

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

a bad fall early Friday morning which gave her a severe shock.

Mrs W A Murchie has been quite ill for several days.

Miss Margaret Maxwell has been the guest recently of Miss Roberta Murchie.

Mrs F P MacNichol recently sang a solo in the Union church and has received many pleasant encomiums in regard to it.

Miss Vera Young has returned to her school duties at Quincy Mansion, Wollaston, Mass.

Mrs John F Grant is rapidly recovering her health and is able to dispense with the services of her nurse, who returned to St John on Friday last.

Miss Constance Chipman is expected to arrive home from Toronto on Saturday.

Mr and Mrs Fred H Lowell will occupy the tenement on Germaine street, Calais, owned by Joseph Eaton.

Mrs G D Grimmer of St Andrews is spending a day or two this week with Mrs V A Waterbury in Calais.

The young peoples' whist club enjoyed a fine supper and a delightful game of whist at the residence of Mrs Jud Clark, Calais, Milltown, on Tuesday evening.

Miss Jocelyn of Boston is the guest of Mrs B B Murray.

Mr and Mrs C F Pray will soon occupy the tenement on Church avenue recently vacated by Mrs A L Clapp.

Mrs Lewis Dexter and her two daughters have gone to Boston.

Lady Tilley and Miss Isabel Howland are visiting Toronto.

Mr and Mrs Daniel McDonald and Mrs Fred Eastman leaves on Wednesday next for Vancouver B C, where they will make their future home.

GAGETOWN.

APRIL 24—Mr and Mrs G DeVeber are visiting in St John.

Mr Ernest Shields of Fredericton, visited his parents on Friday.

Mr and Mrs W B Dingee are visiting friends in Houlton, Maine.

Mrs Wm Brander returned on Wednesday from a lengthy visit to friends in St John.

The many friends of Mrs Wm Cooper will be pleased to hear that she is recovering from a very serious illness.

Mr L A Currey and sister Mrs T H Gilbert of St John were in town last week.

Miss Bertha Belyea of St John spent Sunday at home.

Mr J R Dunn went to the city on Monday.

Mr Johnson Cooper of St John, spent Sunday with friends in Gagetown.

Mr Thomas Lee of St John, who has been here for a few days has returned home.

Noisy Clocks.

A London firm of clockmakers not long ago discovered that a rival German company was doing a large business in cheap clocks on the west coast of South Africa. After examining one of the clocks, and seeing that there was profit in the transaction, the London firm invested a large sum of money in the manufacture of clocks destined for Africa. They determined to give the native a better article than the German one, and felt sure of success.

The clocks were shipped to the market where the Germans had reaped a rich harvest. The sales were very slow, while the inferior German article went off freely.

At last the puzzle was explained. The new clocks were too quiet. Those supplied by the Germans had a particularly aggressive tick that satisfied the savage's love of noise. The noiseless clock might be, and was, a better timekeeper, but the natives would have none of it.

At the next shipment this was charged. Worth gave place to sound, and clocks went to Africa that ticked loudly enough to satisfy the most noise-loving native. The people were delighted, and the clocks sold.

Sensible Conclusion.

Two doctors once had a disagreement—as the best of doctors sometime will have—and lost their tempers.

'I hesitate to say just what I think of you,' angrily exclaimed one of the two, 'for you have not many years to live! Consumption has marked you for a victim.'

'Oh, it has, has it? How do you know?'

'By the "clubbing" of your fingers,' referring to the waving away of the fingers near where they join the hands. 'Do I need to call your attention to that?'

'Perhaps not,' retorted the other. 'But do you know you bear the unmistakable indication of an early death yourself?'

'Where, sir?'

'In those hollows at the back of your neck near the head, where you can't see them. They denote a fatal lack of vitality.'

'In that case,' rejoined the one who had spoken first, extending his hand, 'we are foolish to quarrel. Let us prescribe for each other.'

They are still alive, and apparently in excellent health.

Naming the Weather.

In a New Hampshire hill town there is one man who has provided his contemporaries with a good many phrases and sayings which they regard as valuable additions to knowledge.

One raw afternoon in February a citizen of the town entered Uncle Ephraim's paint shop and proceeded to find fault with the weather.

'Don't see how a body's going to know how to contrive, sech weather as this!' he grumbled. 'Go without an umbrella, and up comes a snow-fly, and fore you can

say a word like as not you're all wet and leet in shaps to ketch cold. And if you mind the folks and take an umbrellas along, more'n likely there's sech gusts you can't hold the pesky thing up.'

'Um-m,' said Uncle Ephraim, with a nod of sympathy, 'I know jest what you mean. Real cat-weather, 'tis; lots o squall an' spit to it.'

WORLD'S END NEAR, THEY THINK.

Maine Adventists Expect Mrs. Ellen White to Reveal the Day of Judgment.

Again, with renewed confidence, the adventists of Maine are preparing for the end of the world and the second coming of Christ. They believe that at the great conference of their church at Battle Creek, Mich., which closed on April 23, the exact date of the day of judgment would be revealed by Mrs. Ellen White, the prophetess of the faith. Mrs. White has already announced that the end of the world is very near, and in Maine the adventists take this to mean that the dissolution of all things earthly will occur in the present year.

The adventists of Maine, like the prohibitionists of the state, are famed for their tenacity of belief. Through all sorts of disappointments they cling to what they think to be the truth. Since the great disappointment of 1844, when the world failed to stop on Oct. 1 the day appointed by William Miller, the Maine adventists have on several occasions gathered upon hills and by rivers, clad in white robes, and confidently awaited the final collapse.

Repeated disappointments seems to have had little power to discourage them or to weaken their faith, and to day they are, if anything, firmer than before in their belief that the end of the world is near, and that this time their prophets will read the book of Daniel's sight and announce the day when the Saviour shall reappear on earth.

Not only do the adventists of Maine feel confidence in the prophecies of the approaching end, but they are joined in this belief by other strange sects, including all manner of dissenters from commonly accepted beliefs, and some day this year it is expected that there will be another and numerous gathering of enthusiasts in white robes, awaiting the judgment.

In times past strange scenes have been enacted hereabout on such occasions. Well-to-do people have given away all their earthly belongings to others, thus overlooking the obvious fact that should the world come to an end, the property would be of no use to any one. In the town of Orrington several of the most prosperous farmers disposed of their property and worse than that, one of them in the excess of his zeal mounted to his barn roof, expecting to be taken up therefrom into heaven, and tusting too blindly in the support of providence fell to the ground and suffered mortal injuries.

Why the Whistle Blew

A leading railroad lawyer, who has had much to do with human nature, says to a Detroit reporter: 'Never cross quess' on an Irishman from the old sod.' And he gave an illustration from his own experience.

A section-hand had been killed by an express train, and his widow was suing for damages. The main witness swore positively the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend.

'See here, McGinnis,' said I, 'you admit that the whistle blew?'

'Yis, sor, it blewed, sor.'

'Now if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning, the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?'

'Yis, sor, and M'ike would be tistifyin' here this day.' The jury giggled.

'Very well. Now what earthly purpose could there be for the engineer to blow his whistle after M'ike had been struck?'

'I preshume that the whistle wor for the first mon on 'he track, sor.'

I quit, and the widow got all she asked,

Fact and Fiction

Mr. Jenkins, on returning home in the evening, was pleased to find that the heavy snow which had fallen during the day had been carefully shoveled from the front walk.

'Who did it, Lucy?' he asked.

'I was about to tell you,' replied his wife. 'I never put in such a day in my life. I've been besieged by a whole army of men, all wanting to clean "at walk".'

They drove me absolutely crazy. The snow was falling like great guns all the time, too. As soon as it quit, though, I gave the job to a poor man who was a perfect living skeleton. There wasn't a thing of him but skin and bones—'

'Lucy,' interrupted Mr. Jenkins, with a roan, 'you're reading these popular historical novels again!'

'Why do you say that?'

'Because you've contracted the historical novel disease. I can't tell where your fact leaves off and your fiction begins.'

"Seeing is Believing."

When you see people cured by a remedy, you must believe in its power. Look around you. Friends, relatives, neighbors all say that Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, cleansed the blood of their dear ones and they rise en masse to sing its praises. There's nothing like it in the world to purify the blood.

Sores—"My health was poor and I had a sore on one of my limbs. My father thought I better try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I did so and the sores are now all better. Whenever I do not feel well I take Hood's." Miss Nellie A. Law, Richmond, Quebec.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

WENT BRAVELY TO DEATH.

A Confederate Captain Who Deserted to See His Dying Mother.

'In the four years I served in the Army of Northern Virginia,' said the old Confederate, in a reminiscent mood, 'I saw more men killed than I'd care to count. In the course of the war, three out of the four men who were tent-mates with me were killed. Each one went down within ten feet of me, one with his head torn away by a shell, the second with a minie ball that tore a great hole in his jugular vein and the third from an overdose of bayonet, when we got at close quarters with the Yankees one afternoon at Seven Pines. My command lost 58 per cent. in one battle, and as we usually came pretty near evening things up with the other fellows, I have been a witness at a pretty fair share of violent demises.

'In battle, after the man gets over his first scare at going into the line of fire, the brute in him usually makes him forget that he is a coward. When he sees the fellow next to him fall, he sorter feels sorry and has a pretty strong desire to come to close quarters with the man that did it and let a little daylight into him. Fighting as we had to, I got so that I could see a man killed in battle with as little worry as if he had been a partridge.

'But there is one incident that happened near the end of the war that keeps coming back to memory, and every time I think of it I wish I had been somewhere else on the morning it happened.

'You know, near the close of the war the poor, half-starved devils got to deserting pretty frequently. It was war and there was but one way to remedy it—a wooden cross, the deserter and the firing squad.

'One morning I let my command and started over to talk to some old friends in a Mississippi regiment. I got about half of the distance, when I ran into a little body of men. Two of them had their eyes blindfolded and their hands led behind them. The first fellow couldn't have been more than 25. He was tall, straight as an arrow, with dark, curly brown hair, and his face was the handsomest and the saddest I ever saw. He was walking quietly and steadily. I couldn't see his eyes, but not a muscle of his face was twitching, and his feet were planted fairly and squarely on the ground. I noticed that he wore the uniform of a captain.

'The second fellow had to be held up by four men. Every few steps he would fall to the ground perfectly limp and, it seemed, lifeless. When the men would get him up he would scream and cry like a scared child. He was a great, big, raw-boned North Carolinian, and his terror would have been disgusting if it hadn't been so pitiable.

'I followed the little procession for a hundred yards to where the line of crosses stood. The captain was to be shot first.

Dr. Humphreys'

Specific System covers as wide a range of disease as it is safe for a layman to eat. A few of the most used cures are:

Grip and Colds.—The use of "77" starts the blood coursing through the veins until it reaches the extremities, when the feet warm up and the Cold is broken.

Rheumatism.—The use of No. 15 neutralizes the uric acid in the blood, and the poison passes off through the kidneys.

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach.—The use of No. 10 stimulates the gastric juices, the food assimilates, the digester is perfected.

Malaria is prevalent owing to the upheaval of the streets. The use of No. 16 "breaks up" the Chills and Fever, while its tonicity sustains the system.

25 cents each at Druggists, or mailed. A pocket epitome of Domestic Practice mailed for the asking. A postcard will do. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

As they placed him with his back to the crosses he said: 'Men, you know me. I've led you in thirty fights, and you've never seen me shy from a gun muzzle yet, have you? I just want you to take this bandage off my eyes, and as long as I've got to die let me die like a man. I've give you the order to fire many a time, and I'd like to give my last order, if you'll let me; The Lieutenant hesitated, and then he said: 'Jack, I'll do it, if I get shot for it.'

'They unbanded his eyes. He straightened himself for a minute, took a long look all about him, then facing his men in as steady a voice as ever I listened to, 'Ready! Aim! Fire!'

'They fired, and he pitched straight forward his full length, dead before he struck the ground. Then they tried to bind the Tar-heel to the crosses, but he writhed and moaned and twisted away from it like a snake with a broken back. They gave it up, and he was shot while he was crawling along the ground, screaming out prayers for mercy.

'I heard afterward that the Captain, hearing that his old mother was dying, had asked leave to go to his old home, which was only twelve miles away. We needed every man, then, and the permit was refused. He slipped away, but before he got back Grant made one of his attacks on our lines. The captain's company went into action for the first time without him at the head of it. He returned a court-martial. Deserting had become too common for any excuse to be taken for it, and he was ordered to be shot the next morning. By some chance a detail of his own company was selected for the work. By another chance I happened to see him shot, I wish I hadn't.

Training the Puppy.

Forest and stream has given some wise talk to boys in regard to bringing up dogs from puppyhood, and turning them into good citizens of the canine world. The writer says:

There are two or three things which you must try to remember in connection with the little animal for which you have taken the responsibility.

You must remember, in the first place, that it is like any other young creature, full of spirits, thinking only about itself, and determined to do those things which seem pleasant to it. Your business is to undertake its education. You must begin by making it fond of you; and that means that you must treat it kindly, play with it more or less, feed it yourself, and, in short, cause it to look to you for all the things that make its life pleasant.

Very patiently, very firmly you must instruct it, little by little, in good manners. You must teach it that some things may be done, and that other things are not permitted.

You must remember that this little animal has no knowledge of the English language, and that your words, in a new command, are meaningless sounds. One of your first duties is, therefore, to teach it what these sounds are intended to convey, and the lesson is effectual only by enforcing obedience to the command as soon as it is uttered. Thus if you are teaching the pup to charge, which means to lie down, whenever you use the word place your hands on him and gently force him to the ground, his legs all under him and his head flat between his paws; but do not be in haste about it. You may easily confuse and bewilder a puppy, and it is much better to let his education proceed slowly than to make him suffer from unreasonable demands.

One reason why boys, and men also, lose patience with the dogs they are training is that they forget how hard it is for the dog to understand what they mean. Sometimes it does happen that a dog is headstrong and obstinate, but this is very rarely true of a puppy. If he fails to 'mind,' the failure is good evidence that he is not yet familiar with the English language.

"Studiums" and Doctors.

Della, our southern importation, was at her duties when I went into the kitchen. A married friend living in New York had invited our cook to pay her a visit. She accosted me with a shake of her woolly head. So says a writer in Harper's Magazine, who goes on to tell how the conversation proceeded.

'Miss Rule, while Ah'm in Noo Yawk, Ma'y, she wants Ah should go t' a doctah 'bout mah teeth.'

'Well, Della,' said I, 'why not? You've been planning to have them pulled.'

Suddenly a gloomy black face was turned upon me. 'Ah don' know.' She gazed across the table, uncertain as to whether she should proceed.

'Ah don' know.' Ye see, Miss Rule,—another pause and an appealing glance,—'they's doctahs 'n' they's studiums. Ah might git in a studium's office!'

'A studium?' I repeated.

'Yas'm. Donche know? Ye has to be



A Lady of Quality

knows real value and genuine merit; and will use SURPRISE Soap for this reason.

QUALITY is the essential element in the make up of SURPRISE Soap.

QUALITY is the secret of the great success of SURPRISE Soap.

QUALITY means pure hard soap with remarkable and peculiar qualities for washing clothes.

HAVE YOU A GARDEN —OR— FARM?

I have a full assortment of

Garden, Field and Flower Seeds.

From the best Growers, in packages, by the ounce or pound.

W. C. Rudman Allan,

Druggist and Seedman, 87 Charlotte St.

Mail orders promptly filled. Tel. 289.

Try my Special Mixed Peas, and choice varieties in separate colors.

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.

a studium 'fore ye kin be a doctah.'

'Oh!' I assented.

'An' ye can't tell 'em. Looks jes' like doctahs, acts jes' like doctahs. Got bottles round, 'n' chairs 'n' tables, jes' like doctahs. But, Miss Rule,—in a burst of honor,—'of they's studiums they kills ye.'

'Oh, no!' I feebly gasped.

'Yas'm. Why, Miss Rule, they has to kill some one, or less they can't be a doctah. They has to kill one, shuah.'

'Oh, no!' I foolishly insisted. 'Why, no, if they did, Della, they would be hanged.'

'Not down t' my home; not down t' 'Gusta,' said she. 'Less they kills some one, they can't be a doctah,' she insisted.

I was dumb. I had no powers of persuasion, no arguments that could convince her that she was wrong.

Scrubbing for Pleasure.

A school of domestic economy at Bethnel Green, London, is said to carry off the palm for enthusiasm among its pupils.

The school is built and finished in imitation of an English working man's cottage, and the poor little girls of the district are taken in and trained to be capable housewives.

The school has been a great success and is always crowded to its full capacity, but either the ordinary routine must be dull or the pupils' zeal monumental, for the records show that scrubbing and stone-cleaning are dealt out as rewards to deserving little women. When a pupil has been extraordinarily good she is allowed to scrub a floor or blacken a stove for a treat.

Carpets, Curtains and Blankets.

We will dust your carpets for 4c. per yard, we dust and renovate same for 10c. per yard, removing stains and restoring color to its natural state. The more faded your carpet is the better we like it. Ungars Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 5.