

## SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Indies at her residence on Saturday for the pleasure of Miss Sadie Riddout.

Miss Nellie Short is visiting Miss Kennedy in St. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Grimmer and Mrs. J. Dunton went to St. Andrews yesterday to attend the funeral services of the late Mrs. Nathan Treadwell.

Percy Gillmor has gone to Montreal en route to British Columbia on a business trip.

Herbert Foss of Boston has been the guest for several days of Fred W. Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Ross have returned from a visit in New York city.

Miss May Carter spent Sunday in St. John with relatives.

## STANDREWS N. B.

MAN 15.—Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Snow came down from Woodstock on Monday to attend the obsequies of Mrs. Nathan Treadwell.

Mrs. Wm. A. Grant of Calais has lately been visiting St. Andrews friends.

Chris Matthews of Wilton's beach, registered at Kennedy's hotel on Monday.

"Miss Mary Allen" says the Stanhope family, of Newcomb, New Jersey, "received her teacher's certificate as a result of her recent examination in Newton. She received a 100 in each of six branches and her general average was 99.9." County Superintendent Luther Hill, in an appended note, says that it was the highest average he ever recorded in a single examination. Miss Allen is a granddaughter of Mrs. Mary Brennan of St. Andrews.

Dr. H. T. Armstrong dentist, is located in Providence, R. I., where he is practicing his profession.

Miss Thompson of St. Stephen, has been visiting her brother's family in St. Andrews.

Robert Worrell who has been lumbering during the winter has returned home.

Prof. Knight of Queens college, Kingston, Ont. will return to his laboratory work in St. Andrews during the latter part of May. He will take up his quarters at Kennedy's hotel, with his wife and family.

It is stated that Donald McMaster, Q. C., of Montreal will occupy the Tilley cottage next season.

Mrs. David Thompson is very ill with pneumonia. Her daughter Mrs. Hill of Haverhill, Mass., is with her.

Miss Mollie Maloney came down from St. Stephen on Tuesday, with her sister, Miss Claudine Maloney.

Miss Annie Harrington has returned from St. John.

Miss Foster is home from her Boston visit.

## A Young Philosopher.

"Pa," began little Clarence Callipers, with a rising inflection.

"There my son, that will do" interrupted his father, who was long suffering, but like the powerful worm, prone to turn at last. I haven't time to answer any more of your questions to night."

"I wasn't going to ask a question this time, pa; I was just thinking."

"I'm! What were you thinking about?"

"Why, pa, I have discovered that a large part of the trouble in this world is due to the fact that one-half of the people in it are men and the other half women."

"Perhaps so; but what do you think causes the rest of the trouble?"

"I guess (the greatest cause is that so many of the women are trying to be men, and so many of the men are trying to be women."

And after the lad had gone to bed the proud father remarked sentimentally, as he smote the table a heavy thump of conviction.

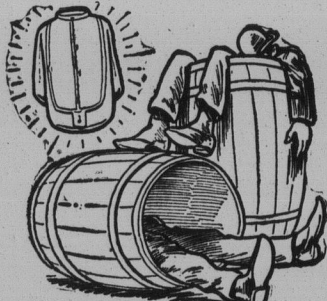
"Well, if that boy isn't the reincarnation of the late Socrates there is nothing in the whole theory of theosophy."

"What do you think of that plan to run a newspaper on Christian principles?" asked the night editor.

"I'd like to be there," said the foreman of the composing room, "on the final swing, when they have half a minute to get the form in and a column of much matter gets piled."

"How many votes in your family?" asked the spring candidate.

"Well, sub," replied the colored campaigner. "I'll say dis much; Dey's no countin' de capabilities er dat fambly!"



## Not Interested.

They are not interested just now in clean linen, but you are. We should like to convince you that we can give you

## PERFECT CLEANLINESS WITH LESS WEAR.

than can others. By our NEW METH-ODS linen does not have to be bleached to pieces to make it clean. Shall we send for your next bundle?

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**GODSOE BROS.,** Proprietors.  
Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

"A Fair Outside Is  
a Poor Substitute  
For Inward Worth."

Good health, inwardly, of the kidneys, liver and bowels, is sure to come if Hood's Sarsaparilla is promptly used.

This secures a fair outside, and a consequent vigor in the frame, with the glow of health on the cheek, good appetite, perfect digestion, pure blood.

Loss of Appetite.—"I was in poor health, troubled with dizziness, tired feeling and loss of appetite. I was completely run down. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and after awhile I felt much better. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up." LIZZIE A. RUSSELL, Old Chelsea, near Ottawa, Que.

Biliousness.—"I have been troubled with headache and biliousness and was much run down. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me relief and built me up." A. MORRISON, 59 Deane Street, Toronto, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## MRS. MOORE WAS SHARP.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

thought of too. When the necessary amount had been paid, and Frank released from jail, Mrs. Moore, says she advanced him about \$60 for clothes etc, but before starting for Dawson she wanted him and the others whom she proposed taking along to sign agreements under which they would be bound to pay her one third of the profits on all claims taken out by them; but when the document was prepared in proper legal form it was found that the parties were asked to pay one half instead of one third profit, there were other items in the contract which made it somewhat of a curiosity, and demonstrated more than ordinary business knowledge and ability on the part of the woman. The inducement held out was the probability of making \$200 or \$300 in a day. But despite this golden bait the men refused to sign, one witness, Ring, stating that whatever others might think of him, he didn't consider himself lunatic enough to put his name to such a contract.

A peculiar feature of the case was that while the defendant says she never requested the plaintiff to pay \$100 for her son, the plaintiff alleges that she made her three payments viz \$15, \$5 and \$1 on the amount.

On cross examination by Dr. Stockton the plaintiff was asked if she did not consider Frank Moore a smart man, to which her diplomatic reply was: "I believe he spent some time in Judge Skinner's office, and may be considered technically smart."

After she got Frank out of jail and while getting ready for the Klondike Mrs. Moore with an eye to business, suggested a commodity that would be profitable in that land, viz pills of every form and description. [Headaches, dyspepsia etc, were common there and the many specifics for these ills would find a ready market.

Frank who had at one time been in T. B. Barkers & Sons drug store acted upon her suggestion and procured a quantity of these articles for speculation. They may be still in his possession. The case occasioned considerable interest in the court, and much amusement for those who happened to be in attendance. The court was about finding, on facts, for defendant when the plaintiffs counsel forcing this submitted to non-suit.

## "Pouring Oil on the Fire."

Young mother—"What makes the baby cry so, nurse?"

Green nurse—"O! 'ink he has colic, mum."

Young mother—"An' can't you do anything for him?"

Green nurse—"Shure, mum, O! I've pit a mushtard plaster on his stomach, but it seems to give him no relief at all, at all."

## A Faint Possibility.

Callahan (dependently)—"Shure, an' O! I've bin leading a dog's life iver since O! got married."

Kerrigan (thoughtfully)—"Perhaps yez wint to the wrong clerk, Callahan, an' got a dog-license instid yu a marriage-license."

## Resignation.

Mrs. Boscawen—Is Lent a season of rest with your husband?"

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Indeed it is, my dear. I make him accompany me to church every day, and he never fails to go to sleep during the service."

Mr. Buggins carefully drew a long, golden tress from his portion of the Welsh rabbit.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," exclaimed Mrs. Buggins; "I'm sure I don't know how it got there."

"That's all right," said Mr. Buggins; the first principle of a Welsh rabbit is, first to catch your hair."

Scenes in  
the Klondike.

While the world is filled with sorrow,  
And hearts must break and bleed,  
It's day by day in the daytime,  
And there is no night in Creede.

A green garden set high on a hill, like a picture on an easel, was the strange sight I saw from my stateroom window as Dawson dawned upon my view, at 5.30 of an August morning, and, of course, before the fire that recently devastated the place.

It had rained in Dawson the day before. The hills were all washed clean. The little garden, facing the east, bathed in sunlight, smile down on me like a pretty girl in the gallery. Klondike City was shipping by us, and just below, over a wide gravel bar, the crystal Klondike rushed in, making a wide, green path far out in the gray waters of the Yukon. Just below the mouth of that far-famed river, the city of Dawson begins. It has all come into view so suddenly and we sweep down the swift stream so rapidly, that one finds it bewildering. After 500 miles of almost houseless shore, this imposing camp, with its shipping, floating wharves and great iron warehouses, was a revelation. At the upper end of town are the Government buildings, the prison and the barracks where the mounted police live.

Almost a mile of houses, all sorts, shapes and sizes, are ranged along the embankment facing the river. These are the principal business establishments of the town—hotels, shops of all kinds, saloons, dance halls, banks and barber shops. It is a vivid picture, a wonderful panorama that passes our window as we drop down stream. There goes a milk wagon drawn by seven dogs, a perfect little wagon, and the dogs have harnesses with collars and hames like the harness of a horse. It reminds me of Austria and Bohemia, only there are no women in harness here. A tall girl in a red wrapper and a miner in a white hat, are walking on the sidewalk in front of a dance hall. Although it is barely 6 o'clock, all the shops are open. The clerks and shopkeepers are out looking at the steamer as she glides down to her dock. Men are hurrying down to the wharf to meet friends and loved ones they left behind. A well dressed woman looks anxiously up at the purser as the boat ties up. The purser shakes his head, and a shadow settles on his hopeful, almost happy face, as the woman turns away.

Now the women, who have made the long journey of thousands of miles to join their husbands, come from their cabins clad in neat travelling gowns that have not been worn on the whole trip. A new hat a fresh ribbon here and there, a happy smile, all kept back for this one joyful moment. "Hub," I heard a woman say: "how funny he looks in that horrid hat." A man kissed his child, held it off and gazed at it through tear dimmed eyes, and tried hard to realize that this big boy was "baby."

The boat had scarcely ceased rocking when Jim and I walked ashore. Two handsome, clean-faced, young soldiers of the mounted police force were toiling along the stand with a drunken man between them. These fine young men do the police duty in Dawson. It is not a pleasant duty, but, since they must perform it, they do it well, and win the respect and sympathy of all classes of citizens. Verily, there is no night in Dawson. The men at the gaming tables are changing shift, but the games go on. "They hanged two Indians and a white man last week, and started a daily paper." That was a news item given the captain on our boat by a man who came on board. Just as we entered our hotel a Swede flagged us:

"Have yeh seen yaller-hair woman wi' wan kid on des boat?"

"Yes," said Thompson. "Freckled kid with his nose skinned."

"Val, ha's been baby when a see 'em last, but a tank he would have ha's nose skin by des time."

"There is no lock on my door," said I to the young woman who was head clerk and half-owner in the hotel.

"Oh, well—we'll give you a better room as soon as ore is vacant."

"But in the meantime," I explained, "any one can come up the back stairs and step into my room it won't even latch."

The clerk smiled.

"Well," she said, as she changed a \$100 bill taking out \$1.50 for the man's breakfast, "I guess we'll have to put locks on all our doors. People seem to expect it. The fact is," she went on, "we have been in such a rush that we had not thought of it. But things are changing. People are coming in from the East now—I suppose we'll have to lock up."

She did not mean to be discourteous. She simply indicated a well known condition. So long as a mining camp is occupied by miners, mountaineers, pioneers

A pure hard Soap

# SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

and prospectors, no one every thinks of locks. It is the coming of the tenderfoot, the Cheechawko, that makes locks necessary. Even the Indians were reasonably honest with each other until we began to civilize them.

I see nothing here marked less than a quarter. That is the price of a four-page paper. At Seattle the penny passes out of use, at Skagway the nickel and at Dawson, the dime. But prices are dropping rapidly here. Fresh signs in the restaurants read, "Meals only \$1." In some places they are but 75 cents, with drinks. In one of the best hotels in town I pay \$5 a day for a small room, but it is clean. Meals are \$1.50, table d'hôte, but they are excellent. If you want a spring chicken it will cost you \$6. It costs 50 cents to quench at all first-class bars. He is a copy of a typewritten bill of fare, a verb, et lit.

Anheuser Busch or Schlitz Beer, per quart...\$4.00  
Labatt's English Ale, per pint...\$2.50  
Guinness's Extra Stout, per pint...\$2.50

## GRILL ROOM AND CAFE.

Cox & Gates, Proprietors.  
Dinner, 5 to 8 P. M., \$1.50.

## SOUP.

Beef broth Anglaise, consommé.

## FISH.

Boiled king salmon, hollandaise.

## ENTREES.

Curried Lobster with rice.

Breast of lamb with French peas.

Bell fritters, Maple sauce.

## ROASTS.

Prime-ribs of beef, au jus.

Veal with dressing.

## VEGETABLES.

Boiled and mashed potatoes.

Green peas.

## DESSERT.

Assorted pies.

Lemon ice cream.

Cucumbers 50c. Radishes 50c.

Lettuce 50c.

DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

I spoke to Dr. B—enthusiastically about the little green garden on the hill, and now we are going up the Klondike to see the garden. It costs a quarter to walk across the suspension bridge that spans the little river. The day is delightful, but my mind is constantly reverting to a powerful, beautifully worded description that I have been reading of the Klondike by a gifted author who has never seen the country. I shall quote bits of his description as I go, setting them side by side with the thing as I see it.

"It is a grim country, a country of extremes."

Despite the recent rains the Klondike is crystal clear, the trail is washed clean. In a picturesque cabin beside the path, a woman is singing her baby to sleep, and over the willows is wafted the sound of tinkling bells. In front of a little roadside shop a man is candling a crate of eggs—holding them one by one between him and the sun. They are worth \$1.50 a dozen.

"There is little vegetable mould, and plant life in sparse."

Here, in the Klondike vale, I find a miniature field of oats. The well filled heads come up to my shoulders. The grain is in the dough—it will be ripe in a week. Since this was written I have seen a news despatch which reads as follows: "Recent experiments with grain growing and market gardening in the Yukon Valley, not far from Dawson and the centre of the Klondike region, give promise of fresh vegetables for the miners, before long, produced in their own neighborhood. Wheat, oats and barley all planted late in May and harvested about the middle of August, have reached Duluth, as a sample of what has been done in the Klondike region. All of the grain is fully matured, and of good quality. Of course, many vegetables can be grown still more readily than such cereals."

"Gnats and mosquitoes move to and fro in dense clouds during the summer and add to the many discomforts and discouragements of the region."

The burro, the husky and the siwash are the only insects I have seen thus far in or about Dawson. Not a gnats. Not so much as one widowed, melancholy mosquito have I seen here.

"Life is a warfare."

Sitting in the bill side garden, overlooking the beautiful Klondike with its pictures-

que ferry and trim boats gliding down stream; the song of a brook nearby, the murmur of the river below, the soft winds freighted with the fragrance of flowers, the scent of sweet peas and the perfume of the pine, it seems to me that if a man had money enough to keep him from pining for the "creeks", and mosquitoes enough to keep him from brooding, life here, in summer at least, would be one grand, sweet song.

Leaving the garden we climb up over a shoulder of the big hill that curves round Dawson. At the summit we find some rustic seats beside the trail. We wonder who ever took the time to build them, when labor in the mines, until recently, had been worth \$15 a day. Near by there is a run-dial, marks N. W. M. P., and we know that the police, who are always doing something—blazing a trail, bridging a stream or marking a mud hole—have put these things here.

Our trail lies along an almost level stretch of table land. There are a great many cabins along the trail, but very few people. Some of the cabins are very pretty. Many have double walls, filled with dirt between. Over the door of one rustic letters are fixed to spell "Iowa."

Here under the aspen trees or cottonwood and spruce, moss is found in thick tufts like green bunches of swamp grass near the edge of a swamp. It is this thick blanket of moss that keeps the sun from the earth and holds the frost in the ground. When the moss is removed, the earth thaws out in the summer, for the days are long here, and as warm as they are in Colorado.

Now we come out on the brow of the hill over-looking Dawson. The view is unbroken. Here, to our left, rushes the clear Klondike and yonder, at the farther end of the town the mighty Yukon, curving with a sweep sublime, glides away among the hills on the long journey to the ocean, nearly two thousand miles away.

Between the town and the foot of the hill there is a wide stretch of level, marshy land. This was a quagmire a year ago. Now it has all been drained—we can see the drains and ditches from the hilltop—and you can walk or ride all about.

My friend and companion, Dr. B. points out two hospitals—that have cost over \$50,000—both empty. One is for typhoid fever patients. Only three cases there. "Why," said the doctor, "Dawson to-day is the most vulgarly healthy town on the continent."—Cy. Warman.

## Pat's Interpretation.

Finnissy (the boarder, not long over)—"Arrah, Mrs. O'Brien! this do be a great country fer th' encouragemint av crime, d'ye mind?"

Mrs. O'Brien—"Yez moosht be mish-taken in that sor."

Finnissy—"Indade an Oi ain't. It sez in this paper that wan man clubs another man 'd' death an' th' judge gives him life fer it."

DYEING AND CLEANING of all descriptions done at shortest notice. Don't forget that our laundry work is the best. Telephone or postal and we'll call at once 28 to 34 Waterloo St. Phone 58.

## TENDERS

—FOR—

Steam Fire Engine and Ladder Truck,

TENDERS will be received at the office of the Director of Public Safety, City Building, City of Saint John, N. B., until FRIDAY, 28th inst., from persons willing to furnish one number 2 Steam Fire Engine, Crane Neck, with Archibald Roller Bearing Wheels, of the Archibald make.

All tenders must give full dimensions of the engine with weight.

Tenders will also be received at the same time and place for one 65 ft. Ariel Ladder Truck, provided with Archibald Roller Bearing Wheels, of the Archibald make, and also with suitable Sleigh Runners for winter use. Parties tendering to furnish full specification and details of proposed equipment.

The above engine and truck to be delivered at No. 2 Engine House, Saint John, N. B. Freight and duty, etc., paid.

A deposit of money or certified cheque equal to five per centum of the estimated full value of Contract at prices named in bid will be required.

The Department does not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

ROBERT WISELY,  
Director Public Safety Department  
Saint John, N. B., March 15th, 1900.  
8-15 m w/ld.