

MAN'S CRUCIAL HOUR.

A Woman on the Treatment of Husbands When They Get Home.

The crucial hour of the day as regards its effect upon the man of the family is commonly thought to be associated with breakfast. Then a cheerful bearing and a joyful demeanor on the part of the feminine kind of the family are thought to be most effective in putting the man of the house into the right sort of humor for the day. There are other views, however, on this subject, and one of them came from a woman whose experiences in her married life have been of a kind to encourage any wife.

She disagrees with the accepted view as to the potency of good humor in the morning. Her scheme is very different. "The most important moment of the day to a man's peace of mind," she said, "is the ten minutes that follow his return from the work of the day. At that time one word may change his whole state of feeling."

"He comes home usually tired. Work or the vexations of business during the day have frequently brought him to a point of fatigue or nervousness at which a very little thing may decide what his mood will be for the rest of the evening. Of course the particular disposition of every man is going to tell here just as it does everything else. But my rule will hold good for the average man."

"The most important thing for the tactful woman to do is to wait until she sees some signs of his temper before she makes any decided move. Don't, above all things, tell him that the plumber has just sent in a terrible bill for making that little alteration or say that stupid Mrs. Jones has been at the house all the afternoon talking about the new house her husband has bought and showing off her sables as if she was the only woman in New York that had them."

"Generally it is best to avoid such beginnings, although a woman's tact must always be called in to help her out if one of the children has just been taken down with the measles or the cook has been drunk all day and had to be sent away."

"Don't talk too much in the beginning on any subject. Conversation taken torrentially at the outset is likely to upset anybody who is a little tired after a day's work and wants quiet before adjusting his mind to the restful enjoyment of home."

"The woman who follows this advice is going to find her evenings pleasanter than if she jumps at the beginning into the heart of things, especially disagreeable things. A little tact during the first quarter of an hour after the return home is worth all the early morning cheerfulness in the world when it comes to making the wheels move smoothly in the household."

VERDICT OF THE EDITOR.

It Was on a Story Turned In by a Verdant Reporter.

The first city editor I ever worked under, says a well known editor, was generally admitted to be a fine newspaper man, but was unpopular with the staff on account of his surly manners. I think the whole trouble was attributable to the fact that he had a slight impediment in his speech, which made it necessary for him to limit his conversation as much as possible. When he gave an order, it exasperated him to have to repeat it, and his bearing naturally became curt and abrupt.

But to come to the point, one night a week or so after I joined the staff I got hold of a little story about a runaway country girl who had been found by the police. She was a gawky young person of 18 or thereabout, homely as a mud fence and as uninteresting as an old shoe, but I saw a chance to distinguish myself and made the episode the basis of a charming romance a column and a half long and when I handed in the manuscript watched furtively to see the city editor go into spasms of delight.

But he didn't do anything of the kind. He read two pages with an expression



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"When I consulted you in April, 1899, I was in poor health," writes Mrs. E. H. Newton, of Auburn, Arrostook Co., Maine. "I had been sick all winter, and, to add to my trouble, was on the road to maternity, which the doctor said would end my days. I was almost discouraged; did not expect any help, but thought the end was only a matter of time, and—oh! my two poor, little, motherless children. "It was in this condition that I began the use of your valuable medicine. On receipt of your letter of April 6th my husband purchased six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I used it as you directed. When you wrote me words of encouragement on April 27th I had received no benefit from the medicine, but determined as a last resort to give it a fair trial. I am now taking the thirteenth and last bottle. I have a lovely baby girl three weeks old, that weighed 12 pounds at birth. My baby and I are enjoying perfect health, thanks to your wonderful medicine, to which I believe I owe my life."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets stimulate the liver.

that grew more and more fatigued and then beckoned me to his desk. "Y-y-young man," he said sternly, "b-b-boil this inf-ernal, g-ghastly r-r-rot down to the b-b-bones!" He hurled the word "bones" at me in such a terrible voice that I nearly fell over. Of course I was deeply chagrined and also a little resentful, and when I carried the story back to my table I confess that I went out of my way to obey his order to the letter.

In a short time I returned with a single page of "copy," containing a cold, colorless statement of fact, from which every particle of human interest had been carefully compressed. He read it, and his eyes twinkled slightly. "My b-b-boy," he said, "your t-t-first story was too g-g-good to be t-true; this is too t-t-true to be g-g-good. G-g-go see w-w-whether you can't s-s-split the d-d-difference."

MILLIONS OF SMITHS.

This Wonderful Family Penetrates Every Grade of Society.

Three thousand years ago the Hebrews were under the dominion of the Philistines. Then arose perhaps the strangest hardship ever imposed upon a subject nation by a conquering one. The Scriptures themselves tell the story in these graphic words:

"Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel, for the Philistines said, Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears; but all the Israelites went down to the Philistines to sharpen every man his coulter, and his ax, and his mattocks."

Thus the Hebrews were obliged to travel from 100 to 200 miles to find a smith, a hardship that is quite inconceivable today, when the country swarms with them. If there had never been any artisan smiths there could be no surname Smith today. And what would it mean to us if there were no longer Smiths (by name) in our land? It would mean vacancies in the professors' chairs and upon the judicial bench; it would thin the ranks of the lawyers, ministers and doctors, of the merchants, brokers and manufacturers, and of the railroad, commercial and financial magnates; it would diminish the number of scholars, reformers and philosophers and deplete the ranks of sailors, soldiers, farmers, mechanics and all the rest of the great laboring world; the tramps, beggars and jailbirds would be less often met with, and cranks, politicians, drunkards and criminals fewer in number. In fact, not a rank or gradation of our whole social system but would be affected. Some genius of computation has figured out that if all the males of earth were enrolled there would be an army of 7,000,000 Smiths among them. Allowing the feminine Smiths to be as numerous, the world has 14,000,000 living Smiths. Whether the number be as prodigious as this or not there is no question that it runs into the millions. A family so numerous and so universally infiltrated through every caste and class commands at least the respect due recognized magnitude and aggregated power.

Literally smith means smiter—i. e., one who smites or hammers. And in old days when every bit of metal, copper, iron, silver, gold or brass, had to be pounded and hammered by mighty strokes into armor, tools, plate, utensils and implements, there was need of many smiths. These smiths, or smiths, were not men of brawn alone; they had to possess the ready brain and skill to sharpen alike an implement, repair an armor or shoe a horse. There was an honest and lucrative trade, and every road, street and hamlet had its smiths. Not only were there many smiths, but different branches of smithery abounded, and thus numerous compounds and derivations of Smith came into existence. Among these are Smithier, Smithkins, Smithson, Arrasmith, Arrowsmith, Goldsmith, Silversmith, Coppersmith, Steelsmith, Locksmith, Hammersmith, Hocksmith, Drakesmith, Forcesmith, Bakersmith, Wildsmith, Wintersmith, Hoffsmith, Smitham, Bowersmith, Worksmith, Watchsmith, Kleinsmith and Smithdeal.

Strangest of all these perhaps is Fewsmith. Sometimes, to distinguish several Smiths in one street or hamlet, a Christian name was incorporated with the usual name. Thus came into usage Smithpeer, Hillsmith, Helensmith and Aaronsmith.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that other languages have their Smiths. Germans have numberless Schmitz and Schmidt, the French have Le Fevres, the Spaniards Gunsulus, the Russian Smithowskies and the Irish have Gavan and Gowan, each meaning Smith, and McGavan and McGowan, meaning the son of a smith.

Queer Trees at Niagara.

Persons visiting Niagara falls in summer often have their attention attracted to the queer shapes taken on by the trees which grow immediately around the great cataract. A trio of sturdy old trunks which must be every bit of 50 years old, and yet are graced with a tuft of foliage which seems to belong to a sapling of a few summers, stand near the American falls.

A visit to the falls in winter will explain the reason for the grotesque appearance of the trees. The mist thrown up by the falling water settles on the trees in such quantities that they often assume the appearance of icebergs stranded high and dry on the banks. As the weight of the ice increases the weaker boughs break away under the burden, and after a very cold season the tree emerges from its plating of ice shorn entirely of its branches. The trunk alone stands, and when touched by spring's warm breath it shoots out into a very close and compact bunch of leaves, which looks ridiculous on the top of such a heavy piece of timber.

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EARLY CLOSING NOTICE!

In order to give us a chance to fit up our New Stores on 3rd floor for

Saturday, May 18th

We will close our stores Tonight,

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at 7 p. m. Please do your shopping early. You and your friends are cordially invited to be present at the opening of our new additional stores this Saturday, May 18th, and following days.

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EASTERN STANDARD TIME

6.00 a m—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north; Bangor, Portland and Boston.
7.45 a m—Mixed for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston and points north via Gibson Branch. Leaves St. Marys 8.15 a. m.
9.20 a m—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Express for St. John and points east, and Accommodation for McAdam Junction.
4.00 p m—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and with the Pacific Express from Montreal for the west, Northwest and Pacific Coast, also with Pullman express for Bangor, Portland, Houlton, etc., St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.
Palace sleeper Fredericton Junction to Montreal.
Pullman sleeper Fredericton Junction to Boston.
7.25 p m—Express for St. John and points east, and mixed train for McAdam Junction, and Short Line to Megantic etc.

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8.50 a m—From St. John, McAdam Junction etc.
11.50 a m—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.
5.30 p m—Mixed from Woodstock and points north via Gibson Branch.
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