BUSINESS NOTICE.

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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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Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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ALICE RENSHAW'S SECRET

I.

"It ought to be done!"

"It simply must be done! The house has got to be painted!" And, to make her words as emphatic as her feelings, Alice brought her hand down on the table with a thump that made the dishes rattle.

"It's horrible to be so poor!" said Jenny, scraping her preserve-dish.

"Awful!" echoed Alice.

The house whose unpainted condition was thus agitating a usually quiet family circle was a square building in an old-time village of Sussex.

"I've got it! I've got it!" Alice was repeating in a high treble.

"Got what—a fit?" inquired Jenny.

"What have you got?" echoed Mrs. Renshaw, relieved to find that Alice was not holding a burglar by the hair.

"The solution to the problem. The key to the enigma. The secret of painting the house."

"You haven't discovered a goldmine in the cellar, have you?" yawned Jenny.

"No; but I have thought of a treasure in the attic, and I am going to paint it myself."

"You?"

"Yes—I!"

"Ridiculous! Impossible! What a notion! You will break your neck!"

No persuasions, threats, or warnings could dissuade Alice from her purpose, and Mrs. Renshaw and Jenny settled down into regarding it all as a huge joke, not even being convinced of the reality of Alice's determination when she unrolled a scroll of sample paints, and asked their advice on the selection of a shade.

Meantime, many and mysterious were the preparations Alice made. As if fearful that her own resolutions would weaken, she proceeded at once to carry out her plans.

A masculinity of feeling and action seemed to have come upon her with her change of costume, and when the metamorphosis was completed she felt like quite another being.

"No one would ever recognize you as Alice Renshaw—never!" cried Jenny, in an ecstasy over her makeup. "Don't come too near me. It makes me nervous to have you so familiar; you are so much like a man. But, whatever happens, don't let your hat blow off or your hands be seen. If you do your secret's out."

"I might wear gloves."

"And be a house-painter?"

"At least I can keep my hands in my pockets." And, suiting the action to the word, they disappeared from sight, and she swaggered off, whistling.

"Are you safe, Alice?"

And the bearded painter would answer, in dulcet tones:

"Perfectly, mamma!"

When the day's work was done Alice's ankles were stiff from balancing on the rounds of the ladder, and her wrist lame from the constat wielding of the brush; but, for a surface covering many square yards the old house had assumed such a rejuvenated appearance that Janet would not have minded a whole body of aches.

Day succeeded day, and the work went on without molestation or interruption. Each morning the painter reappeared from somewhere, and again disappeared at nightfall. The few females left in the village for the summer were not likely to be inquisitive as regarded his coming and going.

A letter was received which threw the whole family into the wildest consternation. It was weitten from London, addressed to Mr. Renshaw, and ran thus:

"Dear Harrict,—My son Ned and myself have reached here on our way from Paris, and, in response to many urgent invitations from you in the past, are planning to spend a few days with you and your daughters as soon as we can complete arrangements to do so. Will you allow us to drop in upon you? My purpose in coming is to acquaint my son with his relatives, and to revisit before I leave them for ever, the familiar and unforgotten places of my boyhood.

"Hoping you can make us welcome, I am affectionately yours,

"Robert L. Barstow."

Now, Robert Barstow had been John Renshaw's chum-cousin in the days when they were boys together, but later he had married, and become a millionaire contractor in New Zealand.

The letter was read aloud at the tea-table, and all three ladies looked at each other aghast.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Alice, when she found her voice. "What's to be done?"

"It's a dilemna."

"I shall tell him to come, of course," said Mrs. Renshaw. "I would like to see Robert again very much."

"But the house, mamma!" cried both girls in chorus.

"I knew something would happen before it was done," Mrs. Renshaw said.

"Mamma, do millionaires eat bacon and cabbage, and bread-and-butter, and common things in general?" asked Alice, helping herself to the comestibles mentioned with the bountifulness born of an open-air appetite.

"Money can't alter one's digestion, though it may one's appetites," commented Jenny.

"Robert was always very simple in his tastes," continued Mrs. Renshaw. "He can't have entirely changed."

"But there is the son."

While Alice was painting a second-storey window, and whistling an air from "Il Trovatore," she heard her name called in a hoarse whisper, and saw Jenny gesticulating frantically just inside the window.

"Come down from there—quick!" she was saying.

II.

Half an hour later a tall, pretty girl in a grey muslin with blue ribbons tripped into the drawing-room and was introduced. Ned Barstow delicate and reserved, thought her the prettiest and brightest girl he had ever seen.

Late on Sunday night a conclave was held in Mrs. Renshaw's room, and plans of entertainment were laid whereby the cousins would be spirited away during the day under, as Alice suggested, Mrs. Renshaw's and Jenny's guidance; but Mrs. Renshaw positively refused to leave the house while Alice was risking her neck on a ladder.

"I think Ned suspects something already," she said. "I saw him looking at the house all over this morning. And what a queer question to ask at the breakfast-table—who was doing the work?"

"A queer question? But I answered it well when I told him 'Mr. James.' It was the name that came nearest to Alice."

"But you grew very red when you said it."

Monday and Tuesday all went well, though much surprise was expressed on the part of the visitors that neither Mrs. Renshaw nor Alice was to be of the pleasure party. Both gentlemen were, however, too courteous to press the matter. When Wednesday came Cousin Robert bolted the programme—in a very gentlemanly manner, but none the less bolted. He would rest that day. Ned also proved that he could make plans of his own as well as his father, and invited his cousins to accompany him for a ramble, and would not take "no" for an answer.

Thursday found Cousin Robert sufficiently rested to carry out any plant that might be made for him, but his previous surprise, and that of his son, grew into open astonishment when they learned that again only Jenny would accompany them.

"Not going?" said Ned Barstow to Alice. "May I ask you why?"

But Alice's only explanation was an almost inaudible murmur about a previous engagement.

"It will not be half a day without you," he said, in a reproachful, confidential tone, that made Alice redden and wonder if people were given to taking sudden and violent fancies.

Just then Jenny came downstairs.

"I can't keep this face up much longer," Jenny whispered, as she said good-bye.

"Only for to-day," breathed Alice encouragingly. "To-morrow 'Mr. James' will be taken ill."

Alice's astonishment was unbounded when, from her vantage point on the ladder, she saw her cousin Ned approaching from the house with a camp-chair in one hand, a book in the other. She grew hot and cold by turns as he came directly towards her and stood by the foot of the ladder.

"Nice day, Mr. Painter."

"Very."

Alice tried to give a masculine depth to her voice.

"You're making a slow, thorough job of this."

No answer.

"How long have you been at it?"

"Going on two weeks."

"Do you live in the village?"

"Yes, sir."

The painter did not care to enter into a protracted conversation, and Ned and his camp-chair took possession of a shady place under the trees.

There he remained the best part of the afternoon, Alice meanwhile trying to whistle, trying to be indifferent to his gaze. Why did she ever take such a herculean task?

Not until his father's and Jenny's voices were heard coming up the front walk did he take his book and chair and disappear from view. No sooner was he out of sight than Alice tumbled into Jenny's bedroom through a second-storey window.

Jenny had just entered the room.

"How did you ever let him get away?" Alice cried, throwing herself on the bed, and bursting into a paroxysm of hysterical laughter and tears.

"I simply couldn't help myself," replied Jenny.

"It's nothing to laugh at," said Alice dolefully.

"Do you think he suspects?" said Jenny.

"I don't know," answered Alice mournfully.

It happened that evening that a friend called for Jenny to take a walk, another to see Mrs. Renshaw. Cousin Robert went to bed, and Ned and Alice were thus left alone in a corner of the porch.

It was after Alice had become interested in his stories that he suddenly said, with a mixture of humorous timidity:

"Will you pardon me if I take a cousinly liberty?"

"I don't know—of course."

"Will you allow me, then, to return this piece of property?" a false beard fell into her lap.

Alice made her final effort at concealment.

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours, Mr. James."

"Oh!" was all Alice could say.

"I might as well tell you frankly that I discovered your secret, that I think you the smartest and pluckiest girl alive, and to-morrow I am going to convince you that I can paint as well as 'Mr. James,' and become a partner in the business."

"Oh!" said Alice, thankful that red was white in a pale moonlight. "How did you ever discover?"

"The days when you did not go with us sight-seeing the painting went on, and the day when you did go no painting was done! My suspicions having been aroused, each day's proceedings only served to strengthen them. Pardon me if I resorted to annoying measures to confirm them. Your disguise was excellent, but your hands were too small, and you continued to wear the same amethyst ring you had an at breakfast. To-night, when you so hurriedly disappeared through the window, you must have dropped your beard, for I found it directly beneath on the grass."

"And I was so upset that I never missed it."

"Now that I know it all, you will let me help you finish? It's all in the family, you know."

"I cannot."

"Then I shall consider myself unforgiven, and regret that I ever revealed my knowledge to you."

Much more was said by way of persuasion which has nothing to do with this story, except that from that day two painters instead of one worked upon the Renshaw house until finished.

This all happened three years ago, and Alice herself, as Mrs. Edward Barstow, presides over a palatial residence in Surrey.

BRITISH IN THE ANTARCTIC.

Further Information With Regard to the Positions Reached.

Ever since the relief steamer Morning brought home news of the British explorers in Victoria Land, geographers have been much perplexed by the fact that though the latitudes attained were given, no clear information was printed with regard to the longtitudes reached. It was, therefore, impossible to mark on a map the positions attained by the explorers. Figures for the longtitude of Scott's brilliant sledge journey were printed, but no one knew whether east or west longtitude was meant.

On June 10 last Sir Clements Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, gave a lecture in London on the work of the expedition. He was able to supply the missing information. His discourse did not contain much fresh news, but some supplementary papers from the expedition and also a number of private letters enabled him to supply the missing longitudes and give a few more interesting facts.

Commander Scott, on his sledge journey, which occupied ninety-four days, reached latitude 82 deg. 17 min. S., and longtitude 163 deg. E. This information shows that the eastern coast line of Victoria Land, which he followed, stretches almost due south of Mount Erebus, his starting point, with only a very slight deflection to the east.

Beyond his furthest point he saw a range of mountains extending as far as he could see in a south by east direction. This seems to show that beyond the point he attained the coast line trends a little more to the east than along his line of march.

Scott must have traveled over 980 statute miles on this very successful journey. His most southern point was only one mile further from the South Pole than the record with relation to the North Pole, which Parry made in the Arctic, which for many years stood as the nearest approach that explorers

HAD MADE TO THE POLE.

The position where Scott's ship, the Discovery, made its winter quarters and where at last accounts it was frozen in the ice is latitude 77 deg. 50 min. S., or more than five hundred miles further south than any ship ever wintered before.

Before the Discovery put into her winter quarters Scott skirted the great ice barrier to the east. The furthest easterly point he reached was 152 deg. 53 min. W., where he found an extensive land mass, to which he gave the name of King Edward VII. Land. The land was surmounted by heights rising to 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the sea.

The second great sledge journey of the expedition was that of Mr. Armitage, who, according to Sir Clements Markham, reached longitude 157 deg. 25 min. E., and latitude 77 deg. 21 min. S. This information shows that he penetrated Victoria Land almost due west of the winter quarters of the Discovery to a distance of about one hundred and forty-two miles from the ship. As far as he could see, land still stretched away to the west of this turning point. It has not been proved by this journey that the east and west extension of Victoria Land is any wider than it has been found to be on the northern coast of the land, but the land, at any rate, seems to maintain its east and west extent for an important distance to the south. Armitage found the ice cap thousands of feet in thickness in the interior of the land and he reached an altitude of 9,000 feet.

The additional information here given, though fragmentary, enables us to tell the approximate extent of new land reached. No further information will be forthcoming until the expedition returns home with material for its detailed report.

A returned miner from the Klondike states that at a depth of 225 ft. he found the ground frozen hard.

About the ....House

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Red Raspberry Tapioca.—Soak cup of pearl tapioca in two cups of cold water for several hours. Put over the fire in a double boiler and cook till clear. Sweeten with half a cup of sugar and when cool stir in a quart of fresh red raspberries. Turn in a mold and let become perfectly cold, then chill in the ice-box. Serve with whipped cream.

Huckleberry Pudding.—Cover the bottom of a pudding dish with huckleberries, about three inches deep; put a couple of tablespoonfuls of water and a little sugar with them and let cook on top of the stove while you prepare the batter. For this use plain cake recipe, that for "One-two-three cake" is good. Pour the batter on the fruit and bake till the cake is done. This may be eaten with sugar and cream or with a pudding sauce made by putting three level tablespoonfuls of flour into half a cup of sugar and mixing to a smooth paste with a little cold water, stirring the while. Add a piece of butter the size of an egg the juice of one lemon and a teaspoonful of lemon extract, or in lieu of the latter grate half the peel of the lemon into the sauce.

Spiced Blackberries.—Allow two and one-half pounds of brown sugar and half a pint of cider vinegar to every four pounds of blackberries. Put the sugar and vinegar in the preserving kettle and add a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, tied up in a bit of cheesecloth. Let come to a boil, add the fruit, cook fifteen or twenty minutes. This is very nice.

White Citron Cake.—Cream one-half cup of butter, add one cup of sugar and beat well; now add gradually three-quarters cup of milk and two cups of flour in which four level teaspoons of baking powder were sifted. When all ingredients are beaten well together, fold in carefully the whites of four eggs beaten stiff and dry, and one-half cup of citron in half a teaspoonful of flour. Bake in a sheet, which will need about half an hour; a loaf would take fifteen minutes more. Cover with a boiled icing.

Icing for Cake.—Boil one cup of sugar and one-quarter cup of water together until it threads when tried with a cold fork dipped into the boiling syrup and held above it. Pour the syrup slowly on the beaten white of one egg, stirring all the time. Flavor with vanilla, and when it is cold enough and has been beaten long enough to spread without running it is ready to put on the cool cake.

Jellied Chicken.—Cook a fowl slowly in boiling water until it is thoroughly done; about three-quarters of an hour before taking up add a small onion and a carrot sliced, a bit of bay leaf, four cloves, two level teaspoons of salt and a salt spoon of pepper. Strain the liquid and add to three cups while hot one level teaspoon of powderes gelatine which has soaked in two tablespoons of cold water, and set away to cool. Shred the cold chicken meat into small strips and skim the fat from the cooled broth. Pour a little of the broth into a mold and let it become firm enough to hold the meat, which may be put in alternate layers with the chicken jelly. Place slices of hard cold-boiled egg on the sides and fill the mold. Turn out on to a platter when cold and firm and garnish for serving.

Veal Pie.—Simmer a knuckle of veal until the meat is tender, and this will result more surely from slow cooking than rapid boiling. Cut a small onion fine, add two slices of carrot, a bit of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley and one level teaspoon of salt. Cook the broth with the seasoning until it is reduced to four cups and the vegetables have become soft and mushy. Cut the meat into small pieces and put in a baking dish, strain the gravy over and then cover with a pastry rolled thick. Bake until the crust is brown. The oven should be moderate and not too quick.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Grapes that are half ripe, that is, have colored but are not ripe enough to be palatable, make delicious jelly.

If jelly does not seem sufficiently firm when in the glasses, stand them in the sun and cover with pieces of window glass. Wipe off the moisture that accumulates every night.

We ought not to eat so much meat in hot weather. Milk, cream, cereals, vegetables, eggs, dried beef, codfish, are articles to be freely used during the heated period.

So many are using matting now that suggestions as to its care are apropos. Matting should be wiped with a damp cloth, but never be made very wet. If much used and greatly soiled use hot water and soap. Rubbing it with moist cornmeal, after it has been thoroughly swept and wiped with a dry cloth, and allowing the meal to dry, then brushing it out, removes a lot of dirt. If very much soiled, take it up, sweep and beat it, clean the the floor, lay the matting and tack it down, then wipe well with a cloth wrung out of warm water in which a little ammonia is put. Do not use the room until the matting is dry.

SWEEPING CARPETS.

Although the use of damp tea leaves or crumpled bits of damp newspaper will greatly facilitate the operation of sweeping carpets, picking up the dust and generally assisting the sweeper to save the "pile" of the fabric, it is a point worth noting that such aids are best avoided when the carpet under treatment is of delicate or bright coloring, in which case the contact with dampened tea leaves or printer's ink will inevitably result in unsightly stains, which will sadly mar the beauty of the carpet.

Damp sawdust has the same useful properties as the materials mentioned, and a special point in its favor is that it can be used at all times without damage to even the most delicate tints.

A carpet having a close velvet pile ought never, under any circumstances, to be dampened, and should therefore be swept without the aid of the expedients suggested. Such carpets should be protected from dust as far as possible, and in any case should be swept before this deadly enemy of textile loveliness has accumulated to any noticeable extent. It is better for the carpet to have it swept frequently and lightly, rather than only occasionally and heavily, for a heavy sweeping invariably removes almost as much of the pile as of the dust, thus ruining the beauty as well as shortening the life of the costly floor covering.

It is well to remember also when sweeping carpets or rugs, that they should always be brushed the way of the pile, and never against it. By observing this simple precaution the work may be done more thoroughly, with infinitely less labor: by ignoring it, the dust will be swept into the carpet instead of out of it, and the latter will then be put in a fair way to become quickly spoiled—and that to an irreparable degree.

SOME CHEESE SAVOURIES.

Beat three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs soaked in milk with two two eggs, then add two teaspoonfuls of made mustard, salt and pepper to taste, and last, half a pound of grated cheese. Beat all together lightly, spread evenly on slices of toast, and place in the oven to brown quickly. Before sending to table strew a little chopped parsley on top.

Cheese Biscuits.—Mix together two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, two ounces of butter, four ounces of flour, cayenne pepper and salt. Put all into a basin (adding the butter after it is worked to a cream) and season to taste with cayenne, a dust of pepper and a pinch of salt. Take the yolk of an egg, and beat it with the ingredients to a paste. Roll this out on a board to an eighth of an inch thick. Place on a floured tin and set in a moderate oven to bake. When done, serve hot.

Cheese Croquettes,—Take a teacupful of breadcrumbs, ditto grated cheese, season with salt and cayenne. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and stir into the dry ingredients. Form into small balls, and fry in boiling fat to a light brown color. Dry well on paper before serving. Arrange in a pile on a doyley, and dust a little Parmesan cheese over.

THE NOBILITY OF WAR.

A Brave Deed Performed by a British Colonel.

There can be no question that many noble qualities of courage, faithfulness, and self-sacrifice are brought out in the crucible of war. But if one seriously presents the actual picture of what happens, it is not very inspiring to the higher moral nature. Here, for instance, is a eulogy by Gen. Ben Viljoen, of the Boer forces, on a British colonel as having performed the "maddest act of courage," the "bravest deed I ever saw." General Viljoen relates the incident in the V. C. (Victoria Cross):

"We were lying behind boulders high up on one side of a kopje, and the khakis were coming up on the other. We saw their hats appear over the crest before they had any view even of the top of the hill, far less of us. Then came their faces, then their breasts; and we fired. The first rank went down like a swath of grass. But others pressed forward, the colonel leading. We fired again, the colonel reeled and fell forward, shot through the leg. But almost instantly he was up again, the wounded leg hanging horribly limp and trailing upon the ground; he leaned upon a rifle, using it as a crutch, and so forced himself forward in jerks, calling hoarsely to his men, beckoning them angrily on with his arm, and thus limping calmly to the very muzzles of our Mausers. It was splendid, and when he fell for the last time—well, we were sorry."

"What was his name?" I asked.

"Col. Lloyd, of the West Riding Regiment. Months after, we laid a wreath of flowers on his grave, and the card bore the inscription: 'In honor of a brave enemy.' It was an act difficult to forget."

AN INSPIRING PICTURE.

Here we have men, because they are not rational enough to settle their differences, lining up against one another and with "devil's machines," as Carlyle would call them, trying to blow one another into eternity. Now note the inspiring picture; a man made in the image of God reeling forward with a broken leg, "hanging horribly limp and trailing upon the ground;" note his jerking himself forward with rifle as crutch, calling hoarsely to his men and beckoning angrily to them with his arm. Is that the picture of anything else than a wounded, blindly enraged animal? And what more does war mean than stupidity to begin with and brutal passion to end with? Its origin is a selfish dispute over some worldly possession of vanity and its prosecution rouse all the hell of anger, hatred, and revengeful rancour of which the human heart is capable.

A HOPEFUL PROSPECT.

Euphemia—"Professor, I suppose you would be afraid to marry a logical woman."

Professor—"Oh, no; if she was really logical I could convince her once in a while."

Exasperated Purchaser—"Didn't you guarantee that this parrot would repeat every word he heard?" Bird Dealer—"Certainly I did." "But he don't repeat a single word." "He repeats every word he hears, but he never hears any. He is as deaf as a post."

HER CHILDREN'S COMRADE

COUNTESS OF MINTO DOESN'T KEEP THEM APART.

Rideau Hall a Pleasant Place for the Governor-General's Youngsters.

People who complain of the so-called American method of dealing with the rising generation may be interested to know that it is that pursued by the Countess of Minto, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, writes a correspondent of the New York Sun.

Time was when it was almost impossible to see the children of a Governor-General, if he had any, but Lord Minto's children are always in evidence. They and their parents are the jolliest kind of comrades, and are constantly together. The children share in the pleasures of their elders and, except for functions of state, are present at all social affairs at Government House. They are prominent figures in the private theatricals which are a favorite form of entertainment under the present regime, and the older ones appear with their parents at the theatre, at skating carnivals and at various other places.

So much has this been the case that there was, for a time, some doubt in Ottawa society as to whether Lady Eileen Elliot, the eldest member of the viceregal family, was really "out." There had been no formal "coming-out" ceremony, and the fact that she was seen a little more frequently than in the past was not considered sufficiently conclusive.

The Earl and Countess seem more like an elder brother and sister with their children than like father and mother. The Governor-General can romp like a school-boy in the privacy of his family, and Lady Minto is the most sympathetic of confidants for childish troubles.

Lady Minto thinks that nothing is too good for her children, and in spite of her numerous social duties and the burdens of public work, which she has voluntarily assumed, she finds time to attend personally to their

DRESS AND EDUCATION

and everything pertaining to their welfare. Three of the best and pleasantest rooms at Government House have been set apart for their use, and all sorts of pleasant entertainments, of which the other children of the Canadian capital often get the benefit, are constantly being planned for them.

Christmas, though celebrated quietly with only the household and house party, is a great occasion and much trouble is taken to make the advent of Santa Claus interesting. One year the great ballroom was converted into a winter garden, with trees that bore the presents, real rocks and any quantity of frost and snow. On another occasion the good ship Santa Claus, ablaze with lights from stem to stern, cast anchor at Port Elliot and proved to have all sorts of wonderful things in her hold.

Whatever may be the effect of this system of education generally, it has certainly, in the case of the young Elliots, produced none but the most desirable results. They are absolutely simple and unassuming young people, and appear to be quite conscious that their position in life is going to be any different from that of ordinary mortals. Lady Eileen, who came out last season, is immensely popular in Canadian society, and of Lord Melgund, the eldest son, who is about 12 years old, many pretty stories are told. One of these dates back to the great Ottawa fire, when his small lordship attracted some attention by giving his boots to a little fire-sufferer who had the misfortune to be

WITHOUT FOOTGEAR.

"I did not need them," he explained to the members of his party who had lost sight of him for a few minutes. "I am going to drive home, and the other boy hadn't any."

There is one other son, the Hon. Esmond Elliot, aged 6 or 7, and two daughters, who come between Lord Melgund and Lady Eileen. Lady Ruby is just a little younger than her elder sister and will probably be introduced with the latter to English society next year. Lady Violet is a little girl in her earliest teens, who is usually regarded as her father's favorite.

As a housewife Lady Minto gives careful attention to the most prosaic details of housekeeping and is an excellent manager.

"The new Governor-General's wife knows the price of everything," complained an Ottawa tradesman soon after the arrival of the Mintos in Canada, "and she has ordered some of my things sent back to me because she thinks they are not good. The others let me send down what I liked and charge what I liked."

And then the aggrieved dealer went on to represent that the wife of a Governor-General should not do those things. The country paid his Excellency a good salary, he argued, and had a right to get some of it back. Accordingly, it was the duty of the Governor-General's wife to stay in the drawing room and leave domestic matters to the steward and the Comptroller of the Household, who, being men, would be more agreeable to deal with.

Lady Minto does not look at things in this way, and as her husband is poor for his position in life, her thrift is no doubt very useful. But however great her wealth, she would be no different, and however limited her means, she would always make

A HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Lady Minto's public work has not attracted so much attention as that of her predecessor, the Countess of Aberdeen, but it is perhaps not less important. She does things in a different way, but she works very nearly as hard and to quite as much purpose. Her chief public interest in Canada has been the Victorian Order of Nurses, and the organization owes much to her untiring exertions in its behalf. Through her efforts numerous cottage hospitals have been established in the sparsely settled districts of Canada, and she is now engaged in getting the order endowed at an expense of $125,000. For education, particularly manual training and domestic science, Lady Minto has also done much, and it is mainly throughly her efforts that the graves of the Canadian soldiers who fell in South Africa are now being located and marked.

In appearance Lady Minto is strikingly youthful and so like her eldest daughter that they are often taken for one another. She is tall and slight, dresses artistically and always wears and has flowers about her. Her manner has a charm which has made her one of the most popular of British Vice-Queens. She is better known and more popular in the United States than perhaps any of her predecessors. She has visited frequently in Washington and New York and has entertained many Americans in her Canadian home.

BIGGEST GORILLA.

Almost Seven Feet Tall—Shot by German Traveler.

There has just been placed on exhibition in the Umlauff Museum at Hamburg the biggest known specimen of gorilla. It was shot in the Cameroon territory in West Africa. After much difficulty it was removed to Hamburg, stuffed, mounted and placed on exhibition. It measured 6 feet 10¾ inches from the crown of the head to the middle toe, and across, from middle finger to middle finger, 9 feet 3½ inches. It was largely a matter of chance that the commercial traveler, Herr Paschen of Schwerin, shot this gigantic gorilla.

When the natives came to the agency at Cameroon with stories of the "big monkey" Herr Paschen did not take much stock in their yarns, but when the native troops started out on a hunt for the gorilla the German traveler took his carbine and went along. After some hours' travel they went to the patch of bush where the gorilla was supposed to be in hiding. The natives surrounded the bush and suddenly the beast's head appeared. Herr Paschen made a path through the bush with his bush knife, and when within range took aim and fired.

It was a lucky shot, for the beast at once fell with the bullet through his head. He fell with a crash and was almost instantly dead. It was not an easy matter to remove the gorilla to the coast and thence to Hamburg, but there it is now, almost lifelike in appearance, so carefully was the mounting and stuffing done. Alongside is the gigantic skeleton. Since the gorilla was placed on exhibition the crowds at the museum have been enormous and the comments upon its marked resemblance to the human species have been general.

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SHAKESPEARE'S PSALM.

Was the Great Poet Concerned in the Translation of the Bible?

The curious ingenuity of the human mind in discovering evidence to support a foregone conclusion has been again and again illustrated in the various cryptogram methods used in the Shakespearean text. Some suggestive word or phrase is found, its letters counted and then, with the number as a sort of foot rule, all sorts of desired conclusions are reached. Some of the coincidences are really striking and would seem to indicate purpose or prearrangement. Apropos of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, a writer on the London Express points out evidence that Shakespeare had a hand in the translating of the Psalms and thus analyzes the forty-sixth:

"Briefly the chain of reasoning is this: Shakespeare's name, spelled, as it often was, 'Shakespear,' contains internal evidence that he was concerned in the translation of the forty-sixth Psalm in the authorized Bible version.

"We find in it four vowels and six consonants. This is the key to the position. Now, four and six clearly indicate forty-six, and if we turn to the forty-sixth Psalm and count from the beginning, we find that the forty-sixth word is 'shake.' Counting next from the end, but taking into account the 'selah,' which is no real part in the text, we find that the forty-sixth word is 'spear.'

"Thus, by a startling and perfect succession of affinities, the poet's name-number is linked again and again with this particular psalm, until it leads us on to his name. If any sceptic should ask why the Book of Psalms should be turned to, an answer comes in the fact that the actual letters of the name William Shakespere, another of its varied spellings, form this sentence, which affords the necessary clue: 'We are like his psalm.' A final point of interest is made when we notice that Shakespeare himself must have been just forty-six years old when the Psalms were re-translated."

Weak, Languid Children

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Mrs. George F. Brisbin, Lake St., Peterboro, Ont., states:—

"One of my children, a boy of about fifteen years, did not have good health for a year or more. He seemed to have no energy, was weak and languid and suffered from nervousness. The doctors said that he was growing too fast, but we became alarmed about him, and began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It was not long until we noticed a great change in his condition. His appetite improved, he had a better color and soon became stronger and healthier. He is still using the Nerve Food, and we are perfectly confident that he is improving right along under this treatment."

Mrs. D. Ardies, Brandon, Man., writes:—"My son, aged fourteen, and little girl of three years, were both stricken with St. Vitus' Dance. The doctor told us what the ailment was, but could not keep them from getting worse and worse, so when I received a book about Dr. Chases' Nerve Food, I decided to try it. The boy had lost eighteen pounds in two months, and could scarcely take hold of anything. The little girl lost the power of her tongue, and could scarcely speak.

"I now take pleasure in stating that they are both quite well, and you would never know there had been anything the matter. The boy has gained twenty-five pounds in weight. I am very thankful there is such a medicine on the market, and that I happened to get the little book just when I did. It just came in time as though it had been sent on purpose."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

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