Board Works Jan 1 01

The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it. If the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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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,

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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A Scrap Of Paper

I.

Colonel Savage was getting angry. His eyes were tinerish beneath those notorious brow-. inkies of his.

"Has no one seen Miss Savage?" he asked.

"No one that I can hear of, sir," replied the man—"not since the hockey match, sir, at four o'clock."

"Hockey match!" muttered the colonel, with mingled scorn and impatience.

"Yes, sir. The Southchurch young ladies won it by six goals to two, perhaps Miss Savage has gone home with one of them."

"Scarcely," said the Colonel. "She knew that Sir Angus was dining here. Find Corporal Brash, and send him to me."

His man Nelson asked for nothing better than to divert the colonel's rage in another direction. It was queer. He knew for a fact that Miss Gwen remembered Sir Angus Mackay's engagement to dine at the Hall that evening, for Polly Brown, her rustic maid, declared she had said, "Oh, bother him!" while she was dressing for the hockey match.

That was a rather curious thing for a girl to say, almost in public, of the man she was supposed to be about to marry. Nevertheless, all the servants sympathised in the matter. They thought it a shame. Sir Angus Mackay was forty-eight, and Gwen was only twenty-two. Of course, the colonel had fixed it up for the sake of the Scotchman's position, money, grouse, moor, etc. He had red hair and constellations of freckles, and Gwen was just a beautiful, strong, impulsive, and good-hearted English girl.

Nelson mentioned his mission downstairs, and went off to the village for Corporal Brash. If there was one man able to calm the colonel, it was the V.C. corporal of Southchurch. He had won the decoration by saving the colonel's life, and was "a splendid specimen of six-foot manliness." The Southchurch Hall cook said he was that.

"I'd give ninepence," said Nelson recklessly, "to see our friend the baronite chiselled out of his 'opes, that I would; but I wouldn't like to know as anythin' nasty's 'appened to our young lady."

He sped to the village, and in half an hour sped back with the news that Brash had left for the Knightsbridge Barracks at twelve o'clock that morning.

The colonel's face grew purple in its wrath.

"Well," he cried, "didn't you make inquiries yourself about Miss Savage, you blundering blockhead? Here, it's seven o'clock, and dinner is at half-past! Get off with you, and don't show your face until you have something to tell me!"

Nelson fled for the Southchurch constable this time. Together they called upon the parents of all the local young ladies who had played that hockey match. At ten o'clock Nelson returned nerveless.

Nor were they any wiser at the Hall. Miss Gwen had not come home. Sir Angus had dined with the colonel, and the pair of them were guffawing coarsely over their cigars, pretending to be merry, in the servants' opinion, seeing that every quarter of an hour the colonel had rung furiously to learn if anything had been heard of his daughter. In these circumstances Nelson went boldly to the smoke-room.

"No one knows anythin' for certain, sir," he said. "She was seen last by Mrs. Alice Parsons that used to be at the Hall. She took a cup of tea there about half-past four, sir; and Mrs. Parsons, she says she left with these words, saying, 'And now I'll be off.' And she's surprised——"

Nelson got no further. The colonel threw something at him. He wasn't sure what it was, he said; but it hit the wall an awful whack just behind his head.

"Fetch the constable!" he cried. And Nelson hastened to give Rodway, the constable, his chance.

But even when all the police of the district were enlisted in the search nothing came of it. Gwen had disappeared, and that was all about it. For weeks they dragged ponds and tramped coppices in dismal quest of a girl's dead body. Then the colonel himself seemed resigned to the worst. On the whole, Southchurch thought, he had less difficulty in bearing this particular trouble than was quite seemly in a father. Sir Angus Mackay expressed the same opinion, he gave up calling at the Hall. He had been very much in love, and reckoned the colonel's emotions half-hearted compared with his own.

"It hurts me, man," he said finally, "to see the rooms here without her; and so, Savage, you'll understand me when I say I'd rather not come here again just yet. Happy to see you in Green Street any time you're in town; and there's always a gun and a mount for you at Black Lodge, Ross-shire."

After this the colonel settled down to his loneliness, and didn't improve under the discipline.

Fifteen months passed, and the only important change in Southchurch wrought by these months was in Mrs. Alice Parsons, of the Firs Cottage, where the Southchurch Moor begins at the cross-roads.

Mrs. Alice Parsons had for years been considered "not all there." She was now generally understood to have become positively soft. Always a reticent, black-browed woman, she had taken to chuckling ways of late.

II.

Muddled Alice they called her now in Southchurch. She had a small pension from her late mistress, the colonel's wife, and this was ample for her needs. She lived alone, and slouched about the parish with her bonnet on the back of her head, chuckling. Still, as she would not willingly have hurt a worm, no one interfered with her.

Some said Miss Gwen's disappearance had given her the final blow; and it seemed likely enough, for she had been passionately fond of the girl. But she had no good words for the colonel. And certain of her chucklings were readily interpreted as abuse of him for his harsh treatment of Gwen's mother—treatment which was commonly supposed to have shortened her life. Otherwise, the place was much as usual.

But one day two highly important events happened for Muddled Alice. The colonel called upon her in the morning.

"See here, Mrs. Parsons," he said. "You have got to understand that unless you control your tongue, you will lose your weekly allowance. You may choose between behaving decently, or being packed off to the county asylum."

Muddled Alice listened eagerly, nodding her poor, soft head, and even laughing, as if she had a joke of her own.

"Yes," she said; "and I wish, sir, I might be permitted in a leisure moment to walk through the dear old place again. I always had a curious fondness for the Dutch Room. My poor mistress was so fond of it herself, being of the Dutch extraction at a distance; and——"

The colonel held up his hand.

"No nonsense!" he said severely. "I believe you can use your senses well enough when you please. Either you attend to your own business, or off you go to the other fools of the county!"

"I'm not fool enough for that, sir," said she.

"I don't care what you are. You're in my way."

A gleam came into the wandering eyes of the poor woman.

"Yes," she cried, "I am! Dear me, colonel, if you knew what fun it is being a softy, when you remember things as would make a lot of difference to others, and yet don't speak of them, so as to—But"—with a hand to her brow—"it sets my head aching, and I'll wish you good-morning, sir."

"Come, come!" said the colonel. "Pull yourself together! What's that about the Dutch Room?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "Do let me see it again, with all its nice old furniture, and those old tiles in the hearth—little church steeples, and little men and women, and— There's one with a peacock on it, isn't there, now?"

The colonel took his hat.

"Mind what I've said!" he remarked sternly, with his hand on the woman's shoulder. I've no more time to waste."

He strode from the Firs Cottage with an ugly expression, which he carried all the way back to the Hall. Muddled Alice watched him from the porch, gleefully rubbing her hands.

"I'm sure it was the peacock!" she murmured, with another of her chuckles.

The other occurrence happened at six o'clock that evening. It was dusk, and a woman with a child in her arms came down the Moor road, hesitated at the cottage, and knocked.

"Alice," she said, "do you know me?"

Mrs. Parsons broke into a scream of joy.

"It's Miss Gwen! It's my sweet Miss Gwen come back!" she cried, folding baby and all in an embrace of almost maniacal vigor.

"Don't!" said the other. "You'll hurt it. I want a bed for the night."

"Come in, my darling!" said Muddled Alice.

She locked the door on her guests and renewed her ecstasie.

"Where is he?" she asked at length.

"He's very, very ill," said Gwen. "He's in a hospital, and has been for weeks. And I've—we've nothing left, and so I've put my pride on one side and have come to see my father. It will be hard; but it must be done, for all our sakes."

"You just make yourselver comfy" said Mrs. Parsons, "while I see to the tea. Things are a-coming to pass. And the colonel paid me a visit this morning—that he did. He's as hard as a nut; but, gracious me!"—she shouted the words—"I'm forgetting myself. I've got him under my thumb!"

"What do you mean?" asked Gwen wearily.

"Mean!" cried Muddled Alice, clapping her hands. "You'll soon see. I'll get my hat on the moment you've had a cup. Didn't my poor mistress always say that Southchurch Hall and everything was yours when she died? She'd made it yours."

"It's no use thinking about that," said Gwen.

Muddled Alice peered elfishly at the girl.

"Isn't it now?" she asked. "Well, we'll see. But I do hope he don't beat you, or anything—Tom Brash, I mean."

"Beat me!" said Gwen, with a smile. "It's not likely."

"And you love him still, Miss Gwen?"

"Of course! But we won't talk about it. I'll sleep here to-night, if you'll let me; and to-morrow I'll see my father."

"No, Miss Gwen—to-night."

"Well," said Gwen, "I don't suppose it matters."

And so, at eight o'clock, they set out for the hall, Gwen still with her baby.

The colonel had dined, and was alone with the port when the servant came to say that Mrs. Brash wished to see them. The servant was a new one, and took the message without other emotion than calm surprise at Muddled Alice's soft laughter. He soon returned with an invitation for Gwen into the dining-room. And there the servant was surprised out of all his calmness by the colonel's exclamation of "Good heavens! Is it Gwen?" and Mrs. Brash's whispered cry of "Father dear!"

The colonel's first impulse of tenderness died when he realized what his daughter had done. The sight of his grandchild added to his exasperation. For minutes at a time he elaborated the crime of which he said Gwen had been guilty. He worked himself into a temper.

The deceit of Gwen's conduct, and her heartlessness in keeping him in ignorance of her very existence! The disgrace, too, of falling in love clandestinely with a common soldier—V. C. or no V. C.—and running off with him like a girl in a play!

"And what, in Heaven's name, do you suppose the country will say about such a scandal?" he cried, as a finish.

"I'm afraid, father, I've got past caring for such things," said Gwen. "Both Tom and I knew you would never forgive us. I thought you would rather think I was dead, and I—I hoped it might be so. But for his illness, I would not have vexed you like this even now, father."

"Play-acting again!" observed the colonel, mockingly. "Well, since you give me a lead, I must act my part, too. The wronged father usually bids the girl lie on the bed she has made for herself."

"You will not help us, father?" she asked faintly, yet, as it seemed to the colonel, with a note and look of defiance.

"Yes!" he cried. "I'll give you a five-pound note, my girl; and if you'll tell me your address, I'll do something more. But I don't want to see you again; and if Tom Brash comes my way, I'll wring his neck! Wait, and I'll give you the money."

Gwen's tears came when she was left like this. He had treated her like a beggar—he, her father! And then she, too, rose. She would beg from others, if necessary; never again from her father!

But Muddled Alice met her at the door, with something in her hand, a beaming face, and an ill-suppressed, fresh chuckle.

"Where is he?" she cried. "I—I knew it was the peacock! It came to me first in a dream, a bad 'un, with that in it; and then I remembered—no, I won't be quiet!—I remembered what your poor mother said. 'It's all hers, little Gwen's,' said she; 'but I daren't let your master know. He thinks he has the right to it, and doesn't know I've made a will. And I can't think of a better place to hide it in than behind that loose tile. I forgot it all after my illness; but I remembered every word of it now. Good-evening, sir!"

III.

These last words were for the colonel, who had returned with the note in his hand.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Gwen took the envelope which Muddled Alice offered her. It bore the superscription, "Will of Mrs. Savage, Southchurch Hall," in a clerkly hand.

"I came with her, sir," replied Muddled Alice; "and I've found it all right."

The colonel's eyes were on the envelope.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, approaching his daughter.

But he knew well enough now. That such a will had been made he had been informed by the solicitor who had it drawn up and had it witnessed; and, truth to tell, the mystery of its apparent disappearance had long troubled him.

"This, father," said Gwen simply, "is what she means."

She gave him the envelope.

The three stood silent while the Colonel opened and glanced at the paper. But there was a fourth who could not keep silent. Gwen's baby began to cry.

"Hush, dear! Hush, my Ambrose!" Gwen whispered to it.

And then the Colonel looked up, and at the child. He, too, was Ambrose; and, whether it was this mark of Gwen's affection for him, or his own conscience's urging, or just a man of the world's realisation of the change wrought in his and his daughter's circumstances by the will in his hands, his expression softened.

"My dear," he said, "I beg your pardon for my brutality. And this is important for you. You had better keep it."

Muddled Alice saw what was coming. She held out her arms for the child.

"I'll take it," she said, "the poor little precious!"

Gwen laid herself in her father's arms, and her tears this time flowed freely.

"We've all got to look at things in a new light, my dear," said the Colonel at length—"you and I and Tom Brash. And you might have married a worse man than Brash, when the worst's said."—R. J. Stephens in London Answers.

Russia opened her first electric railway last year. It covers a distance of 18½ miles between Lodz in Russia Poland and the neighboring towns of Zqier and Pabiances.

The depth of our atmosphere is usually estimated at from 187 to 216 miles. Some 20 years ago it was supposed to be not more than 40.

"I wonder who invented the phrase, 'Silence is golden'?" "Probably some poor beggar who had a wife, a parrot, a ten-year-old boy, [illegible]"

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Life in the Fur Country

"You city people may think life in the far northern fur posts lonely and monotonous," said the wife of a former fur trader, "but let me tell you, though I have spent these latter years enjoying the best London and Paris and New York could offer, never have I known such happy hours as those passed in the drowsy old forts of the north," writes Mrs. A. C. Laut, author of "Heralds of Empire."

"My earliest recollections of life in the fur country are of a journey by dog train down the Liard and up the Mackenzie rivers in charge of our old Swampy Cree and his squaw, who had been our nurse."

"Old Montagnais, our Swampy Cree, told us more of wild creatures on that long journey to the south—six weeks of fifty miles a day over snow and ice—than you could learn in a lifetime from a white man; told us why the northern grouse, the most stupid of all birds, buries herself bodily in the snow; why she wears heavy white stockings like a Brahma chicken; why, when the hunter attacks her brood, she always flops with what is apparently a broken wing till she has decoyed the enemy away from her family; why 'waupauce,' the little white chap, or rabbit, with fur as white as the snow itself, always seems to blink his eyes shut when an enemy is searching the white wastes; why ermine has a black tip to his tail and a neck like a snake and massed muscles on his jaws like a tomcat; why blue fox wears a fresh coat every month of the year—how an Indian hunter can always tell the age of game by the frostbitten ears and the stumps of teeth and worn claws; and why the best hunters prefer to go out at the time of the short shadow—noon.

AN OLD TOBOGGAN JOURNEY.

"We never stopped traveling from sunlight—or I should say morning, for there was no sun to be seen at the northernmost part of the trip—until night, only pausing at midday to boil tea over willow whittlings, then away as hard as the huskies could race with polished sleigh runners over a trail of undulating snow crust. Did we miss the sun? Well, no; for half the time in the north the air is so charged with frost mist that the sun is hidden as if in a cloud when it at length does come up over the south. Besides, sunlight and ice glare for a thousand miles without an object to break the sweep of white would cause snow blindness. Then at night the northern lights hung over the snow fields in curtains and billows and clouds of fire that changed its hue every instant. One moment a tide of diaphanous red swayed low; then it rippled off into the blue like water before wind; then the lights darted out of the cavernous dark in cold spear rays of polished steel.

"Altogether, the night was not such a bad time with us. We camped on the lee side of river bank or snow drift, and within reach of poplar or willow shrubbery for our fire. Camp did not mean a tent. Our toboggans were piled sideways in a circle to shut off the wind. With their snowshoes the drivers then dug holes down to grass or moss bottom. Our fire was built in the center hole, the drivers having a fire to themselves. In these holes there were laid our buffalo robes. We slept between robes with feet to the fire, and perhaps one of the favorite dogs across our feet as warming pan and guard.

NIGHTS IN THE SNOW.

"A funny thing about the night fire was that if the snow had chanced to be particularly deep and the drivers did not dig down to grass bottom, we would waken in the morning, lying on an incline like a toboggan slide, with the fire four, five, six feet below us. The heat had melted the snow while we slept and we all lay at an angle to the hole that threatened to precipitate the family into the fire. Often on the coldest nights I have poked my head out from the robes, contrary to orders, and sat straining my ears for sound of the northern lights till freezing breath had fringed eyelashes and hair with frost. Old Montagnais had told us tales of the Merry Dancers—Indian spirits—cracking their league-long whips of fire up there among the red lights; and certainly, whether it is from the lights themselves or from the frosty condition of the air when charged with electricity, there was a rustling or faint crackling through the midwinter nights of the far north. I remember lying awake one night, listening to the ice of the river, whooping and crackling like an earthquake. Suddenly there came a long, low, weird cry, unlike anything that I had ever heard from bird or beast. Ceff, an old husky, with deep fur and fox nose of an Eskimo dog, jumped up from my feet with a little sharp 'yap.' I saw old Montagnais' lank figure untangle by loops till he stood erect above the fire; but when I asked him what it was he told me to go to sleep, which I did. The next morning as we were gliding over the drifts the Indian kept glancing back. As we bumped into the hollow of a drift I saw, far back, gray forms galloping round a bend in the river. What they were any northerner may know. The Cree threw out poisoned fish. At each fish the wolf pack stopped to fight and guzzle; but every night the pack came up with us, hanging far away on the steel-blue sky line, barking and baying, ravenous with hunger, but afraid to approach so large a party.

ONE WOMAN'S BRAVERY.

"One instance will serve to illustrate the necessity for such apparent foolhardiness as familiarizing mere boys and girls with firearms. There was to be a meeting of two war camps that had been bitterly hostile to each other. Naturally the fur traders, who were trying to arrange the truce between the warriors, were anxious that such a dangerous conference should take place as far from the forts as possible. My father, with a neighboring factor (by neighboring I mean 300 miles distant) and every white man about the fort, set out for the scene of the conference, two days' journey away. Strict orders had been left that the gates should be kept shut, no Indians being admitted, and if any came to trade—which was unlikely, as it was midsummer—they should be served through the loopholes. Old Montagnais and the servants happened to be down the river one hot afternoon during my father's absence. The heat became simply blistering on the bare prairie, with a hot south wind that scorched the grass like fire. We always had a supply of water inside the stockades; but some one suggested if a small pail were taken, weighted with a stone and dropped to the bottom of the river, it would bring up a cooler draught than we had inside. Who would go out for it? Not an Indian had been seen on the plains from the time that the conference must have begun.

"Inside the fort, besides my mother, the family of nine and the native servants, was my aunt, who afterwards became the wife of Archbishop M——. Of us all,

SHE WAS THE BEST SHOT.

Any way, though we children clamored vociferously for the delicious privilege of any possible danger in getting that pail of water, Aunt M—— uttered a decisive 'No,' and marched out alone with a rope and pail in her hand, a light rifle in the other. We stood behind the loopholes of the closed gate. We saw her disappear down the bank, come up again with a dripping pail of fresh water, and set it down as if to rest. She had barely picked it up again, when she stopped abruptly, gazing not nervously, but with very evident astonishment, straight at the high grasses on the right of the path between herself and the fort. All eyes at the loopholes turned in that direction, too; and there, stealing through the grasses with their war feathers and war paint on were two young marauding warriors plainly bent on intercepting her right of way. It was quite clear they knew that the men servants were all out and women only in the fort. From the impudent expression on their faces, mischief was meant. We could not possibly shoot in her defence from the loopholes without as great risk of hitting her as the Indians. If we unfastened the gate, one of them could easily have forced an entrance while the other stopped her.

"To our horror, instead of rushing in, Aunt M—— set down the pail as if paralyzed with fear. She looked again where the Indians had now risen boldly up directly under a solitary tree. On the topmost branch of that tree sat a whiskey jay. Quick as flash, Aunt M—— had aimed her rifle, 'picked off' that jay, coolly as if we were all at target practice, and then, as calmly lifting the pail of water, came slowly to the gate, where we received her with open arms. As for the Indians—well, there was a flourish of greasy shoulders through the long grass and the two braves had disappeared."

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.
is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Originality is simply a pair of fresh eyes.—T. W. Higginson.

To be good and disagreeable is high treason against the royalty of virtue.—H. More.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct ourselves.—Demosthenes.

The Sufferings of Woman.
Many Irregularities and Weaknesses, Much Pain and Misery Which Can be Permanently Overcome by Using
DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

No woman can expect to have good health unless the monthly uterine action is regular, and any breaking of this law of nature not only causes much pain and suffering but may make her an invalid for the rest of life.

Nearly all derangements of the feminine organism are due to thin, watery blood, a poor circulation or lack of nerve force. Whether the menses are irregular, insufficient, profuse or painful the cause of trouble rests with the condition of the blood and nerves, and soon disappears when these are restored to health and vigor.

The dull, aching pain in the back and thighs, the cramps in the abdomen, the distressing headaches, the irritability and feelings of utter weariness will disappear when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used to put the blood and nerves in proper condition.

It is usually in girlhood that these irregularities have their beginnings, and hence, mothers, the necessity of looking to the health of your daughters during the period of change. A few words of advice at this point may save them from a life of ill-health and misery.

From girlhood to the change in life, for the nursing mother and at every trying time in woman's life, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of inestimable value, because it forms new red blood, insures good circulation and revitalizes the wasted and depleted nerve cells. It gives health, strength and buoyancy, rounds out the form, increases flesh and weight and builds up the system.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of nature's most powerful restoratives and cannot fail to benefit you. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

WINTER ON THE PRAIRIE

ENGLISHMAN'S EXPERIENCE ON MANITOBA'S PLAINS.

A Twenty-Mile Drive in the Early Morning Over the Frozen Trail.

Our shanty, a little one-roomed house of no pretensions, is twenty miles distant from the bush whence, each winter, we draw our year's supply of wood, says a writer in London Outlook.

Surrounded on every side by vast horizons, it offers a seemingly ridiculous challenge to the greatness of these Manitoba plains. Nevertheless, it is soundly built and snugly lathed and plastered; it has withstood the storms of a dozen winters with sturdy success, and, with memories of an English village, we yet call it home; and it is from this little log dwelling that we start in the starlight before dawn to drive our empty sleighs down the southward trail.

Our simple chores have been "done up," to use a local expression, the cattle fed against our return, and the bright-eyed, rough-jacketed colts watered and turned loose upon the prairie. Our axes have been sharpened, a loose bolt in the bob-sleighs repaired, and we are ready for the trail. The thermometer is hovering between twenty and thirty degrees below zero, and all our furs are requisitioned, while our moccasins are laced over three pairs of thick woolen stockings. Our sleigh bells throb merrily through the night, and we are soon speeding down the frozen trail.

THIS HOUR BEFORE DAWN

is cheerless enough, but necessity demands that day shall find us well upon our way, and surely the unfolding of a winter dawn over the prairie, the sweetness of it, its radiance and its magical touch, are a full reward for the bleak start in the starlight. The grey snow, fading like foam into the outer gloom, becomes a glittering blue-white sea, clean as wet lilies, and so clear the air that hills of fifty miles away might be the goal of a morning's walk.

Presently the eastern rim of the prairie grows bright, and the sun rises slowly over the low hills, hides a moment behind a clump of green poplars, shakes out a hundred challenging lances over the blushing snow, and proclaims the short winter day.

Dotted here and there over the plains we can now see little black shanties like our own, and on a trail not far away moves a train of empty sleighs heading, like ourselves, for the southern bush. A jack rabbit, white as the snow about him, scurries across the trail; three foxes look inquiringly at us from a little distance, but otherwise no sign of life greets us as we glide along. The snow is deep here, with drifts on either side of the beaten track.

Soon the bells of our neighbor's horses make themselves heard, and their frail notes float cheerily over the snow. Greetings are exchanged, and for a while we walk together behind the sleighs.

A silent, stalwart Canadian this, who has not risen later than five in the morning for the last twenty years—

AN OLD BACKWOODSMAN,

too, who can fell a tree without leaving his tracks by merely shifting his axe and cutting left-handedly, a rare accomplishment which makes him a useful comrade in the bush. In an hour we are into Carroll, a little wooden town on the Canadian Pacific Railway, five miles from our destination. As we reach the only hotel we draw up for a minute's chat with the group collected there.

And a strange crowd it is, such a one as only a colony could show—two fair-haired lads just out from England, and as yet unlined by the struggles of a prairie life; a Yankee horses make themselves heard, and wide awake for general popularity; a Cambridge graduate, who is the owner of the local livery stables; a cowboy from the western ranges; a couple of half-breeds, with olive cheeks and shifty brown eyes; a retinanceman, still reeling on the remnants of his last cheque from home; and a Canadian farmer, bronzed to the deepest brown, with white teeth and the grave lines about eyes and mouth which come in time to all dwellers on the plains.

Presently the black fringe against the southern sky becomes larger and more clearly defined, the poplars and stunted oaks cluster thickly on each side, and one or two nail-hidden stumps remind us that the bush trail is beginning. A little later on the green poplars give place to vistas of tall grey poles, through which many an old fire has swept, leaving them dead, but not decayed, standing ready for the axe. In amongst the dry bush, as it is called, are the winter camps, inhabited by practiced lumbermen, who cut their three or four dollars' worth of wood in the day and emerge from winter with substantial earnings in their pockets. A rough crew this, to whom raw rye whiskey is

NO STRANGE BEVERAGE.

Soon we are stripped to our shirt sleeves, and, despite the frost, are glowing in every limb, as our axes rise and fall. The art of successful and expeditious bush work does not consist, however, in the mere felling of trees, but rather in so arranging matters that in their fall they shall lie conveniently for loading on the sleighs. Hidden stumps must be avoided, the fallen poles trimmed up and well packed, and the sleighs brought round to the train again. The horses have been feeding while we work, and as we resume our furs, and climb up on the load, we too take our lunch, keeping a sharp eye on the trail, nevertheless, since sleighs are, alas! easily upset.

It is past noon when we set forth, and at a slower pace, upon our homeward journey. A pair of sundogs glisten on each side of the sun, and the bitterness of the cold keeps us tramping beside our horses for the greater part of the way. Slowly the low sun drops into the west, and before we reach the last mile the skies above us are crowded and brilliant with frosty stars.

When at last we lock the stable doors for the night and stroll back to the little shack, a healthy smell of frying pork and steaming porridge creeps forth to greet our hungriness. Outside the frost has deepened until the least breath of wind cuts like a knife, and far away the Northern Lights are trembling on the horizon in delicate streamers of lambent fire.

About the ....House

CAKES AND FROSTING.

Birthday Cake.—Cream one-half cup butter, add gradually one and one-quarter cups brown sugar, the yolks of two eggs well beaten, two-thirds cup of milk, and two and one-quarter cups flour mixed and sifted with three and one-half teaspoons baking powder; then add one teaspoon each of orange and vanilla extract, two tablespoons wine, one-half cup raisins seeded and cut in pieces, one-half cup walnut meats cut in pieces, one-third cup currants, two tablespoons finely cut candied orange peel and the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Bake in a small angel cake pan.

Ornamental Ftosting.—Beat whites of four eggs with four tablespoons confectioners' sugar four minutes. Repeat until two cups sugar have been used. Add lemon juice to flavor and continue adding sugar until stiff enough to spread. Cover cake with frosting and add enough more sugar that frosting may keep in shape after being forced through pastry-bag and tube.

Almond Cake. — Cream one-half cup butter, add gradually three-quarters cup sugar, one-third cup milk, two eggs well beaten and one and one-third cups flour mixed and sifted with two teaspoons baking powder; then add one cup almonds blanched and cut in pieces.

Marshmallow Frosting. — Melt one cup fondant, add the white of one egg beaten until stiff, and stir over the fire two minutes. Remove from range and beat until of right consistency to spread. Flavor with one-fourth teaspoon water white vanilla. The fondant may be bought from a confectioner or made by the rule given in any good cook book.

Vienna Chocolate Cake. — Cream five and one-half ounces of butter, add gradually five and one-half ounces sugar, the yolks of five eggs beaten until thick and lemon colored, five and one-half ounces melted chocolate, five and one-half ounces flour mixed and sifted with three teaspoons baking powder, and the whites of five eggs beaten until stiff. Bake in small tins, cover with apricot marmalade and then with

Chocolate Frosting. — Boil one cup sugar, one-half cup water and a few grains cream-of-tartar until syrup will thread when dropped from tip of spoon. Pour gradually onto three squares melted chocolate. When cool enough to spread flavor with one-half teaspoon vanilla.

Brownies. — Mix one cup sugar, one-quarter cup melted butter, one egg, two squares melted chocolate, one-half cup flour, one-half cup chopped walnut meats, and three-quarter teaspoon vanilla. Line a pan with paraffine paper, spread mixture and bake in moderate oven. Remove from paper while hot, and mark in strips.

CREAMY AND DELICIOUS.

Corn Soup. — Eight ears will make a good soup. Remove the corn from the cobs. Place the cobs in hot water and let simmer; strain and add the corn, which is better grated. Add 1 quart milk, and when hot, thicken with flour and butter, creamed, 2 tablespoons of the latter and 1 of the former. Season with pepper and salt to taste.

Chestnut Puree. — After shelling, blanch, by removing the skin with boiling water. Place in granite kettle and cover with water. Throw in tablespoon salt. Boil till soft, remove water and mash. Beat the yolk of 1 egg, add 1 pint each of sweet milk and cream. Mix well. Return to fire to heat, seasoning with pepper and more salt if necessary. Celery minced fine adds to its flavor.

Cucumber Soup. — Remove the seeds from 3 or 4 large cucumbers. Cut into small pieces and cover with 1 quart water. Place on fire and cook gently till tender. Remove the cucumbers and run through sieve. Reserve the water, adding 1 pint rich milk. Season with salt, pepper and 1 teaspoon onion juice. Into a granite kettle, melt 2 tablespoons butter and sprinkle upon this, 1 tablespoon of flour. Mix perfectly smooth to a cream. Add to this the cucumber. While the cucumber is heating, beat the yolk of one egg and add to the soup very slowly, stirring it constantly. Serve at once with squares of dry toast.

Carrot Puree. — Grate several carrots and cook in little water till soft. Add a bay leaf and 1 teaspoon grated onion; also 1 quart milk and thicken with 1 tablespoon flour, creamed with 2 of butter. Season with pepper and salt, and just before serving, add 2 heaping tablespoons rolled cracker. Serve very hot.

RAW EGGS.

A spoonful of rich thick cream added to the white of an egg beaten stiff and flavored with a spoonful of brandy is palatable and nutritious for an invalid or anyone else whose health is slightly impaired. A good "pick-me-up" is needed in every family from time to time, and wise people understand that it is far better to spend a little time and trouble in this way rather than to resort to stimulants of any kind.

When raw eggs are ordered for an invalid to whom they are objectionable, make as palatable as possible by having the egg as cold as one can make it and then serve it from a cold glass as soon as it is opened, writes a physician's wife in "What to Eat." Of course it is useless to serve any save perfectly fresh eggs.

If the white alone is to be taken, it should be beaten with a whisk until very stiff and frothy, then seasoned with salt, or sugar, whichever is preferred, and eaten with a spoon. This can be flavored with a few drops of brandy if the patient likes the taste.

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