



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

evening with music and dancing after which the baskets were opened and a dainty supper was enjoyed, the party breaking up at a reasonable hour. The opening of the new Y. M. C. A. hall has been the all absorbing topic for the past few days. The hall was formally opened last evening, when the dedicatory exercises were held in the large audience room and was completely filled. The room being tastefully decorated with flags and bunting. President Weddall occupied the chair and made the opening address after the scripture reading by Rev. J. D. Freeman and prayer by Rev. F. C. Hartley. Miss Fowler charmed the audience with her singing, Prof. Downing sang a solo with telling effect, Miss Annie Phinn gave a reading which was heartily encored, Mr. Martin Lemont also gave a solo. This evening the ladies are giving a birth to the bird dirg and tonight the entertainment in the Opera house will be much enjoyed. The principal speaker this evening will be the late Secretary J. rdon of Maine, Miss Butcher, St. John's talented educationist will also assist, Mr. Nichols and Mr. Albert Perkins will lend their musical genius. To the ladies' committee is due much credit for their indefatigable efforts to make the opening days the phenomenal success they have been.

Attorney General White and Hon. Mr. La Billois Commissioner of Agriculture are guests at the Queen.

BATHUET.

JAN. 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Rive of Carquet spent a few days in town last week.

The ladies of St. George's church held a very successful bazaar last Tuesday. In spite of the bad weather a large number were present.

Mrs. Southwood spent a few days in Newcastle last week.

Price Webber and company are holding performances in the Masonic hall this week.

Miss Inez Sutherland is visiting friends in Newcastle.

Mr. Harry Bishop's many friends in town are glad to see him home again.

Triumph of Love in Art.

A century since, in the North of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden until one day the sun's light, striking through a slanted window, revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year after year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illuminated, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the Cathedral was being built an old man, broken with the weight of years and cares, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof.

One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this marvelous face which he had wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in his early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face they said: 'This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this!'—Humanitarian.

Mellined.

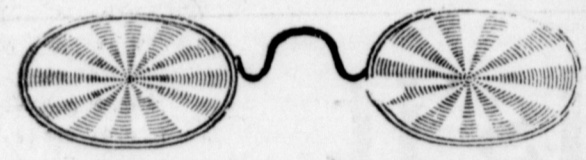
He kissed her boldly on Market street, opposite the Phelan building.

'Sir!' she shrieked, 'you are an utter stranger to me. What means this familiarity?'

'Miss,' he replied, bowing low, 'though we never met before, you must excuse me. I bet my friend that I would kiss the prettiest girl I saw on the block.'

A soft, forgiving smile replaced her wrathful glance.

'You are forgiven this time,' she said, sweetly, 'but please don't let it occur again.'—San Francisco News Letter.



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Head and Limbs

All Covered With Eruptions—Could Not Work, the Suffering Was So Great—Hood's Has Cured.

"I was all run down with complaints peculiar to my sex, and I broke out in sores on my body, head, limbs and hands, and my hair all came out. I was under the doctor's treatment a long time without benefit. They called my trouble eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three or four bottles I found I was improving. I kept on until I had taken several more bottles and the sores and itching had disappeared and my hair has grown out." Mrs. J. G. BROWN, Brantford, Ontario.

"I was all run down and had no appetite. I had a tired feeling all the time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and it benefited me so much that I would not be without it." Mrs. G. I. BURNETT, Central Norton, N. B.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

COFFEE MAKING.

Easy Trick, Perhaps, but is Yours Really Good?

It is easy for a kitchen to be cumbered with too many utensils, which take up room and serve no useful purpose. An embarrassment of kitchen supplies is almost as bad as a scarcity. Manufacturers are continually introducing cooking utensils which flatter the housekeeper into the belief that it is not her own blundering or the stupidity of her cook, but the want of the proper tools, that has made her coffee flavorless, her pastry a failure, or her syllabub a liquid.

She goes forth and purchases a new 'coffee pot,' when the best coffee that ever was 'brewed' can be made in an old-fashioned stoneware pipkin, costing less than 10 cents for the two-quart size. No pot of tin or agateware, or even of solid silver, is as good for this purpose as this simple dish of baked clay, a material which has been in use for kitchen utensils since the days when the Israelites made brick for their Egyptian task-masters.

When you serve the coffee it can be strained into a heated coffee pot of an esthetic stoneware or porcelain as you please. Such a dish would be too frail to boil in. Do not trust a coffee pot of metal of any kind. The black coating on the inside of metal coffee pots that has been used a few times shows that the metal has united with the acids of the coffee more or less and affected the liquid made. The best of coffee is only made from the first quality of coffee bean. The bean should not be browned over twenty-four hours before it is used and it should be browned just before using. The coffee may be easily spoiled, even if these conditions are fulfilled, by boiling it in metal. Coffee made in a pot that contains on the inside the successive deposits of many days' brewing has a rank flavor.

When coffee is dripped in French fashion, it should always be made in heated stoneware. An ordinary cheap pitcher will do to make it in, but it is easy to find picturesque German coffee biggins that are not expensive, made of brown or of blue and white onionware. Let the housekeeper remember that it does not require anything but the cheapest and simplest pot to make the best coffee that ever was made, but it requires care in selecting the coffee and in boiling the water.—New York Tribune.

A NEW BUSINESS.

What a Society Woman Will do to Make a Fortune.

The entrance of 'society women' into business is always recorded with an enthusiasm which is not invariably continued. Of all the branches of business in which they have from time to time embarked no society woman ever undertook anything more remarkable than the line which the latest recruit has announced that she is prepared to take up. 'I'm going to show people,' she says, 'how to furnish their homes in an original and artistic manner. I'm going to show 'my lady' how to wear her gown properly, and I am going to direct bachelors how to furnish their apartments properly.' No pleasanter prospect was ever outlined by any woman who set out to earn a living, and those patient women who baked pies and sent them to exchanges, or embroidered doilies, or went into making hats or dresses, must realize what a failure they have already made of their opportunities when there are women who are anxious to have their money spent for them, to be told just how to wear their gowns, and who are glad to pay for the privilege. Such women may exist, but in the ordinary course of life it has been found that women are willing to trust to their own taste when they spend their money, and are generally satisfied as to their own abilities to wear their clothes at least in the way which they consider proper. But there may be a clientele that

will not disappoint the expectations of the latest woman to step from society to business—so agreeable, pleasant and remunerative a business as spending other people's money and being paid for it. The resources of the business woman who comes from society are indeed remarkable.—New York Sun.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

Specimens of the Article as Denominated by the English.

Mark Twain's recent cablegram to the effect that the report concerning him is all a lie that he has not paid his debts recalls the playfulness of Artemus Ward and the famous jest of Mr. Whistler. 'N. B.,' the former used to put on his program, 'Mr. Ward will pay no bills of his own contracting.' Nor, for that matter, would Mr. Whistler. A few years ago the latter's creditors had a meeting and submitted a proposition. Mr. Whistler refused to consider. The creditors held a second meeting and submitted a proposition. The result was the same 'But, Mr. Whistler,' the spokesman expostulated, 'we are merely trying to get you out of your difficulties.' 'My difficulties,' he cried in great astonishment; 'my difficulties, did I understand you to say? Why, gentlemen, these are not my difficulties; they are yours.'

Now, that is a very fine specimen of what the English call American humor. It would be lovely if there were more like it. But as a commodity it is getting scarce. Apart from Mark Twain, there is none to whom you can turn for it now. Artemus Ward is forgotten. Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby belonged to prehistoric times. Bill Nye has departed. Even Josh Billings is dead. And more is the pity, too. Billings was not only a humorist, he was a sage. No one who was not both could have said, 'Flattery is like Kolone water; tew be smelt of, to swalowed,' or, by the same token, put the true and ludicrous in a shape as concrete as this:

He who by farmin' would get rich  
Must dig, and plant, and ho, and sitch;  
Work hard awl day, sleep hard awl night,  
Save every cent, and not git tite.

Woman Buried With Honors for a General.

A very queer telegraphic correspondence was carried on recently between the capitals of Saxony, Bohemia and Russia. Somebody or other in Dresden had a maiden aunt who was taken sick and died in a hospital at Prague while on her way to Vienna. The nephew was notified and he telegraphed to the Prague hospital authorities to send the body to Dresden for entombment in the family vault. When the coffin on its arrival was opened it was found to contain not the body of the aunt, but that of a uniformed and bedazzled Russian General. Immediately the nephew wired to Prague:

'No dead aunt, but Russian General. Where dead aunt?'

From Prague came the reply:

'If dead aunt not arrived, then Peters burg.'

The next telegram went to the railway authorities at St. Petersburg and read:

'What do with dead Russian General? Where is dead aunt?'

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As a Preventative.

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If you will carry a vial of "77" in your pocket and take frequently you will escape the Grip. "77" prevents Pneumonia.

At druggists or sent prepaid, 25c. 50c. and \$1.00. DR. HUMPHREYS' BOOK SENT FREE. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York. Be sure to get

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SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

A pure hard Soap  
Last long—lathers freely.  
5 cents a cake.

And from St. Petersburg was received the characteristic reply: 'Bury General in all silence, Aunt just buried here with highest military honors.'

Partial Paralysis.

A SEVERE COLD BRINGS A WIFE AND MOTHER LOW.

Partial Paralysis Accompanied by Fainting Fits Follows—Doctors Fail to Bring Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Health.

Brookholm, a suburb of Owen Sound, is fairly vibrating with interest in the wonderful cures effected in that place by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A newspaper man of Toronto, spending some time in the vicinity, was directed to a house on the hill overlooking Owen Sound's beautiful bay, and was told that there he would learn something about a cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The hill was climbed and it is to Mr. J. F. Goodfellow, the general owner and occupant of that pleasant home, that he is indebted for the following facts:—'My wife owes her good measure of health today to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,' said Mr. Goodfellow.

'On the 12th of July, 1895, Mrs. Goodfellow went on an excursion to Collingwood by boat and came home with a severe cold, which developed into a partial or slight attack of paralysis in the left side and limb. In addition at times she would be seized with a dizziness which often resulted in sudden and severe falls. The paralysis made her unable to lift any weight with her left hand. She called in medical aid and for some months followed the advice and took the medicines prescribed. But it was only money wasted as she did not get any better. As Mrs. Goodfellow has three children and her husband to care for it was a deep trouble to the family for her to be so afflicted. For eight months these dizzy spells and the paralysis continued. Then some friend asked her to try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To please the friend she consented to purchase a few boxes. When these had been taken she felt decidedly better. The fainting spells came less frequent, her strength returned to her side and arm and she was delighted with the result. After taking about six boxes, and feeling quite well again, she discontinued the use of the pills for a time, but later felt some of the old symptoms returning. She again procured a supply and recommended their use, and was overjoyed to find that these valuable little pellets again gave relief. She continued taking them until she felt that she must certainly be over the effects of the trouble when she again ceased to take the pills. That is over a year and a half ago, and only once or twice since has she had any slight symptoms of the old trouble, and then a few doses of the pills would give full relief. Mrs. Goodfellow is decidedly of the opinion that she owes her present health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and is most enthusiastic in her recommendation of them to her friends and acquaintances.

Medicinal Soap.

The use of soaps containing a disinfectant of some kind has become so general say the medical Press, that observations on the practical value of such combinations cannot fail to be of interest. Dr. R. S. Offer has recently published the result of some experiments carried out by him with various kinds of soaps having for object to determine their value as microbicides. He used the ordinary mottled soap, white almond soap perfumed with notrobenzine and hard potash soap. He found that those soaps were very inimical to the cholera microbe, a per cent solution killing them in a short space of time, while a 5 percent solution of the potash soap killed them in five minutes. We are, therefore, at liberty to infer that, as in washing the hands the strength of the hands the strength of the soap solution is never less than 5, and may go as high as 45 per cent this method of disinfecting the hands, as well as the clothes, etc., is fully trustworthy.

Most stronger solutions are required, however to destroy the bacilli of typhoid, the coli-bacillus etc., not less than 10 per cent being sufficient. None of the soaps experimented with appear to have any effect on pyogenic microbe. The practical result of these investigations is that it is always preferable to use soap and water first of all, rinsing the hands in the disinfectant solution afterward. This is an important point, which merits to be generally made known.

Captured a Wild Man.

In a forest of Galicia, near the town of Bialak, Austria, the peasants have just captured a wild man who for years has been the terror of the district. Travellers in numerous instances had been attacked by him, and he was accustomed to plunder the cottages of the peasantry for food. By those who to their sorrow had seen the man he was described as a monster, unkempt, innocent of clothing and covered with hair from head to foot. Finally a hunting party was organized and the wild man was captured after a desperate resistance. His appearance quite bore out the worst of the descriptions. After he had been washed, shaved and clothed, he was identified, to the surprise of his captors, as John Herman, formerly secretary to the district council in Wodnian, Austria. Several years ago Herman belonged to the fashionable circle in Wodnian and went an exceedingly rapid gait. He embezzled quite a sum of money, fled to escape pursuit, and could not be traced. He seems to have taken refuge in the forest, which he dared not leave, and it was the lide he was forced to lead there that transformed him from a sybarite into a savage.

A Story of the Sea.

On a recent North-German Lloyd steamer there were a large number of generals, colonels and majors amongst the passengers, says M. A. P. The purser, therefore, at the outset of the voyage, arranged the staterooms in accordance with the various ranks which he found indicated in the passenger list. The ship was so crowded that he had to put two in a berth, and amongst others a certain Colonel Jenkins and a Major Humphreys were thus parted off. The Col. remained in the card room till very late on the first night out, and when he went to his cabin he was horrified to find a woman asleep. He rushed on deck, protesting indignantly to the purser. The latter replied: 'You have made a mistake, Colonel. Here's my list; I roomed you with a Major Humphreys.' 'But I tell you there's a woman there!' replied irate colonel. So they both went to the cabin and knocked. A feminine voice replied 'Who's there?' 'Madam, you are in the wrong room,' said the purser. 'Oh, no, I think not,' rejoined the lady. 'But this berth is reserved for Colonel Jenkins and Major Humphreys!' explained the purser. Then the silvery voice replied: 'I am Major Humphreys—of the Salvation Army!'

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Estate Sale.

On Wednesday, the eight day of February next, at twelve o'clock noon, at Chubb's Corner in the City of Saint John in the County of Saint John, there will be offered for sale at public auction the Leasehold Property belonging to the estate of the late William McNeil, situate at Mtford in the Parish of Lancaster in said County, as present occupied by Mr. Harry Keirstead. For particulars apply to the undersigned Administrator or Geo. H. V. Belton, 38 Princess St. Dated this ninth day of January, A. D. 1899. ELIZABETH KEIRSTEAD, Administrator, Estate of William McNeil. GEO. W. GEROW, Auctioneer.