

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

earn that he is very much improved in health this week.

Mr. Charles Roderick formerly of this city but now of Portland, Me., is visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs. Chas. Dykeman of Jersey was in the city this week, the guest of Mrs. Samuel Robinson Union street.

Mrs. Geo. Webster and sister Mrs. Alice Webster of Wickham, were in town this week.

Mr. Donald Pidgeon son of C. B. Pidgeon has accepted the position of Nova Scotia traveller for D. Magee & Sons, lately made vacant by the tragic death of J. C. Frapp.

Miss Maizie Roberts of Cedar street north end, returned Sunday from a two weeks trip to Boston.

The Trinity church annual sale and tea, was held Thursday evening, and was attended with its usual success.

Mr. Alfred Odell of New York is the guest of his cousin Mrs. T. A. Dunlop, City Road.

Mrs. Fred Peters, Germain street, gave a very pleasant at home on Wednesday afternoon. The house was prettily decorated with pink and white chrysanthemums.

Mrs. James F. Harding and Mrs. Wetmore Merrill presided over the tea and coffee. In the evening Mrs. Peters entertained a number of her married friends together with some of the younger people. The evening was very enjoyably spent with whist. There were twelve tables.

Mrs. Kellie Jones, Miss Lillian Malcolm, Mr. Stephen de Forest, and Mr. Harry Rankine were fortunate in carrying off the honors of the evening.

BARTER'S DEEPEST HOLES.

Shells Fank on Land Shallow Compared With the Ocean's Abysses.

Near Pittsburg a well has been dug 5,582 feet deep—that is 252 feet more than a mile. Near Wheeling, W. Va., they are sinking a well which is now with in a few hundred feet of a mile deep. At last report they had reached the 4,920 foot level. At Sprenburg, near Berlin, Germany, they are driving a hole in gypsum beds which is already 4,559 feet deep and it is getting deeper every day. At Schlachbach, near Liepzig, they are taking salt from a well that is even deeper than the Pittsburg well. The hole is 6,265 feet deep. The Red Jacket shaft of the Calumet and Hecla mine in the Lake Superior copper district is a mile deep and men work in the shaft. Near by, the Tamarack mine has a shaft nearly as deep as the Red Jacket. But at Paruschowitz, in eastern Siberia, there is a well which is now 6,700 feet deep, or exactly 100 feet more than a mile and a quarter. They are still boring and it is the intention to go down 8,800 feet, or one and two-third miles, when some interesting scientific experiments will be made. Unquestionably, this is now the deepest artificial hole in the world.

But in this race far into the earth's core there are other competitors, other well holes which are not quite so deep as these big ones, but are pressing them hard. They are mostly in Germany. At Lieth, near Altona, there is a hole 4,388 feet deep. At En near Strassfurt they have gone down 4,241 feet. At Lubtheen, in Mecklenburg, they are still digging at 3,949 feet. At Sennowitz, near Halle, 3,644 feet, has been reached. At Inowrazlaw, Posen, drills are working at 3,624 feet, while at Friedrichsane near Aschersleben, they have punched a hole in the earth 3,543 feet deep. At St. Louis they have a well which will stand comparison with these German wells. It is 3,843 feet deep. All of these wells are more than half a mile deep and several of them have passed the three quarter mark.

As these wells all get hotter as they are driven deeper and deeper, the outcome suggested is, that as soon as a sufficient depth is reached, natural steam will be encountered, or if the well be dry, water can be pumped in and returned in the form of marketable vapor. It is pointed out that many buildings in several parts of the world are heated with naturally warm well water. The hospital at Grenelle and large factories in Wurtemberg are notable examples. Also the geyser shows how heat from the earth's interior may manifest itself forcibly on the surface.

Beside the chasms in the ocean bed the holes in the land are as pin punctures, for more than half of the whole sea floor lies miles below the surface of the water. One eighth of this latter area is depressed below three miles. This eight itself is seven million square geographical miles in extent and contains areas or rather basins that dip in places more than five miles below the surface. These last almost unfathomable holes in the ocean bottom occur only in three places, or at least only three soundings of five miles or more have been made. There may be others, of course even deeper, which have as yet remained undiscovered.

The deepest of these holes exists in the South Pacific to the east of the Kermadecs. It is 5,155 fathoms deep or 530 feet more than five geographical miles. The sounding that went to its bottom represents the farthest reach of humankind toward the centre of the earth. Yet what came back with the rod was meagre in view of what might have been expected. A little globigerina ooze, a little of that curious red clay which covers nearly half of the sea

floor, a few manganese nodules, some minute magnetic spherules of cosmic origin—that was all; these and the positive assurance of intense darkness and bitter cold.

The ooze was what was left of animal carcasses sweeping downward through centuries; the clay was the plastic remnants of even earlier periods; the spherules were representatives of meteoric particles which had plunged through immeasurable distance from outer dark into inner dark.

Volcanic debris, oxides of iron, zeolitic crystals, manganese nodules and remains of whales and sharks are characteristic of these deep holes. One haul of a trawl in the Pacific brought up from a depth of nearly three miles many bushels of manganese nodules, 1,600 sharks' teeth and fifty fragments of the bones of whales. But beyond these, all other objects which might be expected to drop from the surface are wanting. It is not surprising, however, in view of the terrible pressure of the water at these great depths. Nothing not especially adapted for it could withstand it. It is calculated that one mile beneath the surface the pressure of the water on all sides of an object is one ton to the square inch. In view of this it was formerly supposed that the pressure at the lowest depth must be great enough to turn the bottom to stone. But the dredge shows this to be untrue.

The fish that live in these deep holes are soft and gelatinous, the only condition in fact which would save them from the effects of the pressure. The water permeates their soft structure and counteracts its own pressure.

Forty-three areas have been found on the bottom lying deeper than three miles. Eight of these are deeper than four miles. These are: Nares Deep in the North Atlantic; Bess Deep in the Antarctic; Weber Deep in the Banda Sea; Challenger, Tuscarora and Span Deep in the North Pacific; and Aldrich and Richards Deep in the South Pacific. Three of these Deep contains five mile holes. They are Aldrich, Tuscarora and Weber Deep. But the Aldrich Deep hole is the deepest, as was stated above. Yet, deep as it is, in spite of the fact that Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, it dropped into the hole would sink out of sight in the ocean, that little pinnacle called Sunday Island standing squarely in this five mile hole is able to rear its head 2,000 feet above the surface of the sea. Incidentally this conveys a vivid idea of the contrast nature is able to make in the matter of high hills and deep holes.

IS THE GARDEN OF EDEN OURS?

Dean Hall thinks that the Flag Now Waves where Adam and Eve Dwelt.

Dean Hall, geologist in the University of Minnesota, call attention to the fact that the report of Dr. D. F. Becker, one of the United geologists who went with the army to the Philippine Islands, contains a geological history of the archipelago which leads societies to believe that the islands comprise the Garden of Eden, the original home of man and that the Tagalo of to-day is a direct descendant from the man of Borneo, midway in development between the ape and the human species.

Dr. Becker reports that during the tertiary period of geological history these islands were in the midst of swamps and shallow seas at the very edge of the Mediterranean lake, which extended westward to the Atlantic ocean. Later the bottom of the sea was lifted above land. The Alps, Caucasus and Himalaya mountains now stand at the highest points to which the ancient sea bottom of limestone and shales were lifted. The Philippines were lifted, too, so that during the later tertiary time the Philippine islands were a part of the continent of Asia and migration of land animals and plants took place freely. Then came a subsidence, which cut off the migration of animals to and from the islands, and with this subsidence begins a period of great volcanic activity and huge quantities of lava were thrown out and spread over the land and ocean bottom.

There is no evidence of land connection between the Philippines and Asia from that time to the present. There are evidences of constant oscillations, upliftings and submergences, but no movements of sufficient magnitude to make dry land across the China Sea.

But the item of special interest is the opinion of the late Prof. Marsh that one of the earliest haunts of the human species was the Philippine archipelago, with Borneo and other southward-lying island. The great elevation which lifted the bottom of the old Mediterranean Sea into mountain ranges like the Alps and Himalayas and the following submergences of the area of the China Sea beneath ocean waters had a profound effect upon the migration of the human race. "If it should be proved," says Dr. Hall, "that the original home of man was, as Marsh seems to suggest, in

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the Philippine Islands, then in bringing under the flag the original garden of Eden we shall secure a treasure beyond financial or political valuation.

Only a few years ago in the island of Borneo the fossil remains were found of queer creatures believed to be midway in degree of development between the ape and man. The climatic conditions favoring the development of animal forces appear to exist there in highest perfection. The animals that were associated with man in the original garden of Eden, as they were driven in every direction by the movements of the sea, and rivers of Borneo show some marked divergences, as those of India, China and the Philippine Islands are compared. It is easy to see how under such intense conditions the neighbors of the original man of Borneo, isolated on his own island in the north, could have developed into the Tagalo of today.

LETTER FOR JONES OF NEW YORK.

There are 700 Joneses in the directory and he wasn't one of them, but he got it.

Henry T. Jones came to New York from Chicago a year or so ago and went into business here because he found New York a nicer place to work in than the Windy City. His name didn't get into the city directory, somehow, along with the names of the 700 or more other Joneses who are there, and he didn't live in the city but in a Jersey suburb, where he found a finer crop of mosquitoes than New York could supply. But these things never leazed the folks at the Post Office when a letter arrived for him from South Africa addressed simply 'Henry T. Jones, New York city, U. S. A.' and after a delay of a week or so, while the letter carriers were hunting for him among the other Jones, Mr. Jones got his letter.

It came from Salisbury in Rhodesia whither a friend of Jones's had drifted and where he had heard that Jones had moved to New York. He hadn't Jones's address, but with the sublime confidence of the American abroad in the ability of the folks at home to solve a little problem like finding an odd Jones in the metropolis he started his letter last June. Salisbury was all but cut off from civilization then by the Boer war, but when relief came the letter travelled to this city. The Post Office sharps found a Henry T. Jones in the directory but he wasn't the right Jones and he returned the letter to them because he didn't know anybody in South Africa. Then in turn the missive went to the twelve other Henry Joneses whose names were in the directory and to such other Joneses as they thought might like to have it; but it always came back to the Post Office. Then it went to the fifty odd other Joneses whose initials was given in the directory as H. and every time the letter carrier brought it back.

The Post Office folks were determined to find the right Henry Jones if he was around, so they next tried the Brooklyn Henry Joneses then the Joneses in Queens and Richmond boroughs. Finally as a last resort the letter went into the Jersey suburbs. In Bayonne, N. J. it reached a Henry T. Jones. He wasn't the right Henry but his father was a minister who knew a lot of Joneses. The Rev. Mr. Jones remembered that in Bayonne he had met a Jones who came from Chicago and worked in New York so he hunted him up in the local directory. His initials weren't H. T. or anything like them, but the Rev. Mr. Jones sent the letter around to him any way.

Now it happened that this Jones was the proper Henry's brother. He turned the letter over to the rightful owner and a reply is now on its way out to South Africa, Henry T. Jones says. It is likely to double the faith of Jones's correspondent in what American postal officials can do if they set their minds to do it.

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PINK AND WHITE TERRACES.

They are Coming Into View Again Above the Volcanic Debris in New Zealand.

Mr. Henry M. Cadell, a Scotchman who some years ago wrote one of the best condensed accounts of our Yellowstone Park, has been visiting the volcanic zone in North Island, New Zealand, where he caught glimpses of the pink and white terraces that were buried out of sight fourteen years ago. This region is a land of wonders. No part of the world, except the Yellowstone Park, is so conspicuous for hot spring and geyers. They burst from the ground endlessly diversified in form, size and chemical composition. Long before European settlers saw New Zealand thermal and mineral waters attracted the natives who had discovered their curative properties. Cadell says that some sanatoriums have now been erected here and are visited by many New Zealanders and foreigners.

Mount Tarawera, about 3,000 feet high was supposed to be extinct till 1886, when one winter's night it suddenly awoke. The natives who live around the shores of the beautiful lake of the same name at the foot of the volcano told Mrs. Cadell that eleven days before the catastrophe they saw a spectral canoe floating in the heavens above the lake. They had never seen anything like it before and they believe the spectacle was a forewarning that some terrible event would occur. Mirages are sometimes seen in that region. The canoe may have been merely a phenomenon of this sort or perhaps only a curiously shaped cloud.

The explosion came with scarcely a moment's warning. A tremendous shock disturbed the entire region and the ash covered summit of the volcano was blown into the air to a height of 20,000 feet, visible for 150 miles. Flaming scorias and a deluge of ashes fell in dense showers on the surrounding district. Many villages were crushed beneath the weight of dry ashes or buried under heaps of mud. Many places were buried deep under layers of volcanic dust.

One of the most regrettable features of the explosion was the destruction of the 'Wonder of Wonders,' the famous mineral spring which filled a crater about 650 feet in circumference and, overflowing its transparent, alabaster like margin fell in this sheets from basin to basin. As it fell, the water, saturated with silica and sulphurous substances, became cooler and gradually changed color from the sapphire tints of the upper basin to turquoise blue lower down and a slightly azure shade where the waters entered the lake. These 'white and pink terraces,' as they were called were among the most beautiful of sights and few foreigners going to New Zealand failed to pay them a visit. The terraces were blotted out beneath a heat of scorine. Mr. Cadell brings the interesting news that here and there these gorgeously colored rocks are again coming into view; and it is evident from his description of the region in its present aspects that the phenomena of this wonderland will always continue to rank among the most remarkable of nature's spectacles.

Liquid Fuel in Steamers.

In October the steamship Cowrie steamed all the way from Koetie in Borneo to London, a distance of 9,235 miles, using nothing but liquid fuel. When the steamer reached London the boilers for supplying steam for the unloading machinery were fired by the same material. The oil was not burned by a thin layer of incandescent coal, as is the case in some systems, but was reduced to a spray by means of a steam jet at the furnace door where it was delivered from tanks above the boilers.

The Cowrie was formerly fired with coal and her owners say that her conversion to liquid fuel has been attended with advantageous results. Only six stokers are now required, though sixteen were necessary when coal was used. A great deal of bunker space is also saved. The consumption of oil at sea is only twenty-two tons a day while the daily consumption of coal used to be thirty five tons, and a ton of oil occupies only thirty-four cubic feet against forty five feet required for coal. The oil is also taken on board much more quickly than coal, and recently 300 tons were pumped into a German steamer in an hour.

The oil yielded by the Borneo oil fields is said to make an excellent fuel just as it comes from the ground, and it is beginning to be much used for this purpose by the Hamburg American and other steamers that are engaged in the Eastern trade.

"Shamrock II."

Canadian yachtsmen feel a keen interest in the challenge for the America's cup sent by Sir Thomas J. Lipton, rear commodore of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, and promptly accepted by the New York Yacht Club.

Sir Thomas Lipton won the regard of Americans last year by the manly good



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humor with which he accepted disappointment, and thus the unpleasant impressions left by the Dunraven episode were almost completely effaced. The conditions under which the races were sailed were so satisfactory to him that he asks to have them repeated; and he names his new yacht Shamrock II., thus perpetuating the name of the craft with which he tried for the trophy last year. The only thing he would have different he indicates in his hope that the name of the boat that lifts the cup may this time be Shamrock II. Americans would rather that the cup stay where it is, but if it is to be borne away at all, they would choose Sir Thomas Lipton to lift it.

When these races are sailed next August, the coveted trophy will have been on this side of the Atlantic for fifty years. Eleven unsuccessful attempts have been already made by English to recover it. In the early days of yachting the conditions were simpler than they are now. There was no building of yachts especially for a contest, but the clubs simply sailed their best boats against the contestant. The America originally won the cup against a fleet of English craft, and the cup was for some time defended in the same way. Under the new conditions, the interest attaching to the building or selection of a yacht to defend the cup is second only to that of the race itself.

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