

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

family returned home on Monday from Prince Edward Island where they spent the summer.

Mr A G Blair, Jr of St John with Mrs Blair returned home on Monday, after a pleasant visit with friends here.

Miss Kathleen Meehan has gone to Lynn where she will spend the winter with her sisters.

Mrs M N Cockburn of St Andrews is on the list of strangers to the city this week.

Miss Cecil Phair is visiting with friends in Musquash.

Mrs Adams returned home today after a visit here with her sister Mrs Andrew Phair.

The Lang Syne Whist Club are reorganizing and expect to have their first meet of the season next week, not in the evening however, as this year they think of having their meetings weekly and in the afternoon.

President Mullen of the Normal School has returned from his trip to Philadelphia and other United States cities.

LAW.

The flaws in the laws of the land are the cause of lawyers' existence; And they who may stray from stern probity's way Must seek their assistance.

For lawyers will show—and prove that it's so— That no law was made for The case in the court; 't is of other import— That's what fees are paid for.

And then we see defendant go free, Released, proud and tall, Held guiltless by law, we say with much awe, "I was lawyers' great talent."

The flaws in the laws of the land make us pause For society's sake; If law had no flaw and its drag net could draw All guilt to just fate!

—Wood Levette Wilson.

Four Men and a Shark.

The Boston Globe reports the capture of a shark at Bridgeport, Connecticut, on July 27 1900. It is said to be the largest one ever seen in Long Island Sound, and was captured only after a hard battle. Dr. W. T. Healey of John Hopkins University, Dr. Henry Callahan, W. H. Redden and Wallace Wheeler, the Yale athlete, were camping at Pleasant Beach, and about six o'clock in the evening discovered the shark heading for shore.

Armed with shotguns and rifles, the men got into two skiffs and set out in pursuit. When within thirty feet of the shark, Wheeler aimed his doubled-barreled shotgun and fired. He struck the shark in the head. The monster seemed maddened and made straight for one of the boats.

A second shot, fired by Doctor Healey, also took effect, and three more loads of buckshot were emptied into the shark's body before he disappeared beneath the surface. For a moment he was lost sight of, but his reappearance was such as to send cold shivers up and down the spines of the hunters.

The boat containing Doctors Healey and Callahan was sent flying into the air, and the occupants were thrown into the water. The monster opened his huge jaws and made for the struggling doctors.

Wheeler in another boat, again levelled his gun, and the charge tore its way through part of the shark's body. Doctors Callahan and Healey, being powerful swimmers, made for the boat occupied by Wheeler and Redden.

Again the monster rose to the surface and headed for the craft, containing his assailants. Being without rifles, Callahan and Healey seized the oars while Wheeler and Redden continued shooting.

The shark disappeared within fifteen feet of the boat, and the men, fearing that their craft would be capsized by him, pulled for the shore.

The chase was exciting for several hundred feet, but it was then seen that the shark was losing strength.

Wheeler, who is an expert shot, continued firing with deadly effect. About a quarter of a mile from the shore the shark was seen to be in distress. He floundered about for a few minutes, beating the water into a gory foam, and after a little, by the aid of ice-picks, was hauled ashore quite dead.

He was almost fourteen feet long, and fully four feet in circumference.

The Russian Muzhik.

The happiest, most contented and most musical agricultural toiler in the world is the Russian Muzhik, according to Mr. William Durben in "How the Russian Muzhik Lives." The typical muzhik is like no other peasant. With all the sunny nature there is a strain of sadness in him, of the sort which has come to be recognized as the Tolstean temperament. For Tolstoy, although an aristocrat by birth, is a peasant at heart, as every Russian landowner is. Throughout Russia, among nobles and serfs alike, the same admixture of the joyous and the melancholy is observable. This is why all Russian music lapses into the minor key.

The Russian peasant revels in his native music. The tones of the church-bells, which ring at all hours of the day and night, disfigure their melody into his ears from babyhood. There are more bells in Russia than in all the rest of the world, and immense sums are spent yearly in their manufacture.

No Russian driver would think it worth of his dignity as a coachman to drive a

troika (team of three horses abreast, with a carriage or a sleigh) unless the harness were gay with numerous tinkling balls. A Russian peasant is never happier than when he is urging his beautiful and hardy ponies across the flowery steppes, not by lashing them with the whip, but by singing in his own rich intonation his national or popular songs.

As an agriculturist the muzhik is conservative. He likes every implement to be as primitive as possible. He hates agricultural machinery, and clings to the rude plows of his ancestors: Thousands of pounds have been expended in vain by rich proprietors in purchasing expensive American and English implements, for the peasants either neglect or neglect them.

Yet the muzhik is a skillful workman in his own peculiar style. He does everything with his native toper, a kind of axe. With it he can make almost anything he wants.

The childish simplicity of these sons of the steppes is touching, and their improvidence almost past belief. It is no uncommon thing for a family to burn the roof of their hut for fuel.

A Russian village is a squalid-looking place, but except in time of famine it is not the abode of misery. Every hut is constructed of roughly trimmed birch logs mortised into strong, upright oak or pine posts, and lined with rough planks. The roofs are made of long strips of the same material.

The house usually has two rooms opening into each other, the front one being the guest-chamber and the shrine, which holds all the sacred pictures of the family. The inner room is the kitchen and the sleeping-place, where, upon the top of the great stove the family sleeps. All the furniture of the house is of birch, and is invariably manufactured by the muzhik himself. He fashions every domestic utensil, and with the help of his wife makes much of the clothing for the family.

In the matter of food the Russian peasant is not fastidious. He dearly loves mushrooms, which grow by millions on the steppes. For months in the autumn they are his chief article of diet. At other times dried fungi, sausages, onions and coarse rye bread will make the family a satisfactory meal, always provided that she tobat, or Russian tea, prepared and served as it is in Russia only, is not lacking.

Paderewski was Disturbed.

Samuel Shortridge entertained Paderewski at a supper in his rooms in the Palace hotel one night, and invited a dozen congenial souls to partake of the harmonious feast.

Paderewski doesn't play for everybody—unless everybody has the price—but Shortridge was his very dear friend, and as a token of his distinguished appreciation of that friendship the great pianist graciously signified that he would be pleased to favor not only Mr. Shortridge, but any friends whom Mr. Shortridge might care to invite. Mr. Shortridge craved to invite the storesaid dozen, and the dozen opened its twenty-four ears to the fullest when, after the wine, Paderewski seated himself at the keys and began his own famous nocturne. Indeed, one of the dozen gave such rapt attention to his ears that he forgot his hand, and allowed one of them to steal into his trousers' pocket and fall to caressing sundry coins that reposed therein. Suddenly Paderewski stopped as though the piano had broken its string-board. The jingle of coin had penetrated into the harmony of the nocturne, and the pianist had heard it. He wheeled about fiercely, grew red in the face, and plumped his hands down upon his knees.

"What!" he cried, transferring the luckless gentleman with the coin. "What! Do you think I play for money?"

The gentleman with the coin had to be assisted to his feet as he rose to apologize, and Mr. Shortridge explained to the shocked virtuoso that the jingling of coin in the pockets is only an American way of testifying pleasure in a piece of entertainment—or something to that effect.

An Optimist.

"What is an optimist?" asked the youth who would fain become wise. "An optimist," answered the man who has become wise at a sacrifice of amiability, "is a man who, having no coal bills to pay or other household expenses himself, takes it for granted that everybody can be just as light-hearted as he is."

A Reflection.

In your advertisement, said the man with the suave manner, as he entered the office of the ice company, 'you say that there are no microbes on the ice that you furnished to your customers.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the treasurer, as he placed a blotter in front of his diamond stud so that the caller would not have to blink, 'and we stand by our assertion.'

"I stand by it, too," said the man with the suave manner, "and I have called to say that, as I have no fear of microbes, be-

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believing they are are harmless, I wish you would direct your delivery man to leave at my residence in the future, ice of such dimension, that two or three microbes, if they felt so inclined, could occupy it with out crowding each other."

Evolution of the Football Girl.

Arrival—Mercy me! What a crowd! What are they yelling at? How unladylike of those girls to carry on so! Has the game begun?"

Kickoff—"Which is our side? Why did that—Mercy me! Just see them pile on that poor man! It's a regular fight! It's brutal! I can't bear to watch such—they'll catch him! Run! Run!"

Somewhat later—"I think it's perfectly dreadful the way they jump right on top of a man? No wonder they are all padded and look like gladiators! It's so rough and—Hurrah! Hurrah! Aren't we gaining?"

Still later—"What brutes those other fellows are! Why, they weigh lots more than our men!"

Between halves—"Oh! I think it's awful! Look at that man's ear—it's positively bleeding! Do you think we'll beat? I hope so!"

Second half (Kickoff)—"Run, Reddy, run! See him! See him! Isn't that fine? How much does it count? Reddy's just a duck! I could hug him!"

Somewhat later—"Is it their ball? That horrid referee! I hate him! Hold them, boys; hold them! Catch him! Catch—Hurrah! Hurrah! What's the matter? Slugging, you say? Well, I don't care; those big brutes ought to be slugged. And that horrid old referee is so mean."

Still later—"There! That's the third of those detestable prize fighters laid out. It serves them right. They're regular beasts! Our boys ought to pound them whenever they get the chance. See Ready—Run! Run! I know they piled on him on purpose. The end—"Oh! wasn't it fine though! Go again? of course. Will you, really? And when is it?"

He Wanted Efforts.

Once upon a time, there was a certain man who had an ambition to become a linguist of note. To that end he burned copious quantities of that expensive lubricant commonly known as midnight oil, the while he dug his weary way through ponderous tomes till he had nearly ruined his eyesight and a considerable percentage of his hair had dropped out, with the ultimate result that he was able to inquire "Is it not that you have my dinner-time seen yet?" in nine different languages, and so very intelligently that almost any mind reader could figure out what he was trying to get at. Then, having achieved his ambition, he straightway whirled in and married a woman who never let him get in a word edgewise if she noticed it.

Moral: From this we should learn that there is indeed such a thing as paying a great deal more than the market price for your whistle—Puck

The Prince and the Girl.

The Prince of Wales used to tell a good story about his fishing experiences, says London Sphere. A highland girlie on Speyside was informed by his mistress that the prince was to honor them with a visit soon, and that she hoped that he would have some sport in the river as well as on the moor. Donald was the guardian angel of the salmon pools. Rather a unique angel with red hair, red bushy whiskers and a kilt; but he was an expert fisherman, and no other of his class on Speyside could lift a rod with him. Donald was in a great state of consternation as to how he should address the prince, and accordingly he approached her ladyship on the subject and was told that instead of saying "Sir" he was to use the phrase "Your Royal Highness." The day came. Donald, to give the necessary encouragement, kept saying as the Prince moved down the pool, "One more cast and your royal highness shall

have him." Then seeing a boil in the water, the evident sign of a rising fish, and fearing the prince might lose the hold through not striking in time, Donald, quite forgetful in his excitement, blurted out, "Up with your rod, you son of a gun, or you'll lose your fish!"

SUCCESS OF MISSIONARIES.

A South African Christian King Who Valued Their Teaching.

There are few more interesting figures in South African annals than Khama, king or chief of the Bamangwatos; nor is there, in many respects, a more remarkable testimony to the beneficent results of missionary endeavor than the exemplary life of this Christianized pagan. So marked has been the influence of Khama's Christian faith upon his character that all who meet him, whether native or civilized, are deeply impressed by a simple and evident sincerity in which there is no shadow of cant or pretence.

The well-arc—moral and material—of his people is dear to his heart, and since his conversion and accession to the chieftainship he has been a persistent and implacable foe to those traffickers in strong drink who would introduce it among his people. In a communication to the British governor he thus expressed himself:

"It were better for me that I should lose my country than that it should be flooded with drink. Lobengula never gives me a sleepless night; but to fight against drink is to fight against demons, not against men. I dread the white man's drink more than all the asagais of the Matabeles, which fill men's bodies, and it is quickly over; but drink puts devils into men and destroys both bodies and souls forever. Its wounds never heal. I pray your honor never to ask me to open even a little door to drink."

In spite of rigorous precautions to exclude intoxicating liquors from his territory, and in spite of his pleadings and remonstrances, he discovered that it was still sold to his people by English traders, who concealed it in more harmless packages. He searched the dwellings of his people and the wagons of the traders, and immediately had the transgressors brought before him.

He told them of the result of his investigations and reminded them of his remonstrances and warnings. He then indignantly reproached them for having despised and disregarded his words and wishes because he was a black man, and there fore, in their opinion, unworthy of a white man's consideration or respect. With impressive emphasis he continued:

"Well, I am black, but I am chief of my own country at present. When you white men rule in the country then you will do as you like. At present I rule, and I shall maintain my laws which you insult and despise. You have insulted and despised me in my own town because I am a black man. You do so because you despise black men in your hearts. "If you despise us, what do you want here in the country that God has given to us? Go back to your own country. Take everything you have; strip the iron roofs off the houses; the wood of the country and the clay of which you made the bricks you can leave to be thrown down. Take all that is yours and go. I am trying to lead my people to act according to that word of God which we have received from you white people, and you show them an example of wickedness such as we never knew. You, the people of the word of God! Go! Take your cattle and leave my town and never come back again."

It is said that, in the amazed silence which followed the traders abjectly departed, and that since that day the curse against which Khama strove has ceased to afflict his people.

Could "the white man" carry a thousand new victims into a barbarian land this would not excuse the importation of one new vice. Such intrusion by a civilization bearing the Christian name is an unnatural crime. Nothing could more deservedly shame it than the rebuke of a converted heathen.

An Important Distinction.

Old Doctor—"If you can manage it, get your name in the papers."

Young Doctor—"But etiquette forbids a physician to advertise."

Old Doctor—"Yes; but not to be advertised."

And Brings You Nothing But a Bill.

Friend—"What is hope?"

Poet—"It's something that wakes you up at 4 o'clock in the morning when the postman doesn't come around till 10."

"Papa," began the little boy at the theatre. "Well, my son, what is it?" asked the gentleman without removing his gaze from the artist with the green whiskers and red shoes. "What do these actors do for something to make the people laugh when election is over and they have no candidate to talk about?" "In that



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case they swear as often as possible. Verily, papa was acquainted with the methods of the ten-twenty-third!

Open Season For Human Beings.

About the usual number of folks are being killed and wounded this year in the Adirondacks and Maine woods by eager sportsmen, who mistake them for deer or other wild creatures. The annual list of casualties of this nature is large, and some of the fatal accidents are very distressing. They could all be avoided by proper precautions, as the use of raiment of violent hue, and the employment of protective noises. A horn and bellows so geared to the sportsman as to give a warning toot at every step would tend to warn careless marksmen of his presence and while he stood still he could blow a whistle. It might scare off some game, but men go to the woods more for health than meat, and personal safety is of more importance than fresh venison.

A woman who has attended a good many society affairs at Topeka, Kan., says that a certain woman is always invited, although she is not a good dresser, is not good looking or entertaining, and does not belong to the 'crowd.' Investigation reveals that the woman is invited to keep her from 'talking' about the other women. She is a vicious talker, and when not invited raised Old Cain with her tongue. Hence she is always invited.

Griggs—"I'm astonished that Hettie didn't marry Tom. She has always maintained that there wasn't another like him in the world." Griggs—"Perhaps that is the reason she didn't marry him."—Boston Transcript.

Two souls without a single thought. "What are the names of that newly married couple in the next flat?" "Oh, we can't find out for a few weeks; each now calls the other 'Birdie.'"

Miss Maud Gonne's plan of educating twenty thousand little children to hate England is a queer up to date rendering of the catholic precept: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'