

BUSINESS NOTICE
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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, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agriculture, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address
Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

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ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
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MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE CO.

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Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anesthetics.
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The undoubted advantages are claimed for Mackenzie's spectacles.
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The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glasses, so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted at no charge.

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CHATHAM, N. B., Sept. 24, 1878.

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WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE For Sale
Laths
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THOS. W. FLEET, Nelson.

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
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DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

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Steel Wire Nails,
THEY NEVER LET GO,
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100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
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Ready-Mixed Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
100 Kegs 100 lbs. each, Dry Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
Paint and White Wash Brushes.
VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture Hard Oil Finish, Pure Shellac, Dri. s.
Joiners' and Machinists' Tools, a specialty.
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20 Kegs Horse Shoes.
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Cast Steel, Bolts, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones, Grindstone Fixtures.
Ice Cream Freezers, Clothes Wringers, Dais, Churns,
Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire, Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breach Loading Guns.

Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordions, Violins, Fows and Fixings.
Farming Tools, All Kinds.
Mower Sections, Heads, Knife Heads, Mower Section Guards Rivets, Oilers.
Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prov this by calling.

The COCCIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.
PAIN DOES YOU GOOD.
An Eminent Physician Says it is Not a Disease.
"Let nature take her own course," was the keynote of a lecture recently delivered by one of London's most eminent physicians.
"Pain," he says, "is not a disease; it is a symptom calling attention to the fact that disease exists. We do not remove the disease by stopping the pain."
"Headaches usually arise from disturbances in the digestion, due to various causes—such as overeating, making bad combinations of foods, or too much variety at meals, &c. The result is decay and fermentation of foods in the stomach, and pain comes as a faithful friend, calling attention to the fact that they have done wrong."
"The patient immediately goes to bed, and demands something to relieve the pain. He must stop at once. He is given an opiate, the pain stops, the food still keeps on decaying in the stomach. He imagines he is well; but the disease still exists, the symptom alone has been removed. The faithful sentinel has been knocked down, and the means for telegraphic communication to headquarters has been severed."
"When the voice of pain calls the thing to do is to heed it, and assist nature to get rid of the 'morurities' generated, either by washing out the stomach, drinking freely of water, fasting for a day, by vigorous exercise, or eliminative baths. Recognize pain as a friend, and resolve never to violate the laws of health on this point again."

Engaged, Yet Not Engaged.
"You don't look very amiable to-night, Mr. Dalton," observed Miss Wyld.
When first Miss Wyld, brightened the dull City warehouse with her presence, all observed with joy that the lady's left hand was adorned with jewellery of any description, and the general jealousy that arose in the matter of paying her attentions must have been highly gratifying to the lady's vanity. She accepted them all, but walked through the counting house one morning, unblinking, and holding her left hand in a manner calculated to display to best advantage an engagement-ring, which glittered and twinkled cheerfully on the correct finger.
Therefore, Henry Dalton gazed at it sorrowfully on the evening in question.
"It's quite a quarter of an hour since we met, Mr. Dalton," she remarked, with an amused smile at his troubled face, "and you've scarcely spoken a word."
Dalton digested uneasily on his handkerchief. Not being sure what he wanted for it, he put it back in his pocket and coughed apologetically.
"That's encouraging," she laughed. "At all events, it proves that you have a voice."
"Yes," he admitted imply, with another furtive glance at the offending ring.
"I wish you'd say something," she observed plaintively. "If I'd thought you were going to be as moody and sulky and disagreeable as this I would never have consented to see you, much less favor you with my company to-night."
"You look upon it as a favor?" hinted Dalton.
"Of course I do," she said. "I know lots of other young fellows who do too. You ought to feel flattered instead of moping there like an owl!"
"Yes," agreed Dalton absently. "Then why do you do it?" she demanded. "Why don't you say something pleasant?"
Mr. Dalton was silent. He wanted to say something very badly, but the ring kept it back.
"Nice evening, isn't it?" she remarked, with veiled sarcasm, to force the conversation.
"Splendid!" he replied. "How is—your mother, Miss Wyld?"
"Very well, thank you." She nodded smilingly. "It's awfully good of you to inquire about her. She and I, living together alone, don't make very many friends. We are quite alone in the world."
"How kind!" he commented sympathetically.
She looked at him in surprise.
"Do you know, Mr. Dalton, that I'm getting sick of office life?"
"Are you?"
"Yes." She looked him full in the face as she spoke, and colored slightly. "I shan't be sorry when I have to give it up."
"Are you thinking of giving it up then, Miss Wyld?" he asked.
"I—I don't know exactly. It all depends."
"On him, I suppose?" thought Dalton. Then, with a nervous laugh, "I hardly see why young ladies should go in for a commercial life at all. If they're pretty, married or—pardon me—you, they're liable and out of it, they've their time to wear out a pen-ink!"
"Some prefer it to marriage," she laughed.
"Do you?" he questioned eagerly.
"I don't know," she replied, jerkingly, poking up the gravel with the end of her sunshade. "I've—er—only tried one side of the question, and I don't like it. As for the other side, I—"
"What?" he interrupted, picking up courage, and edging along the seat towards her.
"Might try it some day," she said presently, by way of rounding off her previous sentence.
"You'll have no difficulty about that," observed Mr. Dalton, with another glance at the ring.
"Yes," she agreed, restlessly. "I suppose my turn will come some day."
Mr. Dalton opened his mouth to ask a question, but shut it promptly by the enormity of his presumption struck him. Then he opened it again, determined to know the worst and hinted:
"Er—I hope he is in a—er—good position, Miss Wyld?"
She looked at him quizzically, a faint smile curving the corners of her mouth.
"Yes," she said slowly, "he's in a good position—good enough for me; but he's so awfully dense!"
"Dense?" echoed Mr. Dalton.
"Yes," she replied, "woefully dense and stupid. I've encouraged him for a long time now, but he's too—er—He won't do as I want him to. I believe if I asked him to he'd run away."
"Some fellows don't know when they're lucky," he observed.
"Well, it's not for me to say whether he's lucky or not. I know that I've encouraged him, and he's too dense to see it. Don't you think so, Mr. Dalton?"
"I—er—really don't know the chap," he confessed, somewhat surprisedly.
She looked at him with her eyebrows wrinkled perplexedly, and nodded her pretty head.
"Oh, yes, you do," she stated emphatically. "You know him very well indeed."
"Do I?"

"Yes. He is employed—er—she stopped in obvious hesitation; then, lowering her voice, she continued—"in the counting-house with you."
"Oh!" Mr. Dalton's face first expressed blank amazement, then utter disgust. He said something under his breath that Miss Wyld did not hear—something he would have been very sorry for if she had heard.
"What's his name?" he demanded.
She pursed up her lips and shook her head.
"I don't feel quite at liberty to disclose it at present," she said naively.
"But I must know!" Dalton burst out. "I have a right to—"
"To-night?" echoed Dalton. "Do you—?" Then he paused undecidedly.
"Now say that you are not dense and stupid!" she said. Then she stamped her dainty foot, looked at him severely, and concluded: "And I don't believe that you care for me at all!"
Dalton edged cautiously along the seat towards her, and, as it was nearly dark, ventured to put his arm round her slim waist.
"Haven't you been rather rough on me—er—Lucy?" he inquired plaintively.
"You don't mind now, do you, Harry?" she replied, with a bright smile.
"What she was going to say further was lost in Dalton's moustache—London Answers."

JAMES WATT.
Something about the Inventor of the Steam Engine.
The career of James Watt, the Scottish inventor, to whom in a large measure the perfection of the steam engine, was a fulfillment of early promise in which hard work supplemented an undoubted genius. Greenock was the place of his birth and January 1st, 1736, the date. Physical weakness precluded his joining in the pastimes of his fellows, and consequently he turned his attention to other things, an early age, mathematics, mechanics, astronomy, chemistry, mineralogy, medicine and natural philosophy, abstract subjects, all of them, and beyond even the average adult mind of his day, became his objects of entertainment and study. His parents departed from the customs of his time and allowed the boy to order his own pursuits. On one occasion his father brought him a set of tools, and this for a time became his peculiar delight to take them apart, refit them and invent others. At fourteen he had constructed an electrical machine, and at eighteen went to Glasgow to manufacture mathematical instruments.
It is related of him that on one occasion he was visiting his aunt in Glasgow. He was the babe of her life, because of what she termed his idleness. One evening at the tea-table she said to him, "James Watt, I never saw you do anything useful. Take a book or employ yourself usefully. You have not spoken one word for the last hour, but fooled with the lid of that kettle." James Watt was holding a tin of oil, and a silver spoon over the steam, watching it rise from the spout, and catching the drops of water that fell into the cup or spoon.
THE ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.
In which this incident occurs, does not even hint that this resulted in any practical manner, but goes on to say that when in later years he became a mechanic, the regulating professor of natural philosophy in Glasgow University employed him to put in working order a model of the Newcomen steam engine. Then he began to study harmonics, steam and possible improvements of existing appliances, with the result that he invented the double-acting steam engine, the separate condenser, parallel motion, the regulating action of the governor, and many other improvements. At another time he was commissioned to build an organ, and having a poor "ear," he set himself to study harmonics. Then he built the organ. He was also a land surveyor, and superintended the deepening of the River Clyde, and the harbors of Ayr, Port Glasgow and Greenock. He superintended works on the canal between the rivers Forth and Clyde, and the Monkland collieries canal to Glasgow. In 1774 he became a partner of Matthew Boulton, the founder of the famous Soho works near Birmingham, and commenced the manufacture of steam engines. He was the first to apply steam to household machinery, and he superintended England from Paris Berthollet's process of bleaching with chlorine. He retired in 1800 from the Soho works and invented shortly after the letter-copier press. With all his bodily infirmity he attained a ripe old age of 83 years, and died Aug. 25, 1819, having left a very considerable inheritance upon the affairs of a century in the first year of which he exploited its most important invention.

HE DIDN'T KNOW.
The prison chaplain was paying his first visit to a recent importation to the establishment.
"What are you here for, my man?"
"Prisoner—stealing."
"What did you steal?"
"I stole a girl's affections."
"I stole a girl's affections?"
"I carried 'em off in her father's horse and cart."
The affections were some valuable prize poultry.

Bile Poisons—Liver Disorders.
Headaches, Biliousness and Constipation are Thoroughly Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.
There is no single organ in the human body which exerts such a wide influence over the other organs as does the liver. It has been well named the regulator of the system. Once the liver goes sluggish and fails to filter the bile poisons from the system, there comes pain, disease and death. The head aches, the tongue is coated, the bowels become constipated, the digestive system is thrown out of order, and foul impurities that find their way to the weak spots and bring prompt relief and lasting benefit. Near everybody is familiar with the extraordinary virtues of this famous treatment. Here is a sample of the letters received from cured ones—
"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for kidney and liver derangements, brought on by exposure, and find them better than any pill or medicine I have ever used."
"They cleaned my system and made me feel healthy and vigorous and better in every way. I can recommend them as the best liver and kidney medicine that I know of."
"It gives me and my wife much pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a family medicine of superior value. We use them in preference to all other pills in our family, and I might here state that they cured me while suffering from biliousness, and also cured my wife of sick headache, from which she suffered severely."
Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

counting house that I didn't know which I liked best. I tried them all for a little while, and managed to make them all so fond of me that I could see I was going to get into hot water. I liked one better than all the rest, but he was so dense and bashful that I began to be afraid that I should receive the proposals of all the rest before his, and—er—I didn't want them. So, to make a long story short, I put on my mother's engagement ring, to keep them at their proper distance. I knew the number of combinations may be suggested, and then I could draw him out whenever I wished; but I couldn't resist the temptation of teasing him—er—to-night."
"To-night?" echoed Dalton. "Do you—?" Then he paused undecidedly.
"Now say that you are not dense and stupid!" she said. Then she stamped her dainty foot, looked at him severely, and concluded: "And I don't believe that you care for me at all!"
Dalton edged cautiously along the seat towards her, and, as it was nearly dark, ventured to put his arm round her slim waist.
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THEATRE WAIST.
32 to 40 Bust.
No style of waist for theatre wear is more fashionable than the one which gives a bolero effect. The model shown on page 9 includes many novel features, and, while specially adapted to theatre wear it is also well suited to the entire costume. The original is made of plisse chiffon in cream white with the bolero of white panne and the cuffs and trimmings of Irish crochet lace; but any number of combinations may be suggested. The many soft silks and wools in the market are appropriate for the waist, while the bolero can be made of the same material to match the suit.
The foundation or fitted lining closes at the centre front, but the waist can be made to close at the left shoulder and under-arm seam, or invisibly at the centre, as preferred. The bolero with its deep points is peculiarly chic and makes part of the bodice. The sleeves are novel and becoming, as the puffs are arranged to fall at the elbow joints.
To cut this waist in the medium size 4 1/2 yards 21 inches wide, 4 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide will be required, with 1 yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide and 4 yards of applique to trim as illustrated.
The pattern 4,019 is cut in sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

About the ...House
LAYER CAKES.
Fig Paste for Cakes—One pound figs, 1 large cup sugar and 1/2 cup water. Chop the figs, and then cook with the sugar and water until thick as jam.
Raisin Filling for Layer Cakes—One teaspoon coffee sugar and 3 tablespoon water boiled five minutes. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and pour the boiling syrup over it. Seed and chop 1/2 lb. raisins and beat all together till cold.
Layer Cream Cakes—Six eggs, 2 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons water, and 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream tartar and 1 teaspoon soda. Bake 20 minutes with a quick fire and when cold cut it in two layers, and spread the fig paste between them.
Chocolate Layer Cake—The whites of 3 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 large tablespoon butter, 3 cups flour and 2 heaping teaspoons baking powder. Bake half of the batter in two pans, and to the remaining half add 1/2 cup grated chocolate and bake. When done, pile up the layers alternately, with the fig paste, and spread chocolate icing between them.
Coconut Cake—The whites of 6 eggs, 2 cups powdered sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 1 cup sweet milk, 3 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon lemon essence. Bake this as a loaf cake and the next day cut it in the upper and lower crusts, trim the brown off the sides, and slice it in four layers. Grate 2 coconuts and put in the icing. Spread each layer, the top and sides, with plenty of icing. When cut, it will be perfectly white all through and a very handsome cake.
Fig Cake—The whites of 6 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 1 cup sweet milk, 3 cups flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Take one-third of the batter, and add 1 teaspoon allspice or cloves and 1/2 cup figs cut in small pieces. Bake in layers, two white and one dark one, and spread them with the following icing: The whites of 3 eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, 2 teaspoons granulated sugar and 4 tablespoons water. Boil the sugar and water together five minutes, then pour it on the whites and beat till cold. One-half pound blanched almonds pounded to a paste is an addition.

SOME BEAN RECIPES.
Brown Soup—For one meal a brown soup may be made. For this, take what beans you may have on hand, measure and pour into the stewing pan four cups water, and their amount in water. Season to suit the taste. When the stock is boiling briskly, stir in a thickening made from one heaping tablespoonful browned flour to each pint of stock, stirred up in a little cold water. Cook for a few moments and serve as hot as can be eaten.
Thin Soup—This is made by crushing all the beans with a potato masher, or straining them, measuring and adding twice or three times the amount of water. If those who are to partake of it do not use vinegar with their beans, milk may be used and make the soup thicker. Ticken with a small amount of flour and serve with crackers.
Bean Flats—Fill shells of biscuit dough with the beans and a small amount of their liquor. Cook in a brisk oven until the shell is well done, by which time the beans should be well browned on top. If not, put

RULES FOR DIET.
1. Eat when you are hungry.
2. Drink when you are thirsty.
3. Eat enough, and then stop.
4. Eat what your appetite calls for.
5. Train your appetite and stomach by eating the greatest possible variety. You are not a shark; why should you let your stomach become one? Many foods are not liked the first time they are tasted, such as oysters; hence, unless you try a thing several times, you do not know whether you like it or not. Hence, never say you dislike a thing till you have eaten it three times.
6. Regulate the comparison of your food by the work you do, using strong food when you are doing hard work, lighter food when sedentary.
7. Don't let your doctor attempt to regulate your diet by his own stomach.

Mark You!
We have the BEST Studio, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to please every time.
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Picture Frames
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MACKENZIE'S
Quinine Wine
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THE BEST TONIC AND
—BLOOD MAKER—
50c Bottles
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Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
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them on the grate for a few moments. Serve hot.
Bean Cakes—For bean cakes for breakfast, take a teaspoon full of boiled beans, drain the liquor from them and mash fine. Strain and add to the mash one heaping teaspoonful butter-milk, one-half teaspoon milk, same amount of salt, and stir well. Add to this two heaping teaspoonsful wheat or gram flour, and beat up well. Drop in spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle, and fry on both sides to a delicate brown. Serve hot with salt, butter and pepper.
CARE OF THE HAIR.
A well-known hair specialist, who stands at the head of his profession, has been giving some much-needed advice to his patrons. "Treat your hair as you would a plant," he says, "carefully, tenderly and judiciously. If the plant seems hardy so much the better, and so much better is your chance for keeping it. Hair tendencies are inherited, and one should profit by the examination of her ancestors. For instance if your father grew bald and gray in his early thirties and your mother's hair was brittle and harsh at 40 your efforts to keep your own hair in good condition must be redoubled."
"A certain hair specialist once said that a woman did not care for her hair before 20 she would have no hair to care for at 40. And there never was a truer saying. From childhood it has been constantly thinned out, and, if not judiciously kept, to be kept in a healthy condition, should be brushed with a stiff hair brush for 10 minutes night and morning. This is a most absurd fallacy. It is impossible to lay down rules of that description for woman-kind in general. How often and how long hair should be brushed depends altogether on the individual head of hair. You would not think of digging mercilessly into the roots of a tender plant, and if your hair is fine, thin and silky, too vigorous treatment with the brush will produce bald spots in short order. On the other hand, a hardy head of hair is made much better for much brushing."