

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Waterbury and W. H. Waterbury, went to St. Andrews on Tuesday and spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. G. Durrell Grimmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smalley of St. John spent Christmas day in town with Mr. and Mrs. Jos. McVay.

Miss Julia Hill has returned home after an extended visit with relatives in Nova Scotia.

Guy Murchie has arrived home from Boston for a short visit.

Miss Mary Whitney entertained a number of her young friends at a Christmas tree on Monday evening.

Frank Lanigan of Boston is spending a brief vacation with his parents in Calais.

Mrs. Dr. Sweeney of Boston, formerly Miss Lou O'Connor, is visiting Mrs. Arthur Bradley and receiving a cordial reception from her many friends.

Miss Gretchen Vroom, Miss Helen R. der, Miss Bessie McKernie, who are pupils at the Ladies' college, Halifax, arrived home last week.

Hon. H. A. McKeown of St. John spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Stevens spent Christmas with relatives in St. John.

Clifford McWhay came down from St. John to spend Christmas with his parents.

Miss Alice Furbank and Miss Winifred Vose returned home from Washington and New York on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Beard are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, born Dec. 28.

ST. GEORGE.

Dec. 26.—This is the week for Christmas trees, Sunday school entertainments and treats. The Baptist school gave a very successful concert and tree in Courts hall on Christmas evening. The presbyterians are to have theirs this (Wednesday) evening.

Mr. Bert Gillmor, Mr. Louis Baldwin, Mr. Gideon Milne, Miss Jennie McIntyre, Miss Eva McIntyre, Miss Ella MacVicar, Mr. William Johnston and Mr. Charles Johnston are home for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. William Veasey, Miss Wilson, and Miss Scullin left Saturday morning for St. Stephen.

Miss Ethel O'Brien is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward O'Brien.

Mrs. William Mercereau, Eastport, is spending the Xmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Milne.

Miss Mary Russell is spending a few days in St. John.

Sheriff Stuart drove from St. Andrews today and returns on Friday.

MAX.

CHATHAM.

Miss Mae Muirhead, who has been taking a course in education at Boston, arrived home Saturday.

Miss Lenore Benson, who has graduated from the St. John Hospital, arrived home last week and is now receiving the congratulations of her many friends.

Mr. Charles Archibald, teller of the Bank of Nova Scotia, has gone to Halifax to spend Xmas with his parents.

Rev. D. Henderson of St. Andrew's church, since his arrival in Chatham several years ago, has ceased not to receive strong assurances of his work being much appreciated by his church. Last Monday evening the trustees of St. Andrew's waited upon him at the manse and presented him with a beautiful enamelled marble clock as a Christmas gift.

Mr. Jack Patten is home from Bathurst for a few days.

Is the Lost Pleiad Found?

One of the most beautiful legends relating to the stars is that of "the lost Pleiad." It would appear that in ancient times ordinary eyes saw distinctly seven stars in the group of the Pleiades, although now only six are thus visible. The lost Pleiad has been a subject not only for poets, but for astronomers, who have frequently discussed the question whether such a star ever really existed. Recently the question has been revived, and the English astronomer, Mr. W. T. Lynn, after declaring that there can scarcely be a doubt that in former times seven stars were clearly visible in the Pleiades, quotes approvingly the suggestion of Professor Pickering that the faint star known as Pleione is the lost Pleiad. This opinion is based on the peculiar appearance of the spectrum of Pleione, which indicates that it may be an irregularly variable star.

Cloud Photography.

The photographing of clouds has recently become a recognized branch of practical meteorology. It also affords beautiful pictures for the collections of amateur photographers. The French astronomer, Monsieur Antoniadis, of the Juvisi observatory, who has had much experience in cloud photography, says that all kinds of cameras, large and small, mounted and unmounted, can be employed for the purpose; but considerable practice is required to determine the proper time of exposure. In order to quench the blue of the sky and bring out the contrast between the clouds and their background, yellow screens, preferably composed of thin cells containing a chemical solution, are employed. Exposures vary from a small fraction up to one third of a second.

Not Second Sight.

In happenings that savor of the supernatural, there is often less rather than more than is 'dreamt' of in our philosophy.

In the English county of Wiltshire there lived a woman whose deceased husband had been a pig dealer. After his death it was her habit to remark to chance visitors, without looking out the window:

"That's a nice lot of young pigs, those."

"Where?" the person present was sure to ask.

"Comin' down the road," was the invari-

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able reply. "They're in a cart, and what's more there's a nice fat sow among 'em."

And it would not be long before a cart would appear, and in it a litter of pigs, and among them the sow which the woman had perceived at such a distance up the road. One day a visitor who saw in this exhibition an evidence of second sight, exclaimed:

"How do you do it? It is simply wonderful!"

"Taint no miracle," was the modest reply. "I've just got my ear trained to pigs—that's all."

His One Idea.

The amusing story of the German artist, Adolf Menzel, and his model, told in a recent number of the Youtb's Companion, recalls another anecdote of that remarkable man's alertness in seizing every opportunity for sketching and studying from nature. The story went the rounds of Berlin art circles, and whether true or not it serves at least to illustrate the reputation in which Menzel is held among his conferees as an indefatigable worker and student.

The habit of study has become so much a part of his nature that even today, despite his eighty five years, which seem to have brought no abatement of his powers, he may be seen at any time of day or night in the streets and cafes of Berlin, gathering material for future pictures.

Some years ago Menzel had consented to act as mentor for a group of young artists, and having posed their model one morning, as was his custom, he left them to their work. The model, it seems, was new to the profession and unequal to the strain of remaining immovable in one position, and so promptly fainted.

While the young men were making futile attempts at resuscitation, one of their number ran excitedly to the master's studio informed him what had happened and asked what to do.

"Do!" exclaimed the Herr Professor. "The best thing you can do is to sketch it. You may never have another such opportunity."

College Window-Breaking.

The latent savagery and boyishness of the college student a century ago found expression in ways and acts unknown, even unthought of, in colleges of today. Mrs. E. Berkeley, in writing of her son's life at St. Andrews University, hints at one of the rough customs of that period.

On entering the university, Mr. Berkeley was called upon by a college officer, who asked him to deposit a pound to pay for the windows he might break.

"But I never broke any windows," objected the young man. "Why should I do so here?"

"You will do it at St. Andrews," was the reply; and the pound was given perforce.

At the end of the term several students cried. "Now for the windows! Come, it is time to set off."

Mr. Berkeley then for the first time found out why his pound had been demanded. He was asked to join the crowd of boys, and very naturally asked what was to be done.

"Why, break every window in the college!"

"For what reason?"

"For no reason that we know of, save that the boys always do it at the close of every term. It's merry sport!"

Mr. Berkeley declined to participate in such sport, and being of pleasing yet dignified mien, he was listened to. "I never did such a thing at Eton, even when I had more wine than was good for me, and I should be ashamed to be guilty of such a wretched piece of folly as a young man."

He spoke so sensibly on the subject that most of his fellow students were dissuaded from the window-breaking revel, and from that year, 1780, the practise was discontinued.

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EMILY GEIGER'S RIDE.

The Deed of an American Girl During the Revolutionary War.

On the firing-line woman may be worse than an insignificant unit, but if she cannot shoot straight she can and frequently does ride as straight as a man, and show a man's resource in emergency. As a natural result each war has its collection of state and natural heroines. Emily Geiger was South Carolina's heroine of the Revolution, and her claims to respect and remembrance are set below.

In the spring of 1781 Gen. Nathaniel Greene attempted to capture the most important post in upper Carolina, but being advised of Lord Rawdon's rapid approach with a large British force he withdrew across the Saluda River and was pursued by Rawdon to the Enoree River.

Rawdon's forces were reported divided, and Greene considered it imperative to communicate with General Sumter, who was stationed on the Wateree River, so that, united, the two might make an attack on the British general.

General Sumter was over a hundred miles away, with many rivers and forests intervening. More formidable than these were the British soldiers guarding every road leading to the south, and the Tory inhabitants of the country between the two patriot forces. There was some difficulty in finding a man willing to undertake the mission, but a girl of eighteen came to General Greene and offered her services.

She was Emily, daughter of John Geiger an ardent patriot who was cripple and unable to bear arms, and she begged an opportunity to do something for her country. She was a good horsewoman, and knew the roads for many miles.

General Greene hesitated to send this defenceless girl on so perilous a journey, but finally her insistence prevailed. He gave her a written message to Sumter, which she memorized before beginning her journey.

On the evening of the second day, after she had crossed the Saluda River and was approaching the broad Congaree near Columbia, three of Rawdon's scouts appeared in the road in front. As she came from the direction of the enemy and gave evasive answers, Emily was taken into Lord Rawdon's presence. He was suspicious and sent for two Tory women living three miles distant to search the prisoner.

During the few minutes that she was left alone Emily tore up and swallowed the paper on which General Greene's despatch was written, and her secret was safe, although every seam of every garment was ripped open by the women searchers.

When Lord Rawdon permitted her to continue her way, he furnished her an escort to the house of a friend several miles distant, and there a fresh horse was given her by the patriot.

Setting out again as soon as it was prudent, Emily continued her ride through swamp and forest, where the darkness was intense, until daylight, when with the exception of the time lost at British headquarters, she had been twenty four hours in the saddle.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the third day the girl rode into Sumter's camp, and although almost fainting from fatigue and hunger delivered clearly the message from General Greene. It is said that in one hour Sumter was ready to march, and soon after joined General Greene. In consequence of this union of the American

forces Rawdon was compelled to retreat to Orangeburg, and later, despairing of success, he sailed for Europe.

Two weeks after her ride Emily Geiger returned home. General Greene presented her with a pair of earrings and a brooch that are still in existence, as is a beautiful silk shawl presented to her by General Lafayette on the occasion of his last visit to this country.

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

The Great Giant Has a Little Fun on His Own Account With Bootblacks.

"Sometimes," said the old circus man, "the greatest of all giants would have a little fun on his own account; mebbe with the bootblacks. I don't suppose that anything ever terzed a bootblack, probably he'd offer to black the boots of a man tall as a church steeple and with shoes as big as the meeting house if one came his way; but anyhow the bootblacks used to offer to black the giant's shoes when the great man took his walk through the town, just as they would offer to black any man's."

Sometimes the giant would look down on the boy and then at his own shoes, and then back up against the sidewalk of some building somewhere, where there was room, and no awnings in the way, and get his shoes blacked. The giant always considered it a sort of a joke on the boys to accept their offer, but the boys never appeared to be put out by it; on the contrary, they were always ready, as they would have been, as I said, if he had been twice as big. And it was more fun than you could shake a stick as to see the way they went at it, and the giant enjoyed this as much as anybody.

"Of course no one box would support the giant's foot unless he balanced it on it very carefully, and the boy that got the job always, invariably called in other boys—all the bootblacks in that town were sure to be right around there, and I've often seen five bootblack boxes under one of the giant's feet at one time, and five boys at work on that one shoe. They'd get the giant to raise that foot and then they'd put four boxes under the sole and one by itself under the heel. And then they'd get at it. The boy with the heel box would say down that end and black the heel and the rear end of the shoe. The boys, one on each side, with the two boxes under the sole nearest the shark of the shoe would work on the sides of the shoe from the shank up, and the two boys with the boxes at the forward end, one of these always being the boy that had struck the job, would bang away on the upper."

"With so many of 'em at it, at once they'd make a fairly quick job of it, notwithstanding the size of the giant's shoes, and when they'd got through the four boys that had been called in would shoulder their kits and step away unconcerned as could be, and the boy that had got the job would shoulder his kit and wait for his pay. Three cents was the price of a shine in those days—this was before the war—and I don't doubt the boy would have taken three cents for this job and never said boo. But there was not anything mean or small about the giant. He didn't give the boy three cents and pass on nor three cents to bother him a little, and then give him a quarter; but he just hand him down five passes to the show one for each boy."

"Of course he couldn't have done anything that would give the boys more pleasure. And the whole business was a great experience for them. They got passes to the show, and they got them from the giant; and they were easily the star bootblacks in the town, for they had just successfully completed the greatest job in their line that anybody had ever heard of. It was fun all this, for the great giant, but I don't believe any of us could complete, if we tried, the deep down joy it gave the bootblacks."

A Successful Experiment.

A successful experiment in the use of single lines for simultaneous telegraphing and telephoning is reported from Berlin. The system is employed by the fire brigade of the city. Each fire cart is provided with a portable telephone apparatus which can be attached to the alarm pillars in various parts of the city, and operated with the same wires employed for telegraphing. Experience has shown that the switching in of the telephone in no way influences the telegraph service. During simultaneous telegraphing and telephoning a slight knocking is perceptible in the telephone, but the noise is not sufficient to destroy the audibility of the messages.

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