

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

On Saturday and spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McLeod returning on Monday.  
Miss Helen Fraser has returned from a visit to Mrs. E. J. Connel.  
Mrs. Noddy gave a party for Master Carl Fraser on his tenth birthday. About twenty little people participated in the pleasures of this function.  
Miss Alice Lavers who has been home for a visit has returned to Lowell.  
Dr. Gray has taken a trip to Cape Breton.  
Mrs. D. A. Huntley is back from Caledonia. Mr. Huntley who has been home for a week or two.  
Mr. Ernest Brown of Wollville has been in town for a few days.  
Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Tucker and baby came home on Friday from Turo where the two latter have been for a month with relatives.  
Mr. C. W. Robinson, M. P., Moncton is in town. A large and delightful audience listened to Prof. Garrison's "Song Recital" on Tuesday evening. Mr. Hillcock presided at the organ. Prof. Garrison was Rev. T. J. Butler's guest while here. Miss Brown is spending the winter with her aunt Mrs. O. L. Price.

From the Russian of Lermontov.  
No I not for thee this yearling love of mine;  
I see in those eyes that I know—  
I see a dear dead sweetheart of long years  
And my hot youth before its wreck went down.  
And when from time to time our glances meet,  
If you should see a soul look through mine eyes,  
It is not there that soul springs up to greet,  
Not there it calls, not there it waits to reply.  
To whisper me, my boyhood's love I come,  
I see in those eyes that I know—  
In thy quick lips, lips that have long been dumb,  
In those eyes fire the world quenched long ago.  
—Clive F. L. W. Wollley.

Where's Glory 'Waits U.  
An Empire's coming-tide was set today—  
A house not built with hands, a countless store  
Of hearts that beat as one the whole world o'er,  
With blood, bone, sinew, for a common fray.  
Upon the ebbing tide he sailed away  
The first armed transport from this western shore  
To uphold Britain's arm in foreign war.  
That Canada a daughter's part in play.  
East Lewis and Orleans, the cheering throng—  
Ten hundred Britons chosen for the fray—  
The best we had we gave; their warlike song  
Flashed back upon the Chaudiere. The night  
Came down, a lonely cannon boom; and we  
Fled joy and sadness with our souls at sea.  
—Lance Bryan.

How Expert Tea Tasters Test Tea.  
The expert tea taster carefully weighs the tea, puts a certain quantity of fresh boiled water in it. It is then drawn for a few minutes, then tasted. Tetter's Elephant Brand Tea stands this test which is not from the right way of making tea.

EMPHATIC GESTURES.  
How Foreigners Illustrate the Cost of Interesting Conversation.

One of the first things to arrest the attention of an American travelling in southern Europe, is the constant use of gestures by the people. The words which an Englishman or an American, sufficient to express his meaning seem totally inadequate in the mouth of a Frenchman or an Italian unless they are reinforced by continual gesticulation. The foreign observer is, therefore, very apt to ascribe great excitement to the most casual conversation.

A Napoleon, says a traveller who has learned to understand the Latin races, goes through an entire course of calisthenics before he has talked five minutes. Give him a pair of dumb bells and ask him what he thinks of the weather, and before his answer is finished he will have taken enough healthful exercise to last him all day.

Once the traveller, sat with a friend in a cafe. Next him were two Italians engaged in most spirited conversation. The younger of the two became very much excited.

with his hands he made reaching and clinging motions, as if climbing. Then he seemed to be groping for cherries in the air, as he reached right and left above his head. Next without slackening his conversation, he put the thumb and forefinger of his left hand together, and holding them a few inches before his eyes went through the careful movements of one threading a small needle. And all the time he talked. Suddenly his manner changed. He



A Crushed Bosom.

When you are dressing in a hurry there's nothing more vexatious than to find something wrong with the laundering of your linen.

OUR LAUNDRY WORK CAN BE DEPENDENT ON.

Our standard of work and service is high, and assures you of complete satisfaction.

American Laundry,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.  
GODSOE BROS., Proprietors.  
Phone 214 or postal brings our team.  
Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeing," Montreal.

"Great Haste is Not Always Good Speed."

Many people trust to luck to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. Without it you are "no good."

Keep the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood healthy by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the faultless blood purifier.

Rheumatism—"I had acute rheumatism in my limb and foot. I commenced treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and in a short time was cured." WILLIAM HASKETT, Brantford, Ont.

Scrofula—"I was troubled with scrofula and impure blood. A cut on my arm would not heal. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and after I had taken three bottles I was well." DANIEL ROBINSON, 624 Trevellyan Street, Toronto, Ont.



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

made over hand motions as if throwing. Then he apparently initiated some one swimming, and immediately afterward described several circles rapidly with his left hand, which gave the impression of a revolving wheel.

Finally he leaned forward, and with his right hand acted the part of a person endeavoring to put a key into a keyhole.

The traveller was overcome by a slight. He turned to his friend, who understood Italian, and asked him what the plot of the story was.

"Oh, nothing," replied the other. "They're chatting about the weather."

SEEKING A HEADSTONE.

It Was Out of the Ordinary but Still a Patriotic Attempt.

A curious story of Indian simplicity is told in a recent periodical by Miss Harriet Mills, whose Indian name is Gray Eyes. She relates that on the Navajo reservation great efforts had been made to induce the Indians to abandon their custom of leaving the bodies of their dead above ground, and to adopt the white people's system of burial.

The agent's success was encouraging and arrangements were made by which the government should supply neat headstones. A stock of them was laid in, and soon after they arrived a tall Navajo appeared. He had lost his wife, and wished a headstone. He looked the collection over, but said, "No, no," to each one.

"If you tell me what kind you want, I will try to get you one," said the agent.

"Me want United States tombstone," he said.

"A United States tombstone?"

The agent made every effort to find out what was meant, but the Indian would only respond, "Me want United States tombstone."

At last the agent, fearing that the man's disappointment might result unfavorably to the scheme for introducing white men's burial methods, gave the Indian some money and told him to go and buy the kind of gravestone he liked.

Some time afterward a party of hunters came in to the agency. They had been to the lodge of the tall Navajo who had lost his wife, and had seen her grave, and at the head of it was posted—a gaudy red and white barber's pole!

This was the Navajo's idea of a United States tombstone. It was as near as he could come to a gravestone bearing the national colors, and as he was a very patriotic Indian, he was content.

NEPALESE LETTERS.

The Mail Service in Nepal and its strange Way of Working.

The author of "In Northern India" tells of his experience at Bhagwanpur, where he wished to post four letters.

They were addressed to friends in England, who are stamp collectors, and only contained a few lines to say I had sent them in order to secure Nepalese stamps. The postmaster refused to accept them. Foreigners, he said, were not allowed to post letters in Nepal; the postal service being only for the use of the Nepalese.

We sat on our elephant and reasoned, but he was firm, and the police and other officials supported him. After long discussion, we at last persuaded him to let us post the letters and leave it to the government at Katmandu to decide whether they might be forwarded.

Then we went into his office, a mud hut, and sat on low stools, nearly the whole population watching in a crowd in front from the large open space.

The postmaster redirected each letter in Nepalese characters, and taking a large sheet of paper, prepared a full report for his government, the police inspector reading our description, and so forth, from the "permit." We were particularly required

Chairs, Benches, Cane, Saddle, Forfeiture, Dues, 17 Waterbury.

to declare that the letter did not contain any political matter.

Then came the very serious business of stamping them. He had to get out a large wooden box for the stamps, and another for the date stamp. There are stamps of three values, equal to one penny, two pence and sixpence. He assured us we could not pay beyond Nepal, so we decided to put a one-penny stamp on each, and leave the excess to be collected on delivery if they ever reached England.

Fortunately they arrived after some delay, and strangely enough, no excess was charged, and thus I had the pleasure of anticipating the penny post, which is not likely to be extended to Nepal for many years to come.

A REMARKABLE DUEL.

How the Duellists Became Reconciled and Later Warm Friends.

Not long ago a sword which belonged to a valiant American soldier of the old time, Lieut. Randolph Ridgely of Maryland, was found in Richmond, Virginia, whither it had drifted during the Civil War, and was restored to Lieutenant Ridgely's grandson, Lieut. Randolph Ridgely of the United States Revenue Marine Service. The elder Ridgely was a brave soldier of the Mexican War, and died at Monterey before the war closed.

A remarkable story is told by the Baltimore Sun of the manner in which this elder Lieutenant Ridgely once managed a duel between two young officers. In those days duelling was common, and many army officers thought that an "affair of honor" was necessary to settle every serious personal difference. Lieutenant Ridgely did not believe in duelling, and discouraged it as much as he could.

It happened once during the Mexican War that two young officers quarrelled; a challenge was off red and accepted. As there was no other officer available, Lieutenant Ridgely, who was the superior officer of both the young men, was chosen to serve as second for both; and both had the utmost confidence in him and respect for him.

They met on the "field of honor," Ridgely paced off thirty paces, and placed both the principals, who had their weapons ready. Then he drew his own revolver, cocked it, and announced that it either failed to obey his orders he would shoot him. And both of them believed him capable of keeping his word.

"Will you obey me implicitly?" he asked. Believing that this pledge was necessary to him as second for both, the young men answered, "We will."

"Make ready! Aim!" he commanded.

The two young men levelled their pieces at each other, and waited steadily, unflinchingly, for the command to fire. But instead there came the command from Ridgely:

"Shoulder arms!" They shouldered.

"Right about face!" They turned in obedience to order.

"Forward, march!" He kept them moving in obedience to regular military orders until he had got them side by side, and then he marched them to his tent, and made a little speech to them, which was to this purport:

"Gentlemen, you have faced each other, and proved that you are both brave men by standing unmoved before the gun-muzzle which in the next instant might have sent you to your death. This should be sufficient evidence to each of you that the other is a gallant gentleman. Your honor is established. There is no necessity for any further proceedings. Go to your tents and let this be the end of your disagreement. Forward, march!"

The two men were completely reconciled and were fast friends thereafter.

An Island of Sulphur.

In the Bay of Plenty, New Zealand, is one of the most extraordinary islands in the world. It is called White Island, and consists mainly of sulphur mixed with gypsum and a few other minerals. Over the island, which is about three miles in circumference, and which rises between 800 and 900 feet above the sea, floats continually an immense cloud of vapor attaining an elevation of 10,000 feet. In the centre is a boiling lake of acid charged water, covering 60 acres, and surrounded with blow-holes from which steam and sulphurous fumes are emitted with great force and noise. With care a boat can be navigated on the lake. The sulphur from White Island is very pure, but little effort has yet been made to procure it systematically.

A Battering Spectacle.

The inhabitants of New York were astonished on Sept. 7th by an invasion of butterflies, which suddenly appeared by thousands, fluttering about the tall buildings, alighting on the grass in the parks; spreading their broad orange-bued sails above the roaring traffic in the streets, and even threading the wiry mazes of the Brooklyn bridge. They belonged to the variety known as the Monarch, or Milkweed butterfly, which measures from three



"SURPRISE"

SAVES HALF.

SURPRISE Soap will do your washing in half the time, with half the labor and half the wear to your linen.

No scalding, no boiling, no hard rubbing, no yellow or streaked clothes, no red hands.

Only 5 cents for a large, long-life cake.

Remember the name—"SURPRISE."

Ask your dealer for the GREAT GAME of

BOBITY

FUN FOR ALL AGES.

Sold at \$1.00 and \$1.50.

The G. A. Holland & Son Co., Manufacturers, Montreal, Canada.

to four inches across the wings. The cause of the strange invasion is not known. They disappeared as suddenly as they had come.

To Study the Northern Lights.

A Danish expedition has gone to the north coast of Iceland for the purpose of studying, during the coming winter, the northern lights, which are magnificently displayed in that country. Elaborate electric and photographic instruments, in the use of which the members of the expedition have been trained for several months past, were taken along. The leader of the expedition is the head of the Danish Meteorological office, Dr. Adam Paulsen. There are many mysteries about the aurora, and Doctor Paulsen hopes to clear up some of them before he returns.

Petroleum for Paint.

Monsieur Salome, a French artist, mixes his colors with petroleum instead of turpentine and drying oil, and he thinks he has made an improvement. The colors are first ground in oil, and then rendered fluid with petroleum.

The Malaria Mosquito.

According to the observations of Maj. Ronald Ross in India the germs of malaria are borne, not by the ordinary brindled or gray mosquito, but by his cousin the spotted winged mosquito. Major Ross was recently sent to the west coast of Africa to investigate the sources of malaria there and

he reports that, as in India, the spotted-winged mosquito is the agent through which the disease is spread. Italian investigators have also shown that mosquitoes convey the germs of malaria into the blood of human beings.

All the Difference.

An English traveller once met a companion sitting in a state of the most woful despair, and apparently near the last agonies by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. He inquired the cause of his sufferings.

"Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty, and took a large draught of the clear water of the lake, and then sat down on this stone to consult my guidebook. To my astonishment, I found that the water of this lake is very poisonous! Oh! I am a lost man—I feel it running all over me. I have only a few minutes to live. Remember me to—"

"Let me see the guidebook," said his friend.

Turning to the passage he found, "L'eau du lac est bien poissonneuse!"—The water of this lake abounds in fish.

"Is that the meaning of it?"

"Certainly."

The dying man looked up with a radiant countenance.

"What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?"

"I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language,"—Titbits.

A Prize for Inventors.

The heirs of the late Anthony Pollok of Washington have offered a prize of 100,000 francs (\$20,000), to be awarded during the exhibition in Paris next year to the inventor of the best apparatus for saving life in case of disaster at sea. The prize is open to universal competition. The award will be made by a jury sitting in Paris. It is provided that the entire prize may be awarded to a single individual, or a portion of it may be awarded to each of several persons, as the jury may decide.

The Bubonic Plague.

The British steamer J. W. Taylor, which arrived at New York November 18th, from Santos and Rio Janeiro, was held at quarantine under suspicion of having bubonic plague among the crew. One man died at sea with suspicious symptoms, and the captain and the ship's cook were ill when the ship reached New York. The plague appeared at Santos several weeks ago, and up to November 4th, 18 cases and six deaths were officially reported there from that cause.

I have been so... If the term 'Boer' sometimes is, the South Africa which early Dutch settlers... Hugenots, who, land in the seven... South Africa and... that of the early... not be an easier... scription of the d... American people... as the Dutch-Fre... now call themse... day less complex... the Americans th... and towns they... of our most cultu... whose domestic l... that of other c... English, French... Many of our m... able politicians... of this race; and... both of men and... creasingly fill ou... city students.

If, however the... it should be, to... of the race who... (the word 'Boer'... and who, in the... Colony, the Oran... the Transvaal, ha... the language, ma... forefathers of the... the task is far m... erful and virile fo... of Africa a couple... not merely domes... by old ideals and... uniformity exist...

Whether we fin... the wide grass pla... Free State, the J... and western Cap... lands nearer the c... and above all, in... ment of his domes... unique conformity...

The typical Sou... his own land, a fa... country, it may be... more miles in leng... his homestead now... few generations a... great-grandfather... the wilds in search... his great ox-wagon... ing fountain, or a... stream with inexh... never yet been visi... man, and determin...

He called the plac... tain," from the m... came down to drin... first night; "Wild... wildest which they... 'Tyer Kloot,' from... killed in the ravine... and there, after a l... with wild beasts o... ing bushmen, he b... and settled himse...

Here as the year... lion and wild dog... and the wild buck... days he lived beca... his little square o... stones or unburnt b... surrounded by wall... piled branches of t... built his kraals (or... to sleep in at night... placed very close to... might be more easi... beasts and savages...

By and by he g... larger or smaller, a... for catching rain-w... some floods the plain... sed by his fountain... his stock came to d... the supply of water... often enclosed a sm... the dam with a ston... fig and peach trees... den.

Behind the house... even, often whitew... where the goodwill... had had to content...