

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

her husband who has been in that state for some time to recruit his health. Mrs Gibbs has been the guest during the winter of her parents, Mr and Mrs Charles W King. Mr and Mrs Edgar Thompson are congratulated on the birth of a son. Miss Daisy Hanson has returned from Fredericton. Mrs Hazen Grimmer has gone to Boston to visit Mrs G H Raymond. Mr and Mrs Durell Grimmer returned to their home in St Andrews on Tuesday morning. Miss Jessie Dunton, who is a teacher in the public schools of St. Andrews, spent her Easter holidays in town with Mr and Mrs J F Dunston. Miss Annie King has gone to Boston. Mrs Walter McWha is very ill with a severe attack of diphtheria. Mrs A E Neill is visiting friends in Philadelphia. H A Frye, D McCready and Fred Matheson, St. George, were registered at the Queen on Friday. The Trio club, which has given a number of pleasant dances in the G A R hall, give the last one of this season next Tuesday evening. Miss Lada Maxwell of Old Ridge left by C P R., Saturday for Boston where she intends taking a course of musical instruction. Miss Harriett Irvin returned on Monday to normal school at Fredericton. Mr and Mrs Asa L Hitchings of Caribou, Maine are visiting Mrs John G Fraser and other relatives in town. Miss Marion Black, youngest daughter of J Black is recovering from her illness. Miss Jessie Wall is spending a few days in St John. Miss Inches of St John has been the guest of Mrs James Stevens. Miss Martha Harris, Miss Kate Nicholas, Mrs W A Lambe and Miss Lockary all arrived from Boston on the W C R on Monday. Mr S H Blair expects to soon leave for Boston where she will spend several weeks. She will also visit New York before she returns. Mrs Sedgwick Webber has returned from Houlton. Miss Minnie Haycock was hostess to the Saturday eve sing club last week. Miss Flora Cooke is visiting Boston. A very delightful party was given last week by Miss Mina McKusick at her home in Calais for the pleasure of her friend, Miss Marion Curran.

Bird Professors.

'Professors' among birds are those that are kept for the purpose of teaching their companions to sing. These professors have been taught by other birds, or by people who are clever at playing in a manner which resembles whistling. Years of experience have taught canary-raisers that they must use Saxon birds as trainers. The industry of training the young birds flourishes in the Hartz Mountains, and especially at Andreasberg. Nowhere else are the birds so conscientiously brought up. Thanks to the wonderful patience of the peasants of those parts, the birds learn to modulate their voices, produce silvery sounds, and introduce a variety of notes into the long trill, embellishing them with many a grace-note. Hitherto these results have never been obtained elsewhere, for the exported birds cease to transmit their vocal qualities in perfection after one or two generations. Now, however, canary education in England may be said to be fairly begun, for two schools for birds have been opened, where the musical education of these warblers is entrusted to 'bird organs' brought from the Hartz Mountains. The London Express characterizes these strange instruments as curious in sound as in appearance. They consist of large cylinders full of water. These slide one into the other, and are moved by a chain on a pulley attached to a fixed bar. The musical box is placed at the top of this arrangement. The bird organ produces a plaintive and monotonous sound resembling that of water rolling over a bed of rocks, and of wind sighing through trees. It seems that these sounds have the effect of taming the birds and making them amenable to discipline. The walls of the 'classrooms' are occupied by lines upon lines of cages. The pupils are grouped in classes according to their degrees of education. Those that possess weak or defective voices, or have false methods of warbling, are the objects of special attention. Birds that have made a successful beginning are put under the persuasive influence of the finer bird organs, which are worked by electricity, and are remarkable for the richness and perfection of their tones. Whenever a pupil is considered worthy of it, he receives individual tuition, the best artists thus produced afterward becoming teachers to new arrivals.

Convulsive Foot-Wear.

The heavy advertiser entered the sanctuary with anger and disgust written all over his face, says the Ohio State Journal. 'That's a nice thing you say about my business in your paper this week.' 'What's a nice thing?' asked the country editor. 'Read it and see.' The editor read: 'If you want to have a fit wear Kip's shoes.' Stop the press! Teacher—Yes, children, Chicago is one of the great cities of the world, but it once suffered a terrible calamity. Can anyone tell what it was? Pupil—Why, it was this here last census.

BERNIER'S ARCTIC PROJECT.

Experts Think More Favorably Of It Than Of Many Other Plans.

Among the various plans thus far published for reaching the north pole that of Capt. J. E. Bernier, the sturdy French-Canadian sailor who has commanded a number of ocean vessels, seems to be more favored than any other by arctic experts. Nansen tells him he will succeed if he has sufficient perseverance. Dr. Dawson of the Canadian Geological Survey says he believes Bernier has a fair prospect of success. Sir Clement Markham says the Bernier project is worthy of encouragement and support. Lord Minto has become the patron of the enterprise. Some of his fellow citizens in Canada have made substantial contributions to his fund. The government seems to be favorably disposed toward the project and by invitation of the Dominion parliament Capt. Bernier has just addressed the house of commons and has been led to expect that his enterprise will have a considerable amount of financial assistance from the government.

Capt. Bernier estimates that his expedition will cost about \$130,000, including fair compensation, not only for the crew of his ship but also for the members of his scientific staff. The vessel he is to build will be of 300 tons burden and modelled after the Fram, but with improvements suggested by Nansen's journey. He intends to pass north through Behring Strait and enter the ice soon after reaching the Arctic Ocean. The fact is now well known that the prevailing winds there are from the southeast, which causes an ice drift to the northwest. By entering the ice far east of the place where the Fram began her drift he hopes to be carried across the Pole instead of drifting just north of Franz Josef Land, as happened to the Fram.

Although his vessel will begin its drift near the place where the Jeannette entered the ice he believes there is a fair prospect that he will be carried northeast far more rapidly than the Jeannette drifted. It has been observed that the ice of the polar sea has recently had more spaces and consequently more freedom and rapidity of movement than during the time when the Jeannette was fast in the ice. It, however, the movement of his vessel toward the Pole is very slow he will be prepared to set out over the ice with 120 dogs drawing a large amount of supplies on sledges; carrying also a raft on which he may load his stores and travel over open water. If he takes to the ice he intends to keep in touch with his vessels as long as possible by means of wireless telegraphy. Electric communications during the war in South Africa were sent in this way to a distance of about two hundred miles, and there is a possibility that he will find the new invention very useful.

Capt Bernier intends to be well supplied with scientific instruments; he will make large use of photography, and hopes to bring home much information of scientific value. His main purpose, however, is to reach the Pole, and he thinks he can accomplish this end in eighteen months, though he will be prepared for a three years journey. He is a thorough sailor and a man of common sense, enthusiasm and intrepidity, who has given years of study to every phase of the work he is planning to do. His chances for success seem at least as favorable as those of any other North Polar enterprise.

Boy and Lion.

The author of 'Dwarf Land' tells a wonderful story about a young Toro boy. The Toro people, it seems, stand greatly in fear of lions. A party of native hunters, returning in single file from their day's hunt after small antelope, were attacked by lions. The man at the end of the line was suddenly seized from behind by the lioness, and instantly killed and carried away.

The rest of the party made off with all speed, all but one little boy, the son of the man who had been killed. He amazingly plucky little fellow that he was, actually turned back, and, armed with nothing but a small spear, followed the blood stained track through the thicket. After a little while he came upon the lioness in the act of devouring his father.

Without a moment's hesitation the brave little chap rushed at the huge beast, and the lioness, becoming aware of his approach, left her prey and sprang upon the boy. By a merciful providence the boy's spear struck its breast, and by the animal's own weight was forced into his body piercing the heart. The great creature rolled over stone dead.

The boy was utterly unharmed. Rapidly withdrawing his little weapon, he went and knelt by the mangled remains of his father, and while he was bending over him in his sorrow the male lion came roaring through the thicket. The lad sprang up with almost super-

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Tell him, rather, how to get rid of them. Most infirmitie come from bad blood and are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has a scrofula, salt rheum, humors, catarrh, dyspepsia or rheumatism should at once begin taking this medicine that the infirmity may be removed.

Weakness—"I have given Hood's Sarsaparilla to my boy whose blood was poor. He was very weak, could not keep warm, and suffered from pains in his stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla made him strong and well." Mrs. W. C. Stratton, Thomas St., Deseronto, Ont.



human courage rushed toward the second lion, waving aloft his blood stained spear and shouting, 'Come on, come on! I'll kill you, too!'

But the lion was so discomfited by the unexpected approach of the lad that he turned tail and fled, leaving his partner dead by the side of her mangled prey. The boy then went home to his village and called his friends to come and bring the dead lioness to the King, and this was done.

THANKED ITS RESCUERS.

A Singular Hunting Incident Aways Up in the Wilds of Maine.

James Mayberry, a drummer for a Boston wholesale house, returned a short time ago from a two weeks' vacation trip to the woods of Maine and reports that the French Canadians and Indians have been making great slaughter among the deer and moose by chasing them on snowshoes. The weather has been very favorable for crust hunting all through March. The snow was from three to four feet deep on the level and coated with a very firm crust, which would not hold the fleeing animals, but which cut deeply into their flesh, causing many to bleed to death from their self-inflicted wounds. A week ago Nat Ranco an Indian, who had been discharged from a lumber camp, shaved a set of Norwegian skis from green beech wood, and killed eight deer in walking home, forty-six miles.

While on his vacation the drummer took a trip with a game warden and three guides to capture two living deer to put into a park near Waterville. The party went to a cedar swamp near Sebois and in two days caught eight deer, all of which died from exhaustion and wounds inflicted by the crust before they could be taken out to the railroad for shipment. They secured five deer on the second attempt, two of which survived and are now doing well in confinement.

During this hunt Mr Mayberry and two guides were crossing the head of Schoodic Lake one morning on snowshoes when a deer came out of the dense cedar swamp and made a dash to cross the lake. As long as the animal remained near the wood where the crust was thick it made good headway, but upon approaching the edge of the lake, where the sun had thawed the snow and made it soft the creature was buried to its neck at every leap. At times it fell on its neck at every leap. At times it fell on its side and made heroic efforts to regain its footing, kicking frantically and wounding itself with its sharp hoofs. The men, who were behind a small island at the time, were about to capture the deer, when four large foxes came out from the cedars and followed the path of the deer, nosing out its tracks with the accuracy of trained hounds. As this was something new to the party the men waited to watch proceedings.

The foxes came on silently, wagging their bushy tails and winding in and out

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among the islands, keeping on the course deer had made. As they came around the end of the last island the deer had turned end over end in its struggle to get along and was lying with its head toward the foxes. No sooner did the animal see its foes than it redoubled its efforts to get away, but the foxes were light and had large hairy feet that would hold them up on the lightest snow, and inside of five minutes they were on the deer's back biting at its throat to open an artery so the poor beast would bleed to death.

The hunters, who had believed that no fox could kill a deer, and had not for a moment contemplated the outcome of the affray, took up their rifles and shot two of the foxes, thinking that the sound of firearms would scare the survivors away, but they continued to worry the fallen deer until the men had fired again, killing another fox, whereupon the fourth one waded off to the woods, casting regretful glances behind.

On arriving at the scene of the conflict the deer, which was exhausted but not badly injured, seemed grateful for the rescue, lapping the hands of the men with its soft tongue and bleating out its thanksgiving in a way that any one could understand. This was one of the two deer that was able to withstand the severe strain of capture and is now doing nicely in a large park, where it has all the hay and grain it can eat and where no harmful animals can annoy it.

SI, the Dry.

Si and Josh were New Hampshire men who had settled in Colorado, and who were supposed to be typical New Englanders because their words were few. When they met one day they indulged in the following brevities:

- 'Morning', Si.' 'Mornin', Josh.' 'What d'you give your hoss for bot?' 'Turpentine.' 'Morrin'.' 'Mornin'.' 'At another meeting, a few days later, this dialogue ensued: 'Mornin', Si.' 'Mornin', Josh.' 'What d'you say you give your hoss for bots?' 'Turpentine.' 'killed mine.' 'Mine, too.' 'Mornin'.' 'Morrin'.' 'Morrin'.' There is such a thing as being too 'hoccin'.

'Money is accumulating very rapidly in the hands of a select few.' 'Yes,' answered Mrs. Cronox. 'That seems to be the case. A few years ago millionaires were considered rich enough to be admitted into exclusive society. Now matters are approaching a point where millionaires will be regarded as mere persons.'



Songs of Praise

Ottawa, Jan. 1. I have used SURPRISE SOAP started house and find that it has and is better than other soap I have used. J. John Fredericton, N.B., Dec. 15th Having used SURPRISE SOAP past ten years, I find it the best that I have ever had in my life would not use any other when SURPRISE. Mrs. T. Henry T. St. Thom I have to wash for three brot work on the railroad, and ST SOAP is the only soap to use every other kind of soap, and I body why our overalls have no color. Maudie I Can't get wife to use any of Says SURPRISE is the best. Chas. C. B. SURPRISE is a pure bar

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