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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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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Uncle's Little Playmate

The evening that Uncle brought Tuff to our house we could never imagined the mischief she was going to cause. You see, it was this way. The Murphys, who lived next door, had a rather valuable white cat. They made a great fuss of this cat, and took endless trouble with it. One evening Uncle arrived home carrying an ordinary-looking brown-paper parcel. Placing it on the table he looked round with a benevolent smile, and remarked, "There, my dears, I've brought you a little playmate." Immediately we all crowded round in great excitement. Uncle lifted the parcel up and said, as he began to unwrap the paper, "My dears, I think it is the darlingest little p—!" when he dropped it suddenly and commenced sucking his fingers. The parcel rolled off the table on to the floor, and began spitting and scratching so fiercely that the children all ran behind Aunty and Jane, the servant, screamed and twined her soapy arms around Uncle's neck.

After turning over several times the parcel lay quite still. Then Uncle dumped Jane on the floor and asked what was the matter with us all. "It's only a cat—one of those beautiful white ones, like Murphys'," and he reached down to tear the paper off, but the parcel stirred ominously, so he lifted it up with the tongs. Holding it out at arm's length he told Jane to tear the paper off, but Jane had discreetly retired. He then told Tommy, but Tommy commenced to cry, so he did it himself, tearing a bit off here and there. He got two or three scratches, but finally the "little playmate" stood revealed—a small white cat, the very image of Murphys', crouching in a kind of wicker-work chapel with pink ribbon threaded on.

Now, Aunty didn't like cats, so she straightway took the matter up from the personal point of view, after the manner of her sex.

"You know I hate cats, but then, of course, I am never considered."

"Don't talk nonsense."

"I mighn't be your wife; you never consider my feelin's. I'm working year in and year out, and—"

"Great Jimmy! What has that got to do with the cat?"

"There! I said so! The cat before me; anything and everything before your wife. If it was not for the children I would seek a situation as housekeeper—"

Then we retired into the back garden, as we always do on these occasions, and waited for something to come through the kitchen window. In about five minutes the cat and the chapel duly alighted in the rhubarb. Thus was the little playmate welcomed into the rhubarb of—I mean the bosom of the family; and as her career began so did it go on. There was nothing but trouble all the time she was with us. She was certainly the fiercest, most vicious cat you ever saw. If you put down a saucer of milk she would snap your hand before she lapped the milk.

We had hitherto been on very good terms with the Murphys. In fact, their cat, Muff, stole chops and things off our kitchen table as often as it did off theirs; but the extraordinary similarity between the two cats, aggravated by Uncle calling ours "Tuff," led to a great deal of friction, and when Mr. Murphy knocked his own cat off the fence with a brick thinking it was ours, intercourse between the two families ceased altogether.

Aunty threatened daily to do away with Tuff; indeed, but that it would have looked like knuckling under to the Murphys, Tuff's career would have ended within three days of her arrival. Uncle said the cat was all right if treated properly, but, of course, you couldn't expect women to understand animals. However, an incident occurred about three weeks later which caused him to change his mind.

One afternoon, Tuff flew at baby and scratched him very much, all because baby swung her round by the tail. "What's the use of having a cat that won't stand a thing like that where there are children?" Aunty said, as she took baby away.

Armed with a broom, she returned prepared to take summary vengeance but Tuff, entering fully into the spirit of the thing, seized the other end and shook it so fiercely that Aunty in alarm dropped the handle and made for the door. Tuff headed her off, however, so, screaming for Jane, she made a rapid retreat to the top of the dining-table. "Jane! Jane! come and turn the cat out; it's gone mad!"

Jane, not catching the latter part of the sentence, ran in boldly enough but when Tuff, with arched back, spat at her, she ran into the hall, slamming the door after her. Whereupon Tuff, by way of signalizing her victory, began careering round the table, knocking over one or two little knick-knacks en route. Aunty, fearing the cat would spring on her from behind, turned round and round on the table as Tuff went round and round on the carpet, but a rather stout, middle-aged lady cannot keep up this sort of thing indefinitely, so after a few turns Aunty quietly sat down on the table and had hysterics, while Tuff, rather suspicious of this new move, sat on an ornamental spittoon and glared at her.

Now, some two months previously Uncle had had a telephone installed in the bedroom, and Aunty used this daily in all and every domestic crisis. As soon, therefore, as she recovered some measure of self-control she said, in a stage whisper, lest the cat should hear: "Jane, ring up the master. Tell him the cat's gone mad and he must come home at once, immediately."

Jane had never used the telephone before, but she had seen Aunty use it, so she thought she could manage it all right. Running upstairs she took the receiver off first, turned the handle, and shouted, "The missus says you've to come home 'cause cat's mad and she can't get off the table. Do ye 'ear me? Aye! Aye! Do you 'ear me?"

Of course there was no answer. She shook the receiver fiercely. "Do ye 'ear me, hay?" Then she replaced it and commenced to think what Aunty did. "Oh, of course, I should have said, 'Are ye there?' Again taking the receiver off she bawled a vehement crescendo, "Are ye there? Are ye there?" Then, in reply to a distant voice—

"Is the master in?" she asked.

"The master?" repeated the clerk who answered the telephone. "Who do you want, please?"

"I wants Mr. Hildebrand Jones to tell him as how the cat's gone mad, and the missus——"

"Good heavens, Mrs. Jones! a sunstroke or——"

"Look here, young man, this is Jane; will you tell Mr. Johnes——"

"Yes, yes—one moment, please—one moment," and he dashed into the private office where Uncle was busily engaged with two German gentlemen on important business.

"Sir," said the clerk, excitedly, "Jane wants you."

The German gentlemen smiled. Hildebrand flushed angrily. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

"But, sir," persisted the clerk, full of excitement, "Mrs. Jones has gone off her dot—er—Imean got sunstroke, or something."

Hildebrand seized the telephone. The German gentlemen politely rose to take their leave.

"What's—what's the matter, Jane?"

"Oh, sir! Come home at once. The missus can't get off the table and the cat's running all round."

"Yes, yes, I'll come at once, at once. Send for Dr. Banks," and picking up his hat he dashed past the astonished Germans down the steps, and jumped into the cab that was waiting for them. Cabby had his instructions, and he thought he had the Germans so he drove straight to the station.

"Thunder and lightning!" yelled Uncle, when the astonished cabby opened the door. "What did you come here for? I want Pretoria Villas, quick."

"But the German gentlemen" spluttered the mystified cabby.

"Never mind the German gentlemen. Drive me to Pretoria Villas as quickly as your old clothes-horse will gallop."

"Clothes-horse yourself. Who's going to pay me for dragging them there Germans round town all morning?"

"You mercenary thief," shouts Uncle, waving his purse in the man's face. "Drive me to Pretoria Villas quick. Do you hear me? Quick! I'll pay anything you want."

Cabby jumped back to his seat and drove on, just as a policeman came up to see what the crowd was about.

Blowing heavily, the ancient cab-horse stopped at the front gate just as Dr. Banks drew up in his brougham.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones," said the doctor, as they alighted together. "Your servant telephoned that you wanted me to call at once. Anything serious?"

"Come in, doctor; come in. Mrs. Jones has had a sunstroke, or something of that nature."

The dining-room window was open, and Aunty, still on the table, could see them coming up the path. Anticipating speedy release, she gave vent to an exclamation of pleasure. Uncle shuddered.

"So you've come at last, Hildebrand," she shouted through the open window. "I seem to have been waiting weeks."

"Yes, yes, my dear. You are all right now," said Uncle, soothingly, and the doctor and he gazed at her critically through the window.

"Oh, do come in and kill the horrid thing!" and an Aunty mild "thing" she screamed and jumped round on the table because the cat, which Hildebrand and the doctor could not see, had moved a little towards the door. The doctor shook his head gravely, and Hildebrand stumbled up the steps like one in a trance.

"How did she get like this?" he asked, and Harry, Tommy, Jane, and the rest of us started to explain the whole business, Aunty trying to make herself heard above the noise. Now, when an hysterical, middle-aged lady explains a matter of this kind from the top of a dining-room table to a gentleman standing in the hall, surrounded by some half-dozen children all talking together, and all giving totally dissimilar versions of the same occurrence, assisted by the imagination of an excited and very much over-heated servant, it is not to be wondered at if he should altogether fail to grasp the situation.

Not being able to make head or tail of the chatter going on, Uncle stepped towards the dining-room door with the evident intention of going in. Jane dashed in front of him.

"Don't, don't open it, sir; she's mad—she'll fly at you like she did me—she'll bite."

"Nonsense! my wife bite—fly at me? Nonsense!"

"Not the missus, I meant the cat."

"The cat! What the——"

"Yes, yes, the cat's mad! the cat's mad!" we all shouted in chorus.

Uncle seized Jane by the shoulder. "It's the cat that's mad, not Aggie?"

"The missus! Lor', no! What could ha' put that idea in yer head?"

"Hildebrand," shouted Aunty, "will you come and kill this cat?" But now that the nervous strain was over Uncle sat down on a hall chair and laughed till he nearly choked himself, while we all stood and stared at him in astonishment, not understanding just where the joke came in.

"The situation, Mr. Jones, may strike you as humorous," said Dr. Banks, icily. "Personally I fail to see anything funny about it," and he stalked back to his brougham.

Uncle, not being aware that the doctor intended to charge him a guinea for the visit, continued to laugh till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"We must devise some means to get Aggie out of the room intact—I mean uninjured," said he.

His remarks were interrupted by a loud crash in the dining-room, followed by another, then another.

Uncle, recognising that this business was going to cost him some money if not straightened out at once, sent Tommy upstairs for the revolver he used for burglars, and after figuring out the value of the breakable articles which Aunty might reach, he suggested that she might escape by swinging on the chandelier to the piano, and from the piano to the front garden through the dining-room window.

Aunty refused point-blank to adopt this suggestion, adding a rider to the effect that Hildebrand was a bigger fool than he thought himself. "Nice thing for a woman like me to come flying through a dining-room window on the front lawn!" His next suggestion, that he should fire at the cat through the window, threw her into hysterics. Then he had a fresh idea; telling us all to go into the garden, he placed the step-ladder outside the dining-room door, mounted to the top, and, holding the revolver ready to fire, pushed open the door, and then—well, then Tuff walked out and sat down under the ladder!

"Where's the brute gone?" shouted Uncle, wheeling round as best he could without falling off the ladder.

"Luke! like under yer, guv'nor," answered the lad with the groceries, who arrived on the step at that moment. Uncle, clutching at the ladder to steady himself, leaned over trying to get the cat within range. "Fire!" yelled the grocery lad, and, carried away with the excitement of the moment, he let fly with a jar of marmalade. Almost simultaneously there was a loud report from the revolver, and a louder expletive from Uncle as the marmalade caught him on the waistcoat, and the ladder, overbalancing, fell against the barometer and on to the floor. Then the grocer's boy forgot to deliver the rest of the things.

We all agreed that Tuff should be drowned, but no one seemed over-anxious to do it. Uncle said he could not find it in his heart to seize the poor little thing and drown it. Finally, everybody except Jane agreed that Jane should secure the cat, tie a brick or a stone or something heavy around its neck, and throw it in a ditch which was near our back gate. When the details were finally settled a slight hitch occurred owing to the fact that neither Jane nor the cat could be found.

Uncle wanted to let the matter rest till after tea, but Aunty wouldn't.

"No! no! the cat is mad. Think, Hildebrand, if she should spring out on one of the children from behind a cupboard."

So we searched the whole house through, Aunty armed with a poker leading the way, followed at a respectful distance by Uncle with a broom, and the rest of us with walking sticks, umbrellas, etc.

Though we didn't find Tuff the search had its exciting moments, notably when Aunty found the place where the boys put the handkerchiefs they occasionally wipe their dirty boots with, and when Uncle got under the attic bed, and, after a few moments' struggling, announced with deep emotion that it was impossible for him to get out again.

Now if Tuff had kept out of sight for a few days the affair might have passed off without further trouble, but while we were at tea Uncle happened to look through the window and saw her calmly enjoying the sunset as viewed from the top of the coal-shed. Tea was immediately suspended and the following plan agreed upon:—

A saucer of milk to be placed in the middle of the kitchen floor; everybody to stand on chairs or something, armed with towels or antimacassars ready to throw over the cat when she began lapping the milk; the kitchen door to be opened wide by Harry, who would call "Puss! Puss!" in as winning a manner as possible, and retire through into the hall, closing the inner door behind him to prevent the cat escaping through the house; Uncle to give the signal for the attack.

Well, we all got on chairs, Uncle trying two or three before he found one that didn't creak when he put his foot on it. We stood up there feeling very foolish for about five minutes, then Uncle said we had better all get down while he put on his top boots, explaining that he would be nearest the cat and they would be some protection. In a few minutes we were all back in our places, Uncle however, getting on the sofa this time. We waited and waited, shifting from one foot to the other, Uncle glaring fiercely whenever anyone moved. Harry stood at the door, calling "Puss! Puss!" till he nearly got clergyman's sore throat.

"Come and stand here, you young fool," said Uncle at last. "The voice would scare anything. I'll entice her myself." He went to the door and looked out. "Why, the cat's not here at all!" With a sigh of relief we clambered down. "Get back, get back! I see her. Puss! Puss!" The cat came towards the door; Uncle retreated backwards. The cat stopped, so did Uncle. "Puss! Puss! milk! Come on puss, milk!" The cat stood on the step thoughtfully regarding Uncle's boots. His voice took a sadder, gentler turn. "Cream, pussy, cream; mice, pussy, mice—you know, mice, cream. Confound it. Tum on tussy—bother the cat! Milk, pussy; cream—er—let me see—beefsteak, pussy! What more does the animal want!"

The cat took a step forward; Uncle took one backwards. The cat stood and winked at Uncle; he appeared visibly agitated. Puss raised her paw for another step forward; Uncle raised his foot for another step backward. The strain was intense; we held our breath. Puss put her paw down; Uncle put his foot down—in the milk! This was not the signal agreed on, but it answered the purpose. Immediately the crash came. Puss turned to fly, but the air was thick with bath-towels, antimacassars, etc., in which she became hopelessly involved. The first shock of surprise over she struggled fiercely, but Uncle rapidly fastened up the bundle with string, attached a brick, taken from under the oven for the purpose, and running to the ditch threw the whole lot in, towels and all. He narrowly escaped getting in himself owing to his slipping on the wet clay.

Aunty awoke about 3 a.m., fancying she heard a noise. She wasn't sure if it was the clock striking or something else. She lay awake and listened; there was undoubtedly a strange tapping sound coming from somewhere. She shook Hildebrand into semi-wakefulness. "There's somebody trying to get in—shush!—either through the attic sky-light or the cellar window."

"All right," grumbled Uncle, "the bedroom door's locked."

"Brute! Would you leave my poor innocent babies to fight for their lives alone?"

"No! certainly not! I will arise and get the poker." Shivering with the cold as he carefully explained, he went to the door, a candle in one hand and the poker in the other.

"You—you won't strike them, dear?" Aunty implored, as he opened the door.

"No—no, I won't!" Uncle chattered through his teeth, and a dull thud came from somewhere overhead.

"Someone is coming down the attic stairs," whispered Aunty.

"Ye—ye—yes!" and the candle and poker began to tremble in his hands.

The attic stairs faced the room door, and the dull thud came on step by step, slowly, painfully, it seemed to the trembling listeners. Uncle's gaze was glued to the attic doorway. Another thud and the circle of light would be reached. A strange, unearthly moan came from the dark stairway, and then on the edge of the bottom step appeared a strange, dark object, like nothing they remembered seeing before.

When the thing had passed, Aunty sank on the floor in a kind of swoon and, clasping her arms around Hildebrand's calves, began to sob hysterically. One by one the children came down the attic stairs and stood there, a terror-stricken little group, shuddering, as moan after moan came up from the dark hall. Gradually the horrid noise ceased, and we regained sufficient courage to move, all the family creeping into Aunty's room. Then Uncle bolted the door as quietly as possible, and so we remained, shivering through the remainder of that miserable night.

When daylight came Uncle dressed and, still carrying the poker, went down into the hall. The rest of us clung to the banisters ready to scream or fly should occasion arise. The thing was plain to be seen now under the hat-stand. Uncle strained nervously forward, and his voice came up with a hollow whisper. "Can't—make—out—what—it—is. Looks like—— Yes! No! It is—— Great Jimmy! it's a doll's-house! You idiots!"

He was quite right—about the doll's-house, I mean. It was Winnie's new doll's-house, with Tuff's hind-quarters protruding from the front door and the rest of her jammed in the stairway.

"Aggie," said Uncle, with an uneasy look in his eyes, "Tuff ran in there to hide last night when we were searching for her."

"Yesterday afternoon," corrected Aunty.

"And—and the cat we drowned?"

"You drowned," corrected Aunty.

"Was—was probably——"

"Yes, dear"

"Murphy's!"

"Yes, dear."

Uncle had to pay Murphy £2 12s 6d., value of one white cat, to stop the case coming into court, and he vowed that never again, though he should live to be a thousand, would he bring home a pet pussy as a "little playmate."—London Tit-Bits.

JUST A SUGGESTION.

A certain gentleman prides himself on the possession of a very obliging disposition. It has been generally thought, however, that his kindness only leads him to show personal favors which do not cost him much and may yet be the means of gaining his friends.

One day a laborer called at his house to seek a certificate of character. The gentleman wrote out a very flattering recommendation, which he handed to the man for perusal, so that he might receive full credit for what he had done. The man took the document, laboriously spelled it through word by word, then meditatively shook his head and remained silent.

"Well," said the writer of the character, puzzled at the man's behaviour, "don't you consider it favorable enough?"

"Oh, no, sir, not that," replied the laborer; "I was just thinkin' that it couldn't be better than you've made it, but—but——"

"But what, I should like to know!" exclaimed the gentleman, evidently annoyed.

"Well, it's like this," said the man, in wheedling accents; "it just seemed to me, sir, that you wouldn't do wrong if you gave me somethin' to do yourself on the strength of that recommendation."

Wifey: "Do you think there is a man that could conscientiously say to his wife, 'You are the only woman I ever loved'?" Hubby: "Only one that I can think of." Wifey: "Who? You dearest?" Hubby: "Oh, no; Adam."

Tommy (inquiringly): "Mamma, is this hair-oil in this bottle?" Mamma: "No! That's glue." Tommy (nonchalantly): "That's why I can't get my hat off."

"Yes, my husband is greatly afflicted by insomnia." "What does he do for it?" "Stays out until 2 o'clock every morning."

The atmosphere of the home in which the wife puts on more airs than her husband can afford is never what it should be.

"They tell me, professor, you have mastered all the modern tongues." "Well, yes; all but my wife's and her mother's!"

Mesmerist's Wife—"Carlos!" Mesmerist—"Well, dear?" Mesmerist's Wife—"I wish you would come here and tell baby he is asleep."

About the ....House

TO LIGHTEN LAUNDRY WORK.

Washing day is justly dreaded. Anything that lightens the work is therefore especially welcome, but though the tools of to-day are superior to those of our grandmother's modern invention has done comparatively little to lighten the labors of the laundry. In spite of the cost of washing machines and the representations of their agents, a perforated zinc rubbing board is still the most useful tool that a good laundress can command.

One of the most important parts of washing is the assorting of the clothes. There are many stains which, like those of prespiration, disappear magically with a little cold water and soap, and others, like fruit and coffee, which must be treated with boiling water, but are permanently set by lukewarm water. If it is the practice of the family to soak all the clothes in cold water before the washing has begun, a great many stains will be permanently set; but if the various kinds of stains are carefully sorted out and properly treated hours of rubbing will be saved.

A housekeeper whose clothes always look as white as the driven snow says that it is best to soak coarse clothes in cold water, but the table linens and fine clothes need not be so treated. The same housekeeper says, that as soon as she has removed the stains from her clothes she puts them in cold water in a boiler and brings them to the boiling point, and then puts them in the washtub to be rubbed for the first time. The **boiling starts** the dirt, and the rubbing is much easier than it would otherwise be. After rubbing, the clothes are transferred at once to the first rinsing water, then to the second, and when they are thoroughly rinsed they are put a few at a time into the bluing water, provided they have not been blued for several weeks. If they have, they are wrung out with the wringer and put out to dry. All white clothes should be dried outdoors in the strongest sunlight. Both the freezing cold and the heat of the summer's sun bleach them. Brown soaps usually contain rosin and soda, and are good for washing white clothes, but they should not be used for colored clothes or flannels as soda bleaches the one and the rosin is injurious to the other. Use a good white soap for this purpose. All colored clothes should be dried as quickly as possible in the shade. Starched clothes are dried in the house in laundries, in order to keep them stiff. If they are yellow, they are bleached in the sun, and afterward starched and hung in the house to dry. Colored dresses which are trimmed or combined with white should be rinsed in cold water in which salt has been dissolved in about the proportion of a tablespoonful of water.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Cookies.—One cup molasses, one cup brown sugar, one-half cup lard or butter, one teaspoonful ginger, one dessert spoonful soda. Roll thin, bake quickly.

Salad Dressing.—Mix one teaspoonful flour or cornstarch with one of dry mustard; one pinch salt, one dash pepper and one egg. Mix with one-half cup vinegar, then add one-half cup boiling water and set on stove to boil until rather thick. Keep in a cool place.

Fruit Cake.—Three eggs, one cup brown sugar, two-thirds cup butter creamed, one cup of sour milk, one cup molasses, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonsful cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, one nutmeg, three cups flour, one pound currants, one pound raisins, one-quarter pound citron. Bake in a pan loaf.

Cucumber Chowchow.—Peel ripe or seed cucumbers and measure three quarts; chop three pints of onion and two green peppers. Add one cup of tender nasturtium seeds, two ounces of white mustard seed, one tablespoon of black pepper and a few bits of horseradish, or one round, syrup until it is thick, then pour over the tomatoes, which have been placed in small jars. Seal and set is a dark place, as tomatoes do not keep well in any form if exposed to the light.

Tomato and Onion Pickle.—Peel and slice half a peck of onions and slice a peck of green tomatoes. Pack in layers, sprinkle salt between them, using about a cup in all. Let the mixture stand over night, then drain and put in an agate or porcelain lined kettle with an ounce of whole mustard seed, one ounce each of ground allspice and cloves and four red peppers cut into shreds. Heat some vinegar to the boiling point and pour on enough to cover the pickle. After it comes to the boiling point put into jars with a few pieces of horseradish on top of each. Do not omit the horseradish.

Apple Butter.—Boil unfermented apple juice until one-third has evaporated. Pare, core and slice good apples and put as many into the juice as it will cover. Cook slowly and when the apples are so tender as to break take out with a skimmer, draining well. Put in a second supply of apples or as many as the liquid will cover and cook like the first. Turn all together and let stand over night. Return to the kettle and cook until a smooth mass, stirring often, until the color is brown and there are no lumps. Add spices to the taste and put in small jars.

Stuffed Green Peppers.—Slice large green peppers half way across the stem end and pour boiling hot brine over them and let stand twenty-four hours. Drain and again pour scalding hot brine over, using one-cup of salt to one peck of peppers. At the end of the second twenty-four hours drain, take out the seeds and fill with the following mixture: Chop fine enough red cabbage to make four quarts, stir in three quarters cup of salt and cover with boiling water, let stand over night, drain, add two cups of white sugar, a rounding tablespoon each of whole cloves, allspice and ground cinnamon. Fill the peppers, sew them together, lay in a stone jar and pour cold vinegar over. Keep the pickle under vinegar by a plate laid on and it will be ready to eat in about four weeks. If any stuffing is left put it in a jar, cover with hot vinegar and serve as a chopped pickle.

BEFORE STOCKINGS WEAR.

Pasting a bit of velvet or chamois in the heel of the shoe makes it more comfortable for a long tramp and saves the heel of the stocking from wearing out so quickly. One should always darn the heels of a pair of hose before they are ever worn, especially when one wears fine cashmere, lisle thread or silk stockings. Odds and ends of crochet silk I like best for darning material, both for wear and the appearance of the darned article; the silk finished cottons are my next choice, while darning cotton loses its color and seems unsatisfactory in other ways.

SHIRT WAIST COMFORTS.

A piece of narrow tape long enough to go around the waist and tie will do much toward keeping the shirt waist in place. The tape should be stitched across the back and sides, and well toward the front. The front of the waist should be left unconfined by gathers, and when the tape strings are tied together, the fronts may be made to blouse neatly and evenly without that baggy look under the arms so annoying to many people, especially if they happen to be stout.

When the belt with the pin attachments, which now-a-days all well groomed shirt waist wearers consider indispensable, is buckled around the waist, the blouse may be adjusted and kept just where it is wanted without any fear that it will gradually widen until it reaches the under-arm seam.

A NOVEL HOUSE PLANT.

Very pretty and decorative plants may be obtained by planting the top from a pineapple in a mixture of loam, leaf mold and cow manure, equal parts. It is equally as pretty a plant when well grown as any pandanus. It requires to be kept constantly moist, same as ferns, but not too wet and never allowed to become dry.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

"I have heard a good deal about people who borrow trouble, but I think my wife will want a lot of beating in that line." "Why, I thought she was always cheerful and contented with her lot." "She was until our baby was born, six weeks ago. Now she is worrying because he may marry some girl that we shall not like."

"Didn't you steal the complainant's coat?" asked a magistrate of a seedy individual who was arraigned before him. "I decline to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public by answering that question," responded the seedy individual, with a scornful glance at the reporters.

Bostwick: "Most accommodating fellow, my tailor. Lets my bills run on sometimes for two years." Bagstock: "I can do better than that. Mine writes asking for his money at the earliest convenience."

"Our front fence wants painting badly," said the head of the matrimonial combine. "I'll take a day off next week and paint it myself." "Well," rejoined the other portion of the outfit, "I'm sure no one is capable of painting it worse."

No woman with a new hat enjoys riding in a closed carriage.

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Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
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Dreaded Results of Kidney Disease
Ailments of the Most Painful and Fatal Nature Prevented and Cured by
DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

When you think of the pain and suffering which accompany backache, rheumatism, lumbago, stone in the kidneys and bladder; when you think of the dreadful fatality of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes and apoplexy, you may well wonder why people neglect to keep the kidneys in perfect order, for all these ailments are the direct result of deranged kidneys.

Once the kidneys fail to filter from the blood the impure and poisonous waste matter there is trouble of a painful and dangerous nature. Among the first symptoms are backache, weak, lame back, pains in the legs and sides, deposits in the urine, impaired digestion, loss of flesh, energy and ambition, stiffness and soreness in the joints and feelings of weariness and lassitude.

Prevention is always better than cure, and hence the advisability of using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on the very first indication of such derangement. Whether to prevent or cure, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the most effective treatment you can obtain, for besides their direct and specific action on the kidneys, they keep the bowels regular and the liver active, and hence purify the system and remove the cause of disease.

This medicine has long since proven its right to first place as a cure for the complicated and serious derangements of the filtering and excretory organs. It has the largest sale and is endorsed by more people than any similar treatment. You can depend on it absolutely to bring prompt relief and lasting cure. In view of these facts it is a waste of time and money and a risk to life itself to trifle with new and untried remedies when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are at hand. One pill a dose, 25c. 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.

WHERE SALMON IS KING

VANCOUVER AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR.

Scenes at the Salmon Fishing at the Mouth of the Fraser River.

Vancouver vaunts itself on slaughter—slaughter of salmon and of trees. Just as Chicago's one show place used to be the abattoirs, so Vancouver takes the visitor first to the canneries and the lumber mills. Just now the salmon is king, says a Vancouver letter. His season is short, and this year his "run" is below the average, so when he reigns all else is forgotten in the public mind.

In good salmon times other industries languish, for workmen forsake their usual occupations for the large if fleeting, returns of salmon fisbing. Japanese leave the lumber mills and Siwash Indians come from everywhere to take part in harvesting the huge live crop.

The scene of the operations is the mouth of the Fraser River, a short distance from Vancouver. Hither the fish come to spawn, and sometimes they come in solid masses. They are taken in nets by men in small boats. Two men form a crew, one man rowing while the other pays out the seine. Small steamers collect the fish and take them to the canneries at Steveston, or "Salmonopolis," as it has been dubbed.

The big companies own all the boats and their equipment. They lend these to the fishermen, and agree to buy the catch at so much a head. Just now five cents seems to be the ruling price, but generally it is larger. Sometimes it goes to 25 cents. Like some other things, salmon fishing is "mighty onsartin business," and the laborers in the vineyard are likely to have either

A FEAST OR A FAMINE.

Up to now the season has been poor, and the rewards of the fishermen have been meagre. But when this is the case they swap stories about big catches in the past.

"Do you remember when we made $200 in one night?" one will say to his partner. "Well, those good old times are gone. We were getting 25 cents apiece then."

Fishing is suspended from 6 p.m. Saturday for twenty-four hours. It is one of the sights to witness the beginning of work again at 6 p.m. on Sunday. Boats by the hundred come pouring out and scatter themselves on the face of the waters. Everything is got in readiness, and as the whistles mark the hour all the nets drop overboard simultaneously.

There is no fear of the extinction of the salmon, or even of a decrease in the business because the hatcheries are restocking the waters at the rate of millions of fry annually. With the lumber business, however, this is not so. When huge trees that have taken hundreds of years to grow are felled, there is nothing to take their place. British Columbia, like the northwestern part of the United States, prides itself on the fact that its hillsides bear inexhaustible supplies of timber. The figures which are poked at one are simply overwhelming.

"Why," said one lumberman, "we can supply the world with wood, and we are doing it, too. Just look at our harbor. You will find ships there loading with boards and shingles for England, Australia, China, Japan, India and South America. Why, our trees grow from 150 to 170 feet in height and 5 to 7 feet in diameter. Those are average ones, mind you. Take a regular British Columbia toothpick, and you could build two houses 30 by 30 feet and 15 feet high out of one of them. We have got as high as 500,000 feet of lumber from one acre, while out in Ontario, if you cut 20,000 feet, you think you are doing well."

There is now on its way to Vancouver the trunk of a giant fir, 120 feet long and

40 FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE.

"We are just going to use it for exhibition," explained a man who was connected with the company owning it. "Really," he went on sorrowfully, "there isn't any money in such tarnation big sticks. It costs too much to handle them."

The building lots of Vancouver are still sprinkled with the stumps of the forest monarchs which not long ago covered its site. So rapacious were the demands of commerce, that hand-maiden of civilization, that only one of these remains, outside of Stanley Park. Even this one is near the entrance to the park. The cedars and firs in the pleasure ground emphasize the city's loss in the utter destruction of its big trees. A circumference of forty feet is not uncommon. One monster is 56 feet around and another 66 feet, and that six feet above its base. And your lumberman is fond of figuring just how many bundles of shingles one of these cedars would furnish!

Doubtless, however, Stanley Park trees are safe, for the city takes a deserved pride in this beautiful island. A causeway connects it with the mainland. The drive around it, seven miles in length, shows many beautiful views. Of course, most of the park is yet untouched by the landscape gardener, and the thickets are dense as a Cuban jungle. In the cultivated spots one sees flowers that bloom with the luxuriance of California, for the climate, in spite of the eight hundred miles that separate Vancouver from San Francisco, is similar to that at the Golden Gate.

On every hand one hears of large investments by United States capitalists on British Columbia timber lands. One aggregation of St. Paul interests, representing $57,000,000, which operates in many parts of the States, has bought largely in this region. One individual has bought a billion feet of standing lumber, and there are smaller purchases without number. Representatives of American firms are traversing all the wooded country hereabouts, and further investments on a huge scale are assured.