

## SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Rev. F. Allison Currier, M. A., who is stationed at Lowell, Maine, is making his yearly visit. J. F. Currier, wife and daughter, who have been on a visit up river have returned.

Morris Kirkpatrick of Gaspereaux Station is visiting Walter E. Currier.

Rev. L. Kirkpatrick preached his farewell sermon yesterday afternoon.

C. L. Currier, Braden and F. Allison Currier have gone on a shooting and fishing trip down the river in the yacht "Dawn."

## PARROBORO.

PROGRESS is for sale at Parroboro Postoffice.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young, St. Margarets Bay arrived on Saturday evening staying until Tuesday at the Evangeline hotel.

Miss Burke of Windsor is paying a visit to her brother, Mr. L. H. Hoke, N. S. C. A.

The junior members of St. James' S. S. enjoyed a picnic on Friday at Brodick's beach.

Mr. T. C. McKay former principal of the schools and now of Harvard is spending some of his holidays here.

Mr. Andrew Wheaton and her children returned on Wednesday from a visit to relatives at Oxford.

Miss Lawlor of Halifax has taken Mr. Bond's place as assistant in the high school. Miss M. J. Sproule resigned her position to Miss Messenger and is going to study at Harvard.

Miss Shore is visiting the Misses Gillespie.

Quite a large number went to Amherst on Friday to attend the political meeting.

Mr. N. H. Davison who has been attending Belleville College is at home visiting his parents. He has obtained a position on the teaching staff on Mount Allison.

Miss Aikman is at home from Montreal.

Miss Carion and Mrs. Pippy, New York, are guests of Mrs. J. Corbett.

Mr. Jennie, Mrs. Jennie and two daughters, Mrs. Warren and Miss Dodge, Boston, are staying at Mr. George Corbett's.

Miss Bertha Day entertained her young friends at a garden party on Tuesday.

Mrs. F. L. Jenkins and her brother, Mr. Wm. Smith, have returned from a trip to Fort Arthur, Ont., where they have been visiting relatives.

Mrs. Newton Pugsley went to Toronto on Friday to remain some time.

Tea at the beach is a most popular function in these warm days.

Miss Eileen of Hantsport is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jeffers.

Mrs. J. H. Cameron is on a visit to friends at Pictou.

Miss Holly Leitch has returned from Halifax.

Rev. and Mrs. Gale of Acadia Mines were guests at the rectory.

The marriage of Miss Lizzie Hatfield and Rev. C. H. Cumming is announced to take place early in September.

Dr. M. D. MacKenzie has returned from a visit to friends in Cape Breton.

Mr. William Crane has lately been in town the guest of Mrs. Aikman.

Major Day is off to Ottawa to attend the D. R. A. conference.

## Compressed Air.

Our aim will be not to admit the outside air, but to keep it carefully out of our houses. With that view windows will be abolished, and light will be admitted through thick plate-glass, fixed permanently in the wall. Twice a day the servant will close the tight fitting doors of each room, and thoroughly exhaust the air with pump. Good-sized pieces of solidified air will then be placed in the rooms and it will immediately be filled with air that is really pure.

There is, however, one danger in connection with solidified air to which the attention of the public has not yet been called. It is well known that all sorts of microbes that are found in water are preserved unharmed in ice, and that when the ice melts they are set free to do their deadly work. Now, sound is contained in air, and may it not very well happen that when the air is solidified whatever sounds may be contained in it may be preserved to be set free at some extremely inconvenient time? Thus solidified Swiss may be full of yodelling, and a brick of it placed in a bedroom at night may suddenly give forth the unholy sounds in the middle of the night. Or air from Italy may contain compressed hand-organ music, or the unprintable remarks of tourists who have received their hotel bills with extra charges for 'View of Vesuvius' or 'Association with the memory of Milor Byron'.

If these things are possible, and who shall say they are not possible, solidified air will be as dangerous as solidified water, and we shall find that the common air of the city, in spite of its sulphurous acid, and its assorted microbes of diphtheria, scarlet fever, and pneumonia, is preferable to imported air, contaminated with all sorts of sounds, musical commercial and profane.

## The Census at Basswood Corners.

(From the Basswood Corners Hustler.)—The result of the federal census of the town of Basswood Corners, which was taken in June, has just been announced from Washington. The Hustler is proud to inform its readers that our enterprising village contains the grand total of 637 inhabitants.

Think of it! Six hundred and thirty seven inhabitants! Ten years ago our population was but four hundred, the increase during the last decade being more than fifty per cent. If this ratio keeps up, and there is no reason to doubt that it will, it is plain to be seen that our bustling burg has a glorious future before it. At this rate of increase, as anyone can compute, by 1950 we will have a population of 4800; in the year 2000 we will have 36,000; and in the year 2080 Basswood Corners will roll

up the mighty total of 1 400 000 citizens, a population exceeded by that of but seven cities in the world today! Hurrah for Basswood Corners!

## THE VALUE OF HIS FACE.

Loan Effected by the Former Customer from the Retired Pawnbroker.

'This borrowing of nickels, dimes and quarters does not tend to mark a man,' said Hardup who, by the way, was universally known to be the greatest offender in the crowd. 'After a time one's friends are apt to cross the street when they see the toucher coming. I remember an amusing incident that happened to me some time ago, when I was utterly broke. Thank goodness I've got over that state now,' he added majestically. Hardup had just drawn his salary.

'One afternoon when I was at my wife's end how to raise the necessary dime, for I was wretchedly hungry, I happened to be in Harlem, and going up 125th street at the corner of Madison Avenue I suddenly came plump into a man whose face was familiar, but whom I could not for the life of me place. We shook hands warmly and passed the time of day agreeably for a few moments. Then there was a pause when I blurted out:

'It's very strange, but I have been talking to you for some time, but I really cannot remember your name, or where I met you before.'

'My friend smiled, and enlightened me. 'I used several years ago,' said he to be your pawnbroker.

'Then I remembered him. I gave a dubious sort of laugh, and saying that I had given up that sort of thing now, to which he slyly assented by a nod of his head, asked him if he still continued in the business. He replied that he had long since retired, and was living on his profits in a big house opposite Mount Morris Park.

'I fancy he knew what was in my mind, and was wondering how I was going to broach the subject. Presently, plucking up courage, I said, 'I used to be a good customer of yours?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'very good.'

'This encouraged me and I plunged in medias res. 'We'll the fact of the matter is,' I continued, 'I am quite broke at the moment. Would you lend me 10 cents on my face?'

'He again smiled, and looking me up and down, as if admiring my cheek, said to my relief, 'Why, certainly.'

The crowd laughed.

'Yes, I expected that laugh,' said Hardup, 'but let me finish. The man, as I mentioned, assented readily, but to my chagrin, after feeling in his pockets, said, 'I'll give it to you in a minute if you will wait while I go and change a quarter in a cigar store.' And I'm blessed, if he didn't go and change a quarter, and give me a dime. It rather hurt my feelings, for it was the first time I had ever had the price of my face sized up. However, I suppose he knew his business and the risk he was taking.'

'Evidently,' said a small voice in the corner and Hardup subsided.

Stood by the Bargain.

'It's a hard life,' declared the old circus man, 'and I always say at the close of every season that I am through with it. But there is some thing in the life, the smell of the sawdust ring, the glitter and noise, the changing scene, that appeals to a man, who has once been in the business, and it is seldom that one leaves the life until death steps in. There is a good deal of humor in the business, too, as we are brought into contact with all sorts and conditions of men.'

'I am reminded of a funny thing that happened to me a good many years ago when such a thing as moving a circus by rail was not thought of. It was part of my work at that time to drive our great \$10,000 chariot, not only in the parade, but between towns as well. What little sleep I got I had to catch here and there on my seat while we were on our way to another town. One night my doze turned into a sound sleep, and when I awoke I discovered that the team, left without a driver, had turned into a farm yard and come to a stop before a hay stack where they were quietly eating. While I was rubbing my eyes and trying to grasp the situation, the old man who owned the hay came out where I was and walked around the chariot and looked it over with a critical eye.

'Well,' said I, with a grin, 'what do you of it?'

'Gosh,' said he, 'aint hit jes' a trifle bit gaudy?'

'Well, what do you expect?' said I, in dignity, at this implied reflection upon the great moral show that I represented.

'Well, I suppose hit is all right,' answered the old man, doubtfully, as he looked it over once more. 'I ordered hit, and I'll stand by my bargain. Hit seems ter me that hit is jes' a bit loud. But I suppose I aint used to city ways.'

## "Wilful Waste"

## Makes Woeful Want."

It is as wasteful not to secure what you need and might have as it is to squander what you already possess. Health is a priceless possession. You can secure it and keep it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies the blood, cures disease, and invigorates the whole system.

Boils—"I was greatly troubled with boils and bad blood and was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I followed this advice and the benefit I received was so great that I took a second bottle and was cured." M. L. Pettit, Lyons, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

'It was now my turn to be surprised, and I was about to ask him what he was driving at when he added that I might as well unhitch as the funeral wouldn't be until two in the afternoon.

'Then there were explanations all around. It seems that the old man's wife had died and he had sent to the nearest city for a funeral car, and had mistaken our great \$10,000 chariot for it. There had been a good deal of rivalry in the neighborhood in regard to funerals, and the old man had made up his mind to outshine them all, and I think he was disappointed in the end when he discovered that he had been mistaken.

## A Shrewd Little Girl.

A Portland, Me., lady who is living out of town this summer, sent her eight year old girl to a neighbor's to get a dozen eggs the other day. The little one went on the errand as directed, but she was gone an unusually long time. Finally she put in an appearance bringing the eggs all right.

Chided a little for the length of time she had been gone she solemnly assured her mother that she had taken no unnecessary time, and had not stopped to play on the way, and there was evidence of truth in the earnestness with which she said it, though the mother could not help realizing that she had withheld some sort of an explanation. It was forthcoming when the lady who furnished the eggs was seen.

She said that Ida came in due time for the eggs, they were put into her pail and she trotted off with them all right. A time had elapsed when there was a timid knock at the door. Answering the knock Mrs. Libby saw Ida standing with a most disconsolate and webegone expression in her face. "Mrs. Libby," she faltered, "do you think you could exchange these eggs. I have an idea these are broken." Looking into the pail it was found that her idea was correct. Every egg of the dozen save one was crushed.

Ida had tripped and fallen with this unhappy result, and her first idea was that 'mamma' wanted the eggs, those she had were damaged goods, and she must get them exchanged. Her shrewdness saved her from a pretense of a scolding.

## A Fussy Man.

'Which sex is the most fussy when having a photograph taken?' was asked of a prominent Baltimore photographer. The man smiled as he replied without a moment's hesitation: 'The male. When a man comes in here to be photographed all of us instantly begin to look out for squalls. We will pose him correctly, and are just about to snap the shutter when he suddenly remembers that his hair has become rumpled by his hat, and insists on brushing it, in spite of our frantic pre-terations that it looks all right. Then when

## 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,

**FW ROGERS**

The kind that lasts.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

Wallington, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

we have fixed him in the correct position again he will decide that it is not exactly what he wants, and proceeds therewith to arrange himself to his own satisfaction, with the inevitable consequences of bad focusing which he invariably blames on us when the picture is shown him.

'Ladies, as a general rule, take it for granted that we know more about it than they do, and the pictures are generally more successful. The happy family which comes in to be photographed together, and which often includes two or three squalling brats, give us endless trouble. All of our honeyed suggestions about little green birds which will fly out if they are very good and look straight at the lens generally end in a flood of tears, as though they thought we were getting them within range of a six inch cannon.

'Then there is an omnipresent athlete, who wants his biceps to look three times their natural size, and who swells out his chest and contracts his muscles until his face looks like he were undergoing a horrible attack of cramp colic. A covert suggestion to him to try and look natural often brings a frown of contempt, as much as to say that his most unnatural and strained-looking appearance is perfectly normal. Perhaps the easiest class of customers to get along with are the glee clubs, baseball and football teams, who are to be photographed in group. They are generally easy to arrange, and the photographs of them turn out better than any we take. But in spite of the jeers of man at the gentler sex for the number of hours they take to dress, if you could see that same man in the throes of being photographed you would understand the sublime inconsistency of human nature as you never have before.'

## "Fitzsimmons" in Jail Here.

Bob Fitzsimmons has a double in the county jail on King street (east). This discovery was made a few mornings ago by a couple of newspaper reporters from the guard room windows of the police court. The prototype of the freckle-faced Cornishman was having his airing in the yard; and while his head and shoulders were unmistakably modelled after Fitzsimmons' his bandy of uncertain stability belonged to another species of mankind. It was the morning after the Sharkey-Fitz "go" at Coney Island and the jail boarder's familiar looking upper stories made him conspicuous at once. The sweater he had on, out of which shot his close shaved bullet head gave him the appearance of a prize fighter in training, while a tinge of grey supplied the "old man" element of the counterlie. When one of the reporters shouted out the window "Hello Fitz!" the prisoner rubbed around and grinned a grin, such as the moving picture machines said Fitz grinned in the Carson City ring while waiting for Corbett to arrive. Then he took a seat and commenced whittling.

## Canada Gets Gold Medal for Spool Silks.

The Corticelli Silk Co. has just received notice that at the Paris Exposition they were awarded the Gold Medal for Corticelli Spool Silks and Brainerd & Armstrong's Wash Silks in patent holders. These famous Canadian Silks have won Gold Medals and first prizes wherever presented.

'You know Weightman, the big, stout clerk at our store?'

'Yes. He must weigh over 200.'

'Well, he saw an advertisement in the paper:—Fat folks reduced—\$1,' and answered it.'

'Didn't he hear from them?'

'Oh, yes. It was just as advertised.'

'That's good. How much has he been reduced?'

'Why, \$1.'

Miss Wunder—Oh, Mr. Bookmaker, do you consider it wrong for women to bet?

Mr. Bookmaker—I do.

Miss Wunder—And why, pray?

Mr. Bookmaker—Because they want to win all the time, and when they lose they call one a horrid thing unless he gives the money back.

Artist—Here is the portrait of your wife which—

Mr. Richman—An! it's very like her.

Artist—She—er—h'm—she didn't pay for it. She said you'd do that.

Mr. Richman—Ah! Still more like her.

Isabel—Did you ever see a more devoted couple than Mr. and Mrs. Parker?

Elizabeth—Devoted? I should say so. Why she rolls his cigarettes, and I have seen him with his mouth full of her hair pins.

Visitor (at the park)—I thought this was to be a sacred concert, and here they are playing ragtime music!

Park Guardian (with some stiffness)—Ragtime is sacred music in Dahomey, sir.



**SURPRISE SOAP**

is a pure hard soap  
ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.  
St. Stephen, N.B.

ARE  
UPPLIED  
IN VARIOUS  
QUALITIES  
FOR ALL  
PURPOSES.

**CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SOAPS**

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. G. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

## FARM HELP.

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.



## That Saw Edge

has no business on your collar; it's never found on the collars we "do up."

We want you to try our laundry work, so that you will know how well you can be served by a laundry that does things the way things ought to be done.

Where shall we call for your bundle?

## AMERICAN LAUNDRY.

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

Goodman Gungong—Won't de matter dat guy wot give ye de big silver pluck a minute ago?

Saymold Storey—I guess he's havin' a fit. I told 'im I wanted de money 'e pay a laundry bill.—Chicago Tribune.

We have saved money enough for our coal next winter.'

McJigger—I see Mr. Barnpaws, the circus man, was married the other day. That was something of a come-down for him.

Thingumbob—Why so?

McJigger—The wedding was nothing but a one-r'n; performance.

'Been doing without ice?'

'No; we charge each other a penny every time the subject of our cook comes up.'