

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

entire tea and concert on Thursday evening which promises to be entertaining.

WESTVILLE.

FEB 13—A very enjoyable social was given in McNeil's Hall, on Thursday evening of last week a nice musical programme was rendered in which some of the ladies sang a first class chorus. Also some very good solos were sung by Miss Cassie McDonald, while Miss Mary Ann McDonald accompanied her on the organ. Mr J W McDougald also played some very fine selections on the violin. Refreshments were served, then came the dancing which was kept up till the sun's hours. Mr Chas J Burns took a leading part in making the necessary arrangements, and he has the best thanks of those present for the able manner in which he did the same.

Mr. Walter McDonald, Glendyer, C.E. spent a few days in town this week the guest of Dr and Mrs McDonald. Mrs Bicker, Caribon was visiting friends in town last week.

The First Bluebird.

First, first, That was thy song that burst Out of the spring of thy heart, Incarnate ring that thou art! Now must the winter depart, Since to his age-heavy ear Funteth the youth of the year.

An Ancient Library.

A library, no document of which is less than four thousand one hundred years old, has been discovered by Prof. H. V. Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania. He has been exploring the mounds of ancient Nippur in Mesopotamia, and has lately returned home. His journey across Europe was interrupted at many points for the bestowal of honors.

Professor Hilprecht has been at the work for eleven years, but the labors of the last year have been more successful than those of all the previous ten. The library tablets throw light on the history of a people living at the center of population in very remote times. The study of the tablets is likely to be of much interest for their bearing upon questions of Biblical chronology.

'The chief point to be remarked,' says Professor Hilprecht, 'is that we have found the first Babylonian temple library that has ever been discovered. Hitherto we have possessed nothing more than the knowledge of the probable contents of such a library from copies found in the royal library of Assurbanipal in Nineveh. This royal library however, was a compilation of documents from all over Babylonia. In the library which we have unearthed this year at Nippur we get for the first time an insight into the arrangement of the libraries of that early day, and a knowledge of the literature of the period.'

Of special importance is the fact that we have not only discovered a Babylonian temple library, but that it proves to be the most influential and important, as well as the oldest, in the whole country. No document is younger than 2200 B. C.

'So far only one wing of the library has been excavated. Nearly eighteen thousand documents have been rescued from the ruins this year. The size of these inscribed clay tablets varies from one by two inches to one by one and a half feet. Unfortunately for the deciphering of the writing, they were made of unbraked clay, and therefore suffered considerably from the collapse of the building and the humidity of the ground. But we have all the fragments.

During the Siege of Peking.

In 'The Personal Side of the Siege of Peking,' contributed to the Independent, Mrs. S. Woodward gives some details of that long, patient, heroic waiting for the relief forces. Mrs. Woodward and her daughter were visiting the Congers in Peking, and could not get away before the siege. Soon they were driven into the British Legation for protection. The missionaries and the twenty guards of the American marines that Mr. Conger had there for the protection of the missionaries came in also.

laughingly said: 'I threw a kiss to myself in the glass, for I never expected to see myself again.'

There must have been many there who 'never' expected to see themselves again. Those weeks of terror developed latent character. Some who had been thought weak proved themselves strong, and remarkable fortitude was shown by the women.

One facetious man declared that the most wonderful event connected with the siege was the fact that six women lived in one room for nine weeks, sleeping, dressing and going through the long days without a quarrel. The six ladies, of whom Mrs. Woodward and her daughter were two, slept on mattresses spread on the floor, with no protection from the swarms of flies and fleas.

The missionary ladies had to undergo painful hardships, with small children around them, many of them babies, but they were all uncomplaining.

Speaking of the hospital, which grew from an empty house to an important life-saving station, Mrs. Woodward explains that it was situated in an exposed place where the firing at times came from all sides. They dared not have lights, except a dark lantern and sometimes when this was carelessly turned toward the door or windows bullets could be heard striking near.

'It was strange in going through the wards to see on one mattress a German and an Italian, or in the next cot a Japanese and a Russian, each trying in his own way to help the other.

'A young American marine having died in the hospital, we buried him in the little cemetery in the Russian Legation beside a number of Russians who had been killed. As the body was laid in the grave, with no coffin, but just the flag around him, a large Russian jumped down into the grave and said in a grief-stricken voice: 'He no comfortable.'

'Then he took earth and packed it underneath the young American's head, raising it a little, arranged the arms and hands more naturally and said: 'We brothers; we fought in the war together.'

'There was international feeling among them all. Each admired the other's bravery.'

Adrift at Sea.

Two seamen, William Brown and Patrick Roche, of the American schooner Marshall L. Adams, while fishing off Highland Light, Cape Cod, on September 26, 1900, were separated from their vessel by a fog and drifted out to sea. They experienced terrible hardships and were rescued after days of exposure, when they had almost given up hope. William Brown tells the following story of their experiences in the New York Times:

We were members of the crew of the Marshall L. Adams, which was composed of twenty-three men. We sailed from Boston on September 26th, and anchored sixty-five miles southeast of the Highland Light. The crew was divided into several parties, who, getting into dories, rowed in different directions near the anchorage to trawl for cod.

We had been fishing for some time when the schooner signaled that she was going to pick up one of the parties some distance off. While she was gone, and before we realized any danger, the fog suddenly settled, and to all practical purposes we might as well have been in the darkness of midnight. We could not see anything and began to yell as loud as we could in order to let our comrades know our location.

This was in the afternoon. We continued to yell at the top of our voices until midnight, when we began to row in hopes of finding the ship. Morning came, with no signs of the Adams and the fog still dense. We had twelve cod that we had caught, but no water, and our thirst became almost unbearable.

We rowed all this day, and for the next three; our tongues were parched, and it seemed every minute as if we should collapse. We rolled pebbles in our mouths in order to keep them from becoming, well, say "cooked," as we had had nothing to drink for three days, and they were nothing short of parched.

Fortunately, on the third day the fog lifted, and with its disappearance came a shower of rain, as much as possible of which we caught in our hats, and to a certain extent quenched our thirst.

When the fog disappeared we began to row in the direction in which we imagined land to be. At one time we thought we sighted what appeared to be Point Judith, but the wind started in fresh from the northeast and blew us further out to sea. We had to make a temporary drag of our trawls to spread over the boat to keep it from sinking.

We had about given up hope, when on the morning of October 12th we were discovered by the Orange Prince, Captain

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Richardson. He carried us to Southampton, where Vice Consul Jones took us in charge

It was a terrible experience, without water, in a little dory, drifting far away from land in a squally season on the Atlantic, with only a faint hope of success.

Animals That Weep.

Laughing is believed to be peculiar to man, but the same is not true of weeping, which is a manifestation of emotion that is met with in divers animals. M. Henri Coupin, writing in La Nature, quotes numerous authorities to show that many animals shed real tears, and for the same reasons that cause human beings to weep.

Among the creatures that weep most easily are the ruminants, with whom the act is so well known that it has given rise to a trivial but accurate expression. 'To weep like a calf.' All hunters know that the stag weeps, and we are also assured that the bear sheds tears when it sees its last hour approaching.

The giraffe is not less sensitive, and regards with tearful eyes the hunter who has wounded it. Gordon Cumming says of an eland which he had pursued for a long time:

'Flecks of foam flew from its mouth; abundant sweat had given to its gray skin an ashy blue tint. Tears fell from its great black eyes, and it was evident that the eland felt that its last hour had come.'

Dogs weep quite easily. The same is true of certain monkeys. As for the elephant, there is abundant evidence of the ease with which it weeps. Sparman assures us that it sheds tears when wounded, or when it sees that it cannot escape; its tears roll from its eyes like those of a human being in affliction.

Tennent, speaking of captured elephants, says that 'some remain quiet, lying on the ground without manifesting their grief otherwise than by the tears that bathe their eyes and run constantly down.'

Aquatic animals too, are able to weep. Thus all authors agree in saying that dolphins, at the moment of death, draw deep sighs and shed tears abundantly. A young female seal has also been seen to weep when teased by a sailor. St. Hilaire and Cuvier assure us, on the authority of the Malays, that when a young dugong is captured, the mother is sure to be taken also. The little ones then cry out and shed tears. These tears are collected with care by the Malays, and are preserved as a charm that is certain to make a lover's affection lasting.

The "Kid."

It was not a long procession or a pleasing one, but it attracted much attention.

There was a policeman in the lead. Beside him walked a stocky, bull-necked young fellow in a yellowish suit of loud pleid. His face was bloody, and his right wrist encircled by the bracelet of the "twisters" which shackled him to his captor. The face of the policeman was also bloody and his clothes were torn. Behind these two walked three other patrolmen, each with a handcuffed prisoner.

The 'kid' and his 'gang' had been caught in the act of robbing a saloon, and the fight had been lively, although short. The prisoners had been taken to the detectives' office, and photographed and registered for the rogues' gallery. They were now on their way to court, and thence, in all probability, to jail.

At Broadway there was a jam of cars and heavy trucks, and the procession had to wait. Nobody has been able to tell just what happened, but they all agree as to the essential points. First, the bystanders saw a streak of yellow, which was the kid; then a streak of blue which was the policeman. The prisoner had wrenched the twisters from his captor's hand, and made a dash across the tracks. The policeman, thinking, of course, that he was trying to escape, had followed.

Then everybody saw a little child toddling along in the middle of the track. A cable-car, with clanging bell, was bearing down upon it with a speed which the grip-

man seemed powerless to check. The baby held up its hands, and laughed at the sound of the gong. On the other side of the street a woman was screaming and struggling in the arms of three or four men who were trying to keep her from sacrificing her own life to save that of her child.

Then the kid stood there with the child safe in his arms, the steel twisters hanging from his wrist. He set the baby down gently at his feet, loosened the clasp of her chubby hand on his big red fist, and quietly held out his wrist to the policeman to be handcuffed again. He had had one chance in a million for his life when he made that desperate leap, but he had not hesitated the fraction of a second.

Jacob A. Riis was among those who saw the splendid deed. If he felt the need of any encouragement in his fight with the slums and his war upon influences which convert young men like the kid into 'toughs' before they are twenty, he must have left that Broadway crossing with new hope and a more determined spirit.

Cold-Resisting Bacteria.

Some time ago Dr. Allan Macfadyen and Mr. Sydney Rowland reported to the Royal Society that the temperature of liquid air has no appreciable effect on the vitality of micro-organisms exposed to it for a week. Recently they have presented a supplementary report showing that bacteria subjected to the temperature of liquid hydrogen for 10 hours show no alternation as regards vitality. The temperature of liquid hydrogen, they say, is about one-quarter that of liquid air, just as the temperature of liquid air is about one quarter of the mean temperature of the atmosphere. This result is obtained by considering that liquid hydrogen is about 20° centigrade above absolute zero, liquid air about 80° above, and ordinary air, on the average, about 300° above.

Long Balloon Flights.

The balloon races and contests conducted in connection with the Paris Exposition were productive of some very interesting results. Every Sunday the spectacle was witnessed of a large number of balloons starting on their journey. 'One afternoon,' says Mr. A. Lawrence Roteb, '17 balloons rose successively, each aeronaut endeavoring to land as near as possible to some point that he had fixed beforehand.' By taking advantage of the various air currents and skilfully manipulating the guidropes, surprising results were obtained. One aeronaut, after travelling 30 miles, landed within half a mile of the goal he had set out for. The greatest height attained by any of the aeronauts was 27,000 feet. In the long distance race six balloons started, and three of them landed in Russia. About 1,400 miles were travelled in 37 hours.

Nature's Parks in Africa.

In Central Africa are found districts which impress the beholder with the belief that the hand of man has shaped their features, although there is now no population capable of producing such effects. These districts, near Lake Tanganyika, are called 'park lands,' their origin was explained before the Linnean Society in London, by Mr. Moore, as being due to the spread of vegetation over a light surface soil gradually deposited above the salt steppes left by former lakes. In some places these districts are covered with natural plantations that have a 'quite homelike look.'

Science and Stormy Cape Horn.

In history, as well as in romance, Cape Horn looms before the imagination as the especial home of tempests, shipwrecking billows, cross-seas, black squalls, sleet, roaring gales and freezing blasts, and recent study of the meteorological conditions prevailing about the stormy cape does not diminish the darkness of the picture. The Hydrographic Bureau has undertaken to collect statistics concerning the weather of Cape Horn.

And some of them are presented in the Pilot Chart for November. In this manner, it is hoped that some of the difficulties of the Cape Horn passage may be overcome through scientific advice to ship-captains.

The Phonograph.

This is a combination of the phonograph with the telephone, intended to record a telephonic message on a wax cylinder at the receiving end of the telephone line. The recording is made by a stylus actuated by the undulations produced by the sound waves. From the impressed cylinder the message can be retransformed into spoken words by the ordinary method of a phonograph. The usefulness of the instrument depends upon the fact that by its means a message can be sent when the intended recipient is absent. Upon his return the latter can set the phonographic



Songs of Praise. Ottawa, Jan. 20, 1899. I have used SURPRISE SOAP since I started house and find that it lasts longer and is better than other soap I have tried. J. Johnston. Fredericton, N.B., Dec. 15th, 1899. Having used SURPRISE SOAP for the past ten years, I find it the best soap that I have ever had in my house and would not use any other when I can get SURPRISE. Mrs. T. Henry Troup. St. Thomas, Ont. I have to wash for three brothers that work on the railroad, and SURPRISE SOAP is the only soap to use. We tried every other kind of soap, and I'll everybody who ever had such a good color. Maudie Logan. Montreal. Can't get wife to use any other soap. Says SURPRISE is the best. Chas. C. Higgins. SURPRISE is a pure hair SOAP.

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FARM HELP. ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

APRIOL STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochia, Penicryol, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B.C. or Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng. apparatus going and listen to the message at his leisure. 'Do telegraph companies keep books?' 'I suppose so.' 'I wonder if they put the wages of messenger boys under the head of running expenses. Inquirer—What is a foot of poetry? Poet—It's something we don't have to buy shoes for, thank heaven. SEE