

## PASSING IT ALONG.

How War Brings out What is bad and Good in Mankind.

War brings out the best and worst of human impulses. The man who is naturally kind and unselfish finds so much opportunity to exercise his good qualities that they stand out emphasized in him, and the man himself seems to his friends transfigured, while the selfish and base man, seeking his own safety and comfort above all other things, is marked in the sight of all men as a coward. A correspondent of the Youth's Companion writes.

On the steamer Seneca, returning from Siboney to Fortress Monroe with passengers and sick and wounded, there was a young volunteer soldier whose name I could give if I had a right to do so. He had been very ill and was pale, weak and emaciated. He was not yet twenty years old, and when the war broke out he was a sophomore in a great university. Leaving his beloved studies and his life of comfort and scholarly elegance, he enlisted as a private soldier.

Doubtless he was physically unfit for the hardships and privations which the American soldier, and especially the American volunteer, has had to endure in this war. A long and arduous term of service in camp or instruction, then a long and terrible journey to Cuba in a troop-ship, in which the men had little air and little food, brought on a painful malady, which led the surgeons to send the young man home on the Seneca. It was a great grief to him to be sent home, and he talked already of the time when he should be strong enough to go back to the regiment.

What he needed as much as anything was something good to eat, and especially a little fruit. There was neither fruit nor anything else good to eat on the Seneca. Sent home as a soldier, the young man had only soldiers' fare, and a soldier's bunk amidst the forest of rough pine bunks between decks.

Military service reduces a man so low that this youth, accustomed to the comforts of life and to delicate home attentions, sat on the deck and accepted the gift from a passing waiter of a biscuit or any other bit of food left from the captain's dinner, as the tray was carried back to the galley.

He rested sometimes in the scrap of shade along the forward deck-house, and I often talked with him there; but he was missing for hours together, and I found he was doing what he could for the sick and wounded soldiers below. He knew every case among them.

At Fortress Monroe the cases of suspicious fever on board caused our ship to be detained a day, and then sent to New York. There came a change in the fare of the passengers, for the ship took on stores of fresh meat and vegetables. We had with us an army officer, a captain, whose wife had come to Old Point Comfort to meet him, and although she was not permitted to come aboard, she managed to send to her husband a mysterious parcel.

What this parcel contained soon became apparent to some of us, for the captain was a generous man. He began to pro- curage, bananas, and other fruits, and even fresh eggs! We had not seen an egg in Cuba, and scarcely a fresh one in Tampa.

The size of the captain's parcel did not warrant him in distributing his fruit among the whole ship's company. He was an invalid himself, and his wife doubtless thought of him as eating every particle of the fruit; and yet perhaps she knew him better.

The captain took early pity on my own lean and hungry look, and began to slip a banana now and then into my hand. As he plainly meant the fruit for me, I would begin to peel a banana; then the vision of the pale and starved young soldier would rise so before my eyes that I could not get

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the fruit to my lips, hard as I tried. I would furtively get the banana into my jacket pocket, make some excuse, and go off and find the boy.

When I found him, I would slip the banana into his hand. He would thank me, and make the same pretence of eating it that I had made with the captain. I even saw his jaws moving, but I did not see any of the banana disappearing in his mouth.

Then he would make some excuse, and go away with his hand spread suspiciously over the pocket of his brown service blouse and I knew well enough that he had gone to give the banana to some poor fellow who, he thought, needed it worse than he did.

In fact I caught him doing this very thing by watching—and I did not let him know that I had caught him, nor that I ever suspected he was not eating the fruit himself. This was no more than fair, for the captain never required me to eat the fruit in his presence when he gave it to me.

### TESTING HEZEKIAH.

He Was Put to the Test in a Very Unusual and Funny Way.

It is to be hoped that the following story printed in Harper's Bazar, is at least exaggerated. It is funny, at all events, and may be said to teach an important lesson, although not the unfeeling and selfish one which the second character in the story drew from it.

Squire Leathers had a son Hezekiah. Also he had a fine watermelon patch, of which he was very proud; but he annually lost a good many melons through the raids of tramps and other predatory persons. At last he became angry, and declared that he would protect his own interests. So he loaded his shotgun pretty near to the muzzle with bird-shot, and gave it to Hezekiah, and sent him out to stand guard one night.

The boy made some objections to going, and the squire thought he was afraid. He rebuked him roundly, told him that he was unworthy to bear the proud name of Leathers, and pushed him out into the night. Then the squire went grumbling to bed. In half an hour he got up, saying he was going out to test the boy.

'Taint necessary to make a fool of yourself, Jonas,' says his wife; 'I admit it.' 'Admit he's a coward?' says the squire. 'No; admit you're foolish,' says his wife. 'Mebby I am,' says the squire; 'but that boy's a coward. He takes after your family. I'll show you he's afraid to pull the trigger,' and the squire went outdoors and into the melon patch.

Hezekiah was in one corner behind a burdock, waiting for game. The strange figure attracted his attention through the darkness, and he gave it the left barrel.

The doubting parent jumped into the

air, howled murder, and ran for the fence. Hezekiah's instructions had been to make thorough work of it, so he let the prowling object have the other barrel.

This settled the squire, and he crawled to the house and sent for the doctor, listening meanwhile to remarks appropriate to the occasion from his irate wife.

The old man was always a little lame after this, and it used to be a pathetic to hear him tell the story of the occurrence and at the end shake his head as he observed:

'I seen when it was too late that what I ought to 'a done was to 'a sent the hired man out to test that boy. Hezekiah was a rue Leathers, after all.'

### The Sailor's Status.

The experience of the naval reserves and the triumphs of our fleets in the late war has elevated the personnel of the enlisted men of the navy and has induced boys of good families and education to enter the service. The sailor is no longer a tough. He is a high-class machinist, and when he is discharged he has a trade he can follow with honour and profit. A few years ago a large majority of the seamen in our navy were foreigners. Now 80 per cent. of the present enlisted force are native-born Americans, and the officers of the training station at Newport say that the intelligence as well as the breeding and social position of the recruits has improved in a most remarkable manner. The present number of men in the navy is 27,000. This will probably be reduced to more than one-half, as the auxiliary cruisers and the 200 or more ships that were improvised for the service are put out of commission. Before the war began there were only 7000 sailors in the navy, not more than 60 per cent. of the number necessary to man all of the cruisers and battleships with full crews. The minimum will never be so low again. At the least 12,000 will be needed, and Uncle Sam can have the pick of the 27,000 now on the pay roll.—Chicago Record.

### Do Veils Injure Eyesight?

'There is no doubt,' said an oculist, to whom the question was put, 'that ladies do their eyes a great deal of injury by wearing veils. This is particularly the case where the sight is naturally defective; and even when the eyes are thoroughly healthy, the long-continued wearing of a veil will induce a tendency to astigmatism and other disorders. Nor is the danger confined to the eyesight. There is good reason to believe that veils have a bad effect on the complexion, by catching and holding the dust, and keeping the pores of the skin closed. This, however, is a small matter in comparison with the bad effect on the eyesight, the point upon which I am best qualified to speak. No; I am afraid there is no harmless form of veil. They are all more or less injurious, and perhaps the most dangerous is the spotted veil, which has a peculiarly irritating influence on the eyes, and may even cause partial blindness where the sight is naturally weak. The only remedy for the veil, plainly, is for women to wear veils as seldom as possible, if at all. It will be all the better for their complexions, and I am sure the other sex will not object.'

### No Catching the Parson.

It was a preacher who had that fatal fancy for whom an acquaintance laid a trap. He had a way of promising to preach, and on beginning would say something like, 'I have been too busy to prepare a sermon, but if someone will kindly give me a text I'll preach from it.'

One determined to cure him. He therefore asked him to preach. The invitation was accepted. The time came, and the visitor began his usual introduction, 'Brethren, I have been so pushed for time to-day as to have been quite unable to prepare a sermon, but if some of you will give me a text I'll preach from it. Perhaps my brother here, turning to the plotter near him, will suggest a text.'

'Yes, brother,' came the ready response, 'your text is the last part of the ninth

## BLOOD POISONING.

### A Nurse's Experience.

There are thousands of people suffering from blood poisoning who have almost begged themselves in buying medicines from which they have obtained no help. There are thousands of others who first or last have tried Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and found perfect healing. One of these others, Mrs. A. F. Taylor, of Englewood, N. Dak., relates the following experience: "About two years ago, I nursed a lady who was suffering (and finally died) from blood poisoning. I must have contracted the disease from her, for shortly after her death, I had four large sores or ulcers, break out on my person. I doctored for a long time, both by external application and with various blood medicines; but, in spite of all that I could do, the sores would not heal. They were obstinate, very painful, annoying, and only getting worse all the time. At last, I purchased six bottles of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, thinking I would give it a thorough trial. Before the first bottle was taken, I noticed a decided improvement in my general health; my appetite was quickened, and I felt better and stronger than I had for some time. While using the second bottle, I noticed that the sores had begun to look healthier

and to heal. Before the six bottles had been taken, the ulcers were healed, the skin sound and natural, and my health better than it had been for years. I have been well ever since. I had rather have one bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind."

This is but one example of the remedial value of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla in all forms of blood disease. There is no other blood medicine that cures so promptly, so surely and so thoroughly. After nearly half a century of test and trial it is the standard medicine of the world for all diseases of the blood. Sores, ulcers, boils, tetter, rheumatism, scrofula and every other blood disease is curable by Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The success of this remedy has caused many imitations to be put on the market. Imitation remedies work imitation cures. The universal testimony is that "one bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is worth three of any other kind." If you are interested in knowing more about this remedy, get Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cured. It is sent free on request by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

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verse of first chapter, of Ezra and its words are 'nine-and-twenty knives.'

There was a pause, an ominous pause, as the preacher found his text. He read it out:—

'Nine-and-twenty knives. Just exactly nine-and-twenty; not thurthy, not eight and twenty; there was no more and no less than nine-and-twenty knives.'

A pause, a long pause, then slowly again: 'Nine-and-twenty knives, and if there were nine hundred and twenty knives I could say no more.'

### Dog Commits Suicide.

A dog belonging to Marcus Vanderpool of Lisle, N. Y., made a successful attempt at suicide recently. Assistant Chief of Police Ables of Binghamton with several residents were standing on the creek bridge when the dog, a large collie, ran down the bank and into the water. It was first thought he was playing, and as the water is not over four inches deep at this place, no attention was paid to him. He was seen to lie down on his side and thrust his nose under the water, where he held it. Finally his peculiar movements attracted the attention of the spectators, and they descended the bank to find that the animal had drowned himself. The dog lay with his head under the water that did not cover his body. Before the spectators reached the spot he was seen to raise his head and thrust it into the water again.

The reason for his act is not known. He was in his usual cheerful spirits when last seen about the farm, but all the spectators agree it was a deliberate suicide.—New York Sun.

### No Time.

Count Leo Tolstoi some time ago was in search of a publisher. Making the journey to Moscow he entered an office, where he was unknown. The great Russian novelist was clad, as is his wont, in rough garb of a Russian peasant, and the publisher stared when his visitor pulled a roll of manuscript from his pocket, mumbling something about having it published. 'Oh!' cried the publisher impatiently, 'I can't be bothered. We have hundreds of such things in hand, and have really no time to deal with yours.'

Tolstoi rolled up his manuscript and gently observed— 'I am labouring under a delusion, perhaps, but I have been told that the public like to read what I write.' 'What you write?' repeated the publisher sceptically. 'Then pray who are you?' 'My name is Leo Tolstoi.' The publisher was instantly on his feet, and bowing low to his distinguished visitor, declared that he would be most honoured by being entrusted with his precious manuscript.

'No, no!' said the Count, rolling up the MS., 'I must find somebody who's got more time.'

### How Men Write Their Names.

'It's curious about how men sign their names,' said Mr. Nozzleby. 'One may write a letter that seems as clear and distinct as print all the way through, and then wind up by writing his name indistinctly. I suppose these results are brought about by two causes. In the first place we are helped in the body of the letter by the itself and by the context: in a familiar word a single blind letter doesn't halt us at all; and we slide right over short connecting words in the same manner. Then, as to the man's signature. I suppose that he is so familiar with it himself that it does not occur to him that it may not be to others, while the fact that in an unfamiliar signature a single blind letter may wreck the whole name so far as making it out is concerned.'

### Must Protect Their Lips.

Professional bandmen who play wind instruments find it desirable to protect their lips from harm as much as possible as slight injury to them will sometimes make playing a difficult and painful process if not an absolute impossibility. Having regard to this contingency, some performers cultivate, in addition to the moustache, a slight hairsute adornment between the lower lip and the chin, and barbers, when their services are sought for other parts of the face, are warned against moving that turf. It serves to keep the

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razor away from the lips. Practical experience occasionally shows the advantage of such a course. A trumpeter known to the writer was prevented from playing for quite a week through a slight cut in the nether lip that was inflicted by a careless shaver.

### What She Did.

'The woman next door,' said the fat man, 'owing to some mistake or other, had to fall to and do the washing herself last week. And what do you suppose my wife did?'

'Went over and wore herself out helping her!' asked the lean man.

'Not she. She sent out an invitation to a bunch of her cronies, and they had a perfectly lovely game of lawn-tennis, while that poor unfortunate in the next yard was hanging out clothes.'

### NOT SO STRANGE.

Why she thought her Daughter was Unjustly Treated.

The amiable quality, in a parent, of such devotion to a child that the child is believed to be worthy of all possible rewards and prizes, is not peculiar to America. A story illustrating this quality is told of the Paris Conservatory—where, in addition to other accomplishments, French boys and girls are taught to 'speak pieces' admirably.

Somehow, at a certain graduation, the authorities of this famous school had omitted to give the first prize—at the very least—to a girl who was recognized by all her relatives as a future tragedienne of prodigious genius. The consternation of the family at this omission was something terrible.

The devoted mother began by expressing her wrath to her intimate friends; then finding her emotion not assuaged by this sort of complaint, she resolved to go straight to the chairman of the committee of awards at the Conservatory. She found him at home.

'Sir,' she said, 'I wish to have two words with you.'

'Proceed, madam.'

'I am, sir, the mother of Mademoiselle X., of the class in elocution.'

'I remember the name, madam.'

'Yes. Well, sir, Leonie did not receive even honorable mention!'

'She shared this misfortune with a great many others.'

'That's possible, but perhaps the others deserved it. As for Leonie, she was unjustly treated.'

'Unjustly, madam?'

'Yes, sir. As for you, you did not listen to my daughter, for I saw you fall asleep!'

'I beg your pardon, madam; if I fell asleep, it was precisely because I did listen!'

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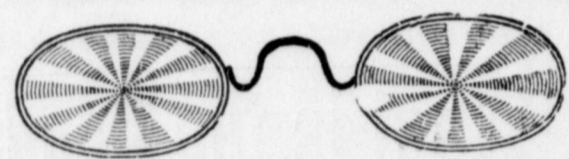
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## POLICE DEPARTMENT.

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TENDERS will be received at the Common Clerk's office up to 12 o'clock noon of MONDAY, the 7th day of November next, from persons willing to make and furnish 17 Overcoats for the Police Department. Samples of cloth proposed to be used must accompany each tender. Work to be to satisfaction of the Director of the Department of Public Safety.

By order of the Common Council, ROBERT WISELY, Director Dept. of Public Safety. St. John, N. B., 29th October, 1898.



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