

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

They are as Good as Men When It Comes to Invention.

It used to be said that women could not invent anything. The assertion never was wholly true of American women, for the names of women began to appear in the records of patents early in the present century; but it is only within the last ten or a dozen years that they have been often seen there. Now they are so numerous that the Patent Office keeps a special list of women's inventions.

Probably the increased activity of women inventors is due to two causes. One is the opening to women of better opportunities for education, technical education as well as collegiate. Girls share with boys practical instruction inloyd and manual training, and they have about the same chances as boys in the higher institutions.

When they enter a new industry, or begin using any kind of machinery, they turn their wits, as men do, to devising means for doing the work more easily and quickly.

Household appliances hold the first place among women's inventions; and after these, toys and games and conveniences of the wardrobe, although men still take out more patents than women relating to women's dress. But women's ingenuity is not limited to such inventions. Fire-escapes, alarm-clocks, systems of ventilation, letter-boxes, combination locks, lie-greengrass, agricultural implements and wagon-brakes are among the inventions which women have patented. The inventor is fortunate who hits upon a device, however trivial, which meets a general need. An improved glove-buttoner is said to yield its woman inventor five thousand dollars a year; and a woman who invented a peculiar kind of paper bag is reported to have been offered twenty thousand dollars for the patent. Such successes stimulate inventive activity, even though for every invention that yields profitable results a score come to nothing.

Coincidences.

Some marvellous things happen in this world of ours, things that seem to set at defiance all ordinary rules for the calculation of chances. Here are two instances, warranted to be true in every respect, the names and locations only being changed. A young married man, who had called at a lawyer's office on business, was asked if he knew a certain officer in the army, one Lieutenant Styles, who was on trial for some trivial offence against discipline. He replied that he did.

"Well," said the lawyer, "I have just been reading his history. I asked you about him because I remembered that you spent a year or two at West Point when you were a lad. Had he a brother named J. Simpson Styles?"

"Not that I have ever heard of," replied the young man.

"I have never heard of him, either. But this account says he has. I think the writer of the narrative must have got two families mixed."

After some conversation on other matters the caller took his leave. In the afternoon of the same day he went out with his wife 'house-hunting.' The first flat they visited suited them so well that they closed a bargain for it at once. It was in a large apartment house. When they were about to take their leave the young man's wife said:

"Well, let us see who our next-door neighbor is to be."

Whereupon they looked at the card tack



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The little woman now has tears of joy, for she took Hood's, which put her blood in prime order, and she lives on the strength of the present instead of worrying about that of the past.

"When I need a blood purifier I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures my humor and it is excellent as a nerve tonic." JOSIE EATON, Stafford Springs, Conn.

Erysipelas Sores.—"After scarlet fever a running sore was left on my nose. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured me. My brother was also relieved by it of erysipelas in his face." ELLA COURSER, Burden, N. B.

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

ed upon the door next to their own apartments. It read:

"J. SIMPSON STYLES."

Investigation proved that he was the brother of Lieutenant Styles.

The second instance is that of a newspaper reporter who had been detailed to go to a city a hundred miles distant, to write up a political meeting. His work being down, he was waiting at the station for the train that was to take him home, when he saw the principal orator of the meeting walking up and down the platform.

Obeying a sudden impulse he approached him and introduced himself as a reporter for the Tribune, but without giving his name.

"Glad to meet you, sir," said the orator. "Your home is in—, I presume?"

"Only temporarily," replied the reporter. "I am from Hartford, Connecticut."

"Well," rejoined the other I knew just two persons in Hartford, and that was thirty years ago. One of them was Colonel Thompson, with whom I became acquainted while making a trip out west one summer, and the other was Miss Barbara Jones, an exceedingly bright young woman, whom I happened to meet at a reception in Washington once. Ever know them?"

"Yes, sir," said the reporter. They are my father and mother."

Perhaps some may think the most singular thing about these two coincidences is that they happened to the same young man, at intervals of only a few months apart. Others, possible, may consider that the most wonderful part of the whole story is that a man and his wife were suited with the first flat at which they looked.

Getting Started.

A strong inclination toward a trade or profession is often one of the surest signs that a young person will succeed in it, and if the inclination is strong enough, and shows signs of permanence, perhaps the young person cannot do better than to follow it, no matter what some of his advisers may say to the contrary. A young man with mild manners stepped into the office of his somewhat crusty uncle, who was engaged in the practice of law.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "now that you are out of college, what are you going to do for a living?"

"I think I'll study some more and adopt the profession of law."

"That's right," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "Go ahead and have your own way. Don't take any advice. I thought we had a talk about that the other day. You've got to go ahead and put in a few years finding out for yourself."

"I'm willing to take advice," replied the nephew, mildly. "The fact is, I'm trying to take all the advice I can get. When you told me to give up the idea of practicing law, I went to a friend who is a civil engineer. He said my general education ought to give me a good foundation for any profession, but he advised me to let civil engineering alone. He said there were too many people in the business now. He said commerce was the thing for a young man, and he gave me the address of a friend of his who keeps a drug store."

"The druggist said that I could go through a college of pharmacy without any trouble, but he wouldn't advise me to do it, as there were as many people in the business as it would stand. He asked me why I didn't take up medicine. I thanked him for the hint and went to see our family physician. He told me that it was an exciting life, in which the percentage of eminent success was small. In fact, he said that there were more physicians now than there was practice for. He had heard me sing, and asked me if I had never thought of a

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Furniture, Drums, 17 Waterloo.

career in music. I went to see a musician and he tried my voice."

"What did he say?"

"He wasn't as gently considerate as the others. He said there were hundreds of people with better voices than mine, looking for work. He thought I might make a good bricklayer, or something of that kind. So I hunted up a bricklayer and talked it over with him. He said the brick laying business was overcrowded, and that he should think a man with my training would be a lawyer. So I came back here, and I'm willing to start in and go to work studying with you, or go through the list again getting more advice, whichever you think proper."

A Good showing.

Mr. J. S. Currie, the manager of the Situation Department of the Currie Business University, is meeting with great success in placing students in good situations. The following is a list of positions recently filled, the majority of which were secured through the Situation Department.

Miss Mabel Lingley of Wes field, with L. G. Higgins & Co., wholesale Boot & Shoe Moncton.

E. L. MacDonald of Alma, with Sydney hotel, Sydney, C. B.

Annie G. Laskey, city, with Nice & Nice, Counsellors-at-Law, Boston, Mass.

Chas. A. Seely, city, with Phoenix Foundry, city.

Geo. N. Duffy, city, with Mt. Morris bank, New York city.

Laura Parker, Alyesford, N. S., with Chas. W. Boyer, Mechanical Engineer, Somerville, Mass.

W. J. McGuire, city, with Alfred Heane city.

Gertrude M. Gowan, city, with A. A. McCaskey & Son, Confectioners, city.

Myrtle Waring, Amherst, with Cumberland Pork Packing Co., Ltd., Amherst, N. S.

Arthur Abbinette, Hillsboro, with Dufferin hotel, city.

Fred Patterson, city, with F. C. Colwell & Co., Confectioners, city.

Millie Williams, Kingston, with Arming-ton's grocery, Worcester, Mass.

Ethel Wheaton, Norton, with Excelsior Lile Irs. Co., city.

Ethel Matthews, Clarendon station, with E. R. Chapman, barristers, City.

Howe Gowan, city, with Confederation Life Ass. Co., city.

C. T. Gard, Hopewell Cape, with E. J. Armstrong, printer city.

D. I. Buckley, Corn Hill, with F. E. Williams, grocer city.

Bertrand Beckwith, Sheffield Mills, N. S., with Dufferin hotel city.

The Children of Dreyfus.

A pathetic incident connected with the Dreyfus trial is given by the Paris correspondent of London Truth.

Among the anxieties of the wife of the persecuted man, not the least was her fear that her children should learn the terrible fate of their father. To prevent this, during all the years of his imprisonment she kept them under her own eye, not allowing them to go to school or play with other children, teaching them herself and going with them in their walks. The oldest boy, who was nine years of age, never saw a newspaper.

But while they were at the seaside, the boy found on the beach a torn kite made of old newspapers. He read them and went to his nurse.

"Ah, now I know why my papa is so long gone!" he said, showing her an article headed, "Facts of the Dreyfus Affair."

"There are many Dreyfuses in Paris," the woman stammered.

"But not many Captain Alfred Dreyfuses whose wives are named Lucie."

I know now why she cries at night!" cried the boy, sobbing. "She should have told me so that I could go to help my father."

In the sufferings of this man, so great that the world has stood aghast before

Quick Easy Washing.

No other soap on earth can do your washing so quickly so easily so satisfactorily—as

SURPRISE Soap.

It's a pure, hard, harmless soap, too. It will lengthen the life of your choicest linen. Only 5 cents for a big cake. Remember the name "Surprise."

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them as at a new horror in history. God gave him the steady, faithful love of his brothers, his wife and his children.

ANECDOTES OF IRISH PEASANTRY.

Some Characteristic Anecdotes Told by a Close Observer.

Dr. L. Orman Cooper, in a recent pleasant account of his dealings as a physician with the Irish peasantry, tells some characteristic anecdotes of their doings and sayings which have the merit of being both new and true. It is well known that the water cure is not likely to meet with much appreciation in Erin; but the manner in which one old woman received the suggestion that a bath might be desirable was unexpected. She repudiated the idea indignantly.

"Sure," said she, "I've heard of washin' a corpse, but never a live one!"

He had some trouble with patients who were divided in mind as to the respective powers of himself and the "wise woman" who would treat them as sufferers from witchcraft; and he was not always able to urge his claims to a victorious issue. Many sufferers, however, placed in him a childlike and cheerful faith, and of these a typical specimen was heard to remark:

"The docther, God bless him, is after giving me a description, and if it don't cure me he'll describe me again."

He was able to "describe" for them on the whole successfully, although at first he found it difficult, on receiving accounts of the invalids from distracted messengers or relatives, to judge what kind of disease he would have to deal with. But in good time he acquired the necessary knack of interpretation, and ceased to be puzzled when he was called in to treat tonsillitis under

the appellation of "tomatoes in the throat," bronchitis as "brown katum on the stomach," or even "conjuncture of the lungs with combinations!"—presumably congestion of the lungs with complications.

With all the bulls and blunders of his patients, however, they were bright enough in their own way, and they could describe an affliction if they could not always name it.

Poor Dog.

A new kind of parrot story is printed by the Chicago News—a parrot story that will make the reader sorry for the dog. A gentleman left his dog at his sister's house, while he went on a journey. On his return, Rover manifested so much excitement that no great surprise was felt when he was heard barking in the night. The barking became so persistent, however, that Mr. ——— put on his dressing-gown and went downstairs to pat Rover on the head and bid him be quiet. He was no sooner in bed again than the noise began afresh, so he made another expedition below, to point out to the dog, with some asperity, that a repetition of the offence would be attended by serious consequences. He had returned to his bed and was just falling into a doze when the barking began again. This time it was more furious than ever, and continued till the man made a third journey down-stairs, accompanied by a walking stick. Even this did not end the disturbance, but the gentleman was too sleepy to get up again, and at last he went off to sleep, vowing to sell it the next day. When morning came, however, his sister met him with the remark that she hoped he had not been disturbed by the barking of her new parrot. It was always imitating the dog at night, she said.

HAWKER'S

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We have just received a large fresh supply of this wonderful Cough and Cold Cure. Ask your druggist for it.

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It is not every day that call upon a Countess. Countess happens to be woman in England and some castle in this and castles, any one who good deal of pleasure. Countess of Warwick, tion, had brought a cor come and see her. On the Leamington morning she was seriously ill, proper thing would be to card. Going up through and ivy-grown avenue crock, into the great inn wick Castle, encircled towers and walls, I rang main entrance, and to footman announced that expecting me. While on the stone veranda the Avon, flowing many gazed on a scene which surpassed. The weir waters, the moss-covered ed stone bridge, a wooded park stretching miles looking all, the massive w Castle which have stood hundred years.

Soon a white-capped maid leading the way up the ve stairs, which one always old castle, ushered me into bedroom, a lofty and spacious filled with all that is beautiful and luxurious. I had seen the evening costume and in a gown at a garden party, but white pillows under the tall Her rich auburn hair was little puffs and curls, her perfectly dazzling and the faint her eyes deepened their vio line readers will like to ex exquisite negligee of pink sleeve coming only to the el lid with fine lace caught up able bows of narrow pink The wide lace fell over her circled by a bracelet of em and sapphires, the other by gold 'bangles.' The picture ed by a bedspread of pale g ered with lace. I am com that Aphrodite was not 'in it."

There were books everyw bed a little table with portfol ing materials, and on the seal pane a big basket filled with which she was trying to r Countess is by no means a wu re. In addition to the grea social duties, she is interest ber of enterprises, chiefly for women and indirectly for that cultural classes. She is in a Socialist and believes thor education of the masses, and ing of women to be self sup was extremely interesting to watch her as, half-reclining wit elbow in the pillow, she expou soft musical voice, the exact th so often heard advocated from in the most uncompromising of women whose faces bore the m experience of the evils they whose claim to nobility rested a personal character and not on From several points of view it w ant hour. The Countess is mor of going to the United States many questions as to the places and the best season of the year. mean for social festivities or for ing?" I asked. "O, to see the cou said. 'Society is much the sa where.' We spoke of the novel ten by the beautiful young D Sutherland. 'It never can be among the masses,' she said, for ely socialistic.' 'Not in England, I answered, 'but in America the question is vital and all-prevad ought to be everywhere,' she rep early.

As I went down the winding thought if 'walls have ears,' how must these sentiments sound to Warwick Castle, one of the grea strongholds of the ages, for whose