



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Faintly but exquisitely aromatic.

Beware of imitations.

ABSOLUTE ZERO.

Marvels of Iquiped Air—Quicksilver Freezes as Hard as Ice.

The experiments which have resulted in the liquefaction of air seem likely to revolutionize our ideas of heat and cold. Mr. Charles E. Tripler of New York is turning out liquid air by the gallon. A description of his apparatus appears in The Century. It certainly is surprising to see the liquid air poured up into the air of hissing like water from hot iron; but when one reflects that the ice is 344 degrees hotter than the liquid, it does not seem so strange; or to see one's breath, blown into the open can of liquid sent back instantly, its moisture condensed into a miniature snowstorm. A jet of steam is frozen as quickly, for steam in the open air is only 114 degrees hotter than the breath, while from the temperature of steam to that of liquid air is a terrible drop of 524 degrees! In this freezing effect probably is found the greatest obstacle to the use of liquid air as a motive power. The moisture of the air is deposited rapidly as ice upon the machine, especially around the orifice from which the jet of extremely cold air emerges. This soon closes the orifice completely and stops the machine.

Another surprise is given when the experimenter puts his hand directly into the liquid for a moment. But the sensation is only as if a soft cushion of air about the hand. Such it really is. The heat of the hand forms a layer of vapor or air about the hand, and the liquid air does not come in contact with the flesh. Should the liquid air touch the flesh, a severe injury like a burn results, which sometimes is months in healing. In a few seconds an egg is frozen so that it requires a hard blow of a hammer to break it. Probably its germ of life is extinct. Seeds of grains and vegetables have been tested in liquid air. These were all natives of the temperate zone, the seeds of which will pass the winter in frozen earth without loss of vitality, such as barley and oats for grains, and peas, cucumber and squash for vegetables. They are kept for 110 hours at 312 degrees below zero, and then slowly thawed for 50 hours. After this treatment they were still alive. On being planted, they germinated and grew.

The liquid air boils in a dish till it has cooled the dish to its own temperature. Its boiling point is 312 degrees below zero. After this the vapor of air which covers the liquid so retards evaporation that it may be kept eight or ten hours in a can packed only in felt. It has in this way been carried 250 miles from the place of manufacture. The cooling effect upon the air of the room is very marked. The writer gave two lectures in one afternoon with liquid air. Said a lady of the second audience as she entered the lecture-room, "How cold your room is!" The temperature had been lowered to 102 degrees by the evaporation of the air used in the first lecture.

All other liquids are frozen when put into liquid air. Mercury becomes like iron, so that it will drive a nail, hold up a weight, or serve as any other purpose as a metal, so long as it is kept frozen. Absolute alcohol soon becomes solid. A tube of liquid air dipped into a glass of water rapidly converts the water into ice. By removing the ice from the glass there remains a dish of ice into which liquid oxygen may be poured. A steel pen tipped with a match, or an electric-light carbon red-hot at its tip, will burn in this with intense heat and light. Between the liquid oxygen and the burning steel are about 3,800 degrees, and yet the ice tumbler is not affected. Of course, the oxygen is turned into gas before combustion begins. Liquid oxygen cannot support combustion.

BIG GAME IN THE SEA.

For Real Sport the Hunter Should Attack the Porpoise.

The starker after big game should attack the porpoise if he would see sport indeed. For this agile monster had such a reputation for almost supernatural cunning that even if he were as valuable as the real y is in value commercially, it is highly doubtful if he would ever be molested. As it is all the tribe are charted libertines, since now whistman is likely to risk the loss of a boat's gear for the barren honor of conquest. And not only so, but the porpoises, whether "fin-back," "squirrel-bottom" or "blue-black," as well as the "hump-back" and grampus, make it a point of honor to sink when dead, unlike the "cachalot" or "bowhead," who float awash at first, but ever more buoyantly as the progress of decay within the immense abdominal cavity generates an accumulating volume of gas. Any old whaleman would evolve in the interests of sport to end of dodges for dealing with the wily porpoise, such as a collection of strongly attached bladders affixed to the line to stay his downward rush, short but broad-barbed harpoons to get a better hold upon the thin coating of blubber, &c. In this kind of whaling there is quite sufficient danger to make the sport exciting in the highest degree. Not, however, from the attack of the animal hunted, but because his evolutions in the effort to escape are so marvellously vivacious that only the most expert and cool-headed boatmanship can prevent a sudden severance of the nexus between boat and crew.

A splendid day's sport can be obtained with a school of blackfish. Although seldom exceeding a ton and a half in weight, these small whales are quite vigorous enough to make the chase of them a lively episode as the most enthusiastic hunter could wish, especially if two or even three are harpooned one after the other on a single line as the whalers' custom is. The sensation of being harnessed, as it were, to a trio of monsters, each about twenty-five feet long and eight feet in girth, every one anxious to flee in a different direction at the highest speed he can muster, and in their united gambols making the sea boil like a pot, is one that, once experienced, is never likely to be forgotten. The mere memory of that mad frolic over the heaving bosom of the bright sea makes the blood leap to the face, makes the nerves twitch, and the heart long to be away from the placid round of everyday life upon the bright free wave again.

Even a school of porpoises, in default of nobler game, can furnish a lively hour or two, especially if they be of fair size, say up to three or four hundredweight each. But of a truth there need be no fear of a lack of game. The swift passage from port to port made by passenger vessels is apt to leave the voyager with the impression that the sea is a barren waste, but such an idea is wholly false. Even the sailing ships, bound though they may be to make the shortest possible time between port, are compelled by failure of wind to see enough of the everyday life of the sea population to know better than that, and whose givings himself up to the glamour of sea study, making no haste to rush from place to place, but leisurely loitering along the wide plains of ocean, shall find each day a new world unfolding itself before his astounded eyes, a world of marvels, infinitely small, as well as wondrous great—from the thousand and one miracles that go to make up the "Plinkton" to the antediluvian whale. Fishing in its more heroic phases is obtainable in deep-sea cruising as now here else.

THE OLDEST TAVERN.

The Inn of the Seven Stars at Manchester, Licensed in 1356.

England, in her cold-blooded, un sentimental way, has torn down scores of old landmarks which any other country would have considered too sacred to touch. One of her most picturesque relics is about to share the same fate. The Inn of the Seven Stars at Manchester is probably the oldest tavern in the world. It was licensed in 1356, far back in the myth surrounded days of the third Edward and the battle of Poitiers.

This earth of ours was flat in those days. It needed yet 136 years before Columbus, dreaming of unloved wealth and undying fame, started out to prove that the world was round. When the conquering arm of the Turk tore through the walls of Constantinople, this inn was already showing the signs of age and had started out on its second century of thirst-quenching existence.

The ghosts of a score of hardy generations stalk through its old rooms now. The knight, clanking loudly in his ringing armor, the laborer, quaffing his brown ale and wiping his mouth on the sleeve of his leathern coat; the priest, sleek and smooth, running into the "vestry-room" to slake his thirst with the rich red wine before sermons—all these have left their memory behind through the six centuries that have passed over the house.

Lately and peacefully it has nestled there, while battles raged the length and breadth of the land and mail-clad knights drew a brief rest to snatch the flagon from mine host's hand and dash on again on their missions of conquest and of death. But jolly souls drank at the sign of the Seven Stars in those days, and they drink the same there now. Through all the long course of the rise and fall of empires, mine host of the Stars has kept the spigot flowing, and whether it is a mailed knight jangling in his armor and drinking through barred to meet his host's wayside draught, as he hurried to King Edward's wars, or John Smith, who struggles to-day from his work in the neighboring factory for his pint of "bitter," it is all the same to the Seven Stars.

But not long ago the edict went forth that the site was wanted for a factory and the guests of the Seven Stars knew its death knell had been sounded.

In that barroom the Black Prince is said to have slaked his thirst, and there is still a room called the "Vestry" because some of the clergy from the neighboring church used to come through a secret passage in sermons to refresh themselves.

In the taproom, fleeing from the wrath of Alva and bringing to England the knowledge of the textile arts, which subsequently was carried to this country.

In a room over which is the inscription: "Ye Guy Faux Chamber," lodged for a time the conspirator who tried to blow up King and Parliament in the "Gunpowder Plot." Once, in the Cromwellian war, a "Great and famous skirmish" took place between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers around the inn, and when Fairfax held the city for the parliament, his soldiers filled the Seven Stars with the clank of their carbines, the jangling of their spurs and their solemn carousals.

When Fairfax marched from Manchester, some dragoons, having to leave hurriedly, concealed their mess plate in the walls of the old inn. It was discovered a few years ago and set out as an ornament to the parlor of the hostelry, where it may be seen to this day.

When Charles Edward marched into England to fight for the throne of his ancestors, the Seven Stars furnished accommodation for many of his soldiers and was the headquarters of the Manchester Regiment in the Prince's service. At the foot of the stairs is nailed a horseshoe which has a story to tell. In the days of the French wars—in 1805—when pressgangs were going about the court carrying off young men to serve His Majesty at sea, one of these gangs put up at the Seven Stars. A farmer's boy was going by the inn leading a horse to be shod and carrying in one hand the shoe which had been cast. He was seized and taken off to serve the King, but before he left he nailed the horseshoe to the wall, saying: "Why there till I come from the wars to claim you."

No Longer Isolated.

Farmhouses separated from their nearest neighbor by many miles have justly been considered as lonely places. Now, however, in Australia, where many such isolated farmhouses exist, the monotony of farm life is broken.

Farms that are far apart are connected and their inmates hold converse with [one another]. The medium is the telephone, and the possibility of its use in such a connection is due to a recent discovery.

To put wires from one farmhouse to another would be a work too expensive to be contemplated, but it was found that the

wire fences in common use in Australia were efficient lines of communication for telephonic purposes. The idea was seized upon and put into practical use. Friendly intercourse was established between families as a dozen miles apart, and fences that before had served to shut in and separate, became a medium for drawing families together.

HE WANTED ICE.

But Not For the Purpose the Old Gentleman Expected.

A covered ice wagon had drawn up to the curb on Common street near where an old blind beggar man sits all day long in the broiling sun, silent, immobile, the picture of pathetic despair. As the driver yelled "Whoa!" a ragged urchin looked around and halted in a strip of shade. He eyed the wagon hungrily. Inside came a sound of swift, splintering blows, and a shower of little white flakes flew out of the open end. By degrees the boy drew near, continually stopping and poisoning himself on one leg, ready to run on the instant. Intermittently a stream of pedestrians drifted past, panting, perspiring, making for shelter. It was murderously hot.

Presently a fragment of ice somewhat larger than the others described a parabolic curve in space, and the gamin leaped for it like a trout rising to a fly. He missed it by an inch, and it fell into the gutter, half full of dirty water. Instantly he dropped upon his knees and, thrusting out a grimy little hand, began to rake the surface of the puddle. When he crawled up, his eyes were sparkling. He held the prize in his dripping fingers.

"Now, is not that pathetic?" said a benevolent looking old gentleman, standing with a friend in a nearby doorway. "See how the poor crave ice this sultry weather! You and I, who can get any sort of refreshing drink whenever we want it, can't imagine what a luxury it is to them. That little fellow is happy because he has rescued a morsel of coolness from a filthy gutter. Come here a minute, my boy."

The child approached by cautious detours, shifting his ice from one hand to the other.

"Here is a dime for you," said the old gentleman kindly. "Go, buy yourself a glass of lemonade. You mustn't eat that stuff. It may make you sick."

"I wasn't going to eat it," returned the gamin, seizing the coin.

"Indeed?" exclaimed the philanthropist in surprise. "What did you want with it, then?"

The urchin grinned. "I wanted ter put it down de blind man's back," he replied. —New Orleans Times Democrat.

HOW A KIND DEED SAVED A LIFE.

The Kladdy Act of a Wealthy Woman and its Good Effects.

That wealth is not always deaf to the calls of suffering is shown by the case of a poor young soldier who was lately pronounced by the surgeons at St. John's Hospital in Brooklyn to be on the road to recovery. He was Albert Duncan, of the Second United States Infantry, who had been lingering between life and death for weeks, and was only saved, the physicians say, by the joy of seeing his father and Duncan had been sent to the hospital in the late autumn, suffering from fever and abscesses. He became so ill that the hospital authorities wrote to his parents, who live near Ashland, Kentucky, that if they wished to see their son alive they must come at once.

The father, a poor farmer, was without money to pay his own and his wife's way to New York. He hoped to obtain it soon somehow; but the days went by, the sick soldier growing worse, profoundly discour-

aged as he was because he thought he should never see his father and mother again.

A visitor at the hospital, a lady, heard of the case, and asked Miss Helen Gould to investigate it. Miss Gould did so promptly with the result that she sent money to the Duncans at Ashland. They started for Brooklyn on the first train after receiving it, and were quickly admitted to see the son.

The joy of the sight of them acted as a tonic to him, and much to the surprise of the doctors, who had given him up, he began to improve. The mother came daily to see him, and remained each day as long as she was permitted. The son, constantly happy where he had been seemingly hopeless, gained steadily.

Through Miss Gould's generosity the mother remained near the hospital until her son was able to travel.

Two Things.

Before the opening of an assize held by Justice Hawkins, the chaplain preached what he conceived to be a distinctly good sermon, and he had the temerity to sound Justice Hawkins on the subject.

"Did you approve of my sermon, my lord?" he asked.

"I remarked in your sermon, Mr. Chaplain," was the prompt reply, "two things which, to be candid, I did not approve of, and which I have, I am glad to say, never remarked on a similar occasion."

"They were, my lord?" was the anxious question of the preacher.

"The striking of the clock twice, sir."

THINGS OF VALUE.

"Man is the king of beasts," said a little boy, whose teacher had asked him the question. Evidently he had at some time seen the interior of a smoking car.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ills to which flesh and blood—the very nature of man's curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailties of the system are relieved, the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—resulting in improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine affords the nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The Philippines have latent agricultural possibilities, but it promises to be some time before a large crop of peas and hominy is reported from there. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

It attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and destroys the young and delicate. They who have used the cholera medicine say it acts promptly and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

There are some pretty rank papers published in the mining camps, but about the toughest paper in this country is genuine manilla fiber.

Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. O., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had a crop so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not do without a bottle in my house."

"The end seat hog" is the man who came on board first and took the seat that his critic would "jump at" if it had been vacant.

They Drove Pimples Away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood poisons. Parkelee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

Life should be just enough of a "griid" to keep the edge tools of the brain sharp and bright.

The Alaska candlefish is not as large, but it is much lighter than the South American tapir.

For Inflammation of the Eyes.—Among the many good qualities which Parkelee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficiency in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called for many letters of recommendation for those who are afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprising active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

Remember the poor, and try to fix it so you can remember you did something for them.

Advertisement for ACME SWINGING HAMMOCK CHAIR. The chair is shown in a reclining position. Text: 'Adjusts automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair. The swing construction gives a perfect balance in any position—best steel firmly braced, enameled back, strong fancy striped canvas. \$4.00 Will hold a person weighing 250 lbs.—folds to occupy a space only 4 1-2 x 31 inches. No more broken backs. Agents Wanted to COIN TEN DOLLARS A DAY OR given away with SCOTT'S STOMACH AND NERVE FOOD which fills the body with new life and vigor. 50 cents a box. ADDRESS: The Scott Medicine Co., KINGSTON, ONT.'

Advertisement for BATTERED BUT. Text: 'Yes, silver plated knives, forks and spoons bearing this mark, W. ROGERS'S will get battered and worn but it takes a number of years and mighty rough usage to get the silver off them—and when it does come off, there is left a mould well worth replating. That's not what happens with the cheap lines now offered. SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.'

Advertisement for Pain Disappears. Text: 'WHEN YOU USE "Sun" Liniment 25c. A Bottle Everywhere. THE HANVY MEDICINE CO., Mfrs., Montreal.'

Advertisement for Victoria Hotel. Text: '81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.'

Advertisement for THE DUFFERIN. Text: 'This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. E. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor.'

Advertisement for CAFE ROYAL. Text: 'BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.'

Advertisement for QUEEN HOTEL. Text: 'FREDERICTON, N. B. A EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.'

Advertisement for Printing! Text: 'Do you need any, or are you satisfied with what you already have? Our printing is always satisfactory—what we do, we do well—we give good paper, good ink, good presswork and strive to have it suitable to your particular business and we give good measure too, no matter what printing you need. See us first. PROGRESS JOB PRINT. We will send you estimates and samples.'

Advertisement for Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. Text: 'TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leschetizky" Method"; also "Synthe System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. T. WHITLOCK.'

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.