

JOURNALISM AS IT IS WRITTEN.

Independence.

We are not running a paper to please everyone, and those who are so apt to criticize can do so and be hanged.—Richmond Record.

On to Him.

If a certain party is not such a frequent visitor at this office since April last it is because he has worked the injury he had in view for some time. More anon.—Richmond Record.

A Farmer's Friend.

Mr. Tanner has asked in the legislature that the surplus of \$76,861 be paid to the municipalities for roads.—Truro News.

Important if True.

A horse belonging to Mr. G. Dryden left standing in front of the Bank of Nova Scotia this morning at 7 o'clock suddenly disappeared. It was found this afternoon at the head of Alma street by Chief Tingley.—Moncton Transcript.

Pedigree in a Nutshell.

Premier Tweedie, of New Brunswick is of Irish descent, was born in Chatham in 1849, started a conservative in politics, joined Blair's conditional government in 1890 and made premier in 1900. He is a Methodist.

Always on Top.

The press gallery at Ottawa this year has two quite distinguished members; Nicholas Flood Davin, ex-M. P., poet, philosopher, editor, barrister, and Mr. Royal a former Lieutenant Governor of the North West Territories.—Toronto Paper.

Long Distance Sign Talk.

Talking by smoke was one of the means of communication upon the American plains in the early days of travel. This kind of talk soon became intelligible to the traveller, so that he understood the significance of the spires of smoke which he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and answered in kind from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening country, and was used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or in warning them of a retreat when that seemed necessary.

The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings and puffs, knowing that such a column would at once be noticed and understood to be a signal, and not the smoke from some ordinary camp-fire.

The rings were made by covering the fire with a blanket for a moment, then suddenly removing the blanket and allowing the smoke to ascend, when the fire was instantly covered up again. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within a circle of perhaps twenty or thirty miles: 'Look out, there is an enemy near.'

A writer in the Chicago Tribune explains that three smokes built close together meant danger. One smoke simply said 'Attention.' Two meant, 'Camp at this place.'

To one who has travelled upon the plains the usefulness of this long-distance telephone becomes at once apparent. Sometimes at night the traveller saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the line of vision.

If he was an old-timer he might interpret the signals, and know that one fire-arrow—an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark—meant the same as the column of smoke puffs, namely, 'An enemy is near.' Two fire-arrows meant 'Danger.' Three arrows said, 'This danger is great.' Several arrows said, 'The enemy are too many for us.' Two arrows shot up into the air at once meant, 'We shall attack.' Three at once said, 'We attack now.' Thus the untutored savage could telephone as well at night as by day.

First Horse in Central Africa.

In 'A White Woman in Central Africa,' Miss Daddick gives an interesting account of the first horse which had survived the attacks of the tsetse fly on the journey from Durban to Mianje. This lucky or luckless animal had an adventure on the way which came near ending its history, if not its life.

The horse was landed safely at Chiromo, but one evening, while the party was in camp, something frightened it, and it broke away with the saddle on its back.

The boys followed it in vain, and at last gave it up as lost and went on to Mianje. From there natives were sent out in all directions to search for the lost horse.

It was quite two weeks before the animal was found, tired out, very hungry and still very much frightened. Its saddle was still on, but turned underneath its body.

It was the first horse the natives had seen and they gazed at it awestruck, not daring to touch it nor even to go near it. Finally they gave the animal a great heap of native corn and while it was eating they hastily

put a fence around it which they made very high and strong. They then built a roof to shelter the horse from the sun, and set off for the owner to come quickly.

It was a long time before the poor beast got over the fright and the fatigue and the sore places caused by the saddle, but it did recover at last, and became the joy and pride of its owner.

Short and Sour.

There had been a small bank failure, and the bank had gone into the hands of a receiver. The receiver had proved to be dishonest, and had absconded with what remained of the funds of the institution. Expert detectives, however, were on his track, and he was run to earth in a mountain town and taken back to the scene of his financial exploits.

It was after midnight when the detectives arrived with their prisoner, and Mr. Means, the principal depositor in the bank, and therefore the principal loser, was awakened at his home and informed by telephone of the capture.

He expressed his gratification and went back to bed.

Shortly afterward he was aroused to receive another telephone message to the same effect, from a different source.

'Thanks,' he said, 'but I had heard of it already. Good night!'

And again he sought his couch.

About two o'clock he was awakened a third third time. The telephone bell was ringing.

In no gentle frame of mind he answered it.

'Hello!' he said.

'Hello!' responded a voice through the telephone. 'Is this Mr. Means?'

'Yes. What do you want?'

'Mr. Means, this is Deputy Sheriff Jones. We've caught that runaway receiver. Is there anything you'd like to have me do, personally, in the matter?'

'Yes!' roared Mr. Means. 'Hang up the receiver!'

And he was not disturbed again.

A Family of Pie-Eaters.

A very busy woman is Mrs. John Walters of Blair county, Pennsylvania, who has every reason to believe that she holds the pie baking record, at least in her state.

For the year ending December 1st Mrs. Walters baked eight thousand three hundred and three pies of various descriptions which were disposed of mainly by her husband and seven sons.

In July she broke the monthly record with a total of eight hundred and nine pies, forced to this unusual exertion by the fact that several farmhands had been added to the harvesting force.

In an amusing calculation it is developed that Mrs. Walters pies, if put all in a string, would reach thirteen miles and a half. If put one on top of the other, they would be three hundred feet higher than the Eiffel Tower. If put a step apart they would reach forty-three and five tenths miles, and a man would tramp on a pie at every step.

Mr. Walters is sixty-five years old, and is apparently none the worse for his pie diet. He figures on three pies a day, and thinks that on this basis he has eaten forty-three thousand eight hundred pies since his marriage.

Raising Violets.

Many women out farms in Virginia have of late been utilized for the growing of violets. The industry is spreading rapidly and some of the most successful growers are women. They employ small negro boys to carry on the work, which is not laborious. The greater part of the yield is taken by Philadelphia dealers.

The great violet growing center, however, according to Dr. B. T. Galloway of the Department of Agriculture, is Poughkeepsie, New York. All violets from this district find a ready market in New York city, the flowers generally bringing the raisers not less than a cent each. The average yield of a single plant is fifty flowers a year, and with good care a hundred may be obtained.

In the Virginia violet farms, after the young offshoots have been transplanted into open frames, rolling wooden screens are used on the top of the frames to regulate the amount of sunshine which shall be admitted to the plants.

Everybody is pleased with the results, from our special wardrobe department. We sponge, press, minor repair such as sew on buttons, etc., all clothing contained in your wardrobe, for 12.00 per year, payable monthly. We will call for return at any time wanted. Telephone 58, now Ungars Laundry and Dye Works.

'She's well educated, isn't she?'

'Well, she's one of those women who can pass as being that way. When she meets any one that can speak French and not German she can speak German, and when meets anyone who can speak German and had not French she can speak French.'

"Put Money In Thy Purse."

Nobody suffering from brain-fag, lack of energy, or "that tired feeling" ever puts money in his purse. Lassitude and listlessness come from impure, sluggish blood that simply oozes through the veins. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure and gives it life, vigor and vim.

Pimples—"My face was covered with pimples and blackheads but after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a short time, I was entirely cured, and my skin was smooth and clear." May Ryan, North St., Chatham, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Housekeeping in Paris.

Housekeeping difficulties vary in different lands, but are never entirely lacking. A writer in Harper's Bazar introduces American readers to one of the drawbacks of the system of housekeeping practised in Paris.

Housekeeping ought to be all a delight, one would think, in a house where there is no washing nor ironing to be arranged for, where bread, cakes and pies have not to be baked, and there is no breakfast to prepare. Moreover, when company comes unexpectedly the fortunate housekeeper has only to run round the corner and buy a delicious morsel in the shape of a fowl ready roasted.

The little details of every-day life also are very manageable in this Parisian home. There is no difficulty in prevailing upon the concierge to attend to the stove, wait at table, run errands, polish floors, and do the thousand and one odd jobs that are the bone of a housekeeper's existence.

But let no one believe that the mistress of a Parisian household is without her trials. Chief among them is the principle of caste, and next comes 'the son in the franc.' The French cook does the marketing, and for every franc she spends she gets a sou; and, human nature being what it is, it is unnecessary to add that the cook likes best to do her shopping where she will spend the greatest number of francs.

When it is understood, further, that custom does not favor the doing of her own marketing by the Parisian housewife, it will be fairly evident that housekeeping is not without its difficulties.

'I have known but one woman in Paris who did her own marketing,' says the writer, 'and she was a penurious and wealthy person who was accustomed to put on a long ulster and carry home her purchases beneath it.'

'One day, as she passed a courtly Frenchman, a leg of mutton dropped from the friendly shelter of the ulster and rolled over on the sidewalk. The gentleman picked it up and handed it to her. 'Madam, here is your fan,' was all he said.'

Baby Was Busy.

There is an infant in Washington who, when he gets old enough to read about Sisyphus, will know how to sympathize with that mythical Greek. Baby was not in evidence on a certain afternoon when a Post contributor called on his mamma, and as the newspaper woman writes, she asked if he were asleep.

'Oh, no,' answered the mother, 'he's wide awake, but he's busy just now, and babies never cry when they are busy.'

Of course I made inquiry as to what a baby of ten months could possibly be busy about, and the mother opened the door of the bedroom that I might see for myself.

There, on the rug, spread where the sun would catch it, sat his little lordship,

"77"

The Symptoms of a Cold and the Grip are Coincident.

GRIP

The Grip begins with influenza, pains in the head, back and chest, soreness all over. Colds began the same way before Grip was ever heard of. Grip runs into pneumonia—Colds have been followed by inflammation of the Lungs ever since the world began. Fever and Sore Throat are equal symptoms of both—so is a Cough—so is Bronchitis. Either may result in Catarrh. The cardinal point of difference is the great prostration of Grip. The use of "77" will break up Grip and Colds, and its tonic prevents the prostration by sustaining the flagging energies.

At all Drug Stores, 25c., or mailed.
Dr. Humphreys' Book mailed free.
Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor William and John Sts., New York.

as a judge, doing—why, you'd never guess what that blessed child was doing. His hands had been smeared with some sticky substance (let us hope it was innocent), and to one of them stuck half a dozen tiny feathers. Baby gravely picked the feathers off his left hand with his right, and then as solemnly set to work to pick them off his right hand with his left.

'My mother always kept her babies quiet that way,' said the young matron 'and I find it works beautifully with Algeron. I always fix his hands so when I expect company, and he'll sit for hours trying to get the feathers off.'

I offer the plan for the benefit of perplexed mothers, but at the same time I think it's a mighty mean advantage to take of the patience of an innocent child.

Encouraging Mottoes.

In Winston Spencer Churchill's book on Gen. Ian Hamilton is the description of a prosperous Boer farmhouse, a large, square building with a deep veranda, a garden and half a dozen barns. Indoors he found a series of decorations evidently ministering less to a sense of beauty than to the moral life.

The walls were hung with curious prints or colored plates, and several texts in Dutch. One set of plates represented the ten stages of man's life, and another showed the woman's. Both were displayed in every period from the cradle to the grave, and the terminus lay at the comfortable age of a hundred.

The woman's fortunes were especially prosperous. At birth she sprawled contentedly in a cradle, while loving parents bent over her in rapture, and dutiful angels hung attendant in the sky. At ten she scampered after a hoop. At twenty she reclined on the shoulder of an exemplary lover. At thirty she was engaged in teaching letters to seven children. At forty she celebrated a silver wedding. At fifty still young and blooming she attended the christening of a grandchild.

At sixty it was a great-grandchild. At seventy she enjoyed a golden wedding. At eighty she was smilingly engaged in knitting. Even at ninety she was well preserved nor could she with reason complain of her lot when at a hundred the inevitable hour had arrived.

Increasing a Golf Outfit.

She was a Boston girl, not given to sudden crazes and ill considered pleasures but last summer and in the early fall she fell a victim to the golf habit, and from that time her thoughts, sleeping and waking, ran on brassies and mashies and cleeks and other implements of the peace destroying sport. So as Christmas approached and she had every reason to believe that her aunt would remember her as usual, she went to her and diplomatically suggested that her aunt would remember her as usual, she went to her and diplomatically suggested that the present this time should be in a direct way associated with golf.

A day or two before Christmas the expected bundle arrived from the aunt, accompanied by a note in which the elderly lady apologized for her ignorance concerning golf, asserting that all golf terms were alike to her, and she didn't know a brassy from a tymie. 'But my dear,' she went on, 'I have done the best I could, and I hope this little present, which is certainly associated with golf, will be acceptable and useful.'

The expectant athlete, somewhat dashed by the smallness of the parcel, untied the string, unrolled the paper, opened the box, and took out—a golf pin!

Called to Preach.

It is to be feared that some other men's 'call' to preach is not more imperative than that of the negro referred to by Mr. Booker Washington in the Outlook.

The old negro was working in the cotton field one hot day in July. Suddenly he stopped, and looking toward the sky, he exclaimed:

'O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de wuk am so hard, an' de sun am so hot, dat I b'lieve dis darky am called to preach!'

Laureate Nonsense.

Tennyson is said to have been fond of foolish fun, that ever delightful sort of fun which is not wit but nonsense.

One day, at Burlington House, he asked the guests a conundrum which he had just made:

'Who are the greatest women in the world?'

The answer was:

'Miss Ouri, the Misses Ippi and Sara Gossa.'

'I see that some astronomer says that the new star isn't a new star at all. It is just an old star that has got a new shine on it.'

'Say, I wonder what brand of polish they use up there?'

Roalyn—I have brought you a box of chocolates. Have you a sweet tooth, Miss Lovedove?

Miss Lovedove (naively)—Yes, and it has quite a cavity for chocolates.



BILL BOARD
SURPRISE
MAKES EVERYTHING WHITE.

can come to your linens and cottons only by the use of **SURPRISE Soap** which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.
St. Stephen, N.B.

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S
OIL COLORS,
WATER COLORS,
CANVAS,
etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL,
Wholesale Agents for Canada.

CALVERT'S
20 per cent.
CARBOLIC
SOAP

Cures and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites.

The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

Hot Water Bottles,

(Guaranteed for Two Years.)

Fountain Syringes,
Silk Elastic Stockings,
Trusses, Knee Caps,
and Anklets.

JUST RECEIVED AT

W. C. Rudman Allan's,

Chemist and Druggist,

87 Charlotte street, (Telephone 239),
and 172 King street West (Telephone 54A).

ST. JOHN N. B.

Mail orders promptly filled.
Remember the store.

Allan's White Pharmacy

Buctouche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels
No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters,
the first of the Spring catch,
At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Batting or Spiling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY.

'She told me,' said the enthusiastic lover 'that heaven must have sent me to her.'

'Of course, you recall the name of the party who was sent away from heaven,' returned the sarcastic friend, 'but I really hadn't supposed that you—'

Here, noticing the dangerous flash in the lover's eye, he wisely stopped.

Hoax—I see a certain scientist declares that there are 2,000,000 stars visible to the naked eye.

Joax—Is that all? I guess that scientist never sat down suddenly on an icy pavement.