

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE)

of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Moncton, is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. W. W. McLellan, of Newcastle, is visiting friends in the city.

Hon. A. R. Dickey, during his stay in town was the guest of Dr. E. B. Chandler.

Miss Bright, head in liner in the McSwerey Co. millinery department, leaves next week for her home in Ontario.

Mr. Gilbert J. LeBlanc, secretary of the Improved Cornier Rudder Patent, has returned from Halifax where he was attending the first test of the above patent.

Mr. Wm. Starkey has returned from Cape Breton where he was overseeing some I. C. R. work.

The ladies of the Mission Circle held an Anti-Boer Tea in the vestry of Central Methodist church Wednesday.

Alto Whitehead, who has been confined to his home for the week past, is now his many friends will be glad to see, around again.

Messrs. Eugene and Mark E. Ter, of Westmorland Point, left by Monday's C. P. R. en route for Kootenay, B. C., where they will reside in future.

It is understood that ex-councillor J. Francis Ayard, of Great Shemogue, has been appointed assistant weighing inspector of the I. C. R., vice Mr. Nelles, who ceased work some weeks ago.

A surprise party was held at the residence of Mr. Theo. Beckam, Humphrey's Mills, Tuesday. About thirty couples were present. A very enjoyable evening was spent in various amusements and the gathering dispersed at an early hour in the morning by singing "God Save the Queen."

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Doane & Co.]

Feb. 8—Miss Fannie Palmer of Fredericton is the guest of Miss Minnie Collins.

Mrs. Charles Palmer of Fredericton is visiting her mother Mrs. L. C. Lilley.

Misses Sinec and Fumman of Houlton are visiting friends here.

H. V. Darling made a business trip to Edmundston last week.

Miss Lottie McKenzie of Fredericton is a guest of Rev. J. W. Clarke.

Dr. M. F. Mrs. Brown and Miss Prior of Centerville were in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Pelyes, St. John, are in town.

Miss A. R. Ray of the Press staff left Saturday morning to visit friends in Boston.

Isabel, wife of James Carr died at their home Canterbury Station on Wednesday, January 31st.

She had been ill for several years. She leaves a husband and two sons and several grand-children.

The deceased was a Miss Watson of Waton Settlement.

E. B. McIsaac, well known in Harland and vicinity and who for two years has lived in British Columbia, is expected to return home soon.

Some time ago he suffered a shock of paralysis and a more recent rumor announced his death, but we are now told the contrary.

PARSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parsboro Book store.]

Excellent ice, band music and artistic costumes in many of which the national flag was a prominent feature, combined to make the skating carnival in Cecilia rink on Monday evening a pronounced success.

Two of the best costumes represented Canada and Ladysmith.

Mr. C. K. Eville, who has been very ill is rapidly improving, but has not yet been out. Mr. Raymond Smith, Windsor, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Eville.

Miss Mary Smith returned on Tuesday from a six weeks visit to friends at Amherst and Nappan.

Mrs. A. H. Upham entertained the whist club on Monday evening. There was a full attendance and a most enjoyable meeting. The prizes fell to Miss Joe Gillespie, Dr. Holmes, Mrs. Cecil Parsons and Mr. Charles Hillcoat.

Mrs. B. F. Henderson wore a most becoming gown of cream serge with satin ribbon trimmings while receiving her visitors on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Messrs Stewart Jenks and L. S. Gown were in town on election day.

Mr. Jas. W. Day was elected to the mayoralty for another year. The new councillors are Dr. Johnson and Mr. R. J. Smith.

A Compliment Spelled.

A funny little anecdote of the poet, Whittier, was recently related, which exemplifies characteristically both his considerate kindness and the well known defect of his vision. At a picnic gathering on the banks of the Merrimac he had chanced to stray along a wooded path at some distance from the rest of the company when, coming up quietly behind two little girls in their first teens who had also



"A Clean Englishman,"

Is Du Maurier's description of one of his characters.

There's no luxury like the luxury of being clean and we help you to it when we do your laundry work.

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"The Mill Cannot Grind with Water That's Past."

This is what a fagged out, tearful little woman said in telling her cares and weaknesses. Her friend encouraged by telling of a relative who had just such troubles and was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The little woman now has tears of joy, for she took Hood's, which put her blood in prime order, and she lives on the strength of the present instead of worrying about that of the past.

Humor—"When I need a blood purifier I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured my humor and it is excellent as a nerve tonic." JOSIE EATON, Stafford Springs, Conn.

Erysipelas Sores—"After scarlet fever a running sore was left on my nose. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured me. My brother was also relieved by it of erysipelas in his face." ELLA COURSER, Burden, 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.

wandered away from the others of the party, he overheard their conversation. Fourteen is a sensitive as well as an awkward age, and one of the two, a tall, angular girl was almost crying because she had heard one of the boys say she "looked like a guy in her new dress". The dress was a rather bright red, made over from an elder sister's, and her own anxious suspicions that it was unbecoming were thus cruelly confirmed.

"What's this—what's this?" Mr. Whittier broke in benevolently. "Thee needn't mind what a rude boy says about it Mary. Thee looks very well indeed," Mary began to smile,—"under the trees here, and with that bough in thy hand. Why, Mary thee looks like Oread!"

Mary blushed with pleasure and the poet with a friendly nod, emphasized his pretty compliment by repeating, "Like an Oread, Mary dressed all in green. Does thee know what an Oread is?"

Poor Mary! She was not very sure what an Oread was but she knew only too well the color of her dreadful dress. She had forgotten that Mr. Whittier was partially color-blind, and could not distinguish between green and red.

Beecher's Fee.

The power of an orator can be largely measured by the degree of confidence which he inspires, and judged by this standard. Henry Ward Beecher must be reckoned among the greatest speakers of modern times. Men who heard him in the pulpit or talked with him out of it could not question the sincerity which showed forth in his face, his manner and his voice. Mr. Beecher was on a lecturing tour and Major Pond, his manager was sitting beside him in the railway car. Suddenly the preacher slipped his hand on the little watch pocket of his trousers and drew forth a small envelope. For a moment he looked at it in surprise, then opened it and smiled. Presently he turned to his companion, "Major," said he, "I married a great railroad magnate a few months ago, and as I was taking leave of him, he handed me an envelope, which I slipped in my pocket, unopened. That was the last I thought of it until today. Just now I opened it and this is what I found."

The major took the envelope. Within it were five one thousand dollar bills.

Irish Turns and Twists.

The author of "Irish Life and Character" says truly that one has only to mix with an Irish crowd to hear many a laughable expression, quite innocently uttered. As the Duke and Duchess of York were leaving Dublin in 1897, amid enthusiastic cheering, an old woman remarked:

"Ah! isn't it the fine reception they're gettin' goin' away?"

In 1892, Dublin University celebrated its tercentenary, and crowds of visitors were attracted to the city. Two laborers, rejoiced at the general prosperity, thus expressed their feelings.

"Well, Tim," said one, "thim tercentinaries does a dale for tne thrade of Dubin, and no mistake."

"Oh, faix they do!" said the other. "And whin, with the blessin' of God, we get home rule, sure we can have as many of thim as we please."

An old woman, seeing a man pulling a young calf roughly along the road exclaimed:

"Oh, you bla'guard! That's no way to thrate a fellow crather."

"Sure," said a laborer to a young lady who was urging him to send his children to school, "I'd do anything for such a sweet, gintlemanly lady as yourself."

Again, the laborers on a large estate decided that it would be more convenient for them if they could be paid every week instead of every fortnight. One of their number was sent to place their proposition

before the land agent, and this was his statement:

"It you please, sir, it's me desire, and it is also ivery other man's desire, that we receive our fortnight's pay every week."

An exasperated sergeant, drilling a squad of recruits, called to them at last:

"Halt! just come over here, all of ye, and look at yourselves. It's a fine line ye're keepin', isn't it?"

Frying-Pan Horrors.

No one who has taken the trouble to scan the average American bill of fare can fail to recognize the importance of the frying pan with us; fried ham or bacon and eggs, fried oysters, fried potatoes, fried steaks, and so on, ad nauseam, seem to be staple articles of food, particularly in city restaurants, in which so many business and professional men get their noonday lunches.

The cause of this is probably mainly hurry. The result is the development of an abnormal, depraved appetite and a ruined digestion for a lamentably large number of people.

It is not difficult to understand why fried foods are so indigestible if we take the trouble to study the physiology of digestion. The protids which are the chief nutritive constituents of meat, oysters, fish and eggs, in order to be digested and assimilated must be acted upon by gastric or pancreatic juices, and before this can take place the layer of fat which has covered and permeated the morsel in frying must be removed. This is accomplished by the process of emulsification, which means the expenditure of a large amount of digestive energy.

The butter applied to broiled meats is far less pernicious, for not only is butter the most easily emulsified of the fats, but it is not soaked in by gradual heating, as is the case with most fried foods.

The condition of the fried starchy foods like potatoes is very similar, for in order that the starch may be changed into assimilable grape sugar it must be acted upon by the amylase of the pancreatic juice.

If those who teach physiology in our public and other schools understood their subject and its practical applications as they should; if there were more schools in which wholesome, economical cookery were taught as it should be; if physicians took every opportunity to impress facts of practical hygienic importance, as they should, there can be no doubt that by some sensible and well informed people the fried abominations would be avoided.

To Critics of Newspapers.

The community that would reform the news tone of its press should reform the news tone of its clubs, its parlors and its tables, for the gossip of the press is but the extension of the avenue, with the difference that it is less recklessly and more tersely and grammatically expressed.

If it is contended that there is room for reform on the side which the press turns toward society I will agree, but would suggest that the reform can be secured by a change of the side which society turns toward the press.

I regard the frequent use of the name of Jesus in discourse or conversation not necessarily related to His work as the Son of God as one of the greatest evils of the time.

Those who offend in this way profess to seek the amelioration of humanity.

They claim to be the exponents of philosophy, reform and betterment.

They make the name of Jesus their constant recourse.

They secure attention to themselves by asking Him as a sort of conundrum. "What would He do?" "What would He think?" "What would He say?" about so and so, and the like.

And not a few of these persons are, or

"If they were to advertise their wares

"What I would do if I were God" they would be more candid and not a whit less

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coarse.

So far as the press of the country is concerned, I think that in the journalism of today fair reporting, clean statements and vigorous comments are the signs of the times.

Journalism was never at a high state of influence and excellence.

There are fewer offenders and there are fewer offences against high standards in journalism than in law, or medicine, or the ministry, or the army, or the navy.

Charity, which is the spirituality of justice, the duty of judging not, lest we be judged, requires us to assume that these vulgarizers of Jesus mean well.

Our sense of the evil they are doing, whether intentional or not, cannot be exaggerated.

There can be graduates, both of colleges and seminaries, who are neither scholars or gentlemen. Some institutions are very "casey" in conditions and very light in "products."

From them come those who under the guise of what "Jesus Would Do," advanced their own views, a form of egotism and assurance amounting to moral malformation.

The Truth of a Proverb.

That a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client has often been admitted with much sorrow and expense. A new instance of the old truth has recently been reported by a contemporary.

Some years ago a Southern lawyer brought suit against the South Carolina Railroad for damages to his property. He lost the case in the superior court, but insisted upon carrying it to the supreme court, where he represented his own case. He began his argument by saying whimsically: "May it please the court, there is an old French adage which says, 'A man who is his own lawyer bath a fool for a client.'"

The next week the supreme court pronounced its decision, which was adverse to the Southerner. He was in Augusta at the time, but received the announcement of his second and final disappointment by means of a telegram sent him by a prominent judge, who was an intimate friend of his.

The telegram read as follows: "Judgment for defendant in error. French stage affirmed by supreme court."

Halt!ing Service.

In the "Reminiscences" of Miss M. Betham Edwards is the retort of a boy hired to do the dirtier work about the kitchen. Evidently he was not destined to rise. At least, he had no idea of making his toil his religion.

One day the farmer's wife, seeing him dawdling over his work, took up a knife and showed him how to clean it well and quickly.

"Ah, but, ma'am," said he, "you do it so because they're your own!"

A Republican Hat.

The story below, taken from the New York Tribune, proves that when poetry is in, wit is not necessarily out:

Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin. An Irish-American was brought before him, charged with suspicious conduct, and

the constable, among other things swore that he was wearing a "Republican hat."

"Does your honor know what that means?" inquired the prisoner's lawyer of the court.

"I presume," said Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."

War News.

The war news service of the Montreal Daily Star as published in the Star gives an idea of the complete arrangements entered into by that paper at the opening of hostilities. The public are evidently appreciating it judging from the enormous increase in the Montreal Star's circulation which now reaches almost sixty thousand per day and the Weekly Star one hundred and fifty thousand per week.

All this time the great railway magnate had sat silent, listening.

At last he spoke.

"Young man," he said, "I am not sure I understand you. Please be a little more explicit."

"I am asking you, sir," said the young man reddening, "for the hand of your daughter."

"O, is that all?" rejoined the magnate.

"Why, certainly. If she has no objections I haven't. I thought you were striving me for a pass."

Rafferty, said Mr. Dolan, "did yez ever hear th' old sayin', beauty is only skin deep?"

"I did. An' a foine, true sayin' it is."

"It's nothin' iv the kind. O'im thinkin' iv it's foolishness ivery time Oi take the cover off a baked pitaty."

Fairfax—I think our little Mabel will be a seamstress.

Cole—Why so?

Fairfax—Well, we noticed she was pouting. She said her temper was ruffled because there was a stitch in her side, and she wished to be tucked in her little bed.

"Do you put much dependence on figures of speech?"

"No, sir," answered Sen. Sorghum, earnestly. "Anybody who wants to talk figures to me in an election has got to put 'em in writing, so he can't change his mind quite so easy."

"You know that lady who was here yesterday who smelled so strong of perfume, mamma?"

"Y-s, my boy."

"Well, isn't she one of the cologneal dames?"

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"Maybe the Boers is givin' Ould England a dale o' trouble," said Cassidy, "but Oi notice there's an Irish family thot's kapin' her guessin', too."

"Phwat's that?" asked Finnigan.

"The Powers."

Gotham—Do they have any recreation piers in England?

Charing Cross—Well! yes; they have sporting lords in parliament.

She sits beside the parlor glow,
And fancies come and fancies go.
The arch is red, the blue tongue leaps,
The coals fall in fantastic leaps;
And she doth softly murmur names—
Old flames!