



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. Christie entertained a number of her lady friends at afternoon tea on Wednesday. Miss Wiggins left on Tuesday for a trip to Cape Breton. Miss Amy Hobart is the guest of her grandfather Hon. M. H. Goudge. Mrs. T. Howland White of Shelburne returned home on Friday.

ST. GEORGE.

JULY 27—Among the visitors in town are Mrs. Wetmore, Truro; Miss Maud Sprague, St. John; Mr. and Mrs. A. Luffan, St. Stephen; Miss Bessie Clinch with her two nephews, St. John.

Mrs. Parks and the Misses Parks entertained a party of friends on Wednesday evening including Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. McKay, Mrs. Sutton Clark, Mrs. Wallace, Miss Smith, Miss Chadburn, Miss Carlyle, Rev. R. E. Smith and Mr. Hazen McGee.

Members of the Baptist choir enjoyed the hospitality of Rev. and Mrs. Lavers at the parsonage on Thursday evening at the close of the weekly practice, ice and cake were served. Miss Mabel Seelye returned from Colorado on Friday.

Mrs. Henry Gilmour and family of St. Martins are the guests of Mrs. Daniel Gilmour at the beach. Mrs. Harry Chaffey and children and Miss Annie Macgowan are visiting friends on Indian Island.

Mrs. Lord of Lowell, Mass., is visiting her daughter Mrs. Chapman McAdam, and Mrs. Cook of Red Beach is visiting Mrs. George McAdam.

Mr. T. B. Lavers, St. John, spent Sunday in town a guest at the parsonage.

Miss Bessie O'Brien left on Wednesday to visit Miss Kate Phillips, Woodstock.

Mr. Daniel Gilmour left on Monday via St. Stephen for Montreal.

Miss Dick leaves this week to visit Miss Nan Russell, Dartmouth.

The Ellis party, St. John, are at the club house, Lake Utopia.

Mr. Rennie Lawrence and Mr. Bert Gilmour are camping out at Lake Utopia.

Max.

SAKVILLE.

JULY 27—A very fashionable wedding took place in the Methodist church at Upper Sackville, on Thursday, July 14th. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. The contracting parties were Charles B. Hannah of Sackville, and Miss Agnes L. Hicks of Upper Sackville. The Rev. Samuel Howard of the above place officiated and the choir sang a beautiful anthem as the bride and groom walked up the aisle. The bride looked charming in a beautiful travelling dress of steel gray and carried a handsome bouquet of white roses and carnations. Miss Albert E. Hicks, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. She also carried a handsome bouquet of pink roses. There were two little maids of honor who carried a basket of flowers each. Mr. Andrew Wylie of Springhill acted as groomsmen. After the ceremony the happy couple with about seventy-five of their friends partook of a lunch at the home of the bride's parents, after which they took the C. P. R. for Halifax and intend visiting Yarmouth, Me. and Mrs. Hannah were the recipients of many beautiful and costly presents. They will return in about two weeks and will reside in Springhill. Their many friends will wish them every prosperity and happiness.

The Till was Untouched.

A poor woman who kept a small shop in North Lancashire, was troubled with a husband who could scarcely be considered a credit to the family. One day she found herself a widow, he having died suddenly. A lady, who frequently made small purchases at the shop, called to offer her sympathy, though well knowing that the man's death must, in a certain sense, have come as a relief, as the wife had often suffered from his violence. She was not however quite prepared for the stoical way in which the widow took her bereavement. 'I am sure, Mrs. G.,' said the lady, 'you must miss your husband.' 'Well, mum, it do seem queer to go into the shop and find something in the till!' The visitor had no suitable reply to make.

Closing Out.

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

Here are the Prices as long as the Goods Last!

- Solid Gold Frames, Warranted, - \$2.15
- Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 10 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.,
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Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit—They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely and Permanently Cures When All Others Fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alternatives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa.

Nor are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist.

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Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c

A DOUBTFUL AGENCY.

How Burglars Sometimes Keep up a Show of Respectability.

Though the majority of registry offices are undoubtedly conducted respectably, some are not; and there is one species of such establishment that is nothing less than a fraud.

This class of office is kept up by retaining on the books the names of a dozen or more so called domestic servants, who, equipped with characters by the owners of the concern herself, take "places" stop as long as their unfortunate mistresses will put up with them, and then continue the process elsewhere, probably carrying off from each situation some little memento of their visit. As will be readily seen, the oftener they change the better for the registry-office keeper, as each flitting means a fresh foe.

Bad as this is, there is worse to be told. Quite by accident the writer, not long since, came into contact with an individual who, a wrong-doer with a long record against him, had turned over a new leaf, possibly for the reason that, having been severely injured in attempting to escape from justice, he was no longer such a slippery customer as of yore. A man with a keen eye to the main chance, he was extremely willing to barter accounts of his experiences in exchanged for cash, and stipulating that nothing should be mentioned that could in any way connect him with the confession, he gleefully entered upon a description of a "registry office," happily unique, with which he was once connected. His statement was in effect as follows.

'There were about seven or eight of us, working more or less together, and sharing what we got. The idea of our little 'registry office' first occurred to us when a man, whom I'll call A., joined us. He was a clever fellow, but ill-health handicapped him, and so, to aid him in his housebreaking efforts, he employed his wife.

'It was done in this way. She went as servant to some likely family. As soon as she had found out the ways of the house, and where the most valuable things were kept, she just left a door or window open one night, and her husband came in helped himself. When she could she also fixed wires across the staircases and the lawns so that possible pursuers should come to grief and in a dozen other ways generally. Sometimes she disappeared at the same time as the plate and other valuables. Sometimes she stayed on after the burglary in which, of course, she was careful to lose something.

'Well A. was so successful that we all envied him, and only wished we had wives who could act similarly for us. You see the woman took nearly all the risk, even going so far as to make 'jemmy' marks in the woodwork of the door or window left open. Not that, mind you A's wife liked being so employed. I'm sure she only did it because he made her and she had to live somehow.

'Anyway the thing looked so tempting that we often talked it over, and, knowing a good number of female thieves and pickpockets, we even consulted them as to how more extensive operations in the same line could be managed. But we got no further forward till one of our gang became acquainted with an ex-clerk who had just come out of prison, where he had been sent for embezzlement, and who was now a bookmaker's tout.

'One evening, when we were all together, this man came in and started that he'd got something to propose. He said:—'You find half-a-dozen women and girls who've been in domestic service, and are willing to do the job if paid well, and we can all work on the same lines as A. does. Stick to me, and I'll engineer it. I'll start a

'registry office,' and supply 'servants' to all who want em.' The prospect seemed promising so we at once started looking out for our 'domestics'

'We providing the money, the bookmaker's clerk took a little office over a small boot shop, had 'Registry Office for Servants: No Charge to Domestics'—the usual announcement at such places—painted up, and the scheme was launched. Promising them adequate reward, two female pickpockets and a shoplifter were soon 'on our books,' and we now waited for unsuspecting clients. A lady soon came, but her address at once proved that her house held out little hope of affording rich plunder. She was, however, speedily followed by the wife of a retired builder, whose own servant had left her in the middle of spring-cleaning. She was ready to take a girl of almost any sort, and we 'obliged' her with one of the pickpockets.

'The girl was there six days. About two o'clock in the morning of the sixth day little S., one of the cleverest of our gang, arrived on the scene with a sack, soft shoes and a box of silent matches. Strange to say, he found the scullery window wide open, and in half an hour at the outside, thanks to what he had previously learned of the place, his potato sack was crammed full, and S. left as calmly as he had arrived, and by five o'clock we'd got the proceeds scattered in half-a-dozen places.

'A thing that aided us greatly was that, seeing the notice 'Registry Office,' many real domestics applied to us. That made the affair look genuine, and prevented the awkward conclusion being soon arrived at that most houses for which we provided servants were very soon broken into.

'Then one of our men made a find. He saw an account in the paper of a servant who had left her place, taking a number of articles with her. He made inquiries, and when she came out of prison he offered her an engagement with us. She took it, and she was indeed smart.

'Directly she got into a house she began to note where the light valuables were and then she would draw a little plan of the room. Here is one of them showing what was to be taken and where it stood, the doors, and tables and windows. This enabled the man who had the job in hand to work with greater ease, rapidity and certainty. But she wasn't long with us, for, aiming at bigger profits, she went abroad as a make-believe grand lady, though, as you can see from her handwriting she didn't know how to spell.

'Our 'registry office' was running some months, and then things got too uncomfortable. Two of us got taken, and there were so many complaints to the police that we had to give up the scheme. Maybe there's other offices of the same sort running at the present time; and it only shows how careful people ought to be in taking strange servants into their houses, doesn't it?'

Hypnotism in Daily Life

'It is a fact,' said a well-known writer on mesmerism, 'that children, and occasionally adults, sometimes pass into the hypnotic sleep during natural slumber although generally speaking, only hypnotists could tell the difference. The hypnotic sleep for such people is quite harmless and natural, although, in that state they are as amenable to suggestion as if they had been hypnotised. Possible you will know or have heard of people who will, while sleeping, hold a sustained conversation with their friends. Such persons are in the hypnotic slumber. A celebrated London preacher tells of a lady whose little son has been trained to a number of good habits by suggestions given to him while in the (natural) hypnotic sleep. For example, he was incorrigible in his habit of coming into the drawing-room with muddy boots; expostulations were useless. But one night his mother whispered to him in his sleep that he must cease this practice. Next day he dashed

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SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

SKILL OF DOCTORS TESTED.

Fifteen Years of Suffering.

"I thought I should surely die."

When the stomach begins to fail in its duties, other organs speedily become affected in sympathy, and life is simply a burden almost unbearable. Indigestion and dyspepsia are so common that only the sufferer from these diseases knows the possibilities of misery that inhere in them. A typical example of the sufferings of the victim of indigestion is furnished in the case of John C. Fritchard. He went on for fifteen years, from bad to worse. In spite of doctors he grew constantly weaker, and thought he would die. He got well, however, and thus relates his experience:

'For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from indigestion in its worst forms. I tested the skill of many doctors, but grew worse and worse, until I became so weak I could not walk fifty yards without having to sit down and rest. My stomach, liver, and heart became affected, and I thought I would surely die. I tried Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills and they helped me right away. I continued their use and am now entirely well. I don't know of anything that will so quickly relieve and cure the terrible sufferings of dyspepsia as Dr. Ayer's Pills.'—John C. Fritchard, Brodie, Warren Co., N. C.

This case is not extraordinary, either in

the severity of the disease or the prompt and perfect cure performed by Dr. Ayer's Pills. Similar results occur in every case where Dr. Ayer's Pills are used. "They helped me right away" is the common expression of those who have used them. Here is another testimony to the truth of this statement:

'I formerly suffered from indigestion and weakness of the stomach, but since I began the use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills, I have the appetite of the farmer's boy. I am 46 years of age, and recommend all who wish to be free from dyspepsia to take one of Dr. Ayer's Pills after dinner, till their digestive organs are in good order.'—Wm. STEINKE, Grant, Neb.

Dr. Ayer's Pills offer the surest and swiftest relief from constipation and all its attendant ills. They cure dizziness, nausea, heartburn, palpitation, bad breath, coated tongue, nervousness, sleeplessness, biliousness, and a score of other affections that are, after all, only the signs of a more deep rooted disease. You can find more information about Dr. Ayer's Pills, and the diseases they have cured, in Ayer's Cure-book, a story of cures told by the cured. This book of 100 pages is sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

in from the street and rushed as usual to the drawing-room. But at the door he stopped with a blank look, and retreated to wipe his boots. The suggestion had operated.'

AUTOMOBILES IN PARIS.

Women Like Them but They Object to Being Known as Chauffeuses.

The automobile has hit the fancy of the Parisians who are always eager for novelty. Coronetted carriages and fine horses are reposing in the stables while their titled owners go bowling along the Champs Elysees, in automobiles of all shapes and kinds.

The women are even more enthusiastic about the innovation than the men; but they have a grievance, in connection with the new fad, and are bitterly resenting the name with which the public has saddled them. In Paris, the woman who manages an automobile is called a 'chauffeuse,' which translated literally, means a 'female stoker.' Now there is nothing disreputable about the term, but the delicate susceptibilities of the leaders of Parisian society are wounded by so harsh a name. "Chauffeuse indeed," says Mme. La Comtesse. 'One might as well be blanchisseuse and have done with it.'

Possibly one may not see the logic in this feminine deduction: but the women do; and that degrading chauffeuse is the only drawback to a fad which is daily growing more popular. The Duchesse d'Uzes, who is one of the most enthusiastic devotees of the automobile, has even appealed to the press to use its influence against the word chauffeuse and substitute the English "motor woman." The Duchess is prepared to suffer for her faith. She has arrested several times and heavily fined for running an automobile faster than the law allows. That she will endure; but chauffeuse she cannot stand. She prophesies that, within a few months, every woman of distinction in Paris will have yielded to the prevailing craze, and it will be impossible that they should all be classed as female stokers.

There is a contingent in Paris that does not share the enthusiasm over the new machine. The fair chauffesses, and even the chauffeurs, had an inconvenient way of running amuck through a crowd that grates upon the nerves of sober and conservative citizens. Accidents have been many, and there are a good many persons who share the sentiments of M. Hugues le Roux who, with his wife and children, was almost run over the other day in the Bois. He has notified the Perfect of Police that he intends to carry a loaded revolver in his pocket and will shoot any motorman or woman who goes to fast with as little compunction as he would feel in shooting a mad dog.

Armed for Emergencies.

When Dr. Nansen was a young student he attended a ball and danced with many partners. Returning long after midnight through the streets to his lodgings, he heard loud outcries from a woman, who was struggling with two ruffians. In another moment the woman broke away from them and ran towards the spot where Nansen was standing. The two men were close behind her in hot pursuit. Nansen was an athletic full of courage and vigor, and put himself on guard as the men approached. He allowed the woman to pass, but called upon the infuriated pursuers to halt, standing directly in their way, and hitting out first at one and then the other. The ruffians, angered by this unexpected attack, turned resentfully upon the rescuer, and would have overpowered him, (and possibly have murdered him, if he had not shown presence of mind. Drawing himself up to his full height and throwing back his coat collar so as to expose the brightly-coloured cotillion favours which he had worn during the ball, Nansen sternly asked them if they knew who he was. The two assailants, awed by his manner and supposing him to be a royal officer, were at once cowed. They apolo-

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gised roughly for not recognising him, and sneaked off in the opposite direction to that which the woman had taken.

WAYS IN LEATER WRITING.

Mr. Glimmerton Considers People who Never Answers Questions.

'It makes me—um—m—not exactly angry, but kind o' mad, too,' said Mr. Glimmerton, 'when folks that I write to don't answer the questions in my letters. There are some people that never pay any attention to questions whatever—just forget 'em as soon as they've read 'em, and when they write, about what they're thinking about and let the questions go. And they don't mean to be thoughtless or irritating, either.

'Now, when I get a letter and the time comes to answer it, the first thing I do after putting down the date and the salutation and the 'Yours of such a date came duly to hand,' is to begin at the top of the letter that I am answering and read it through again for questions. I don't trust my memory for that, but I read the letter, and when I come to a question I answer it. Having answered that, I go back to the letter and read on till I come to another question and answer that. When I have thus answered every question in the letter, then I go on with what I have to say.

'How many people do this? I venture to say not many. Now there's my oldest daughter; charming and dutiful, and with a sense of humor; the light, one might say the torchlight of the household; but when she's away we simply cannot get her to answer letters categorically. We ask a dozen questions; she ignores them all. We repeat them; and try some new ones, but it's no use. No answers.

'She doesn't mean to ignore them; she would rather answer them than not, but she forgets them and she never thinks of going through the letter again, sentence by sentence, when she comes to write.

'Well, people are differently constituted. Some are methodical and exact and some are not, and some people are methodical about some things and are careless about others. I dare say, indeed, I am sure, that I have ways that are distressing to other people; I have no doubt, for instance, that I do things that are disturbing to my oldest daughter, and so I imagine that when we are inclined to dwell upon the faults or shortcomings of others we might perhaps do better to give thought to our own.'

How He Lost His Brain.

Cholly (relating his experience)—And the wuffian put a pistol to me head and said he'd blow me brains out if I didn't give him me watch, doncherknow? Fairy Footlights—Oh, Cholly, why didn't you give him the watch?