

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

thoroughly made of the 'Rosary' by Nevin and the selections from the operas 'Cavalleria Rusticana' and 'Il Trovatore.'

Mrs D McCleave is visiting at Harcourt the guest of Mrs M VanBuskirk.

Mr John McCleave of Sydney, who has been spending a few days in town left on the Maritime express last night for Montreal to consult eminent physicians there in regard to his health. He was accompanied by Mrs McCleave.

Miss LeFurgey and Mrs Lyman leave today for the north, giving a performance either at New castle or Chatham tonight and at Campbellton on Friday night.

Dr O B Price returned yesterday from Petitcodiac where he has been laid up for a few days in consequence of a fall on the ice.

Mr and Mrs Steadman Crandall returned last evening from New York, where they were attending the marriage of their son, Mr Fred Crandall, to Miss Grace Dunbar which took place on the 28th ult.

Miss Jean Robinson, of Caspepedia's Que, is visiting at Mrs Geo Lankie's on St. George street.

Miss Ethel Sumner returned on Monday from a visit to friends in Sydney, C.B.

Miss Nellie Anderson of Springhill is visiting Miss Nellie MacDowell of this city.

Mrs John Waver of Lantz Mountain, leaves this afternoon for Haverhill, Mass., on a visit to her family.

ST. STEPHEN and CALAIS.

[PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of O. S. Wall, T. E. Atcheson and J. Yroom & Co., in Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

Misses Ida and Edna Clinch of St Andrews were here this week.

Miss Jessie Dew of Moncton is visiting Mrs Dances Stuart.

Mr and Mrs Frank A Grimmer and their daughters, Fernie and Ertle have gone to Boston, where they intend to make their future home.

Mr and Mrs W J Porter and Miss Bessie have returned from St John during the past week.

Mrs John B Robinson has almost completely recovered from her recent illness.

Senator Gilmore was in St George last week. He and Mrs Gilmore have returned to the capital.

Mrs W C H Gimmer went to Fredericton yesterday.

Mrs Alanson Beard of Boston is visiting Mrs C F Beard.

Miss Janette Robinson is ill with a severe attack of grip.

Mrs Frank Murchie was surprised on Monday afternoon by a number of lady friends from St Stephen and Calais who went to enjoy a thimble party at her beautiful home.

Miss Booth has concluded a pleasant visit with relatives here and returned to her home in Seattle.

Mrs J C Berden of Vanceboro, was in town during the week.

Mrs Chapman Greene expects soon to return to her home in Eastport.

Miss Bessie McVay is home from a most pleasant visit of three weeks in Sackville with Miss Jean Sprague.

Miss Martha Harris gives her entertainment, 'Fete of Flora,' in Machias this evening.

Mrs Alanson Beard of Boston is visiting Mr and Mrs C F Beard.

Miss Eertha Smith has returned from a pleasant visit in St John.

Mrs Sweeney of Boston, who has been visiting Mrs Arthur Bradley, is very ill at the home of the latter.

Mr and Mrs Walter McWha have been visiting relatives in Fredericton.

Miss Bessie Porter returned to St John on Monday evening.

Dr and Mrs J D Lawson entertained the whist club of which they are members with a drive to Concession Stevens' lumber camp.

Miss Winnifred Todd is visiting in St John.

Mrs Fred Pote has been in Portland during the past week.

Mrs. C M Gove has returned to her home in St Andrews.

A number of ladies enjoyed a pleasant drive to the ledge last through the kindness of Mrs. Almon Tece.

Mrs C H Newton and Mrs Henry Copeland have gone to Boston to remain several weeks.

Mrs Frank Nelson is visiting the Misses Eleanor and Kate Nelson in Boston.

The engagement is announced of John M Stevens son of Hon Judge Stevens and barrister at Edmundston, to Miss Ida McKezic, daughter of Jas McKezic, mechanical superintendent of the St Croix cotton mill.

ST. ANDREWS.

MARCH 7—Mr and Mrs James A Shirley, as well as other members of their family are ill with influenza.

Mr Thomas A Kenrick is recovering from his recent illness.

Mrs James Scallan has been quite ill lately.

Mr David Thompson who was stricken with illness a week ago is being nursed back to health by his daughter, Mrs Hill of Boston.

Lady Van Horne, accompanied by the Misses Van Horne, left this week for South Carolina, where they intend to spend a few months.

Mrs G D Gimmer is recovering from a severe illness.

Mrs George Mitchell of Woodstock, is the guest of her sister, Mrs E G Clinch.

Mrs Eliza Wilson who has been very ill, is some what better.

How Margarita Saved the Children.

The night of the Galveston flood was a night to try, all hearts. How one fifteen year old girl met the emergency is told by the Southern Churchman.

She was the head and breadwinner of the household, for her father had died three years before, and her mother, twelve months ago, had given up the struggle of life. On this night Margarita looked out of her window and saw that the great Gulf of Mexico was rolling in waves like mountains. Even as she looked the water rolled into her own street. Then it dashed against the frail wooden house, making it tremble.

For a moment Margarita was paralyzed. The waves burst into the room through doorway and windows, setting the furniture afloat. Unless something was done, and done speedily, they would all be drowned. The girl collected her senses. Her brothers and sisters were all in the water

The four year old twins were clinging to a floating chair; the other three children were holding to the bedside.

She quickly lifted the twins and deposited them on the bed, telling the others to climb up there also. The water rose higher, and darkness was coming on. The little one story house could not long stand against the flood. From other houses Margarita could hear the voices of men calling to their families. There was no man here, nobody but herself to save the other five.

Margarita had to think quickly, for the water rose fast. She soon decided what to do. She tore a sheet in strips, and fastened all the children together with it. Then she pulled the bed to the doorway, took the door from its hinges, and transferred the children to this improvised raft. Wading through the doorway, she pushed the precious load before her.

Steps, logs, barrels, debris of all descriptions floated in wild confusion, and she had to steer her way through. The water was up to her elbows, and still rising. She was afraid, but sweetly into her heart stole the memory of some words heard the Sunday before: 'The Lord is my helper.' She struggled onward aiming for the great, firmly founded government building.

Once she thought all was lost, for a big piece of driftwood crashed against her door with tremendous force. Margarita warded off the next blow by receiving it upon her left arm. The arm saved the raft, but afterward it hung limp at her side, broken by the violence of the blow.

For a few minutes more the strong young right arm guided the left, till Margarita felt the steps of the government building beneath her feet. It was none too soon, for the water was up to her chin, and she was weak with pain and exhaustion. With the words that had cheered her yet upon her lips, the brave girl tried to climb those steps.

It was well that strong arms were ready to catch her for that effort was beyond her strength. They lifted her up and bore her inside, and then carried the raft and its living burden bodily into the building. The children were uninjured, but it was long before Margarita recovered her senses and realized that her brave fight with the flood had been crowned with success.

Why Father Stopped.

During the last summer a very devoted husband and wife, living 'not a hundred miles from Boston, passed through a trying experience, which has not weakened the bond between them, although it might have been expected to do so. This is the story as they told it jointly to a sympathizing visitor:

'You see,' said father, 'I have been taking a good deal of interest lately in measuring the distance on all our favorite drives.'

'I should think he had!' said mother, satirically, with the enforced patience of one who has suffered much. 'I should think he had! He tied a white rag on one of the spokes in the front carriage-wheel, and wherever we drove he watched that spoke.'

'Why, of course I did!' said father, gently, 'I had to. How should I have known how many times it turned? I should have lost count.'

'Yes, he kept count,' said mother, wrathfully, 'and I held a piece of paper in my lap and jotted down the figures. Sometimes I did venture to remind him that we were really driving for pleasure, little as it might seem so.'

'Father,' I said, once or twice, 'only look at the sunset!' And what would he say? 'Fifty-one!'

'Father,' I'd call, 'only you hear that bird sing!' But did he listen? Not he. 'Sixty-three!' says father. 'Sixty-four!'

'She never could seem to see,' said father, courteously, 'that I didn't want to see count. We couldn't go back and begin all over.'

'Speaking of beginning all over,' said mother, her just anger evidently rising, 'the last day of August we had our quarrel. I'll tell you what led up to it. You see, we'd been measuring all summer. We'd taken all the drives within twenty miles, and I was looking forward to the minute when father would say, 'Now I've got all the distances, and to-day we'll take a drive for fun.'

'The day came, that last day of August. I don't know when I've been so happy as I was when I got into the carriage. I was going to look at the trees and the sky instead of a piece of paper in my lap. I was going to have a little talk with father, instead of hearing him count up to a hundred. But what do you think he said to me?'

'There!' interrupted father. 'Now you let me tell. I didn't understand it then, and I don't now. I turned round to her—she was on the back seat—and I said,

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'Mother, we'll go to Ryde today, and I guess, if you'll set it down I'll just verify the distance.'

'I got mad then,' owned mother, firmly. 'I did get mad! I got so mad that father promised he'd let the distances stand as they were. He wouldn't verify a single one. And so we managed to have some pleasant driving through September.'

His Lesson.

'I don't make any more mistakes in judging customers' said the china sales man 'because I've given up judging them I've had my lesson.'

'It happened just before Christmas. An old gentleman came into the store one day, and asked to look at dinner sets. He was one of the plain, old-fashioned, frock-coat, white shirt, black bow-tie kind, and I sized him up as about a thirty dollar man. I wasn't sure that he'd stand even that much, but I thought I'd risk it, and so I showed him one of the thirty dollar sets.'

'He looked it over politely for a minute or two and then said, 'Yes, that is pleasing, but it isn't—er—just what I had in mind.'

'I took him over to the forty-dollar table then, and he examined the things in the same quiet, polite way; but I could see that they were not what he wanted. 'This is an attractive design,' he said, 'and I rather like the color of that, but—er—my thought was something a little different from either.'

'Well, that brought us to the fifty-and-sixty dollar goods, and it was the same with them. They were all very pretty and very nice, and he was sorry to make me so much trouble, but would I mind showing him something a little better?'

'I had made up my mind by this time that he was bluffing; that he wasn't going to buy anything anyway; so I thought I'd bluff, too. I took him down the store to a set marked two hundred and fifty dollars. He looked it over more carefully, and didn't turn a hair when I told him the price, but said, in a hesitating way, as if he was afraid of hurting my feelings: 'Perhaps you have some special sets? Something—er—a little better even than this?'

'There is one better one,' I said, 'but it is something a little out of the ordinary and rather expensive. If you so care to look at it—'

'Yes, he thought he would look at it. I would be so kind, and I took him upstairs and showed it to him. He took up one or two of the pieces and examined them. Then he said, 'Yes, that is good. That pleases me. What is the price?'

'Four hundred and fifty dollars,' I told him.

'You may send it to my house,' he said, quietly, and gave me his card. I knew the name at once. He was a millionaire several times over. He took out his pocketbook and counted out four hundred and fifty dollars in cash, thanked me for showing him the goods, and went out.

'I think he knew how I had sized him up, but he didn't get mad when I showed him the cheap goods. He just led me along in his own way till he got what he wanted, and then he let me down as easy as he could. No, sir, I don't judge customers, by their looks or their clothes any more.'

The Voice of Experience.

Two crows hovered over the edge of the cornfield. Beneath them stood a solitary figure in feminine attire, not of the latest mode, although that did not interest the crows, whose eyes were not fixed on the fluttering skirt or jacket, but on the green shoots of the young corn.

'I'm sure it is a woman,' said the younger crow, nervously.

The old crow jeered loudly. 'It's a scarecrow.'

'How do you know?'

'Would a woman stand all day in one spot with no one to look at her?'

The report of a gun cut short the young crow's reply.

'I told you so!' the old crow chuckled, after a swift glance at the figure beneath them. 'A woman would have run. Come on!'

NEWS OF THE PASSING WEEK.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTH

a position in the Board of School Trustees office.

The police prevented 200 university students from entering Kasan cathedral in St Petersburg, Monday, where a service was being held in celebration of the anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs. The students demonstrated in protest and were eventually all arrested.

A disgraceful row took place in the British House of Commons Tuesday night on Mr. Balfour's motion of closure on the educational estimates. The nationalist members refused to leave the house in division, and refused to take the speakers ruling. Pandemonium reigned. A number of police had to be called in and forcibly eject certain members. The scene was uproarious.

The inaugural display of fireworks postponed from Monday night, on account of the inclement weather, took place Tuesday night in Washington. The display was made from the grounds surrounding the Washington monument and was one of the finest pyrotechnic features ever attempted in the Capital city. The program included fire portraits of President McKinley and Vice President Roosevelt.

The New Director.

After much talk the city council decided to appoint a successor to the late Mr. Chipman Smith as director of public safety. The selection of Mr. Cushing gives general satisfaction. Judging from the past record Mr. Cushing should make a popular and efficient official. As an engineer his reputation is of the best and he has the ability to fill the new post. The city is fortunate in having such a good man to take the place of one who carried out his duties with such skill.

The University.

Friends of the New Brunswick University are hoping that the appeal made by Judge Barker and Judge McLeod to the Legislature asking for a grant of \$10,000 will prove successful. The friends of the Institution have no doubt worked hard in aiding this seat of learning and they have a right to expect that the province will give every assistance possible in putting matters on a solid foundation. The University has in the past done good work and it is but proper that the country should see that the good work continues. It is a provincial institution and has a right to demand public assistance.

Weather—Predicting.

An earnest-appearing man called one day upon the secretary of agriculture in Washington, to make a novel proposal in regard to the Weather Bureau. He wanted to write out a series of Weather predictions for every day in the six months following, have the head of the Weather Bureau do the same, and then let the secretary of agriculture, with the two sets of predictions in hand, keep a record for the period to see which should come out the more nearly correct.

The stranger offered to pay all expenses of the test if his predictions failed, while if they proved better than the other man's he wanted to be made the government's forecaster. Since he would do the work for a trifling part of its present costs he thought that the government ought to take advantage of his offer.

The secretary asked Mr. Moore, the head of the Weather Bureau, if he wished to submit a six months' prediction in this way. He replied that in common with scientific men everywhere he did not profess to be able to tell anything about the weather for more than three or four days in advance, as a rule, and that in a six-month's prediction one man's guess, based on the records of the past, would be just as good as another's.

The incident suggests one of the great possibilities of the future. The person who will unravel the secret of the winds and the storms, so as to see them coming before nature's own outward preparation for them begins, will confer upon mankind a benefit which it would be difficult to over estimate. Think how convenient it would be to know with certainty for weeks in advance a suitable day for a picnic or an excursion! Predictions even for a few days ahead have been of almost incalculable value especially to farmers and mariners.

Perhaps this secret will be forever hid den; that is the opinion of many. Others, reviewing the century past, regard almost nothing in the way of discovery as impossible.

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M. F. MOONEY.

From beneath a pile of shields the Sabines had thrown upon Tarpeia as they passed through the gate of the Roman citadel was heard a faint sound.

One of the soldiers bent down and listened.

It was the voice of the treacherous maiden.

'You think you have killed me!' she said, in hoarse, muffled accents. 'Villains and murderers. I shall live in the Latin school histories ages after your names have been forgotten!'

Then all was still.