

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. Cooper to visit her parents and Miss Cooper to visit her brother Fred, they will be gone all winter, Mr. Cooper returns in two weeks.

The Parlor concert on Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. Stratton, Kirgickar, was a very delightful affair and reflected much credit on the ladies who were so indefatigable in their efforts to make it the success it was. The programme was an exceptionally good one and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present and was as follows:

Vocal duet.....Misses Fenety
Vocal solo.....Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe
Violin solo.....Mr. R. H. Nichols
Vocal solo.....Mr. Martin Lemont
Vocal solo.....Miss Sherman
Whistling solo.....Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe
Reading.....Rev. Canon Roberts
Violin solo.....Mr. Nichols
Vocal solo.....Miss Gertrude Fenety
Miss Beatrice Fenety and Mr. Willmont Lemont were the accompanists of the evening. Some gramophone selections were also much enjoyed. Ice cream, coffee and cake were also served by the kind hosts which added not a little to the enjoyment of the evening.

Miss Emory of Woodstock is here visiting her friend Mrs. Edwin Clarke.
Miss May Nixon of St. John is the guest of Mrs. Vanburen.

Mrs. Brown expects soon to leave Marysville to join her husband who is in Los Angeles, Cal.
Mr. Stewart Morrison is looking particularly happy the last few days, the occasion is a young daughter in the home.

Mrs. Arthur Edgcombe is spending a few days in St. John.

Mr. Howard Woodbridge has returned to his studies at Harvard University.

Miss Fyne of Boston is visiting her cousin Miss Mabel Brittain Charlotte street.

Miss Brittain leaves on Saturday to resume her studies at South Framingham.

Mrs. Vavasour et., is visiting with friends at Southampton.

Miss Hamlin Crockett returned on Saturday from a short stay with friends at St. John.

Mrs. Albert Everett of Windsor Hall, and two sisters the Misses Campbell are having a delightful time doing Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McCarthy of Blackville are visiting the city.

Miss Fiona Johnston leaves on Friday for Boston where she will enter a hospital in training for a nurse.

Miss Mowatt has returned from a visit to her friend Mrs. Boyer at Victoria Ctr.

Misses Alice Mowatt and Myra McLeod have returned from spending a few days with friends in St. John.

Mrs. J. I. Harris of Boston spent a few days here last week visiting her brother Mr. Harris whom she had not seen for thirty one years.

Mrs. James Coll of St. John is visiting Mrs. D. Leithan.

Miss Nellie Simmons will accompany Mrs. Harry Simmons who goes next week to Vancouver to join her husband Dr. Harry Simmons.

The Misses Gertrude and Helen Brannon of South Framingham are here on a visit to relatives.

Miss Gertrude is married in the state reformatory, and Mrs. Helen also holds a position in the same institution.

Mrs. Charles McGillivray and Miss Maud Ferguson leave on Saturday for a two weeks visit to Bangor.

CHICAGO

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[PROMISES for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of G. S. Wall, 1 E. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treas.]

Sept. 27.—Capt. Chipman and his squad of soldiers returned from Bangor on Friday night. They were received by the home guard. During drill much admiration was expressed for Dr. Blair in the equitation drill.

The members of the public library intend investing \$200, the proceeds of refreshments sold at the town picnic, in books at once.

Mrs. Z. Chipman is quite seriously ill.

The party enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young returned home on Friday, having enjoyed a rail on the St. John river.

Mrs. Rogers, of Turo, N. S., is the guest of her son Harold, of the Bank of Nova Scotia staff.

W. F. Todd, M. P. F., enjoyed a shooting trip last week.

Messrs. C. H. Clarke and W. B. Ganong will leave for New York shortly, where there will witness the yacht race between the Shamrock and Columbia.

The Misses Bertie and Louie Taylor have again returned to Pittsburg, Pa.

Miss Louise March left on Wednesday to join Miss Wheeler's school, which will leave shortly to take a year's course in Paris.

Lady Tilley and Miss Gibson were the guests of Madame Chipman one day last week.

Mrs. Henry Graham is again able to be out after an illness of two weeks.

Mrs. C. F. Boyd returned from a pleasant visit to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Byas, of Charlottetown, last week.

Mr. E. G. Vroom is visiting Boston.

Miss Ellen Nelson returned to Boston last week. She will remain there during the summer months.

Mrs. Wm. Grimmer is expected home from St. John shortly.

Miss Hazel Leches, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Inches, is again quite seriously ill.

At Night!

Oh mothers, watchful, loving, true,
So patient and so kind,
To every virtue so alive,
To every fault so blind!
You never seem so near to grace,
So far away from life,
As when you stand above their beds
To tuck the children in!

God bless the cunning little heads,
The sturdy little feet!
A touch of something as from heaven,
Comes over you with a thrill;
And look the little little nuncios
Amid the moonlight's beams,
And by yonder smiling faith
The angels of its dreams!

What wonder that your eyes grow dim,
And sorrow drowns your face,
Since dear little children
Are here with you alone!
What wonder that a prayer you breathe
To keep them safe from sin,
As with a soft and loving hand
You tuck the children in!

Drink Only Good Tea.

There's a reason for it. Cheapest are not only the best, but require more tea to the cup to produce any taste, but moreover, are often artificially colored and flavored, and are sometimes most dangerous. A brand name like 'Elephant Brand' is a guarantee, as its peacocks' business reputation is based on its purity.

Elephant Brand Tea, Spiced, Perfected, Pure, 17 Waterloo.

"A Fair Outside Is

a Poor Substitute

For Inward Worth."

Good health, inwardly, of the kidneys, liver and bowels, is sure to come if Hood's Sarsaparilla is promptly used.

This secures a fair outside, and a consequent vigor in the frame, with the glow of health on the cheek, good appetite, perfect digestion, pure blood.

Loss of Appetite—"I was in poor health, troubled with dizziness, tired feeling and loss of appetite. I was completely run down. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and after awhile I felt much better. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up." LIZZIE A. RUSSELL, Old Chelsea, near Ottawa, Que.

Biliousness—"I have been troubled with headache and biliousness and was much run down. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me relief and built me up." A. MORRISON, 89 Deane Street, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

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

NOT ON THE TIME TABLE.

How a Train was Jacked to Let a Star go by.

In the rarefied atmosphere of the high tablelands of Mexico objects that are really a long way off appear to be close at hand.

This has led to many ludicrous mistakes on the part of tourist and even on the part of those having a knowledge of the peculiarity of the country.

The Mexican central railway has a tangent section of track in which there is no curve that is said to be the longest in the world. It is over sixty miles in length, and a locomotive headlight can be seen, of course for a very long distance.

One evening a train round the curve approaching this tangent and as it entered on the straight track its brakes suddenly began to grind. It soon came to a standstill and the conductor, fearing that an accident had befallen the engine, hurried forward, and was shown by the engineer a light that was twinkling and dancing on the track directly ahead.

'A headlight, sure,' the engineer said.

'Must be an extra and the despatches have overlooked it, for our orders do not mention it.'

'Guess you are right,' the conductor replied; 'but I never knew the despatches to be so careless before; anywhere but on this tangent there would have been a collision and somebody killed. We better move ahead slowly to the next side-track, we can't tell just how near that train may be, and wait for it to pass us there.'

They reached the side track in safety, and dragging it on it, awaited the coming of the other train. Half an hour passed, and the engineer was fuming, wondering how much longer he was to be delayed, when the conductor called to him to step out to the main line.

'What do you think of that headlight, now?' he asked, when the engineer had joined him. 'Seems to have got clear up and up off the road.'

The engineer gazed at the twinkling light, then, 'Venus, by Jupiter!' he exclaimed. 'Billy, we've side tracked to let a star go by, or my name's not Smith!'

All By Electricity.

The Duke of Northumberland is setting the electrical ball rolling in the laundries of the aristocracy. At Alnwick Castle the washing machine, the winger, and the drier are all driven by an electric motor, and the experiment works satisfactorily. From the laundry to the kitchen is but a step, and the merciless inventor now threatens the whole race of rats and mice with electrical extinction. A small piece of cheese on an electric wire is the latest trap for the killing of these vermin, the advantage over the ordinary traps being that the creatures die instantly, without suffering hours of torture in their struggles to be free.

Waste of Water.

Occasionally the typical Pat has a brilliant afterthought; sometimes it is not so luminous as he fancies.

'Are you going to move the well, sort?' inquired a man of all work, whose employer had announced his intention of building a new house in a new and more convenient spot.

'No,' answered the gentleman, briefly, 'his mind full of his own plans.'

'Now that was a foolish question for me to be asking,' said Pat, after a few moments' reflection. 'Sure, and why didn't I think? A woe, every drop of water would run out and go to waste while you were moving it! It's nothing but a blundering goose I am!'

It Likes Reliance.

The force of dynamite is always in the direction from which the greatest resistance is offered. When dynamite is on the ground the explosive force is downward; when it is placed alongside a wall, its greatest force is against the wall; when placed under an object, its force is chiefly in an upward direction.

NATURAL DEATH IS A RIGHT.

Should Doctors Prolong Life When Cure Is Impossible?

In the course of an address before the American Science Association, in Saratoga recently, the president of the association, Judge Simon E. Baldwin of New Haven, said:

"There are certain maladies that attack the human frame, which are necessarily fatal and others which naturally end in a speedy death, but may be so treated as to lead to a protracted state of weakness and suffering incompatible with any enjoyment of life or useful activity, and from which there can be no reasonable prospect of ultimate recovery."

"In uncivilized nations such diseases are of short duration. They are either left to take their course without interference, or the patient is expedited on his journey to the grave."

"In civilized nations, and particularly of late years, it has become the pride of many in the medical profession to prolong such lives at any cost, discomfort or pain to the sufferer, or of suspense, or of exhaustion to his family."

"The patient has come to a point where he cannot bear the thought of eating. The throat declines to swallow what the stomach is no longer to digest. He craves nothing but to be alone. A few hours, and nature will come to his release. She is already, perhaps, fast throwing him in to that happy unconsciousness of pain which we call lethargy. The vital forces that have been spent. The main spring is broken and the watch has run down. It can be made to tick feebly for a minute or two by shaking it hard enough; but cannot be made to tick steadily for a longer time. Only another main spring can mend it. Only another soul, another world, can give value to this human life that is only to flicker out because it is worn out."

"The family ask the doctor if there is no hope and he responds with some sharp stimulant; some hypodermic injection; some transfusion or infusion to fill out for a few hours the bloodless veins; some device for bringing oxygen into the congested lungs that cannot breathe the vital some cunning way of stimulating some other organ to do the stomach's work. The sufferer wakes to pain, and gasps back to a few more days of life."

"Were they worth the living? Do they bring life, or a parody of life? Has nature—that is, the divine order of things been helped or thwarted? For the time, thwarted, but not for long. The suffering or at best, the lethargic existence, has been successfully protracted, but the body will soon falter and fail in the unwonted functions forced upon parts of it made for other uses, and death comes, to the relief of the dying and living, alike."

"Nature has kindly smoothed the sufferer's pillow by leading the way to that gradual exhaustion of the vital powers which follows the refusal of the stomach to receive or digest food."

"To force nutriment into the system in such a case through other channels is simply to prolong a useless struggle at the cost of misery to the patient and to the profit to no one but the doctor and the nurse."

"In determining the nature of a disease, we look for the cause of the symptoms."

"Nature has so ordered it that symptoms are observed at that time of life when life is most worth saving. A lesson of one organ may then be expected to produce a reaction throughout the system. There is general sympathy on the parts. On the other hand, in old age the outward manifestations of an interior lesion seldom indicate that more than one organ is affected, and are often hardly noticeable at all. The patient does not know that he is a patient. There is no occasion that he should. The weakest part of his bodily

mechanism has broken down. Why prolong it up? Another is hardly less weak, and must soon succumb. Better for him that his last days should be unclouded by the apprehension of coming death, and the change come to him as quiet a dream in sleep."

"It is a great responsibility this, that rests on modern medicine. It has a power to hold us back from the grave, for a few days, a few weeks, a few years to which the physician of antiquity was a stranger."

But we are sure that the course of nature with mankind is really at fault? May not she know best when she had enough of us in this state of being? Or, to rise to a higher and truer level, may not the God over all, who has ordained these laws of bodily decay, though He has ordained these laws, later discovered by us, of scientific physiology be safely left to name the time for calling His children home? That He has given men some brief power to hold them back is not of itself and always a warrant for its use, when under all reasonable possibility the result will be only a short postponement of an inevitable and barren of any intermediate opportunities for good."

"Are we sure, let us ask from another standpoint, that we have a moral right as against ourselves, to postpone the hour of death?"

"Is there a place waiting for every one which every one is equally fitted to fill? Or is each to have a place which is especially fitted for him, and that has been made ready for his coming?"

"Is life on earth for every individual merely a brief chapter of a long biography?"

"If that future life which we connect with the name of heaven be one of activity in endeavor, of energy of achievement, of the strong helping the weak, the wise instructing the simple, are we sure that the analogies of life here are so far deserted, that there is always work for all, appropriate to each? Or may, in a certain sense, time, that is, the due order of succession in events, have its reign in other worlds; and positions of usefulness in this planet or in that be assigned to new comers, as vacancies arise, and only then?"

"If to a natural death, coming in ordinary course, may be the divine way of calling one up from a condition of existence to which he is unfitted, or in which he is not needed, to one in which he is needed, and needed at once. To postpone it, to protract a life in doing so by medical skill beyond its seemingly appointed bound may, looked at in this light, risk the loss of a fitter place in a larger life—the loss of a God given opportunity."

El Siboo Pulp and Paper Company.

The exceptional advantages enjoyed by this company has quickly made of it an attractive industrial undertaking, and sufficient capital has already been obtained to ensure the flotation of the enterprise. In the possession of an inexhaustible supply of raw material, and a properly situated practically on the sea-board, thus affording every facility for prompt shipment of the manufactured article, the Sibiibo Company have a decided advantage over the majority of manufacturers of pulp and paper, and with ordinary good management the success of the company in realizing all that is set forth in their prospectus would seem to be assured. The ever increasing demand for pulp and paper, both of which now enter into the composition of so many articles of daily use, promises a market for more than the many mills can produce, and the market price of the article is so encouraging to its manufacture that referring to the recent sale of crown lands in New Brunswick, a St. John paper says that "Canadian spruce makes the best fibre for pulp, and that the result of this will be that the manufacture of deals will cease altogether, and the timber will be converted into the more valuable pulp."

From the first prospectus issued by the original promoters of this enterprise, we learn that the company has acquired upwards of 17,000 acres of wood land, well timbered with spruce of the best quality for making pulp. This tract of land, together with the pulp purchasable, will afford an inexhaustible supply of raw material adequate for all the business of the company. The company has also acquired the only available wharf property on the Sibiibo River at Weymouth Bridge, Nova Scotia. This property has a navigable water front on one side, and a railway terminus on the other.

With such manifest opportunities for the

A pure hard Soap

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

successful manufacture, shipment and sale of pulp and paper, the Sibiibo Pulp and Paper Company is not likely to experience any difficulty in disposing of the stock now offered to the public for subscription.

Among those who have exhibited their confidence in the success of the company by becoming stockholders and directors thereof, will be found the names of several prominent Montreals; including Messrs. A. F. Gault, Robert Mackay, and James Crathern.

THE REGION OF DEATH.

A Place in the Klondike Where Death not Gold is King.

Afar to the northwest of the Klondike Cold-fields,—this time on United States soil, but on a waste unspeakably bare, desolate and Arctic,—some placer gold-mining has lately been begun in regions which are known as the Cape Nome and Kotzebue districts. Nome is a cape and Kotzebue a sound, but both mining districts are far inland from the coast.

Neither of the districts has any growth of timber. To them all the fuel in mining must be carried. The hardships experienced by miners are far more severe than those likely to be encountered in the Klondike. But their miners are flocking in large numbers, although it is known that more than a hundred men of one expedition perished of scurvy, and the return in gold have been meagre.

It is a strange, yet perhaps on the whole a creditable characteristic that hardship and suffering, and even desolate surroundings and depressing circumstances, seem to attract men of our race. An American public man once said: 'There is no employment, no matter how terrible and repellant it may be, for which a man cannot be found. At any rate, I shall not doubt this so long as there are two applicants for every vacancy on the Nantucket light-ship.'

The man upon this ship must spend months in practical solitude, anchored fifty miles from the shore, seeing only their few companions, having only the most restricted opportunities to go on land, restlessly heaved to and fro, night and day, and subjected to death in any lurid, overmastering storm.

The new gold fields—where death is nearer at hand than gold—literally yawn with privation and misery as compared with the Nantucket light-ship; and yet men seek them, impelled by the gambling spirit that makes mining attractive, and by a love of desperate venture over which they apparently have no control.

A Helpful Maid.

The nurse who is the heroine of Miss Beatrice Harraden's recent book, 'The Fowler,' displays, in the fragment below, a sense of humor and a knowledge of a certain phase of human nature that are a credit to her profession.

A lady remarked of a gentleman who was always fancying himself ill, that he had discovered another ailment.

'Ah, I am glad to hear that!' the nurse replied. 'It will keep him in health and spirits for quite six weeks.'

Unique as a Map.

Some American railway men have allotted \$20,000 towards what promises to be a unique exhibit at the Paris Exhibition. A large scenic map is to be constructed that will show the route of every railway in the States by means of electrical devices, all elevation and natural features to be shown in their proportions.

Fall Excursion!

Boston and Return.

\$6.00.

The DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY will issue an excursion return ticket at above rate.

S. S. "PRINCE EDWARD"

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Sept. 11th to Oct. 11th,

Good for one month from date of issue.

Full information at 114 Prince William street, and at new pier, Back's Point.