BUSINESS NOTICE

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Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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R. Cushman, July 1, 100

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NOVEL BONFIRES.

Jilted Man Burned His Letters on Guy Fawkes Day.

At the beginning of last November a young Lancashire farmer, who had been engaged for some time to a Liverpool shopgirl, was for some reason or other jilted by the fickle maid. This turned his love into hate; and, as he could not think of a more effective form of revenge, he determined to celebrate Guy Fawkes Day by making a bonfire of the hundreds of letters she had sent him. Having procured an empty petroleum barrel, he stood it on end in a field, knocked the top in, and placed the letters inside. Opened out there were more than enough to fill the barrel; and a straw effigy of his lost love having been suspended at a good height above, the jilted one applied a light in the presence of a number of his friends. Immediately the flames shot up, and very soon pile and effigy were reduced to a heap of ashes.

It will be remembered that five or six years ago a young American lady journalist created a sensation by posing as a great heiress in search of a titled husband. On the publication of her experiences large sums of money were offered to her for the return of some of the letters that fortune-hunting noblemen had written. These were given up without fee or reward, and others were restored through the intercession of friends. But there was still an enormous pile left, and the responsibility of their possession weighed heavily on the mind of the fair American. Finally they caused so much concern that she could not sleep at night, and, rather than be troubled further with their custody, she got up from her bed, gathered all the tender missives together, and made

A HUGE BONFIRE OF THEM.

Then she could sleep in peace.

An amateur author, who had been foolish enough to publish a novel at his own expense, once indulged in a rather expensive bonfire as the result. Of course the book would not sell, and, growing tired of giving it away, he determined to make a bonfire of all the remaining copies on the evening of Guy Fawkes Day. To the number of some hundreds he had them conveyed to a field adjoining his garden and there with the aid of a quantity of straw and wood, his literary work was speedily made ready for the only devouring element it could ever hope to experience.

According to an old newspaper, a curious bonfire was made in a West of England parish nearly one hundred years ago. It was composed of an enormous pile of dry gorse and bushes and as many fagots, or bundles of wood, as the years that had elapsed since the discovery of the famous Gunpowder Plot. All the inhabitants of the parish contributed towards the bonfire, preparations for which were in progress for several weeks before the anniversary came round. Needless to say, they all likewise assembled to see the huge pile set alight, the fire being declared to be the largest and grandest that had been seen in the neighborhood within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The fagots had all been obtained from a large wood a quarter of a mile distant from the scene of the fire.

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173 different submarine boats have been patented since the year 1620.

US.

I.

People think I'm no end of a Johnny, but I'm not. I once did a really clever thing. I admit that she made me; but some fellows never do a clever thing at all. Nobody could make them.

To begin with myself, I'm Lord Charles Manson, and I'm pretty well off. The governor tied my money up till I was twenty-five. When a fellow gets as old as that he begins to grow sensible, if he's ever going to be. Hawke and Solomon thought I wasn't.

They may have had some grounds for their suspicion. When they showed me the draft prospectus of "The Royal Iceland Gold Mining Company, Limited," I don't mind owning that I thought it was a really good thing. The prospectus said it was, and print looks so convincing. There were a lot of figures, showing how much ice you melted, how much gold you got, what it cost, and what was profit—50 per cent. I think the profit was. It looked such a nice company that I thought I'd like to have a cut in.

"H'm!" I said. "I suppose the shares will all be snapped up? 'Pon my word, I——"

"My dear fellow," said Hawke, "if you would like——"

"Of course I should," I said.

"Then leave it to me."

"We'll see you through," said Solomon. "How many shares do you want?"

"Well," I said, "I couldn't draw more than £10,000 without letting old Vance know, and he'd be sure to go to my mother, and make a fuss." Vance is our solicitor. "So I can't have more then 10,000." They were £1 apiece.

"My dear boy," said Solly, "you shall have them. In a month they'll be up to £2, and then you can sell out."

Afterwards they altered the prospectus a bit, and put me in as chairman. I didn't see the use; but they explained it was on account of my being a lord, and well known as a cricketer.

"I can't make speeches," I pointed out, "or do much of the management."

"Not at all," Hawke promised. "Solly and I are the managing directors. Of course, we shall be glad of your advice at all times."

"What shall I do first, then?" I asked. "The chairman ought to have a voice in the concern?"

"Oh—er—certainly," said Hawke. "Come round the offices with us this afternoon, and see the staff. Perhaps you can suggest some improvements."

We went to the offices accordingly. When we entered the clerks' room, Hawke said: "This is Lord Charles Manson, our chairman." They all stood up. It made me feel deuced awkward. However, I professed to be very interested in the work, and asked them all what they did. They seemed to do everything so well that I couldn't for the life of me see anything to improve.

Then we went into another room, where there was a very nice young lady in a very neat blouse. She had one of those pretty Irish faces—half innocent, half saucy—and she made a dainty little bow.

"This is Miss Reilly, our typewriter," they said.

"Pray don't let me disturb you," I said. "It's—er—a very fine day." It was a beastly day, as a matter of fact.

"It is finer than it was," she assented.

"Er—how do you like typewriting?"

"It is my living, my lord. I've hardly thought whether I like it or not."

"Miss Reilly does her work admirably," Hawke informed me.

"Then," I said, "I hope she's well paid."

"Certainly," said Hawke—"certainly!"

"What—er—salary does Miss Reilly get?" I demanded.

"Umph!" said Hawke. "I think——" He looked at Solomon.

"Well," said Solomon, "for the moment——"

"Do you mind my asking you, Miss Reilly?"

"Certainly not, my lord. Twenty-five shillings a week."

"Really," I said firmly, "this seems a matter in which some improvement might be made."

"Of course," said Hawke—"of course. I'd no idea that it was so little."

"Shall we say 30s?" Solomon asked me.

"Thirty-five shillings," I suggested.

"I will instruct the cashier at once," Hawke promised. "You will find his lordship always ready to appreciate good work, Miss Reilly."

She looked so pleased, and thanked me so prettily, that I was sorry I hadn't said a couple of pounds. It seemed a jolly shame that such a nice girl should have to typewrite. I went in once or twice afterwards to see that she had her rise all right, and talked to her. She was an officer's daughter; but her father was dead, and her mother was an invalid so she had to work.

II.

One afternoon I was having a stroll in the Park before dinner, when she happened to come along. I'd heard her say that she went home that way. I was wondering whether she would object to my walking with her, when she suddenly stopped.

"May I have a few words with you, my lord?" she asked.

"As many as you like," I said.

"You are an honorable gentleman?"

"Well," I said, "I hope so."

"I rely upon your not mentioning what I am going to say. I can't afford to lose my place."

"You may entirely rely upon me," I assured her. She hesitated a moment, studying her tiny shoes.

"I don't think you are aware," she said at last, "that your company is only a paper one."

"Why," I ejaculated, "the prospectus——" She laughed so suddenly that I laughed, too.

"The prospectus! Surely you don't mean that?" I asked her to sit down.

"I suppose you mean there isn't much gold?"

"There isn't any gold. There never will be any gold. The company is a mere device to get the money of foolish people. Of course, you probably won't believe me; but——"

"No one could help believing you," I assured her. "But I thought Hawke and Solomon were too sharp——"

"They are. Much too sharp."

"Umph!" I didn't know what to say. Fortunately the man who collects the pence for the chairs made a diversion. She wanted to pay for hers, but couldn't find her pocket in time, luckily.

"They've taken a lot of shares," I demurred.

"They, with a few of their friends, and you hold them practically all."

"Then they'll lose their money."

"Scarcely, as they paid themselves for the shares. Shall I tell you what they will do?"

"Please. You're awfully good."

"They have just given instructions to brokers to buy largely, knowing that there is practically not one to sell. When they have bought a few shares at high prices, people will think that there is a fortune in the company. They will see that its chairman is a gentleman of position, with a reputation as an honest English sportsman." I bowed not knowing what else to do. "So Hawke, Solomon and Co. will gradually dispose of their shares, and you and the new shareholders will be left with an enormously valuable company."

"I've evidently been a precious fool! I don't see what I can do now."

"Don't you. I do. When they have given sufficient orders to buy largely, sell them your shares." I laughed aloud.

"Upon my word, Miss Reilly," I said, "you are as clever as you are—er—pretty."

"Oh, no!" she said, with a blush.

"Well," I admitted, "perhaps not so exceedingly clever as that."

"I didn't mean that at all," she said. "You—you really shouldn't, my lord."

"Please don't be offended." I implored, "because I meant it—both things." She explained that intention made my offence worse.

We arranged that she was to let me know when to tell my brokers to sell. We were just shaking hands for good-bye, when I had an idea.

"I say, Miss Reilly," I said, "if I get rid of my shares to Hawke and Solomon, won't they sell them to some poor wretches, who can't afford the loss as well as I can?"

"You can't help that," she answered slowly.

"By Jove, I can!"

"You promised to do what I told you."

"I'd do almost anything you told me—jump into the water, or——"

"Probably you can swim," she remarked sarcastically.

"Ye-es. Well, into the fire. I can burn!"

"Don't be so silly! I beg your pardon, my lord. But really you are——"

"A bit of a fool," I said regretfully; "but, I hope, as you said, an honorable one."

"I know what you can do," she said, with sudden animation. "As soon as you've sold them your shares send a notice to the papers that you have severed your connection with the company."

"Miss Reilly," I said, "you are splendid!"

During the next week I met her every day. She said it wasn't necessary to meet so often, but I insisted that I was sure to do something silly if we didn't. She gave me a lot of directions, and I carried them out to the letter. If I had been a regular Johnny I couldn't have done that, you know. Finally I sold all the shares to Hawke and Solomon, through their various brokers, gaining about £7,000 over the transaction. Then I sent my letter to the papers. When it appeared next morning I laughed till I nearly choked myself.

After breakfast I went round to the office to give Hawke and Solly—or both, if they liked—a chance to punch my head. They hadn't arrived, so I went in and sat on Miss Reilly's table, and told her she must share the profits; but she wouldn't. Presently they came in.

"Oh!" sneered Hawke. "Here is the pretty dear who has sold us. Mind she doesn't sell you a worse one, you mean, underhanded——"

"That's enough," I said, getting up.

"We shall not require Miss Reilly any more," said Solomon suavely, "now that her dear friend the chairman has left us."

"Put on your hat, Miss Reilly," I directed; and she obeyed without a word.

"No doubt," said Hawke, with an evil grin, "his lordship will provide more pleasant occupation——"

I knew he'd beat me in argument, so I knocked him down. I would have knocked Solomon down too, but he bolted. So she and I went out together.

On the quiet landing half-way down I put my arm round her, and told her she'd have to marry me. She tried to push me away; but, of course, she couldn't, so she sobbed on my shoulder instead. I'm not going to tell you all I said. The long and short of it was she wouldn't have me.

Yes, she did love me, since I was so cruel as to make her tell. That was just why she wouldn't marry me. She would let me help her out of my profits, perhaps, for her mother's sake, till she had found another place, if I meant what I said about throwing the money away otherwise.

When I got home my Uncle John, who has the brains of the family, was with my mother, and I told him the whole story. I thought there would be an awful row, but there wasn't.

"You want someone to take care of you," said Uncle John grimly. My mother dropped a few tears in her lap before she spoke.

"Is she a lady, Charlie?" she asked.

I assured her that she was an angel just dropped down from heaven. Then Uncle John laughed.

"He might do worse, Frances," he said. "She's brought him a dowry already."

"And he loves her," said my mother softly.

My mother and I went round to Lucy's lodgings that afternoon. She came forward to greet us with flushed cheeks and a plucky little attempt at a smile. My mother kissed her.

"I have come to see my clever little daughter that is to be," she said. And Lucy jumped at her, and put her head on her shoulder, and cried—by Jove, she did cry!

We form a company of our own now, and if she is managing director, I am chairman. It is a very limited company—made up of her and me.—London Answers.

KITCHENER HAS HUMANITY.

He Is Good to Colonials and Has Sympathy for the Regulars.

I have had a talk with a young New Zealander, who has served for the past 18 months in South Africa, and I asked him what he thought of Kitchener, writes a correspondent.

"Well," said he, "he's a soldier out and out, but the stories of his cruelty and hard-heartedness are all stuff. He wants work done, and means to have it done, and in his own way, too; but once that's settled he is as good to his men as any of the generals.

"Like all the other generals, he was always very good to us colonials though he worked us hard. He knew we could stand it. He is immensely proud of his troops, and his whole heart is in his work, in which anyone can see he delights. I have talked to officers who worked immediately under him, and they all agree that there is nobody like him for details. Nothing is left to others if he can look into it for himself.

"After a hard day's work in the saddle he will hurry off, after a hasty meal, and go from bed to bed inquiring into each man's case, and

ASKING HOW HE FARES.

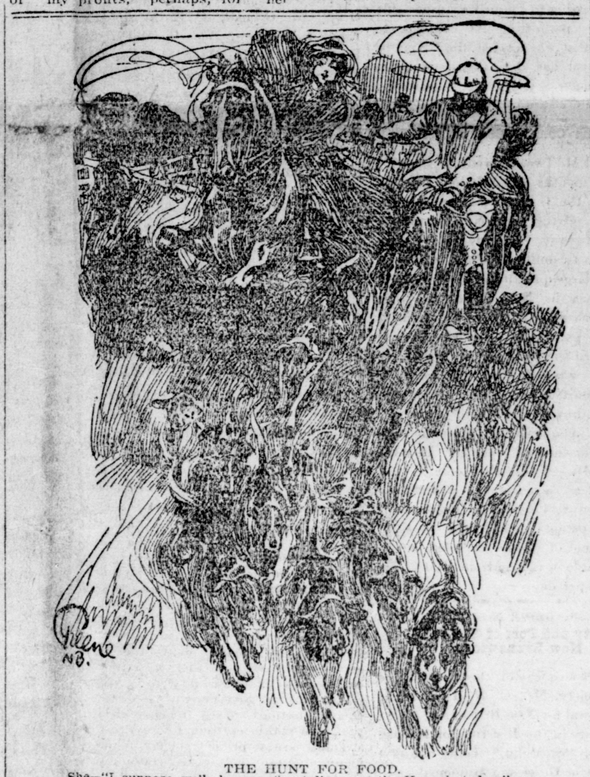
Perhaps, as you say"—I had interrupted him—"this is from practicalness rather than sentiment or sympathy. He thinks a well led, well cared for soldier is a better fighting machine than a hungry, discontented man. But he can be sympathetic, too.

"While I was in Pretoria I heard a story which shows this. His troops were somewhere south of Johannesburg, and they had had several days of marching and skirmishing, and were thoroughly 'done up.' In the evening Kitchener went round with the guard, and one of the outposts, an English regular—quite a boy—was found sitting on a hillock fast asleep. The officer of the guard shook him, and the poor chap started up, rubbed his eyes in a dazed way, and stared about him. But when he caught sight of Kitchener's face, he waked up in real earnest. But he was too scared even to salute he simply stared at him. I suppose he thought he would be shot.

"The officer took down his name and number, the new man took his place, and he was ordered to report himself next morning. It must have been an ugly walk for him behind Kitchener as they visited the other outposts. The next day he reported himself, doubtless expecting the worst; but when it was made clear that the fellow hadn't had six hours' sleep in the 48 hours before his forbidden nap, and had only recently come out of hospital, Lord Kitchener was quite sympathetic, told him to be off and think no more about it, and subsequently sent for and severely reprimanded the responsible officer, and told him to be careful in future as to the condition in which he allowed troops to go on outpost duty, or, he would hear of it.

"Thomas," said the teacher of the class in physiology, "can you give a familiar instance of the power of the human system to adapt itself to changed conditions?" "Yes'm," responded Tommy Tucker. "My aunt gained a hundred pounds in flesh in less'n a year, an' her skin didn't crack a bit."

A tumbler contains about 10 oz. of water; a teacup 6 oz.



THE HUNT FOR FOOD.
She—"I suppose we'll have a 'hunt dinner at the Kennels today."
He—"Yes, it usually takes us about two hours to hunt for the chef."

About the ....House

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Plain Paste.—Sift one-half cup flour with one-half teaspoon salt; rub into the flour one-quarter cup lard and add cold water to form a dough. Knead, cover and let stand five minutes, pat and roll out; fold in one-half cupful washed butter. Roll and fold three times. Most cooks use lard in their pastry. The fault which lies back of the uncertainty in pastry making is the habit of not measuring the butter and lard. If flour is at all damp dry it thoroughly and the pastry will be improved. The same rule for folding and rolling out that was given last week for puff paste applies as well to plain paste. Paste may be kept rolled up in an old linen cloth in the ice chest so that no hard crust forms on it. Then cut off and bake a fresh pie as needed rather than bake a large number of pies at once.

Mince Pies.—For the mince meat put three pounds of lean meat into a kettle with one and one-half pounds suet; cover with boiling water and cook until meat is tender. When cold chop the meat and add twice the amount of finely chopped apples, two quinces finely chopped, two pounds sugar, one and one-half cups molasses, two and one-half pounds seeded raisins, one pound currants, one-half pound finely-cut citron, three-fourths tablespoon mace and cinnamon, one-half tablespoon clove, one and one-half nutmegs grated, one-half teaspoon pepper, one quart cider, and salt to taste. Cook slowly two hours. Before using add the juice of two lemons and two oranges, one-half cup strong coffee and one cup brandy, or an acid jelly.

Use perforated tin plates for all pies. In laying crust on to a plate be sure that no bubbles of air are underneath. Cut the paste a trifle larger than the plate and crowd it back with the hand; this will prevent possibility of shrinking or drawing out of shape. Moisten the edges with cold water and lay on a rim of paste cut one-half an inch wide. Fill with mince meat, moisten the top of the rim and lay on the top crust. If a deep pie is liked add two rims. To give a pie a glossy surface brush it over with ice cold water or milk the last thing before it is set in the oven. If the oven is slow under crusts soak and butter oozes through the perforations of the plate. To keep an apple pie from losing its juice bind the edge with a strip of cotton cloth wrung out of cold water. Sometimes a cornucopia of paper put into an opening in the centre will draw the juices from the edges.

Cranberry Pie.—Invert pie plate and cover with paste, bake and remove, fill with cooked cranberries and decorate top with paste cut in fancy shapes and baked. Filling—Cook two cups cranberries, one cup sugar and three-fourths cup water 10 minutes. Cool. Strain or not, as preferred. To bake a crust on an inverted tin cut out a circle of paste, lay it over the tin and press down gently to conform to the shape of the pan, prick with a fork in several places to prevent rising and drawing out of form. Do not have the oven too hot for this crust. Those who do not think pies are healthful make a compromise by using baked crusts to be filled with cooked mixtures.

Lemon Tartlets—Mix one cup sugar, three tablespoons flour and a few grains salt. Add one tablespoon melted butter, three tablespoons lemon juice, grated rind one lemon and yolks two eggs slightly beaten. Stir until well blended, add one cup milk and whites two eggs beaten stiff. Line patty pans with paste, fill and bake in a moderate oven. Do not add the whites of the eggs until the last minute before filling the patty pans. If preferred the mixture may be baked in one pie. A pie will bake more quickly in an old tin plate, but a new tin with its shining surface will hold the heat and impart less to whatever it contains. To line patty pans successfully be sure not to allow air to be enclosed under the paste. Press each scallop with fingers, to make a rim.

Almond Cakes—Roll plain paste one-eighth inch thick, sprinkle with powdered sugar, fold, press edges together, pat and roll out, repeat and fold four times. The paste should be in a long strip one and one-half inches wide. From the end cut pieces one-fourth inch wide. Place on a baking sheet one inch apart. When well browned remove from oven, brush over with white of egg, sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon mixed and chopped almonds. Return to oven and finish cooking.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Canned fruit which shows signs of fermentation, can be saved by adding more sugar, some spices and a little vinegar. If it has soured in the least, put in a little soda and cook until it thickens. Use as a relish with cold meat.

Keep pulverized borax on hand in hot weather. Borax keeps the dishcloths sweet, cleans silverware, is used in boiled or cold starch, sets red table linen and saves soap. Borax sprinkled over fresh meat will keep it sweet longer, and will preserve dried meats from the attacks of insects.

Use clean, soft rags to remove the grease from kettles and frying pans before washing. Wipe all the grease from the meat dishes with rags or paper. Clean grease spots from the stove with paper, and save all to start the kitchen fire. Put your hand in a paper bag when you black the stove.

To protect the work-table from hot kettles or pans, make a mat or rack with lath. Cut pieces the length of the table, then cross-pieces and nail together about an inch apart. This secures a circulation of air underneath and protects the table from the heat.

After clearing the table place a folded towel under any spots that have been made during the meal; if from greasel rub with a cloth wet with gasoline. Other spots may be removed with a cloth and hot water, using as little as possible; then rub gently with a dry cloth until nearly dry.

To make boiled vegetables look white and delicate, put plenty of water in the kettle and add salt; when the water boils, briskly skim, and quickly drop in the vegetables, and remove the minute they are done. Cooking vegetables after they are tender darkens them and detracts from the flavor.

It is economy to have pint jars on hand in canning time for what is left over after filling the one or two-quart cans. It is better to fill a pint can than to repeat. New rubber rings are not necessary every season. Those that have been used, if hard, can be softened and made pliable by boiling in a solution of water and ammonia.

GOOD LIGHTS.

Much has been said and written concerning the best lamp flues and burners to use in order to have good lights, but neither one is so important as to keep the burners clean. Many lamps give a dull, feeble light, or have been set aside as dangerous, because they have not been properly cared for in this respect and the dust has accumulated in the small air-tube at the side of the wick. The remedy is so simple that there is no excuse for this condition of affairs.

New lamp flues are toughened and made more durable by putting them in water and heating it gradually until it is boiling hot. When they have boiled five minutes set them off of the stove and allow them to cool in the water. In addition to the daily filling of the lamps and cleaning of the flues, the burners should be boiled once a week in water containing enough golddust washing powder to make a good suds. This will remove the oil and leave them bright and clean. Polish with dry flannel.

Use none but the best oil, and the lamp should be kept full to insure a good light. Keep the reflector—if it has one—brightly polished. Do not cut the wick, but turn it just above the tube and rub off the charred portion with a match.

NEW EMBROIDERY COTTONS

Beautiful cottons are to be had now for needlework, and their popularity is likely to increase because they are practical. Linens embroidered with them can be sent to the household wash if the laundress is known to be careful. A kind much like filo-selle in texture is especially easy to manage. Like filo-selle these are dull in finish and are composed of six strands to a thread. This thread should be divided and three strands carried in the needle in ordinary work.

These cottons can be had in all colors and can be used in almost any method of embroidery. The blues are particularly good, and one of the prettiest ways to work them on a old bleach linen is in the honeycomb stitch. A design suited to this stitch is essential, one presenting considerable surface being best. Oak leaves come out especially well, as the stitch seems to suggest their net veining.

FORTUNATE.

"Well, Joshua," said Mr. Warren to his country cousin, "what was the first thing that struck you when you reached town?"

"A trolley car," replied Joshua; "but fortunately it didn't hit me very hard."

The term carat merely means a twenty-fourth part of any given weight.

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