Board Works Jan 1 01

The address slip pasted on the top of thi 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.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 2). No. 32 CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 16, 1904 D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N.B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for first insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

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.

CARD.

R. A. LAWLOR,
Barrister-At-Law
Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public, Etc
Chatham, N. B.

The Factory
JOHN McDONALD & CO
(Successors to George Cassady.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL SAWING.
Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.
East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anaesthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber and Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.
Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.
Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 53.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. A. Kethre's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6

MACKENZIE'S
Quinine Wine
and Iron
THE BEST TONIC AND
—BLOOD MAKER—
50c Bottles
We Guarantee It at
Mackenzie's Medical Hall
CHATHAM, N. B.

Insurance.
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON & LANCASHIRE,
LANCASHIRE.
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON
MANCHESTER.
Mrs. Jas. G. Miller.

WE DO
Job Printing
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
Printing For Saw Mills
A SPECIALTY
WE PRINT—
ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, N. B.

AN EVASIVE ANSWER.

There was a public man to whom the approbation of his neighbors might not be indifferent, but who was blessed or cursed with a tender conscience. Among the things that he could not justify was the bidding a servant a servant to say that he was not at home when he was in reality inside his house. At the same time he could not receive all the many visitors who came to call and the only resource was to give instructions that polite excuses should be offered. Upon one occasion such instructions were issued to a maid, an Irish girl, liberally gifted with the readiness and goodwill of her nation.

"Then I'm not to say that your honor is not at home?"

"No, Mary, no," was the reply; "that would not be true. If anyone should ask for me you must put him off—give him some evasive answer, you know."

"I'll do it, your honor, never fear."

Mary was as good as her word. That afternoon a personage of importance made his appearance and was duly sent away. The faithful maid reported the circumstance to her master.

"What did you say, Mary?" inquired the latter, with some trepidation.

"Oh, I just put him off as your honor told me. I gave him him an evasive answer."

"Yes; but what did you say to him?"

"Oh, sure, he said to me was your honor at home, and I said to him was his grandfather a monkey?"

There should be no objection to a man smoking cigarettes if he is alone and happens to have a grudge against himself.

His Brother's Keeper

"Jim, old chap, I want you to do me a favor. I know you'd do anything for your 'ne'er-do-weel' young brother, but what I am asking you now is something altogether out of the ordinary. Since Fate—ah, cruel Fate!—ordains that my next three years must be spent out of the old country, I want you to help me over the most difficult part of leaving that aforesaid country. Will you, Jim?" And the speaker laid a caressing hand on his companion's knee.

Such a contrast between two brothers was surely never seen. One—the speaker—was tall and broad-shouldered, with a laughing, handsome face surmounted by a refractory crop of sunny curls; the other equally tall, though the apparent breadth of his shoulders was marred by their slight stoop; and the dark, strong face bore the outward and visible signs of hard thinking and deep reserve, which the man's character in no way belied.

Reserved even to the verge of the seclusion which marks a hermit's life, Jim Hartford, Professor of Classics, seemed to shrink with a natural aversion from the society of his fellow men and women—with one exception, that is, and only one, the young lad now before him. But for him he would gladly have walked right up to the mouths of a battery of hostile guns, would have laid down his life with a smile, and deemed himself lucky to have had the opportunity.

From the time when his dying mother had committed her youngest-born to his elder brother's charge he had exercised a constant care over him. And now, with a smile which lit up his face and made it almost beautiful, the professor answered as his brother knew he would:—

"A favor, Jack! Aye, a hundred, and that before they're asked. What is it this time—more scrapes? Only don't say you've been getting into debt again. Remember that last time, and don't, don't go to the usurers!"

"Once bitten—you know the rest! You don't catch me jumping willingly into the shark's mouth after once feeling his teeth, big brother mine! No, this is something far more serious; it is, in fact, a matter of the heart!" And here Jack paused to have a mighty sigh.

"In what way can I be of assistance to you?"

"Well, it's this way, old man. When I start to-morrow there's a girl coming to see me off at the station, and I'm afraid she'll be awfully cut up. I? Oh, of course I shall be too; but then it's the man's part to bear up—the woman's to grieve. Here's the task I've set you, Jim. I want you to do all that you can—all that lies in your power—to lessen the pain of the parting for her. Tell her that three years will pass like a lightning flash; that hearts can beat as true across six thousand miles of sea as ever they did in England; tell her—oh, you know what to tell her! Cheer her up, and don't make it any harder for me than you can help."

"But how can I help you, Jack, when I'm going to Southampton with you? I promised to see you aboard the steamer and watch you off on your voyage; so how can I comfort the girl? Imagine me comforting any girl!" And Hartford senior's voice took on a note of despair.

"That's just where your goodness will come in. I want you to see me off at the station and then devote yourself to the girl. I'll manage all right at Southampton—never fear for me—but you'll do me this last favor, won't you?"

"Did I ever refuse you anything you asked me? But one thing I must know now—who is the girl?"

"Oh, yes; you'd better know that, I suppose. It's little Molly Charteris; you know her, recluse though you are—the little one with lips like—er—ripe tomatoes, and eyes the color of—of the deep blue sea!" he concluded, enthusiastically.

"Why?" asked the brother. "Little Miss Charteris, the vicar's daughter? Do you mean to tell me that you've fallen in love with her? Why, I——" and here he stopped suddenly and gazed into the fire with thoughtful eyes.

"Do you love her, Jack—really?" he queried, after a few moments had passed in silence—and deep thought on the part of one at least.

"Love her? Why, man, I love that girl more than any I've ever loved yet, and I've had a good deal of experience in that line! Love her? Yes, I should rather think so! Jim, if that girl were to ask me to cut stones for her special edification I'd do it, and smile as I cut them until she was out of sight, at any rate. I'm sure it's final this time. I feel queer all over when I think of her!"

Then for a while silence came over the pair, for the professor's mind was conjuring up a vision of the newly-done summer.

A quaint old garden thronged with merry, laughing guests; white gossamer gowns flitting hither and thither through the dark background of the midsummer foliage; a spirited tennis tournament; but apart from all there stood out one form—one face—a golden-haired child with eyes as blue as Heaven itself—a child, and yet a woman.

Molly Charteris! The only woman who had ever brought a flutter to his steady, dispassionate pulse. She had listened to him with interest—so he thought; her answers, her queries, all showed that she entered into the spirit of his discourse, and for once he had thawed—let himself go, as his brother expressed it—until he had recollected that she was a merry girl and he a prosy old "fogey." Then his mantle of reserve descended again and he had led her back to the crowded lawns, and nothing remained but the remembrance of the expression of pain in her eyes at being thus summarily dismissed.

And Jack won her love. Ah, well, it was only just; their temperaments were alike, both sunny and cheerful, and he—he was no mate for Molly.

With a start he aroused himself and looked fondly at Jack.

"Be good to her, lad, for she's a pearl of price. And I'll do all I can to lessen her pain when you are gone. Poor little woman, it will be hard for her. Do you think she cares?"

"I wish I knew for certain. Perhaps the actual fact of parting will bring her to know her own mind—but—you'll help her, Jim, for my sake?"

"Yes, you can rely on me; and now, good-night. No, I'm not going to bed yet awhile; I have rather a knotty point to settle. Good-night."

* * * * * *

A little nervous, constrained conversation; a bustling, officious porter; a hiss of escaping steam; and the time for parting had come. Just a long, firm clasp of the hand; and then the professor discretely turned his back and became intent on a lurid poster.

The guard waved his flag, the engine shrieked and panted, a carriage door slammed, and Jack was off! The last view of his brother that the professor got was a gesticulating figure leaning dangerously out of a window and waving a hat, oft-repeated "good-byes" growing fainter and fainter, and then the train vanished round a curve, and the two spectators were left alone.

Few words were spoken as the pair climbed the hill towards the town. Once the girl shivered and drew her furs more closely around her, but the professor was unable to tell whether it was the cold of her deep feeling that prompted the movement. From the occasional glances which he cast at her half-averted face he gathered that she was bearing up remarkably well under the shock of parting, but he had heard that these restrained natures often needed but the slightest reference to the present trouble to form the prelude to a bitter burst of grief.

Above all things he dreaded a scene, and the mental picture that he drew of Molly in tears led him to avoid all mention of the parting.

They reached the gates of the vicarage, and Molly turned to say "good-bye." As he held her little hand for a blissful moment the professor, recollecting how badly he was fulfilling his trust, ventured on a few words of consolation.

"Cheer up, Miss Charteris. After, all, three years is but a brief span as compared with the many years of a lifetime. And Jack, in spite of his gaiety, has a warm, true heart. I know—who better?—the fund of love which he hides under a careless exterior."

"Ah, yes, I know, Mr. Hartford—I feel sure that he will be loyal." Molly was speaking now with a brave effort to maintain her calm, the elder brother thought.

"And you—you will not grieve? I know he loves you with all the strength of his heart, for he has often told me that he had only one hero, and that one his brother."

She was able, even in the midst of her own grief, to find words to comfort him. "What a sweet, true spirit the child possesses," thought he; "she sinks herself and turns to condole with me! Oh, Molly, Molly, if only he had not loved you!"

But aloud he said: "You will permit me to call and tell you of Jack's doings, Miss Charteris? We can sit and shed our tears together and call back to remembrance the days when he was with us," he continued, with a feeble attempt at mirth.

"Oh, I wish you would. Come as often as you wish, for there will always be a warm welcome awaiting you."

"A welcome for Jack's brother, but not for James Hartford!" ruminated that individual as he plodded homeward. But the temporary feeling of bitterness was swallowed up in joy at the good fortune which had befallen Jack; and, besides, how could he feel bitter against Molly, of all the people in the world?"

One month passed, then two, and still no word came from the absentee. Occasionally the professor paid a brief visit to the vicarage in fulfilment of his promise, but whether it was that Molly was losing her affection for Jack, or that she did not wish to flaunt her sorrow in public, for some reason his name was scarcely ever mentioned between them. And Hartford, try as he would to fight against his nature, found himself growing more deeply in love than ever. In vain he remonstrated with himself, in vain he vowed, by all the ties of his brotherly affection, that he would kill his love. It would brook no obstacle, but went on in a remorseless stream until each visit grew fraught with agony lest he should utter words that might turn the girl's friendly affection into loathing.

Sometimes, when he saw her cast a wistful glance in his direction, Hartford would think that she was longing to talk of the younger one, but at last all uncertainty and doubt were brought to a head by the arrival of the expected letter.

With fingers that trembled with very eagerness Jim opened the letter and devoured its contents. After a racy description of the voyage Jack went on:—

"By the way, about Molly Charteris. I suppose she will have forgotten me by now, and I rather hope she has. Now, don't accuse me of fickleness, old chap, but the fact of the matter is, I'm madly in love with the sweetest little girl you ever saw. I met her on the steamer, helped her through her sea-sickness, proposed, and was accepted—all within three weeks, which, you must admit, was quick work! Her father favors my suit, has offered me a partnership in his 'estancia,' and we are to be married in six months. I'm afraid I shall have to leave the task of breaking the news to Miss Molly to you, for, in spite of all my cheek, I haven't the pluck to do that. Will you, like the dear, good fellow that you are, tell her that I was never worthy of her, that my one wish is for her future happiness, that a man's affections cannot be placed to order, and generally smooth matters over? She is so young that she will easily get over the shock, if any shock there be, and you will act diplomatically, I know"; and so on.

The first feeling that invaded the professor's breast was one of consternation; the second, disgust, and the third—yes, although he tried to laugh it aside with a shamefaced air—was undoubtedly relief. Now the field was open; and when once the girl had recovered from her pain he could plead his own cause. And yet, what a cad the youngster had proved! In spite of his earnest protestations he had fallen in love with the first pretty face he met, and shifting all responsibility on to the shoulders of his long-suffering brother, had left him to make his excuses.

It was too bad; and the professor's bosom glowed with righteous indignation. On the spur of the moment he sat down to indite a scathing letter of rebuke to the erring youth, but his brotherly love was too strong and he found himself wandering off into mild remonstrance.

"I will go and break the news to Molly," he thought, "and then, fired by the sight of her anguish, I shall be able to forget everything, save that he is a dishonorable scoundrel Then I will write a letter that will make him writhe"; and, acting on this new impulse, he took his hat and coat and started for the vicarage.

His heart was very near his boot as, arrived at the house, he asked the dapper maid if Miss Charteris were at home.

"In the drawing-room, sir," and he was in the slighted one's presence.

She looked so winning, so free from care, as she rose to greet him, that he found himself inwardly reviling his brother for having given him the task of quenching the light of those glorious eyes.

After the first few commonplaces had been spoken there ensued an awful pause. Neither one seemed disposed to speak first, but Hartford, finding the silence intolerable, summoned all his courage and drew the fateful letter from his pocket.

"I regret to be the bearer of bad news, Miss Charteris, but that is my unpleasant task to-day. Jack—my brother—is—is——" but the girl, glancing at the envelope he held, broke in:—

"Not dead!—oh, say he is not dead!"

"It would have been better had he died; but no, he is not dead—only dishonored. Forgive me if I seem harsh, but I cannot attempt to shield him in any way. Jack is to be married in six, no five months," and there was a tone of tragic intensity in his voice.

The girl's head was bowed, her face half hidden by her hand, and the man tried in vain to read her inscrutable expression.

No sound, no motion came from her, and the professor thought that the depth of her grief has stricken her dumb.

"Forgive me if I have been too abrupt," he said, "but the consciousness of his infamy compelled me to blurt out the truth. If I can in any way atone for the wrong my brother has done, you have but to command me. I will gladly serve you by all means in my power, but, oh, Miss Molly, do not grieve too much."

The bowed head was lifted and Molly looked across with a somewhat puzzled air.

"Has the shock driven her mad?" the man asked himself, with a sudden, tightening fear at his heart. Her first words reassured him, however, for she asked: "But why should I grieve, Mr. Hartford? Jack has but followed the impulse of his nature, and I, for one, wish him joy. As for the dishonor you speak of, I fail to see where that comes in. He was not engaged to any other girl, was he—any girl here in England?"

For a moment the professor sat there astounded. Words failed him; he was lost in admiration of a spirit that could bear a blow so calmly. Of course they were not engaged—he knew that; but this heroic calm was beyond him, and he rose as though to take his leave.

"You need not hesitate to confide in me, Miss Molly. I know the shock must be great, for even to me, his brother, not his sweetheart, the news came as a thunderclap. I would gladly help you if you will but allow me to, but perhaps, at a later time, you will feel more able to make use of me. Now I will go."

"Stay just a moment, Mr. Hartford," said Molly; "you seem to be laboring under a misapprehension. Either Jack has been deluding you or himself, for I never cared for him in the way you mean. I always loved him as a brother, but as a—a—oh, no, I could never have loved him!"

And she raised her eyes and gave James Hartford a look which set his heart beating madly.

Down dropped his hat, his stick clattered to the floor, as he took a forward stride.

"Miss Charter—Molly, do you mean to say that you never loved Jack? It must be so, for the light in your eyes is the light of a present love. Can it be that it is love for me? Molly, Molly, darling, have I read you aright? Tell me if there is hope—hope for me, for I have loved you with all the strength of my heart ever since first I met you." His arms were around the slender form by now, and he strove to raise the bended head. Suddenly she lifted it of her own free will, and James Hartford, whilom recluse, read his answer in her deep blue eyes.

And as he bent his head to take the first kiss that had pressed his lips since the day his mother died, Molly, her very soul aglow with happiness, heard him murmur, "Thank Heaven"

Copy of a letter received two months later:—

"My Dear Old Spartan,—I pass aside your outburst of indignation as being unworthy of comment. To proceed to other matters, what did you think of my scheme? I knew perfectly well that, if you were left to your own initiative, you would never have found out that Molly cared for you, for your natural modesty was against such a result taking place. Therefore I did the best I could to show you how things stood. I found out Molly's secret quite by chance, and was bound by a solemn oath not to divulge it. Forgive my necessary fibs, and look only at the result. If you should ask me how I managed to lure Molly to the station the day I left, the answer is simple. I told her that you would feel the parting keenly, and asked her to condole with you. Poor, blind fools! best of friends! May you both be as happy as you deserve to be—as happy as I intend to be.—Always yours fraternally, Jack."—London Tit-Bits.

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.
JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR
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.
Cane Dies,
Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

WATER FAMINE IN MARS?

Another Explanation of the Canals in the Planet.

Mars is suffering from a water famine, according to the latest reports. We have long known that this must be so; the Red Planet is growing old and drying up. Its oceans have already shrunk till they only occupy one-third of its surface, and if it were not for the annual melting of the ice-caps that surround both its poles, the Martian farmer would be as ill off as if he were trying to grow apples in the midst of M. Lebaudy's empire.

Mr. Percivall Lowell, who has long taken a lively interest in the farmers of Mars, has lately made some very curious observations which throw a new light on their labors.

In studying the canals which have been known for nearly thirty years as intersecting the Martian continents in all directions, he has doscovered an interesting feature in their use. There are two of these canals—Thoth and Amenthes our astronomers call them in default of access to the records of the Martian Public Works Department—which come alternately into the telescope's field of view.

There is only one conclusion to be drawn from this fact. It is clear that Thoth and Amenthes are dependent on a single water supply, and that it is admitted to each of them in turn.

In other words, this *observation makes it practically certain that—as Mr. Lowell and other astronomers have long contended—the canals of Mars are not natural or accidental markings of its surface, but are artificial channels of irrigation, which the inhabitants of Egypt and India regulate the great irrigation systems which are fed by the Nile and the Ganges.

The only valid objection to this theory—which if sound quite upsets all the elaborate arguments by which Dr. A. R. Wallace recently tried to prove the negative of the plurality of worlds—lies in the huge size of the canals of Mars, many of which have been calculated to be at least sixty miles wide. We can hardly conceive any kind of sentiment able to deal with such gigantic works.

But it must be remembered that all we know of Mars is derived from telescopic glimpses of a tiny orb, one five thousandth part of the moon's size at its biggest, and judicious inference is almost as important as accurate observation. What we call canals are probably not the actual water-channels, but the broad tracts or cultivated land which only become distinguished from the surrounding desert when their crops ripen.

It is hardly possible not to agree with Mr. Lowell's conclusion that the alternation in visibility of Thoth and Amenthes proves that the inhabitants of Mars are obliged to economize their scanty supply of water by irrigating their cultivable land in vast sections.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Pessimism is really atheism.

Petition is only a part of prayer.

A little life may hold much love.

The church cannot feed men on mush.

Waiting is a large part of working.

The Christian is a light and not a lamp.

High seats oft lie beyond lowly doors.

A little light may be worth a lot of sparks.

Every living law must have its roots in love.

You cannot float to heaven on floes of frozen faith.

A solid flock cannot be built up out of stolen sheep.

In making a living it is easy to lose the real life.

It often takes a stony pillow to bring a Bethel vision.

People who talk about God need to talk with him a good deal.

It is better to walk in a straight line than to run in a circle.

Many a veneered sermon has come off a solid silver lectern.

Pisgah's prospect is worth more than Egypt's possession.

We may be able to judge others when we see the Judge of all.

Standing right with God does not mean standing sideways with men.

A little boost to the living is better than many bouquets to the dead.

PAUPERS IN HOLLAND.

There are few able-bodied paupers in Holland. A tract of public land containing 5,000 acres is divided into six model farms, to one of which the person applying for public relief is sent. Here he is taught agriculture and is subsequently permitted to rent a small farm for himself. Holland also has a forced labor colony, to which vagrants are sent to do farm and other work, whether they like it or not.

The Parson—"Always speak well of your neighbor." Mrs. Nextdoor—"I do! And yet I assure you she is one of the most detestable creatures on earth."

About the ....House

HINTS FOR HOME LIFE.

A pinch of soda stirred into milk that is to be boiled will keep it from curdling.

To remove grease from wall paper cover the spots with blotting paper and hold a hot iron near it until the grease is absorbed.

To keep tins bright, wash well with strong hot soda and water; when dry polish with a cloth and a little powdered whiting.

Before boiling milk rinse out the saucepan with a little hot water; it will prevent the milk sticking to the bottom of the pan.

The juice of the pineapple is an active digestive agent. A little of the fruit taken at the end of a meal is a valuable preventive of dyspepsia.

To make silk that has been washed look like new, put a teaspoonful of methylated spirits to a pint in the rinsing water and iron while damp.

A little soda put into the water in which dried beans are soaked will expedite the process wonderfully without influencing the flavor of the beans.

Parsley may be kept fresh and a good color for several days if put in a covered earthen jar in a cool place. It will last much longer than if kept in water.

For a starch polish, make a good thick solution with gum arabic. Add a tablespoonful of this to the hot starch. If cold starch is required, dissolve a tablespoonful of gum in one pint of water, and use it when cold for mixing the starch.

Keep a flour barrel elevated at least two inches from the floor on a rack, to allow a current of fresh air to pass under it and prevent dampness collecting at the bottom. Do not allow any groceries or provisions with a strong odor near the flour barrel.

To make paperhanger's paste mix one pound of flour and one teaspoonful of powdered alum to a smooth paste with cold water, then pour on to this enough fast-boiling water to turn and thicken it. It should be stirred briskly while the water is being poured on.

Varnished wallpaper should be washed with a whitewash brush and a warm, soapy lather. The brush should be squeezed slightly after being dipped in the lather, and the work should be performed from the ceiling downwards. One patch must be finished all the way down before beginning the next.

A hydropathic treatment of a cold in the head is more reliable than any other. It is as follows:— In the morning after rising and at night before retiring, wash the feet and legs as high up as the knees in cold water, then rub them with a rough towel and massage them until the skin is red and glowing.

Ink stains are often very troublesome to remove from wood, but the following treatment will be found most effectual. Touch the spot with a camel-hair brush or feather dipped in spirits of nitre, and when the ink begins to disappear rub the spot over as quickly as possible with a rag which has been dipped into cold water.

Sufferers from asthma and bronchitis should take a teaspoonful of this remedy three times a day, or one dose at night will greatly relieve wheezing and irritation. One tablespoonful of ipecacuahne wine, two tablespoonfuls of honey, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. First melt the honey, then add the other ingredients.

WHY YEAST RAISES DOUGH.

How many good housewives know just why yeast causes their bread to rise, and when their dough fails to rise, how many can tell just why? The cause of success or failure is due to the action of yeast. Yeast is a plant, a cell so small that only under the microscope is it visible. It is estimated that the individual yeast plant is not more than 1-2800 of an inch in diameter. The yeast exists in three states; the resting state, as when the good housewife gets it in her yeast cake; the growing state and the spore-bearing state.

It is with the growing state that the housewife has to do in making her bread. When a little yeast is placed in a solution which contains proper material for food, it begins to grow by a method called budding; that is, each individual plant puts out a whole lot of little plants from itself. Thus, when it is put into the dough, the plants find food in the sugar, to which some of the starch has been changed. The yeast feeding on the materials in the dough ferments the sugar producing carbon dioxid and alcohol. The carbon dioxid accumulated as a gas in small bubbles, and the dough being sticky and heavy, it is not possible for these bubbles to rise up to the surface as in ordinary fermented liquids. The gas, therefore, simply collects as small bubbles in the midst of the dough, causing the whole mass to swell. The heat of baking drives off the small amount of alcohol and thus expands the bubbles of the gas, causing the dough to rise still more. This makes the bread light and porous. It also makes it more digestible.

Yeast plants grow readily in warm temperatures, and best if kept between 75 and 90 degrees. If above 90 degrees, bacteria are apt to grow, giving the bread undesirable flavors. Thus dough which has been kept too long is apt to sour. Sour bread is due to the development during fermentation of certain acids in the dough, which come not from the action of yeast, but from the growth of bacteria, present either in the yeast or in the flour.

Bearing these facts in mind, the housewife who desires good bread should see that fresh yeast only is employed, a good quality of flour used, and that the dough is mixed in clean utensils. After mixing, the dough should be placed in a clean dish at a temperature of 75 degrees in winter, so that the bread will rise in about eight hours. Following these simple rules, little difficulty will be encountered.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Breakfast Stew.—Chop fine whatever cold meats remain on hand; add a pint or more of good soup stock; season with salt, pepper, and a small pinch of ground cloves. Thicken with browned flour, and pour boiling hot over little squares of nicely toasted bread. Garnish with slices of lemon, and serve at once.

Coffee Rolls.—Work into a quart of bread dough a rounded tablespoonful of butter and half a teacup of white sugar; add some dried currants (well washed and dried in the oven), sift some flour and sugar over them, work into the dough thoroughly, make into small, long rolls, dip them into melted butter, place in the pan, let it rise a short time and bake.

Fig Pudding.—One-fourth pound figs shopped fine, two cups bread crumbs, one cup brown sugar, one-fourth pound suet chopped fine, two eggs, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, one desert spoonful of molasses, one-half grated nutmeg, one tablespoonful flour. Steam three hours and serve with boiled sauce, flavored with lemon.

Boiled Indian Pudding.—Warm a pint of molasses and one of milk, stir well together, beat four eggs and stir gradually into molasses and milk; add a pound of suet chopped fine, Indian meal to make a thick batter; a teaspoonful cinnamon, nutmeg, and a little grated lemon-peel, and stir all together thoroughly; dip cloth into boiling water, shake, flour a little, turn in the mixture, tie up, leaving room for the pudding to swell, and boil three hours; serve hot with sauce.

Suet Pudding.—To one teacupful of suet, minced down very fine, add four teacupfuls of flour, half a pound of raisins, one teacupful of molasses, a teaspoonful of cream baking powder and a scant teacupful of milk with a little salt and cinnamon to flavor. Boil for nearly three hours, and serve with sauce. The baking powder should be mixed with the flour when dry.

FRUIT SHORTCAKES.

Instead of eternally making pie, why not try making fruit shortcakes for a change? Most every one regards a strawberry shortcake as one of the luxuries of the strawberry season, but this fruit, delicious as it is, is not "the only pebble on the beach."

Let me tell you that stewed pieplant—pieplant stewed in the fashion the household has recommended—makes a delicious shortcake. (Pieplant and tapioca make as good a combination as do peaches and tapioca.)

Canned peaches, sliced thinly; dried apricots or nectarines, and prunes, stewed slowly after long soaking, pineapple and oranges, all these make delicious shortcakes. And the trouble of making is no greater than the making of the everlasting pie.

To make the crust for a good shortcake, take a quart of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Sift twice, then rub in four tablespoonfuls of shortening—butter is best—and wet with a cup and a half of sweet milk. Butter three pie plates, divide the dough in six parts, roll to fit the tins, put two on each plate, after spreading the lower with soft butter. Bake in a rather hot oven—one that will bake the crust in about ten or twelve minutes. Separate the cakes, put the fruit between and on top, and send to the table hot. You want about a pint of fruit for each double cake. Serve with cream. Fresh fruit should be sugared an hour before using.

Try a canned-peach shortcake some day when you require something quick and good for an emergency dessert.

OUR FUTURE KING.

Little Prince Edward is Interested in Ships and Sailors.

Prince Edward of Wales, though he will not reach his tenth birthday till next June, is beginning to realize increasingly the responsibilities of his position as the future King of England.

For this the Russo-Japanese war is to some extent responsible, as the youthful Prince feels it his solemn duty, as the destined monarch of a maritime country, to closely follow the naval situation in the Far East.

To serve this end he has gravely laid aside all his many toys, with the exception of his fleet of model battleships and gunboats. These, he finds, assist him greatly with his naval studies, which, as his hereditary sailor instincts are strong, he pursues with much enthusiasm under the expert guidance of his father.

Nearly every hour, indeed, of the little Prince's playtime is now spent with the Prince of Wales in keenly scanning maps and charts and accumulating knowledge concerning the technical details and the possibilities of various kinds of war craft.

The Prince of Wales, who is possibly a little anxious lest his small son should take his nautical studies too seriously, usually concludes the council of war by suggesting that he shall dance a hornpipe.

The Prince, being extremely agile, is an adept at this, and Prince Edward and Prince Albert watch the performance with huge delight. Afterwards they endeavor to emulate the swift, intricate dance-steps of their father.

Even this, however, does not exhaust the nautical delights which the Prince can furnish for his sons.

When his Royal Highness was on active service in the navy he acquired many of the accomplishments peculiar to sailors. He is, in fact, a most interesting instructor in the art of making knots and hitches, trimming sails, and explaining the mysteries of marine engineering.

When at Sandringham, Prince Edward and Prince Albert put a vast amount of literal "spadework" into their playtime, for both are ardent gardeners, and spend hours digging in their own particular "plots." Prince Edward's greatest care is given to the cultivation of violets and roses, of which his "grandma" and his mother are both so fond.

Last year the first of these flowers were watched with the most jealous care, and finally carried in triumph to their destined recipients.

The King and the Prince of Wales were also favored with buttonholes.

The more infantile toys, which Prince Edward has now felt that his advancing age compels him to discard, he has presented with regal generosity to his younger brothers.

Husband—"When I see all these bills I am tired of life. Do you think the time will ever come when we shall be out of debt?" Wife (cheerfully)—"Why not, darling? You know that you are carrying an exceptionally large life insurance."

HEALTH

WHY MEN DIE.

It has been said that few men die of old age, and that almost all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental, or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression, "choked with rage," has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young, weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use—the latter take care of themselves the former do not. As it is with the body so it is with the mind and the temper; the strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. Thus the horse lives twenty-five years the ox fifteen to twenty, the lion about twenty, the hog ten or twelve, the rabbit eight, the guinea pix six or seven. The numbers are bear proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size. But man, of all animals, is one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to the physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that, he scarcely reaches an average of four times the growing period. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-working of all animals. He is always the most irritable, and there is reason to believe, though we can not tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm and consumes himself with the fire of his own reflections.

HOT WATER.

Under many conditions hot water is one of the most potent remedial agents that can be employed, and often, when intelligently used, it accomplishes more than drugs.

But like many other things powerful for good, its abuse may prove injurious, and produce results quite opposite to what was intended.

The effect of warm or moderately hot water applied to the surface of the body is to cause the blood-vessels and tissues of the skin and underlying regions to become relaxed, and to lose for the time being their natural tone. The blood supply of the region is much increased, and the pores are opened. If the entire body has been immersed this action produces marked changes in the distribution of the blood, and a considerable portion of this fluid is taken from the interior of the body and brought close to the surface. If cold air now strikes the body a sudden chill is very likely to be the result.

This explains the great ease with which one takes cold after a warm bath, particularly if this has been prolonged, and it also suggests the natural remedy. This is quickly to sponge the entire surface with cold water before using the towel, which should be applied briskly. In this way the relaxation is followed by prompt contraction, the circulation is made active instead of sluggish, and a delicious sense of vigor and stimulation is produced.

Hot water is necessary properly to cleanse the face and neck, and to stimulate the pores to cast off the fatty material which might otherwise stagnate and cause pimples or blackheads. Unless followed by a dash of cold water, however, the relaxed tissues are not stimulated to recontract, and premature wrinkles and flabbiness of the skin inevitably follow. Steaming the face and throat, although apparently beneficial at the time, is sure to be followed by results disastrous to the complexion unless counteracted in this way.

To sponge the face and throat with hot water immediately before going out into the cold air is almost to invite taking a cold, but by systematically following the hot water and brisk friction (not too vigorous on the face), the tissues become firm and the skin grows healthy, and able to throw off all impurities. The tiny muscles of the blood-vessels become developed through active use, and are trained to act promptly, so that the tendency to colds and sore throat is greatly decreased.—Youth's Companion.

NOSE AND THROAT.

My observations have led me to believe that one of the most common predisposing causes of a large per cent. of the diseases that are met with in the nose and throat is associated, if not largely due, to uric acid or other toxic influence from faulty digestion, writes Dr. L. C. Cline.

We consume too much nitrogeneous food, we eat too much meat; the autotoxemic state that follows is quite sufficient to precipitate catarrhal attacks of the mucosa and glandular strictures of the upper-air tracts. Many of the incipient cases that apply to us for treatment would get well without drugs or surgical interference, by correction of diet, exercise and hygienic influences.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

The majority of habitual criminals are opium users.

A metal roof is said to be positive protection against the building it covers being struck by lightning.

The largest circular saw in the world has just been made in Philadelphia. It is seven feet four inches in diameter, and will be used to cut pine stumps into shingle bolts.

The Journal des Debats recites experiments with formic acid, a secretion of ants. Eight to ten drops of the acid taken three or four times a day had a marked effect in stimulating muscular activity which might be continued a long time without resultant fatigue. "That tired feeling" also disappears under the influence of the acid.

Recently an impetus has been given to railway telephony by the perfection of a new and simple system for the simultaneous use of the same conductors for both telegraphy and telephony, and a railway department has been established as a branch of the leading telephony organization of the country.

The cause of baldness is attributed by Dr. Gilbert to tight hatbands. He remarks that women and savages do not suffer from the condition, and suggests the use of small cork fenders around the hatband, voiding pressure to certain parts or sections leaving the intervening space free for normal blood supply and free ingress and egress of air from inside the hat.

Some families keep a servant girl and several relations.

Money isn't everything. Sometimes credit answers the same person.

Even a professor of mathematics is seldom able to figure a woman's age correctly.

Young man, if you don't believe that kissing is unhealthful just let the girl's papa catch you at it.

When a girl angles in the matrimonial sea she is apt to catch a sucker instead of a goldfish.