

CURRY ON THE STAND.

St. John Lawyer unfolds [another] Chapter of the Troubles in His Home.

The Curry divorce case is dragging along wearily before Judge Gregory and will probably not be finished before the end of the week. Dr. Curry was recalled at 12.45 o'clock on Tuesday, but the counsel spent fifteen minutes sparring for wind, so that no evidence was taken up to the hour the court adjourned for luncheon.

Dr. Curry was on the stand the whole afternoon and was examined in reference to the allegations set forth in Mrs. Curry's libel. Of the thirty allegations in the libel he was examined on thirteen of them, leaving seventeen yet to be disposed of. He denied emphatically that he ever struck Mrs. Curry or ill treated her but he admitted that he objected to her turning the house upside down with her amateur photographic work. He usually allowed her to have her own way, but he objected strongly to her association with servant girls, and to the companions she selected for the children. He declared that his domestic life was marred by continuous nagging and abuse from his wife, and he was simply driven out of his home. When his wife struck him he did not retaliate but simply pushed her away and then got out. He had frequently told her that he did not want his home turned into a bawdy house by the servant girls. On one occasion he returned home and found a servant girl in a compromising position with a man, and told his wife, but she made light of it. He had never in his life called his wife a vile name, but admitted calling her a she devil, although he claimed that he always used an alternative word, implying that she was either a she devil or crazy. He said that he did not swear or use bad language. Referring to the visit of the policeman to his home, he declared that it was a conspiracy hatched by his wife and others to degrade him. Some bad characters on the street had called the police after his wife had shouted from the window. He said that he suffered from gastritis, and there were only three things which gave him relief, whisky, ammonia and Jamaica ginger, and he usually gave whiskey the preference. He kept

some in his room and when he got up in the night to take it, it was at his wife's suggestion. He had not called his wife a thief, but she had on one occasion extorted a private letter from his trunk, and refused to return it. She had certainly acted the part of a thief then. He did not stop her credit at the stores, but told her when she wanted money he would supply it. He merely told some of the merchants that his wife would pay cash in future. In the case of Williams the grocer, he had said that if his wife bought goods in future to charge them to her and not to him. He denied absolutely that he had instructed the servants not to obey Mrs. Curry, in fact he told them to take their orders from her. He gave them to understand, however, that when Mrs. Curry lost her temper and abused them, not to take any notice of her. Dec. 20th of last year was the last occasion that he had shared his wife's room. He got out of bed to answer a telephone call, and took a message from the telephone office, and when he returned to the room she asked if her father was dead, and he answered in the affirmative. She then flew into a great rage, and not only called him a murderer, but abused him in every way, shape and form. Seizing a chair she swung it towards him in a threatening manner. He said to her, "If you want to kill me there's the revolver, take it and shoot me, but don't knock my brains out with that chair." Her reply to this was, "I'd shoot you quick enough if I wouldn't swing for it." He gave her money to go to her father's funeral, and allowed her to take the boy, Willie, along with her for company. After some discussion the court was adjourned until ten o'clock this morning. The judge expressed regret at the manner in which the case was being dragged out and intimated that he would resort to some violent measures if it was not disposed of by Saturday. Mrs. Curry occupied a seat during the day between her counsel at the red desk, and followed the proceedings very closely.

GREEN SICKNESS.

A disease of young girls.

Interesting and suggestive advice that all should read.

Many mothers will echo the conclusion expressed in a very interesting and suggestive letter written by Mrs. Zacharia Pollard, of Grand Bay.

It is one of the illusions of motherhood that once the disease of childhood have been successfully passed a smooth road lies before their dear ones. Boys bruise themselves, or perhaps break a limb, but the physical history of the young girl is subject to so many dangers, it is only when some great one has been successfully overcome that we realize how many dangers there are. My eldest child, a daughter, just as she had entered upon her sixteenth year, suddenly developed weakness, her color faded, some unpleasant heart symptoms indicated a lowered vitality or that organ, but strange to say she appeared plump. The bodily functions were obstructed, and a waxy pallid, or yellowish skin gave her a ghastly look. The doctor's tonic failed to improve the symptoms, we decided to try Ferrozone so highly recommended in the newspapers. It was probably three weeks before any manifest change was noticeable, but once Ferrozone checked the running-down process that upward advance was rapid. I suppose if I had neglected to give her Ferrozone she would have fallen into permanent ill-health, as it is I am deeply thankful that Ferrozone has completely restored my daughter to vigorous robust health.

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AN ELEPHANT RUNS AMUCK.

Scared by Small Pig Big Beast Puts Crowd to Flight in New York.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—So frightened was a four-ton elephant by the antics of a small pig that the big beast broke away from its keepers at the Hippodrome, crashed through several doors which barred its progress and started on a wild run toward the

East River. Down forty-third street to Fifth Avenue and then through crowded thirty-fourth street, the elephant swung along at a speed that amazed the great crowd following, and spread consternation ahead of it. No hand was raised to stir the beast's progress as it swept along, dodging street cars and automobiles. Men, women and children darted into doorway, to give the animal free way, and horses reared and plunged and screamed in terror when they saw the lumbering pachyderm bearing down upon them. Madison, Park Lexington, Third and Second Avenues were passed at top speed.

Between second and first avenues the frightened elephant plunged into the entrance of a tenement house. The passage way was too narrow to admit the immense bulk, but the elephant threw its weight forward and the sides of the door crumbled. Trotting through the long hallway, it forced an exit in the same manner and then started on a wild rampage through back yard fences. By the time the animal's keeper arrived on the scene it had swept through half a dozen frail obstructions and the window of every tenement house in the block was filled with spectators. The keeper finally succeeded in getting a rope around one of the elephants legs, and by making the rope fast to a clothes pole, held it there until the beast was securely tied.

The elephant refused to leave the yard even after it had been calmed until three other elephants were led to the scene. When joined by its companions the big beast became as tractable as a kitten. The four animals were then driven back to the Hippodrome.

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PROVED A POET.

A Youthful Experience of John Greenleaf Whittier.

John Greenleaf Whittier used to declare that at a very early age he knew himself to be a real poet and would often relate, writes Mrs. Abby J. Woodman in her "Reminiscences of Whittier's Life at Oak Knoll," an amusing experience when he was a student at the Haverhill academy. Mrs. Woodman gives it in Mr. Whittier's own words:

There is but little doubt that at the age of twenty I felt myself to be a real poet, somewhat unknown to fame, but sufficiently acknowledged as such by the committee directing the dedication of the new academy for them to invite me to read an original poem on that occasion.

Robert Dinsmore, an old Scotch farmer in Windham and a writer of rhyme and doggerel verse, was also invited to do the same. The honor of leading the procession which marched through the streets of Haverhill to the new academy was given to the two poets.

I often laugh when I recall the scene to memory. The hale old Scotchman, short and plethoric, his uncertain step and bearing slightly exalted by a generous draft of old Scotch whisky before we started, was somewhat of a contrast to me, a rather tall and slender Quaker lad in Quaker hat and coat and half frightened out of my wits by the honor heaped upon me.

However, we delivered our poems all right, and I am thinking that must have been the time when I was dubbed "the Quaker poet."

A STRANGE LAKE.

Sulphur Island's Acid Waters Will Eat Up Boats.

A strange lake exists in the center of Sulphur Island, off New Zealand. It is fifty acres in extent, about twelve feet in depth and fifteen feet above the level of the sea.

The most remarkable characteristic of this lake is that the water contains vast quantities of hydrochloric and sulphuric acids hissing and bubbling at a temperature of 110 degrees F.

The dark green colored water looks particularly uninviting. Dense clouds of sulphuric fumes constantly roll off this boiling caldron, and care has to be exercised in approaching this lake to avoid the risk of suffocation. On the opposite side of the lake may be seen the tremendous blowholes, which when in full blast present an awe inspiring sight.

The roar of the steam as it rushes forth into the air is deafening, and often huge boulders and stones are hurled out to a height of several hundred feet by the various internal forces of nature.

A boat can be launched on the lake and if proper care be observed the very edges of the blowholes may be safely explored.

Some idea of the strength of the acid saturated water of this lake may be gathered from the fact that a boat almost dropped to pieces after all the passengers had been landed, as the rivets had corroded under the influence of the acids.

Strange Race of Ancient Britons.

Among the races of humankind which away back of history's records passed like clouds over various parts of the earth one of the most puzzling to ethnologists is that of the early bronze age men who dwelt in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and are supposed to have constructed the special forms of stone circles whose remains are now found there. These men differed significantly, says J. Gray, from all the prehistoric racial types previously determined in Britain. They were remarkably broad headed, and their average stature was only five feet three inches, as shown by skeletons. The British neolithic race was markedly long headed, and the bronze age race, which built the round tumuli, was also long headed and tall.

Man and Woman.

Father Vaughan of London, preaching on marriage, remarked that a woman said to him: "When you have seen one man you have seen them all in their moods and tempers. They are all alike." His reply was: "It may be so, but woman is like an irregular French verb, and unless a man studies her in all her peculiar moods and tempers he will misconstrue and misinterpret her, much to his disadvantage."

An Overdressed Drama.

It is only in the last fifty years that the true purpose of the theater, the decent interpretation of the drama, has been utterly obscured. Today carpenters, costumers and wigmakers throw the humble playwright into the shade.

Painful Memories.

Mr. Jenkins—I wish he wouldn't sing that song about "Falling Dew." Mrs. Jenkins—Why not? Mr. Jenkins—It reminds me too much of the house rent.—Baltimore American.

Reprieve.

"What, divorced already? Why, my dear fellow, I supposed you were up against it for life." "No; I got time allowance for bad behavior."—Puck.

Careless.

Mrs. Henpeck—You were talking in your sleep last night, Henry. Mr. Henpeck—I beg your pardon, my dear, for having interrupted you.—Stray Stories.

everybody's business is

DONNED MAN'S GARB.

Canadian Woman Found Struggle Too Had In Female Clothes.

Dressed in a dark suit and wearing a slouch hat set rakishly on a thatch of black hair, showing gray about the temples, Frank Woodhull, fifty years old and a native of Canada, walked up the broad entrance to the immigration station on Ellis Island, New York, a few days ago. An hour after he left the private room of one of the matrons in a state of agitation, shorn of the name of Frank Woodhull. The passenger was, in fact, Mary Johnson, an English-Canadian woman, who had adopted men's dress. She confessed that she had so disguised herself to have a better chance in the world and because of a moustache which nature had unfortunately bestowed on her.

Standing before the immigration officials she told a pitiable story of her life, which, she declared, had been blameless.

"My life," she said, "has always been a struggle. I come of an English-Canadian family and have had most of my fight to make all alone. Thirty years ago, when I was twenty, my father died and I was thrown entirely on my own resources. I came to this country a young girl and went west to make my way. For fifteen years I struggled on. The hair on my face was a misfortune. It was often the subject of rude jest and caused me endless embarrassment. The struggle was awful, but I had to live somehow and so I went on."

"Then came a time, fifteen years ago, when I got desperate. I had been told that I looked like a man, and I knew that in Canada some women have put on men's clothes to do men's work."

"I was in California at the time. I bought men's clothes and began to wear them. Then things changed. I had prospects. I have sold books, lightning rods and worked in stores. Most of the time I have been in California, but now I am going to New Orleans, where there are chances of employment."

ALASKA WHEAT A FAKE.

Many Experts Have Set Seal of Disapproval on It.

Alaska wheat, trailed to its lair by a farm machinery man, has been pronounced unworthy of the attention of the farmers of the northwest who may have become interested in it through its extensive advertising east and west.

A thrasher manufacturing firm has received a letter from one of its northwestern representatives.

Neither traveler nor company has the slightest interest in the Alaska wheat other than that they are in the business of selling farm implements and machinery, are dependent upon farmers for patronage, and do not wish to see their patrons take up the new cereal in expectation of results that, they feel, cannot be realized.

First interest in the wheat was aroused by an article in The Saturday Evening Post some time ago by Oscar F. G. Day of Minneapolis, in which statements were made that Alaska wheat will yield up to 22 bushels to the acre and will grade No. 1 hard. The impression made by the article was that the world was on the eve of revolution with reference to food supplies. The wheat, as seed, at a fancy price, was offered by Abraham Adams of Jullietta, Idaho, and by a local firm which had an exhibit at the fair.

Mr. Travis, in his letter, says that on one 700-acre field of this Alaska wheat, the best yield was thirty-six bushels, while club wheat in adjoining fields went forty and fifty bushels to the acre. The wheat, he says, is well known, has been known for years, has little value for flour making, and is a great deceiver.

Every milling and grain journal in the country has pronounced Alaska wheat a fake, and the Government experts from Washington have put their ban upon it. The letter from Mr. Travis to Mr. Lewellen is the indorsement of these adverse opinions by grain men.

Canadian Male Beauty.

An English paper says a Canadian won second prize in a recent Beauty contest at Folkestone. Dismissing the competition the paper says:

"Folkestone Pier was crammed in every part recently to gaze on over fifty men who presented themselves as 'beauties,' to compete for various prizes. When the candidates presented themselves for inspection some on-lookers indulged in more or less facetious remarks, but good humor always prevailed. The fact of some competitors entering at all could only be regarded as a joke, but there were several foreign aspirants for awards, including a Red Indian. There was also one veteran of over eighty, who relied largely for votes upon his flowing locks. The ladies present were supplied with voting papers, each being allowed three votes. The competitors were not allowed to derive any advantage by reason of superior dress. Each in turn had to look through a gold frame, and as the face of each appeared there was loud applause or derisive laughter.

"The first prize, a Raleigh bicycle, was won by Mr. W. Weatherhead, a Folkestone lifeboatman; the second prize went to Mr. Brant Sero, of Ontario; and the third to Mr. Whitacre, a comedian, of Manchester."

"Ontario" seems to the editor to be sufficient address for Mr. Sero.

Immigration Decreases.

The total immigration into Canada from January to August was 117,533, as compared with 216,772 for the same period last year, a decrease of 46 per cent. Immigration at ocean ports was 74,569, as compared with 175,816, showing a decrease of 57.27 for the eight months. From United States immigration was 40,964, as compared with 40,956 for the same period last year, an increase of eight persons. From April of this year until August, 342 immigrants were refused admission to Canada at ocean ports, and 1,266 were refused admission from United States for the same period.

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