

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Miss Viola Shaw of West Medford Mass., who has been visiting her friend Miss Olive Golding, Union Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ungar (parents of the former Waterloo street laundryman) returned to their home.

Mrs. S. Lockner of Sydney St. and her granddaughter Miss Reid, en route to Boston.

Miss Ethel Peoly of Union St is on a visit to relatives at the Hub.

Mr. Walter Stilwell of Richmond street, one of the chief electricians in the St. John Railway Co power house on Union street has gone to North Sydney to assume a very remunerative position in the new electric works there.

Mr. Andrew Mackenzie of Halifax, is spending two weeks vacation with friends in and around the city.

Miss Shute of Halifax who has been visiting Mrs. F. Williams of Union street for the past month returned to her home via "Rupert" on Wednesday.

FREDERICTON.

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

Sept. 6.—The extremely warm weather of the past week has made camp life still very enjoyable and all the camps have, yet large parties who enjoy the beautiful September days on the water and the other pleasures of camp life. "Jubilee Camp," where Postmaster and Mrs. Hilyard are entertaining a party of friends has also some strangers in the party among whom Mrs. Robinson and Miss Betts of St. John.

Mrs. John Black returned home on Monday after a pleasant visit of several weeks with Mrs. Medley at St. Andrews.

Mr. W. Frank Beverly of New Bedford, Mass., is at Grape Cottage the guests of his aunt the Misses Beverly.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Creed who have been visiting in Nova Scotia during the vacation arrived home on Saturday.

Mr. Arthur Slipp is looking particularly proud and happy today as he is receiving the congratulations of his friends on the arrival of a son and heir at his home.

Mrs. Ketchum has returned from the sea shore and is now at Elmcroft, Miss Milner is with her and will remain for the winter.

Mrs. Harpan and Miss Boynton of Boston who have been the guests of the Misses Smith, Brunswick street returned home today.

Rev. Willard Macdonald and Miss Macdonald returned on Thursday from a month's vacation in Nova Scotia.

Miss Ida McLeod and Mrs. Macdonald have returned from their pleasure trip to the Pacific coast. Mrs. E. Byron Winslow gave a pleasant tea on Saturday afternoon for the pleasure of her guests Mrs. Wetmore.

The Misses Randolph are today entertaining a large party of friends at a picnic at Oranmore. Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Boston are here on their wedding journey and are the guests of Mr. Smith's brother, Ald. W. E. Smith.

Dr. J. Z. Currie of Cambridge, Mass., is receiving many hearty handshakes and warm words of welcome from old friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Street returned home on Monday after a pleasant visit with relatives here.

Miss Ethel Hart, who is at present one of the large party at "Pine Bluff Camp," will reopen her kindergarten on Monday, 17th Sept. in Mrs. Stratton's house on Brunswick street.

Mrs. Hedley V. Bond of Toronto and daughters are visiting Mrs. Will Fowler on Regent street.

Mrs. T. Bradshaw Winslow gave an At Home yesterday for the honor of Mrs. and Miss Wetmore who are here from the Northwest.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shaw who have been visiting Mrs. Shaw's mother Mrs. James Gibson of Marysville left for their home in Lowell Mass., last evening.

Mrs. Roberts, wife of Rev. Canon Roberts, returned home yesterday from a pleasant visit with friends in Stanley.

Rev. Dr. Bozet archdeacon of Ottawa is here on a visit to his daughter Mrs. W. H. Norton Taylor.

Miss Douglas of Milltown is visiting in the celestial and renewing old acquaintances.

Miss Mary Lugin of Boston is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. P. Fiewelling.

Mrs. M. Akerley went to St. John yesterday to visit friends.

Miss Misard is here the guest of the Misses Porter.

Miss Edith Gregory returned home to day after a pleasant visit with her sister Mrs. McKee at St. John.

C.R.I. KET.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print

ST. GEORGE.

SEPT. 5.—A pleasant party including Miss McLean, Ottawa, Miss Annie McVicar, Miss Wall, Boston, Miss Jessie Wall, St. Stephen, Miss Winnie Dick, Miss Blanche Gillmor, Senator Gillmor, Mr. T. H. Simons and Mr. Dawes Gillmor returned on Wednesday from a delightful outing to Nova Scotia on the Curlew.

Miss Fannie Smith is visiting her brother in North Sydney.

Mrs. R. A. Stuart, St. Andrews spent last week with her friend Mrs. R. P. Gillmor.

Mrs. George Hibbard St. Andrews, and Miss Nellie Breed, Boston spent Sunday in town.

Miss Simson, St. Andrews, is visiting at Mrs. T. O'Brien's.

The marriage of Miss Lizzie Milne only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Milne is announced for Sept. 10th.

Mrs. Daniel Gillmor, Montreal, and Mrs. Hine of Brooklyn returned to St. George on Tuesday from a trip to Halifax.

Mr. McMann, St. John, spent Monday with Major Brawley.

Mrs. McKenney, Calais, came on Monday for her little daughter who has been spending the vacation with her grandmother Mrs. James O'Brien.

Mrs. R. P. Gillmor leaves tomorrow (Thursday) for St. John for medical treatment.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Armstrong of Tower Hill to Mr. Morton Baldwin of St. George to take place on Wednesday Sept. 12th, at the home of the bride's parents.

Mrs. Colmer, Calais, spent the first part of the week with relatives in town.

MAX.

NEWCASTLE.

SEPT. 6.—Ald. Hennessy and daughter left on Friday morning's express to attend the Toronto

BORN.

To the wife of Joseph Cain, A. Landale, St. John Co. on the 29th of July, 1900, a daughter.

Fair. Before returning they will visit the Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Tilsonburg and Montreal.

Mrs. Charles Argenteau entertained a number of her friends at a 5 o'clock tea at her pretty home, Nelson Friday. A number of visitors of the Miramichi were present.

On Friday evening a number of young folks were entertained at the Manse in a very delightful way. The party broke up about midnight, and as good night's were said the general expression was—"a most pleasant evening."

Miss Annie Anslow, Windsor, N. S., who has been visiting points on the north shore during the last few weeks returned home on Monday. Miss Anslow who is always a welcome visitor to New-castle, speaks very highly of the hospitality of the residents of the Miramichi.

Mrs. Hurley and Miss Ella Parker left yesterday morning for New York. They will spend a day or two in St. John en route.

Miss Bessie Crocker left today for Sackville where she will attend Mount Allison ladies college. Miss Crocker will be greatly missed in social and musical circles here. She was organist in the Methodist church.

Mrs. Wm. Witherell, Miss Witherell and Mrs. Stone and child left for Boston yesterday. Mrs. Stone who resides in Boston has been visiting on the Miramichi for the past few months.

Miss Agnes Philney is visiting friends in Loggieville.

Mr. Chester Hayward is spending his vacation in Montreal and Toronto.

Mr. Howard Morrison who has been summering on the Miramichi, returned to Boston last week.

Mr. Howard Crocker went to Pettitcodiac on Saturday where he has accepted the principalship of the high school.

Miss Mary Anslow has returned from a visit to Halifax.

Miss Evans, Shediac, is the guest of her friend Miss Annie Nicholson.

Miss Ethel Elliott is visiting in Moncton.

Mr. P. Robinson, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia spent Labor day in St. John.

Mr. Killings of the firm of Clark, Killings & Co., Boston, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Manny last week.

Miss DeBoo is visiting friends in Sussex.

Rev. P. G. Snow has returned from a delightful holiday trip.

The Bishop's Prayer.

When the delegates to the Peace Conference arrived at The Hague, they came with a definite plan in mind, namely, to have all the nations agree to submit all difference or disputes to an International Board of Arbitration.

After many conferences, all the nations except one agreed to the arbitration platform. Germany held out against it. For the time being it was the Emperor William against the civilized world.

Ambassador White saw that German's action would imperil the usefulness of the conference, and must be checked at once.

So he asked one of the American delegates to hasten to Berlin, see the emperor of the chancellor, and lay before one or both of them the necessity of a change on their part.

Mr. White gave this messenger of peace a number of important documents with which to substantiate his position. There were petitions for universal arbitration signed by thousands upon thousands of American and English citizens; there were memorials representing governments and cities, and papers showing the attitude of the delegates of the congress then in session.

Among others was little paper marked by Dr. White "important." It was a prayer that the Bishop of Texas had written to be used at every service of his church in the state during the time the Peace Conference was in session.

"Use that if you can," said Ambassador White. It will show the interest of our American people, even those in the far West.

The delegate hastened to Berlin; but the emperor was off on a yachting trip, and was not to be found. He sought the imperial chancellor, but he was out of town and inaccessible. In despair he hunted up the second in position in the state department.

He was at his country seat just out of Berlin. So our delegate although it was Sunday, hurried out there and found the official. He was an imperious old noble, brought up in the stern school of Bismark.

He received the delegate courteously, and they talked the matter over.

"It is impossible," said the secretary, "for us to recede from our position. Our might is our right. How could imperial Germany submit itself to such a board as you describe? We should have to disband our army."

In vain the delegate argued, telling the aged diplomat that his master was arraying himself against the whole Anglo-Saxon race, and in fact against the civilized world.

"What do your people really care about it, anyway?" demanded the diplomatist, cynically.

Then our delegate remembered Mr. White's words, and drew from his pocket a little paper.

"Your Highness," he said, solemnly, "you are probably not aware that every state in the Union has a deep and personal interest in peace and arbitration. Take, for instance, the State of Texas, far enough removed, you might say, to be indifferent to peace or war. At this moment while we are talking, this prayer is being offered up to the Throne of God by hundreds of churches in that distant state. Allow me to read it to you."

Slowly, reverently, he read [the bishop's prayer for arbitration and peace. When

"Seeing is Believing."

When you see people cured by a remedy, you must believe in its power. Look around you. Friends, relatives, neighbors all say that Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, cleansed the blood of their dear ones and they rise en masse to sing its praises. There's nothing like it in the world to purify the blood.

Sores—"My health was poor and I had a sore on one of my limbs. My father thought I better try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I did so and the sores are now all better. Whenever I do not feel well I take Hood's." Miss Nellie A. Law, Richmond, Quebec.

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the solemn words came to an impressive end, the old statesman wiped the tears from his eyes, and as it inspired by the Almighty, heartily responded, "Amen!"

That prayer had a great effect upon the hard old statesman, and through him, upon the chancellor and the emperor. It might almost be said that it added Germany to the list of consenting states, and so saved the Peace Conference from failure.

In the fullness of his heart the bishop made that prayer, just as any other soul does who loves humanity and prays for it. He cast it at the feet of God, who took care of it, just as he takes care of all prayers that are offered in faith and love.

Consulting the Pathfinder.

When Mr. and Mrs. Porter decided to go to Lowell Brook for the summer, instead of spending three months at Nantucket, as had been their custom for many years, they began to consult time tables.

"I wish we'd asked the Bankses about trains, before they went abroad," said Mrs. Porter, as she opened the book and glanced down the first column. "I know there's something rather complicated about getting there. It's on a branch, you see. The only time I ever visited them was the year before we were married, and then father drove me over the road from Woodstock."

"Not let me see, H. I, J, K, L, La, Le here it is. Lowell Brook—E. Div., page sixty."

"Eastern Division, you know," commented Mr. Porter, intelligently.

"Two thirty it leaves Boston," said Mrs. Porter, running her finger down a column on page sixty without noticing her husband's remark. "That's a convenient time, isn't it? Arrives at Lowell Brook at—Why, John Porter, that train only goes to Greendale! Did you ever hear of anything so impertinent?"

"Try another column," suggested Mr. Porter.

"Well, here's a three-fifty said his wife, "but it has a star before it and a letter 'b'. What do you suppose that means? Oh, the star means 'express train,' and the 'b' means 'Wednesday and Saturday only.' I think this is a pretty performance!"

"Better look at the morning trains," said her husband.

"Here is one at nine-twenty," said Mrs. Porter, with somewhat heightened color. "but it's marked with 'c'. That means—oh, that means 'Saturdays only!' Why John Porter, I think it's perfectly disgraceful the way these railroads are allowed to go on! We may not wish to go on Saturday."

"And the only other train," said Mrs. Porter, indignantly, a moment later, after much consultation of the book, "is marked 'a' and 'f'. 'A' means 'daily except Monday,'—why people shouldn't be allowed to go on Monday if they wish, I can't

imagine,—and 'f' means 'stop only on signal.' I don't know how it seems to you, John Porter, but it looks to me as if the railroad company much preferred nobody should go to Lowell Brook—"

Mrs. Porter stepped abruptly put on her eyeglasses and looked closely at the page.

"John," she said, with a gesture of despair, "this is Dovell Brook I've been looking up, and I've got to begin all over again!"

Reveling in Coin.

A Boston merchant of great wealth, believing that certain symptoms indicated that he would become insane, consulted a specialist and under his advice became an inmate of a private asylum. For twelve years his recreation was the piling up of gold coins and then knocking them over. At times he washed his hands in gold eagles and half-eagles. At the end of the long seclusion he returned to his counting-room, and in twelve months confirmed the thoroughness of his recovery by making five hundred thousand dollars. He died of yellow fever in Cuba, where he had gone to look after his sugar plantation.

A similar passion for handling gold coin is now and then exhibited by men who suddenly become rich. George Augustus Sala, in his 'Life and Adventures,' tells of a London journalist who speculated in railroad stocks. His first venture netted him five thousand dollars. Drawing it in gold, he repaired to a hotel, emptied the bags of gold in the bed, and went to sleep literally in the sands of Pactolus. The man was so crazed by his good fortune that he felt pleasure in reveling in a golden bath.

Paganini, the wonderful violinist, when he received the proceeds of his concerts—he insisted on being paid in gold—used to wash his hands in sovereigns.

A French novelist, Soulie, wrote a book entitled 'The Memoirs of the Devil.' It took; the publisher paid him for the first volume ten thousand dollars in gold. The author carried the coin to his bedroom, poured it into a foot bath, and enjoyed for half an hour the excitement of moving his feet to and fro in a bath of gold coins, smoking, meanwhile, the biggest of Havanas.

The love of money is one of the dangerous passions.

FLASHES OF FUN.

"I'll sue you for damages," said the man who had been licked, as he tried to brush off the dust of conflict.

"Oh," responded the victor, "if you are not damaged enough I can save you the trouble of going to law to get more," and he made at him again.

She—Yes, I'm going to call on the new neighbors.

He—Why? Have you heard that they are good people?

She—I haven't heard anything about them, but three delivery wagons from the dry good stores stop in front of their house for everyone that comes here.

Some folks are always losing time from their diurnal labors.

Because they're always finding it To gossip with their neighbors.

Harry—It was kind of you, old fellow to look after my girl while I was away. How can I ever repay you?

Fred—Well, I still owe the livery-stable man.

A custard pie and an apple pie were cooling on the pantry shelf, when the custard pie attempted to start a conversation.

But the apple pie drew herself up with some hauteur, and said:—

"I must beg of you not to speak to me as you do not belong to the upper crust."

"Very true," replied the humble custard, but I am received in the midst of the best society.

Mrs. Farmer—If you'll saw that wood and split it up and bring in 20 armfuls I'll give you a piece of pie.

Wearie Willie—Thanks, lady; but when I want ter eat pie at dem rates I'll go to de Paris exposition.

Jones—Going to send your wife to the seaside this season?

Galey—No; can't afford it.

Jones—Why, she isn't extravagant, is she?

Galey—Not the least; but last year while she was away I spent £100 in racing.

Mrs. DeKanter—You said you were going to be detained at your office all evening, but you weren't there. Now where were you?

M. DeKanter—My dear, there's no sense in your getting excited. It really—

Mrs. DeKanter—Why don't you answer my question?

Mr. DeKanter—My dear I would answer



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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.



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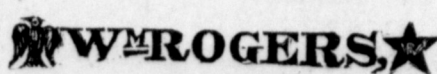
"Sir," said the Long Haired One indignantly to the editor, "the poet is born."

"Oh, is he?" retorted the editor. Well, I'm darned sorry he is. But this isn't the place where they take in the birth notices.

You go on down stairs to the business office.

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