

BUSINESS NOTICE
The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, N. B., every Thursday morning in time for dispatch by the earliest mails of that day.
It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable in advance.
Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season, are inserted at eight cents per line per week, for the first insertion, and three cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
Yearly or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of \$300 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.
The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Hants, New Brunswick and in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, is a medium for the dissemination of news and information, and is a valuable adjunct to the business of the community.
Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 24. No. 49. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 19, 1899.

This address slip pasted on the top of this page has it, if the date of the paper is later than that on the slip, remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper, and to pay for it. See Publisher's announcement.

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Chatham, N. B., Sept. 24, 1898.

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I wish George would shave off that
fuzzy little moustache.
Why?
Because I kissed me last night and I
thought it was a caterpillar!

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My Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too
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Come and see our work and
compare it with that of
others.
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK

Too Much in Love

No one was ever so charming as Lucinda, except Lucasta. Lucasta had no possible rival but Lucinda. I could have been happy with either, if I hadn't fallen in love with both.
Lucinda was blonde. I prefer blonde—when I see Lucinda. Lucasta was brunette. I adore brunettes—when I am with Lucasta. When I am away from either I have no preference in the matter.
Lucinda was sedate and Lucasta was lively. I am a fair average between the two.
Lucinda sang a trifle flat and thumped the piano—after all it is an instrument which deserves punishment—but her painting was superb. Lucasta had no eye for color and her water-colors were always drawn away, but she played and sang like an angel. It was a little unfortunate that Lucinda preferred to sing and Lucasta to paint.
Lucinda could cook, but was no needlewoman. Lucasta abhorred the kitchen, but for sewing on buttons she had no equal. When my landlady's steaks were tough I preferred an evening at Lucinda's. When my gloves were out of repair I found more pleasure in the society of Lucasta. There were evenings when I went to see both.
Lucinda liked and Lucasta loathed; Lucinda drove and Lucasta rode; Lucinda played tennis and Lucasta croquet; Lucinda skated and Lucasta fished. I like, golf, drive, ride, play tennis or croquet, skate and fish—I really do not mind which. If this were an enlightened Mormon country my duty would have been clear. As it isn't, I could only toss up. To be exact, I tossed up many times. Whenever it came down "head"—"head" was Lucinda—I wished it had been "tail." Whenever it came down "tail" I found that I had hoped for "head." So I continued to admire both, and left the solution to Providence. Unfortunately Providence was a little too hasty when it took the matter in hand. Tuesday evening in June when Providence intervened. I was seeing Lucinda home from tennis and we said good-bye at her gate. I couldn't go in because I was due at Lucasta's to arrange about Thursday's croquet. I didn't mention it. A fellow has to be careful about such things. Girls are so touchy.
"At any rate," she said, "you must wait while I go in and get my little book."
"Book?" I inquired.
"Confession book, you know; for you to write in."
"Um—certainly." I didn't want to write in a confession book. No one does. But what could I do?
So she fished the book and I put it carefully in my pocket.
"If I fill it up very nicely," I said, "may I hope for a reward?"
"I don't know what you mean," she said.
"Just one."
"Well—perhaps—I'll think of it."
"You promise?"
"Oh, bother! Well if I must—"
"You promise?"
"Yes, yes! You are a tease."
"Payment in advance?"
"I couldn't think of being so un-businesslike!"
I tried to take an instalment, but she ran away and laughed at me from the doorway. So I had to go.
"I think," I murmured to myself, "I prefer Lucinda."
Lucinda was particularly bewitching that evening. I do not think I ever heard her sing better, and twice she let me squeeze her hand under the table, when I was going she also produced a book—the duplicate of Lucinda's! They must have bought them at the same shop. There is in fact, only one decent stationer in the place.
"You are to take it home, and write your confession in it," she announced, nodding her head emphatically.
"Oh—dear!—dear!" I said, feebly, "I wasn't!"
"If you do it really well, I shall be most pleased with you," she said, archly.
"If I do, will you promise—"
"No!" she said, promptly.
"You didn't want to hear what I was going to say?"
"As if I didn't know!"
"If I write something particularly good?"
"Well, I'll think it over."
"I won't confess a thing unless you promise."
She laughed.
"So, if you insist—I must, I suppose."
"Just one now."
"The idea!"
"I'll squeeze her hand for the third time—a nice, long squeeze—but that was not what I meant. I stowed the book in my other pocket and retired to my lodgings. Upon the whole I fancied that I preferred Lucasta.
When I had put on my slippers, and started a cigar, I thought that I might as well execute my commissions forthwith. I took a clean pen, some fresh ink, and a new piece of blotting paper, and laid the books side by side.
It would be an economy of labor, I decided, to answer the corresponding questions at the same time. I am always practical.
Here are the questions and the pairs of answers. You will not, I fancy, have any difficulty in guessing which were addressed to which.
What is your favorite name?
Lucinda.
What art attracts you most?
Painting—as you point.
Music—when you sing.
What quality do you most admire in a woman?
The gentle bloom of restful calm. To laugh and smile and care be-
lievingly.
What is your idea of beauty?
A maiden slight and fair—
Blue eyes and golden hair.
The dark-haired queen of night.
With brown eyes beaming bright.
The alteration was rather good, I thought.
"What accomplishment do you most admire in a woman?"
The art where none but you can vie—
To paint a joint and make the pie.
The art a none like you are knowing—
To sew the female art of sewing.
What are your favorite recreations?
Bicycling, driving, tennis and skating.
Golfing, croquet and fishing.
If not yours, if you would you be-
lieve, who to Lucinda dear might be-
hold, my choice! I would be he!

HOUSEHOLD.

Who to Lucasta was most dear—
In his best shape I would appear.
What is your dearest wish?
May nothing ever come to hinder
Our friendship's course, most sweet
May friendship never cease to cast
Its entrancing spell on us, Lucasta!
There was good reason that I can't remember. I flatter myself that I have put down enough to show that I dealt with the subject—I mean sub-
jects—in an elegant and ingenious manner. When I had finished I was a little sleepy. I wrapped the books up in brown paper, however, ready for posting in the morning, and then I went smilingly to bed. I was glad all next day to think that I had been able to give so much pleasure to both the dear girls, and I started out early in the morning to receive their thanks. As Lucinda's house was nearest, I went there first.
Lucinda was reclining on the garden bench. She received me with even more than her usual sedateness. Possibly, it occurred to me, she felt a little shy about her promised reward. Her eyes shone as she looked at me.
"I had a letter from—"
"For the last time," she said firmly. My hair stood on end. I could feel it lifting my cap.
"Really?" I protested. "Lucinda—"
"Miss Smith, if you please!" I twisted my stick uncomfortably.
"Er—didn't you get the book?" I asked.
"I did." She seemed to put unnecessary emphasis into the simple statement.
"It was sincere," I assured her. "Every word I said, if you please." "It bore the evident impression of sincerity," she repeated with conviction.
"Then," I protested, "really I don't understand why—"
"I have no intention of enlightening you," she informed me. "Good-evening!" I could collect myself she was tripping up the back steps. I whistled softly for a few seconds. Then I went down the path and out the gate. They have rather a nasty dog, and I thought I heard him barking.
"What a lucky escape!" I reflected. "To think that I should ever have compared her with Lucasta. Dear little Lucasta! She will receive me very differently!"
She did. She was in an armchair reading a novel, when I arrived. As soon as I entered she jumped up and stamped her foot. If she were a man, she said, she would "box my ears!" I dropped my hat and stood in astonishment. She looked so angry that I nearly dropped them again when I had picked them up.
"Upon my word," I said, "Lucasta—"
"Miss Brown is my name."
"Miss" is no part of anybody's name, you know, but I didn't contradict her.
"If you were annoyed at what I wrote—"
"Annoyed!" She tossed her head. "It is a matter of absolute indifference to me what you write or think." I could almost fancy that I saw sparks coming from her eyes—sparks of indifference presumably.
"The words of mine," I said solemnly, "which are in your book—"
"I don't know," she said. "I don't know." "They are in the kitchen ash-pan, except a small portion of a leaf that went up the chimney, I think."
"I don't know," I said in sorrow, "but I know how to please you."
"Would you do it?"
"I don't know," she said. "I don't know."
"Then," said she, "Go!" She pointed to the door.
I went.
"I have written the confessions in the wrong books!"
STANDING THE TESTS.
Typewritten Matter Proved to Be More Durable than Any Other.
Now the typewriter has almost superseded the pen in commercial life the question of the permanency of the writing done by the machine is one of considerable importance. Recent tests show that the impressions made by a typewriter are more lasting than the ordinary pen-and-ink writing.
The writing of a typewriter has been submitted for seven days to the action of the following reagents: Petroleum ether, alcohol, water, strong chlorine water, a mixture of ether and alcohol, 3 per cent. oxalic acid, 10 per cent. citric acid, 10 per cent. hydrochloric acid, 10 per cent. tartaric acid and 4 per cent. sodium hydrate.
As to the result of this severe test, there was no visible action, except that in the case of the chlorine water and sodium hydrate, the writing was turned brown in consequence of the destruction of the methylene blue and a portion of the Prussian blue. In spite of partial bleaching the writing was still very distinct and readily legible.
Another test was of the relative permanency of good fluid ink and of the ink used upon the typewriter upon plain white paper with the pen and the machine. Thirty-one hours after the one had been made on the typewriter, the sheet was immersed for five minutes in a strong solution of hydrogen dioxide. The ink on the typewriter was completely covered with the solution, and allowed to remain in the solution 84 hours. On being removed, washed, and dried it was found that, while the inscription with the ordinary ink was scarcely discernible, the one made by the typewriter was clear and distinct.

HOUSEHOLD.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.
Sweet Pickled Peaches.—Pare firm, white peaches, weigh, and to each pound of fruit, allow half a pound of sugar. To each six pounds of fruit allow a pint of vinegar. To this add a tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, mace and cloves, dividing into three portions and tying each in a bit of thin muslin. Lay the fruit and sugar in a preserving kettle in alternate layers, put in the vinegar and spices, and let stand slowly to the boiling point. When the fruit is sufficiently tender skim it out into a platter, boil the syrup until it is thick, return the fruit, and let it heat again, then put into cans and seal. Peaches may be pickled by this rule.
Sweet Pickled Peaches, Whole.—To eight pounds of fruit allow four pounds of sugar, a quart of vinegar and two ounces each of stick cinnamon, and whole cloves. Rub the fruit with a cloth to remove the fuzz and stick a clove in each. Or pare the fruit if you prefer. Heat the vinegar with the spices, put in what fruit you can cook conveniently, let boil until it can be pierced with a fork, and then put into a jar, and put in more until all have been cooked. Boil the syrup down till it is thick, and there is about half as much as at first, and pour over the fruit.
Ripe Cucumbers Sweet Pickles.—Pare twelve large, ripe cucumbers, and take out the seeds and soft pulp. Cut in strips two inches wide and three or four inches long. Then take two pounds of sugar, a pint of vinegar, and a pound of salt, and half an ounce of cloves. Let boil up, skim, then put in the cucumbers. Cook till tender, then boil the syrup till it is thick, pour it over the cucumbers and seal. These make a very acceptable sweet pickle, if one has not much fruit to put up.
WATERING FLOWERS.
One great cause of failure to secure bloos is injudicious watering—deluging at one time and withholding at another and paying no attention to the needs of different varieties. The appetites and needs of plants are as various as those of people and their temperaments differ, too; there are the sanguine, the sensitive, the phlegmatic each requiring being dealt with accordingly. While one plant will thrive, notwithstanding the utmost neglect and subsist on almost nothing, another must have nourishing food and warm drink. It is a good plan to adapt the water to the temperature of the room, never using cold water and always being sure that the drainage is good. Once a plant will drop and look sickly without any apparent cause, when, if the soil is looked over, it will be found that water stands in the bottom of the jar. A bent wire is always useful in this case, for by penetrating the soil to the base of the pot and stirring the earth, the water will be made for the escape of the water and gas. Then water freely, being sure that the water runs through quickly; drain all the water out, and sprinkle it on top of the jar and withhold moisture until the plant is again healthy. The calla, as is well known, requires plenty of water, and in the case of the ferns, fuschias are thirsty plants, especially when in flower and moisture is necessary to the Chinese primrose. The majority of plants, requires a weekly bath; in fact, nothing invigorates them as a shower bath of tepid water. Those which cannot be removed readily from the pots, may have their leaves sponged. The ivies should be sponged frequently, while primroses and ornamental plants, begonia should have a bath of tepid water, but is well watered at the roots.
SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.
Southerners dry tomatoes instead of canning them. They take fine ripe ones, scald them to remove the skins, cook them with no water and with only a little salt until quite thick; spread on plates and dry. Pack in paper bags and keep in a dry place.
The suggestion is often repeated in our domestic exchanges, that in making fruit pies the sugar be put upon the lower crust and the fruit on top to prevent "spitting out." This is almost always results in making a low crust that is "pave" with partially dissolved sugar and which is totally indigestible. Make your pies rather, by mixing sugar with about one-third flour, and sprinkling it on top of the fruit. With good-sized apertures for the escape of steam—and a not too hot oven—there will be no trouble.
Fruit pies should be baked slowly in a moderate oven.
Why not keep some clusters of grapes for the Thanksgiving dinner? Choose Catawbas, Isabelles, or Yergennes. Take those that are perfectly ripe and sound. With a seissors carefully cut out every crushed or imperfect grape. Lay on trays covered with paper, and keep where they will be both cold and dry. By taking the late grapes, and managing this way, the grape season can be prolonged. An eye should be kept on them, and if any begin to decay use them at once. Alternate warmth and cold will soon make them decay; so will moisture.
BUYING STRENGTH SAVERS.
It is usually poor business to do any work that a machine can do as well. The business man makes use of every improvement if he hopes to keep pace with the world. The wages, waste and annoyance of such girls as usually go out to service cost far more than the modern conveniences which make housekeeping a pleasure. If competent, trusty girls were plentiful, then indeed would the life of the wife be bright, if she makes her children proud of her. She must economize her strength. When farmers and farmers' wives refuse to "trade" butter and eggs at the country grocery; when they sell for cash and buy what they need when they want it; and where they want to, then will we hear less of the cry "I cannot afford to have linoleum on my floor, or an oil stove, or a refrigerator."
HOW TO DRY WET SHOES.
When without overshoes, you have been caught in a heavy rain storm, perhaps you have known already what to do with your best kid boots, which have been thoroughly wet through, and which if left to dry in the ordinary way, will be stiff, brittle, and unsightly. If not, you will be glad to learn what I heard only recently,

HOUSEHOLD.

from one whose experience is of value.
First, wipe off gently with a soft cloth, surface water and mud; then, while still wet, rub with kerosene oil, using for the purpose the furled side of Canton flannel. Set them aside partially dry, when a second treatment of oil is advisable. They may then be deposited in a conveniently warm place, where they will dry gradually and thoroughly. Before applying French kid dressing give them a final rubbing with the flannel, still slightly dampened with kerosene, and your boots will be soft and flexible as new kid, and be very little affected by their bath in the rain.
A QUEEN'S HOUSEKEEPING.
Close to the aviary and the dairy in the grounds of Frogmore is the queen's tea-house, a simple little bungalow surrounded by a veranda and surrounded by a red tile roof, writes E. M. Jessop in the Pall Mall Magazine. It is connected by an open passage with a smaller building which contains the kitchen. The furniture of the tea-house is all of plain oak, and the walls are covered by an old-fashioned French chintz paper representing flowers climbing on trellis work. In fine weather the breakfast table is set out beneath the great oak trees which overshadow the tea-house, and here her majesty takes her breakfast, attended by her attendants and accompanied by her grandchildren and the three favorite dogs, who are housed in the kennel boxes, "in the honor." During the meal music is furnished by the two pipers, who march to and fro beneath the trees.
The breakfast equipage is of silver and contains some favorite pieces, notably the salt-cellar presented by Lady Alice Stanley, and the "chicken-egg cup" one saw in Burton Barber's picture of "Marco," the queen's pet dog, hung in the Royal Academy in 1893. The queen's breakfast is, in common with her living, of the very simplest. At her desk everything good that is in season is served at her table, but for herself eggs, dry toast or fancy bread are all that she ever takes.
I am sure very many of my readers will be glad to hear that notwithstanding the enormous amount of business with which she has to deal, the queen is, to a large extent, her own housekeeper. The first thing every morning she receives a summons from the clerk of the kitchen is placed before her, from which, in her own hand, she orders the menus of the day, both for herself and such of her grandchildren as may be with her. These menus are at once sent to the kitchen, gardeners and other departments concerned in the various requests, and their contents duly entered, together with the quantities of material used, in the books which are kept in the royal desk provided for the purpose. She receives a salary of \$2,500 per annum, and has as satellites four master cooks, two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, six apprentices and six kitchen maids besides pantrymen and other lesser lights. In addition to the great kitchen at Windsor, there are two great rooms for vegetables and the confectionery and pastry kitchen. This last is a most important department, controlled by a confecturer with six assistants and fitted in the most complete manner. All her majesty's favorite cakes, biscuits, pastry, etc., are made at Windsor, and by special messenger several times a week to wherever her residences the court may be staying at. All stores at Windsor are under proper supervision, no material being served out without proper requisition signed by the head of the department concerned. Not a bag of dog biscuits can ever be ordered for the kennels unless on the printed form. In fact, the whole vast establishment is practically as methodically controlled by the queen as if she were the days of George IV., and which God give us with the waste, extravagance and the abominable perquisite system, and moreover, enables her majesty to exercise that wise control over her finances which enables her to keep the grandest establishment on relatively the smallest scale of income in Europe. She is generally a pious woman, and alludes to all the disagreeable things of life as "dispensations" of an all-wise and merciful Providence. She takes comfort in the idea that everything that happens to her is sent as a "judgment." She poses as a martyr, and her family would be much more comfortable if some charitably disposed person would burn her at the stake.
She is a blight on her household, and a mildew on the lives on her family, if she has one. If you have such an acquaintance shun her. Let her mould and rust out if she likes, for she is a black blotch on this life, and which God has given us that we might be cheerful and hopeful and courageous over-coming evil with good, and every-thing which lifts up the fallen and leads men on to that better and purer life which by and by shall be merged in the life which is immortal.—Kate Thorne.

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