

KITCHEN SCRUBBING.

How This "Proxy" Work May be Deftly Accomplished.

The kitchen scrubbing, from the cleaning of paints, tables, dressers, etc., the polishing of spigots and sink to the scrubbing of the floor, should have systematic and thorough attention if we would keep the kitchen clean and healthful in every part. Old flannel and all kinds should be kept for scrubbing and cleaning paint, and merino underwear is also excellent for this purpose; in fact, any cloth that is soft, absorbent and that will not shed lint. In England, where scrubbing is still the glory of the poorer people, cottages vieing with each other on the color of their boards, there is a coarse gray flannel made, called house flannel, expressly for this purpose.

Said an enthusiastic housewife recently: "So necessary to good cleaning is soft, absorbent material that I would almost rather have my maids destroy articles of far more value than the scrub cloths, because the supply is so limited." For this reason keep the supply under your own care. See that after each using the cloth is dried, and not thrown away until it is really used as long as possible. Many girls will be conscientious about towels and dusters because they have a money value; but cleaning cloths, being "only rags" they will consider may be thrown aside at any time and fresh ones taken. In addition to the soft, wet cloth, a dry rubber (best made of old Russian, crash that has done service as a dishcloth) should be kept; a scrubbing brush of hard bristles is best; the soft excoriated brushes are of little use except for coarse paint, and brushes made of brown straw, although not entirely satisfactory, are about the best one can get when bristle brushes are not to be had, or are too expensive.

Tables that have been neglected may be bleached by spreading on them over night a layer of wood ashes, made into a mortar-like paste with water; the next morning brush it off and scrub.

In cleaning floors never wet too large a space at once. If beyond the comfortable range of the arm there is almost certain to be a dark circle when dry, showing where you leave off each time, because, being out of easy reach, one has no power to scrub well or wipe dry. Always in using the dry cloth rub it well beyond the space now being cleaned to the one last done.

The use of a little washing soda or borax in the water is excellent for boards, and if they have been neglected a small lump of lime in the water greatly helps to make them white.

After tables are scrubbed attend to the sink. Put a lump of washing soda as large as an egg at least over the sink hole and pour a kettle of boiling water over every part of it, using the sink brush to send it into all the greasy parts.

After tables, dresser, sink, etc., have been cleaned the paints should be attended to before scrubbing the floor. All finger marks from the woodwork and doors should receive attention, also the chairs if painted, the backs of them if caned, and the kitchen window sills and casings. The kitchen window sills require special attention every week; so many things are liable to be set on them that they are quickly soiled.

It may seem needless to state that floors should always be thoroughly swept before they are scrubbed, yet thoroughness in this respect is one of the great secrets of keeping the floor white and clean with but little trouble.

To clean oil cloth do not scrub it unless it has been badly cleaned many times, when with the fine corrugated surface now used, the dirt, or rather the dirty water allowed to remain in it will have made it so grimy that it will be necessary to use a soft brush and scrub in the direction of the lines. But usually warm water, one wet and one dry cloth are all that are required. Oil cloth and paint need the wiping with a coarse dry cloth as much as boards, and will repay the extra trouble. Skim milk used in place of water to clean oil cloth will give it brightness and lustre. When kitchen floors are painted they may be treated in the same manner as the oil cloth.

A BRIDE IN BREECHES.

A Wedding Party of Rational Dressers in New Zealand.

Little short of the gift of prophecy overtook Macaulay when he pictured the New Zealander contemplating the ruins of London; for the manner in which New Zealand shows the way in most directions is wonderful. Nowhere is the great woman movement so rampant. It is New Zealand that has given us a lady mayor in the person of Mrs. Yates, who rules the destinies of the township of Onehunga, near Auckland. Wellington also furnished the case of a wedding recently in which lovely woman asserted her individuality. The lady went through the marriage ceremony up to the point where she was asked: "Will thou have this man?" Here she drew up by replying, "No; I won't have him," and she persisted in that mood till 10 o'clock the next morning, when, having sufficiently vindicated her natural liberty she consented to the ceremony being concluded.

This may have been a case of eccentricity; but a much more wider significance must be given to another wedding, which has been celebrated at Christ Church, under the auspices of the New Zealand Dress Reform Association. The bride, Miss Kate Walker, and the bridegroom, Mr. J. R. Wilkin, had already joined hands by publishing a pamphlet on "Dress Reform and What It Implies." Not satisfied with this achievement, they resolved to show what the dress reform implied by donning the reform garments on their wedding day. Her costume was of stone blue bengaline, with vest and revers of white silk, embroidered in gold. She wore a beautiful wreath of jessamine instead of the time-honored orange blossom, and, although gloves were discarded, a lovely veil was worn—not, however, over the face, but thrown back and falling in long, graceful folds over the shoulders. The bridesmaid, Miss Nellie Walker, wore a suit of cream silk, with a beautiful lace collar.

The lady in whose house the wedding took place wore a brown cashmere suit, trimmed with handsome braid. The suits were nearly all of the same design, neatly-fitting knickerbockers, long coat, with revers, and a long vest, the coat being edged with cord to match the material. Most of the gentlemen were in knicker costume. The parson who united the "happy pair," with the true God-bless-you-my-children spirit, professed himself in thorough sympathy with the movement. There will certainly be no difficulty now in deciding as to which of the two "wears the breeks," as the Scots would say.

UP-TO-DATE PROVERBS.

The miser robs himself.
High flyers don't stay up long.
Undue riches breed mutual hatreds.
Ambition is jealous of its own shadow.
Brutal urging is what makes poverty a beast.

The drunkard never stops short of the dregs.

There is more occasion than demand for advice.

The revelation of a Turk is the blasphemy of a Spaniard.

The world's heroes are sometimes very humble husbands.

The curse of darkness will fall on those that steal labor's candle.

To some men prosperity is a greater misfortune than adversity.

Time creeps at morn, walks at noon, runs at eve and flies at night.

The man that lifts himself has a good deal of dead weight to raise.

Money makes some men so mean they hate to do even themselves a favor.

Theological discussion indicate that revelation looks at the same thing in many different ways.

When a man with a trade has to travel far for work it is a sure sign that business highways badly need repairing.—Chicago Herald.

The Financial Sawdust Game.



Old hoss—Why, you're feeding me on sawdust.
Populist politician—It's oats—government flat-stamped oats—same as flat money.

SEEKING A SEPARATION.

Report From Chicago of the Very Latest Method in Getting a Divorce.

"Do you give gas here?" asked a wild-looking man who rushed into a dentist's office on Clark street yesterday morning.

"We do," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a fellow to sleep?"

"It does."

"Sound asleep, so you can't wake him up?"

"Yes."

"You could break his jaw or gouge out his eye and he wouldn't feel it?"

"He would know nothing of it."

"How long does it make him stay asleep?"

"The physical insensibility produced by inhaling the gas lasts a minute or probably a little less."

"I guess that's long enough. Got it all ready for a fellow to take?"

"Yes. Take a seat in this chair and show me your teeth."

"Tooth nothing!" said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. "I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."—Chicago Tribune.

Sage Advice.

It is related that many years ago, the first time Prince Bismarck went to consult Dr. Schweininger, he was asked many questions. The Iron Chancellor, who was not accustomed to be cross-questioned, got impatient and said "he came to be cured and not catechized."

"Oh," replied the doctor, coolly, "then you had better go to a veterinary surgeon. He's the only doctor I know of who cures his patients without asking them any questions."

Ample Provided For.

The ladies are all going to work and earn all they can to help pay off the church debt.

Mrs. Flaunt—How are you going to get yours?

"I'll get Rob to pay me a quarter every time his meals don't please him."

"Well, for my part, I don't see any use of the others doing anything."

The Real Thing.

"Did you have a nice dinner?" asked Mrs. Norris of her little son, who had been spending the day with a friend.

"Outer sight!" replied Bobby, enthusiastically. "Say, mamma, why can't we have things like that?"

"What did you have?" said Mrs. Norris, quickly, to avoid discussion.

"Oh, we had soup and soft-shell crabs and spring chicken and sparrowgrass and puddin'."

"What sort of pudding?"

"I don't know. It was kinder fluffy, with wine sauce to it. It was outer sight!"

"How did you know it was wine sauce?"

"Easy enough."

"Did they say so?"

"Nop! But I could taste it," cried Bobby, scornfully. "I can just tell you it wasn't one of the kind what some one has to lean across the table and whisper to you it's got wine into it 'fore you'd know it!"—Brooklyn Life.

The Tables Turned.

"John, I think you were intoxicated yesterday. I understand that you walked about Wall Street with a red parasol over your head and a reticule fastened to your waist?"

"Indeed! and were you intoxicated when you wore my shirt, necktie and derby hat to the woman's suffrage meeting?"—Judge.

A Sober Proposal.

He—Will you come to my wedding?

She—Yes—when are you going to marry?

He—Why, you?—Truth.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"You are positively the worst looking object I ever saw," remarked the woman who came to the door. "Well, lady," remarked Dismal Dawson, "don't you think such a sight as that is worth something in the way of a little cold cats?"—Indianapolis Journal.

The devil is always polite upon first acquaintance.—Ran's Horn.

A flippant youth remarks that fashionable dinner tables will be lighted by scandalabra this season.—New York World.

Rural Manager—My season has been a failure, my folks are starving, and I should like to engage you to play "Othello" for a week. Barn Stormer—With pleasure, if your terms suit. "Well, I will give 50 per cent. of all the vegetables that are thrown at you,"—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Meeker—"It grieves me sorely, my son, to learn that you tell untruths. Take Washington for example. He never found it necessary to lie." Junior Meeker—"I know it, father, but in his day there wasn't anything to lie about. He never tried to trade an airgun for a bicycle."—Boston Courier.

While opportunity awaits every man, it does not put in its leisure time blowing a horn.—Milwaukee Journal.

"What did the doctor say was the matter with you?" "He said he didn't know." "Well, what doctor are you going to next?" "None. When a doctor dares to make such an admission as that he must be about as high in his profession as he can get."—Chicago Tribune.

Artist—"How do you know you would make a good model?" Tired William—"Cause I's sech er darned good siter."—Judge.

Day—"If I were in your place, I wouldn't paint that house white; I'd paint it brown. Weeks—if you were in my place, you'd probably be so mad that you'd paint it red, just to spite the people who gave you advice about it."—Truth.

Foreman—Can't get that great Japanese victory in anyway unless you kill the ball game. Editor—Oh, hold it over; change 'Japanese' to 'Chinese' throughout and run it to-morrow, and we'll scoop the next day's papers."—Boston Transcript.

Easily Done.

"War is a terrible thing," said the labor agitator.

"It is indeed."

"And there's another one going to break out in Peru."

"So I read."

"I am going to stop it. The common instincts of humanity call upon me not to let it go on, when, with a word, I can bring it to a close."

"How will you do it?"

"I'll declare a sympathetic strike among the South American telegraph operators."—Washington Star.

Proof Positive.



Mrs. Shoppen—And you are sure the colors will not run?
Clerk—Certain of it! These goods were made in Philadelphia.

Woman's Advance.

Time was when women stayed at home A-working fancy stitches.
But now they fly about the streets In blazers, vests and bicycle-bloomers.—Chicago Mail.

Up-to-Date Riddles.

Everything is common now, dear Lady Betty, but common sense.

The following elementary up-to-date riddles, then, may be appropriate:

When is a child not a child? Now.

When is a woman not a woman? Now.

When is a lady not a lady? Now.

When is society not society? Now.

When is a farmer not a farmer? Now.

When is a servant not a servant? Now.

When art not art? Now.

When is Shakespeare not Shakespeare? Now.

When is everything nothing? Now.—"Linkman" in London Truth.

Be Doubt Dispelled.

One afternoon Mr. B.'s Irish man-of-all-work came to him and requested to have the evening off to go to a wedding. The request was granted and nothing more was seen of Thomas until the next morning, when he appeared in a decidedly used-up condition. One eye was black, his nose jammed in and a strip of court plaster adorned his face in every conceivable direction.

"For heaven's sake, Thomas!" exclaimed Mr. B., upon catching sight of him, "what have you been up to? I thought I gave you permission to go to a wedding."

"And so youse did, sor."

"Well, did you go?"

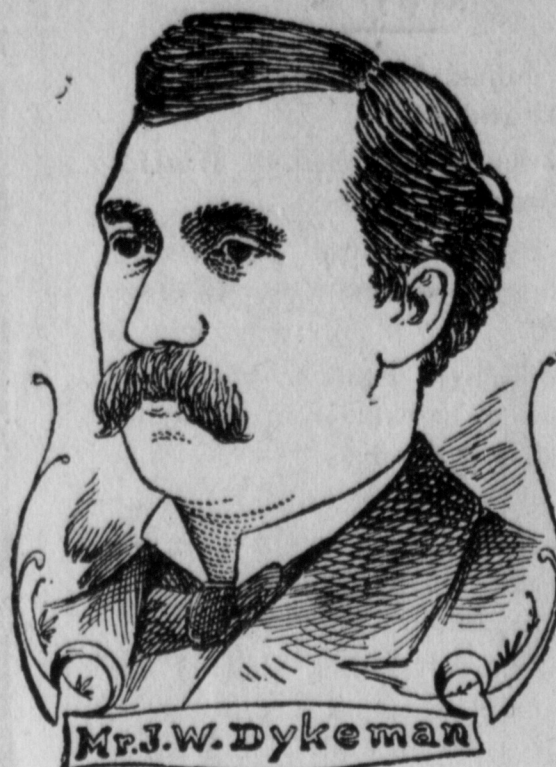
"Shure I went, and when I got to the house I found a fellow sitting in the parlor. He was dressed up in foin shape, wid a long-tailed coat and a white necktie. Sez I to him, 'And who may yez be?' Sez he to me, 'Can't yez see, yer Irish mick, sez he, 'I'm the best man.' And he waz, sor."—Brooklyn Life.

Embarrassed.

Her Father (sternly)—Young man, do you play poker?

Her Father—Why—er—that is, once in a while. I—er—

Her Father—Well, let's have a game!—Syracuse Post.



Mr. J. W. Dykeman

St. George, New Brunswick.

After the Grip

No Strength, No Ambition

Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Perfect Health.

The following letter is from a well-known merchant tailor of St. George, N. B.:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen—I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The results were very satisfactory, and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with rheumatism or other afflictions caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them." J. W. DYKEMAN, St. George, New Brunswick.

Sciatic Rheumatism

Capt. McCranahan Tells How He Was Cured.

"About a year ago I was taken with a severe attack of sciatic rheumatism and was laid off most of the summer. I went from here to St. John, N. B., in my packet schooner, and was so helpless and in such suffering that I could not get out of the cabin. The captain of another schooner came on board to see me, and wanted me to get Hood's Sarsaparilla; he said it had

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

cured him when he was so bad that his wife had to feed him. I sent to Boston for two bottles, which did for me all I had been told Hood's Sarsaparilla would do. I gained rapidly and when I had taken the two bottles I was able to work. A great many people here have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla since it cured me, and all speak highly of it." CAPT. S. MCGRANAHAN, Margerville, Nova Scotia.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists; \$1.50 for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

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1 car Eastern Herring. 1 car Med. & Hand-picked Beans

1 car Salt, factory filled and coarse. 3 cars Sugar, granulated and Yellow.

1 cask Cream Tartar. 125 half chests Tea.

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