R. Cashman, Jan. 1, 04.

The address slip pasted on the top of this paper shows the date when it is due. 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

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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,

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A Mysterious Postcard

The post-card lay upon the breakfast-table. It had sent an unpleasant shiver through my frame. I did not care to confess that I was afraid and yet I admit that my role seemed to have lost its savor and the coffee its taste.

Hetty, my wife, looked at me with amazed eyes.

"Whatever is wrong, Willie?" she asked, in a perplexed tone. "You look as though you had seen a ghost."

"Finish your breakfast," I said, trying to speak in a calm, jaunty manner. "Finish your breakfast, and you shall know all."

When the meal had worn to its end I handed the post-card to my wife. She read it, uttered a little scream, and then asked, hurriedly:—

"Oh, Will, what can it mean? What can it mean?"

The card, which bore no name or address, ran thus: "Prepare to Die before the End of the Year."

"Mean?" I echoed. "Probably, dearest, it is a foolish hoax, but whoever is responsible for it ought to be ashamed of himself. I shall call in at the police-station on my way to town and hand the thing to the inspector."

"Yes, do," she assented; "and when the wretch who wrote the card is caught, I do hope they'll send him to prison for life."

Hetty's views of criminal procedure were somewhat vague.

Inspector Bates flushed to the roots of his somewhat rubicund hair when I displayed the mysterious post-card to his astonished gaze.

"This will mean plenty of work for the police," he observed portentously. "Leave the card with me, sir, and I promise you that we shall do our best to trace the writer of it."

"What is your opinion about the business?" I asked, after a short pause.

He eyed me steadily as he said, slowly —

"Do you know any person who has a grudge against you, sir?"

I laughed somewhat uneasily as I made answer:—

"Well, I hardly know. I believe I am on good terms with most people. Stay, though. Now I come to think of it there was one man——"

"Yes, yes," cried the official, as he produced his big note-book. "Go on, sir, if you please."

"Well, there was a little sneaking fellow called Shiplake, whom I kicked out of my office for tampering with the cash-box. His last words as he marched out of the building were: "You shall pay for this, Mr. Leicester."

"I see, I see," returned Bates, thoughtfully. "Er—by the way, do you think you could let me see some of this man's handwriting to compare with the post-card?"

"Surely, he would disguise his hand," I replied, amazed at the stupidity of the question.

"A man can't disguise his hand when an expert is on the job," replied the inspector, in a dignified tone. "We have experts in the Yard, sir, who can perceive similarities, which would be quite hidden to you or me."

"Good," I answered. "You shall have several specimens of Shiplake's calligraphy by to-night's post."

I kept my word and forwarded to the station three letters indited by Shiplake during his office sojourn. But I might have spared myself the trouble, for on the following morning there arrived a letter bearing the Melbourne postmark. It was from Shiplake himself, and it asked for a testimonial.

Now, of course, I did did gratify the fellow's insufferable impudence by granting his request, but his communication served a useful purpose and came at an opportune moment. It proved that the anonymous card did not emanate from him, seeing that some 10,000 miles of sea and land stretched between us.

From whom then?

This was the question which agitated me day and night. I went my way in fear and trembling. Frequently I would awake in the still watches of the night believing that I should find an assassin bending over my pillow with dagger or revolver in hand.

Hetty, who had always loathed dogs, and who had been subjected to several attentions in the shape of more or less painful bites, was actually heroic enough to suggest procuring one of the enemy to guard the house.

"I hate the wretched things," she said. "But your life, Willie dear, is more precious than all else. So buy a dog, and we shall be comparatively safe."

I acted on this suggestion. Towzer was duly installed in my residence, and made night hideous by his unearthly howls. Both my wife and myself enjoyed scarce a wink of sleep but we comforted ourselves with the reflection that if the writer of the mysterious card ventured to approach our stronghold he would find in Towzer one who would "stick closer than a brother"—to use a well known phrase.

However, no opportunity was given to the faithful creature to exercise his powers as a policeman, and I was beginning to tell myself that the whole business was a hoax when I met a neighbor of mine who seemed torn with terror.

"Look here, Leicester," he cried, "look at this card. I received it this morning, and it has given me a nasty turn, I can tell you."

"Great Scot!" I ejaculated. "The same words—the same writing!"

It was only too true. Thompson, on hearing my remark, asked for an explanation, whereupon I told him that I also had received a similar mysterious card some weeks since.

"I verily believe," he observed, with a shudder, "I verily believe that this is the work of some homicidal maniac."

He tore himself away, shouting as he went that he was bound for the police-station.

I shrugged my shoulders as he departed, for I knew quite well that the police, who had been unable to help me, would be powerless to offer any aid to my distracted friend.

* * * * * *

Three months passed. The year was approaching its end, and I began to feel terribly afraid. I purchased a revolver, carried it on my person day and night, and rarely stayed out after dusk if I could possibly avoid doing so.

Meantime the authorities had discovered no clue to the identity and whereabouts of the writer of the anonymous cards, nor did they seem likely to do so.

One morning when I was perusing my daily paper the following paragraph of a sudden burned into my brain. It ran thus:—

"Intense mystery is being caused throughout the Metropolis and the country at large by the circulation of some extraordinary anonymous postcards. The communications warn the recipients to prepare for death before the close of the present year. We understand that all efforts to trace the writer or writers of the mysterious cards have thus far been doomed to failure. Various theories have been put forward by the police to explain the extraordinary occurrences, but the most feasible would seem that the cards have emanated from the hand of a homicidal lunatic. Further developments will be awaited with eager interest."

So Thompson and I were not alone, then, in our dire position. Others, also, had received these terrifying cards, and I confess the knowledge went a long way towards soothing my fears. After all the scoundrel, whoever he might be, could not very well commit wholesale murder throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and, comforted by this thought, I slept more peacefully than I had done for months.

But the wave of horror which had swept the country refused to be driven back. Every newspaper in the land teemed with references to the cards. One enterprising halfpenny morning daily reproduced a facsimile of the threatening card, whilst a spiritualistic journal produced a clairvoyant sketch purporting to be the likeness of the evil person who had scattered the mysterious communications throughout the kingdom.

Letters poured into the newspaper offices in shoals. All sorts and conditions of suggestions were put forward by enthusiastic amateur detectives. Some of the suggestions were more brilliant than practical. For instance, one inventive genius suggested that every pillar-box and letter-box in Great Britain and Ireland should be watched by concealed persons. Another would-be Sherlock Holmes was of opinion that bloodhounds should be given the scent by means of the ink upon the card. Obviously, the writer would also carry marks of the same ink, suggested this acute-minded reasoner, and by means thereof the hounds would quickly run him to earth. These and similar startling proposals were ventilated in the Press, but, as usual, nobody paid the slightest heed to them, and they vanished into obscurity and the kitchen-fire.

The police, of course, came in for a large amount of blame. They were called all manner of unkind things. Such adjectives as "lethargic," "antiquated," "inert," "futile," and other terms more brutal than complimentary were showered upon long-suffering Scotland Yard. People who had lived in France fulminated on the weakness of the English detective force when compared with the brilliant Gallic methods, and altogether everyone was very angry indeed and wondered why the police did not "do something."

Mr. William Curcall, the millionaire pill-manufacturer, filled by public-spirited enthusiasm, actually offered a reward of £500 to any person giving information which would lead to the detection of the writer of the cards, but even this magnificent offer failed to elict any useful facts.

When Parliament met, a young member anxious to distinguish himself brought up the question. It was reported as follows:—

THE ANONYMOUS POST-CARD SCARE.

"Mr. H. J. Renret (North Brimley) asked the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether any special measures were being taken by the police to trace the origin of the mysterious cards with which the country was being flooded.

"The Home Secretary: I have no information on the subject. (Opposition laughter.)"

Even the august House of Lords concerned itself with the episode, and several distinguished peers stated that they had been subjected to the anonymous writer's attentions. In a word, the whole kingdom talked of little save the mysterious communications, and even the Continental journals referred to the business in a sarcastic manner.

Illumination came in the fulness of time. On the 31st of December I rose from my couch, wondering what the day would bring forth. The card had said, "Prepare to die before the end of the year," and now the end of the year was at hand. Perhaps it was foolish of me to experience the slightest tremors, seeing that so many thousands of my fellow-countrymen had received similar unpleasant warnings, but, after all, each man carries his own little bundle of hopes and fears within him, and I confess that I was not altogether easy.

But, the Powers be thanked, relief was at hand. When I arrived home that evening I found my wife in a paroxysm of laughter.

"Oh, Will, Will," she exclaimed, "It is too funny—too funny!"

"What on earth is the matter?" I inquired, wondering whether she [illegible] on the threshold of [illegible] ly, my dear girl, if you don't stop this nonsense I shall send for the doctor."

Again her laugh rang out, long and loud.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, I think I shall die," she exclaimed, whilst the tears ran down her cheeks. "It is the funniest thing that ever happened."

I eyed her with as much sternness as I could master.

"Will you be good enough," I exclaimed, "to enlighten me as to the cause of your mirth?"

For answer she went to the mantelpiece and handed me a post-card.

"What! Another card!" I yelled. "Great Jupiter! This is no laughing matter."

"Read it, read it," she gasped.

Seizing the card with trembling fingers, I read the following words:

"Hold former card up to the light."

A sudden illumination began to break upon my misty brain.

"The other card, the other card," I shouted. "Where is it?"

"Hear, here," she laughed. "Oh, Will, Will, I shall remember this as long as I live."

I bounded towards the gas-bracket, and held the threatening post-card which I had received months before towards the bright glow. Then I, too, burst into a long, wild, uncontrollable peal of mirth.

For when the card was held thus there appeared beneath the words "Prepare to die before the end of the year," the following sequel:—

"Which you most probably will do unless you purchase Cureall's Liver Pills, 1s. 9d. per box, at all Chemists, or post free, 1s 10d., from the manufacturers, W. Cureall and Co., Limited, St Thomas's Street, London, S.E."

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked my wife, with a merry smile, when at length the real meaning of the extraordinary post-card had filtered into my brain.

"What do I think?" I echoed, slowly. "Well, I rather think that I shall instruct my brokers to buy me another hundred shares in Cureall and Co."

And I did.—London Tit-Bits.

JACK SHEPPARD'S EQUAL

Swiss Burglar's Sensational Escape From Prison.

A modern Jack Sheppard, named Vitali, a native of Verona, Switzerland, has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and an accomplice named Baudry to two years, by the tribunal at Haute Savoy.

Vitali was accused of eleven thefts and burglaries, but in all he committed fifty-two before being captured. Twice he escaped from the police station, and vowed he would never be taken alive. He always carried a loaded revolver and terrorized the inhabitants of the entire department.

The manner of his escape from Annecy Prison was sensational. With a bar of iron he fabricated a key which opened all the doors of the prison. One day he walked out, and with the aid of a rope which he made with bits of string, climbed over the high wall.

On gaining entrance to a house he ransacked the place. Nothing came amiss to him—money, bicycles, books, ties, corsets, table napkins, stockings, even postage stamps were found in a barn where the burglar concealed his booty.

He was a great favorite with women, being a handsome man, and possessing winning ways. He received the long sentence with the greatest sangfroid, and asked a gendarme standing at his side for a drink.

A DRAWN BATTLE.

"Well, Hans," I said to the big, cherubic-faced German who sometimes does odd jobs for me, "I hear you've been on the warpath."

"Vot vas heem?" inquired Hans, with a puzzled frown.

"The mayor told me he had to fine you and your brother for fighting," I explained.

"Oh, yan, dat vas so," assented Hans, with a pleased laugh. "I vas verocious, undt Yacob he vas verocious, undt so ve had a leedle paddle."

"Which licked?" I asked.

"Oh, neider von; ve vas bod yust efen," answered Hans, earnestly.

"How's that?"

"Vell, Yacob he called me a fool, undt so I called heem a fool, undt so ve vas efen dere," exclaimed Hans.

"Und den Yacob he called me a big fool, undt so I called heem a big fool, undt dere ve vas efen again

"Undt Yacob he called me a liar, undt so I called heem a liar, undt dere ve vas efen some more times.

"Undt den Yacob he called me a big liar, undt den I hit heem, undt so I vas a leedle aheadt, ain't it?

"Budt den Yacob he hit me, undt so dere ve was efen some more all ridt.

"Undt den der policemans run us bod in, undt dere ve vas efen dere.

"Undt der mayor he vined me one dollar undt vined Yacob only fifty cents, undt so Yacob he vas aheadt, ain't it?

"But den I porrowed fifty cents from Yacob to help pay mine vine, undt so dere ve vas efen again all ridt, all ridt.

"Undt you pet you ve vas going to stay efen now. It don't pay to paddle, so Yacob says, undt I guess he knows vat vas vich," concluded Hans nodding his head sagely.

MUTUAL ATTACHMENT.

Sidney—"Was it a love match?"

Rodney—"Yes; she loved him, and he loved her father's big bank account."

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DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

About the ....House

HANDLING OF FOOD.

It matters little how much care is exercised in the selection of food or the sum expended in its purchase if it is not properly cared for after it reaches the house. Through carelessness and ignorance the loss is often great, proving that there is more than a grain of truth in the old adage, "A woman can throw out on a teaspoon what a man brings in on a shovel."

Salads and vegetables that arrive in good condition are dumped in a hot kitchen to wit and wither until the cook gets "good and ready" to put them away. Meat is left in its paper to absorb the taste and get [illegible] bruised in emptying it out, butter left uncovered to grow rancid, and milk standing to sour.

When green vegetables come they should be put at once in the celler or into the icebox. Salads may be wrapped in a damp cloth, than in newspaper, and put in the air.

Cereals should be emptied in their proper receptacles of tin or glass and closely covered to prevent insects getting in. Coffee should go immediately into an airtight canister in order to keep its aroma. Olive oil should be put into a cool, dark place and salt, soap and cheese into dry places.

Dried fruit should be kept in airtight glass cans; nuts in a cool, dry place to prevent their growing rancid, and chocolate, cocoa and cocoanshells in cold storage. Molasses and syrups need to be where it is cool.

Eggs should be handled carefully, so as not to break the membrane separating the yolk and white, and kept in a dry, cool place.

Flour belongs in a bin or barrel raised a few inches from the floor. While wheat flour may be obtained in quantity, cornmeal or graham flour should only be purchased in small quantities and kept in tin or glass.

Onions should not be left cut, as they are great absorbers. Neither onions, bananas nor muskmelons should be put in an icebox with other food.

Winter vegetables should be fully matured when gathered, dried thoroughly and then stored in a cool, dry place. Carrots, beets and celery keep better if packed in sand.

Small and soft fruits should be scattered on platters, not left in baskets as purchased, as their own weigh crushes them and they decay. Peaches and fine pears should be removed to a shelf and not be allowed to touch one another. Tomatoes may be ripened by exposure to the sun.

Milk and cream should be kept separate from the other foods, as they absorb odors.

Butter, if purchased in quantity, should have a cloth spread over the [illegible] and on top of that a thick layer of salt.

When necessary to take out butter, lift the cloth from the side, cut out a square, even piece, and recover with cloth and salt. If only a few pounds are purchased at a time, keep in a tin or agate pail, cover with a cloth, wrung out of salt water, and the lid.

Lard should be kept in tin and in a cool place.

Fresh fish should never be permitted to soak in water. Put in a cool place directly on artificial ice.

Meat should not be laid on the ice, as that draws out the juices. If fresh killed, allow it to get chilled before putting in cold storage, otherwise the animal heat is driven inside and causes fermentation, which is poisonous. Do not let chops and steaks rest against one another, much less ham and steak.

All meats and poultry require a cool, dry atmosphere. If necessary to hang them, suspend with the choicest and tender parts down. Hang lamb and mutton by the shank, and poultry by the feet.

SELECTED RECEIPTS.

Apple Butter.—Slice the apples as for pies, and put them in a crock, the plate. Cook three hours.

Serving Sauerkraut.—The usual way using 3 cups sugar to 2 gals. apples. Put a plate over the crock and place in an oven. Keep water in to prepare sauerkraut in this country is to fry it, which makes it very indigestible. This is the better way: Stew for at least one and one-half hours, with a piece of fat pork, fresh or smoked. When cooked nearly dry and soft, put to 2 qts. of the sauerkraut 2 or 3 good-sized raw grated potatoes. Cook long enough to have them done. This takes up the surplus juice and makes it very palatable. Sauerkraut should be cooked in enameled or stone ware.

Dutch Pancakes.—Beat six eggs (whites and yolks) until very light. To this add one pint of sweet milk and a half-teaspoon of salt; when well mixed pour it very slowly onto one-half cup of flour, beating all the while to prevent it from lumping—the better must be very thin. Put a piece of butter the size of a small hickory nut in a thin skillet, tip it from side to side so the butter is all over it. When quite hot put a large cooking spoonful of batter in the centre of the skillet, and instantly tip the skillet from side to side, so that the one spoonful will cover the whole bottom, making a cake very large around and as thin as paper, with a brown, crisp edge. As soon as the batter looks set, not moist, begin at one side and roll it up as you would a scroll. Tip it into a platter (you have a cake long and narrow), sprinkle with sugar unless maple syrup is to be used, then omit sugar. The old Dutch saying is: "They should be so thin that twenty-five could be put on a common knitting needle." They are not as hard to make as one might imagine, and if good butter and a hot skillet are used are fine.

Mother's Chicken Pie.—Cut up the chickens as for fricasee and cook in salted water until they are tender, and thicken the gravy. For the crust take 1 quart of flour in your sifter, and 2 rounding teaspoons cream tartar, 1 round teaspoon soda, and the same of salt, and sift altogether twice. Rub in 1 cup of lard, then wet up the whole with 1 cup each of thick cream and sour milk. You may use either sweet or sour cream. If you want your crust richer use 1½ cups cream and ½ cup of sour milk. Roll out your bottom crust 1-3 inch thick and cover bottom and sides of your dish. Do not trim off your crust until you are ready to roll the top one. Put the chicken in in layers and on each layer put butter, pepper and salt if needed, and add the gravy. The dish should be about half-full of meat and gravy. Now take a sharp caseknife and trim off the dough that hangs over the pan, cutting off even with the rim. Roll out the crust for top ½ inch thick, spread with a piece of lard size of an egg, sprinkle thickly with flour and a little salt and roll it up like a jelly roll, cut in halves, stand the two pieces close together and roll out again large enough to cover the pie; spread on another piece of lard, dust on flour and salt as before and run your roller over it lightly two or three times; cut holes for steam to escape. It looks well to mark out a spray of leaves on top or any other design you may prefer, only be sure to cut clear in places. Place the top on and trim off even with the sides of the rim; pinch the crust around the edge with one thumb, so it will stick to the under one; brush over with milk and bake in a moderate oven about 40 or 50 minutes.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

To keep a Dutch cheese from moulding pour into it a little brandy and wrap it with oiled paper.

Pure olive oil, mixed with a little glycerine, is recommended as a cream for massaging the face at bedtime. It feeds the tissues without yellowing the skin.

Vinegar and sugar will make a good stove polish.

Boston baked beans can be greatly improved by adding a cupful of sweet cream the last hour of baking.

Everyday glassware such as tumblers goblets, etc., may be greatly toughened and breakages often prevented by placing them in a large boiler or pan containing cold water; set on the front of a stove, letting them come to a boil, and boil for several hours, after which they may be removed back and remain in the same water until it is cool.

Tarragon vinegar may be made at home with cider or white vinegar and dried tarragon leaves bought at the druggists. Allow half pint of leaves to a quart of vinegar and allow the leaves to steep for about two weeks. Strain carefully, using a flannel jelly bag. Bottle and keep in a cool place.

Cabbage cooked after the following recipe is palatable to many people who cannot eat the vegetable as ordinarily cooked: Chop the cabbage as for cold slaw, and put it into a pot of salted, boiling water. Boil exactly twenty minutes, not a minute longer. Drain off the water, ad sufficient milk to cover, a dash of paprika, and a little butter and flour mixed. When this becomes quite hot again shake in liberally grated Parmesan cheese. Let it stand a few minutes and serve. This is a good lunch dish where little meat is eaten. The milk and cheese make it quite substantial. A clove or garlic boiled with cabbage gives it a most delicious flavor not at all garlicky.

RIVAL OF DR. LORENZ.

Dr. Baby Reduces Hip Dislocation in a Few Seconds.

There is now in London a rival of Prof. Lorenz, the famous Vienna surgeon whose name is associated with bloodless surgery, in the person of Dr. Raby, a native of Guernsey. Dr. Raby contends that numbers of hip disease cases are really nothing more than hip dislocation, which causes the leg to wither and the muscles to become dry, and that the natural oil ought to feed the leg forms abscesses. He admits that when there are diseased bones he can do nothing. His method is to reset a dislocated bone after softening the tissues and ligaments around the affected part.

Dr. Raby, in contrast to Prof. Lorenz, who occupies half an hour in his operation, does the work in from three to five seconds. Instead of making the patients lie from six to twelve months in a plaster cast, as Lorenz does, Dr. Raby promises them that they will be able to walk in forty-eight hours.

He performed an operation recently upon a youth of 18, who when he was 11 years of age was put into the hospital for six months on account of hid disease. Since then he has walked on crutches. His left leg was four inches shorter than the right. Several weeks ago he began preparations for an operation by Dr. Raby by applying poultices of olive oil and mustard to the hip. The operation was performed in three and one-half seconds, and the result was that the leg immediately became 2½ inches longer and the patient was able to walk next day, according to Dr. Raby's parting observation.

Dr. Raby says he has dealt successfully with 154 similar cases. Three times he failed, but in each instance the case proved to be genuine hip disease.

Dr. Gartner, professor of pathology at the Vienna University, has made an important discovery in regard to the method of examining the heart, having succeeded in determining the pressure of blood in the right auricle and the right ventricle, into which the whole venous blood flows before passing into the lungs for purification.

Every one knows that by raising the arm above the head he can cause the veins in the hand to collapse, while lowering the arm causes them to fill with blood. Dr. Gertner, by exact and minute observation, has succeeded in determining the height at which the veins of the hand collapse or fill in most cases. This change is so distinct as to form the basis for measurements by experiments made on healthy or sick persons. When the pressure of blood in the heart is normal the raising of the hand to the height of the right chambers, a position which can be ascertained by percussion or Roentgen rays, suffices to make the veins in the back of the hand disappear. Dr. Gartner can now measure the difference in pressure between the right chambers and the veins, direct observations of the veins in the hand enabling him to draw trustworthy conclusions as to the state of the heart.

"He claimed to have caught a ten-pound trout." "Why, trout don't grow as large as that, as far as I am aware." "They do, after you've told the story a few times."

He—"Well, I spoke to your father to-day at his office." She—"Oh, did you? What did he say?" He—"I didn't wait to hear."

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

Lord Rayleigh is one of the most remarkable men in the peerage. In addition to being a peer, he is a Senior Wrangler, a professor, and an extensive dairy farmer. He became a Senior Wrangler in 1865, in 1879 was made Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge, and 1888 succeeded Professor Tyndall at the Royal Institution as Professor of Natural Philosophy. His dairy farm at Terling, in Essex, is a model of what a dairy farm should be. Lord Rayleigh is married to a sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour.

Among the Duchess of Wellington's valued possessions is the splendid service of Sevres made for Napoleon I., of which every single piece is different, the set being practically priceless. In the cellars at Apsley House is the wonderful service of plate presented by Portugal to the Iron Duke the probate value of which was $1,000,000. The Portuguese plate was always used at the Waterloo banquet, and has never been used since the death of the great Duke. The centrepieces is 5 ft. in height, and takes four men to lift it on to the table.

From handloom to Home Office is a proud achievement which can be claimed by Mr. Thomas Birtwistle, J. P., Accrington, England, who has just resigned the chief inspectorship under the age limit of the Factory Acts on completing his seventieth year. Commencing life as a handloom weaver, he was for many years a Weavers' Trade Union official, and his moderation and sagacity in that position during the lockouts, riots, and other crises in East Lancashire induced the Home Office to offer him the post he now vacates. Thirty thousand cotton operatives presented him with a testimonial when he left their organization.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is best known for his romantic marriage with Miss Grace Wilson—romantic in that in doing so he braved his father's anger, and, giving up his assured position as future head of the house, turned to and worked on the railway as an engineer. Of course, he was a rich man, or at least very well off, even then, but his work was hard enough, and they say of him that he has more overalls than dress suits, and uses them oftener, too. He is clever at his work, moreover, and has invented and introduced several improvements in the firing and machinery of locomotives. His father before his death was reconciled to his plucky son.

Lord Denbigh, who, with Lady Denbigh, is now travelling in Mexico, and who was in command of the Honorable Artillery Company during their recent visit to the United States, is remarkable as a landlord. For his tenants at Newnham Paddock, Warwickshire, he has a unique insurance system, by means of which if a man loses one of his cows, he draws $50 from the funds, and is thus able to make good his misfortune. Lord Denbigh was born in 1859. He was in the Army for some years, and was wounded at Tel-el-[illegible] of which he was proud is a carpet he himself secured from the tent of Arabi Pasha after the capture of the latter in Egypt.

The Right Hon. William James Pirrie was born in Quebec fifty-six years ago, and began work at the age of fifteen, when he entered the ship-building and engineering firm of Harland and Wolff, Belfast. There he saw such scope for his ambition that he quickly resolved to improve himself into the head of that great business, and to-day he is its chairman and chief owner, one of His Majesty's Privy Councillors, ex-Lord Mayor of Belfast, a Deputy-Lieutenant, a magistrate, an ex-high sheriff of several counties, and an honorary Doctor of Laws, besides being the first honorary freeman of the City of Belfast. The biggest shipbuilder of the day, he employs 11,000 men, and he has turned out 100,000 tons of shipping in a single year.

Mr. William Quarrier, whose death was recently announced, was the Dr. Barnado of Scotland. His methods were peculiar in one sense, that he never made any public appeal for money, even during his early struggles to found a home for orphans. Like Muller of Bristol, he trusted entirely to the efficacy of prayer, and always said that he was never disappointed. As his philanthropic efforts became known, subscriptions were plentiful; but he has placed it on record that on many occasions a timely cheque, for which he had never hinted any need, has prevented the closing of his establishment. "Quarrier's Homes" were known throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, and the thousands of orphans who were fed, clothed, and educated by him at a model village in Renfrewshire had much reason to be thankful for their luck. Like Dr. Barnado, Mr. Quarrier sent many thousands of children to Canada.

The daily life of Pius X. is as busy and as simple as that of his venerable predecessor, Leo XIII. He rises at five, celebrates Mass at six, which is served by his private secretary, Mgr. Bressau. After hearing another in thanksgiving he breakfasts, which consists of a simple cup of black coffee. Then follows a walk of about an hour, during which a visit is made to a little grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, erected in the Vatican gardens. The rest of the day up to one o'clock is devoted to correspondence, interviews with secretaries and high officials, and public and private audiences. At one the Pope dines, and his dinner consists of a single dish of meat. After a short siesta he recites his breviary, and then resumes work until six, when he takes a walk in the loggias of the Vatican. Visitors and pilgrims are frequently received there. From seven until nine Pius X. is again at work, and then private devotions engage his attention until about half-past ten, when his day's work comes to an end.

The Bride—"I told him I was going to give him something of my own cooking, and he said I'd better try it on the dog. Wasn't that cruel?" Her Friend—"Very! And I thought your husband was so fond of dogs."

"I see that the superintendent of a cooking school has had to retire on account of her health." "What is the matter with her?" "Dyspepsia."

"He would have run through his fortune in a year if it hadn't been for his wife." "How did she prevent it?" "She spent it herself."

BRIDES WON BY THE 'PHONE

PLEASANT VOICES BROUGHT BIG FORTUNES.

Miss Bermas Married a Multi-millionaire—Liverpool Lady's Luck.

Among the thousands of girls who have taken to the "Halloa" business it is only natural that there should be many little romances connected with their occupation, though, as a rule, the actors in the drama usually like to keep their own secrets. These romances occasionally become public property, and one of the most remarkable cases of the kind, in which a telephone played a prominent part, occurred last year when Miss Bermas was married to an American multi-millionaire who had fallen in love with her voice as it came over the wire.

Miss Bermas was a telephone operator at the central office in a big Western city in the States, while her two sisters were employed in a cotton factory some eight miles distant. She was of German descent, the youngest daughter of very poor parents who had emigrated to America some thirty years before. Miss Bermas was possessed of a remarkably musical voice, the beauty and flexibility of which were most striking when heard over the long-distance wire. It was to this gift that she owes her present position as wife of one of the wealthiest men in the world.

Miss Bermas was frequently called up by a gentleman who, though she had never seen him, became, through familiarity with his voice, something of an [illegible] friend. That he lived many miles away, owned the factory in which her sisters worked, and was

IMMENSELY WEALTHY,

Miss Bermas knew, but otherwise she was ignorant even of the place where he resided. Curiously enough however, the two sisters knew his house well, and they, with other factory girls, when returning from work would pause outside the gates and occasionally watch the guests arriving in their beautiful carriages, and view with awe the dignified footmen as they paced up and down the immense hall.

The millionaire, however, cared nothing for this grandeur, and when his wife died some two years ago he bethought him of the telephone girl whose beautiful voice had made so great an impression upon him, travelled down to the town where she was stationed, and called for the avowed purpose of sending a message.

He discovered the girl he was in search of, found she was pretty, though by no means beautiful, became acquainted in due time, proposed, and was accepted. Not until after the wedding did he disclose his name, and it was only when he took his bride to the magnificent house which had so pleased the factory girls that she began to realize the extent of her husband's wealth.

Mr. T. P. Phillips, president of the Chicago Federal Trust and Savings Bank, can lay claim to having won his bride by telephone, though it can hardly be said that he courted her by the same means. Many years ago Mr. Phillips became acquainted with Miss Alice Carnahan, of Cadiz, Ohio, and, though there was no engagement between the two, their liking for each other was sincere. But they said good-bye in the usual matter-of-fact way, and never met again until four months ago, when they accidentally came face to face in

THE STREETS OF CHICAGO.

They were mutually pleased to see one another, but Miss Carnahan was on the eve of departure, and the following day returned to Cadiz. Some days passed, and then Mr. Phillips, who had by that time come to the conclusion that his affection was the "real thing," called up Miss Carnahan on the long-distance telephone and there and then asked her to marry him. After some natural hesitation the lady breathed "yes" through the transmitter and hung the receiver up. On July 13th last the couple were happily married, amid the peal of wedding bells.

But America is not the only country where telephone romances are found. There is a lady known to the writer, now resident in Liverpool, who was wooed and won entirely through the telephone. Her maiden name was Miss Constance Pratt, and for more than a year she was in charge of the exchange office not a hundred miles from Manchester. Her unfailing good temper, her melodious voice, and her musical laugh, which could be heard when she was endeavoring to smooth down a particularly irascible subscriber, must all be credited with having helped to attract the attention of a wealthy Liverpool merchant.

This gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Smith, afterwards declared that he used to purposely "blow up" the girl at the exchange in order that he might have the satisfaction of hearing her fly into a rage. But the more he scolded, the pleasanter became the voice of Miss Pratt, until Mr. Smith began to think that anyone gifted with so remarkably sweet a temper must be a little

OUT OF THE ORDINARY,

and he pictured to himself the kind of countenance which should go with such an amiable disposition. Finally he determined to satisfy his curiosity, and one afternoon entered the exchange and "interviewed" the lady in charge.

After that visit he called her up on the 'phone more frequently, and when not busy Miss Pratt would converse with him for a few minutes, and even indulge in some mild flirtation, though she afterwards denied this. In less than three months from the time of calling upon her during which period they had never again met, Mr. Smith rang the young lady up and offered his hand, heart, and $50,000 per annum; handsomely agreeing that if the "full particulars," with which he would furnish her later, were not satisfactorily she would have the option of "returning the goods."

Under these conditions Miss Pratt like a sensible woman, accepted the proposal, and everything turning out satisfactorily the couple were married two months later. The bride begged that as many as possible of the telephone girls who were with her at the exchange should be invited, a request which her lover readily granted, and it is said that the number of congratulations which were sent by telephone exceeded in number anything in the memory of the oldest operator.—London Tit-Bits.

WEALTHY TEMPLE.

At a missionary meeting at Bristol, England, the other day Mr. Eugene Stock mentioned the surprising fact that a temple of Siva, which he visited in a remote provincial town of India, had a revenue of $350,000 a year, and supported twenty-five "daughter churches." Its accounts are kept by a band of clerks, sitting in an office, with desks, cupboards and ledgers, very like a merchant's office in London or Bristol. The jewel-chest of the temple has twenty four locks, the keys of which are kept by twenty-four different men.