

TO ROUND OUT THE CHEST.

An Exercise That Brings Good Results in Its Train.

The muscles must be developed—therein lies the secret of a plump, beautiful neck and chest. To fill up the hollow on each side of the collar line, a system of deep breathing exercises essential, says the American Queen. Take a long, deep breath, hold it as long as possible and then exhale it very slowly. Do this 10 to 20 times every night and morning.

Another excellent exercise is (1) to slowly bend the head forward until it touches the neck, then raise it gradually; (2) slowly bend the head backward and raise it slowly; bend it sideways, first to the right and then to the left. Repeat each movement 10 times at first and each day increase one or two till you can do it 20 times.

Upon retiring in the evening bathe the neck and chest with warm water and rub both neck and chest with cold cream, olive oil or cocoa butter. Continue the rubbing until the neck and chest are in a glow. It is best to rub it with a circular movement and then wipe off all the superfluous grease which the skin refuses to absorb. This massage treatment stimulates the action of the muscles and induces a firm plump flesh.

Upon rising in the morning sponge the neck and chest with warm water to which add a pinch of borax; then sponge with cold water to which has also been added a pinch of borax. Before putting on your corsets go through the exercises above advised. Persevere with this treatment for a couple of months, and at the end of that time if you haven't as plump and pretty a neck and chest as one could wish to see it's no use trying any other forms of treatment.

Cold that Hang on

Pneumonia is the result of neglected chest colds that hang on and inflame and irritate the bronchial tubes and lungs. To promptly and thoroughly cure chest colds, tightness in the chest and all colds in the throat and bronchial tubes Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has proved itself the most effectual remedy extant. Its sale is simply enormous. 25 cents a bottle. Family size 60 cents.

A Delicate Pair of Scales.

In the windowless basement room, originally built for a coal vault, of an old mansion near the national Capitol in Washington their is, says the N. Y. Sun, mounted the most delicate pair of scales in the United States. To these scales is entrusted the work of doing the Government's weighing. They are part of the equipment of the Treasury Department's Bureau of Weights and Measures which is attached to the Coast Survey, though why this should be nobody has ever adequately explained. So delicate are these scales that they will weigh accurately a ten-millionth part of a gram. They are so sensitive that the warmth given off by the body of a person approaching them near enough to open the glass case or to shift the weights, would expand the balance arms and produce an appreciable error in the results. Therefore they have been so constructed that they may be operated at a distance of twenty feet. It is not necessary to open the case or to go near the machine even to shift the weights. Three long brass rods extend from the base of the case containing the scales, and at the extremity of each is a wheel, and by turning these wheels the weights may be shifted from one pan to another, or any other necessary operations conducted. The readings are made through a small telescope mounted where the operator stands. Too late it was discovered that the establishment of the instrument in a corner of the room was a mistake. The fact that one wall is three feet away and the opposite one nine feet, has a marked effect on the scales. On the side where the wall is close the temperature is different from the other side, and whenever the instrument is used it has been found necessary to surround it with a large sheet of asbestos paper. Besides this, the attraction of the wall for the metal in the scales beams has to be taken into account. These are only a few of the things which have to be allowed for in doing a fine job of weighing. Large corrections have to be made for temperature, humidity and density of the air. With each weighing their must be a reading of the thermometer, barometer and hydrometer and correspond to the conditions existing at the time. In Germany there are scales so built that the weighing can be conducted in a vacuum but the government owns no such apparatus.

FOUND HER TONGUE.

A Sudden Cure For the Bride Who Played Dumb.

My wife had her curiosity appeased in a way that will satisfy her for some time, said the newly married man as he smiled. It was my idea to make our wedding trip as quiet as possible and do away as much as we could with the annoyance that usually attends wedding-couples. But the lady said that she was proud of being a bride, and that she wanted to hear the comments that the people would make. With the end in view she hit upon the notion of playing deaf and dumb and going through a lot of monkey shins with our fingers to carry out the scheme. She reasoned that this would cause people to talk in our presence, and thus we would be able

to hear what they said. I opposed the idiotic idea from the first, but what I said cut no figure, and I had to consent to the plan. Our first chance to try the scheme occurred in a railway station where we were waiting for a train. My wife commenced her pantomime and I had to carry it out, feeling like a fool while I was doing it. She wobbled her fingers and I wobbled mine, and we soon had every one staring at us. There were two woman seated back of us, and the comments she desired so much soon came.

"It's a newly married couple," said one. "The poor things are deaf and dumb. Isn't it awful?"

"What do you suppose he saw in her?" asked the other. "She is positively homely."

"And I believe her hair is bleached," said the first woman.

"And her hat is out of date," was the next starter.

"Looks like an old one made over," was the reply.

"Her dress wrinkles in the back," said the first.

"She's 35 if she's a day, and she looks as if she had a frightful tamer," put in one of them.

Right there my wife found her tongue and her remarks to these two women left no doubt about her having that important article that women are supposed to exercise so freely."

He's a Romancer.

Lieutenant George W. Hays of the Imperial Light horse in South Africa is in Chicago and tells the people that he had four brothers killed in the war, and that General Wauchope, who was killed at Magersfontein, was his uncle. He says he received the Victoria Cross at Colenso and he thus describes an encounter near Pretoria:

"I was carrying despatches from Promfreeshtroom to Pretoria when fifteen Boers were sighted. Their leader, Grobbler, signed a truce to me. I took him at his word and he approached me. At 200 feet he suddenly brought his Mauser to his shoulder. Instinctively I pulled my Mauser pistol and a providential shot killed him, for I took no aim. A bullet from another Boer dropped me at the same time.

I began chewing up my despatches instantly, and had swallowed all but one, when the oughers reached me. A Boer, cursing and swearing, ran his knife into my mouth as if he were opening an oyster. It cut my gums and slit my tongue, but he didn't get the despatch. Then they beat me over the head with their gun butts. Soon after a party of English captured them all, and took me to the hospital."

Lieutenant Hays assures confiding friends that when invested with the Victoria cross the queen knelt before him and kissed his hand.

Not Her Station.

It is characteristic of the perversity of human intelligence to find the most amusing things in the midst of the most serious circumstances—such as railway accidents, for instance.

It is related that a solemn-faced woman was once riding in the train from Brookfield to Stamford. Somewhere between the two stations an accident occurred, and the train rolled down and embankment.

The solemn-faced lady crawled from beneath the wreckage, and asked of a broken-legged man who was near:

"Is this Stamford?"

"No, ma'am," the man gasped. "This is a catastrophe!"

"Oh, dear!" she answered. "Then I hadn't oughter got off here, had I?"—(From the London Spare Moments.)

One on Wolseley.

An amusing story is told of Lord Wolseley's interest in the Commissariat Department, in which his zeal on one occasion certainly got the better of his discretion. Dinner was being served to the soldiers, and orderlies hurried backwards and forwards with steaming pails of soup. Lord Wolseley stopped one of them. The man was at attention in a moment. "Remove the lid." No sooner said than done. "Let me taste it." "But, plaze yer—" "Let me taste it, I say." And taste it he did. "Disgraceful! Tastes like nothing in the world but dish-water." "Plaze yer honor," gasped the man, "and so it is!"

Briggs—"Wonder how Stover is doing nowadays?" Griggs—"Oh, he must be doing finely; must be making no end of money. You know he has always been troubled more or less with rheumatism. Well, he now calls it gout."—[Boston Transcript.

A Skeptical Age.—Uncle Silas—"Folks is different from what they used to be. Lots of 'em don't believe in the Bible." Uncle Hiram—"Yes; an' some is gittin' shy of the Declaration of Independence."—Brooklyn Life.

Came by it Naturally.—Visitor—"What a haughty, overbearing child that little freckle-face is!" Teacher—"It isn't his fault; his mother is a cook and his father the janitor of an apartment-house."—Brooklyn Life.

Unsatisfactory from the start.—"Well what about the new neighbors?" "Oh, Edgar, it was the meanest moving in I ever saw. Everything was boxed and barrelled up so I couldn't see a thing they have."—Detroit Free Press.

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Separate Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Cribwork, Sydney and Point Tupper," or "Oxford and New Glasgow," as the case may be, will be received until

MONDAY, 12TH NOVEMBER, 1900,

for the construction of Cribwork Protection Walls, about 3000 feet, on Sydney and Point Tupper Division, between Jamesville and Boisdale, and about 500 feet near Tatamagouche, on Oxford and New Glasgow Division.

Specification and plan may be seen on and after Wednesday, 31st day of October, 1900, at the Station Masters Offices at Grand Narrows, Boisdale and Tatamagouche, and at the Office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 26th October 1900.

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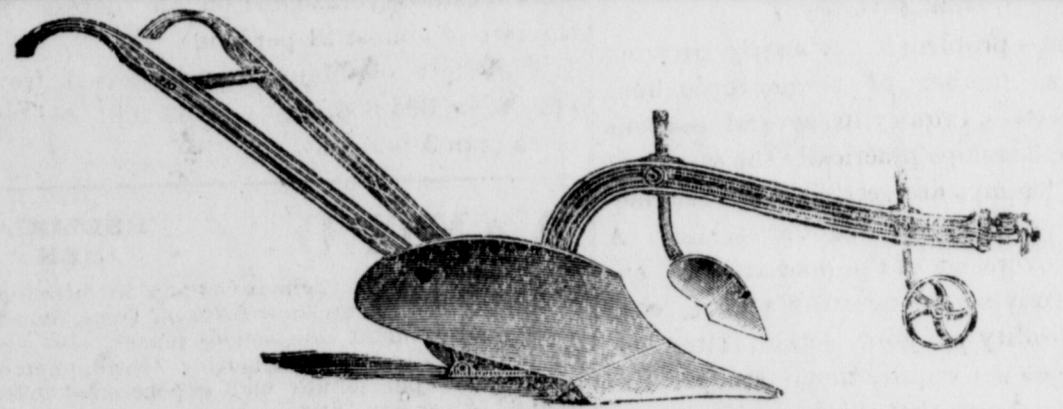
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