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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE.

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Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5.00 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 Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,
Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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The Home.

WASHING BLANKETS.

Every housekeeper appreciates a supply of good woollen blankets, and as the price is not so exorbitant now as it was a few years ago, they are much more common. They are lighter and warmer than comforts, and should form part of the winter covering of every bed; they are also very durable, and if they are washed properly, do not full up but retain their soft fleecy look to the last. The finer a blanket is the more likely it is to retain disease germs within its folds, and a soiled blanket is an inviting place for moths. Both these dangers may be obviated by giving it a thorough washing, in fact they should be washed much oftener than is usually considered necessary, for it is astonishing to see how much dirt will come out of an apparently clean blanket. If badly soiled the hard rubbing which becomes necessary will make it shrink. With the aid of a good washing machine and wringer this work may be successfully done at home, and it is not a tedious or difficult task if the proper preparations are made for it.

Double blankets are too heavy and bulky to handle in that shape. Cut them apart and bind the edges with woollen braid or ribbon, or finish them by buttonholing with any kind of coarse yarn you happen to have. If the old binding is worn out, it may be replaced in the same way. Shake the blanket vigorously in the open air to remove the dust. Choose a bright day for the work, and if a gentle breeze is blowing, so much the better. The washing and drying should be done as quickly as possible, and two persons can wash to better advantage than one. Slice a bar of soap in a kettle of hot water and set it on the stove until it dissolves, then stir in a handful of powdered borax. Put three or four pailfuls of soft water that is heated as hot as you can bear your hand in, into the washing machine and pour in enough of the soap mixture to make a strong suds. Stir the two together and put the blanket in. Let it remain closely covered to keep in the heat and steam, ten or fifteen minutes, then wash the blanket. Your assistant may prepare the second water just like the first, except that it will not need quite so much soap, and have it ready to put into the machine when the first water is poured out. After it is washed in this, fold smoothly and pass through the wringer with the rubber rollers loosely adjusted. The next water should have just enough soap in it to make it feel smooth. After rinsing in this, pass through the wringer into the second water, which may be slightly tinged with blue. Soft water should be used, and the temperature of the water kept the same throughout the entire process. It is a mistake to suppose that hot water injures a woollen blanket, but it should never be boiled, nor should any soap be rubbed directly upon it. Borax is a great help in washing blankets, for when it is used, not more than half the usual amount of soap is needed, and the blankets are as soft after they are washed as before.

Put up a strong clothes line where the sun can shine on it. After the blanket is taken from the last water, take hold of it by two corners and let your assistant hold the other two, standing as far apart as the length of the blanket will permit, and pull and stretch it into shape, shaking it several times to get the wrinkles out. Put one edge of the blanket over the line and fasten securely by putting a clothes pin every three or four inches. Do not take it down until perfectly dry, then fold evenly and lay a weight on it for a day or two.

E. J. C.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Canteloupe Sweet Pickle.—Take seven pounds of the melons, which must be not quite ripe, and be pared and seeded. Boil in weak alum water till transparent, then lift them out, drain well, and put them into a jar. To a quart of cider vinegar add two ounces of stick cinnamon, one ounce of cloves, and three pounds of brown sugar. Cook the melon in this for 20 minutes, then return to the jar. Scald up for two successive mornings, then seal tightly.

Tip-Top Pickle.—Take a peck of green tomatoes and a dozen of large onions. Slice both, keeping them separate. Sprinkle salt between the tomatoes and let stand two hours; pour scalding water over the onions and allow it to remain till wanted. Squeeze both out, and arrange in a crock in alternate layers, sprinkling with celery seed and black and white mustard seed. Bring to a boil a quart of vinegar and pint of sugar, skim and pour over the pickle. It is good as soon as it is cold.

Pickled Onions—Peel the small, white pickling onions. Boil for ten minutes in equal parts of sweet milk and water. Drain and put them in jars, and pour a scalding hot, spiced vinegar over them. Never use allspice in the vinegar; it darkens them.

Green Tomato Pickle.—To use up the last of the tomato crop, just before frost comes, chop a peck of green tomatoes and sprinkle with a half cup of salt. Let stand a number of hours, and drain over night. Then add three chopped green peppers, one cup grated horseradish, two quarts of vinegar and a large cup of sugar. Cook till the tomato is tender, then add a large tablespoonful each of cinnamon and cloves.

Perfect Biscuits—One quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of shortening (butter or suet). Mix very soft, indeed, with milk or ice cold water. Be careful to knead under and not over, as is done for bread, adding enough flour on the hand and board to keep the dough very moist, but yet possible to handle. Roll thin and cut small, and bake at once in a quick oven. Not a new, but an excellent and infallible recipe.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The season when the lamps are in daily use again are here, and the task of filling and trimming from three to half a dozen is added to the housekeeper's duties. Nothing is so annoying as a dirty lamp, or so vexatious as one which has been filled too full and has run over so that the hand is covered with oil on taking it up. Don't fill the bowl quite full; in a heated room the oil seems to expand a little and then overflows. Look to the wicks. Sometimes they get clogged with impurities from the oil and do not burn freely. It is said that soaking a new wick in vinegar for twenty-four hours ensures a clear flame.

A writer advocates the providing for a liberal supply of tomatoes through November by gathering unripe but well developed ones, string them in a dark, cool and perfectly dry place, and exposing them to the sun under glass for a few days before using. Some practice pulling the vines and hanging them up in a dark, dry place.

Two novelties in silver tableware which commend themselves to the fastidious are the vegetable servers and the ice spoon. The former consists of a large fork, sharpened on one side to cut the vegetables, and a spoon with a very deep bowl to assist in the service and dip up the sauce with which it is served. The ice spoon is to use with the ices and sherbets that are now so commonly served at dinner, and consists of a spoon with a handle rather shorter than that of a teaspoon, and having a much deeper bowl.

Russian tea is not a special brand, but is the ordinary tea served with lemon instead of cream. Two lumps of sugar and a quarter of a lemon are placed on the saucer and no cream is passed.

There is art even in cooking the simplest things, and especially in the beginning of the application of heat.

Leave bread exposed to the air as soon as it is taken from the oven, that the poisonous gases may escape.

DISHWASHING BRUSH.

The housewife can wash her dishes without injury to her hands or the offence of greasy water by cleaning them first with a brush. It is a simple and effective process. Scrape the dishes with a knife; then hold each one separately under the hot water faucet and wipe it off as the water runs over it with a brush similar to a sink brush. Pile the dishes up wet, arrange hot soap water in the dishpan and then wash them in the pan with a mop. Anyone who has ever tried this will never wash dishes any other way, for the faucet and the brush do all the dirty work, while the mop "does the rest."

SPOTS ON A CARPET.

This recipe is warranted to remove spots from the most delicate carpets without injuring the latter: Make a suds with a good white soap and hot water, and add fuller's earth to this until the consistency of thin cream is secured. Have plenty of clean drying cloths, a small scrubbing brush, a large sponge and a pail of fresh water. Put some of the cleansing mixture in a bowl and dip the brush in it. Brush a small piece of the carpet with this, then wash with the sponge and cold water. Dry as much as possible with the sponge and finally rub with dry cloths. Continue this till you are sure that all the carpet is clean. Then let it dry.

A LAUNDRY HINT.

Don't dip collars and cuffs or shirt fronts in boiled starch. You will be sure to come across lumps when ironing. Rub the starch on the articles on the wrong side with fingers, and as soon as it begins to appear on the right side it is sufficiently starched.

THE BRIDGE AT QUEBEC.

Longest Span in the World Across St. Lawrence River.

A bridge which will have the longest span in the world is now being constructed over the St. Lawrence river about six and a half miles south of Quebec. The great St. Lawrence flows between high, rocky cliffs at that point, and varies according to the tide. The water is about 180 feet deep in the channel and flows by at a swift rate. The channel will be crossed with a suspended span and two cantilever arms, making the unsupported structure 1,800 feet long, which will be by far the longest span in the world. It will be 200 feet longer than the span of the new East River bridge, New York. The length of anchor arms on each side of the main spans will be 500 feet, with one approach span of 220 feet at each end between anchor piers and terminal abutments.

The length of the structure, including abutments, will be 3,300 feet. The bridge will have two railway tracks, a single electric motor track and a highway for vehicles. The depth of the suspended span at the centre will be one hundred and twenty feet. The substructure will consist of two main piers, two anchor piers and two abutments. One of these anchor piers is founded on solid rock and the other on hard blue clay.

The sinking of the caisson for the main pier was a great engineering feat. The caisson was sunk through a compact mass of granite bowlders bound together with cobblestones and fine gravel. The penetration of the caisson was so slow that on some days the distance could not be recorded; on other days it was scarcely more than four inches, though it bore a load on its roof of more than twenty thousand tons. Owing to the immensity of this load and its attendant danger, this method was finally abandoned, and concreting in the working chamber was begun. Progress by this method was rapid, and in seventeen days the pier was built.

The caissons for the two main piers are each 150 feet long, 49 feet wide and 23 feet high. They are of Southern pine. The caisson for the north pier was built on the north shore, about four thousand feet east of the pier site, and was successfully launched and towed into position and made fast in a berth previously prepared in the short space of seventy minutes.

At the site of the two main piers the water has a depth of only about ten feet at low tide, and as the caisson draws about twelve feet unloaded, it grounded at low tide and floated at high tide, the water then being about twenty-nine feet deep.

The concrete was being placed in the cribwork on top of the working chamber of the caisson for the north pier lately, and excavation in the chamber was being carried on only during low tide, and it was continued until sufficient concrete was put in to overcome the buoyancy of the air pressure, after which the excavation was continued without interruption.

WOMAN'S SHIRT WAIST.
32 to 40 Bust.

To be made with or without the fitted lining and closed in double breasted style or rolled back in revers.

Shirt waists that include the Gibson plaits over the shoulders are much liked and can be relied upon as correct for the season to come as well as for the immediate present. This stylish model also includes the fashionable postillion and has the merit of allowing a plain double breasted front, or of being rolled back to form tapering revers as shown in the small sketch. The original is of the new parametta cloth in pastel blue and is trimmed with the border of the material which is embroidered in white silk, but all waist and dress materials are appropriate. The waist is made over a fitted lining that closes at the centre front but itself consists of back and fronts only which are arranged over the foundation after the shoulder seams are closed and the plaits stitched. The sleeves are in bishop style and at the neck is a regulation stock. When desired with revers the fronts can be faced and rolled back from the indicated centre which is closed invisibly. As shown on figure the waist is lapped in double breasted style and closed by means of buttons and buttonholes.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21 inches wide, 4 yards 27 inches wide, or 2½ yards 44 inches wide.

JUST A LITTLE TOO LATE.

His knock on the door of a certain house was answered by a demure little woman, and he felt quite sure of a cold bite as he led off with:

"Madam, do not think me impertinent, but let me ask if it so happened that you had a son wander away from the family fireside years ago?"

"Yes, I did,'j she replied, as she opened the door a little farther.

"He went out into the world and became a wanderer o'er the face of the earth?"

"Yes, he did."

"Days and weeks and months ran into years and you heard no word of him? You knew not whether he lived or died?"

"As you say, I knew nothing," replied the woman, as she stood in the door and looked fixedly at the tramp.

"Well, ma'am," he continued, "I don't want to raise any false hopes, but—but——"

"But you are just a little too late!" she finished, as he swallowed the lump in his throat and tried to wipe away a tear. "My wandering son returned about two hours ago, and is now taking a soak in the bath-tub. Had you called early this morning, you know——"

"Then the situation is filled?"

"It is."

"Just my luck, ma'am; but, of course, you are not to blame for it. I congratulate you and your wandering son, and will bid you good day and try the family next door."

Italy's most rapid railway is between Milan and Varese. A mile a minute is traveled over part of this line.

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DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

"Where the Apple Reddens."

Her hair was wind-blown; her hat, turned down and shading her bright face, was of white calico and belonged properly to a young brother. Her pink cotton dress had paid repeated visits to the wash tub, and, to the critical eye, was nearing the period when yet another tubbing would be advisable. She would have said she was horribly untidy—not fit to be seen; in fact, she said it.

He considered, and rightly, that she was so exceptionally blessed as to look delicious in anything, and he very wisely put that also into words.

"That's very prettily said," she laughed. "No — don't go on. I am not such a hoyden but that I know the correct and only answer. I only like"—she molded her mouth, her distracting mouth, to pensiveness—"compliments that might be true."

"Mine all are, when addressed to you," he hastened to declare.

"Then they are more like bare statements of facts then compliments, aren't they?" she smiled up at him, "and not specially to your credit."

"Greatly to yours," he insisted, "since your charms leave no margin for embellishment."

"Oh, that is sweetly said!" she cried. "Don't please, say any more, for you cannot better that."

"But I can't stand, mum," he objected.

"You can sit in silence, though."

"What do you mean?"

"Last night, at dinner, at your lady-love's side. I was watching you—being opposite and with no one but a brother to speak to myself, I could not help it. And you neither of you spoke—at any rate, you didn't. So you see what you can do if you try."

"It was she—who had been trying," he said, in mournfulness.

"Had she? Poor you—she looks a little like that." She pulled herself up with a pretty affectation of alarm. "What am I saying? Oh, I beg your pardon! She looks as nice as can be—she can be. It was you who looked put out."

"I had a reason to look it."

"No doubt—I mean she must have had some reason for letting you look it."

"She could not help being—"

"Poor thing—so weak? I mean, bound to such a tyrant!"

"I give her her own way in everything."

She flashed round on him with her most provoking smile.

"How horribly tame of you!" she said. "No wonder she has lost interest in her—your looks!"

"After all," he said, "I didn't follow you out here to talk of her."

"Well, then, suggest a topic—I'm only waiting."

While she still waited she looked up at the laden apple tree under which they stood. She seemed to be selecting, with the eye of a connoisseur, but it may have been the blue and white patches of cloud-flecked sky seen through the branches which held her attention. He gazed at her. He had been so gazing every available moment during the brief week he had known her, and always with the same sense of pleasure in the picture she made. It was true she was only the half-educated, untidy, pleasure-loving daughter (the adjectives had been supplied for him) of the improvident, comfortable farmhouse where he and his mother and the girl he was engaged to were staying as paying guests, but he saw no reason in this why he should not admire her for the qualities he did not need to have supplied for him.

"I came out meaning to pick—well, several, not hundreds quite, of apples," said she, "and I can't reach one."

"There is something I might do for you," he said, seizing his opportunity, or trying to seize it. For, try as he would, neither could he reach an apple.

"I tell you what—that lowest branch there; it has four beauties on it. If you were to—" She looked up at him, smiled, looked down again, pensively up at the coveted branch, with a sidelong glance like a flash at him, and then down once more. But she did not conclude her sentence.

"If you would let me—if you'd only let me lift you up," he said, suddenly inspired, "you could reach them yourself, couldn't you?"

"Ah! That would do it, wouldn't it? And I want them so!"

"Then I may."

"Certainly not! I'd rather — go without the apples!"

"I am much stronger," he said. "How if I seized you against your will?"

"Why, I couldn't help that, could I?" she asked. And the thing was done in less time than it takes to tell.

But she had only picked one apple, the nearest, when his lady-love's voice came to them through the trees, calling him by name. And there was a sharp note in her voice (like the taste of an unripe apple) which told them what she saw.

"If you put me down before I've picked the four I'll never forgive you," said the lady of the apples; so he held her till she had them all, though the task was robbed of a full half of the delights he had anticipated.

"Now, she said, when she was on her feet again, "go quickly. Oh, poor you."

"She'll cast me off," he said.

"I should—if I were she!"

And then he turned in haste.

"But, if she does, come back to me!" she called after him.

"Well—and what? Be quick!"

"And I'll give a bite of an apple—if there's any left!" she laughed.

The girl he was engaged to had seen it all, she said, and forthwith renounced her right to that connection, she seemed to have seen even more than all, considering what it amounted to, when she went over it in words. Low tastes and the society of the ill-bred, she told him, would be his ruin. Then she tossed him over to ruin, declaring she would have none of him.

"You are free," she said (by no means for the first time), "and I know exactly how you will use your freedom."

"I hope you'll have the opportunity of using yours as well," he said, sturg into retort at last.

"I might have known!" she cried. "Oh, what I have been saved! Every fresh face—"

"So few faces are fresh," he said; and that was really unkind, for she had a sallow complexion.

"I am not going to argue it any more," she declared, having talked the subject bare. "Go!"

And he went. But he was a gentleman, and previous to going he had tried his best to soothe her annoyance, even to frankly owning that—from her point of view— she had cause for it. He had tried to close his ears to the echoing voice, his eyes to the laughing face, of the girl he had left under the apple trees. He did all he could to shut out the sweet, sudden vision of freedom, of release from a captivity which had always irked him. It was not his fault in the present that his past faults were accounted unpardonable. He only went when he was certain that he was powerless to rerivet his chains.

He was not a poetical young man, but some verses the lady who had relinquished him was fond of quoting came to him as he wandered back to where the cause of the mischief (so he devoutly hoped) still awaited him. He waited, on his part, until he was quite certain that she was there, until he stood in front of her, and then he repeated a verse out loud:

"Where the apple tree reddens never pry—
Lest we lose our Eden, Eve and I."

"So, she has sent you adrift?" said the girl, seated under the apple tree. "But Eve's all right."

He flung himself beside her.

"'Eve's all right,'" he echoed. "God bless her! You haven't finished the appies?"

"No—you're just in time. Here's a whole one left," and she passed it to him. "That's the prettiest side," she said, pointing; "you may bite it there."

"Really?"

"It seems a ceremony befitting the occasion," she said.

"There," he said, as he handed the bitten apple back to her. "But I knew what was good for me the moment I saw it, before I ate of the fruit."

"You are keeping very close to the original," she said.

"'Eve is all right,'" he repeated. "Dear, I love you! Am I?"

He bent towards her. They were so close under the shelter of the old apple tree that she could hear his heart beat; he could hear hers.

Her cheeks were redder than the apples, and there was a strange new note in her voice. "Wait," she said; "I thought I could deceive you, but I can't. I saw her there before I let you—seize me."

He did not speak.

"I know she does not love you; she almost said so. She said things about you to me she never could have said if she truly loved you. I believe she loves someone else better. I must not tell you why I think it, but I do."

Still he did not speak.

"I knew—I felt sure—that you did not properly love her."

She waited a moment. "Can you forgive me?" she asked, very softly.

"If love prompted you?"

"I suppose that was it," she admitted. "Love and apples."

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

Nuremberg's population has increased 60 per cent. in the last five years. This is a record for any European city.

Cress is the quickest growing of plants. Under perfect conditions it will flower and seed within eight daysof planting.

dents in Lonmn mn mnm nmnmnn

The killed and wounded by accidents in London streets number nearly 10,000 a year. Of these, 200 are killed on the spot.

A pound of parsnips gives only 12 grains of nourishing matter, while the same weight of skim-milk gives nearly three times as much.

There are 43 submarine valleys known where soundings show over 3 miles of water, and eight where over 4 miles have been registered.

It is calculated that Portugal has stored in her cellars nearly 140 million gallons of wine. There is no room available for this year's crop.

The biggest wheat field in the world is in the Argentine. It belongs to an Italian named Guazone, and covers just over 100 square miles.

In telegraphy the United States now employs 100,000 people, 150,000 in electric lighting plants, and another 350,000 in other electrical industries.

FADS OF MILLIONAIRES

HOBBIES THAT EAT BIG HOLES IN THEIR FORTUNES.

How the Multi-Millionaires of the World Spend Their Money.

Given a million a year to spend at pleasure, find something on which to spend it. That is the proposition which is met by multi-millionaires of the United States, England, and Germany. It is a peculiar fact that the men who have this opportunity choose one thing as the object of their expenditures.

The millionaires choose their hobbies and they are as various as the wealthy men are numerous. Apart from the expenditures required in business these millionaires spend more on their hobbies than they do on themselves personally.

In some celebrated instances the "spending" is not spending, but giving, and many of the immensely wealthy men are giving away more than they spend. Andrew Carnegie's teachings and his practices are the best known. He is one of the three great multi-millionaires who gives away far more than he spends. Of the other two one is an Englishman and the other a German.

Pictures more than anything else make big holes in the bank accounts of the men of wealth. There are seven millionaires who spend more for paintings than for anything else outside their business, and J. Pierpont Morgan leads the list.

MORGAN'S FAD IS PICTURES.

Mr. Morgan is credited with an annual personal expenditure of about $150,000, and his average annual bill for paintings is about $250,000, not far from double what he spends on himself. His biggest purchase last year was the Colonna Raphael, for which he gave $500,000. To this purchase he added seven others, worth altogether $250,000, so that his expenditures last year were far above his average and amounted to nearly $1,000,000. That was the biggest year in picture buying that Mr. Morgan has had. His entire collection of famous paintings now amounts to 200 pictures, and is valued at $10,000,000.

Stephen Gould has been one of Mr. Morgan's chief rivals in bidding for famous paintings. He broke all records by buying fourteen old masters in one year, and his checks for pictures make the biggest hole in his bank account.

Staveley Bruce, the English shipping and iron king, has made a specialty of statuary, as well as paintings. The Italian laws forbidding the exportation of art treasures has had a peculiar effect on the collection of Mr. Bruce. He is obliged to keep $500,000 worth of statuary in Italian cities. He adds a love for pictures to that for statuary and seldom spends less than $200,000 a year for paintings.

FORTUNE SPENT FOR PRINTS.

Duffy Grant, another English millionaire, has a different hobby in the art line. Mr. Grant wants fine prints and he spends a fortune annually in rare prints, and in the last few years has made a half million dollar collection.

In the collecting of prints the buyer is especially liable to imposition, but Mr. Grant is an authority—one of the chief authorities in England. Although he has purchased more than 20,000 prints he has the reputation of never having been deceived. This collection is now as valuable as it was when he made it. That is one of the features of the art hobby. The man who spends his money for art treasures has a tangible asset. The millionaire who makes his expenditures in race horses and yachts is money out at the end of the year.

Mr. Carnegie's fad, as is well known, is the public library. He is credited with handing out $15,000,000 annually in putting his preaching into practice. Last year his gifts in this direction amounted to $5,000,000 in the United States. He gave in addition $5,000,000 to English workmen and $10,000,000 to Scotland. As he now is giving away a great deal more than his income, which is $10,000,000 a year, he may be able to realize his ambition to escape the "disgrace of dying rich." It has been computed that at his present rate of giving it will require twenty years before he can become "poor."

TREATS FOR SLUM CHILDREN.

An English millionaire, another of the three multi-millionaires who give away most of their income, is Mr. Spiller, the cloth and cotton magnate. His favorite amusement is a peculiar one, and it has made him known as a sort of fairy godfather to the poor children of northern English towns. He organizes and pays for huge treats for slum children. The outings and pleasure excursions he gives these children cost him in the neighborhood of $500,000 a year. In addition to this he supports eight children's hospitals and orphanages. His hobby on the betterment of poor children gives him no time for any other amusement. He lives in a fashion similar to that of a well-to-do professional man, and maintains but one establishment for himself.

The third of these three millionaires who give away the bulk of their income is the German gunmaker, Herr Krupp, the richest man in his country.

When the more personal amusements of millionaires are considered, it will be found that yachts and race horses take the most of many a wealthy man's money. It has been computed that eighteen men of great wealth—American, English, and of other nationalities— spend the larger part of their income on yachts. Sir Thomas Lipton is among the best known. He spent $600,000 on the cup races alone. Col. McCalmont is another Englishman, a rival of Sir Thomas, who spends a fortune on the water. Aside from the royal yachtsmen of Europe, it has been estimated that the eighteen millionaires interested in this sport spend about $20,000,000 a year on their craft, and that the value of the yachts foots up to $55,000,000.

There are five millionaires who "go in" for natural history. The best known is Miles Forrest, an Englishman. He has a private "zoo," the finest in England, and it costs him $60,000 a year to maintain it. In quality he excels even the London zoo, although not in quantity. Three American millionaires spend their money in this diversion, and one Belgian, Doorslaer, whose income is used in procuring wild animals.

Mr. Fairburn, a sherry shipper of England, has the renown of being the only man of great wealth who is absorbed in the collection of stamps. His expenditures are trivial compared with some other millionaires, but his amusement is not a costly one. About $5,000 a year goes in buying stamps and his collection is valued at $35,000.

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MOULD IN BUTTER.

May Be Prevented by Using a Solution of Formalin.

Reports have been received that a few lots of Canadian butter have been delivered in the United Kingdom somewhat spotted with mould on the butter paper and between the box and the butter. That has occurred on saltless butter. As mould is a tiny plant or fungus, it is important that butter makers and butter dealers should know by what means they can entirely prevent its growth on butter packages, butter paper, or on the butter itself. Mould can only come from pre-existing mould, or from spores, which serve the purpose of seed of fruit for its reproduction. If the spores be destroyed mould cannot begin to grow. The conditions favorable for its growth are a certain degree of dampness and a moderately low temperature—that is to say, a temperature below sixty degrees. Some forms of mould grow at temperatures as low as 32 degrees Fahr., or the freezing point of water.

Formalin is an effective fungicide, or, in other words, it is a destroyer of fungi and of the spores of fungi. A weak solution of formalin is effective for the destruction of spores of mould. A good course for the butter maker to follow is to prepare

A STRONG BRINE OF SALT.

adding one ounce of the formalin to one gallon of the brine. The butter paper should be soaked in this solution. The inside of all butter packages should, also, be rinsed with it. The butter paper while still wet with the brine containing formalin should be placed inside the butter box, and the butter immediately packed in it. The brine containing the formalin will destroy all spores of mould on the butter paper and on the inside of the box. A brine can be used for a long period if it be boiled once a week. As the formalin evaporates during the boiling process, it will be necessary to add to every gallon of brine, after it has boiled and cooled, one ounce of formalin.

For the protection of the butter which is to be shipped to the United Kingdom, it is important that the butter be cooled to a temperature under 38 degrees Fahr., from the second day after it is made. When butter is allowed to remain at a high temperature changes begin which spoil its delicate flavor and fresh-made aroma. Each creamery should have a cold storage room at a temperature under 38 degrees Fahr.; only refrigerator cars should be used for the carriage of butter; and it should be put in cold storage compartments on the steamships, and be carried at a temperature under 25 degrees. A temperature of 20 degrees Fahr. is still better.

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

ETIQUETTE TAUGHT HERE.

"Madam," he began, as the door opened, "I am selling a new book on 'Etiquette and Deportment.'"

"Oh, you are!" she responded. "Go down and clean the mud off your feed."

"Yes'm. As I was saying, madam, I am sell——"

"Take off your hat! Never address a strange lady at her door without removing your hat."

"Yes'm. Now, then, as I was saying——"

"Take your hands out of your pockets! No gentleman ever carries his hands there."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, this work on 'Eti——'"

"Throw away your pipe! If a gentleman uses tobacco he is careful not to disgust others by the habit."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, in calling your attention to this valuable——"

"Wait! Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight, and use less grease on your hair in the future. Now you look a bit decent. You have a book on 'Etiquette and Deportment'? Very well, I don't want it. I am only the servant-girl. Go up the steps to the front door and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a downright, no-doubt-about-it idiot this morning and I think the book you're selling is just what she requires."

A PROPHECY.

He had evidently been rejected, for his chest heaved convulsively, and his veins stood out upon his forehead. In his anger he advanced towards the lady who had mocked him, with outstretched fist, but by a mighty effort he controlled himself.

"No matter!" he muttered, savagely, "the day will come!"

Sure enough, at dawn the next morning, faint streaks of grey pencilled the east. Later, at its accustomed hour, the sun arose.

Thus was the prophecy fulfilled.

Pains in the Small of the Back.

Bad Digestion and Racking Headaches—Cure has Brought About by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

"Pains in the small of the back" is the way hosts of people describe their sufferings, not knowing that the pains are in reality in the kidneys. Pains in the back, weak back, lame back, backache—these are the first indications of kidney trouble. They are the warning which nature gives you. If you heed at once you can be cured. Neglect will soon put you at the mercy of the most painful and fatal of diseases.

Women as well as men have kidney disease, and may well feel anxious when the kidney pains make themselves felt in the small of the back.

Because Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills give you prompt relief from backache it is well worth your while to take them. But they do more than this. They regulate and invigorate the action of the kidneys, and insure a return to health of these important organs.

Mrs. J. Larter, 123 Cross street, Charlottetown, P.E.I., and whose husband is a contractor, states:—"I had suffered a great deal with pains in the small of my back, my direstion was bad, and I was frequently troubled with spells of racking headache. I have been entirely cured of these distressing symptoms by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and find that my general health is greatly improved since I have been using this preparation.

"I can also testify to the merit of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, as I was cured of a severe attack of bronchitis by the use of this remedy."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.