

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

who has recently been in New York city, was in town last week on route to Halifax. During his stay he was the guest of Judge Stevens. His son Harley, who has spent the summer here with Dr. and Mrs. Lawson, accompanied him to Halifax.

Mrs. Caldwell, who has been the guest of Mrs. Henry B. Murchie, has returned to Boston.

The whist club was entertained recently by Mrs. C. F. Beard and Miss Berta Smith. There were about twenty ladies and gentlemen present. The prizes were won by Miss Mabel Murchie and Miss Charlotte Young and the lucky prize was awarded to Miss Kate Washburn and B. A. Dwyer. After the game was finished some music was enjoyed and supper was served.

Mrs. Stephen Loring and children have returned to their home in Boston accompanied by Miss Emily Loring of St. Stephen with whom Mrs. Loring has been making a few weeks' visit.

Miss May Jew or has returned from a pleasant visit to Boston.

Miss Nettie McBride went to St. John on Friday as a delegate from the Y. to the New Brunswick W. C. T. U. convention.

Mrs. Margaret Stuart, who has been quite ill during the past month, is much better and expects to go this week to the home of Mrs. Edward Price to pass the winter.

Arthur Kirk continues to improve though the process is slow. Miss Sarah Kirk is quite ill.

Mrs. W. F. Todd spent a day or two in St. John this week.

Mrs. Hugh Baltham has returned from a visit to Brookline, Mass.

Miss Winter McAllister is enjoying the pleasures of Boston.

Miss Eva B. Vaughan pleasantly entertained a party of friends at her home one evening last week.

Mrs. F. T. MacNichol and Miss Ida McKenzie are visiting Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trimble have been visiting Denysville.

Mrs. A. E. Nell is the guest of Mrs. W. W. Sawyer in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. Lee and Mrs. C. H. Clerk went to Ellsworth, Maine, on the excursion on Friday.

Mrs. Albert H. Sawyer is visiting Boston.

RICHMOND.

Nov. 8.—Senator Potter of Shidac and Geo. V. McInerney, M. P., were in Kouchibouquet on a shooting trip.

Mrs. Potter accompanied the Senator here and spent the week in town, the guest of Mrs. G. V. McInerney, they returned on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Carter spent last week visiting in Newcasile and Bathurst.

Miss Sadie Foster of Dorchester is in town, guest of her aunt, Mrs. David Cochrane.

Mr. J. T. Cale has been in Kcncton for the past week, and the friends of his daughter, Miss Florrie Cale, are pleased to hear the favorable reports of her recovery.

Mr. Geo. Noble of St. John is in town today.

Bishop Knudsen of Fredericton will hold a confirmation service on Sunday morning next in St. Mary's Church of England.

Mrs. Wm. Lawson spent some days in St. John last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard O'Leary drove to Chatham on Wednesday last.

Mr. Robert Loggie of Loggieville was in town last week.

Mr. Murray of St. Stephen spent Sunday in town.

A WOMAN AT A FIRE.

She Did Exactly as she Had Planned to do: But Still Isn't a Hero.

"We had a fire at our hotel in the country," said the little woman, "and of course it happened on the night that Harry was off on a hunting trip. Now, I am very nervous about fire and when I go into a hotel room, the first thing I do is to examine the fire escape and estimate the distance from the ground. 'Then, I am always expecting a fire and so my garments are invariably placed where I can get them in the shortest space of time.'

"And this time you really had a fire!" said her friend. "Did you keep your senses, or did you do all the foolish things you had previously resolved not to do?"

"I kept all my senses," replied the little woman, proudly. "When the night clerk knocked at my door and told me the house was on fire, but I had plenty of time to collect my valuables and get out, I wasted no time in hysterics, as did the women next door to me, but dressed myself with my usual care, collected my valuables and put them in a satchel, all the while with a



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But a law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the entire system shall be strong, healthy and vigorous.

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Erysipelas.—"Had a severe attack of erysipelas, suffering from dizziness and nervousness so that I could not rest at night. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results, and now recommend it to others." M. CHAMBERS, Toronto, Ont.

Tired Feeling.—"Was all run down and had no appetite. Was tired all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla was suggested, and a trial benefited me so much that now I would not be without the medicine." Mrs. G. D. BURNETT, Central Norton, N. B.

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feeling that I was doing something I had done somewhere before.

"That was the result of having planned it all before hand so carefully," said her friend, admiringly.

"I suppose so. At any rate, I did it, while I could hear that woman in the next room laughing and crying in a breath, and the man across the hall calling that he was never so cool in his life, but he could not find a thing but his wife's bath robe to put on! By the time that I was dressed and had my things collected the smoke was choking and I wet a towel and wrapped it about my mouth and nose. The village fire brigade had arrived, and I could hear them shouting like madmen on the lawn below. The woman in the next room was being taken forcibly away, as I opened my window, which led to the fire escape and looked down, looting that somebody would come for me. My room was on the fourth floor, and that fire escape seemed endless as I looked down."

"And did nobody come to help you?" asked her friend.

"No one. I saw not a soul, though I still heard the shouting fire brigade. Well I did not mean to perish in that way, if my head is weak when it comes to looking down from a height. Registering a vow that the next time Harry went hunting I would go too, I wrapped my skirts carefully about me and began the descent. Such sights as I saw at the windows on my way down! One woman had torn to the greater part of the Titan hair which had made her the envy of every other woman in the hotel all summer and was standing in her room crying for somebody to come and take down her trunks. A man was starting out of his door with a water pitcher in his hand to put out the fire, and a young married woman was crying out that she couldn't remember where she had hidden her diamonds that night. The first glimpse of dawn were in the sky as I usually dropped, faint and exhausted on the lawn, but with my valuables all safe and only my bruised hands to show for my adventure. Just as I was congratulating myself the bus drove into the grounds and I saw Harry get out of it. Then my courage left me and I began to cry."

"And no wonder," said her friend, admiringly, "after such an experience as this! Here is your husband now. Aren't you proud of Helen's bravery, Mr. Van Smith?"

"Oh, you mean at the fire in the hotel last summer, do you?" was the reply. "Yes very proud; but I suppose she told you that the fire was confined to the other wing of the hotel, and she might just as well have opened her door and walked down stairs, the usual way! Queer how people lose their wits at the cry of fire, isn't it?"

Women Doctors.

Speaking of women doctors reminds one that they aren't so new as some folks think! The first qualified woman physician in Europe, so far as is known, was a young Athenian woman named Agnodice. In the year 300 B. C. she disguised herself as a man, and began to attend the medical schools at Athens, which it was against the law for a woman to do. She afterwards practised among the women of Athens with extraordinary success. But her secret being coming known, she was prosecuted for studying and practising medicine illegally. The Athenian women, however, raised so furious an agitation in consequence that the case was dropped and the law repealed. Coming to later times we find several women who obtained the degree of doctor of medicine and practised in Europe before 1492, especially in the Moorish universities in Spain. Trotula of Rugiero, in the eleventh century, had a European reputation and practised as a doctor in Salerno. At the beginning of the fourteenth century Dorothea Bocini not only received the degree of doctor, but was professor of medicine in the famous university of Bologna. Since then two other women have been professors of medical subjects in the same university—Anna

Mangolini (anatomy) and Dr. Maria delle Donne (obstetric medicine), the latter being appointed in 1779. In the year 1811 an edict was issued in France forbidding surgeons and female surgeons from practicing until they had passed a satisfactory examination before the proper authorities. These female surgeons are again referred to in an edict in 1852.

MAD ELEPHANT.

How a mad Elephant Caused a Panic and its Final Capture.

In 'Tent Life in Tiger-Land,' Mr. James Inglis relates the escape of one of his friends from a mad elephant. The brute had been making mighty efforts to wrench up the stake to which he was chained, and at last he succeeded. With the first desperate bound forward, the heavy ankle-chains, trayed and worn in one link, had snapped asunder; and with the huge stake trailing behind him, he charged down on the camp with a scream of fury.

The cry was raised, 'Run, run, sahbie, the Tusker has gone must [mad]! He has broken loose!'

We started to our feet and ran. The servants fled in all directions. One man was overtaken and killed, and another was seized and flung into the river, and then the maddened beast vented his fury on the tent.

From the other shore of the river we could see the elephant, who had thus scattered us, in a perfect frenzy of rage, kneeling on the shapeless heap of cloth, furniture and poles, and digging his tusks with savage fury into the bargings and canvas, in the very abandonment of rage.

Then we realized that our friend and companion, Mac, had been left in the tent. We held our breath, and dared not look into each other's faces. Every thing showed as clearly as it had been day. We saw an elephant tossing the strong canvas canopy about. Thrust after thrust was made by the tusks into the folds of the cloth. Raising his huge trunk he would scream in the very frenzy of his wrath, but at last he staggered to his feet and rushed into the jungle.

And then joy! a muffled voice was heard from beneath the tent folds: 'Get me out of this you fellows, or I'll be smothered!'

In trying to leave the tent Mac's foot had caught in a rope, and the whole falling canopy had come down upon him, burying the table and a few cane chairs over him. His escape had been miraculous. The brute in one of his savage, purposeless thrusts had pierced the ground between his arm and his ribs, pinning his sash to the earth, and the tent cloth had several times been pressed so closely over his face as almost to strangle him. He said that he felt himself sinking into unconsciousness when the brute fortunately got up and rushed off.

Every Inch a Sultan.

The late Sultan of Morocco, Mulai Hassan, was one of the most striking figures of the Oriental world. Standing about six feet three inches, he was dark in face, having, though a descendant of Mohammed, some negro blood.

His clothes, says the author of "A Journey in Morocco," were spotless white, made like those worn by ordinary tribesmen, but of finer stuff. Colors he never wore, nor jewelry, except a silver ring with a large diamond. Once a man asked him for this as a keepsake. He half drew it off, but replaced it, saying with a quiet smile:

"No, I will keep it, but you can have its value in money if you choose."

His clothes he never wore more than a day, and his servants claimed them as perquisites, so that his wardrobe must have been pretty extensive, even for a king. Upon a journey, he carried almost all his

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possessions packed on camels, and when in need of amusement he would say to a servant, "Bring me the telescope the Belgian minister gave me two years ago," or "the watch the Queen of England sent me," and the unlucky man to whom he spoke had to produce the article, if he unpacked a hundred camels in the search.

NOT WHAT IT SEEMED.

The Old Notion of a Not Very Wealthy Man in Fixing up a Home.

'Last week, while I was in a city not a thousand miles from here,' said a local business man, who has just returned from a little trip to a neighboring town, 'I ran across a former bachelor friend, whom I had not seen for over two years. I knew that he had married in the meanwhile, and when I offered my congratulations he insisted on my coming out to the house for dinner.'

'I accepted, of course, but when we reached his home I was sorry I hadn't declined. In fact, I was deeply shocked, for of all the poverty-stricken, squalid and generally dilapidated habitations I ever laid eyes on, the one he piloted me to was by long odds the worst. The house was a shabby-looking frame affair, weather beaten, unpainted and patched all over with odd boards. Some of the shutters were missing, and others hung by one hinge, while a gaunt patch of yard, littered with miscellaneous trash and enclosed by a ramshackle picket fence, formed an appropriate frame for the picture. The sight saddened me beyond expression, and I was vexed that I had been made a witness of my unfortunate friend's poverty. However, I couldn't well beat a retreat, so I followed him in, and the moment he opened the door I nearly toppled over with astonishment. The interior of the cottage was a perfect little bijou. We entered a square hall decorated a la Japanese in rich broze green, with stork flights in long panels on the walls and a palm in one corner in a big lacquered vase. Off to the right was an exquisite little drawing room, finished in silver-gray and full of good pictures and artistic bric-a-brac. Later on I was shown over the whole house, and found everything else equally attractive.'

'The explanation my friend gave was peculiar. 'You see, I owned this place,' he said, 'and we didn't have enough money to fix up both the inside and the outside according to our ideas. If we had tried to spread it over the whole thing the result would have been cheap and common, so we put all we had on the interior, and instead of attempting to beautify the exteriors I turned to and made 'em as outlandish as possible. Those patches you saw on the walls aren't necessary, but I nailed them up for the sake of the ensemble, and then I knocked off a few of the shutters with an axe. We paid a man to haul a load of trash for the yard, and I never pass without kicking a picket out of the fence. The result is that our friends all think we're too original for anything, and the effect of our little furnishings is enhanced about 500 per cent. by contrast. No bother to be poor if you have brains.'

ECONOMIZING ON FUEL.

He Economized on Fuel but he Spent the Money in Other Ways.

'I'm getting tired of the fuss you are making about that kitchen coal,' remarked Mr. Spendittle to his wife. 'I know it has some slack in it, but I'll just take that slack, after you've sifted some coal in the stove, and I'll show you I can burn it in the furnace.'

'What! The slack?' 'Yes, the slack.'

'I'd like to see you do it.'

Mr. Spendittle was as good as his word. He even assisted in sifting the coal, and when he had a coal-bucket full of the slack he took it down to the basement and dumped it into the furnace, in which a somewhat sluggish fire was burning at the time.

Half an hour afterward, not being able to observe any increase in the heat of the rooms, he went down to the basement again to 'stir up the fire a little,' and opened the furnace door.

Now there is a stage in a coal fire, as everybody knows, at which it needs only a little fresh air, let in thus, to leap fiercely into flame. Apparently Mr. Spendittle's furnace fire had reached this stage, for as soon as he opened the door, there was a terrific explosion.

He jumped back quickly, but not quickly enough. The outrush of flame burned off his eyelashes and eyebrows, and ruined beyond repair a shapely chin-beard that it had taken him months to cultivate.

He had no time to take account of personal damages, however, for a piercing scream warned him that something terrible had happened up stairs.

He hurried up and found all the rooms full of smoke and dust, the furnace pipe a total wreck, and his wife scolded nearly out of her wits.

It took half a day to repair the damages, and then Mr. Spendittle sat down and made a mental computation of what his experience in household economy had cost him. It was something like this:

Damage to walls and curtains (approximately)	\$7 50
Repairs to furnace-pipe,	2 50
Loss on eyebrows, etc. severe but really nominal.	
Total	\$10 00
Possible saving of coal,	.10

Net cost, \$9 90

'It didn't pay,' soliloquized Mr. Spendittle.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Letters Testamentary of the Estate of George E. Fenety, late of the City of Fredericton in the County of York, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned Executors and Executrix named in his will. All persons having claims against the Estate are requested to file the same with W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton forthwith, duly proven by affidavit as by law required; and all persons indebted to the Estate are requested to make immediate payment to either W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton, or F. S. Sharpe at St. John.

Dated at the City of Fredericton this 26th day of October, 1899.

W. T. H. FENETY, GEORGENA C. FENETY, FREDERICK S. SHARPE, Executors and Executrix.

H. G. FENETY, Solicitor.

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