

BUSINESS NOTICE.
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COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR
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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE
The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it. If the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement.

Australia's Drought

More Than Forty Million Sheep Have Perished—Appalling Sight

The worst drought experienced in Australia since the 20's culminated in August last, when fair rains fell over the greater part of the country, says a letter from Sydney, Australia. Some idea of its severity may be gathered from the fact that in 1894 there were 70,000,000 sheep in New South Wales alone, and at the present time there are less than 30,000,000. Horses and cattle have suffered proportionately during the last seven years. Indeed, the stock has been so depleted that fat cattle bring up to \$30 per head in Sydney markets, the highest price paid for a bullock being \$32 10s. Sheep sell up to 55s., which in good years has been the highest price at 100s. Supplies came largely from New Zealand, and even from Tasmania. The latter place, until the present drought, imported from the mainland, now she is exporting her surplus. Many of the big butchering establishments in Sydney are retailing rabbits, a departure they have hitherto scorned, while in Broken Hill, the great silver mine, kangaroo meat is retailed at 4jd. per pound—this being the first time on record that the wild animals have been used as food in the country. The settlers subsist wholly on rabbits and kangaroo, which are now so poor and weak as to be easily caught; others, who have long given up farming in despair, and unable to obtain any other work, are trapping rabbits for a living. It is estimated that at the time of writing there are 75,000 crates of rabbits from the way from Australia to London.

It is one of the anomalies of the country that two great enemies of the grazers—rabbits and prickly pear—now she is exporting her surplus. Queensland, where the remnant of the cattle are being kept alive on pear, and people are cutting and carting it away in tons, and the Government has offered £5,000 for the discovery of a practical and efficient method of eradicating the pest. The plants are first fired to free the soil from prickles, when the cattle eat it readily, and even thrive on it. SCENE OF DESOLATION. The sheeping also has been carried on so extensively that the country is a mass of dead sheep, and the stumps that stand like gaunt sentinels over the dry, desolate land. No grass, no herbage—nothing but the bare earth for hundreds of miles. All stations are in a state of desolation, and the descriptions being carried over the lines; corn husks, sugar cane, turnips, chaff etc.; corn from Argentina, hay from New Zealand—anything that could be shipped and railed from every reachable place. Not only fodder but water has been railed to the west, and sold at the stations at such a price that money to do so are hand-feeding—some of the big places at a cost of £2,000 per week. Chaff is scattered on the ground, and at so much as 10s. per bush, while maize is thrown out as it is thrown out to fowls; in places the bag is put tidon on a horse, which is led or pulled through the stock, the corn running out through holes in the ends. The cost of this feeding is estimated at 6d. per head per week. Even sawdust, mixed with molasses, has been utilized as food.

Thousands upon thousands of sheep and cattle were traveled through New South Wales, Queensland, and the other States, and the drovers were forced at last to return to barren homesteads with a remnant of their flocks to cut their throats and skin them in the bush, or to chopped down to the hollow-down. The world-famous coachmen, Cobb & Co., whose history is practically the history of Australia, having been tied with bushrangers, floods, and fires on all the highways and byways of the Australian bush from the earliest days abandoned their mail contracts in Queensland some months ago, in consequence of the cost having risen from £6,000 to £30,000 annually. Until relief was afforded by the bank and the Federal Government communication with the back country was cut off over forty routes—covering 4,000 miles—being involved, and the way-back small settlers, who depended on these coaches for food, and vegetables being sent per parcel post) had to subsist on goat, galax, and wallabies.

PILES OF BONES.
Along the edge of the water in the Namoi River were hundreds of dead sheep; and along the shores of inland lagoons and small lakes were dead fish in countless thousands; and when you approached the holes that yet contained water you saw the fish dart away through the mud.

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
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Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete. GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES. CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Can Dies,
Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

WHY COAL IS WASHED.

Harmful Impurities, and Others That Are in the Way.
The purpose of washing coal is to free it of as nearly as possible a matter that reduces its heating capacity or has a detrimental effect upon the metal produced with such coal, or with coke made from such coal.
The impurities of coal are of two kinds, such as are chemically passing, but which do not produce heat, but, on the contrary, absorb heat and clog the openings in the grates by forming ashes and clinkers; they must be repeatedly handled, shipped and freight paid for them and are a burden all around.
The other kinds of impurities are chiefly iron pyrites, an ore composed of iron and sulphur, containing as much as 33 per cent. of the latter element. There occurs also frequently some phosphorus, which remains in the ashes. The sulphur and phosphorus are both injurious to the quality of iron and steel, and for this reason it is very important that coal or coke for blast furnace use shall be free from these two elements as possible. The phosphorus occurs in the coal, producing matter, and remains there unless it is given an opportunity to chemically combine with iron, lime or other matter for which it has an affinity.
The value of furnace coke is based, apart from degree of purity from ashes, sulphur and phosphorus, upon its degree of freedom from iron and sulphur. Iron containing these elements in excess is of little value for iron-making purposes. There is economy in purifying inferior coal, even for ordinary heating purposes, for not only is washed coal a far superior to coal in its natural state, because the tendency to form clinkers is very much reduced by the process of washing, but the impurities, which are removed, are of great value in the iron-making process. Until about fifteen years ago slack had barely any value in the Youghiogheny region, on account of its large proportion of impurities. It is now, however, a valuable commodity, and is shipped by rail, which was too expensive; it became a burden at many of the mines, and anybody could have it carried to take to the blast furnace, where it is properly washed, produces a coke equal to any of the Connellsville region. At some of the Montegoa mines, which are in the same region, a ton of the Connellsville coke sold at the tipple at 10 cents per ton.

DRUGHT EVERYWHERE.
At one place I saw a woman and two girls lopping trees to keep a few sheep alive, climbing aloft and straddling the limbs like men, while the father was drawing water from a tank miles away. Anon you meet a traveler dragging behind him the ghost of a horse. One horse described how he had bought a feed of lucerne for his unfortunate animal at a cockie's place, and going a little while afterwards to see how she was getting on, he found a man and his wife, and a number of wallabies around her, like crows at a dead beast, chewing away at the lucerne. Another related that he pulled some kurrajong bushes to sleep in, and was awakened in the morning by the wallabies, who had eaten all the leaves and were tugging away at the branches.
Out in this "Never-Never" we paid 9d. for a stallion for a two-pound lot of bread, 18s. 6d. for a bushel of corn, 27s. 6d. for a bag of chaff, 3s. for a pound of butter, and 5s. 6d. for a pumpkin.
The Bogans, Bree, Culgoon, Bokhara, Maranoa, Barcoo, Paroo, and Buloo Rivers have been dry for months, and only a chain of waterholes remained in the Darling, Castlereagh, and Warrego. Drought reigned from Albury to the Lachlan, through the Riverina, down the Murrumbidgee, and up the Murray, drought from Bourke to Cape York, and from the Darling to the Diamantina, drought again from Spencer's Gulf right across the continent to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and drought still to the western goldfields. Dozens of aborigines perished in Central Australia for want of food; others, in emaciated condition, made their way to the mission stations, leaving dead along the way and many dying after arrival, despite every care from the whites.

It is a common sight at meal times to see bush birds flocking to the doors of station kitchens, and the drovers are forced to throw out their crumbs and bones that are thrown out. They have become as tame almost as domestic fowls. So with the animals, a approached an "old man" kangaroo, a rest of the Darling, merely to examine it at close quarters, and it spinned at me feebly with its hands, but made no attempt to get away. I had heard that the kangaroo on one of its great ships was offered to Mrs. Balch. She would have fair wages, and the chance of still more in the shape of a good date, and a gratuity for a comfortable voyage. Her decision was instant. She would take the place. Now all her life Jane Balch had feared the water, and she was now to be a passenger on a boat, and a woman with a face to remember for its sweetness and strength. Her husband's death, face to face with poverty. What could she do?
The manager of the steamship company had a warm heart, and he suggested that she should go on one of its great ships was offered to Mrs. Balch. She would have fair wages, and the chance of still more in the shape of a good date, and a gratuity for a comfortable voyage. Her decision was instant. She would take the place. Now all her life Jane Balch had feared the water, and she was now to be a passenger on a boat, and a woman with a face to remember for its sweetness and strength. Her husband's death, face to face with poverty. What could she do?
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APPALLING SIGHTS.
Around some of the long lagoons in the Dawson River country, the sight of the dead cattle was appalling. Lying side by side in the mud, they lined the greenish water as far as the eye could reach, while hundreds of dead birds were scattered about. I saw a luckless swagman step on to a dying beast and reaching out as far as he could, dip his billy full of the greenish liquid. This he boiled and skimmed till he had freed it of all skum, and insects, then used it for tea. Going west, right out to the Cooper's Creek, the same terrible conditions prevailed around the waterhole on this creek are the carcasses of 30,000 cattle. Nothing is to be seen on most of the stations below Jundah but skeletons. One station that had 24,000 head of cattle now has about 200, and another has about 1,500 left out of 40,000, while five adjoining stations lost a total of 150,000 head of cattle, and with its appalling loss of sheep. In 1894 it sheared 140,056 sheep; now it has less than 20,000.

AN ARTFUL DODGE.
"Hawkins won't get any cigars from me with this Christmas."
"How's that?"
"He's sworn off for two months."

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Balance of Parental Authority

"Jack," observed the Colonel, letting his hand hover irresolutely over the chess-board, "has it ever occurred to you that it would be an extremely nice arrangement if those two children of mine would fall in love with each other? You and I are getting along in years—oh, old friend!—and I'd like to see you settle in a home of your own before the order comes for taps. There is no one in the world I would rather give my daughter to than Billie; the boy is white clear through, and he's a good fellow, and I don't think, though, and his father's son, I can't imagine why they don't," continued the Colonel, argumentatively, "they like each other all right, and another thing, playing golf or something—well, but a thought of building a nest of their own. Just listen to that; will you be broke off, please? Through the library doorway came the blithe notes of a rollicking duet, sung by two happy care-free young voices. A tender smile blossomed on Lawyer Reed's clean-shaven lips. "Nothing would give me greater satisfaction or happiness, Phil, than to have what you mentioned come to pass," he said, warmly. "I thought myself, and hinted at something of the kind to Billie—once."
"Well," said Colonel Bradlee tentatively.
The young rascal laughed at me; said the idea was absurd; that while Lila and he were the best of chums, and all that, there was no thought of any nonsense of that sort between them, and he would not on the lawyer, ruefully, "that I had better stick to chess, and let match-making alone."
"Lila appears to be of about the same opinion," remarked the Colonel, "she called me an old goose to be thinking of such things. I call it flying in the face of Providence—blocking an unexpected onslaught on her part, for if other people were made for each other, it was those two, and they haven't the sense to see it."
John Reed nodded, then all at once smothered his feelings with his hand. "Phil," he said, lowering his voice, "do you remember that white mule we used to have at headquarters?"
"Ben Johnson's mule?" replied the Colonel, with a reminiscent grin. "Of course I do. The boys used to say that when Ben wanted that mule to go anywhere he'd just whistled in that direction, 'git 'GIT on up!' at him, and old Caesar would wheel and run the other way like a deer."
"Young human nature and mule nature are a good deal similar sometimes," remarked the Lawyer, significantly, leaning back in his chair. "Vague comprehension began to dawn on Colonel Bradlee's countenance. "Do you think we might work something of the sort, Jack?" he queried, eagerly. "I'd do most anything you suggest, as long as it's not—or not kissing her."
John Reed rose to his feet. "Philip Bradlee," he said in a serious voice, "prepare to have your inner shirt to be torn off. I am going to insult you—For goodness sake, Phil," he whispered, as he perceived a look of blank astonishment upon the other's face, "don't look like that; it's only a bluff! Play me your part, man, and don't give me any more of that sort."
He swept the chess-board off the table with a bang. "Colonel Bradlee," he cried loudly, angrily, "this is not the first time I have caught you trying to take an unfair advantage. But as the last game I'll play with a—"
Something choked his speech but the Colonel rose to the situation and felt himself obliged to stand like a hero. "Leave my house, or I'll have you arrested—er—er—pettifogger!" he wound up triumphantly.
There was a sudden rush into the library, and the usual chorus, "Fair weather, Colonel Bradlee!"
"You too, sir!" yelled the Colonel. "Don't you dare set foot in my house again! Lila—if I know of you having the least to do with the son of John Reed, I'll—I'll disown you! They're a pair of—"
Billie Reed grasped his father's arm. "Come, father," he said, proudly, "Colonel Bradlee has forgotten that he is a gentleman!"
Then began her trial. For one year she was sequestered in a room of nervous terror. Twenty-four times she crossed the cruel and treacherous sea with no relief from the torture of body and mind. Friends and relatives, however, and even the abandonment of her project. Her inevitable answer was, "I'm going to try 'git first!" She could not stand the day after day when she could not lift her head from her pillow. But the company's patience held out, and so did her courage. At last she had conquered both her quailms and her fears.
"To-day she is one of the most popular of the kindly band who help to lessen the pains of unhappy travel. Her boys are happy, prosperous and well taught, and she—well, she makes light of her victory."

BRIGAND'S STRANGE DEATH.

Pushed Over a Precipice by a Woman.
Recently a young peasant woman of Montenegro was returning to her home at Cetinje from a town in which she had just sold some poultry, when suddenly she met a young man who told her that there was a much shorter way to her home, and that he would show it to her, if she was willing. Though he was a stranger, she was obliged to obey his reason to distrust him and gladly accepted his offer.
He preceded her up the mountain path and in about ten minutes they came to a precipice. Thereupon the man suddenly seized her, and pointing a dagger at her throat, demanded her money and her jewels. She was obliged to obey him, and then was preparing to run away when he stopped her.
"No, no," he said with a laugh, "you've got to jump down from this precipice."
Falling on her knees, she implored him to spare her life, but he paid no heed to her and finally threatened that if she did not jump of her own free will, he would throw her over. "All right," she said, "but at any rate allow me to cover my eyes with a handkerchief. You will find one in the pocket of my dress. Please hand it to me."
The brigand stooped to get the handkerchief, and the woman, summoning all her courage, pushed him into the precipice. As he fell he grasped a rock near the edge and thus succeeded in supporting himself. But it was not for long, for the woman kicked his hand away from the rock and down he fell to the doom he deserved so well.
Returning to the story that evening to Prince Charles and soldiers were sent to the scene, who found at the foot of the precipice not only the body of the brigand, but also two corpses, which were evidently the remains of two of his victims.

THE ONLY DRAWBACK.

This scene was the parlor, the couch thereof, and the dramatic personae Mabel and George.
"Dear Mabel, do you love me?"
"Oh, George!"
"Dear you, Mabel—just a little tiny bit."
"Well, yes, George."
"And if I married you, would your father furnish us a house?"
"Yes, George."
"And take me into partnership?"
"Yes, George."
"And would your mother keep away from us, except when I invite her?"
"Yes, George."
"And your brothers and sisters, too?"
"Certainly, George."
"And, of course, the old gentleman would settle my debts?"
"Of course, George."
"Darling, will you marry me?"
"No, George."

THE DEAD MEN ROSE.

A party of men, about sixty in number, had gone out to have their practical knowledge tested in the application of splints, bandages, and first aid to the injured.
Some of them had tickets pinned on their coats to tell what they were told to lie down at stated intervals from each other.
An officer appearing on the scene did not think the patients far enough in their lives when the functions of womanhood were developing. He was all around them, and he kept up a constant stream of questions, and he was depriving themselves of the outdoor exercise, rest, and sleep which is so important at this time in order to keep up good health in the face of the strain which is put upon the whole system when your daughter gets into and

About the ...House

MANAGEMENT.
There is in every household a certain routine of housework which must be done every day, writes Mrs. Jay. Three meals, three batches of dishes, sweeping and mopping, and inevitable jobs to every housekeeper, unless she be one of the fortunate (?) number who keeps a "girl."
But the girl of the present is generally a very unsatisfactory transient, who consents to help you with such of your work as she sees fit for the sum of from \$3 to \$4 per week.
The first requisite for good housekeeping is to have a place for everything. Then, as one goes around, make every trip count for getting some misplaced article in its place.
I always aim to have my hands full when I go upstairs, and just as full when I come down again; and just so, too, if I only cross the room.
In this way the loose things about the house are soon in place, the dirty dishes all collected on the table and the floor ready for sweeping.
And then one must work steadily and plan ahead, so that one task is right upon the next one.
I have heard of some people who claim that their minds are—and ours should be full of thoughts far and away above dirt and dishwashing, while the jobs are being done.
But I have found it much more profitable to put the most of my thought and energy on these homely tasks and thereby get them out of the road, so that my mind might be free to soar higher, I believe, than it would ever get as long as there was a pile of sticky cooking utensils in sight.
Mind, I do not want to say that one cannot think about dishwashing while washing dishes, nor do I wish to criticize those who are able to do this work in a leisurely fashion; but when there are children and hired men, garden and chickens, as is the case with most farmers' wives, there is very little extra time to be spent that way.
The housewife must manage every minute to make it count for some necessary work done.
It is a splendid plan to have a day for each of the big jobs.
Washing and scrubbing on Monday, ironing and baking on Tuesday, patching and churning on Wednesday, sewing on Thursday, sweeping upstairs and general cleaning on Saturday.
This is only stating the general rule, and it may be varied as inclination or necessity compels.
But, if the work is done according to some such rule, we need never get so far behind.
While visiting a friend she asked the time of day, and then said, "It must be about half-past five." On looking at the clock it was much surprised to find she had missed it in her guess by only two minutes, and asked how she knew.
"Oh," she said, "I can generally tell by my work."
Housework done by the clock is, I think it, And her house looked it, too. Precision was written everywhere. For such people a program might be arranged as follows: Arise, 5.30 a.m.; breakfast, 6 to 6.20 a.m.; dishwashing, 6.20 to 6.40; milk work, 6.40 to 7.10; sewing, 7.10 to 7.30.
But what about the woman (like the writer, for instance) who finds herself at 23 with two babies—both under 2½ years of age—who will not just positively will to run by clockwork. Then, indeed, she must manage from the time one gets up, which is generally at the same hour that the two aforementioned cherubs insist on getting up (which is the only clockwork thing about the house), until things are in such shape that they may be left overnight; and sometimes this shape is very good and again it is very unsightly.
Truly "circumstances alter cases," but the woman that really tries to follow a given plan will succeed after a fashion, no matter what turns and her work will be in better shape, as a rule, than the one who lets her washing slip on until the last of the week, and then part of a Monday morning nest-egg job. And the patching is untouched, and some of the clothing is put on unattended. She is always being pushed by her work, instead of keeping even with it.
The same rules will not apply to every household. But do try, all of you, to put some thought on management, for, although you may think every minute is being used, no doubt it is, yet you may not have put much thought on making the steps count and doing the tasks as they fit in best.
I hear some one say: "Oh, she has given it all away. She confesses she is only 23 years old."
But I assure you that (to use a slang phrase), I have not been out of school four years for nothing.
Necessity compels me to work, and in my case, necessity is not the mother of invention, but of management.
Although my management is far from perfect (as Mother Grundy will tell you), "it is yet much better than none at all."
There is a little trick that one must employ along with management

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

The Wonderful Benefit to be Obtained by the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.
When you meet with pale, weak women who complain of lack of vigor and vitality and suffer more or less in a feminine way, you can be almost sure that they did not have proper care at that critical period in their lives when the functions of womanhood were developing. These physiological changes usually take place at a time when girls are bending every effort to succeed in their school work, and are depriving themselves of the outdoor exercise, rest, and sleep which is so important at this time in order to keep up good health in the face of the strain which is put upon the whole system when your daughter gets into and

A Critical Time in Woman's Life

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food keeps the supply in excess of the demand. Mrs. Coates, 38 Morse street, Toronto, says:—"My daughter has been using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for nervousness, paleness, and a run-down system, and I can say that her health has improved very much under this treatment. She used to complain of being tired in the mornings; her appetite was poor, and she lacked energy and ambition. Since using this medicine I can see a great change in her looks, her nerves are steadier, she has more color in her cheeks, and is feeling very much better in every way."
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.
ENGLISH CHINA.
The Wedgwood pottery establishment has been engaged to make the new service China to be used on high state occasions at the White House, the residence of the American President. The design has been copyrighted, thus insuring its exclusive use by the President. It is of simple gold Colonial pattern, with the great seal of the United States engraved in colors as the decorative feature. The set will consist of 126 pieces and will be delivered in Washington next January.
RUBS OFF.
Sillicus—"A pretty woman does it anyway. The regulation Cynicus—"No, beauty sometimes rubs off."

The Factory
JOHN McDONALD & CO.
(Successors to George Cassidy.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Matched to order.
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DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
BURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anesthetics.
Large Teeth set in Gold, Rubber and Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.
All Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.
Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 31.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. S. Kather's Barber Shop, Tel. No. 6.

or she soon slips us off into a path called routine, from whence there is no escape, and we lose our individuality; we become slaves to a despot than turns life and freedom into a mere existence of servitude.
In other words, we must rise above a set rule and management. That is the key that unlocks the doors along our way; it leads us out by times into cool, shady nooks, where we may imbibe youth, strength and joy from nature's sparkling fountains all about us.
I know a woman so bound down by the cords of routine that she will forego the pleasure of attending any unusual affair—something really good that, perhaps, she will not be permitted to enjoy for years—simply because such dressing up happens to come on wash day or bake day or some one of her other days she has set aside for certain tasks out of each of her working days. Now, this is foolishness, for a woman who knows in this instance that it is not at all necessary, for she has but one child, and her means are ample for all modest wants. Yet she won't take a day off from her routine until these certain daily tasks are accomplished, and it is a standing joke among the relatives, and the husband joins in the fun about "Mrs. Precision and her household duties."
However, I do not advocate putting necessary work off for trivial matters, but the incident, related is merely to show that there is just as much danger in doing things differently, from too much system as from lack of it.
DOMESTIC RECIPES.
A New Way to Cook a Cheap Steak—Season a flank steak with salt, pepper, cloves and a bay leaf. Make such dressing of onions, fat, seasoning it with onion and a pinch of sage. Spread the steak with it, making it about an inch thick. Begin at the small end, roll up tightly and wrap in cheese cloth and tie in boiling water until sufficient to cover—with a plate to keep it off the bottom of the kettle. Boil it slowly two hours or more. When done, remove the cloth, thicken the gravy with a little flour and a dash of flour and serve steak and gravy very hot. Slice the former like jelly roll. It is delicious.
Cream Pies—Two tablespoonsful of butter melted in half a cup of milk, three tablespoonsful of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one can of peas. Let get very hot.
Minicemeat—To make half a gallon of minicemeat, take half a pound of finely-chopped boiled meat, one-half cupful meat liquor, three cupfuls chopped apples, one cupful brown sugar, one-half cupful granulated sugar, one-half cupful raisins (leave whole), one cupful currants; one-half cupful shredded citron and two cupfuls sweet or boiled cider. Put all together into a granite kettle, melt in half a cup of milk, fifteen minutes. Take from the stove and add a rounding teaspoonful cinnamon, a level teaspoonful each cloves and allspice, half a level teaspoonful nutmeg, a fourth of a level teaspoonful each of mace and the juice each of a lemon and orange with half the grated rind. When cold add a cupful and a quarter of any kind of fruit juice or juice of sweet pickles. Put in a tin can with a tight cover and add more seasoning if needed. Line a pie-plate with rich crust, fill with the mixture, dot with bits of butter, arrange strips of pastry lattice over the top and bake in a moderate oven. Dust with powdered sugar just before serving and serve warm. The butter takes the place of the suet usually added and it makes the minicemeat much more palatable and digestible, although if preferred half a cupful of chopped suet may be used.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The smaller the eye, so they say, the better the perspective.
When mending a tureen, baste frequently, but don't stick a fork into the fleshy part of the fowl and thus let the pruned juices escape.
It is said that an apple kept in the cake box will preserve the freshness of the cake until the apple is withered. The same claim also serves for bread.
Don't forget that minicemeat is a good deal better to be made a week or ten days before it is to be used. The spices and cider, etc., have thus time to permeate the apple and meat.
In boiling a pudding, a fish, or anything put in a cloth or bag, a plate should always be put in the bottom of the kettle. If the pudding is put in a pall or can, the usual substitute for the regulation mold, it should not rest directly on the bottom of the kettle. An iron ring, a flat iron holder, anything that will keep the dish off the bottom of the kettle will answer.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.
The Wonderful Benefit to be Obtained by the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.
When you meet with pale, weak women who complain of lack of vigor and vitality and suffer more or less in a feminine way, you can be almost sure that they did not have proper care at that critical period in their lives when the functions of womanhood were developing. These physiological changes usually take place at a time when girls are bending every effort to succeed in their school work, and are depriving themselves of the outdoor exercise, rest, and sleep which is so important at this time in order to keep up good health in the face of the strain which is put upon the whole system when your daughter gets into and