

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE)

city returned to their studies at Acadia University on Wednesday.

Mr. Daniel Vail of the same home on a business visit from Sydney early this week. Mr. Vail is a partner in a branch of the Globe Laundry in the "town of promise" and says their machinery is going day and night over there. Mr. Charles Sprague and Murray of St. John are also in the laundry at Sydney.

Frank Dunbrack of St. John, is working in a drug store in Sydney; in fact the sensational town is fast becoming dotted with Winter Portites.

Miss Putnam of Wolfville, N. S. is visiting her friend Miss Maude Scott, daughter of N. C. Scott, No. 14 end.

ST. ANDREWS.

JAN. 10.—Mr. Quinn from Wolfville, N. S. is visiting his sister Mrs. E. W. Emmons.

Mrs. John Burton was stricken with a serious form of illness on Thursday evening last but it required medical attention soon brought her around again.

Miss M. B. Holt of Boston is now at Bocahec with her friends.

C. H. Greenlaw of the Frontier line, is visiting his family for a few weeks.

Chas. Richardson has taken charge of the Lord's Cove school.

Mrs. C. B. Lere and children from Cambridge, Mass., are visiting at E. Odell's.

Miss Wade and Miss Mary Cogle returned from St. John Monday.

Ames Greenlaw who was laid up with illness is around again.

J. E. Cunningham of Boston is on a visit to friends in Kennedy's hotel. He is rapidly recovering from his recent serious illness.

James Hunt of Boston, is here to spend the winter.

Verd. Lamb has returned to his studies at McGill college.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[FRIGGERS is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of G. S. Wall, T. E. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at G. F. Treat's.

JAN. 10.—Mrs. W. W. Colby is visiting in Portland, Me.

Mr. C. F. Fry has returned to Calais, after a pleasant visit in Gardner, Me.

Miss Ester Black left on Tuesday for Windsor, Nova Scotia, to resume her studies at Edgchill.

Miss Daisy Hanson's friend welcomed her home on Saturday.

Mrs. George W. Lord entertained sixteen intimate lady friends at a dinner at her residence on Saturday.

On Friday evening Mrs. A. A. L. Bin gave a very pleasant party at her residence on Prince William street, for her daughter Lila, and her young friends.

Those who were guests were the Misses Elsie Lawson, Eva Fraser, Marian Hayder, Kathleen McAlister, Mabel Hawthorne, Florence Newman, Celia McVay, Winifred Lindow, Lena Robinson, Celia Clark, Alice Hyder, Emma McCrum, Margie Hanley, Ethel Hanley, Ferte Rice, Blanche Green, Laurette Green, Earl Hyslop, Jack Fraser, Jerome Sullivan, George Lindsay, Eddie DeWolfe, Charlie Hyder, George Teed and Arthur Fraser.

Mrs. J. D. Lawson gave a drive one afternoon last week to the Stevens lumber camp at St. James for the pleasure of her daughter Elsie, and her young friends.

Miss Constance Chipman and Arthur Chipman have returned to their studies at their respective schools.

Mrs. G. F. Raymond is the guest of Mrs. Hazen Grimmer.

Mrs. A. E. Neill and Mrs. Bolton are now in Palatka, Florida, guests at the Putnam house.

Mrs. T. A. Vaughan expects to leave this week for Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Misses Vroom entertained Miss Mary Stuart and her Sunday school class at their residence on Thursday evening last.

Miss Mabel McLeod returned to Fredericton on Monday where she is in attendance at normal school.

Miss Millie Rockwood has returned to her studies at Wellesley college.

Miss Helen Newton has returned to Boston.

Mrs. Francis Smith has returned from Boston where she has been the guest of her son, A. A. Smith.

Miss Helen Rounds and Miss Winifred Vose have returned to Wellesley college.

Miss Bertie Teed left on Monday for Seckville to continue her studies at Mount Allison college.

Miss Eordie Todd has returned to Rothesay to school.

The whist club was entertained last week by Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Easton at their residence on Main street, Calais.

Miss Millie Macmossie returned to Fredericton on Monday to resume her studies at the university after a vacation pleasantly spent at her home.



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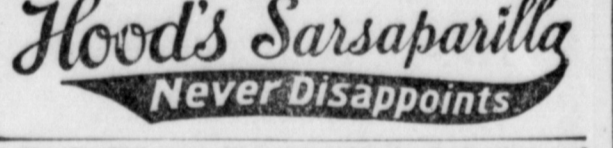
"Want of Watchfulness Makes a Thief."

Many cases of poor health come from want of watchfulness. But if you keep your blood pure no thief can steal your health.

The one effective natural blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

Impure Blood—"My wife suffered with pain and distress from an affection of the throat caused by impure blood. She was almost in despair when she turned to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Six bottles of this medicine completely cured her." JOHN WICKMAR, Galt, Ont.

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Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Miss Jessie Dunton has taken charge of Miss Agnes Algar's school at St. Andrews or the college term.

Miss Williamson has returned from Fredericton.

Miss M. Y. Carter has returned from St. John.

Mrs. Ned H. Murchie and daughter have returned to Carleton.

Mrs. Percy Gillmor has been visiting Moncton for several days.

Miss Isabella Henry spent Christmas vacation at home and returned to Oak Hill to take charge of her school on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Benton left this week for Philadelphia to spend the winter.

Miss Myra Frank of St. John has been visiting Mrs. Jas. G. Stevens.

Miss Helen Gillespie of Moore's Mills was the guest of Miss Gretchen Vroom on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trimble have been visiting Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. King and Miss Annie King are in Calais.

Miss May Foster and H. A. Wellington of Hamilton are to be married January 17th.

THE LAST OF THE POSTBOYS.

An Old Postboy Relates an Experience With a Robber.

One of the pleasantest and most familiar figures of old English life, the postboy, has passed away beyond recall. Whatever his age, he was always a boy, and on fine occasions his white beaver hat, yellow jacket, white breeches and top boots made him the most dashing figure on the scene. The Rev. S. Baring Gould describes old Geo. Spurlie, one of the last of his race who might have stepped out a novel of a century ago. Like every other postboy, old George loved his horses. There was one gray mare of which he was especially fond. One night she got her halter twisted about her neck and was found strangled. George Spurlie sat down and cried. The landlord endeavored to comfort him.

"George," said he, "don't take on so. After all, it was only a horse. Now if you had lost a wife—"

"Ah master," replied the postboy, "wives! One has but to hold up the finger and they'd come flying to you from all sides—more than you could accommodate; but a horse, and such a mare as this—booh!" and he burst into tears.

The secret of his affection for the horse came out long after. Some of us asked him if he had ever been robbed on the road.

"I'll just tell ye gentlemen. There was some bullion to be sent up to London from Falmouth. I knowed nothing about it, and drove up with a close carriage to pick up a gentleman at Tavistock. I hadn't got half-way across the moors when I was stopped by a man on horseback, with his face blackened. He levelled a pistol at my head, so I pulled up.

"In a rough voice he asked me who was in the chaise. 'No one, I.' 'But there's something,' said he. 'The cushions,' said I. 'Get down,' said he, 'and hold my horse you rascal, while I search the chaise.' 'I'm at your service,' said I, and I took his horse by the bridle, and as I passed my hand along I felt that there were saddle bags.

"Well, that highwayman opened the chaise door and went in to overhaul things and meantime I undid the traces of my horses with one hand held the highwayman's horse with the other.

"Presently he put his head out and said: 'There's nothing within; I must search behind.' 'You've plenty of time,' said I, and so saying, I leaped into his saddle and shouted, 'Gee up and along, Beauty and Jolly Boy!' and spurred his horse, and away I galloped with the stage horses galloping after me, and we never stayed till we got to Chudleigh."

"And the saddle bags?"

"There was a lot of money in them, but there's my luck. That fellow had robbed a serge maker, and he went and claimed it all and gave me a guinea and the highwayman's horse; and that same horse, gentlemen, is the old grey mare as folks have laughed at me for cryin' over."

THE RECORD OF A HERO.

How Sir George Grey Sought and Found Relief for his Expedition.

An explorer's life is often a fine record of determination, self-sacrifice and indifference to danger. Sel'om, however, does one hear a story more heroic than that of an expedition undertaken in Australasia by Sir George Grey, who afterward became one of the ablest colonial governors in the British service. Here is the story told by his biographer.

Sir George had arranged to make a depot of supplies on Bernier Island, and had then continued his explorations. A terrible storm came up, and as the food supply was giving out, the party returned. Sir George had a dread lest the gale might have ravished the stores in his absence. Accordingly he took only one or two of his people with him, and went, full of anxiety, to the spot where the provisions had been buried.

"O God, we are all lost!" That was the wail for Sir George's ears as the spade made it clear that the food stuffs had been scattered by the storm. It was almost the pronouncing of the sentence of death upon the party, in a desert country and far from civilization.

"I hadn't an hour to lose," Sir George says, "so back we hurried. I delivered the news, counselling calmness and courage. We must endeavor to make Perth in the whale-boats. It was a forlorn chance."

The boats strained in a boisterous sea, and ultimately flung the voyagers ashore three hundred miles from Perth—three hundred miles of a parched, barren waste.

For a little while fair progress was made then strength declined through want of food and water. Sir George sought courage and consolation in the dog-eared New Testament which he had in his knapsack.

The hymns his mother had taught him came back into his head and heart, true comforters. A small company only fit to travel. Sir George pushed on with these in order to send relief to those unequal to the sally. It was the perishing to the rescue. A bird, snoot was welcome as manna from heaven, and a muddy water-hole was the sweetest of discoveries. Daw was eagerly licked from shrubs and reeds. Lips grew black, tongues swollen, eyes

lieve that?" said the prince. "Speak out if you don't; I sha'n't be offended in the least."

"Well, your highness, I don't believe it."

"Quite right, darrough booo" (it was a lie), unblushingly replied his royal highness, and burst into a fit of laughter quite unabashed; the circle of courtiers, course, were convulsed.

Shaping His Principles.

"Eat to live, not live to eat," was one of Poor Richard's maxims, although not original with him. Franklin himself enforced it most rigorously. He was fond of eating; but learned to keep his appetite under rigorous control. At one time he was a rather pronounced vegetarian, but he came to abandon vegeterianism when on a voyage to Boston. Here is the doctor's own account of the matter:

"Being becalmed off Rock Island, our people set about catching cod and hauled up a good many," which Franklin deemed 'a kind of unprovoked murder.'

"But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and when this came hot out of the frying pan it smelt admirably well. I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that when the fish were opened I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs; then thought I, 'If you eat one another, I don't see why we mayn't eat you.' So I dined upon cod very heartily, and continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet."

"So convenient a thing it is to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find, or make a reason for anything one may have a mind to do."

The Advantage of Position.

The late Charles Haddon Spurgeon was not one of those geniuses who suddenly become a revelation to their friends. As a child he was exceedingly intelligent, and his subsequent development was continuous. His schoolmaster looked to him whenever a question had gone unanswered.

One winter's day, however, when the weather was bitter cold, a change seemed to have come over the boy. His answers went wide of the mark. Soon he dropped to the bottom of the class and stayed there.

The teacher was puzzled; his prize pupil seemed to have lost every spark of intelligence. But as he thought, he noticed that Spurgeon, at the foot of the class, sat right in front of the stove. It took but a moment to rearrange the pupils. The head boy was given the warm seat, and Spurgeon was placed next the window. Then the questions began again.

The change was complete. From that moment Spurgeon did not hesitate for the right answer. Five minutes later he was once more at the head of the class, sitting in front of the stove.

The Success of the Closing Century.

The enormous circulation to which the "Family Herald and Weekly Star," of Montreal, has climbed in the last month singles that paper out as the great newspaper success of the century. We understand that fully twenty thousand new subscribers have been received by the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" within a few days, and every fair thinking man says the "Family Herald" deserves its phenomenal success. The best compliment to the "Family Herald" is the enormous percentage of renewals of old subscribers, [which the publishers report as exceeding ninety seven per cent of the first

"Whar's yer daddy?" "In thar—swearin' off." "Ruther early ain't he?" "No—he's jest a-practicin'. They's 6 men in the county whar kin outswear him!"

Pompus—I point with pride to myself as a self-made man. Castic—Well, you needn't be afraid that any one will steal the plans.

Visiting curate—Ah my friend, you should reflect on the fact that we are aers today and gone tomorrow.

Convict—You may be I ain't.

"Yes, Briggs is the best all-round card player in our club." Reached the pinochle of fame, has he?"

"You don't mean to say you don't be-



CHARLES KAYE CUNARD,

As a jolly good fellow and friend of all who knew him, Kaye Cunard was noted during his stay in this city. He had been quite a wheelman, and among the best riders and even in quite speedy company he has shown the way having a collection of medals and other trophies. He won the three mile professional championship at Sussex a few years ago.

wild, and the hopeless cry was: "Water, or we die!"

The native guide seemed to lead Sir George from the other, begonia, when disovered, "Yes, we two may be saved if we go; the others are so weak that they can't walk." Sir George cocked his gun, and the guide led him to the party. A blistering thirist of three days and two nights! Happily a water hole not bereft of moisture was found in the nick of time. A few birds flew about it, but Sir George's hand shook so that he could take no aim. How good to lie down and rest forever in the parched grass! Yet the better in instinct asserted itself, and the second half of the expedition, far in the rear, cried for relief. On! on!

Sir George staggered across the miles until, in the goodness of fortune, he met

room. The prince narrated his exploits in hunting the antelope the previous day, and gaily stated that while pursuing a pair of shu when riding a very restive horse his head stall broke.

"What should you have done, doctor?" asked the prince.

"I should have tried to stick on as long as the ground was good, and expecting an accident, have awaited it."

"Ah that was because you were not a prince," he said. "I leant forward, and unclasping my belt, I tied it in the horse's mouth as a bridle, and thus directing him, pursued my game and killed both antelope."

All the circle applauded, as of course they were bound to do. Doctor Wills was silent.

"You don't mean to say you don't be-