

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

hostesses of the week and on Thursday afternoon gave a very enjoyable five o'clock tea. Mrs. Babbitt was assisted in receiving her guests by her aunt, Mrs. Akerley, and Miss Babbitt. The tea room which was so cozy with a blazing open fire was presided over by Mrs. T. G. Loggie who had the assistance of the Misses Babbitt and Miss Bailey in waiting upon the guests.

Mr. Addison Yerxa and bride of Bangor are here spending a week with Mr. Yerxa's parents.

Mrs. John Black has returned from Boston where she has been several weeks with her niece Miss Radcliffe.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Everett are here visiting Mr. Everett's parents.

Miss Beverly returned on Thursday from a pleasant visit of three weeks with friends in Boston.

Mrs. T. Carleton Allen entertained a pleasant party at her home last evening.

Miss McGowen returns to her home tomorrow after a pleasant visit with Mrs. J. Walker, York St.

Mrs. Glasgow of St. John, West, is visiting her niece, Mrs. J. Walker.

Major M. B. Edwards of St. John and Mr. Robt. Edwards of Halifax are in the city, having been summoned on account of the very serious illness of their mother.

The Misses Nan and Sadie Thompson entertained about forty of their friends on Saturday afternoon, the young ladies all brought their Christmas work and after a couple of hours of steady work, interspersed with bright and spicy chat, 5 o'clock tea was served.

Capt. and Mrs. Nagle have returned from their wedding journey and have taken up their residence at the quarters at the Barrack, formerly occupied by Lieut. Col. Hemmery.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. S. Neil, left on Friday afternoon on a ten days trip to Boston and New York.

Rev. Chas. McNally, formerly of this city but now pastor of the Worden St. Baptist church, Lowell, Mass., is receiving congratulations on the arrival at his home of a young daughter.

Mr. J. W. McFarlane of Nashua has returned home from a four week's visit to Boston.

CRICKET.

BEST GAMBLING SYSTEM.

The One That Will Surely Beat Fares and Roulette.

"Every confirmed gambler in the world has spent more or less time trying to figure out some system to beat the game," said a well known northern sporting man. "The commonest and most plausible scheme is the one known as 'progression.' It is simply a doubling of bets until a winning occurs, and theoretically it is perfect, but the trouble is that all gambling games have a limit, and the doubling process increases a wager with such enormous rapidity that it is apt to get over the stipulated amount before the winning takes place.

"I was at Monte Carlo last spring," continued the speaker, "and was surprised at the number of touts who infested the grounds peddling 'sure thing' systems to break the bank. The ludicrous part of it was that most of the peddlars were seedy and poverty stricken in appearance, yet they purported to sell secrets which would infallibly enrich any purchaser. I asked one fellow why he didn't try his system himself and buy a new hat, and he replied very glibly that he was 'working for a syndicate' and under bonds not to pay.

"Nearly all of these systems are based on progression and would be impossible in high play owing to the casino limit. Nevertheless I saw a number of small progression players at the tables and was told that they have been a fixture there for many years. They were nearly all horrible looking, bloodless old women, who began with the smallest possible wager and quit when they won 20 francs, or less than \$4. A house official informed me that were tolerated about the place on account of age and infirmity and that their daily winnings resulted in the light of a pension.

"In the days of open gambling in New Orleans I remember there used to be several broken down sports who were said to make a living off the games by 'progression playing.' I have my doubts about it, however. The best system and the only system that will beat faro and roulette is to stay away."

Wasps Act in a Tragedy.

"One of the most laughable scenes I ever witnessed during the representation of one of Shakespeare's tragedies," said a well known theatrical manager to the writer the other day, "happened to the late Tom Keene when he was performing in a northern New York town. The company was playing 'Julius Caesar,' and at the last moment it was found that the property man had failed to send up the regular throne chair used in the senate scene, and an old rustic chair was hastily procured from the left of the theatre and, after being covered with drapery, was pressed into service. In the midst of the scene a large wasp's nest was discovered attached to the chair, and its inhabitants, becoming indignant at the disturbance they had suffered, began to swarm about the stage, seeking revenge upon the Romans in their low necked and short sleeved dresses. The wasps seemed to be particularly offended with Caesar, and it is doubtful if Caesar's death scene was ever acted with more feeling, for at the moment he was being pierced by the conspirators' daggers the wasps were most industrious in their work. In the tent scene where Caesar appears

to Brutus one might almost have doubted its being the real Caesar. It was the same in form and dress, but the face was no longer the same. In the last act Brutus had one closed, Antony a swollen lip, Cassius an enlarged chin. Lucius an inequality in the size of his hands and Octavius Caesar a nose that would have done service as the famous nasal organ of Bardoli in 'Henry IV.'

"The tragedy came very near becoming a roaring comedy when Mr. Keene, as Cassius, said Antony, the posture of your blows is yet unknowns but for your words; they rob the Hybla bees and leave them honeyless," and the actor who was doing Antony replied, 'Not stingless too.'

THE SCHEME WORKED.

A Scheme by Which Brown Quietened His Wife's Suspicion.

To be perfectly honest, Brown does not go to his Griswold street office every night that he tells his wife he is going there. The business which he says is pressing is frequently imaginary and the man whom he is going to meet does not exist. He belongs to a club, and clubs have their attractions. He thought that his wife was growing suspicious, and Brown is resourceful.

On the the evening in question, as lawyers would say, he told her that there was a matter of business that could not possibly be deferred until the next day. About 9 o'clock she answered the 'phone and was asked if Brown was at home, and she replied that he was at his office.

"Guess not," was the alarming response. "I was just down there and all looked dark."

She rang off viciously, if women ever do such things, ordered a coupe, told the driver to go as fast as the ordinance allows, kept taking on temper as she went and flew up stairs to the office as though a mouse were in hot pursuit. Her husband met her smilingly, insisted that she had given him a delightful surprise, put his easiest chair near the light, handed her a paper and apologized for having to resume work that would possibly keep him till 3. She could not explain, she could not keep awake, she was ashamed of herself, and after lamely telling him that she had dreamed that he was ill she left.

In ten minutes he was at the club and shook hands with the man who smilingly asked if the scheme worked. He replied that it was as good as ready money for at least 60 days, and then each brought a stack of chips that pass in the night.

Rose To the Occasion.

A man who is back from a visit to Paris and Germany is telling a story which ought to make the great American eagle flap his wings with pride. It happened at a little railway station in Germany, Gruenwald by name, while the man who tells about it was waiting for a train on a branch line which connects with the main line at that place. Besides himself there were at the station a party of American tourists of the kind you read about in American books. The Americans were loud voiced and ungrammatical. They laughed a great deal and they ate peaches, the stones of which they threw at a post to test their marksmanship. They were persons for whom Uncle Sam himself would have felt apologetic, and they displeased the baughty British matron families greatly. To the younger members of her family, a gawky boy and a lanky and 'leggy' girl of the typical elongated English variety—they were objects of great interest, however, and the girl in particular edged nearer and nearer, to her mother's great disgust. At last she was so near that mamma could endure it no longer.

"Clara!" she called in her loudest voice, "come away at once. You might be mistaken for one of those disgusting Americans!"

A pretty young American looked up and swept Clara from head to foot with a calm glance. Then she went on eating peaches.

"Don't worry, madam," she called out cheerily. "There's no danger of that—with them feet!"

Launching the Lanterns.

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, in his book, 'In Ghostly Japan,' says that he was fortunate enough to be at Yaidzu during three days of the "Festival of the Dead," although he missed a part of the prettiest sight of all, the beautiful farewell ceremony of the third and last day. In many parts of Japan the spirits are furnished with miniature ships for their voyage—little models of junks or fishing craft, each containing offerings of food and water and kindled incense, and also a tiny lantern or lamp, if the ghost ship is to be despatched at night. At Yaidzu, however only lanterns are set afloat. The author says:

I was told that the lanterns would be launched after dark, and midnight being the customary hour elsewhere, I supposed that it was the hour of farewell at Yaidzu

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also. I therefore rashly indulged in a nap after supper, expecting to wake up in time for the spectacle. But by ten o'clock when I went down to the beach, all was over, and everybody had gone home.

Over the water I saw something like a long swarm of fireflies, the lanterns drifting out to sea in procession—but they were already too far off to be distinguished except as points of colored light. I was much disappointed, and felt that I missed an opportunity which might never return, for the old 'Ben' customs are dying rapidly.

In another moment, however, it occurred to me that I could very well venture to swim out to the lights. They were moving slowly. I dropped my robe on the beach and plunged in.

The sea was calm and beautifully phosphorescent. Every stroke kindled a stream of yellow fire. I swam fast and overtook the last of the lantern fleet much sooner than I had expected. I felt that it would be unkind to interfere with the little embarkations, or to divert them from their silent course, so I contented myself with keeping close to one of them and studying its details.

The structure was very simple. The bottom was a piece of thick plank, perfectly square, and measured about ten inches across. Each one of its corners supported a slender stick about sixteen inches high, and these four uprights, united above by crosspieces, sustained the paper sides. Upon the point of a long nail driven up through the center of the bottom was fixed a lighted candle. The top was left open.

The four sides represented five different colors, blue, yellow, red, white and black, the five colors symbolizing ether, wind, fire, water and earth, the five Buddhist elements which are metaphysically identified with the five Buddhas. One paper pane was red, one yellow and one blue, while the fourth was divided between black and white. Inside the lantern there was only the flickering candle.

A SAGE MANAGER.

The Barnstormers Got Out of a Bad Hole, Thanks to Him.

"The first company that I was ever with was a barnstorming one," said the well known actor who was in a reminiscent mood, "and it was my first experience with a hustling, never say die manager. Business was poor, we were 200 miles from home, and the outlook was anything but encouraging. But our manager kept us going by one way and another until we had complete faith in his ability to get us home. But at last a hard hearted landlord seized our baggage and refused to listen to the promises of our manager.

"We had just enough money to carry us to the next town, and finally the landlord relented a trifle and agreed to send our baggage on to the next town to be held there until his bill was paid. We gave our manager credit for another victory and took the train for the next town, feeling as good as the situation would allow and not doubting for a moment that he would find some way to reclaim the baggage. We had nearly reached our destination when the train left the track, and we found ourselves piled up in a ditch. When I crawled out of the wreck, the first thing I saw was the manager.

"Anybody hurt?" he yelled.

"None of our party, thank God!" I answered.

"Well, of all the confounded luck," said he. "I was in hopes that some one had broken an arm or a leg at least."

"Now, that was a funny remark for him to make, and I laid it to the fact that he was rattled by the accident and was not aware what he was saying. But while we were waiting for the relief train he had a good deal to say about hard luck. Suddenly his face brightened, and he called our star contortionist aside and whispered something to him.

"When the relief train reached the spot, the first man to jump off was a claim agent who rushed up and asked if any one was

hurt.

"Oh, my son, my son!" wailed our manager, wringing his hands. I rushed over where he was to see what his game was, and there lay our contortionist in the ditch doubled up into his famous doubled bow knot.

"Great Scott!" gasped the claim agent. However, an agent hasn't anything to do with sympathy, his business being to settle with the injured before a lawyer could get hold of them. Our manager between sobs agreed to take \$60 in full for all damages, and once more we saw the silver lining to our cloud."

JACKAL, HYENA AND CO.

Wild Animals That Act as Scavengers in Africa.]

Any attempt at writing biographies of the jackal and his boon companions, the hyena and the vulture, would undoubtedly result in the production of a sort of animal Newgate Calendar, for all three are gluttons, thieves, and of very unpleasant personal habits.

But if they do not appeal to the naturalist with an imagination, it is rather odd that the statistician has not woven a romance about them. Their domain embraces Persia, Arabia, Babylonia, Syria, Egypt, a part of Asia Minor and the whole of North Africa, and most formidable columns of figures might be gathered concerning their work in the interests of hygiene.

In Africa, after the vultures have done their "day turn," the jackals and hyenas come out. To appreciate the work done by these agents of the African commission of public highways, says Filbert Damon-teil in 'Les Faunes Chiffoniers,' we may take a glance at typical African village at nightfall, and the same by early morning light.

The European traveller, approaching such a village for the first time and viewing it from afar is delighted with the scene. The little huts, lying in shadow beneath the huge forest tree, look cool and inviting, and seem to promise the tired traveller a comfortable night's rest. Approach, however, quickly disenchant him. The struggling areas between the huts are reeking with all manner of filth and abomination. If the traveller enters a hut, it is merely to find that he has escaped from stench in the outer air to worse ones inside.

He passes the night as best he can, his ears constantly assailed by the greas, growls, howlings and snappings of wild beasts. At early dawn he goes out and finds every particle of offensive matter gone, with all the filth of the night before.

In the cases of the desert, as soon as night falls, the human ear is assailed by a deep and peculiar grating sound, that comes from the surrounding hot, barren sands outside the range of vision. It swells and grows as it comes nearer, and soon the light of the camp fire shows, dimly, horrid shapes by the hundreds, and sometimes thousands, seated outside the area of brightness, gnashing their teeth and licking their chops in anticipation of the time when sleep shall have overcome the travellers. They are hyenas, fearful to look upon, but rarely dangerous to man.

If there is a settlement on the oasis they over-run its streets and alleys in search of garbage.

At the first sign of dawn, which is followed almost immediately by the rising of the sun, they disappear, but in the meantime they have accomplished their mission. The village garbage heap, piled no matter how high with the debris of a day,—dead dogs or cats or fowls, sometimes a dead donkey, all the scrapings and garbage of the town,—has vanished as completely as the beasts that have cleaned it up. Not a bit of squirrel bone, not the wing of a locust or a dead grass hopper remains!

TYPHUS FEVER.

Symptoms of this Dread Disease—No Known Remedy for it.

Typhus fever is fortunately very rare in this country at the present day, although we even yet hear occasionally of cases in our large cities during the winter season. It used to prevail extensively in Ireland, and epidemics were often started in American seaport towns by importation of the disease in emigrant ships. It is said still to exist in Dublin, Liverpool and London to some extent, but Mexico is now its chief stronghold. Many cases occur every winter in Mexico city and elsewhere on the great central plateau of Mexico, and sometimes tourists from this country catch it there and bring it home with them.

The disease usually begins suddenly in the midst of apparent health, with a chill, prostration, severe pain the head and limbs and high fever; the pulse is rapid, the face flushed, the skin hot and dry, the mouth parched. An almost constant symptom is nosebleed, which occurs on the third or fourth day of the disease, and another is



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constipation.

The disease has a characteristic eruption which in the beginning resembles somewhat that of measles. It comes out in patches of a reddish or pink color, first on the chest and then on the rest of the body and the limbs. Later the color changes to a dusky purple.

The nervous symptoms are marked. They consist at first of headache and dizziness, but soon the patient falls into a stupor from which he can be aroused only with difficulty, or else he becomes delirious, muttering constantly to himself in a dull, confused way, or perhaps becoming violent and having to be restrained by force from doing himself injury.

The affection is probably a germ disease although the microbe, if there is one, has not yet been discovered. It is preeminently a disease of human crowding, as the old names of ship fever and jail fever testify. It cannot thrive in the open air, and is never to be feared by those whose dwellings are flooded with fresh air and sunlight. Even those already seized with the fever are not infrequently saved if moved out of the hospital ward or bedroom and kept in tents, or actually in the open air with only a shelter supported on poles over the bed.

There is no specific remedy for the disease, which is a very fatal one. Open air, cleanliness and good nursing are the patient's only salvation.

Observations.

When a man helps his wife with her work she has to drop what she is doing to wait on him.—No woman is going to saw the wood and say nothing. If she has to saw the wood the world will certainly hear from her.—No man loves a woman when he is busy, and no woman understands why a man doesn't enjoy stopping while driving a nail to kiss her.—I have noticed that when you tell a woman her daughter is just the image of her when she was that age the mother looks pleased, the daughter looks scared.

"Har, yesterday was our wedding anniversary, and you never said a word about it." "Well, my dear, I felt it in my bones that it was some sort of a big day, but I couldn't remember what it was."