

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

The family of Mr. John Adams has the general sympathy in their sad bereavement in the loss of an affectionate wife and loving mother. After an illness of two weeks Mrs. Adams passed into rest on Tuesday afternoon leaving a sorrowing husband and six children, the youngest a babe of two weeks. Mrs. Adams had many warm friends who will mourn her loss.

Mr. Thomas Stanger died this morning after a long and painful illness leaving a widow, one son and three daughters, Mr. Geo. Stanger of this city. The daughters are Mrs. Oswald Crockett, Mrs. Harry Harrison of Monteville and Miss Agnes Stanger, who resides at home. Mrs. Stanger and family have much sympathy from their many friends in this hour of trouble. CRICKET.

ST. ANDREWS.

SEPT 20—Mrs. Robert Kerr and Miss Margaret Kerr have returned from their trip to Ireland, bringing Miss Jean Ferguson with them to Canada. They had a delightful visit to old country scenes and enjoyed every minute of their time.

Mrs. Joseph Handy has been visiting friends in Monticello, Me., lately. Will Doran is home from Boston on his vacation. Rev. J. R. McDonald and wife of Guysboro, N. S., are visiting Charlotte County friends. Mrs. A. A. Rigby, Mrs. D. C. Rollins and Miss Ina Clark were passengers to Boston on Friday's boat.

Mrs. Fred McGuire with her daughter, Dorothy, left on Wednesday for her home in New York. Her sister, Miss Robbie A. Denley, accompanied her. Mrs. Peter Carroll is suffering from a stroke of paralysis, which has left her in a rather critical state.

Among the St. Andrews people in St. John recently were Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Grimmer, Mrs. Geo. B. Baymond, Percy Ross, Charlton Berry, Capt. Lowery, W. B. Morris, Amos Greenlaw, Mrs. Laura Small, Miss May Stinson, John Russell, F. B. Donahue, S. F. DeWolfe and Master Cecil DeWolfe.

Sir William Van Horne has been on Minister's Island for several days, superintending the many improvements he is making on his premises. Mrs. James Johnson and family have returned to Boston after a summer spent with friends.

Miss J. W. Milne of Oak Bay was the guest of Miss May Hunt, outside The Teachers' Institute. Miss Edna Clark visited Musquash last week returning home Tuesday.

Capt. Fred G. Andrews and Mrs. Andrews have returned from their visit to Kingston, Kent Co. The Capt. is expected to be struck with a severe illness on Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mowatt bade adieu to their St. Andrews friends last week and have returned to Woodstock. Dr. W. C. Clark of Boston, Mass., formerly of St. George, has been visiting among his Charlotte County friends.

John Lord of Deer Island, who has been attending school at Kimball-High in the past year, has recently left for Winchester college to attend school at that place. This is considered the best college in the south. All students graduating there are admitted to Yale without examination.

A Much Maligned Beverage. "Death in the teapot." Well cheap teas—steeped instead of brewed—cause the saying, "good teas properly brewed, are a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but if they must be good, as for instance, Teal's Elephant Brand Indo-Ceylon Tea.

No Place for Him. The Duke of Osuma, who, during his long career as Viceroy of Naples, was distinguished as much for his sound sense in small matters as in these larger questions of statesmanship which made him one of the foremost men of Europe, once paid a visit to the Cape galley at Barcelona.

As he passed in and out among the crew of slaves he questioned several of them regarding their offences for which they were laboriously paying the penalties. Esch had plenty of excuses. One said he had been sent there from spite; another asserted that the judge who sentenced him had been bribed; still another declared that his being there was all a mistake, and that he was suffering for the crime of which his brother was guilty.

At last the duke came to a stout little black fellow, of whom he asked— "And what are you here for, my man?" "My lord," replied the slave, "I cannot deny that I am justly put in here. I wanted money, and so took a purse, near Taragona, to keep me from starving."

Upon hearing this the duke gave him two or three blows across the shoulders with his stick, saying as he did so— "You rogue. What are you doing among so many honest, innocent men? Get out of their company."

The thief, who was so surprised that he scarcely comprehended what was going on, was then freed, while the rest were left to labor at the oar.

Analysis of Instinct. An English traveller in northern Russia, telling how he made his way through a forest after a fall of snow simply by keeping that side of the tree to which the snow clung always in the same relation to his course, is led to examine how it is that a savage gains the instincts of his race.

We often hear of 'the instinct of direction,' as we may call it, possessed so marvelously by savage races. People profess to explain it in one of two ways. It is either said that the Indian actually does take note of the sun, the wind, the lay of the land, or the course of the streams,—which, as a fact, it is often, in the dense forest, impossible for him to do,—or else it is set down simply as 'instinct' and this, although it is nearer the mark, is, in a sense, to beg the question.

Instinct, however it may be in the case of animals, is, here, no doubt, hereditary experience. The sun, the wind, the

"Example is Better Than Precept."

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of testimonials are examples of what Hood's has done for others, and what it will do for you.

Dyspepsia. "I was weak and had fainting spells. Dyspepsia and indigestion in severe form troubled me. Five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me well and strong." Mrs. WILLIAM VANVALKENBURGE, Whitby, Ont.

A Good Medicine. "We have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family as a spring medicine and used Hood's Pills for biliousness and found both medicines very effective. For impure blood we know Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good medicine." R. S. PELTON, publisher Bee, Atwood, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and gently cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

streams are influences, but only that. The Indian does not consciously observe them. Just as you, using an experience gained in daylight, can follow without hands in the dark a winding staircase between the baluster and the wall, so with the Indian in his forest.

His 'observation' is entirely subjective, an unconscious impression, the sum of small influences, to which, by heredity, his sense are alive, as the retina to light pictures. In the same way I had not consciously remarked the lay of the snow on the trees, yet the fact kept me from going astray.

HOW A CROSS WAS WON

He was a Real Hero but Bore His Honors Very Humbly.

The really brave man's story about his own deeds is always noblest. Not infrequently he is unable to give any account of them which is satisfactory to his hearers. The reporters who 'interviewed' soldiers wounded on San Juan hill had a hard time in getting 'stories' from them. One such soldier said:

"There isn't a thing to tell. I only went up there, with a lot of other chumps, and got shot. I didn't even have sense enough to know it when I was shot."

Not long ago a French chronicler—Montmirat of the Paris Gaulois—encountered in a little village of the south of France a gardener, who wore, pinned on his clean Sunday blouse, the ribbon of The Legion of Honor. Naturally, the newspaperman desired to know how he got it. The gardener, who, like many of his trade, seemed to be a silent man, was averse to meeting an old and wearisome demand, but finally he began:

"Oh, I don't know how I did get it! I was at Bazailles with the rest of the battery. All the officers were killed; then down went all the non-commissioned officers. Bang! bang! bang! By and by the soldiers went down but me. I had fired the last shot, and naturally was doing what I could to stand off the Bavarians."

"Well a General came, and says to me, 'Where's your officers?' 'All down,' says I. 'Where's your gunners?' says he. 'All down but me,' says I. 'And you've been fighting here alone?' says he.

"I couldn't let 'em come and get the guns could I? I says; and then he up and put this ribbon on me, probably because there was nobody else there to put it on me."

TALK AND HEREDITY.

Never Mind the Ancestors But Look After Yourself.

There is a strong fibre of common sense and shrewdness in the negro character which often helps the old colored people to keep their too ambitious young folk within bounds.

General Nichols of Louisiana told the other day of his return to a plantation of a young fellow who had just completed his college course. He aired his opinions on various subjects for a day or two, surrounded by a select and silent negroe. At last Uncle Jacob, a gray old negro, interposed solemnly:

"I've been listenin' to yoh, Odolphus for two days, an' it's my opinion dat yoh talk an' yoh talk an' yoh talk, but yoh doan' reach into de stomach ob yoh subject; an' yoh argu' an' yoh argu', but yoh doan' l'ce te'."

Many orators with lighter skins and more pretensions than Adolphus could apply these homely hints to their arguments with good effect.

Another very old 'uncle' lately listened in silence to a discussion on the divers social claims to distinction of several educated men and women of his race. The members of one family boasted of descent from wealthy merchants in the West Indies; others claimed kinship with a well known negro politician; still others asserted that their ancestors never had been slaves but always were free.

At last he spoke. 'Chillun,' said he,

with a rap of his cane, 'I doan' know nothin' 'bout yoh ancestry, as yoh call it, but I do know that when I ust to spend weeks in de maple woods a little down de set-up, when Marse he come in 'spret de row ob kettles, he neber say 'Uncle Garge how high was de tree dat dis come out of?' or eben, 'Whah is de tree dat dis come out ob?' but just 'What kind ob sugar is it?'

Some of our 'Colonial Dames' and 'Sons of the Revolution' might without personal detriment heed the words of this humble preacher, and consider the value of the sugar, rather than the height of the tree from which it flowed.

ST. VITUS'S DANCE.

The Cause and Symptoms of This Peculiar Disease.

This disease, known in medical parlance as chorea, is a nervous affection of children marked by incessant muscular twitching of one part or another, and sometimes of almost the entire body. It is a special disease, with characteristic symptoms which render it easily recognizable by a physician and differs entirely from the 'tics.'

Children are especially effected, more than nine-tenths of the sufferers being under fifteen years of age, but adults and even the aged are not entirely exempt. Girls are attacked more often than boys, in the proportion of two or three to one. More cases occur in spring and summer than in autumn and winter, although the seasonal difference is not very pronounced.

The disease usually begins rather abruptly, often after a sudden fright or some other nervous shock, or after a physical injury, such as a fall or a blow on the head.

The irregular muscular movements may be at first confined to one part, as an arm or the face, but gradually they become more and more general, until there may be hardly a muscle in the body unaffected. The contortions of the face are very characteristic in their irregularity and oddity.

The eyelids open and shut, sometimes in both eyes, sometimes in only one eye, which partly closes as with a shy wink; the eyes roll up and down and from side to side, or move in wide circles; the lips move in every direction, now puckering as if the child would whistle, now parting, now being stretched into a grin, and again drawn down at the corners, the contraction often being one-sided. The head is drawn to one shoulder or the other, backward or forward, and the legs and arms are thrust about in all directions.

The duration of an attack is generally two or three months, and the child usually recovers, although there is often a second or even a third attack. The disease is rarely fatal.

The treatment consists chiefly in hygienic measures. Good food, fresh air and sunshine, bathing and rest for body and mind are the principal things. The child should be taken from school, not only for its own sake but for that of its companions, as imitation is a strong element in the causation of an attack. In addition to these measures tonics, especially nerve tonics, are necessary.

No Cause for Alarm.

The English H is the father of countless jokes. We borrow one of the youngest from an exchange.

A pew-opener in England greatly astonished a group of women who were constructing evergreen mottoes and wreaths for a Christmas celebration by announcing that she had found 'a stray hen a-laying in the pulpit.' Their excitement was calmed when she produced a large green N which had strayed from some text or legend.

Gallies and William I.

The Marquis de Galliet who has the war portfolio in the present French ministry, played a gallant part in the Franco-Prussian war and his old enemies have always held him in the greatest respect. One autumn in the eighties, the cavalry hero received a special invitation from the old emperor to attend the manoeuvres of the German army.

His majesty treated his guest with the

"77" BREAKS UP COLDS Caught while Lingering

at the seashore or mountains, without proper wraps, not realizing the danger until seized by a chill or shiver; then it's too late, unless you have a bottle of "77" at hand and take a quick dose. It immediately restores the checked circulation; starts the blood coursing through the veins and the danger is passed. Keep a bottle of "77" handy, it just fits the vest pocket. "77" cures Hay Fever—Summer Grip.

For sale by all druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c and \$1.00. Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., C. F. Williams & John S. New York.

Advertisement for 'THAT SNOWY WHITENESS' soap, featuring an illustration of a woman in a long dress and a decorative border. The text describes the soap's benefits for skin whiteness and its availability at 5 cents per cake.

most exquisite courtesy and consideration and at table placed him at his right hand.

Speaking of it afterwards, says the London Chronicle, the emperor said he had felt inclined to repeat what Frederick the Great once said to the Austrian Marshal Daun on meeting him after the Seven Year's War. The marshal was for taking his place at table opposite the king but Frederick exclaimed:

AFTER MANY DAYS.

How a Good Example had a Most Wonderful Effect.

Every one knows by heart the "little candle" line and its mate, "So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

The doer of the deed can never know just how far its candle shines; and the wish to know—if that is one's only motive—will, as Mr. Gladstone once said, 'taint his virtuous actions at their very source.' But sometimes unselfish service sends back a grateful gleam to its author long after he has forgotten it.

A merchant once told Wendell Phillips that when he stood at his mother's garden gate, a boy mad with his passion for the sea, and she had him farewell, she made him solemnly promise that he would 'never drink.'

He had kept his promise, and not only steered clear of the sailor's temptation, but through all the years of his after life had never broken his pledge.

'Yesterday,' he went on to say, 'a man forty years old came into my counting room and asked if I remembered him. I did not; and he told me that long ago, when he was drunk on shipboard, and being kicked about the deck, I had put him into my berth to sleep off the effects of the liquor, and when he was sober I told him the story of my mother at the garden gate. My kindness had saved him he said. He was now a shipmaster in New York and he begged me to come and see him.'

John B. Gough, riding one day in Scotland from Ladybank Junction to Auchtermuchty in a one horse cab, noticed that the driver kept leaning forward in a strange way, holding his handkerchief to the side of his face.

Inquiries if he had the toothache brought out the explanation: 'It's pretty cold and the glass is out of this cab window, said the man, 'and I'm trying to keep the wind away from you.'

'Well, thank you,' said Mr. Cough; 'but why should you stick your head into that hole on my account, my dear fellow? I never saw you before.'

'I have seen you before,' said the man. 'I was a tipsy ballad-singer and used to go round with a half starved wife and a baby in her arms, and oftentimes the wife carried a black eye. I heard you speak in Edinburgh and you told me I was a man. I went out determined by God's help, I would be a man. I've got a good home now, and happy wife and children. God bless you sir! I'd stick my head into any hole under heaven if 'twould do you any good.'

In 1864 several wounded Union and Confederate soldiers lay in a farmhouse in Shenandoah Valley, and a Southern mother came every day to nurse her son. She brought him beef tea, which she had procured with great difficulty, for Northern soldiers had burnt her home and her property was swept away.

Lying in the next one, a Yankee soldier watched with eager, hungry eyes while she fed her boy, and Christian pity finally triumphed in her enemy's behalf. She gave him part of the precious broth, and then tenderly bathed his face and hands.

Years afterward, the son of a Northern senator came from his Virginia vacation, bringing a new acquaintance. It was the only living son of the lady who had nursed her soldier in the Shenandoah farmhouse. She had made every sacrifice to educate him for a civil engineer, but being poor and without influence, he had never been able to secure a good position.

The senator found the man well qualified and obtained for him a satisfactory position. Enclosed with the necessary papers

he forwarded a letter to the Southern mother saying:

'I was the wounded soldier to whom you gave that bowl of broth.'

Madame Patti's Sub-titute.

To some persons a poor singer may be better than no singer at all, but the least musical person cannot fail to perceive the irony of the situation described below:

Once when travelling in the north of Ireland, an Englishman of letters chanced upon a small town which, to his surprise, he found extensively filled with announcements of a concert at which Madame Patti was to appear.

The price of admission to the back of the hall being the extremely moderate one of threepence, he hastened to secure a seat. After a long interval of waiting, the manager stepped forward, remarking:

'Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that Madame Patti is unable to appear to-night. In order, however, to save you from disappointment, I have arranged that Miss Arabella Jones of our town of Ballyslackguthery, shall favor you with a song!'

A Walk to The Inkstand.

In place of a palette, G. F. Watts, the famous English painter, who is now over eighty, uses a white slab, fixed to a modelling bench, to catch the full strength of the light, and he claims to find many advantages in walking to it from his easel for each brushful of color.

This reminds a writer in a London newspaper of Lord Palmerston's expedient for coercing himself into a little regular daily exercise.

It was his custom when in government positions to have his inkstand placed upon a table several yards away from the desk at which he worked, so that he had to walk several paces for each dip of ink.

He attributed his maintenance of sturdy health and junty manner, to this simple practice, as also his habit of performing all work standing.

Social Gossip.

Undue stress is sometimes laid on trifles even in a great newspaper's society news, but English small town gossip to judge by the following example, taken from the Cornhill Magazine, must be infinitely more amusing to philosophers in general.

In its 'News from our Village,' which a county paper prints, this delightful item appeared:

'Last Thursday Mr. Thomas Black, farm laborer, killed a pig weighting—stone. She was indeed a splendid specimen of the 'porcine' species; we are informed that in spite of her great size, she was able to walk in and out of her sty to the last.'

The path that lies in those three last words 'to the last' is something to touch all feeling hearts.

Unconscious Humors.

The unconscious humors of journalism are often more amusing than the best efforts of the 'funny man.'

A rural paper not long ago contained this statement:

'Our friend, B. K. Jones of H Street, is seriously sick. He is being attended twice a day by Doctor Smith in consultation with Doctor White, therefore his recovery is in grave doubt.'

Advertisement for the Dominion Atlantic Railway, offering a Fall Excursion to Boston and Return for \$6.00, with details about the route and ticket conditions.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated, Sewal, 17 Waterloo.