



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Miss Alice Sharp left last week to spend the winter in Minneapolis.

Mr. Will Abrams, Moncton, spent Sunday at his home here.

Lieut. Herbert Jones' many friends will be pleased to hear of a slight improvement in his condition, although still very ill.

Mrs. George Ellison is visiting her daughter Mrs. Peters at Robesay.

ANDOVER.

Nov. 10.—Miss Burt of Hartland who has been visiting here for the past few weeks returned home on Friday last accompanied by her sister Mrs. Carter.

Mr. Carter is spending a few days in Fredericton and St. John.

Mr. Thomas Lawson spent Sunday in Fredericton.

The ladies of the Baptist church gave a harvest supper in Brunswick hall on Thursday night followed by a concert.

Miss Edith Tibbitts spent Sunday in Perquo Island.

THEY WANT HIM TO RESIGN.

Medical Students are for a Professor's Resignation.

HALIFAX, Mar. 11.—Many a row has been caused by students at our colleges and doubtless also many a reform has been brought about by the same agency. This remark is prompted by the action of the students of the Halifax medical college the other day. They concluded that the professor of medicine was not what he should be, and it is said that members of the faculty sympathized with them in this opinion. It would seem that there was some ground for this dissatisfaction. Students like to have a good time either in or out of the class room. At the same time, strange to say, they kick if they find a man who has no disciplinary powers with whom they feel they may do just as they please. The absence of such powers the students have for a long time been charging on the professor of medicine. So much for the negative grievance. The positive source of complaint is that this professor holds antiquated theories. He does not believe in the germ theory of disease in the way that the other professors hold it and he is not in accord with the modern school elsewhere in this particular.

There has, therefore, for a long time been kicking in the Halifax medical college openly by the students and secretly by members of the faculty. There was an open outbreak of hostilities the other day—open on the part of the students. They held an indignation meeting, appointed one of their number chairman and drew up a petition. This document asked the resignation of the professor in question, and alleged many reasons therefor. The medicals in embryo had the courage of their convictions in this matter for with two or three exceptions they all signed it. The faint hearts who failed to sign generally had good reasons for their caution.

The next step was to get the petition before the faculty. It was handed to Dr. Carleton Jones to be read before that august body. The doctor read it, but omitted some portions—passages which he said were needlessly harsh. It would not be correct to say that the document fell upon the faculty like a "thunderbolt out of a clear sky." It did not come that way, for the faculty had known almost as much about the affair, on the quiet, as did the students.

The result of the agitation, machinations or whatever it may be called is that an intimation has been made that the professor of medicine will resign at Christmas.

It does seem hard that a man who is almost one of the founders of the college should be treated in this way, that such a course should be necessary. But probably it is as Rev. Dr. Willet's would say, "the survival of the fittest." There are now 75 students at the Halifax medical college, of which the freshman class is unusually large.

THE MAYOR WAS PLEASED.

Like all Sensible People Mayor Stephen Approved of the Show.

HALIFAX, Nov. 11.—The opponents of the Veriscope picture exhibition in this city made a big fight for their prohibition by the mayor, but they failed. Yet they came nearer winning that success than in any other town in Canada so far as the show has gone—they had the advertising lithographs censored on the grounds of alleged indecency. But in spite of the petition that he received and of the other

Merit

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. If a medicine cures you when sick; if it makes wonderful cures everywhere, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made

That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We know it possesses merit because it cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently, when all others fail to do any good whatever. We repeat

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills. cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

that was published in the newspapers his worship could see nothing deserving of prohibition in the Veriscope, and when he had seen it he was more convinced than before of this; he congratulated himself that he had not attempted prohibition.

Mayor Turner of Truro, has the credit of stopping the show in that town, but it is a question if he deserves the glory. Pressure was brought on the mayor to stop the show, but this was not what succeeded. The anti-show people went to the electric light company and prevailed on them to refuse to supply a current; the result was no light. It was plain sailing thereafter for the mayor. The electric light dodge might have afforded a good pointer for the anti in Halifax. One result of the agitation in this city was to keep women from the exhibition. On the opening night, out of 1500 people present, two only were ladies, and on the second there were only the same number of representatives of the fair sex.

AS SHE IS WRITTEN.

A Halifax Professor Talks About Newspaper English.

HALIFAX, Nov. 11.—There is a Professor in Dalhousie university who loses no opportunity of showing his contempt for the newspapers of this city and probably he has very little regard for the press of any other Canadian town. One of his standing phrases, when addressing his class, is "a specimen of newspaper English." The constancy with which he harps on this makes it monotonous, and causes loss of force in the criticism. But he probably does not know it, and thinks he will be heard for his "vain repetitions."

This professor not long ago spent a considerable portion of his class hour showing the weakness of the English "as she was found" in the columns of a newspaper describing the Windsor fire. That was all right, if it suited the professor and did not weary the class, but it might be interesting to find how long it would take him to obtain all the facts and write up even a three-column account of such a catastrophe as the Windsor conflagration. He would be a week at it instead of a half a dozen hours at most. Ten to one the professor would write what he learned in fairly good style, but one hundred to one he would not have gathered a little of the facts collated by the despised everyday writer of "Newspaper English." Such men as this high-toned critic have been met before. They have been weighed and found wanting.

Let up on it, Mr. Professor, and give your class a rest! There are many in this town, and your own college, who are by no means favorable critics of yourself; Would you like to hear some of them?

THE NEW COLONELS.

Something About the men who Have Been Promoted.

The new age limitations affecting the Canadian militia recently put in force have resulted in the creation of two new colonels in St. John. Lt. Col. J. R. Armstrong retires from the command of the Artillery and Lt. Col. Tucker is no longer the commandant of the Fusiliers.

Lt. Col. Hugh Havelock McLean succeeds Col. Tucker and becomes the senior militia officer of the city. Col. McLean who is also known as an astute lawyer and counsel of the C. P. R. and also as a newspaper proprietor has served in the Canadian militia about a quarter of a century, a fact that will probably surprise many. He was first a private in the 71st but on May 7th 1875 was gazetted an ensign in the 62nd and lieutenant in July of the same year. On May 5th, 1876, he was given command of a company. On Jan. 19th 1877, he was appointed adjutant and eight years later he was appointed adjutant of the New Brunswick provincial

battalion for service in the north west in 1885. He was Captain McLean until Oct. 2nd, 1885 when he was promoted to the rank of major.

Lt. Col. George W. Jones succeeds Col. Armstrong as commanding officer of the N. B. R. G. A. Lt. Col. Jones is one of a family of popular and athletic young men and he has represented St. John and Canada on many a well contested field and it the need came for warfare stern and unrelenting no doubt he would show the same skill and stamina that he has shown in cricket, football, hockey and other sports. England's soldiers are recruited from the cricket fields and gridrons and Col. Jones has ably wielded the willow with the Canadian Zingari team and has played on the gridiron in such a way as to be enrolled among the first footballists in the Dominion. His military promotion has been rapid. He was gazetted a provisional 2nd. lieutenant of No. 4. company of the Artillery on April 20th, 1885, and he obtained a first class artillery certificate at Quebec on Nov. 22nd. of the same year. On Oct. 22nd, 1886 he was promoted to the captaincy vice Major Armstrong and on July 28th, 1894, he became major of the corps.

In 1895 he donated a silver cup for competition among companies to be annually awarded for general efficiency points, exclusive of those for officers' questions.

LEISURELY ELOPEMENT.

The Pair Carried a Government Mail Bag and no one Could Detain Them.

Somehow this contention of the street-car employees and others who believe that a United States mail bag does not confer high powers upon a hobtail horse car or any other uncommon kind of vehicle serves to revive memories of the elopement of Luke Marshall and the Myers girl.

There never was such an elopement in the history of the T. N. country. It was the most deliberate, tranquil, and leisurely running away with which record had before or since dwelt. The elopement was two day days in its progress from one given point to another, and the given points, which were Myer's ranch up in Maryville and Rexburg, down on the mesa, were scarcely more than eighty miles apart. And old man Myers hung around in the rear and in front and on the flank all that time, trying to stop the enterprise, but being utterly baffled by a hearty observance and regard for law.

Myers used to talk about rights and justice and law, and all that kind of thing, a great deal, and had made speeches at many a mountain meeting against violence and illegal acts, and so on.

"Blame it," he argued, "if you people go on lyotin' rustlers instid o' sendin' 'em down to Evanston for trial, you'll never git no Post Office, ner any other favor o' the gov'ment, but'll stay right on, a passel o' ignorant exiles." And he argued so well that lawless justice actually ceased, and eventually a star route postal delivery was established by an approving Government, and in recognition of Myer's services he was boomed for Post-master and deputy marshal, both of which offices were given to him. After that he was more legal than ever.

Luke Marshall carried the mail from Rexburg, riding the pass on his sorrel mare, and it was quite natural that he should fall in love with the girl at the Post Office. Now, Myer, for all his earnest talk about lawfulness, had already lamed two men and shot the ear off another, because, at various times, they had tried to prove to him that he ought to let the girl marry. Luke Marshall was no such fool as these. One day when he was ready to leave for Rexburg he called to the Post-master's daughter to fetch her jacket and come on. The girl came out, and Luke lifted her up to a comfortable seat upon the mail bag behind him.

"Here! What's them?" cried old Myer, Marshal and Postmaster.

"Ob, we're going over the range to get married," said Luke casually. "We're elopin'."

Old Myer drew up his rifle. "Jule! Git down off'n there!" he cried. "I want fair aim to git that feller square through the eye."

This was where Marshall's nerve came out strong. "Git out of the way, you Anarchist," he cried. "Don't you see you're delaying the United States mail! A man of your age! A man holdin' two public offices! Delaying the Gov'ment of the United States as is represented in this sorrel mare an' this bag. Stand aside or I'll have you, as deputy marshal, arrest yerself as a private citizen, an' call yerself as Post-master to witness the breakin' of the law." Old Myer slowly let his gun down. "You mean—you," he mumbled.

"I mean that this sorrel mare represents an' actually is the Gov'ment of the United States, an' you delay her on her travels at your risk."

"But hold on, Luke. That's my girl—"

Marshall drew his silver watch. "Are you an Anarchist, an outlaw, an attacker of Gov'ment, an' a fanatic?" he inquired. "It's 10 o'clock." And as Myers silently stepped aside the elopers started off at a slow jog.

Old Myer followed them all the way to Rexburg, and tried to catch Luke off his governmentally endowed sorrel mare, but without avail for the mail carrier knew his limitations and did not dismount until he reached the justice shop in the town. And of course, after that the law-abiding Myer couldn't be expected to shoot his own son-in-law, mail route or no mail route.

THE WATCH AS A CURIOSITY.

Some Facts not Commonly Known About the Pocket Timepiece.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance wheel as it flies to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture (in braces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eyes cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed.

The slit in the head is 2-100 of an inch wide. It takes 38,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth \$1.585. The hair spring is a strip of the finest steel, about 9 1/2 inches long, 1-100 inch wide, 27 10,000 inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20-100 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine be'orehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 20-1,000 part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of steel made up into hairsprings when in watches is worth more than twelve and one half times the value of the same weight in pure gold. Hair-spring wire weighs 1-20 of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18 000 every hour, 432,000 every day and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and one-fourth times, which makes 197,000-000 revolutions every year. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with six foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every twenty-four hours.

THE RETIRED BURGlar.

A Brief and Quiet Chapter From the Story of His Varied Life.

"I don't think I was ever very much scared," said the retired burglar, "but I have been as much scared by slight, little things, that were of no real account as by anything else. For instance, by the scratching of a rat, starting up and running around in the wall. I was never more disturbed than I was once by the absolute stillness of a room that I was in. It was dead and oppressive; and I couldn't account for it."

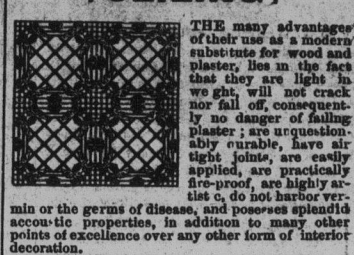
"I swung my lamp around, and saw the usual things that you might expect to see in such a room—it was a dining room—including a clock on the mantel. It was a pendulum clock, one of the kind that has a little clear space in the lower part of the glass front, through which you can see the pendulum as it swings back and forth. The lamp simply swept across the face of the clock, as I swung it around, but an instant later I realized that I had seen no pendulum swinging back and forth behind that clear space. It wasn't swinging. The clock had stopped."

"I set my lamp on the shelf, and opened the door of the clock and started up the pendulum, and then I heard the regular ticking of the clock. And that was all that was wanted. But what a relief it was to hear it. I could sort out the spoons now with a cheerful spirit."

Boston's Clerical Romance.

"I have it on the authority of William Dean Howells and other eminent Bostonians that there is in the capital of Massachusetts a certain clergyman of widespread fame, who unknown to the world at large is a Romanist. Every summer this reverend gentleman cannot resist joining some gypsy band and roaming from place to

EMBOSSED METALLIC CEILING



Write for Catalogue to W. A. McLaughlin, 81 Doot St., St. John, N. B.

METALLIC ROOFING CO., Ltd.

1370 King Street West, Toronto.

place as his kindred have done since within the memory of man. Little do the good man's congregation dream that, while they picture him as idly journeying abroad, he is sitting beside gypsy camp fires and chattering the wild Romany tongue, to all intents and purposes a vagrant. But, as Mr. Howells pointed out, none ever heard it said that this preacher preached any the worse for his wild, free life over road and prairie. Indeed, the increased vigor and eloquence of his sermons immediately after each successive annual "vacation" have long been matters of comment in Boston.

ON THE MONITOR WITH WORDEN.

Reminiscences of the Monitor-Merrimack Battle in Hampton Roads.

"The important part which opportunity plays in the lives of men is well illustrated by the career of the late Admiral Worden," remarked Capt. Louis N. Stodder of the United States revenue cutter service and United States Supervisor of Anchorages, port of New York. As he sat one day last week in his room in the Barge offices, Capt Stodder has the distinction of being the last survivor of the officers who were assigned to duty on the Monitor when it began its career, and who remained in constant service on the vessel until the end of Cape Hatteras.

By a singular coincidence Capt. Stodder's room almost overlooks the statue erected in Battery Park to the memory of Ericsson, once his intimate friend.

"You see," continued the Captain, "naval officers were not over plentiful at the beginning of the war, and the officials at Washington had to make the best use of the material they had in hand. In fact a great many officers were enrolled from the merchant marine service. I went into the service from the merchant marine myself. I think the fact that Worden, then ranking only as Lieutenant, was placed in command of the Monitor, would show that the vessel was looked upon as rather a doubtful experiment by the Government, and that the selection of a man to take command was not made by reason of any special fitness for the position."

"It was Worden's good luck that he was assigned to the Monitor, for the result of the fight made the vessel and all on board famous."

"The brave part that he played in the fight was recognized by Congress, and he was rapidly promoted to his rank, which other officers obtained only after twenty years of service."

"I remember him well when he first came on board the Monitor about a month before the fight. He had just been released from prison, and looked thin and sallow. He had the appearance of one dying from fever complaint. I never thought it possible for him to live long."

"During the fight he was cool and collected. I recall an incident which I do not remember ever seeing published. The pilot house was situated in the bow of the Monitor, quite away from the turret. During the fight I was in the turret with other officers, when suddenly we saw Lieut. Worden climbing up where we were. Without saying anything he opened one of the turret doors and stepped out on the deck in full view of the enemy."

"Why, Captain, what's the trouble?" exclaimed several of the officers in astonishment at his fearless act.

"I can't see well enough from the pilot house, came the quite reply. 'I wanted to get out here for a moment to take in the situation.' Then, looking around for a few moments he came inside."

A Martyr's Account.

"Perkins, your wife seems very devoted to her flowers."

"Devoted! Well, sir, many an October night that woman has dragged the blankets off my bed to keep those wretched little geraniums from getting frost-bitten."

One Kind of Klondike.

Jack—That Miss Beverly, to whom I bowed just now, is a regular Klondike.

Tom—That so? Rich?

Jack—Yes; also cold and distant.

Coleman's SALT
CELEBRATED
DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM
PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED
CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION
CLINTON, ONT.