

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

on Saturday afternoon given to Mrs. W. T. Rose. During her stay she was the guest of Mrs. W. F. Todd.

Hume Bates spent Sunday in town with his family.

Miss Florence Mitchell went to St. John on Monday to visit Miss W. rner for a week.

Mrs. Enright gave a birthday party on Tuesday afternoon in honor of her daughter Sadie's eighth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Todd are visiting Boston. Mrs. Todd will spend a week with Mrs. Vose in Portland before returning home.

Mrs. Edgar Hitchcock expects to leave for her home in Mapimi, Mexico, on the 26th of this month.

Miss Ethel Bliss Forster who went to Boston to enter upon a course of study to be a trained nurse, was unable to stand the rigid strain of the work and has returned to her home in St. Andrews.

Miss Rita Ross gave a very pleasant progressive whist party at her home on Tuesday evening.

Miss Annie Young who has been visiting relatives in Fredericton, is again at home.

Edward Short of Nevada city, California, has been in town for several days, after an absence of twenty one years.

Mrs. Gillman of Oak Bay, has been spending a week visiting friends in town.

Miss Florence Boardman entertained friends at a musicale last evening, the guests of honor being Mr. Whitman and Miss Maloney.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kidgwell entertained friends at tea on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Geo. Clarke and daughter Doris, are visiting in Fredericton.

The Call of the Drum.

All faint and far away I hear The calling of the drum. Its rhythmic thrumming, drawing near, Is ever pleading: "Come!" The colors are waving— My heart throbs with craving— As nearer And clearer, And louder, And prouder Its melody grows as the sound comes and goes. "Come! Come!" Is the call of the drum. Now brave and grand, and near at hand I hear the calling drum. The flag, by gallant breezes fanned, Is becoming: "Oh come! We'll rush to the clamor Of strife with its glamour," And swelling, And telling The story Of glory The drum sings in gladness as it passes by me. "Come! Come!" Is the song of the drum. Still faint and far away I hear The ever calling drum. Now singing low, now ringing clear, In its insistent "Come." With tones sweet and hollow It lures me to follow. Far away Through the day It calls me— Enthralls me— The lilt of its beating my heart is repeating. "Come! Come!" Is the call of the drum.

An Ex-M. P. Organizer's Work.

Ald. Millidge made the remark a few days ago that he intended to run again this year because he had the protestant support. He was very frank about it and indicated that the same support was to be extended to Dr. Christie. Last year it seems this support that is now counted upon was against the doctor and the lawyer but through the effort of an Ex-M. P. the chairman of works and Ald. Millidge are going to be in it this year again. The hope that Mr. A. C. Smith will get the collectorship and that Mr. John Chesley will be chosen for his present position is not the least encouraging possibility that is urging the Ex-M. P. organizer to work the lodges.

Maxon—Did you tell your wife about that California decision that a man had a right to be out all night and give no account of himself? Waxon—I did. Maxon—Then what did she say? Waxon—That the decision was reversed.

"Have you ever qualified yourself for the stage, madam?" inquired Mr. Oldham, the eminent theatrical manager. "I have divorses in 4 languages, sir," replied the young and beautiful Mrs. Hurker, aspirant for histrionic honors.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duesel 17 Waterloo

Call up 214



AMERICAN LAUNDRY

and have us call for your next bundle. You'll not have to wait a minute beyond the appointed time—we always get your work out on time, or a little sooner.

Our waggon will call for your bundle and take it back again—a clean, sweet package, washed and ironed with the utmost care and the smallest wear.

If work is promised for a certain time, you will get the linen, and not excuses.

GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

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

"Every Well Man Hath His Ill Day."

A doctor's examination might show that kidneys, liver and stomach are normal, but the doctor cannot analyze the blood upon which these organs depend.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. It cures you when "a bit off" or when seriously afflicted. It never disappoints.

Rheumatism—"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for rheumatism. It has done me more good than any other medicine I have taken." MRS. PATRICK KENNEY, Brampton, Ont.

Bad Cough—"After my long illness, I was very weak and had a bad cough. I could not eat or sleep. Different remedies did not help me but Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and I am now able to attend to my work." MINNIE J. JAMES, Oshano, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

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

FLASHES OF FUN.

The signs of spring are everywhere; skyward the swallows soar; and soon we'll hear once more the cry: "Say, mister, wot's de score?"

Visitor—when you are grown up, will you be a doctor like your father? Bobby—Mercy, no! Why I couldn't even kill a rabbit!

Cobwigger—Did the boys salute the bride by throwing old shoes at her? 'O'houlian—No, be jabbers! Phwin they saw th' orange blossoms they wint at her wid brickbats.

Judge—Here, officer, this man says he was arrested for merely taking cold. Is that correct? Officer—It is, your honor. He was stealing ice when I nabbed him.

"Mary" said the lady of the house, "you didn't put any salt in the bread." "But," replied the new girl, "didn't the master say yesterday he wouldn't have nothing but fresh bread on his table?"

"Do you see that dog?" "Yes. But what is there so wonderful about him?" "He's worth \$50,000!" "Good gracious! How did he save the money?"

Wife—My shopping [wasn't] very satisfactory today. Husband—Ump! I suppose as usual, you were trying to get something for nothing.

Wife—Well, yes dear, I was trying to get something as a birthday gift for you.

Little Girl (viewing the remains of a broken pitcher)—Boo-hoo! Boo hoo! Kind-hearted old gentleman—There! There! It's no use to cry over spilled milk.

Little girl—It wasn't milk; it was beer. Boo-hoo hoo!

Hewitt—So you are engaged to Miss Gruet? Jewett—Yes.

Hewitt—She looks so much like her twin sister that I don't see how you can tell them apart.

Jewett—I don't have to; I'm engaged to both of them.

He wouldn't pay an architect, it was a simple waste; He'd go ahead and just erect A house to suit his taste. He did, and now the neighbors find A cause to stop and grin; For, don't you know, it slipped his mind To put a chimney in.—Chicago News.

"Where's that music Dolly was playing this morning?" asked Mr. Cumrox. "On the piano," answered his wife; "what do you want with it?" "I'm going to fix it up. I got Dolly to show me the marks that mean 'repeat,' and I'm going to take this eraser and rub 'em out."

"I am glad to see you are free from that egotism which prompts professional jealousy," said the man who assumes a patronizing and paternal manner. "No," replied the young actor, languidly. "To tell you the truth, I haven't seen any actors whose work suggested any reason whatever for my being jealous."

Judge—So the prisoner hit you on the head with a brick, did he? McGinty—Yes, yer honor. Judge—But it seems he didn't quite kill you, anyway. McGinty—No, bad 'cess to him; but it's wishin' he had Oi do be. Judge—Why do you wish that? McGinty—Begory, thin Oi would have seen the scoundrel hanged for murder.

"Rumor is a potent and terrible thing," said the man of much sensibility. "How often it happens that some man falls under the suspicion of the world, and through no fault of his own is met on every hand with questioning glances."

"Yes," said the young man. "But you get used to it after a while and don't mind it."

"Do you speak from experience?" "Yes. I'm the clerk who receives people's money every month at the gas office."

"Out damned spot!" It was Lady Macbeth who thus shocked the proprietors. Then she put some more benzene on the sponge and rubbed the glove still harder. In those days people were not so well

acquainted with the fact that speech was invented to conceal thought. Perhaps, though, it would have been just as well had Mrs. Macbeth said, "Oh, shoot!"

The Old Daguerrotype.

Up in the attic I found them, locked in the cedar chest, Where the flowered gowns lie folded, which were once brave as the best; And, like the queer old jackets and the waistcoats gay with stripes, They tell of a worn-out fashion—these old daguerrotypes.

Quaint little folding cases, fastened with tiny hook, Seemingly made to tempt one to lift up the latch and look; Linings of purple and velvet, odd little frames of gold. Circling the faded faces brought from the days of old.

Grandpa and grandma, taken ever so long ago, Grandma's bonnet a marvel, grandpa's collar a show; Mother, a tiny toddler, with rings on her baby hands Painted lest no one should notice—in glittering gilded bands.

Aunts and uncles and cousins, a starchy and stiff array, Lovers and brides' then blooming, but now so wrinkled and gray. Out through the misty glasses they gaze at me sitting here Opening the quaint old cases with a smile that is half a tear.

I will smile no more little pictures, for heartless it was, in truth, To drag to the cruel daylight these ghosts of a vanished youth. Go back to your cedar chamber, your gowns and your lavender, And dream, amid their bygone graces, of the wonderful days that were.

Dungarvon's Contingent is Ready.

(The following was composed in a lumber camp on Dungarvon River which flows into the Miramichi.)

We're a peaceful lot of people, And we only kill the moose, And hunt the roving caribou, Or sometimes "shootem goose." But in w the far is rising up Along Dungarvon's back For our country's flag is drooping And our Empire's on the rack.

We can hear the bugle sounding, And there's war talk in the air, And we read of bloody battles, And would like to have our share, So we're edging up our crooked knives With whetstones on our lap, We've had our pick and beams all winter And we're spooling for a scrap.

And up and down our country line From Boiestown to 'Scunmirac We see men rolling up their sleeves And humping up their backs, And the captain of our battery Sniffs the battle from afar. And is raising of his plumage Just like Henry of Navarre.

For they tell us that the Empire Is fast falling to decay That old England's power is waning And all Briton's had their day, The hairy man from Africands Has got them on the raft, And other nations standing by Are giving us the laugh.

E'en the man down at the Bridge Who was always kind and free And liked to soothe a brother's woe Since the day of Hardy Lee, E'en he's backing up the Boers And saying in his prayers That they've got old Joshua's banners And the land of Canaan's theirs.

And it sets our blood to boiling As we look down the years, And ncte the swath of Empire cut Behind the British cheers; And see the land of liberty And right and law and truth, All fought up to a standstill By the blasted lop-eared Dutch.

If sauerkraut and bologna Are to lead the hopes of man, Where roast beef and plum pudding Have been slain in the van, If they must place a sausage wreath Around Victoria's brow, By the Great Dungarvon Whooper. We want to know it now.

So wire us when you want us As we "amble" we'll be there With bread crumbs in our whiskers And lapsed in our hair, But our arms are strong for battle And our spirits light as dew, And our hearts against our jumpers Will beat loyally and true.

Then fine our banner over us— The grand old Union Jack, That doesn't oft put up a bluff And have to take it back. We want no gilded lace or straps, No bugle call or fuss, Just place us on the firing line And leave the rest to us.

—The Newcastle, N. B., Union Advocate.—Feb.

Advertisement for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The ad features a central illustration of a woman and child, surrounded by text: 'Dr. Pierce's FAVORITE Prescription', 'THE IDEAL BENEFACTOR OF MATERNITY', and 'MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG SICK WOMEN WELL.' The text describes the benefits of the medicine for women's health.



"SURPRISE"

SAVES HALF.

SURPRISE Soap will do your washing in half the time, with half the labor and half the wear to your linen.

No scalding, no boiling, no hard rubbing, no yellow or streaked clothes, no red hands.

Only 5 cents for a large, long-life cake.

Remember the name—"SURPRISE."

A BIG POKER GAME.

How Millionaires Fucket Against One Another in a Game of Draw.

The New York World tells this story of the biggest poker game of recent days and gives the value of the hands that won.

Ten full on fives won..... \$42,000 Three aces won..... 25,000 Ace high won..... 23,000 Nine high straight won..... 18,000 Three fours won..... 12,000 Ace high diamond flush won..... 9,000 King full on nines won..... 7,000 Ace full on kings won..... 6,000 Ace full on threes won..... 4,000 Pair of jacks won..... 3,000 Four deuces won..... 100

This is the record of the high hands in the biggest poker game ever played in New York city, perhaps the world. Something between \$700,000 and \$1,000,000 changed hands in the course of a week.

The game was on the Chicago limited, en route to New York and the Waldorf-Astoria. The players were the millionaire members of the American Steel and Wire Co.—the Steel Trust.

They played from the time they left Chicago a fortnight ago, until they shook New York dust from their feet a week later.

There were 6 of them. One lost \$300,000 in the week of play, another dropped \$250,000, a third was a \$100,000 loser and the fourth was out \$80,000.

The 2 winners took back to Chicago the sum total of these amounts. What took place on the train ran the total losses in this stupendous game to \$1,000,000.

It was a fortnight ago that the men, who make the Steel and Wire Trust, decided to come to New York from Chicago on business. They engaged a private car, stocked it with the fat of the market and the pick of the wine cellars, and had it coupled to the swift Chicago limited, which reaches New York every afternoon around 6.30.

In the party were Col. I. L. Ellwood, J. W. Gates, Max Palm, Col. John Lambert, J. A. Drake and several others.

Sports on Deck.

A writer in Travel, speaking of the monotony of life on shipboard, names some of the sports which find favor there. The obstacle race is generally the first diversion to be thought of, and demands from the gentlemen who take part in it no mean proficiency in gymnastics.

They may start from the port side of the quarter deck, and in about ten paces have to climb up a rope and lower themselves, feet foremost, through a suspended life-buoy, then go hand over hand up to the bridge, run across that and down the gang way to the forecastle, where they must scramble, on hands and knees, under a hammock-netting lashed down on the deck.

As they run down by the bow, they find a rope ladder swung from a swaying rope ten or twelve feet above the deck, up which they must climb, over the rope and down the other side.

The next obstacle is a canvas ventilation funnel, lashed down on deck, through which they must crawl, like a rat through a drain; and lastly, a rope, loosely stretched across the quarter-deck, about eight feet high, must be got over in some fashion. And all this is not even so easy as it reads.

The ladies' obstacle race, although not so exacting, is productive of great amusement. Starting amidstships, perhaps, they run to a folding deck-chair, lying flat. This they must raise, put together and sit in, then work out a sum in simple addition chalked on the deck under the chair, re-fold the chair and cover their sum, run up to a skipping rope, skip half a dozen times then hop around the quarter deck on the port side, where they find a gentleman provided with a life-belt.

They must wait while their partner adjusts the belt in a secure manner. Then they run to the goal together. It not infrequently happens that the winner on time is disqualified by having done her sum wrong.

No Exception.

A case was on trial before the circuit court in one of those staid, conservative counties of central Pennsylvania where people live very much as their fathers did, and are seldom troubled by desires to emigrate. Eleven jurymen had been secured, and a talesman was undergoing examination as to his fitness for the position of twelfth jurymen, when the attorney for the prosecution suddenly asked: "By the way, Mr. Crouch, I see you have the same name as the defendant in this case. May I ask if you are related to him?" "Yes, sir," replied the talesman. "I am distantly related to him."

"Then, your honor," said the lawyer, turning to the judge, "I shall challenge him for cause."

"He can step down if you wish, Mr. Sharpe," responded the judge, "but I apprehend it will not make much difference. The eleven jurymen you have secured are all distant relatives of the defendant."

Harbingers of Spring. The spring inevitably approaches. You feel it in the air. Already our old friends, those familiar crows of "new maple sugar" have made their appearance on the grocery stands; and they seldom show up more than a week or so before the sap begins to run. * * * Already the experienced house cats are licking their chops in anticipation of the time so near when the fool young robins will push each other out of the nest, and they will do the rest. The sweet scent of flowers will be in the air, the sparkling brooks will dance through the green fields, and the experienced trout will lie in wait for the wary angler from whom the strong arm of the law shuts him off for so many months of every twelve.

How fresh the miracle each year as it unfolds before us, and how still fresher the man who accepts the new conditions as permanent and ventures away from home without his overcoat!

Disease Germs Flourish in Dirty Carpets. Have yours cleaned and the colors restored by our famous renovating process. Also dusting done without injury to pile. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58

BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE