

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

where she has been studying music under the direction of Miss Eleanor Nelson.

Miss Winnifred Todd left this week for Boston to attend the commencement day exercises at Abbot academy.

G. W. Gannon, M. P. and a party of young ladies will leave here next month to take in the Pan American at Buffalo.

Miss Louie Taylor has succeeded Mrs. Geo. J. Clarke as soprano, in the Congregational choir, Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Murchie expect to reside in Fredericton this summer. Their daughter, Helen is already visiting in that city.

Mrs. John Prescott has gone to Boston for the benefit of her health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Dickerman Bates are visiting Calais. They expect to leave early in the autumn for the Philippine islands where they will make their future home.

Mr. Mrs. Fred W. Butler left on Monday morning for Bangor, with the intention of making their future home in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Grimmer drove to St. Andrews on Sunday and spent the day with relatives.

Miss Alice Bates is visiting Wolfville to attend the closing exercises of Acadia seminary. She will also go to Waterville, Me., before she returns to attend commencement day exercises at Colby college.

Frank V. Lee has returned home from Colorado where he spent the past six months.

Miss Grace Deinstadt has arrived home from Mount Allison academy, Sackville, to spend the summer vacation. Her young friends extend to her a most cordial welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Jordan are now residing with Miss De Voy.

Mrs. W. W. Colby and Mrs. Jordan are home from a brief visit to Portland.

Mrs. G. D. Grimmer of St. Andrews with her daughter Annie, is spending a few days in Calais.

Miss Maude Maxwell is going to Sackville to visit Mrs. Powers, whom she will accompany to the pan American exhibition. Miss Maxwell will also visit friends in Moncton and St. John before returning home and will be absent about two months.

Horse back riding is being revived by some of our young ladies who enjoy this exhilarating exercise nearly every fine day.

Mr. Ernst T. Lee is in Boston spending a short time before returning to her home in Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Eaton left on Friday for Boston. Mrs. Eaton sailed yesterday from that city for Europe with a party of lady friends, with Miss Eleanor Nelson in charge of all travelling arrangements.

Misses Edith Deinstadt, Helen Grant and Constance Chipman have returned from Sackville where they went last week to attend the graduating exercises of Mount Allison.

Mrs. C. H. Newton has returned to her home in Red Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Forbes Conant and Miss Helen MacNichol are now at Nahant, Mass. where they spend the greater part of the summer.

Miss Millie Sawyer has returned from Boston where she spent a month with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lowell of Boston have been guests for several days of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd.

Miss Theodora Hayward has gone to Boston for a visit of a few days.

THINGS OF VALUE.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.

Penelope—Why how could you break off your engagement with him?

Perdita—We were seasick together.

Are you a sufferer with coras? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

"What makes you so sure that man is less than 35?" asked the young woman.

"There isn't the slightest doubt in the matter," answered Miss Cayenne. "He keeps bragging of what he knows about human nature."

You need not cough all night, and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

His Solo—Mrs. Fitz Fillet—"Who was that snored in the choir this morning during a pause in the singing?" Mr. Fillet—"Snore! Great heavens, woman, that was my bass solo."

Haie, Certain, Prompt, Economic.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

"I wonder what is meant by 'a green old age.'"

"I guess that's the age attained by the venerable vicar of the bunco man."—Philadelphia Record.

Good Digestion Should Wait on Appetite.—To have the stomach well filled is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

"Why don't you marry?" they asked.

"No use," replied the man who prided himself on his business head. "I've thought of it several times, but a careful investigation shows me that it costs more to keep a wife than a family man's exemptions amount to."—Chicago Post.

A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the aliment, and used according to direction will restore healthy digestion.

He Pleads Not Guilty.—Mamma—"Fighting again? Why a good little boy would not hurt a hair of another boy's head!" Johnny—"Well, I didn't! I just punched his nose."—Puck.

The Last Stroke of Misery.

Lady Anne Barnard whose life and letters have just been edited by W. W. Wilkins, was the author of the well-known Scotch ballad, 'Auld Robin Gray.' Her story of the composition of this ballad, as related to Sir Walter Scott, is worth relating.

There was an ancient Scotch melody, she said, of which dad was passionately fond. ———, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, although I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and to give

its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister who was the only person near me.

"I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one."

My sister thought a moment, and then, the climax of misfortunes coming to her, called out:

"Steal the cow, Sister Ann!"

The cow was immediately 'litted' by me, and the song completed.

Remembrance and Resemblance.

Living near a monarch does not necessarily make a man courtier, as we may see by a story which the London Chronicle prints of King Edward VII. Every Christmas for a number of years his majesty has given to an old tenant on his Sandringham estate a pair of boots.

The old man's feet are just the size of those of the king, who always tries on the boots before presenting them. The adds, of course, to the old man's pride in his gift.

On one occasion, some months after the regular gift had been made, the Prince of Wales, as he then was, met the tenant, and noticing that his boots showed palpable signs of wear and neglect, advised him to polish them.

"Ah," returned the old man, "I never look at those boots, dirty and worn as they are, without being reminded of your royal highness!"

In relating this incident at home,—for a prince tells his family funny things as readily as the plainest citizen,—his royal highness said:

"A well-meant compliment, I dare say, but a very doubtful one!"

Too Mercenary.

"Here's more strange talk in this magazine," said Mrs. Ransom, with an expression of scorn on her sharp features. "I guess it's just as well, Hiram Ransom, that we never were blessed with money so's we could immigrate down below, as you've always wanted to."

"What's the matter now?" inquired Mr. Ransom, patiently, although his wife's snort of contempt had waked him from an agreeable slumber on the haircloth lounge.

"Matter!" echoed Mrs. Ransom; matter enough, I should say! Here's a column of questions asked by a parcel of young folks, and what does one of the young men want to know?"

Mr. Ransom feebly shook his head.

"He wants to know," said his wife, rattling the magazine, "what salary ought a young man to have to marry?" That's the way these city folks marry off their daughters so easy! But I guess Sarah and Ellen and Jane will stay with us till they're sixty before I'd bemean myself, or let you Hiram Ransom, by offering a young man a salary to marry one of 'em!"

Much Abbreviated.

A customer from one of the suburbs dropped into a paint shop, took a slip of paper from his pocket, looked at it, knitted his brows, shook his head, put on his glasses, inspected his paper again, and gave it up as a bad job.

"I made a hasty memorandum," he said to the proprietor of the shop, "of something I was to call here and buy, but I trusted too much to my memory. I seem to have dotted down nothing but the initials, and I've forgotten what they mean."

"Let me see the memorandum," said the proprietor. "It may be that I can help you."

"It's nothing but three letters," replied the customer, handing it over. "Only C. P. A."

So I see, 'C. P. A.' why that's sepia, a kind of brown paint. Wasn't that it?"

"What a fool I am! Of course it was."

He got his sepia, threw a big red apple on the counter in lieu of 'hush money,' and went away with a sheepish look on his face.

EASING THE CHEST.

It is the cold on the chest that scares people and makes them sick and sore. The cough that accompanies the chest cold is racking. When the cold is a hard one and the cough correspondingly severe, every coughing spell strains the whole system. We feel sure that if we could only stop coughing for a day or so we could get over the cold, but we try everything we know of or can hear of in the shape of medicine. We take big doses of quinine until the head buzzes and roars; we try to sweat it out; we take big draughts of whiskey, but the thing that has its grip on the chest hangs on, and won't be shaken loose.

If the irritation that makes us cough could be stopped, we would get better promptly, and it is because Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is so soothing and healing to the inflamed throat that it is efficient a remedy for coughs and colds. This really great medicine is a very simple preparation, made of extracts of barks and gums of trees, and it never deceives. It heals the throat and the desire to cough is gone. When the cough goes the work of cure is almost complete. All druggists sell Adamson's Balsam, 25 cents. Try this famous Balsam for your sore chest and you will find prompt relief.

"Never Quit Certainty For Hope."

You may take Hood's Sarsaparilla for all diseases arising from or promoted by impure blood with perfect confidence that it will do you good. Never take any substitute. In Hood's Sarsaparilla you have the best medicine money can buy. It cures,—completely and permanently,—when others fail to do any good.

Tonic—"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla as a tonic and general builder of the system with excellent results. It restores vitality, drives away that tired feeling, quiets the nerves and brings refreshing sleep." John Y. Patterson, Whittby, Ont.



When Ole Bull Showed His Colors.

Although Ole Bull, the violinist, crossed the ocean many times, he made it a strict rule never to play at the 'Charity Concert', always a feature of the Atlantic voyages. He made one exception, however, and that exception was recalled with keenest interest by an old resident of New Orleans in conversation with a representative of the Times-Democrat.

The incident occurred in 1873 on the steamer City of Chester, which had on board, among other notable passengers, Ole Bull, Chief Justice Waite and Prof. Anderson, afterward minister to Denmark. The steamer concert was proposed, and as usual Ole Bull declined to take part. The passengers were deeply disappointed, and at this crisis Professor Anderson came to the rescue.

"There is one way only," he said, "in which our man may be caught. A band is being raised at present to erect a statue to Levi Ericson, the Norseman, at Madison, Wisconsin, where I live. Ole Bull is intensely patriotic, and if we made a written statement to him that the proceeds of the concert were to be contributed to do this honor to his immortal fellow countryman, I am sure he would consent to play."

The suggestion was greeted with applause and Chief Justice Waite prepared the memorial, which was a most ingenious and elaborate document. Duly signed by all the passengers, it was presented to Ole Bull, and when he saw the purport of the paper his face lighted up with pleasure,

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Saves both, and makes the furniture look like new. Thoroughly clean the furniture and apply a small quantity on a cotton cloth, then rub the surface lightly with a soft cloth, when a most brilliant polish will be produced.

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PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

From St. John.

Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

All trains daily except Sundays.

DEPARTURES.

6.15 a. m. Express—Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and points North.

PULLMAN CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.

9.10 a. m. Suburban Express, to Wolford.

1.00 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesdays and Saturdays only, to Wolford.

4.30 p. m. Suburban Express to Wolford.

6.15 p. m. Montreal Short Line Express, connecting at Montreal for Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo and Chicago, and with the "Imperial Limited" for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Connects for Fredericton.

Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal.

Palace Sleeper St. John to Lewis (opposite Quebec), via Megantic.

Pullman Sleeper for Boston, St. John to McAdam Jct.

4.30 p. m. Boston Express, First and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Ballentine, Westfield Beach, Lingley and Wolford. Connects for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock (St. Andrews after July 1st) Boston Pullman Sleeper of Montreal Express attached to this train at McAdam Jct.

5.20 p. m. Fredericton Express.

10.00 a. m. Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Wolford.

7.20 a. m. Suburban, from Lingley.

8.20 a. m. Fredericton Express.

11.20 a. m. Boston Express.

11.35 a. m. Montreal Express.

12.35 p. m. Suburban from Wolford.

3.10 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesday and Saturday only from Wolford.

7.00 p. m. Suburban to Wolford.

10.30 p. m. Boston Express.

C. E. E. USHER.

G. P. A. Montreal.

A. J. HEATH.

D. P. A., C. P. R.

St. John, N. B.

and he declared immediately that he would play.

He was as good as his word, and although I have heard him many times, I never heard him in such wonderful form [and spirits. He responded to encore after encore, until at last the captain, who was a typical Englishman, rose in the audience and asked me to play 'God Save the Queen.'

Now Ole Bull was a violent republican, and had little respect for monarchical institutions of any kind. However, he bowed courteously and whispered to me: 'You heard me promise to play 'God Save the Queen.' Now wait till I come to that. Finally it was reached and, true to his promise, he gave the British anthem, but without spirit or color.

Instantly upon its conclusion he swept into the stirring strains of 'Hail Columbia' and played with magnificent dash and fire. Then, with no stop, he passed to the Norwegian 'Hymn of Liberty,' a most thrillingly patriotic composition. The manner in which he rendered it was simply electrifying. Then, as he finished, he caught my eye and smiled. He had buried 'God Save the Queen' so deep that nobody remembered that it had been played.

The Dimensions of Saturn.

Mr. T. J. J. See of the Naval Observatory has announced the results of new measurements of Saturn and it rings, which differ somewhat from older determinations. He makes the exterior diameter of the rings about 178,226 miles, the equatorial diameter of Saturn 74,990 miles, and the polar diameter 67,395, the difference between the two diameters being 7,595 miles, almost equal to the entire diameter of the earth. Mr. See's measures make the diameter of Titan, the largest of Saturn's moons, 2,092 miles. It had previously been estimated as high as 3,500 miles.

Professor—If you attempt to squeeze a solid body it will invariably resist the pressure.

Pupil—Then, you would not consider a girl a solid body, eh, professor?

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On wash day and every other day is

**SURPRISE SOAP**

It will give the best service; is always uniform in quality, always satisfactory.

You cannot do better than have

**SURPRISE SOAP** always in your house.

**SURPRISE** is a pure hard Soap.

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**Its Purity is its Strength**

Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

Imitations are numerous. Avoid them.

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The Cushion Frame leaves the rider free to enjoy to the utmost the pleasures and benefits to be derived from cycling, as there is no jar or vibration, and it is a fact that one can ride fifty miles on a miles on a Cushion Frame with less fatigue than in riding twenty-five miles on a rigid frame bicycle.

Can be had in connection with the Cleveland Bicycle at

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In other words, looks isn't everything. Perfects and Dominions for 1901 are fitted with the best Pedals, Handlebars, Saddles, Grips; perfect in every essential point for comfort and safety—worthy of the high grade machines that they are—several options in styles.

Parts always in stock.

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