

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

The past year in Ottawa with Mrs. Dunn's aunt, Mrs. Scott, and who accompanied by Miss Winfield Scott of Ottawa were to arrive in St. John Tuesday. Mr. George Treadwell of Mauderville, spent Sunday at Mr. W. H. Bejles's. Mrs. Robinson of St. John is the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. S. Peters. Mrs. Allen of St. John is spending a few weeks here, the guest of Mrs. Edward Simpson. Miss Mabel Scott of Queenstown is spending a few days with friends here. Masters Clarence P. and Harold N. Price of Moncton are visiting their grandfather the Rev. I. N. Parker. Mrs. Ross and Miss Fannie McDermott, who have been visiting friends here returned home on Monday. Mr. James Gallagher was the guest of Mr. M. Mahoney on Sunday. Mrs. J. Fitzpatrick of Fall River, Mass., who has been spending a few weeks with her brother Mr. F. Hayden, left for home on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dingee of St. John are spending a few days with relatives here. Mrs. George Baird was in town on Monday. Miss Maggie Palmer left for home on Monday. Miss Nellie Bulyea accompanied Miss Palmer to St. John. Mr. Harry Beacom spent Sunday at his home here.

EVANDALE.

Aug. 7.—The attractive scenery and pleasant quarters at Evandale are drawing their quota of summer visitors and last Saturday and Sunday Evandale House was thronged with guests. Among those who are stopping there for a time are Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Peters and son, two sons of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Vanwart are home from the States and will remain for a short visit. Mr. W. A. Henderson and Mrs. Henderson have been spending a few days at the Evandale House, Saturday evening they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Sr. and Miss Annie Henderson who remained until Monday. Mr. Smith of St. John and party are camping out opposite Evandale and enjoying life very much under canvas. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Murdoch and a party of friends are enjoining for a time in the Vanwart homestead opposite Evandale. The Steamer Dream on her trip from Gagetown Sunday morning left Messrs. W. B. Quinton of the Sun and Frank McCafferty of the Telegraph at Mr. Vanwart's and then proceeded to cruise to Kingston Creek, the newspaper representatives returning to the city the next day. Mrs. John B. Case is spending a few weeks at the hotel here. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Carter and Master George Carter spent Sunday at the Evandale House returning to the city on Monday.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstores of G. S. Wall and T. E. Atchison.] Aug. 8.—Mr. Willard Eaton and Mrs. Frank Woods gave a picnic last week at Porter's mill stream. Miss Frances L. Lowell has been receiving congratulations upon her engagement to Charles Briggs Lowell of Boston. Mrs. W. B. Wetmore received a telegram on Sunday summoning her to Manchester, New Hampshire to her son William Wetmore, who is extremely ill. Mrs. Wetmore left for Manchester on Monday. Mrs. A. I. Teed, gave a pleasant picnic at Mrs. George Young's at Oak Bay on Monday afternoon. Miss Rose Brittain left on Monday for Woodstock to visit relatives. Mrs. Henry F. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. McNichol and children have gone to St. Andrews to spend this month. Mrs. W. B. King is spending this week in Pembroke, Me. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Harmon Murchie and family are visiting in Calais. Mrs. Stewart Hutchins and children are guests this week of Mrs. Edwin B. Todd. Miss Rose Brittain, Miss Dora Grimmer, Mr. Fred McCullough and Miss Mamie Graham have returned from Deer Island. Miss Carrol and Miss Taylor who have been Miss Estelle Robinson's guests left on Monday for their home in St. John. Miss Gretchen Vroom has returned from a pleasant visit in Seckville. Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. MacNichol have been entering Dr. and Mrs. George MacNichol at their camp at Clark's Point. Sterling McFarlane of Fredericton is the guest of his brother, P. G. McFarlane. Miss Shaw of Boston is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. T. Fote. Miss Nellie Shors is in St. Andrews visiting Miss Kennedy. Miss Winnifred Dick of St. George is the guest of



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Miss Jessie Wall. Mrs. C. N. Vroom and her sons visited Eastport on Saturday. Mrs. Cyrus Walker and her son Talbot Walker of San Francisco, Cal., were recently registered at the St. Croix Exchange. Miss Maud M. Beckett of Calais is visiting relatives on Grand Manan. Mrs. Lewis J. McKenzie of Boston, accompanied by her young son, is visiting friends in town. Mrs. C. A. Lindow and the Messrs Lindow have returned from a pleasant visit in Woodstock. Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Ladrihan of Woodstock (see Miss Flora Lawler) are rejoicing by reason of the arrival of a daughter at their home. Mr. Frank Phelan is visiting friends in Providence and Worcester. Chas. Douglas and Miss Bertha Douglas of Lowell Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Lawler. Mrs. J. M. Murchie, Mrs. Frank Tucker and Ralph Horton visited St. Andrews on Saturday. Mrs. C. W. Young took a party of ladies to St. Andrews on Saturday in the Yatch Nautilus for a day's outing. Mrs. Paul Sargent has been visiting Machias. Miss Charlotte Young has returned from a delightful visit in Bangor and vicinity. Mrs. A. E. Neill has returned from DeMonts.

ST. GEORGE.

Aug. 8th.—Pl. John McLeod has been spending a few days in town the guest of Mrs. Andrew Baldwin. After spending a year and over in Colorado Miss Vangle Kelman has returned home accompanied by her cousin Mrs. H. Boyeton who will visit her aunt Mrs. James Kelman. Mrs. Jenkins and Miss Nutter, Boston, are visiting Mrs. A. V. Grant. Miss Laura Menzer who spent last week at her aunt's, Mrs. Alex Campbell, has returned to her home in St. Stephen. Mrs. Loyd of Lowell, Mass., is visiting her daughter Mrs. C. McAdam. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Davis of Richibucto, have sent a number of their friends the announcement of their daughter Mand's marriage, to Rev. Y. A. King of Providence, R.I., on Wednesday Aug. 15th. Mr. and Mrs. King were at home to their friends after Sept. 10th at 97 Branch ave., Providence R. I. Mr. Charles Young's yacht brought a party of gentlemen to St. George, on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Abram Young of St. John, are visiting relatives in town. St. Marks' Sunday School held their annual picnic at Canal Point on Thursday; it was a delightful outing, the St. George Band was in attendance. Mr. and Mrs. John Mann and Miss Mann of Winfield Kans are visiting relatives in town. Miss Elia Dick has returned home for the summer months. It is reported a gentleman doing business at Eastport, will very soon wed one of our popular young ladies. The Mission Band of the Epist church hold their picnic in Dodds Grove on Friday. Mr. Daniel Gilmor, Mr. Percy Gilmor, of Montreal and Mr. Churchill Gilmor of New York, arrived in town on Monday.

CHATHAM.

Aug. 9.—Mr. Geo. Russell is home from Boston. Mr. Willie G. Muirhead of Boston, Mass., is visiting friends and relatives in town. Mrs. H. Elden Prescott of Boston, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John C. Meron, Queen St. Miss Maggie Crosby, who has been studying nursing in the Baltimore general hospital for the past year, is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Wm. Scott. Mr. Hall of the Bank of Montreal, has been transferred from Chatham to Peterboro. He will be missed by a large number of lady and gentlemen friends. Mrs. J. D. Creaghan, Misses Mollie and Clara Creaghan, Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher, Miss Gladys Adams, Miss Alice Lawlor, and the Messrs. Adams of New York, have returned from Church Point. Mr. Jack Hunter has just returned from a visit to Europe. Mr. Hunter spent his time abroad in England and Scotland, and refrained from visiting naughty Paris.

The Japs. When the drummer gently taps Close together swing the Japs; The natty little, Ratty little Japs, Japs, Japs! All their faces are a-shine As they move in rhythmic line; The happy little, Snappy little Japs, Japs, Japs! They are little, but I know Where they're led they'll surely go; The ready little, Steady little Japs, Japs, Japs! They will battle with their might— For they're Britons in a fight! These wily little, Fiery little Japs, Japs, Japs!

Jealous of His Frerogative. Manager—What do you mean by using such language? Are you the manager here or am I? Employee—I know I am not the manager. Manager—Very well, then. If you're not the manager, why do you talk like an idiot.

She—The author evidently believes in the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number; so you agree with him? He—Oh yes; only I believe the greatest number is number none.

DOWN TO EARTH.

Proving that Hunger is a Base Enemy to Thing's Romantic. They had just become engaged and acted like husband and wife while basking in the honeymoon. 'I tell you, pet,' he said after a long and pleasant sojourn in the parlor, 'tomorrow we will go down to the finest hotel in the city and have dinner. You wear that gray dress that was such a pile of fluff stuff' I'll put on my best bib and tucker, and we're bound to make a hit.' 'Oh, you dear old darling! Do you know, I have a mania for swell hotels. When we get rich, we'll live in them, north in the summer and south in the winter, won't we?' 'Y-e-s, of course. Certainly. What you prefer will be my delight, you know. But let's think of tomorrow now. We'll make it a red letter day and a celebration.' They went into the dining room after scores of guests had assembled, and they did make a stunning appearance. The hum of conversation was stilled, diners nudged each other, and she felt that her heart was growing faint while he enjoyed the unmistakable evidence that they were taken as bride and groom. They were received at a separate table with a flourish. The waiter in charge looked important, put on the high touches of a cake walk as he seated them and then leaned over her shoulder as though her order was a matter of the strictest confidence. Poor girl, she knew as well as did the waiter that their table had concentrated all eyes. The menu showed her as much as a blank piece of paper. It was rich in good things, but it did not convey an idea to her perturbed brain. 'What shall I bring you, m' lady?' She swallowed rapidly, blushed rapidly, wished that she was at home and then said in a low but steady voice: 'I'm not quite in appetite to day. Bring me some ham and eggs.'

The Highlander Seldter Not Fond of his Kilt in Hot Climates.

The Highlander is generally represented as clinging devotedly to his kilt. Even during the early stages of the Boer War we were told that he would rather be a target for the Mauser in his native tartan than bother the Boer marksmen by disguising himself in the kilt of the Sassenach. A soldier now serving in a Highland regiment, and judging both by his Christian and surnames he is not one of the numerous Highlanders who are born and bred in London or Dublin, say the talk about the connection between the kilt and esprit de corps is, in his opinion, "sentimental rot." Among Highlanders who have served abroad he questions whether you would find a dozen in any battalion who would not to-morrow exchange their kilts for good serviceable breeches if they had a chance. In a hot climate, he says the Highlander does not live who does not daily "curse his kilt." 'A man must be pig-headed who would say that he feels comfortable walking about with the thermometer at 100 degrees in the shade and seven yards of coarse tartan encircling his stomach and loins.' 'To add to the soldier's discomfort,' he continued, the mosquito singles him out for special attention, and he suffers unexpressed agony from the bites inflicted on his unprotected limbs. On a Sunday morning in church I have frequently never heard a word of the sermon, being continually occupied in defending myself from these pests. You can see the men doing this by constantly knocking their legs together. And it isn't only mosquitoes, especially when you lie about on the ground. No one knows what the Highland regiments suffered in this way during the Nile expedition of 1898. A civilian can hardly picture to himself the misery of lying about in the desert, with the legs exposed to the broiling sun and to the attacks of innumerable insects mostly venomous, that crawl up the naked body. It is needless to say more about the disadvantage of the kilt in active service.'

Hotel Silver can hardly be too good. The pattern must be tasty, the plating extra heavy, the metal extra good—in a word, hotel silver-plated knives, forks and spoons should bear this stamp. W. W. ROGERS, The kind that lasts. Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co. Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

And sticks to work—Quoted as saying "I am Good for Life and so is Manhattan." Russell Sage was 84 years old Saturday. Still possessed of remarkable vigor, he celebrated his birthday by working hard all the morning at his office in the Bank of Commerce Building. Then in consciousness of a day well spent he left in the early afternoon for his country home at Lawrence L. I. A number of friends dropped in at his office to congratulate him upon his anniversary, and one friend had sent him a large bunch of flowers that occupied a conspicuous place on his desk. He was much amused at the observation of a Wall street news agency writer that he was 'a wonder.' The news agency man quoted him as saying that he "was good for 110, and so was Manhattan stock." He laughed and put the bulletin from the agency in his wallet to take home to show Mrs. Sage. Before he went home he said that he was thinking of making a subscription to the new British war loan. "The offering of the loan here," remarked Mr. Sage, "opens a new field for investment, as there has been practically no precedent for it, the British loan of last March, which was also offered here, having been secured by United States investors to so very small an extent as not to count. For the time the balance of trade is largely in favor of the United States and surplus of money is largely in the hands of such men as will appreciate a loan of such high grade. I will be very glad to see it subscribed to a very large extent in this country, as it will only be returning the past favors of British moneyed interests that have been shown to the United States. It is the opening for future loans of a similar character, in my judgment, and I think it will result in great good to both nations both in peace and war. I, myself am inclined to contribute, but helping to make the loan a success, as I believe it will have a very beneficial influence on the minds of the capitalists of the two nations to have it successful. Mr. Sage said he did not care to say how large a subscription he was thinking of making.

RUSSELL SAGE IS 84.

How Women Leave Street Cars. With evidence of much mental perplexity, the Hartford Daily Courant, suggests that mankind observe in all seriousness the spectacle of a woman alighting from a street car. This New England critic says: "If you never watched this phenomenon do so today, even if you have to pay five cents just for the privilege. She arises before the car stops, and only kind Providence and a careful conductor prevent her from going out into space while it is still moving. When it does come to a halt she lets herself down with a lurch backward that a man could not give himself if he was hired to, and stands so that, if anything should start the car up again before she was entirely disconnected, she would be thrown flat." In a word, the Courant's criticism appears to be based on woman's unaccountable habit of stepping from a street car with her back instead of her face toward the front of the car. No question is raised as to the fact: but just why she alights as she does has for some time been a conundrum. Men, in making their exit from the rear of the car usually grasp the handle at their left; if there is one, and alight with body turned so that upon reaching the ground they may proceed in the same direction as the car is moving. Of course, if the car is at a stand still it matters little how one steps off, so far as concerns his safety. The Courant explains this peculiarity of women passengers thus: "The trouble is that the backward departure is the only one that lets the skirts hang gracefully in the process." The solution of the problem is inadequate. What is the real reason? Why do women get off the car the wrong way? A Well Trained Boy. Mr. Godfather had brought up his son according to the good old model which teaches that children shall be seen and not heard, say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' and respect their elders. When Johnnie went to college, he arranged with his father that on his arrival there, if he found everything satisfactory, he would telegraph. 'Yes.' When the telegram arrived, the busy father had forgotten what 'Yes' referred to, so he wired back, 'Yes what?' and Johnnie answered, 'Yes, sir.'



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ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

probably been wholly destroyed, there are two cart routes. The country is flat, and often deep in mud. There is another route, over which a part of the allied forces may march. This starts at Shan Hai Kwan, and follows the line of an ancient Chinese road. Most of the way it is paralleled by a railway track, connecting with Port Arthur. This route is nearly 100 miles longer than the other, but the local conditions are far more favorable.

"Do you take an interest in politics, Mrs. Goliath?" "Oh, yes; I do wish my husband was running for something. Our porch is just lovely this summer with all our new prairie-grass chairs, hammocks, matting, rugs and things."

"David was a good fighter," said the professional pugilist, "but he had some hard luck." "You mean the David who slew Goliath?" "Yes. He could have made a mint of money out of that if moving pictures had only been invented then."

"I believe you boarded with your wife's mother before the happy event. Did you have any trouble in convincing her that you were the right man for a son-in-law?" "Not after I paid her a week's board in advance."

"I hope I am not governed by any merely worldly motive," remarked the Salvation Army officer, in sending out our prettiest girls to sell War Crys, but I can't help noticing that they dispose of twice as many as the others do."

"It astonishes me," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "when I think of the vast number of men who are always figuring, but don't count."