth as a cure for bronchial catarrh. He arrived that laughter was a beneficial alveolar stimulus, giving useful shocks to the chest and it was a wise, cheap and satisfactory substitute for creosote and other drugs. Unfortunately there are in every community some persons unable to avail themselves of the advantages of medication for illness, but as Dr. Denis Prudent Roy pointed out, there are no persons in any community so poor in means, if not in temper and fortitude, that they cannot laugh, if by laughing they can promote a cure of their ailments.

Another learned man told of an historical incident in which laughter had figured as a cure. When the duke of Angouleme was in service in the army of Henry IV, he was stricken with illness in the camp and his life was despaired of. The surgeon of the army corps, to whom appeal was made, recommended (the medicine chest was probably empty) laughter. He secured the co-operation of the duke's bailiff, his secretary and the captain of the royal guards. These came to the bedside of the duke dressed in white and wearing, each of them, red hats with cock's feathers. All three were men of demure aspect; all three were between 60 and 70 years of age. Each one endeavored, in the duke's presence, to knock off the hat of one of the others, and the duke of Angouleme was so convulsed with laughter at the antics of his visitors that the fever which had beset him for more than three weeks diminished. He recovered his health; he was restored, and he resumed command of a portion of the king's army.

In cases of intermittent fever, too, according to some of the French experts, unrestrainable mirth produced by the perusal of an almanac or joke book in a language which the patient understands will restore where medicine has failed to. An instance is had of a patient who was cured by attending a performance of "Le Mesiage de Figaro," presented with much animation. In fact, the instances of recovery caused by the magical influence of mirth poured in. The nondoctors in the congress were eager to add to their number, whereas the medical men seemed loath to admit that laughter—either unbridled mirth or 'the guarded laugh,' as it is now sometimes called—could be accepted as a primary hygienic agent rather than as an aid to convalescence.

"Laugh and grow fat," has long been a

homely adage, the merit of which has not been disputed seriously even by scientific minds or by the uninitiated in the mystery of hygiene. But "laugh and grow well" is a new version of the ancient admonition, and it, will require, probably, much more than the assurance of any French lights of science, however accomplished professionally, and however desirous of promoting hilarity and good cheer, to establish the principle that any serious bodily ailment might be cured radically by a simple prescription of laughter. For such a simple matter as toothache the policy of "laughing it off," has frequently been tried without success; it is believed in by everyone but the man with the toothache. But there is novelty on the side of the Paris scientists—novelty, and originality too. Good cheer aideth medicine. Might it replace and abolish it?—New York Sun.

ONE WOMAN WHO FAILED.

Some Disappointed Hopes and a Strange Happening.

After the death last summer of a young actress at a seashore resort in Maine a report was circulated that she had committed suicide. The report was denied, and then the general public forgot all about her, for she was known only through her appearances in an unimportant part in one of the previous season's successes.

While the general public knew nothing more of her than this, to a small circle she was known as a musician of unusual powers and an artist of no mean ability. She could play the piano well enough to achieve everything but greatness. Her attainments in painting were measured in the same way. In both of these arts she might have reached a place beyond the powers of the average student; but the quality that would have raised her to the real heights and made her labors worth the while was denied to her. It was when she realized finally that an exceptional career in music was denied to her that she turned to the stage. That had always been one of her ambitions. She hoped that her talents as an actress might win for her the career that seemed impossible in music. That she had real aptitude for the stage her work in one small character showed. But that she possessed the genius which would have satisfied her longings was never demonstrated. She needed genius, for, with her talents, she did not have beauty. So it seemed probable that she would meet on the stage the same failure to attain the highest success which had followed her efforts in music as well as in painting. The first indication of this came promptly. At the close of her first season she found herself without an engagement for the next. She had done her little part well, but it was not difficult to do. She was not beautiful, moreover, and looked ten years older than she really was. So she left the city for a few weeks in the country, with the knowledge that she would have to return and face the difficulties of beginning her career again.

One hope remained to her, and she cherished that in the face of the difficulties which had made her life a disappointment. She was in love. It was known to a few of her friends that she was devoted to a young man with whom she was frequently seen. That they were engaged to be married had never even been reported. There was nothing in their demeanor when together to indicate that they were more than friends. Certainly his manner toward her indicated nothing more than friendly regard. But some of her intimates knew that her feelings for him were of a deeply affectionate nature. She had even told one or two of them that nothing would be left for her in life if he should marry.

He came to the seashore town, where, with two friends, she had gone for a few weeks of the summer. After he had been there for a while her manner became melancholy. The two friends with her ob-



Surprise is the name of that kind of Soap.

5 Cents a Cake.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Every Housekeeper

wants pure hard soap that lasts well—lathers freely—is high in quality and low in price.

Surprise is the name of that kind of Soap.

served that she seemed sadder than she had ever been over the loss of her theatrical engagement and spoke with greater despondency than ever of her prospects. Once she spoke of suicide, but not in a way that led her friends to suspect that she had any real idea of such a step.

At last, though, a suspicion of her intentions did occur to them one day. She had been absent since the early morning. The man referred to had gone out to sail and she had started for a walk in the woods. When night came and she was still absent their suspicions were strong. At ten o'clock they confided their fears to others, and six searching parties set out to scour the country. They returned without having found her. Shortly after they came home word reached them that her body had been found, and it was brought to the hotel by the man to whom she had been so devoted in life.

The curious chance which led him to where she lay dead in the forest would have seemed strained and far-fetched in fiction. He had been sailing most of the day and at night endeavored to get back into the bay. But time and tide were against him and the boat drifted several miles from the entrance to the bay. He realized that he would have either to stay on the water all night or make his way into another bay some short distance down the coast. He was able to get into that bay and succeeded in sailing up the little arm of the ocean to its end. Upon landing he found himself several miles away from his hotel. It was dark and he soon lost his way in the woods. As he was about to turn back to the water he spied a figure on the ground. When he approached he recognized his friend. A shawl was wrapped about her head and over her mouth and nose was a handkerchief that smelled still of chloroform. She was dead. The only way he could carry the body back to the hotel was by the boat. So lifting it in his arms he started for the beach.

The tide had come in and the walk over the sand to the boat carried him through water that was nearly up to his shoulders. But there was another aspect to the change that favored his journey. The tide had changed and he made the voyage home readily, entering the bay without difficulty. It was nearly daybreak when he reached the pier, just after the searching party from the woods had returned. None of them had gone as far as she had wandered, and so it was left by a curious chance of fate to the man she loved to find her in death.

AS TO STRIKING MATCHES.

Streaks That Show Where Lights Were Produced to be Found Everywhere.

"I may be wrong," said the little woman in the cross seat of the car, "but I fully believe that a man would strike a match on the tombstone of his mother," and her eyes snapped and her cheeks flushed at the idea of such a sacrilege.

Go where one will, into the most out-of-the-way place or corner to ignite a match, telltale streaks will be found as positive proof that a match striker has been there before. Raise the drapery about a mantel and peer underneath and there again will

come in view the cabalistic brown tracks, the 'blazed' way, as it were, of the match-striking guild.

On every side of lampposts, fire plugs and bulk window frames are to be found the trail of the successor of the tinder box and steel. Letter boxes, street corners, every pillar in the elevated structures, door jambs, bottoms of chairs and edges of bureaus, washstands and dressing cases possess the hiero—or pyro—glyphics.

Even church edifices are not sacred when the hurry call is issued for a light. Even altar rails have been visited by the same touch. In fact, there is no place too sacred or too much out of the way not to have, at one time or the other, received the necessary friction required to secure a light. When Cleopatra's Needle was placed in Central Park the apex bore traces, among the almost obliterated hieroglyphics, of the passing of the match. It is said that the same modern signs can be found upon the topknot of the Sphinx and upon the top of the Pyramids.

Armed with a match and a slight blaze being a necessity, the holder will make for the nearest spot to obtain the necessary friction. Upon the variety stage, even, the production of flame from the sulphur-tipped silver of wood is utilized by queery 'made up' mummies to win the laugh of the man who has paid to see. A made-up bald head is an attractive spot, and furnishes the desired place for coaxing the flame and bringing a laugh from the theatre patrons. It always succeeds, and would have been a star performance coeval with Joe Miller's joke book had matches been in existence at that time.

Pleasant for the Patient.

Here is the story of an interview between two old college chums who met by chance in a street tramcar. Their experience suggests anew the importance of discretion while talking in public places. The bigger one was accompanied by a pale delicate man who bore a scared expression, while the other ex-collegian, one of those fellows with a stentorian voice, was alone. The two friends shook hands effusively, and then began an exchange of reminiscences, in which such fragments as 'Don't you remember G— of King's?' and 'What's become of Jack So-and-so?' were distinguishable. Then the one with the voice became more personal in his remarks. 'Do you remember, old man, how you always intended to be a doctor? Ha! ha! you don't look much as though you took your own medicine, I can tell you. 'Faithful unto death,' no doubt, is your motto. Ha! ha! I'll bet you thoroughly enjoy cutting off legs and arms. I say, haven't you killed off more than you've saved?' The pale, scared man was sinking rapidly into a faint. The big man braced him up, and turning to the one with the fog-horn voice, said—'For heaven's sake be quiet! I'm a surgeon at the Hospital, and this is a patient I'm taking there for an operation.' The owner of the fog-horn voice nearly got killed getting off before the tramcar arrived at the corner.

MARRIED.

MACLEAN—MACLEAN—At St. Andrew's Manse, Chatham, on the 12th inst. by Rev. D. Henderson, D. A. MacLean to A. G. MacLean of Hardwicke.

WANTED.

The Provident Saving Assurance Society of New York wish to engage representatives in the following New Brunswick Towns,

Moncton, Sackville, Campbellton, Chatham, New Castle, Dalhousie, Shediac, Woodstock,

and Saint Andrews.

To the right men, liberal contracts will be given, address

C. T. GILLESPIE,
Manager for New Brunswick,
P. O. BOX 128 - St. John, N. B.

Hair Hints

Is your hair dry, harsh, and brittle? Is it fading or turning gray? Is it falling out? Does dandruff trouble you? For any or all of these conditions there is an infallible remedy in Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"For years, I was troubled with dandruff, large flakes scaling and falling off, causing great annoyance. Sometimes the itching of the scalp was almost unendurable. Prescriptions from eminent physicians, put up in my own drug store were tried, but failed to afford relief. At length I used Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in one week I found it helped me. At the end of only two weeks, my head was entirely free from dandruff, and as clean as a child's. I heartily recommend Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor to all who are suffering from diseases of the scalp."—EDWIN NORDSTROM, Drugs, etc., Sacred Heart, Minn.

Use Ayer's Hair Vigor