

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

David Thompson as well as to that of the Canadian and other British soldiers who had been killed in the war now going on in South Africa. The choir sang "The Liberty for Our Soldiers" composed by Rev. Dr. Davies.

Some fifty of the friends and well wishers of Rev. J. C. Berrie invaded the parsonage on Monday evening laden with presents that enriched the larder of the establishment. They spent a couple of hours very pleasantly.

Charles Berrie, son of Rev. J. C. Berrie student at Scotchville academy, has passed his exams in English subjects with flying colors and is now pursuing his studies in a commercial course.

ANAGRAMS.

Mar. 27.—Miss Morton and Mr. Morton of Penobscot were visiting their friends on "Apple Hill" recently.

Miss Nellie Arnold of St. John spent Sunday and Monday with her grandmother Mrs. Susan Kinnear at Portage.

Mrs. George Davidson is confined to her home with a severe cold.

Mrs. Byard McLeod, and three children, of Salisbury are spending a few days with her parents Mr. and Mrs. McNaughton at "The Linc's".

Mr. S. A. Stockton, left for St. John on Tuesday to visit his brother H. C. Stockton.

Mrs. George Jones and Miss Kathleen Jones spent Saturday with Mrs. Davidson at the Depot.

Mrs. Eben Stockton has returned from Hopewell Cape where she was the guest of Mrs. Calhoun, and Amherst where she was visiting her brother Mr. Biden.

Mr. Charles Goddard was summoned by telegram on Saturday, to a home to the bedside of his sister, Mrs. Hester Dixon who lies seriously ill at present.

Mr. Clifford Price of Hawke's Bay spent Sunday with Messrs. Davidson "Apple Hill".

Miss Alice Myers while on her way home from the post office, today, slipped on the ice and fell heavily to the ground dislocating her shoulder. Dr. Fleming was called to render necessary attendance.

Mr. Heber Kinnear's friends will be grieved to learn that he had the extreme misfortune to cut his knee severely, Monday, but under the skillful treatment of Dr. MacDonald is doing as nicely as can be expected.

Mr. W. C. Wattaker of St. John was in the village on Wednesday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Davidson.

Messrs. Geo. Holmes and Oliver Jones left for Hawke's Bay on Saturday to spend a few days with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kinnear are the recipients of hearty congratulations, by their many friends on the arrival of their first born baby—

Mr. and Mrs. Byard McLeod with family of three little girls came down from Salisbury on Saturday to spend the Sabbath with Mr. and Mrs. D. McNaughton.

Rev. Joseph Pascoe of Petfordiac preached in the Methodist church here on Sunday evening in lieu of the pastor, M. Baker, who was called to assist a brother minister in church work on adjoining circuit.

Mrs. Davidson entertained six of her Petfordiac friends on Saturday and on Sunday Rev. Joseph Pascoe was her guest.

Mrs. Morton and Mr. Morton of Penobscot spent the Sabbath with their friends on "Upper Hill".

Mrs. Davidson was visiting in St. John last week. Mosquito.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Provision is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-store of G. B. Wall, T. E. Aitchison and J. Vroom & Co., in Calais at O. F. Treas's.]

Mar. 29.—O. Hazen McGee, the genial proprietor of the Arden hotel, St. George, was in town on Monday.

Miss Teresa Gidden of Rolling Dam, a graduate of St. Stephen business college, left for Boston a few weeks ago and has secured a position as shorthand and typewriter in a lawyer's office in that city.

Miss Sadie Maxwell, daughter of Mrs. Carrie R. Maxwell is in very poor health.

Mrs. J. N. Clarke's friends will regret to know that she is in a more critical condition this week.

Mrs. I. W. Leaman is in Boston.

J. L. Thompson, Jr., has decided not to resume his medical studies until next year, owing to the condition of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. Erzen Grimmer and their children spent Sunday in Princeton, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Eaton.

Mrs. Houston, mother of Mrs. J. N. Clarke, was stricken with paralysis last week and is quite ill.

Dr. and Mrs. Treas, on Tuesday evening entertained a party of friends at their residence. The party was given in honor of Thomas Lawson, M. P. P.

Miss Florence Mitchell entertains the Popular whist club this evening at her home on Marks St.

Miss Winnifred Todd has arrived home from her school in Andover, Mass., to spend the Easter holidays.

Harry W. Broad has resigned his position in Montreal and is receiving a cordial welcome from his friends in St. Stephen.

Miss Fannie Todd is spending a week in Boston before returning home for the Easter vacation.

Miss Gertrude Nicholson of Somerville, Mass., arrived here on Tuesday and will visit Mrs. Chas. F. Beard for ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. McKinnis will occupy at an early date part of Mrs. Meredith's cottage on Water street.

"77"

"Breaks up"

COLDS

Grip-Influenza.

The use of "Seventy seven" and a little common sense will carry you through the Spring without illness. Before laying aside "77" for the season, investigate the other Specifics, made by Dr. Humphreys, by asking your druggist or sending for a free copy of The Specific Manual; a chapter on Diseases of Children.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., N. Y.

"The Least Hair Casts a Shadow."

A single drop of poison blood will, unless checked in time, make the whole impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great leader in blood purifiers.

It casts no shadow, but brings sunshine and health into every household. **Running Sore.**—"My mother was troubled with rheumatism in her knee for a number of years, and it broke out into a running sore. She took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and is now well. Hood's Olive Ointment helped to heal the eruption." Mrs. JOHN FARR, Cloverlawn, Ancaster, Ont.

Rheumatism.—"I was badly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism. Consulted doctors without relief. Was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and five bottles gave me relief and enabled me to go to work." WILLIAM R. BOACH, Margaretville, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

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

J. M. Johnson gave an extremely pleasant party at his residence in Calais last week.

Mrs. B. B. Murray entertained the Travellers' club last Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Chandler of Machias has been visiting in Calais.

Miss Winter McAllister has been visiting Mrs. Beverly Stevens.

Mrs. Otis Bailey gave a birthday party last week for the pleasure of her daughter Miss Loraine Bailey.

Dr. Byrne has been spending a few days in Sussex.

Miss Florence Mitchell returned from St. John on Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. J. Clarke and her daughter Doris have returned from a short visit in Fredericton.

Mrs. Edgar Hitchcock left on Monday for her home in Mariposa, Mexico, after a pleasant visit of six weeks with Mrs. C. N. Vroom.

Mrs. W. A. Lambie left on Monday for a visit in Boston.

Miss Ethel Waterbury has accepted the charge of the Kindergarten school at Lubec, Maine, and will enter upon her duties there early in April.

Miss Alice Todd and Miss Caro L. Hoxie left Calais on Friday for a visit in Washington.

Henry Hathaway of Houlton has been the guest during the past week of Warren Hathaway in Calais.

Mrs. George A. Murchie, Miss Helen Murchie, Miss Ella Haycock and Miss Vera Young have gone to Boston, where they will meet Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young.

Miss Marion Rockwood has returned from Houlton for a short vacation, which she is spending at her home in Calais.

Mrs. S. T. Whitney gave a tea-party last week for the pleasure of her young daughter, Mary and her friends.

Mrs. R. W. Dinmore, Mrs. A. Theodore Murchie and Miss Cora Maxwell organized a very pleasant driving party to Union lodge on Wednesday evening of last week. Dancing was enjoyed and a delicious supper served before the party dispersed.

Mrs. Henry Maxwell has returned from a pleasant visit to St. Andrews.

Miss Smith of Shediac has been visiting her nephew, John W. Scott.

Mrs. Graham and Miss Graham of Marks street leave this week for British Columbia where they expect to permanently reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murray of Boston, who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Almon I. Todd, have returned home after a visit of a week in town.

Frank Stoop left on Tuesday for Aisenada, Cal., where he will reside for some time. Mrs. Stoop expects to join him at a later date.

Miss Helen Ollivier has been spending a few days during the past week with Miss Alice Robinson, Prince William street.

Mrs. J. Dutton visited St. Andrews last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gove, who reside in China, expect to spend the summer months in Europe and in New Brunswick.

Mr. James G. Stevens has been spending a few days in St. John where she was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Ingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wellington have returned to their home in Houlton.

The Welsh Double L.

A teacher who has just died in Wales distinguished himself by helping a bishop to make good a boast that he would be able to preach a sermon in Welsh within three months of his consecration.

The pronunciation of the "ll" was a serious hindrance, and the teacher gave counsel which proved effective:

"Place the top of your right reverend tongue upon the roof of your episcopal mouth, and hiss like a goose."

The bishop made such progress that the sermon was delivered within the promised period in what was described as excellent Welsh.

A Question for an Answer.

The political and social chances for success of the Duke of Wellington were well summed up in Sir Walter Scott's words: "The duke is a soldier—a bad education for a statesman in a free country;" and Sir Herbert Maxwell, in his recent "Life of Wellington," tells an illustrative and characteristic anecdote:

His grace was called upon at a time when he was not at the head of the government, by a bore of a pamphleteering baronet. The interview began by high flown compliments on his side, when the duke soon put an end to by saying:

"We do not meet to make compliments. You said that you had something to say to me."

"Yes, my lord," said the baronet, "I

have a question to ask. I wish to ascertain whether, if your grace were to return to office, you would support principles of moderate reform."

"That is your question, is it?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then allow me to put a question in return. What right have you to ask me?"

How They Treat Our Reporters in Ohio.

Harry D. Jones, a well-known New York editor, tells a story illustrating the trials of one cub reporter:

"It was in Cleveland, Ohio, some years ago, when I was engaged in daily newspaper work in that city. A young man had just joined the editorial staff of a rival paper. He came from an out-of-the-way town, and had never before lived in a large city. He was elated over this position, and assumed so much dignity and even haughtiness that the other reporters determined to teach him a lesson. He had been sent to the lake front to get an exclusive story concerning the ship-building industry, and he announced that fact to several other reporters, one of whom looked at him in mock amazement and remarked solemnly:

"By jove, old man, that's work they give to the oldest reporters on the staff! You see, these millionaire shipbuilders won't talk to the ordinary reporter. If you have influence you can get a great beat from Keelson's yard. Everybody has been trying to get in there for two weeks."

The new reporter said that he had all the influence he needed and went post-haste to the yard. Here he was received by the second conspirator, who had taken on the guise of a member of the firm, and filled up with a technical story in which keels and main trucks, rudder posts and cutwaters, rolling chocks and deadeyes, were hopelessly and absurdly mingled.

He closed the interview by presenting the reporter with a photograph of what he called the newest idea in naval architecture, but which was, in fact, a snapshot picture of a factory taken at an unusual angle, with the factory chimney seeming to spring from the deck of a small boat lying in front of the building.

"The next day this remarkable picture appeared in print. Early in the afternoon the reporter was called up on the telephone by the third conspirator, who said angrily:

"I am an agent of a shipbuilding company whose boat you libeled today, and you have described it so incorrectly, that I shall sue you for damages unless you print a retraction and make the proper corrections. The chimney as you have printed it looks as if it were on my boat. It does not belong to my boat at all, but is part of a factory near by."

"And this statement appeared in the paper the next morning just as it had been sent over the telephone. That same afternoon the new reporter started on one of the longest vacations on record in Ohio journalism. It is not ended yet."

Right in His Line.

Author—I've written this play to shock everyone in the country. The critics said it out-Saphood. "Sapho" was worse than all the other French farces rolled into one. The clergy have denounced it, people invariably come to see it disguised, and I

The hearty looking man who thumps his chest and says he's sound as a dollar, does not take into consideration the catarrh which bothers him occasionally.

"Oh! every body has more or less catarrh. That's nothing. But he is mistaken. What begins in catarrh may end in consumption. It is a foul disease at its best and a fatal disease at its worst when it involves the lung tissues. For catarrh and for diseases of the throat and lungs in general the standard medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is recommended by physicians who have tested its efficacy and wondered at its cures. It not only destroys the disease, but it purifies the blood and strengthens the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition.

"For twelve years I was a sufferer from catarrh and was treated by one of the best physicians in the state of North Carolina, who said the trouble had reached my lungs," writes Mr. J. M. Patton, of Clifton, Pennsylvania Co., N. C. "I grew worse every day until I tried Dr. Pierce's medicine. Will say, one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Catarrh Remedy cured me and to-day I am well and hearty and I will say further that my former physician, Dr. W. M. Lyday, recommends Dr. Pierce's medicine to me and to others. I am sure your medicine will cure any case of catarrh that exists. I recommend them to all."

A Gift. The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to cover expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper covered edition, or 50 stamps for the cloth bound.

Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

When the Tax-Collector Never Sleeps.

Mrs. M. D. Hethington, who is one of the few women writers on the South African people and their customs, has a lively sense of humor which makes her conversation sparkle. She once attended a peace meeting held in England which was rather pro-Boer in character. She sat through the proceedings and listened with rapt attention to all the arguments.

After the proceedings were over a member of Parliament who was present said to her: "I am so glad to meet you, and I wish you would give me your opinion of this Boer question. You probably have been much impressed with the energy and individuality which the people of the Transvaal possess."

"Yes," replied the author, "the first quality is one which no resident of their country can ever forget. I believe the Transvaal is a commonwealth where the tax-collector has incessant and incurable insomnia."

The small Boy's Pose.

The grammar class had had 'army' to parse, and being of one accord had parsed it as being in the masculine gender.

The long suffering teacher had for fifteen minutes expended her gray matter in an eloquent and logical statement proving to the juvenile intellect that the horses, arms, accoutrements, commissary supplies and other paraphernalia of an army technically made it neuter gender. One budding mind refused to be convinced.

"Well Harry."

"Please ma'am, do women ever go to war?"

"N-not very often, Harry."

"And is 'army' always neuter gender?"

"Grammatically considered."

"Please, ma'am, what gender is Salvation army?"

Establishing a Precedent.

Niece—"Do you think it is proper to typewrite the signature, Aunt Huldah?"

Aunt Huldah—"Oh, I don't think it makes any difference, child."

Niece—"Then you think I may sign my name to this letter with the type-writer?"

Aunt Huldah—"You might, so they can read it."

Niece—"But you told me some time ago that the signature should always be written with pen and ink."

Aunt Huldah—"Did I? Well, then, if I said so it must be so, niece."

Disease Germs Flourish in Dirty Carpets.

Have your carpets and the colors restored by our famous renovating process. Also dusting done without injury to pile.

Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

thought I had succeeded in turning out the most disgraceful piece of stage work possible. Yet there's a man who has sat through the worst two acts of it without a shudder of disgust and says he doesn't think it's so very terrible. Who is he—some confirmed rone?

Manager—No, he's the collector of garbage for the city.

Mr. Tooley Tells a Story.

There was a farmer and his name was Brown, and he had a man working for him and his name was Kelly; and one night when Kelly went out to lock up the barn, he ran into the farmer, and the farmer was a bargin' by his nick to a bame wid a buggie-trace, and Kelly out th' trace and picked up th' farmer and carried him into th' house and run tin moles for a dochter; and he got will, and sid he'd never commit suicide agin; and when Kelly left him fer to go to wurrk in another place he counted th' wages thot th' farmer give him and found it wuz two dollars shy, and he sid, 'How is this, Misher Brown? Me pay is two dollars shy.' And the farmer sid, 'Why, Kelly, don't yer remember th' buggy trace yuz out thot night? Or'm a-takin' it out ayure wages.'

A Timely Work.

No, I don't want any books today,' she said as she caught sight of the book-agent.

'I am not an ordinary book-agent, ma'am. I am performing a great service to the community by the work I am doing.'

'What is that?'

'I am taking orders for a small volume which gives the pronunciation of Cuban towns and of Scotch dialect words.'

'I'll take a copy.'

A Request.

Police Photographer—Look straight ahead, now.

Prisoner—Can't I send for the old lady and have her taken at the same time? She was never photographed, and it would please her.

'Isn't Barbara droll?'

'What now?'

'She has cards out for a silver celebration.'

'She's not married.'

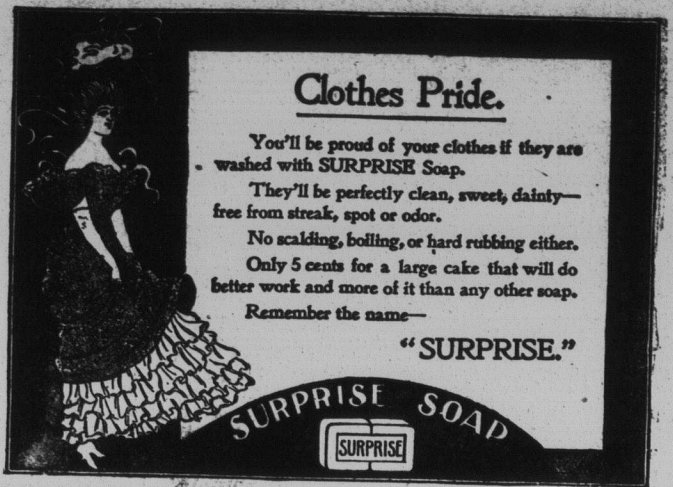
'No, but she has been a bachelor girl for 25 years.'

'Andrew Carnegie says: 'An honest day's work well performed is not a bad sort of a prayer.'

'Is that so? Now, I wish Andrew would tell us whether he considers making 18 holes in 193 strokes an honest day's work.'

'Oh, I'm so sick of men I sighed the society girl. I feel as though I never wanted to see a man again.'

'Then why don't you get married?' suggested the observing girl.



You'll be proud of your clothes if they are washed with SURPRISE Soap.

They'll be perfectly clean, sweet, dainty—free from streak, spot or odor.

No scalding, boiling, or hard rubbing either.

Only 5 cents for a large cake that will do better work and more of it than any other soap.

Remember the name—

"SURPRISE."

SURPRISE SOAP

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