

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

with Mr. Outhit and Mr. Hoke went for a trip to Kingsport returning the same day. Miss Bessie Upham and her brothers George and Harold, have gone to St. Martins where they will meet Mr and Mrs. Aubrey Upham of St. Stephen and the party will spend two weeks camping out. Miss Lizzie Aikman, returned on Monday from a pleasant visit of two weeks at Windsor. There was a sale of ice cream and other refreshments in the rectory grounds on Saturday evening, the proceeds, for the benefit of St. George's S. School. Mrs. Beverly Robinson and daughter of Boston, are here on a visit to Mrs. Robinson's mother. Mr. and Mrs. James Brown drove from Amherst on Saturday and remained until Thursday, guests of Mrs. Jas. Gillespie. Mr. H. J. Legan M. P., Mr. T. J. Locke, C. E., and Mr. Barasconi C. E., arrived in town on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Choineset spent part of last week in Turco. Mr. R B Richmond, Springhill, lately paid a visit to her parents. Miss Armstrong of Cornwallis is a guest of Mrs. D. S. Howard. Mr. Harvey Graham has accepted a position at Springhill. Mr. and Mrs. Coates and Miss Eva Coates have lately been visiting friends. Mr. and Mrs. Coates were on a driving trip. Mrs A. C. Berryman was summoned to Cornwallis last week by the death of her mother.

HAD A KICK COMING.

And he Gave Vent to it With a Good Deal of Vigor.

A man with a week's growth of beard on his chin and a fierce gleam in his eye stepped up to one of the windows in the postoffice and asked the clerk: 'Is this the registry department?' 'Yes,' replied the clerk. 'Say, don't get'— 'I've got a 10 cent stamp that's never been used, and it's as good as new. I wanted to trade it for five 2 cent stamps at that window back there, and the fellow won't take it. A 10 cent stamp ain't no use to me. The government won't be out nothin,' I says. 'You can sell it again, and'— 'You needn't waste any of your time talking to me about it. He's got his orders, and you can't'— 'I ain't wastin' any of my time. I've got lots of it. I say it's a darned shame if the United States won't redeem its own'— 'Will you stand aside and let those other'— 'No, I won't stand aside. I'm going to get in my kick. When a government can't afford to make an even trade on a 10 cent stamp, I say it's gettin mighty thunder'— 'I told you once.' 'I offered to take 9 cents and call it even if he'd let it go that way. I won't stand and chaffer over a cent. He wouldn't do that either. He knows I can't use a 10 cent stamp, but he thinks I have got to use 2 cents stamps and I'll have to buy 'em. I'll fool him on that. You see it I don't. If a good citizen is going to be treated this way by the government of these United States and the men it puts in office, I'll be darned if I ever buy another postage stamp as long as I live so help me Captain Streeter! It's the darnedest, littlest piece of business I ever'— And he was still registering his kick in impassioned language when the uniformed floorwalker led him away.

A Smart Boy.

'Now, Willie, dear,' asked his mother, 'why did you not come when I called you the first time?' 'Because I did not hear you till you called the third time,' said little Willie. The heart of the mother was pained at this evidence of depravity. For how she reasoned, could he have distinguished the third call without hearing the second? 'I know it was the third time, mamma.'



A Glow of Satisfaction.

Some men don't like the high polish on their linen, but they all appreciate the glow of satisfaction they feel when the work comes home from our laundry. It's rightly and cleanly done; that's all; but that's a whole lot.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. JODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

"Give Him an Inch, He'll Take an Ell."

Let the smallest microbe gain lodgment in your body and your whole system will be diseased. The microbe is microscopic. But the germs become inches and then ell's of pain. Hood's Sarsaparilla destroys the microbe, prevents the pain, purifies the blood and effects a permanent cure.

Run Down—"I had severe headaches and my constitution was generally run down. Had read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, tried it, and after using two bottles was entirely cured." Miss Mary Flannigan, Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.



little Willie hastened to explain 'cause you sounded so mad.' She clasped him to her bosom. A boy who could boister up a poor story with a better one was not doomed to remain in obscurity.

ANOTHER NEW CLUB

Which Has to be Organised Yet Sad to Say.

They had assembled in the library of Mrs. L. to organise their new club. It was to be a philanthropic club to look after the welfare of a few of the waifs of the lower east side. Just how to proceed not one of them knew, so no one presided, and they just sat around and talked. 'Shall we be incorporated?' asked Mattie. 'What for?' replied the others. 'Oh, I don't know really,' said the first speaker, 'only all the important clubs get incorporated.' 'Yes, I know they do,' came from Emily in the rocker, 'but how do you go to work to do it?' 'Why, that's easy,' chimed in Mattie, with an air of knowledge. 'You only have to make out a list of the officers, with the name of the club, and present it to the mayor. Then he gives you a certificate, which he framed and hung up in the club-room.' 'How many officers shall we have?' asked Louie.

'Oh, four will be enough. But we must have a treasurer. Who'll be a treasurer. Who'll be the treasurer?' said Mattie, with an eager look from one to the other. 'Now, if Emily wasn't so indolent she'd make a good treasurer.'

'No, I wouldn't broke in the one referred to excitedly. 'And why not, pray?'

'Well, simply because stripes going crosswise are not becoming to me. I'm too fat. Let Mattie be treasurer.'

'Indeed I couldn't,' promptly objected that young woman. 'I never could add a column of dollars and cents.'

'Well,' remarked Louie, 'you're all right as long as you don't subtract.'

'Don't you think we ought to have a fiscal year?' asked Grace.

'Why, is a fiscal year?' came from each one in turn, but no one could tell. 'I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea what a fiscal year really means,' added Frances rather hopelessly, 'but every club has one, and I think we ought to.'

In a Klondike Jail.

Charles Steckler, the lawyer and politician, has just returned from a two months' trip through Alaska, in the course of which he made some interesting observations, saw some queer people and had some unique experiences, the most remarkable of which was undoubtedly his feat of beating a Klondike roulette wheel twice. Here is one of his anecdotes.

'There is a very interesting jail in Sitka into which all great offenders against law and order in Alaska are thrown. I found it full of murderers. There was one inmate resting fellow there, an Indian, known as Jim Hudson, who is now under sentence of death. Hudson murdered a harmless consumptive and his wife, who had gone out in the woods to live, and his detection was the result of a remarkable series of circumstances. Hudson's tribe were camped a short distance from the hut which the consumptive and his wife had built and were living in.

'A young buck and his squaw bride belonging to the tribe went away in a canoe for a trip for a few days and never came back. The Indians made a search for them and all they ever found was one of the paddles of the canoe which they had left in. They decided that the couple had been murdered by white folks, and according to the laws of the tribe resolved that two white people should die to expiate the crime. Hudson and some others ran across this poor miserable consumptive and his wife lying alone in the woods and shot them down in cold blood. 'Then they cut off the woman's head

and took it back to their camp to prove that the murder of their own people had been avenged. All efforts to find the murderers were futile and months passed without any headway being made. In the meantime a lot of Salvation Army folks had opened up at Stagway, and one day Hudson drifted into one of the meetings. He was an intelligent Indian, and became very much interested in the services. He heard men and women confessing their sins and saying they were saved, and so he finally got up and told how he murdered the consumptive and his wife.

'He was arrested at once. He confessed the crime, named his associates in it and they were all arrested. Hudson was sentenced to be hanged and the others got terms of from twenty to fifty years each in prison, Hudson awaits his punishment patiently. He is not frightened and it is a matter of indifference with him when the hanging comes off.'

On St Paul's Spire Again.

Robert Merrill, better known as 'Steeple Bob' who is repairing the spire of St. Paul's laughed today at the idea of his work being dangerous.

'I never had much of a fall,' said he. 'The worse I ever had was in Chicago eight years ago, where, though the carelessness of one of my men in allowing the ropes to slip, I went down six stories. When the smoke cleared away both my arms and both legs were broken, and my shoulder was dislocated. I put in nine months at the hospital after that.'

Work was resumed on St. Paul's spire today by Merrill and his assistants. Mrs. Merrill watched her husband's operations with the interest she always shows in his dangerous work. When it began to rain the work was suspended, as the water makes the ropes shrink.

The weather vane on St. Paul's does not appear large from the street, but, in reality, it is nine feet long and weighs over 200 lbs.

Merrill said today that the work on the spire would keep him busy for about six weeks. Besides improvements on the weather vane, the steeple will have to be scraped and a new seven-strand copper rope lightning rod put up.

Talmage and the Czar.

The following cable despatch from the Rev. DeWitt Talmage, is given out by Christian Herald for publication: Moscow, July 30.

Since arriving in Russia I have had the honor of three interviews with royalty; i. e., with the emperor, empress and the dowager empress. I found the emperor in the enjoyment of splendid health physically.

'How many things have happened since we last met,' he observed, with a reminiscent smile.

The empress is slightly taller than her husband, and radiantly beautiful. She expresses her opinions without reserve. I talked with the royal wife and daughters as freely as though I were conversing with my own sisters.

The dowager empress does not look a day older than when I saw her last. She smilingly reminded me of the flowers which she sent my family when I was in Russia eight years ago, and indicated the spot where she then stood with her children.

Her beautiful eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled as she referred to the loss of her husband, her son, and her mother.

That was all.

I can't imagine why Miss Rockingham treats me so coldly. The other evening when I called she said she had been eating green onions and hoped I would excuse

Shabby Silver. makes a bad impression. When you can buy silver-plated knives, forks and spoons bearing the stamp of W. M. ROGERS at the present low prices, you should make an effort to renew your family silver. It's the kind that lasts. Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co. Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

her. Since then she has hardly spoken to me.'

'That's curious. What did you say when she excused herself?' 'Let me see! Why, I merely told her not to mind; that it would be an easy matter for me to keep far enough away not to be disturbed.'

Heroes Yet Unrewarded.

The friends of Miss Annie Lawton have applied to the Royal Humane Society for a medal for her, on account of her saving Mr. J. Stewart Campbell from drowning at Camp Comfort a few days ago. Miss Lawton deserves it, but it must not be forgotten that Johnny Day the 11 year old hero of Fairville, and Johnny McKinnon of the same locality are still unrewarded for their bravery and life saving. The former all alone saved old Mr. Delaney from burning to death by tearing the flaming clothes from his back two months ago, and McKinnon was lowered head first into a blazing refuse furnace to save Malcolm Campbell from an awful death. Both were badly burned. If there are any medals to be given let prior claims be first attended to.

Wants the Ordeal Over.

The application of F. S. Whittaker through his counsel for a speedy trial does not surprise those who are in a position to know what the prisoners feelings are. He wants the ordeal over as soon as possible and now that the preliminary examination is over wishes to know what the result will be. It is said that Mr. Whittaker has made some statements that are interesting and it may be damaging but it would not be fair to use them at this stage. No other banks except the Bank of New Brunswick have made any charges and it is said that there are other notes this bank has not produced.

Who The Woman Was.

The people around Spruce Lake are laughing a good deal over the efforts of the authorities in the city to find out the history of the babe left on the doorstep on Cliff street. They seem to know all about it, how long the mother boarded near the lake, who visited her and how old the infant was when the parties moved to the city. They do not hesitate to say that the name of the young woman was Powers and that she belonged to the North End of city Mrs. Vincent is wanted by the police but up to this writing has been ill. No doubt her examination will bring forth a lot of facts.

A Real Young Woman.

A young woman discovered a little bird completely worn out lying on one of the central walks in King Square on Wednesday and she stooped and picked it up. Then without a moment's hesitancy she walked deliberately across the "lawn" and placed the tired little creature in a tree. A hundred pairs of eyes gazed awe-struck at her, and some really expected to see her arrested. But she wasn't, and when a Square hand came strolling along to know the reason for her trespass she just gave him "one look," as the girls say, and passed on.

A Medium Rap.

The medium stood behind the black curtain. Suddenly there sounded a loud rapping. 'Is that dear Charles rapping?' inquired the lady who was there to interview her deceased husband. 'No'm,' spoke up the medium's son. 'That's the iceman at the front door.'

Local Pride.

'You told me that Pittsburg was a very comfortable summer resort in June,' said the visiting brother to the resident, 'but I see by the weather reports that Pittsburg was the hottest place in the United States on Sunday.'

'That's all right,' replied the resident joyously. 'Pittsburg always leads. Hurrah.'

A Matter of Form.

Mrs. Greate—Headde—I believe in a rational dress for my sex. Nature never intended a woman to drag along heavy skirts.

Mr. Twinkler—On the other hand, madam, I am sure there are many women nature never intended to wear short skirts.

Very Fitting Name.

They were in the back parlor, and the light was dim. 'Tell me darling,' he implored, 'why you call your little brother Time?' 'Because time will tell,' she replied as she struggled from his embrace and peeped under the sofa.

'I might as well tell ye before we go any further,' said the witness, who had been getting rather the better of the lawyer, 'that ye needn't expect to rattle me by asking fool questions.' 'No?' retorted the lawyer. 'Naw, I've raised three boys, an got two

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grandsons that's keepin me trained all the time.' Unsatisfactory Investment. Proud mother discussing her daughter, who is singing in the next room—Such enormous sums as we have spent on Clara's voice! Sympathetic neighbor—And can't you really do anything for it? A Come of Enjoyment. Jagway—Did you have a good time at that stag dinner the other night? Toperly—The greatest time I ever had. Why, I can't remember a thing that happened.—Life. Under the Trees. The Dude—Are you fond of puppies, Miss Golf? Miss Golf—What a singular way you have of proposing, Mr. Junebug! The Usual Way. 'I notice that a Pennsylvania woman has left \$10000 for the care of her dog and horse.' It's a wonder she didn't leave a cat to contest the will. 'Have you faith in your theory about Mars being inhabited?' inquired the skeptic. 'I should say I have faith in it!' answered the man with the telescope. 'Why that theory is good for \$50 a thousand words every time. I choose to write an article on it.' Farmer Hornback—What's your city nephew's business? Farmer Gapp—Why, he plays golf most of the time. Farmer Hornback—Hub! That ain't a business—it's a disease! 'She hasn't a great deal of money has she?' 'No; but she's after a big reputation.' 'In what way?' 'She's going to spread the story that she refused the Duke of Manchester.' 'Rebecca wants to go to be a Chinese missionary.' 'Nonsense; don't you fool yourself; I know Rebecca: she wants to get out there and organize a 'Daughters of the Charter Boxers,' or something like that.' Larry—Finnegan is raisin' goats. Denny—Is thory ny money in goats? Larry—Thor is some in Finnegan's. He hung his vist on a stake awn th' goats ate it up. His month's wages was in th' pocket.