

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. Kingdon has invitations out for a five o'clock tea for tomorrow.

Miss Ogden of Sackville is visiting her friend, Mrs. R. P. Foster.

Invitations are out for the ladies' whist party at Mrs. G. O. Clark's on next Saturday afternoon from 3.30 to 6.30.

Mrs. Morton Layton is today giving quite a unique function, "An Au hors Tea," at which the guests are all expected to appear in character representing some special work of their favorite author. The most striking of the most correct guesses of characters, winning the prize.

The Opera house was crowded to its utmost capacity on Monday evening on the occasion of the Patriotic concert given under the auspices of the Sons of England. While the curtain went up on the first number, the scene presented was soul inspiring. The sides and back of the stage were all draped with the flags of our nation and in the archway at the back stood Britannia represented by Miss Emma Crookshank and around her stood the soldiers of the Queen, representing all branches of the service, including the killed Scotch and Irish Rifles. Music was furnished by the orchestra under the leadership of Mr. H. G. Winter and the band of the 71st Batt. under the leadership of Sgt. Olin. The band was uniformed in khaki and made a very interesting and striking appearance. A chorus of twenty voices stood in a semicircle and sang Rule Britannia. The chorus was composed of Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe, Mrs. W. C. Crocker, Mrs. John Cameron, Mrs. Colwell, Miss Nan Thompson, Miss Gardner, Miss Palmer, Mr. Stickle, Mr. Macrutt, Mr. Edney, Mr. Tibbitts, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Richards and Mr. Smith.

Mrs. R. S. Ritchey gave a very pleasant ladies luncheon last Saturday at which covers were laid for a dozen.

Mrs. Palmer is the guest of the Auditor General and Miss Beck on Charlotte street.

Miss Morgan of the establishment of the Misses Young sailed on Monday for London England, and will be absent several weeks during which time she will visit Paris, France.

## PARRBORO.

(PARRBORO is for sale at Parrboro Book store.)

Mrs. D. Gillespie entertained the whist club on Monday evening. Owing to the inclemency of the weather there were only four tables but the time passed most pleasantly. Miss Upham and Dr. Holmes, Mrs. C. R. Smith and Mr. W. Gavin were the lucky ones in the way of prizes.

Mr. C. B. Smith, Q. C., a member, was in town at the end of the week. Mrs. Smith is here visiting her relatives.

Rev. Mr. Batty of Amherst officiated in Grace Methodist church on Sunday.

Miss Sadie Cook has returned home from Acadia seminary owing to illness.

Capt. Grew and Mr. T. Mahoney both had the misfortune to fall on the ice not long since receiving quite serious injuries.

Mr. W. Buchart spent Sunday at Spring Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Henderson arrived home on Friday from their boyhood trip which extended as far as New York.

Mr. Harry Hillcoat, Amherst, has lately been in town for two or three days.

Miss Isabel Aikman returned on Monday from a visit in Turin and Amherst.

It is sad to have to record the death of Mrs. Fiddington, who died on Sunday afternoon after a lingering illness leaving a young husband and two small children for whom much sympathy is felt.

Mr. Hugh O'Mullin's funeral on Wednesday was largely attended.

## The Old Books.

They are gray with the gray of ages  
Borrowed, and beguiled, and old;  
Thumb-marked of s-lints and sages  
In the scholarly days of old  
Rose leaves pressed for a lover  
Rest in their pages dim,  
Though silent centuries cover  
All that is left of him.

And I feel, in the library's shadows,  
With this ghostly company,  
The breath of forgotten madsons  
And the centuries over me!  
And when twilight bells are calling—  
When the day with its strikes is o'er—  
There are ghostly footstep falling  
Faint on the library floor.

Singers, and saints, and sages—  
In the faint of a name we trust,  
But time will cover our pages,  
As even our toms, with dust.  
For here in the library's shadow,  
Where the faded and famous be,  
I roam in forgotten meadows,  
With the centuries—over me!

"But has she observed the usual period of mourning for her last husband?"

"No, barely the semi-colon, this time."



## Sit Down To It.

A Collar Laundered by Us

can be put on at your ease. You do not have to stand up and haul it to its place—you can sit down to it, because the work is done right.

The most careful usage prevails in every department, and your linen will be well treated. Send us your next bundle—or shall we call for it? Phone 214.

## American Laundry,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

GODSOE BROS., - Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

## "Necessity Knows No Law."

But a law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the entire system shall be strong, healthy and vigorous.

To take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is therefore a law of health and it is a necessity in nearly every household. It never disappoints.

Erysipelas—"Had a severe attack of erysipelas, suffering from dizziness and nervousness so that I could not rest at night. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results, and now recommend it to others." M. CHALMERS, Toronto, Ont.

Tired Feeling—"Was all run down and had no appetite. Was tired all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla was suggested, and a trial benefited me so much that now I would not be without the medicine." Mrs. G. D. BURNETT, Central Norton, N. B.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

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

## The Shadow of a King.

The man who was a sovereign and is a figure head is always pitiful to see. Under the British Empire many princes still retain an empty show of power. In the colonies of France the fiction is almost discarded. A visit to his Highness All Bey of Tunis, is like a visit to an extinct volcano. Decrees are still issued in his name, but he is scarcely apprised of them beforehand.

You may spent weeks in Tunisia, says Mr. Herbert Vivian, a traveller of experience and remain unconvinced of the bey's existence. Should you however, chance to be near the Italian railway station of Tunis on a Monday morning you may witness the arrival of a portly old gentleman, who hurries into a ramshackle medieval carriage, with a belagged escutcheon on the door, and drives off as fast as his pair of white mules can carry him.

He has come to pay the visit which he is required to make on the French officials who may have instructions for him. Under no circumstances will they pay him the compliment of a visit, even when they are living in their summer quarters hard by his palace.

The only occasion when you may hope to come in contact with the Bey of Tunis is during the days of Baram, the Moslem holiday which follows the fast of Ramadan. Then he holds a public reception. Like his father, he wears a semblance of a European costume. His face is benevolent, but weak, and by no means intelligent. He seems scarcely to take in the compliments of the French Resident, clumsily translated to him by General Valensi.

"Hamdou lillah (God be praised), I am well," is his constant refrain. The Resident, as the chief French official is called, remarks that his highness were a fur coat on his drive, and trusts that his highness did not feel the cold.

"No, Hamdou lillah, I did not feel the cold. It was my son who compelled me to wrap myself up," and a faint smile plays upon the expressionless lips. Poor bey! His attention often wanders, and you realize that he is thinking of the contempt he must excite among his compatriots.

## A Dangerous Moment.

One need not be a soldier to stand in need of courage. A clergyman may find himself confronted with as nerve-shaking an ordeal as those more generally expected by the man of war. In his retrospect of 'The Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate,' Bishop Whipple tells of a moment when he found it extremely necessary that his courage should not fail him. The bishop was about to preach in one of the cathedrals, when there entered a divinity student whose brain had become deranged by overmuch study. He went forward, as if to sit with the others.

On reaching the chancel, however, says the bishop, 'he stopped, and taking a revolver from his pocket, pointed it at me. I felt what was coming before the revolver appeared, and knowing that the young man was short-sighted, and that he would probably wait until sure of his aim, I walked with quick, long strides through the chancel, which is very deep, grateful that I had been an athlete in younger days.

'At the chancel steps I made a leap, seized the young man by the collar, and turned him sharply round with my knee, at his back, while I said to the congregation, 'Will some one take charge of this man? He is insane.'

It all happened so quickly that no one moved till then. The poor fellow was led out and the service went on. It was found that the pistol had a hair trigger, and that all the chambers were loaded, making it a marvel that no tragedy had occurred.

## SOME LONDON CHATTER.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

keep them informed and to see that things were made comfortable for them. But one day the Emperor decided to pay a visit to the Duke of Marlborough's place near Oxford. Over here press men work together, English papers report matters soberly, and as 'scoops' count for almost nothing reporters do not try to get ahead of one another in a small way. So when William II sped off to Woodstock the journalists elected three of their number to follow—those three to supply the lot with all information.

After receiving all consideration from the Queen of England the reporters had no fear of finding matters different in a mere Duke's establishment. But the husband of the one-time Miss Consula Vanderbilt is a most superior person, and the deputation from the press found themselves confronted at the lodge gate with strict orders that they were neither to be given access to the estate nor furnished with any information. One of the press men then sent a letter in to the castle explaining that they were held up and asking to be given liberty to pursue their calling. No answer came. Then the three put in their heads together and wrote a second letter, explaining that Her Majesty had countenanced them, and that, up to date, she had been unable to discover the loss of any of her silver spoons.

They hoped, they said, that although the Queen was notoriously less exclusive in the selection of her guests than the Lord of Woodstock, still it might be that Her Majesty's patronage would not be taken as a disability. They asked that His Grace would please remember that the doings of his royal guest were of great interest to the public, and that he, the duke, in his august graciousness, might humor the world in this small particular. In answer to this came a steward of the fifteenth degree with all the imports of news, as he said, direct from the duke. When the envelope was opened it was found that it contained a long list of the names of nonentities who had attended the dinner party. The reporters returned to Windsor.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Odd Ways of Gaining a Living.

A New York correspondent of a Boston journal gave an account some years ago of a novel mode of making a living hit upon by a young man at Albany. Having been employed some years at the capitol, and knowing a good deal about the doings in it, he made engagements with a number of large corporations, at salaries ranging each from \$200 to \$800 yearly, to keep them informed about what was going on there. This he did by sending to each a copy of every bill that was introduced into either House of the Legislature, and by giving them such private information as he could gather concerning any influences that were at work prejudicial to their interests. For all this labor he received about \$2500 a year; a little hand book of the Legislature which he published annually yielded an equal sum.

But of all the abnormal ways of gaining a livelihood, that pursued some fifty years ago by a miserly, misanthropic wretch in a large town in the West of England is the most extraordinary. By profession, a builder, he spent his time in watching the progress of building operations in the town and 'posting' himself in all matters relating to land and houses. When he saw an elegant new house building, if possible buy a small piece of land opposite to it, and there begin erecting a hideous looking edifice of shingle and brick, with ugly chimneys, and having no resemblance to any other structure, except, perhaps a dog-kennel. Fancy the feelings of a rich manufacturer on seeing his dream of a fairy palace thus dispelled by a crafty, cold blooded old villain, dead alike to treaty, remonstrance and menace; cool, calculating, persistent, unmoved equally

## Queen's Rink

Conveniently situated on

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AN IDEAL RINK FOR A GOOD SKATE.

Perpetually Good Ice.

Tuesday and Thursday Evening also Saturday Afternoon, the Artillery Band is in attendance.

Hockey Matches on Friday Nights

SINGLE ADMISSION.

## A pure hard Soap.

# SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

by the cries of 'shame!' from the passers-by and by the scowls and frowns of the neighboring householders!

A week or two passes, and the victim of his wiles, writhing with vexation, proposes to buy the nuisance that perpetually stares him in the face; but a price so enormous is asked that he will not pay it. Finally he stops building his mansion for a while, and 'Eyesore Jack'—for that was the nickname of this tormentor—follows suit. Delighted and encouraged by this, the gentleman goes on with his building, when instantly work on the dog kennel is resumed. A hundred remedies chase each other through the man's brain, but in vain; one after another they are all dismissed as useless or impracticable. At last he is forced to yield and buy up the eyesore at many times its cost to its owner.

The wretch continued to pursue his hateful calling for some years till he became very rich, but he found his Waterloo at last in a conflict with two builders who had erected in a genteel part of the suburbs a row of handsome houses. They were expecting to sell them at a considerable profit when one day they learned to their amazement that the old villain, Jack—the terrible Eyesore Jack—had obtained a long lease of a field opposite and designed immediately to begin a brick work on it. The men were nearly mad with vexation, but their whole fortune was at stake, and they determined to fight the wretch to the last extremity. Inducing another person who had been in treaty for a lease of the field before it was leased to Jack to bring an action for its recovery, they outwitted their foe. The villain, so long triumphant, was beaten to the suit, and ultimately lost all his ill-gotten gains and died in abject penury.

## An Address With Details.

'America is a good country, wrote a Hungarian watchmaker to a friend at his birthplace. 'I have only been six months here, yet I have established myself in business. You will find my address on the card enclosed herein.' A few weeks later the Hungarian received a letter, whose address covered the entire envelope. It reads as follows: 'Sigmond Barnay, dealer in watches, clocks, jewelry; watches repaired and made better than new. Good prices for old gold. Jewelry appraised for nothing. Diamonds set. A large assortment of watch chains, finer than gold ones. Weekly instalments taken. No.—Avenue B, in the middle of the block.'—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## The Best Poster.

What is admitted to be the best poster extant is that by Fred Walker, of the Royal Academy. It is known as 'The Woman in White.' The design represents a stately and splendidly draped female figure stepping through a door way into the starlight night. With one hand she opens the door and with the other imposes silence on some person who is presumably following her.

## No Interviews.

To most authors, unless they are at the top of the tree, the advertisement is as necessary as it is to the vendor of patent soaps and sausages. But the heads of the profession of letters are steadily settling their faces against this practice. Notable among the authors who object to being interviewed are R. D. Blackmore, Rudyard Kipling and J. M. Barrie.—London Mail.

## "Folly Con."

An old lady lately asked President Hadley, of Yale,—he tells the story himself,—what he was teaching. To his reply, "Economics," she said thoughtfully: "Oh, you teach the students to be economical! That is good. When I was a young lady, they never learned to be economical until they got married."

## A Curiosity.

John—Why are you buying that magazine?

Johnson—I want it for a curiosity.

John—But what is there strange about it.

Johnson—Why it's the only one I've seen that has more pages of reading than advertising.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

'Why do most men prefer a clever woman like Becky Sharp to take out to dinner?' 'Because Becky would do all the talking and let the man eat.'

Mrs. A.—I was just thinking.  
Mrs. Z.—Thinking of what, dear?  
Mrs. A.—How funny it is for them to sell umbrellas at a clearing sale.—

'Yes, this open winter is pleasant, but—' 'But what?'  
'I don't think the weather ought to be run entirely in the interest of people who play golf.'

Professor—Suppose you were engaged in the autopsy of a subject, and it gave signs of life, what would you do?

Student—I think I should—change the subject, sir.

Watts—Don't you think a lawyer requires a better education than a physician? Potte—To be sure. It takes a good deal more skill to separate a man from his money than from his life.

Mr. Dobbs—I tell you, the telephone is a great convenience.

Mr. Bobbs—Sure thing. Fellow down at Bermer's restaurant gave me a hot roast over mine yesterday.

'It will be dreadful if our natural gas gives out.'

'Won't it, though? Jane, did you use to get up and make the kitchen fire before we had gas, or did I?'

'Woman,' observed the epigrammatic boarder, 'is a conundrum without an answer.'

'Huh!' snorted Mr. Sourdopp, 'I never saw a woman without one.'

Husband—What's the matter with the biscuits this morning?

Wife—It's the fault of the yeast. It failed to make them rise.

Husband—Why don't you use an alarm clock?

'Poor Skorcher lost his bet.

'What was that?'

'He bet Skorcher he could make 100 miles on his wheel inside of eight hours.'

'And couldn't he do it?'

'Oh, yes he could have done it, but he stopped at 99, thinking that was the end of the century.'

Suddenly he ceased gathering her in his warm embrace.

'Are we observed?' he whispered, fearfully.

'There is the rubber plant,' faltered she with a shudder and went and hastily drew the portieres between them and the conservatory.

'There's one consolation,' said the beleaguered wit of Ladysmith.

'What is it?' asked the colonel, dodging a shell.

'If we don't know what is going on in the outside world, we at least have a full knowledge of the things about which the outside world yearns to learn.'

'Anything new?' inquired the reporter, as he stood before the station desk.

'Yes responded the corpulent lieutenant, 'a Chinese was found with a strange wound on the side of his head. He doesn't know who struck him.'

'Aha! Then I'll just head that. The Mystery of the Chinese Temple.'

'Genius,' said the Billville citizen, 'is not confined to time or place. Look at that boy yonder, for instance,—he wuz tryin' to break a young mule to harness when the creature throwed him into the top of a pine saplin but he sooner did he land than he grabbed a 'possum what wuz roostin' that slid down the tree with him, an' now the old lady's cookin' that 'possum fer dinner.'

## Painful Proton.

A young college girl recently dined with friends who had passed a brief season in Germany, and on her return her roommate asked if she had had a good time.

'Do you remember what Heine said about his Uncle Solomon's dinner?' she asked.

'No.'

'Well, Uncle Solomon forbade any language but German at his table. So does Mrs. Blank. Here the resemblance begins and ends. Heine said that a footman stood behind his uncle on one side of the table to hand dainties, while a second waited on the other to offer accusatives. Dainties and accusatives were not passed to night, but it had been, no one would have known which to take.'

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