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The Nose Fad—A new Entertainment for Church Socials.

Ingenuity and invention are freely exercised to invent amusements for young people who gather at church socials. One of the amusements that proved highly entertaining and finally attracted too much public attention was the Tribby game. The young ladies stood behind a screen which reached within six inches or so of the floor and held their skirts up out of sight. Then the young men selected their partners for the evening by the feet and ankles, each one trying to choose the one he loved best. The New York Journal describes a new game that must be equally entertaining and not so open to criticism—a game that might be profitably introduced at some of the many church and temperance socials and suppers on the Miramichi. It says:

There was great fun in the parlors of the Reformed Church, at Peekskill, last night. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour of the church had a 'nose fad' sociable. No one can tell whence the name 'nose fad.' But such sociables are very popular along the Hudson. They afford an opportunity for mild dissipation, dusted with exciting uncertainty.

Hang a sheet of canvas from the ceiling to the floor, and cut small holes in the sheet. Then collect as many pretty girls as you can on one side of the canvas and as many good looking young men on the other. Then let the girls place their noses in the holes in the canvas. A young man must choose a nose that appeals to his sense of beauty, and the young woman attached to that nose becomes his partner for the evening.

Now, everyone is aware that a young man uses extravagant language. He tells a pretty girl that her features are graven on his heart, that he instinctively feels her presence; that he would recognize her in the dark, and all that sort of thing. The 'nose-fad' sociable is a fine test of such a young man's sincerity. Of course, there is always one particular girl at the sociable whom the young man ardently desires for his partner. He walks along the stretch of canvas, and, with palpitating heart he surveys the noses that are presented to his anxious gaze. Say his particular girl has a top-tilted nose. He has often told her that blindfolded he would know her. If there was but one retrograde nose projecting through the canvas, how easy would it be to convince his sweetheart that he has spoken true. But there are half a dozen such noses. Each turns up in the same gentle curve; each has the same delicate nostrils; behind each, he thinks, stands his sweetheart vexed and pouting because he instantly does not recognize her nose. It's a fine test of a young man's sincerity.

At the sociable at Peekskill last night all seemed to be jolly and happy. But that was only on the surface. There were really heart burnings. Only two or three young men chose the girls who are nearest to their hearts.

'Of course that's Clara's nose,' exclaimed one youth, after a most careful survey. 'Of course that's Clara's nose,' he repeated, nor would he be daunted by the giggles of the young men that penetrated the canvas. 'I choose this nose,' he said positively, 'and the lady to whom it belongs.'

The canvas was lifted and he confronted, not Clara, but Clara's rival, Clara's dearest enemy, the only girl in Peekskill who is as pretty as Clara, the girl, whose nose, like Clara's, would add beauty to the face of any Venus. But his choice was made, and Clara, unhappy girl, had learned not to believe all he says to her.

Such is the spice of uncertainty, of excitement, that makes 'nose-fad' sociables popular at Peekskill. 'Such sociables may be had in New York this winter. There's great fun at them.'

Churning Done in One Minute.

I have tried the Lightning Churn you recently described in your paper, and it is certainly a wonder. I can churn in less than one minute, and the butter is elegant, and you get considerably more butter than when you use a common churn. I took the agency for the churn here and every butter maker that sees it buys one. I have sold three dozen and they give the best of satisfaction. I know I can sell 100 in this township, as they churn so quickly, make so much more butter than common churns and are so cheap. Some one in every township can make two or three hundred dollars selling churns. By addressing J. F. Casey & Co., St. Louis, you can get circulars and full information so you can make big money right at home. I have made \$80 the past two weeks and I have never sold anything in my life before.

"You used to be all honey when we were first married. How different you are now!" exclaimed Mrs. Wagster, reproachfully, to her husband, after a little tiff. "It seems to me," remarked Mr. Wagster, as he desperately waved the flies from his bald head, "that there must still be some honey about me!"

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All Things in Common.

Speaking of modern communism, in its best sense, a writer in the Toronto Sun says: "I mention one which I think is worthy of a well-extended description, a young giant two years old that has taken the lead and has become a power in the educational work of labor collectivism. This giant is every day demonstrating that, as opportunity allowed, the dream is in a fair way of becoming a reality. I refer to the Ruskin Co-Operative Association, Tennessee, established 1894. This association first started operations in Tennessee City, Dixon County, with fifteen members, a hundred and seventy-five souls in all; thirty-five more are paying by installments the membership fee of \$500, and will join the colony when that is paid. The colony commenced operations with a \$6,000 printing outfit, secured out of their subscribed membership fees of \$25,500. After two years work, in addition to the living they had acquired property of the estimated value according to the present prices, of \$80,000. The property consists of houses, factory, store machinery, tools horses, 500 acres of good arable land, and 1,000 of timber and grazing land. They have a saw mill, shingle mill, grist mill and four steam boilers; one of the boilers being for the saw and shingle mills, one for the grist mill, one for the printing factory and the largest for their water and electric works. They print the Coming Nation and twenty-six other socialist labor papers and the Telegraphers' Advocate. They have a store with a stock of \$5,000 of goods. About eight months ago they commenced moving from Tennessee City, their original location, to a place then called Cave Mills, six miles away, but now called Ruskin. They have moved thirty-five buildings from their original to their new site. The association owns all the property in common. A member's furniture and clothing are all he owns individually. They have a common kitchen, dining hall, laundry, and schools, and are collecting funds for a college for higher education. All their operations are on a cash basis. Each member can have a home built for himself or a room in a larger building set apart for the purpose. The membership is composed of every nationality, a number of them being college graduates. It would take more space than you can allow to tell all about the Ruskin colony of labor collectivists. Suffice it to say its success is assured beyond question; the danger post of difference of opinion has been past, and the members today are a happy, contented lot.

Now out in our Canadian west a similar association would not have as great a struggle as the one just referred to, which had to expend money for land and machinery, which here would not be needed. Therefore a smaller fee would start a number on the way in the Northwest and with faith in the principles and in one another, a Canadian organization would be bound to succeed and arrive at the same stage of happiness as the Ruskinites. Ruskin is affiliated with the brotherhood of the co-operative commonwealth, and has the honor of being the first colony established as nearly as possible on the socialistic plan.

We have room for teeming millions of happy, contented people out here in Western Canada. No need for millionaire and mendicant to grow up side by side here. Who will join our hopeful brotherhood?—hopeful because it seeks to sink down to the very very bottom of social penury, poverty and want, and build for the distressed ones a paradise on earth.

I have had a few letters. Who comes next?

Cured Weak Back for 25 Cents.

For two years I was dosed, pillled, and plastered for weak back, scalding urine and constipation, without benefit. One box of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills relieved, three boxes cured, R. J. Smith, Toronto. One pill a dose, price 25 cents.

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ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

Of Interest to Bicycle Riders.

A well known bicycle rider has made a discovery that will be good news to all who locomote on the wheel. He says:

Since I first began to ride a wheel, which is several years ago I have been subject to more or less chafing and irritation. Sometimes when heated the itching inside my legs would be so severe that I would feel compelled to forego riding for a time. No hinting that I tried did any material good until my attention was drawn to an advertisement of Dr. Chase's Ointment for all itching of the skin. I tried it and almost from the moment it touched the skin the itching stopped. I also find its occasional use prevents chafing. Further evidence of the efficacy of this preparation is given by Chas. Roe, foreman Central Press Agency, Toronto, who was troubled with Itching Skin of the most aggravated kind. When the skin became heated during sleep from too much clothing, would wake up with absolute pain from digging into the flesh with his nails. Chase's Ointment gave relief from the first application and permanently cured. Price 60c.

The Way It Acted.

A tailor named Sam Smith, from a country place, visited a large wholesale warehouse and ordered a quantity of goods. He was politely received, and one of the principals showed him over the establishment. On reaching the fourth floor the customer saw a speaking tube on the wall, the first he had ever seen.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Oh, that is a speaking tube. It is a great convenience. We can talk with it to the clerks on the first floor without taking the trouble of going down stairs."

"Can they hear anything that you say through it?"

"Yes, and they can reply."

"You don't say so! May I talk through it?"

"Certainly."

The visitor put his mouth to the tube, and asked:

"Are Sam Smith's goods packed yet?"

The people in the office supposed it was the salesman who had asked the question, and in a moment the distinct reply came back:

"No; we are waiting for a telegram from his town. He looks like a slippery customer."

—The Waterbury.

What a Woman Can Do.

Last week I cleared, after paying all expenses, \$355.85, the month previous \$290 and have at the same time attended to other duties. I believe any energetic person can do equally as well, as I have had very little experience. The Dish Washer is just lovely and every family wants one, which makes selling very easy. I do no canvassing. People hear about the Dish Washer and come or send for one. It is strange that a good, cheap Dish Washer has never before been put on the market. The Mound City Dish Washer fills this bill. With it you can wash and dry the dishes for a family of ten in two minutes without wetting your hands. As soon as people see the Washer work they want one. You can make more money and make it quicker than with any household article on the market. I feel convinced that any lady or gentleman can make from \$10 to \$14 per day around home. You can get full particulars by addressing THE MOUND CITY DISH WASHER CO., St. Louis, Mo. They help you to get started, then you can make money awful fast.

Delicious Bulls.

Herr Szafranki, the German journalist, has published, under the title of "Humors of the Reichstag," a few utterances of German deputies. For instance, Herr von Ludwig remarked: "The people, the masses, know well enough that it is extremely difficult to become rich suddenly by honest toil, excepting always in the case of inheritance or marriage." Herr Liebknecht remarked at the end of a speech: "Yes, I should say the case is tragic if it were not so sad." Herr Ricket, taunting the Ministry: "Upon the Ministerial benches you hear nothing—nothing but profound silence." Baron de Norddeck de Rabenau, speaking of the taxes on wine: "If I were to define bottled wines, I should say that all wines that are in bottles are bottled wines." Herr Westphal: "To squeeze the juice out of a lemon and then give it a kick—no, it is too much." While Dr. Greve, without intending to be funny, said: "Is there a more burning question than cremation."

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