

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

and being indulged in and a very pleasant time spent.

Miss Daisy Baines returned from Boston Saturday last.

Mr. Kenneth Webster went to Boston Saturday to take a course at Harvard University for the degree of Ph. D.

An interesting event, in which a popular young lady and a gentleman from Boston, will play the important part, takes place this evening at the residence of Mr. E. J. Webb, Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. James McGonoy are receiving congratulations on the arrival on Tuesday last of a baby girl, at their home on Broad street.

FREDERICTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety's and J. H. Hasbrouck.]

Nov. 7th.—This week affairs of state have so completely overshadowed all else that even the several parties we have had and all very pleasant ones, have not occupied even the mind of the extent one usually expects in that quarter.

The welcome given the returning heroes on Friday evening was worthy of the occasion. All classes and people as one were in accord and our charming little city presented a gala appearance in holiday attire all eager to do honor to our soldier boys who were returning home from the war. The heroes were J. Albert Perkins and John Wilson, of the 71st York Regiment and Hallimore, Keddy and Hennessy of No. 4 Co., R. C. R. I and they were accompanied by Sgt. Frimley of Stanley, and Baker, Flewelling, Sampson & Miller of the R. C. R. I and Jones of the 71st, Lt. J. of Moncton, Creigh and Wainmaker of Sussex. They were met at the station by the reception committee and citizens en masse. The banquet which was given by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. in honor of the returning heroes was a happy feast to the wild enthusiasm which attended their arrival home. The gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. where the banquet was spread had been gorgeously decorated with flags, bunting and welcoming mottoes. The table was in the form of the letter H and with the beautiful decor of lots of flowers and fruit presented a feast fit for gods. Those who had seats at the table were the lads in khaki, the major and aldermen, officers of the R. C. R. I and 71st regiment, 71st band, city clergyman, veterans of 66 and the honorary members of the W. C. T. U. During the repast the Orchestra furnished music and at the finish came a round of speeches. Those speaking were Major Beckwith, Colonel Leggie, Colonel Dunbar, Dean Partridge, Rev. D. McLeod and several of the returning soldiers.

Mrs. T. Carleton Allen entertained a number of her lady friends at Euclyptus Wednesday evening (9 tables). The fortunate winners of the prizes were Mrs. Maquis, ladies first, Miss Burns, gentlemen's first, Mrs. Eaton getting ladies' bubbly and Mr. T. G. Loggie the gentlemen's. At the flash of the games a sumptuous supper was served.

Miss Dunbar of Quebec, is in the city the guest of her brother Col. Dunbar at The Barracks.

Several little strangers have arrived in the city and are receiving hearty welcomes.

One has come to the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Crowe and is being welcomed as a young son.

Another young gentleman is welcomed into the home of Mr. J. A. Barry, Judge of Probates.

A little daughter is receiving attention at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Toner.

Mrs. Benton and Miss Fielan of Calais, are visitors in the city.

The Barkers Whist Club met last evening at Aescya Grove with Mrs. J. A. Gregory.

Mrs. Hazen and Mrs. Burnside entertained the ladies of the Lang Syne Whist club last evening when the winners of the prizes were Mrs. Bliss 1st, Mrs. Taber 2nd and Mrs. Balloch the consolation.

Mrs. John Palmer has issued cards of invitation for Friday afternoon from 4.30 to 6.30.

Mr. T. Mons Aitken, one of our South African heroes is the guest of his friend Mr. Mont Wiley for a few days.

Mr. Aitken was dined at the Barker House by a number of his friends last evening. Speeches, songs and toasts occupied several hours of the pleasant evening after the dinner had been disposed of.

Mrs. Bains, Wetmore has invitations out for a Euclyptus party for Friday, Nov. 10th.

Saturday afternoon was an ideal day for hare and hounds and a large meet were gathered, the run was a long one back over the College hills, out down below Salama over garden walls and through to Queen street, but the hares Miss Agnes Tabor, Miss Jean Neil and Miss Margaret Babbitt, were to effect for the hounds and arrived at Mrs. Dave Hart's rendezvous, in safety.

Miss Markham has returned to her home at St. John after a pleasant visit of several weeks here the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bailey. CRICKET.

Meeting a Polar Bear.

Adventures with polar bears were frequent during the long winter spent on Frazz Josef Land by Mr. F. G. Jackson, and described by him in his interesting book, 'A Thousand Days in the Arctic.'

Early one February morning at the close of his watch on the ship, Mr. Jackson heard the dogs bark, a signal that a bear was near. He seized his rifle and set off alone in pursuit.

After stumbling two miles or more over the rough snow, guided by the barking, I came upon a bear close up to the open water, with the dogs yelping around him, and he roaring and making dashes at them. Going up to within ten yards, I wounded him in the neck, but not sufficiently to stop him. He took to the water, and the dogs and I followed. He bade fair to get away, and I fired at sixty yards. The bear turned.

In my haste I had taken but three cartridges, and now had but one left, so that on coming up with the brute again at the edge of the floe, I was particularly anxious to make sure of a fatal shot.

I had approached within six or seven yards of him, when he rushed at me, at first with his head low down. I fired at his head; but just as I did so he threw it up, letting the bullet go between his fore legs. He came at me with a regulation messenger roar, his mouth wide open, and in a second he was upon me.

I could feel his warm breath on my face, and could see the gleam of his teeth, the

shape of his long grey tongue and the glare in his eyes.

I had just time to remove the rifle from my shoulder, half-dazzled as I was by its flash in the darkness, and to thrust the barrel with all my force into the bears open jaws, and then draw it back for another thrust.

This was a trifle too much for him, and he whipped short round and took to the water. My left hand, which entered his mouth up to the wrist, as shown by the teeth marks upon it, bled a good deal. I returned to the ship for more cartridges and resumed the hunt, but the bear had made good his escape.

Delusive Dummies.

An American who spent a large portion of the past summer in Paris found no small part of his pleasure in the exhibition in the 'dummies' scattered about among the exhibits.

There are a great many of these dummies so called, effigies and mannikins, representing different races and tribes, and illustrating styles of dresses, uniforms and so forth. Many of them are very lifelike, and in the shadow of an arch or an indoor pavilion it is not always easy, at first sight, to distinguish a dummy from a living person, when the latter is motionless.

The American visitor was much amused one day at witnessing the discomfiture of a large, elderly Englishman whose eyes were probably not quite as good as they once were. He was passing through the Indo-Chinese Building, and had paused in front of an alcove where stood a little brown Malay woman. She was, perhaps, homesick or depressed by her small sales, for she stood as still as a stork by its nest.

The large Englishman regarded her tentatively for some months, then moved his head from side to side for a better view. Almost, if not wholly, convinced that this was a manikin and not flesh and blood, he carefully moistened his forefinger and, leaning forward, rubbed one of the brown cheeks.

With a cry of irritation, the little dusky woman jumped backward, and let go at the embarrassed Britisher such a flight of indignant Malaysian epithets as must at least have convinced him that she was very much alive.

The American was telling this story next day to a friend, as they were walking through the 'Palais of Agriculture.' 'They are very deceiving—These dummies,' he replied. 'Look at that one by the big wine butt, just ahead of us. You would almost say that that fellow in uniform was real flesh and blood,' and he tapped it on the arm in passing.

To his chagrin and my no little amusement, the supposed dummy gave his belt a hitch and turned his back in superb disdain.

Daniel O'Connell's Last Case.

Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish agitator, was in his lifetime scarcely less famous in law than in politics. He was a marvelous advocate, but he was justly accused of using unfair means to procure verdicts. He would blarney or bully as the case seemed to require; he would mimic, he would declaim, he would denounce, and resort to dramatic surprises and clever traps—anything to succeed.

His excuse was his warm heart and the terrible severity of the times, which made him desperately anxious to save his clients from punishment, and often scarcely less so when he himself believed them guilty than when they were innocent. It was the day of little discrimination, less mercy, and much hanging and transportation; and O'Connell disapproved capital punishment. A recent article by Mr. Michael MacDonogh gives a thrilling account of Counselor O'Connell's last case—that of the 'Doneraile Conspiracy.'

An unpopular Irish magistrate has been murdered, and the resulting investigation unearthed a conspiracy to kill a number of oppressive local magnates. One hundred and fifty persons were indicated, and were to be tried in three batches.

In the defence of the first batch O'Connell was not engaged, and they were all convicted and sentenced, lads and aged men together, to execution within the week. The remaining prisoners and their friends, seized with panic, sent an urgent messenger from Cork to Darrylane, ninety miles away, and O'Connell went to the rescue.

There was not a moment to spare, as the judge had refused to delay the opening of the second trial for his arrival. Travelling in a light gig with relays of horses, and scarcely stopping for rest or food, O'Connell traversed the bright Kerry roads at full speed, and at length arrived in the court-house square flogging his exhausted horses which dropped dead between the shafts as he descended, hailed by a crowd of thousands with wild shouts, 'He's come! He's come!'

Amid a frantic uproar of cheers, he was

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Sick Headache—"I was troubled with sick headaches. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, my husband having been cured of salt rheum by it, and soon it made me feel like a new woman." Mrs. Robert McAfee, Deerhurst, Ont.



swept into the court room, where the opposing lawyer Mr. Doherty was addressing the jury.

The solicitor general turned white. The cloud of despair lifted from the faces of the prisoners in the dock. O'Connell at once bowed to the judges, and apologized for not appearing in wig and gown. He also craved permission to refresh himself in court. A bowl of bread and milk was brought and he ate, a young barrister on either side of him poured into each ear an account of all that had been done, and of how the case stood.

It was a contrast, the big massive counsellor snatching his hasty breakfast, and the graceful aristocratic Mr. Doherty talking in the most refined way to the court. As he laid down a doctrine of law, O'Connell, with marked contempt, cried out, with his mouth full of bread and milk. 'That's not law.'

Again and again he interrupted but always the decision of the judges upheld him and affirmed the error of his antagonist. He was still more successful when the witnesses fell into his hands for cross-examination. They told, or tried to tell the same story upon which the former prisoners had been convicted; but O'Connell so badgered, tripped and terrified them that their evidence went hopelessly to pieces.

'Wisha, then,' cried one hysterically, visibly trembling, 'God knows 'tis little I thought I'd meet you here this day, Counsellor O'Connell! May the Lord save me from you!'

The jury could not agree although locked up and starved for a day and a half. Nor were the accused tried again, for the third batch having received meanwhile a full acquittal, the government despaired of conviction and they were discharged, while the sentence of the unfortunates already condemned to be hanged was commuted to transportation.

His Father's Name.

A new realization of what war means came to the readers in a certain English newsroom not very long ago. There were readers before all the stands. The room was full. Work people curtailed their dinner hour, and even children, going home from school, looked to see the latest telegrams. The London Academy tells the story of one small reader.

He came in, a little lad in a sailor suit, with a cap set well back on his head. Any attempt on his part to read the newspapers on the high wooden stands was out of the question. He was too small to do anything but look up at them inquiringly.

He paused in the centre of the room, eagerly scanning the faces of the readers, as if trying to solve a difficult problem. Presently he walked up to a tall man absorbed in the war telegrams. The child pulled him by the coat and in a high whisper preferred his request:

'Will you lift me up? I want to see the list for mother.'

Every head was turned. The gaze of all the readers was fastened on the tall man as he lifted the little boy in his arms. Evidently the child could read, for his quick bright eyes followed his stubby little forefinger as it travelled line by line down the broken column of names. Everybody watched him breathlessly.

The finger lifted, the boy gave a little wriggle in the tall mans arms, and exclaimed:

'No, 'e aint there. Mother won't never buy no paper till I been and looked, for fear 'er should see it suddint like. Thank you, sir!'

Carpeted Rivers.

The search for convenient ways of transportation by which the products of the Soudan may reach the outer world has called attention to a remarkable phenomenon of vegetable life on some of the head waters and tributaries of the Nile. This consists of enormous growths of papyrus and other plants, completely covering the streams and forming carpets of vegetation two or three feet thick, beneath which flows the water. Navigation by

small boats is, of course, entirely interrupted by this obstruction, which is in places supplemented by vines and clinging plants which arch 'be streams from bank to bank. Heavy floods occasionally sweep away the accumulations of plants, but they are quickly reformed.

Snouting a Tiger.

An English missionary to British Guiana penetrated a few years ago to the remoter settlements of those tropical wilds, where he was entertained by a half breed settler. He reports one story told him there on a rainy day. The story is of interest for its dialect, as well as for its adventure.

Hanging over the fence about the cabin was a huge tiger-skin. We had arrived only a few days after the animal was killed, 'Tell us about it,' I said, for like the Athenians of old, we had nothing else to do just then but to tell or to hear some new thing.

'Well,' said Alec, 'nebba trouble trouble till trouble trouble you. Dis fellow trouble a' we too much. He came in de night and steal de pork. He came 'gain and take a we fowl. So we say, 'We no clea' groun' fo' monkey fo' run 'pon, and we no rear fowl to' tigh to eat. So we must catch he one dem nights.'

'Three of us get we guns, we climb 'pon tree, and we wait and we say, 'Ebery day debil help tref, one day God mus, help watchman.' By and by we hear noise, massa. Tigah come carrying hog 'tween be teet.' Bang! Tigah stop, tigh a rowl. Bang! Tiger roll ober. He keep still, but we say, 'Ebery shut eye no sleep.' We gib he one more. Bang! He dead fo' true. We haul he up Dare he skin. 'No ketchee, no habee.'

Subsidence of the Bermuda Islands.

According to the results of studies by Prof. A. E. Verrill the beautiful Bermuda Islands are merely the remnant of an island, very much larger than the present entire group, but which has sank in the ocean. The original island had an area of 300 or 400 square miles, whereas the Bermudas to-day are only about 20 square miles in area. Within a comparatively recent period, says Professor Verrill, the Bermudas have subsided at least 80 or 100 feet. Their base is the summit of an ancient volcano, while their surface is composed of shell sand drifted into hills by the wind and consolidated by infiltration.

More Remains of Ancient Man.

In some grottoes in Algeria French explorers have recently discovered stone implements mingled with the remains of extinct animals belonging to Quaternary times. Further explorations indicate that during the age when the grottoes were inhabited, the coast of Algeria had a configuration different from that of today. Among the animals associated with the ancient human inhabitants of Algeria were the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus and various species of ruminants.

The Land of Earthquakes.

It is with some surprise that one reads in a recent report of the director of the National Observatory at Athens that, taking area into account, earthquakes are about twice as frequent in Greece as they are in Japan. The latter country has usually been looked upon as par excellence the land of earthquakes. It would appear that its earthquakes are, upon the whole, more severe than those in Greece, although the great architectural monuments of Greece have suffered much from seismic disturbances.

A Hundred and Fifteen Miles an Hour.

An electric railway is to be constructed between Liverpool and Manchester, intended especially for the swift transportation of passengers. It is said that the system adopted will be that of the single elevated rail, the cars being suspended from the rail. The projectors talk of sending trains from one city to the other, a distance of about 29 miles, in 15 minutes, or at the rate of 115 miles an hour.

His Dim Idea.

A teacher was giving to her class an exercise in spelling and defining words.

'Thomas,' she said to a curly-haired little boy, 'spell 'ibex.'

'I-b-e-x.'

'Correct. Define it.'

'An ibex, answered Thomas, after a prolonged mental struggle, 'is where you look in the back part of the book when you want to find anything that's printed in the front part of the book.'

Photographing Distant Objects.

Recent improvements in telephoto cameras are said to have obviated the old difficulty which required long exposures, and have rendered it possible to take pictures with such cameras as quickly as with those of ordinary construction. The improvement has been effected by placing a tube, containing a positive lens at one end and a



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Scientific extermination of Rats.

Monsieur Danysz of the Pasteur Institute in Paris has discovered a microbe which breeds pestilence among rats. He has had cultures containing the rat destroying bacilli tested on farm and in warehouses with much success. In half of the cases the population of rats was completely destroyed; in other cases the number was greatly reduced.

Equipped.

Nell: 'Flora's going on the stage.' Belle: 'I didn't know she had any talent.' Nell: 'She hasn't; but her aunt, the great actress, has died and left Flora her wardrobe.'

Her Best Friend—Oh, it was just beautiful in you!

Singer—Who?

Her Best Friend—Why, your refusing to sing when you know how much the guests did not want you to sing and how much you wanted to sing.

Trick-Trigger Sam—I hear Ace Hi Joe has got married. Wall-Eyed Pete—Co-r-rect. He's reformed too. Trick-Trigger Sam—Wot! Reformed? Wall-Eyed Pete—Yep. Saw th' notice in th' paper an' it sed "No cards"

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