

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

take passage for Europe. She will sail on the 19th, on the steamer Werra of the North German Lloyd line.

Miss McIntosh, who has been teaching French and English literature in St. Stephen during the winter, has returned to her home in Fredericton. Miss Fannie Lowell of Calais is visiting friends in Providence.

Mrs. C. E. Swan and Mrs. Ralph S. Horton have been spending a few days in St. John.

Mrs. Charles Damon is visiting friends in Calais. Mrs. Mary E. Dexter is the guest of Mrs. Elwell Lowell.

H. P. Dowd and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Colby have returned from Portland, where they went to attend the late Papsen Tucker's funeral services.

Mr. and Mrs. James McWha are occupying the cottage on Main street recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Astor Price.

Mrs. J. D. Lawson is in Halifax visiting Mrs. W. H. Torrance.

Miss Annie Stevens, who has been making an extended visit in Halifax, is expected to arrive home on the 24th.

ST. ANDREWS.

MAY 10.—Mr. James McConvey, who has been ill in Boston for several weeks, came home by train on Monday to recuperate.

Mr. J. D. Chipman of St. Ste. hen was in St. Andrews on Tuesday.

Mr. Wm. B. Phillips and Miss Caroline Mitchell daughter of Mr. John Mitchell of Campbell were united in marriage at the Lansdowne hotel on Monday evening last, by Rev. J. C. Berrie. The bride was prettily costumed in blue, with white silk trimmings.

Miss Alma Bishop is spending a few days with friends at Deer Island.

Mrs. Theresa Seeley, of Campbell, who has been stopping at the Lansdowne hotel, returned to her home on Tuesday.

Mr. J. M. Peacock has been in Woodstock lately giving instruction in the ancient and honorable game of golf. From Woodstock he will go to St. John.

George Leyar and his bride arrived at Oak Bay, last week. Mrs. Leyar was formerly Miss Nellie Giley. Her father owned the stage line eighteen years ago that ran between St. Andrews and St. Stephen.

Robert Clarke, of McAdam, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Wm. Morrison has recovered from a very severe attack of the grippe.

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

Progress Job Print.

Cape Nome.

Cape Nome's golden incentives and possibilities have apparently thrown those of the Klondike into the shade, and Dawson, it is said, already presents the appearance of a "boom town" whose former adventitious prosperity is fast departing. The fact that Nome is a part of Alaskan possessions, and that, hence, American miners will not be subject to the burdensome exactions imposed upon them by the Canadian authorities at the Klondike, together with the fact that it is more easily accessible than the Klondike, has already drawn to it thousands of American miners from the Canadian gold-fields and elsewhere, and it is anticipated that these will be reinforced during the present spring and coming summer by thousands of other less experienced fortune hunters, to the possible enriching of a few, and the certain disappointment of the many.

A writer in the Review of Reviews, who has visited Cape Nome, and has acquainted himself with its conditions and the prospects they present, asserts, as the result of his investigations, that no man who is not young, sound and strong, and who is not the possessor of necessary mining equipments, should attempt the Cape with any hope of success.

If he has had mining experience so much the better, and if, after the expense of travel and outfit is met, he possesses the wherewithal to tide him over a period of possible idleness, while he is 'looking around,' and in the event of failure, to



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He's not the only one who smiles with himself, and thanks us for our sayings to him about.

Our New Method of Laundering.

Some tried us quick others were longer in coming our way, and some are still at large—possibly you're one, if so let us have a trial package. We have every thing for doing good work and if you care for promptness you'll like our delivery system.

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"No Eye Like the Master's Eye."

You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver.

**Heart Trouble**—"I had heart trouble for a number of years and different medicines failed to benefit me. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and three bottles completely and perfectly cured me." MRS. C. A. FLENN, Wallace Bridge, N. S.

**A Safeguard**—"As I had lost five children with diphtheria I gave my remaining two children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to throat trouble and were not very strong. They are now healthier and stronger and have not since had a cold." MRS. W. H. FLECKER, Pembroke, Ont.



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

purchase a return ticket so much the better still. The chances are that he will not find these prudent provisions necessary.

The climate is so severe for at least seven months of the year, that only those whose physical condition is unimpaired can hope to withstand it. The thermometer during these months ranges from thirty to sixty degrees below zero.

The surrounding region is barren of everything to comfort and sustain life. Supplies of all kinds must be imported, and notwithstanding competing steamer lines and trading companies, prices are enormous.

The miner who depends upon the result of his labor to maintain health and life, must extract at least ten dollars' worth of gold each day, to say nothing of providing for those periods—long or short—during which weather conditions make labor impossible.

In short, the writer referred to leaves it to be inferred that the descriptions of Cape Nome, as given in glowing and perhaps interested newspaper accounts, are to be taken with more than the traditional allowance of salt; and his conclusion, based upon observation and experience, that Cape Nome is a good place for the few to go to, but a better place for the many to keep away from, is worthy to be seriously pondered by those immediately interested.

How the Bill Was Paid.

One of the early settlers of Orleans County, New York, was John Anderson, a man of positive character, a great lover of truth. "I demand that a man's word shall be as good as his bond," he often said, and lived up to it. In "Pioneer History of Orleans County," New York, Mr. Arad Thomas tells a characteristic anecdote of Mr. Anderson.

A neighbor owed him twelve shillings, which he promised to pay in a few days. Mr. Anderson said to him: "All right, I hope you will. For it's worth a shilling to dun a man any time."

A few days later the two men again met and the neighbor mentioned his debt and again promised to pay. As they met occasionally afterward, the debtor would dun himself, but paid nothing, till one day, having repeated his acknowledgement and promise to pay, Mr. Anderson took from his own pocket a shilling and handed him saying:

"Here is a shilling for you; we are now even. I have given you credit on account one shilling each time you have dunned yourself or me, and broken your promise. Your credits balance your debts and one shilling over, which I have paid you. It is settled; don't speak of it to me again."

Something in It.

The question, 'What's in a name?' may be answered from one point of view by narrating a bit of experience confided to one of his friends by a man named Coward.

Now be it known that there are branches of the Coward family who can trace an honored lineage back to old colonial days and are quite as proud of their ancestry as the Vere de Veres or Fitz Montmorcencys.

'Have you never thought of changing your name?' asked the friend.

'No answered the Coward in question. 'There are too many thrilling associations connected with it.'

'In what way?'

'Well, from the time when I was a little boy until I went through college I had more than fifty fights on account of it.'

Companions in Misery.

A Parisian Bohemian, out of luck says to another gentleman of the same class:

'Where do you dine today?'

'Nowhere.'

'What are you going to dine on?'

'Nothing.'

'Then let us go and not dine together!'

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duval 17 Waterloo.

DISCUSSION ON WIVES.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

diversity. Why a man who cannot see thus is, to my mind, wholly unworthy of any wife let alone a "cross clean woman."

Warriors and statesmen always have their meed of praise and when they do suffer men record it, but the long sacrifice of woman's days passed without even a thought or word. An axiom familiar to all says that "woman was made for the man of whom she was a part, made to attract his eyes and keep his heart" is truly convictive. If the woman is in continual discontent and agitation why it is, most likely, that she cannot make realities correspond with her conceptions. Anger, we know, is the whetstone of strength, in an equality of other terms it will make a man or woman prevail; for nothing is able to stand before a fire which is once enraged, and there is a benefit too from having a "cross clean wife" for Socrates found it so. Xanthippe was a woman of a very troublesome spirit, she could never move Socrates to a passion and being accustomed to bear patiently this heavy burden at home he was never in the least moved by the most scurrilous and abusive tongues he met with abroad and every man should get consolation from the fact that everyone has his particular plague and if his wife is his why he is very happy who hath this only.

The tone of conversation between husband and wife should be invariable benevolent, they should differ without asperity and agree without dogmatism "step by step one goes very far" and by this proverb which is the wisdom of many but the wit of one I find, myself overruling my rights, acting as though I had a clearance order to run regardless.

It is a known fact that with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out, I cannot refrain from quoting the following poem, "Comparisons of woman," on account of its applicability.

An eastern prince had his vizers once assembled, and asked them what a woman most resembled, one said: "The sun the source of light which made all nature gay; when woman's present, all is bright, and dull when she's away."

"Woman," cried one, "we can compare to naught so justly as to air; 'tis light, indeed, and apt to fly; but it unites the earth and sky; so woman at creation given, stood as a link twixt man and heaven." "She's like the rainbow," said a third, "that when the elements are stirred to strife, dissolves the storm. It's aspect does sweet calm diffuse; we're dazzled by it's brilliant hues, it's symmetry of form, But who such pride possessed?—sure, no man; 'tis an illusion—so is woman."

The prince, who found his council thus divided, left the perplexing question undecided.

Caste.

'You will soon lose your caste' shouted a low-caste man to a high caste sepoy, who had roughly refused him a drink of water. 'You will,' he added, 'have to bite cartridges covered with the fat of pigs and cows!' That was one of the first mutterings of the great mutiny. Enfield rifles and cartridges to fit them had been sent out to India from England. The cartridges had their paper greased with lard and tallow. The men were required to bite off the end of the cartridges before putting it into the gun.

The sepoy thought the new cartridges were a trick of the government to make them lose caste, and then forcibly convert them to christianity. Nearly all the Hindus in the army of Bengal were of high caste, who preferred death to loss of caste. An anecdote, told by Mrs. Latimer, in her 'England in the Nineteenth Century,' illustrates how much dearer than life to a Hindu is his caste.

An English gentleman, recently arrived in India, while going up the Ganges, beheld an aged Hindu, lying exhausted on the bank. Lifting up the native, the Englishman poured down his throat a little cologne, the only stimulant he had at hand.

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The man revived, but he had lost his caste by swallowing the liquid administered by a man of no caste. Several times a week from that day the Englishman was solemnly cursed by the old Hindu whom he had saved from dying. He had made the man lose caste against his will.

Charged by a Moose.

While hunting moose one September evening in New Brunswick, an Englishman and his Indian guide had a narrow escape from death, as the story is related in the American Field. The Indian had been 'calling' the moose by means of a birch bark horn. A moose responded down the stream, and a second soon bellowed in another direction.

As the two approached, the stillness of the night air was broken by their impressive grunts, and by they were heard ripping and tearing the trees with their horns. Soon, with tremendous roars the two rivals advanced from the shelter of the trees and met on the open bog.

Gabe, the guide, said, 'Come on,' and advanced toward the scene of combat, followed by the Englishman. The moose had locked horns in deadly strife.

Aiming as carefully as he could by the light of the moon, the hunter fired at the nearer bull and brought him to the ground.

The next move made by the second moose was a startling one. Instead of seeking refuge in flight, as was anticipated, he charged upon the hunters. The Englishman fired again and missed. The next instant the bull was upon them.

The Indian stood fairly in the path of the furious animal. In leaping to one side he stumbled and fell. The moose rushed over him, breaking the Indian's leg with one of his heavy hoofs.

The moose ran only a few rods and then, turning about, began to bellow and paw up the bog. Although suffering intense pain, Gabe, lay motionless and uttered no sound, realizing that in this course alone lay safety for himself.

The moose, a moment later, scented

the Englishman, who, having dropped his rifle, was crouching behind a bush. With lowered head, the bull advanced to the attack. Death was staring the Englishman in the face, when Gabe, crawling swiftly on hands and knees, recovered the rifle and shot the animal dead.

Exciting.

'This road isn't travelled very much, is it?' asked a tourist who had stopped to get a drink at a log cabin, which was the only human habitation he had seen for two hours.

The woman of whom he had asked the question replied:

'Well, I reckon you'd 'a' thought it was travelled if you'd been here one day last week. There was a four-hoss team, an' a man on a mule, an' a buggy, an' a man on foot, an' a ox-team hitched to a hay-rack went over his head all in one day. I tell you, it was real excitin!'

Her mother—'Poor Emma is crying. Why did you speak so harshly at the supper table?'

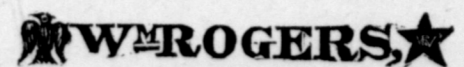
Her Husband—It was all about the pud; ding she made.

Her mother—But you should not have been so hasty.

Her husband—I was not hasty! It was a hasty pudding.

That Shine

which was the glory of your table silver when it was new, is it still to be seen? If not, and you want to renew it, we guarantee silver-plated knives, forks and spoons marked



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