

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Gracious Majesty. The usual large crowd was at the race course in the afternoon to witness the horse races. About noon a special train arrived with a large number of people from Amherst, Springhill and intermediate places. The Literary club spent the day picnicking at Lakeland's. Some people went to Fort Greville to see a vessel launched and others went fishing. Tables laid in St. George's hall and in the open air also were presided over by members of St. George's congregation who dispensed refreshments to the hungry and thirsty who flocked thick. The small boy "celebrated" until he had squandered his last cent in fire crackers, torpedoes and squeaking balloons of horrible sound.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster of Springhill were guests yesterday of Dr. and Mrs. Townshend.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Fairbanks of Springhill and Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith of Amherst were among the excursionists on the 24th.

Miss Mattie Woodworth has returned from Moncton where she has been spending several months.

Mrs. Foster and Miss Roach of Kingston are guests of Mrs. Howe.

Misses Agnes and Ellen Alkman have recently arrived home from Montreal and Boston respectively.

Mr. Gillmore returned to St. John today. Mrs. Gillmore and the children will remain for awhile.

Mr. Bissett of North Sydney spent Sunday in town.

The Misses McAleere are at home from Boston on a visit to their parents.

Mrs. Bors of Athol with her daughter is paying a visit to her sisters the Misses Cameron.

Strange Case of Obligation.

"I call this Engleish one very strange language, remarked a young Frenchman dolefully to his friend roommate, an American. 'It is impossible that I shall ever learn to speak him with the correctness and no refuse.'

"What's your trouble today?" asked his friend.

"But only last afternoon," said the Frenchman, "when I presented you with the mail post which had come for you, you said to me, 'I am much obliged,' and when I ask what is 'obliged,' you say it is 'gratuhl,' 'thankful.'"

The friend nodded.

"But when the woman washer came with my clothes this evening," pursued the Frenchman, "she look so fatigued that I ask if she is not working too severely; and she say to me, 'My husband is very lizz, and I am obliged, sir.'"

"I say it over and over to myself," said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory smile. "Positively I have the exact word; but with us in France it would not be proper to say one was grateful for a too lazy husband, and I cannot comprehend what she spoke, my friend."

Why the Blushed.

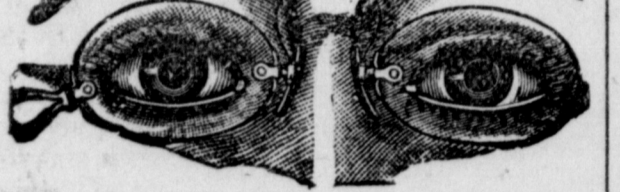
Visitors at the World's Fair of 1893 will recall the Indian exhibit or encampment on the shore of the South Pond. One of the tents or wigwags was occupied by an athletic and fine-looking, but somewhat taciturn, specimen of young Indian manhood as his own particular home, and while it was open at all proper hours for the inspection of visitors, he resented any approach to imperinent curiosity. A bevy of young woman dropped into his tent one day, before his usual hour for opening it, and found him sewing a rent in a blanket.

"See how he blushes!" exclaimed one of the visitors. "We have caught him doing squaw's work."

"Why, that's his natural color!" giggled another. "He always blushes."

"Yes, young ladies," said the Indian, in perfectly good English, "he blushes for some of the civil and enlightened white Americans of the nineteenth century."

The visitors joined him in blushing, and shortly afterward went out without further remarks.



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### A "HOMELY" GENERAL.

Some Characteristics of General Grant By General Porter.

The simple, homely nature of General Grant is well revealed in General Horace Porter's book, 'Campaigning with Grant.' Perhaps the most striking picture is that which is presented of Grant at the Battle of the Wilderness, 'sitting on the ground in the centre of his staff, with his legs tucked under him like a tailor, wearing lisle-thread gloves instead of military gauntlets, and whittling sticks one after the other in endless succession;' but the picture which will most closely touch the people is that of the victorious general after Vicksburg, when his great fame was freshly made, wrestling with his boys in his tent.

Mrs. Grant and the two elder boys Frederick and Ulysses, had come to visit him. The general and Mrs. Grant, General Porter says, were ardently devoted to each other, and used to spend the evenings in a dim corner of the general's quarters, holding each other's hands; and if accidentally interrupted by a staff officer, they would look as bashful as two young lovers. Mrs. Grant usually referred to her husband as 'Mr. Grant,' but in addressing him she called him 'Ulysses.'

The general was a real companion to his children. On one occasion during this visit, when despatches were brought him, he was found in his shirt-sleeves, engaged in a rough-and-tumble wrestling match with the boys. When the staff officer appeared the boys had just tripped up the general, so that he received the despatches on his knees.

General Porter's first meeting with Grant was in a little wooden building in Chattanooga, in which he had established his headquarters. 'A storm had been raging for two days, and a chilling rain was still falling. On my arrival I found that General Grant was in a room on the left side of the hall, with three members of his staff and several strange officers.

In an arm chair facing the fireplace was seated a general officer, slight in figure and of medium stature, whose face bore an expression of weariness. He was carelessly dressed, and his uniform coat was unbuttoned and thrown back from his chest. He held a lighted cigar in his mouth, and sat in a stooping posture, with his head bent slightly forward. His clothes were wet, and his trousers and top-boots were spattered with mud.

'General Thomas approached this officer and turning to me and mentioning me by name, said 'I want to present you to General Grant.' Thereupon the officer seated in the chair, without changing his position, glanced up, extended his arm to its full length, shook hands and said in a low voice and speaking slowly, 'How do you do?'

General Porter further describes Grant as a person of slim and slightly stooping figure, five feet eight inches in height, weighing only one hundred and thirty-five pounds, with a gentle, unassuming manner. His face was like a mask in that it gave no indication of his thoughts; and it was only from the expression of his small but eloquent eyes that those who spoke with him got any indication of his feeling. His mouth resembles Washington's, the contour of the lips forming a nearly horizontal line—in striking contrast to the bow-curved mouth of Napoleon.

An indication of strength and firmness, was found in his square-shaped jaws, which were covered by a full beard of a chestnut-brown color. His face lacked symmetry, the left eye being a little lower than the right. He had a high, broad brow crossed by several wrinkles, which gave him a somewhat care-worn look. Like Cromwell and Lincoln, he had a wart on his cheek.

It was noted that his voice was exceedingly musical, of remarkable clearness, and with a singular power of penetration, so that sentences spoken by him in an ordinary tone could be heard at a surprising

distance. His musical voice, however, did not denote a musical ear, and he had absolutely no sense of rhythm. He could never keep step to the music of the bands in marching.

A perfect horseman, his gait in walking was most unmilitary, and this was emphasized by frequent departure from military correctness in costume.

### WORK OF NEGRO NUNS.

The Only Order of its Kind is Located in New Orleans.

In the old French quarter of New Orleans with its narrow streets, latticed windows and jealously guarded courts, where the fig and orange tree grow, is a square of rather miscellaneous architecture. Its central building, 717 Orleans street, is several hundred years old. It has a stately entrance, with great pillars and old-fashioned, ornately carved doors. It was once the old Creole opera house and ball room of the early days. Now it is the home of the colored nuns.

The powdered and ringleted damsels with hoop-distended skirts who stepped daintly across that threshold to scenes of gayety in bygone years have given place to dark-robed figures whose white ruffled caps only bring into stronger relief the bronze and ebony of their skins. The very names of the streets here are rich in history and romance. There are Orleans and Bourbon, Chartres and—him of the iron hand and gentle heart—Tonty. Shades of the past are jostling one another, though in a gentle, shade-like way, at every street corner, and at nothing do they seem to be more astonished than at the sight of the colored nuns.

Yet, the order is not such a very modern one after all, for it was founded in New Orleans over half a century ago. Its members are now well-known figures on the streets of the Crescent City. The special object of its institution was the education and moral training of young colored girls and the care of orphans and aged infirm people of the race. It has had the cordial support of such eminent churchmen as Arch-bishops Blane, Odin, Perche, Leroy and Janssens, who successively filled the archiepiscopal see of New Orleans. It was also a novitiate where young colored girls were trained for the work of the order with the view of extending that work to every parish in Louisiana, and, if possible into every Southern State.

One of the most interesting parts of the convent is the orphan asylum, where children ranging in age from the wee tots just beginning to walk to girls of 12 and 14 years are cared for. One of the sisters in charge of the babies was an ex slave. She is a real "mammy" still.

'But, reverent mother, you seem to have some white children here,' said the Northern visitor, commenting on the fair white skin of some of the children.

'Oh, no,' said the nun, smiling a bit wistfully at the ignorance of her visitor; 'they all have colored blood in their veins. Maybe they are only quadroons, octoroons; some of them, indeed, have only one-tenth colored blood, but that one-tenth black counts more than the nine-tenths white, and makes them belong forever to the colored people.'

One is reminded of some of Cable's stories, the pathos and the tragedy thereof.

In the orphan asylum 135 children are sheltered who would otherwise be thrown upon the State. These, as well as the sixty poor old colored men and women, and many of the women in the school, are dependent upon the sisters for their daily bread. Formerly the sisters obtained a fair revenue by going through the streets of New Orleans, from door to door, and into business houses and railroad offices, soliciting alms for their charges. So quietly did they labor that few outside the city were even aware of the existence of the order, the only colored sisterhood in the United States. But the yellow fever which broke out in the South, in August caused that section to be hemmed in by quarantine, and the wheels of commerce stopped. As a pathetic letter just received from one of the sisters says:

'Our friends have always been among the poor laboring classes, who seem to feel most for us, and since this class has suffered particularly through lack of employment for three months, and their distress at present is almost as great as ours, we cannot in conscience apply to them for aid. Even if we did, it would not be forthcoming, as they have not the means.'

### Dubious Wish.

Mr. Badger always meant well, but he had an unfortunate talent for saying the right thing in the wrong way.

'Everybody must grow old,' remarked Mrs. Badger with a sigh, as her husband finished some remarks apropos of the sudden aging of one of her friends.

'Not everybody,' said Mr. Badger, who was nothing if not exact in his statements; 'you mean everybody who lives long enough; then with a fond smile he added, 'I can't bear to think that my dear wife may possibly grow old.'

Then Mrs. Badger, who was of a hysterical turn, burst into tears, and her husband was filled with amazement.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

Not So Remarkable.—Da Sapple—I believe my dog knows as much as I do. She—I've seen smarter dogs than that.—Puck.

Little Clarence—Pa, what is the difference between firmness and obstinacy? Mr. Callipers—Merely a matter of sex, my son.—Puck.

'George, father has failed.' 'That's just like him! I told you all along, darling, that he was going to do all he could to keep us from marrying.'—Tit-Bits.

He (theatrically)—You have refused me! To-morrow I will go to seek my fortune in the Klondike. Sue—May I have the refusal of you when you return? Puck.

'Are you the boss of the house?' inquired the man at the door. 'No; I'm only the boss' of the understudy,' was the much married man's answer.—Yonkers Statesman.

'They say poor Clara consulted the stars before marrying him.' 'And what was the result?' 'They all gave him a good character, except one vaudeville star.'—Life.

'Doctor, who was that man that screeched and yowled so loud when you were pulling his tooth?' 'That was a Christian Science friend of mine.'—Chicago Tribune.

Laura—When Bob proposed last night, did you know what was coming? Lucretia—No; I didn't know papa was within hearing; neither did Bob. Poor Bob!—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Booser (to Mr. B.)—Why, you disgraceful creature, you're never sober! Mr. Booser—No? Mus' have been 'toxicated when I married you, an' not 'possible for actions!—Fun.

Mistress (severely)—If such a thing occurs again, Norah, I shall have to get another servant. Norah—I wish yez wud—there's easily enough worruk for two av us.—Boston Traveler.

She—Here is such a pretty story in the paper about how Edison came to marry. He—I wish some of these bright journalists would explain how I came to marry.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Millyuns (briskly)—Want my daughter, eh? Well, how much are you worth? Money talks, you know. Bob Hardup (cheerfully)—Yes, I know; but I'd be willing to let her do most of the talking.—Punch.

Villainous-looking Character—Wot's ther time, guv'nor? Mr. Bluff (bitting him over the head)—It's just struck one! Villainous-looking Character (groaningly)—I 'lope your watch ain't a repeater!—Tit-Bits.

A Misinterpretation.—Hair-cutter (to parent)—Shall I give your boy a bang on his forehead, sir? Patient (busily)—Yes; and if that doesn't quite him, give him one in the neck. He's been warned not to fidget in the barber's chair.—Judge.

Fuddy—Do you really think that Baskers cares much for his wife? Dudley—Cares for her? He dotes on her. Scores of times I've known him to make faces for his wife when she had to take nasty-tasting medicine.—Boston Transcript.

'I observe in the public prints,' said the scientific boarder, 'that a whale's tongue sometimes yields a ton of oil.' 'It a whale is as oily-tongued as that,' said the cheerful idiot, 'no wonder Jonah was taken in.'—Indianapolis Journal.

'Oh don't worry about such trifles,' said the New York girl. 'Just keep a stiff upper lip and you'll come out all right.' 'But' replied her Boston cousin, 'it is a physical impossibility for me to maintain a superior labial rigidity.'—Chicago News.

Still Has Faith.—Mrs Higgins is still wildly in love with her husband. 'Does she put the buttons on his shirts for him yet?' 'No, but he told her he eat up all night playing cards without any stakes—and she believes him.'—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Miss Wearwell—Who is that handsome gentleman across the room? He has been looking steadily at me almost all the evening. Miss De Cosh—That is Mr. Fear-some. They say he is so near-sighted that he can't see three inches beyond his nose.—Cleveland Leader.

'You shall be queen of my home,' said young Mr. Northside, enthusiastically, when Miss Perryville had given her promise to marry him. 'I'd rather be the chancellor of the exchequer, George, dear,' replied the practical maiden.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

'Now,' said the anxious mother, 'you do not want to marry that reporter. Think of having a husband who never gets home until 2 or 3 in the morning?' 'But,' said the shrinking maiden, 'aren't all husbands that way? Papa is not a reporter and—and yet—' 'But the anxious mother declined to listen.—Boston Traveler.

### Lucky in Both.

She—You're lucky at cards? He—Very. 'Lucky at cards, unlucky at love!' 'I don't believe it. I've been refused three times.'—Yonkers Statesman.

### The Lamb and the Fool.

The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, you know.

'Yes; that's where the shorn lamb has the advantage over the fool who takes off his heavy flannels too early in the spring.'

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### HIS JOKE AND HER FINGERS.

An Idol Shattered by a Mixture of Iodine Gully Conscience and Arnica.

She is a new woman, or rather girl, for she is only 19. Her friends say that she has a dozen remarkable qualities. She is not only intellectually brave, but she has physical courage, too.

The other day a door shut on the first two fingers of her left hand. Another girl might have screamed loud enough to bring out the fire department, and then fainted away. She did nothing of the kind. She simply cried 'Oh, gracious!' or something of that sort, and then went over to the window to see what damage had been done. She was a good deal annoyed at the accident, for that afternoon a party of her girl friends were billed to appear at the house. She hated to be even slightly incapacitated while they were there. They came and notwithstanding her injury, a very jolly time was had all around. They had the whole house to themselves and did about as they liked.

On that very evening her best young man called. The visit was rather unexpected. Still she was always glad to see him under any circumstances, although her friends said, and she agreed with them to some extent, that he was just a little to dignified. The fact was, he had thought of the ministry at one time, but had not been able to bring himself to a decision. At the present time he was so occupied with her that no ideas, not connected with her personality, made much progress.

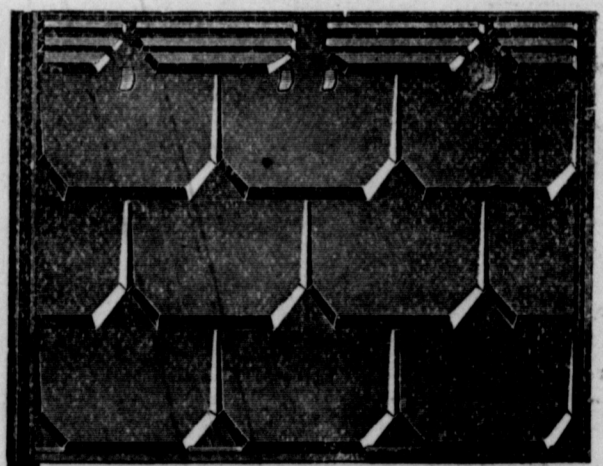
When he came in on this particular evening, her aunt—she was living with her aunt—told him of the accident while he was waiting for his idol to appear. When she did come he thought that as an experiment he would not mention it, but would see how long she could refrain from speaking of it. He even determined to go further than this, and have a little joke on the subject. Consequently, after he had been speaking to her a little while, he said, suddenly: 'Why Grace Ethel, you've been smoking cigarettes!'

The girl was taken completely by surprise. She faltered, and then said: 'Why, how—how did you know?'

It was now the young man's turn to be stunned. It was as if he had received a heavy blow. He was in no fit condition for conversation but in answer to her questions he assumed a faint smile, and mechanically went through the lines of thought upon which he had based his joke.

'Why look at your fingers,' he said. And now she has taken a vow never to use arnica and iodine again in her life.

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