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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

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A CLOSE IMITATION.

I wish George would shave off that fuzzy little mustache.

Why?

He kissed me last night and I thought it was a caterpillar!

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JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR
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Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordions, Violins, Bows and Fixings.
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Mower Sections, 70c. doz. Heads, 40c. each. Knife Heads, $3.00.
" " Guards, 35c. each, Rivets, Oilers.
My Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
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WE PRINT—
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At the Old Stand Cunard Street,
Shorts
Bran
Cornmeal
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Hay and Oats
E. A. STRANG

Too Much in Love

No one was ever so charming as Lucinda, except Lucasta. Lucasta had no possible rival but Lucinda. I could have been happy with either, if I hadn't fallen in love with both.

Lucinda was blonde. I prefer blonde—when I see Lucinda. Lucasta was brunette. I adore brunette—when I am with Lucasta. When I am away from either I have no preference in the matter.

Lucinda was sedate and Lucasta was lively. I am a fair average between the two.

Lucinda sang a trifle flat and thumped the piano—after all it is an instrument which deserves punishment—but her painting was superb. Lucasta had no eye for color and her water-colors were always drawn awry, but she played and sang like an angel. It was a little unfortunate that Lucinda preferred to sing and Lucasta to paint.

Lucinda could cook, but was no needlewoman. Lucasta abhorred the kitchen, but for sewing on buttons she had no equal. When my landlady's steaks were tough I preferred an evening at Lucinda's. When my gloves were out of repair I found more pleasure in the society of Lucasta. There were evenings when I went to see both.

Lucinda biked and Lucasta golfed; Lucinda drove and Lucasta rode; Lucinda played tennis and Lucasta croquet; Lucinda skated and Lucasta fished. I bike, golf, drive, ride, play tennis or croquet, skate and fish—I really do not mind which. If this were an enlighted Mormon country my duty would have been clear. As it isn't, I could only toss up. To be exact, I tossed up many times. Whenever it came down "head"—"head" was Lucinda—I wished it had been "tail." Whenever it came down "tail" I found that I had hoped for "head." So I continued to admire both, and left the solution to Providence. Unfortunately Providence was a little too hasty when it took the matter in hand.

It was a fine Tuesday evening in June when Providence intervened. I was seeing Lucinda home from tennis and we said good-bye at her gate. I couldn't go in because I was due at Lucasta's to arrange about Thursday's croquet. I didn't mention this in point of fact I said I was attending a base-ball meeting. A fellow has to be careful about such things. Girls are so touchy.

"At any rate," she said, "you must wait while I go in and get my little book."

"Book?" I inquired.

"Confession book, you know; for you to write in."

"Uumph!" said I. "Oh—er—certainly." I didn't want to write in a confession book. No one does. But what could I do?

So she fetched the book and I put it carefully in my pocket.

"If I fill it up very nicely," I said, "may I hope for a reward?"

"I don't know what you mean." She did of course.

"Just one?"

"Well—perhaps—I'll think of it."

"I shan't unless you promise."

"Oh, bother! Well if I must—"

"You promise?"

"Yes, yes! You are a tease."

"Payment in advance?"

"I couldn't think of being so—unbusinesslike!"

I tried to take an instalment, but she ran away and laughed at me from the doorway. So I had to go.

"I think," I murmured to myself, "I prefer Lucinda."

Lucasta was particularly bewitching that evening. I do not think I ever heard her sing better, and twice she let me squeeze her hand under the table. When I was going she also produced a book—the duplicate of Lucinda's! They must have bought them at the same shop. There is in fact, only one decent stationer's in the place.

"You are to take it home, and write your confession in it," she announced, nodding her head emphatically.

"Oh—er—delighted!" I said, feebly. I wasn't!

"If you do it really well, I shall be almost pleased with you," she said, archly.

"If I do, will you promise——"

"No!" she said, promptly.

"You didn't wait to hear what I was going to say."

"As if I didn't know!"

"If I write something particularly good?"

"Well, I'll think it over."

"I won't confess a thing unless you promise."

She laughed.

"Well, if you insist—I must, I suppose."

"Just one now."

"The idea!"

She let me squeeze her hand for the third time—a nice, long squeeze—but that was not what I meant. I stowed the book in my other pocket and retired to my lodgings. Upon the whole I fancied that I preferred Lucasta.

When I had put on my slippers, and started a cigar, I thought that I might as well execute my commissions forthwith. I took a clean pen, some fresh ink, and a new piece of blotting paper, and laid the books side by side.

It would be an economy of labor, I decided, to answer the corresponding questions at the same time. I am always practical.

Here are the questions and the pairs of answers. You will not, I fancy, have any difficulty in guessing which were addressed to which.

What is your favorite name?
Lucinda.
Lucasta.

What art attracts you most?
Painting—as you paint.
Music—when you sing.

What quality do you most admire in a woman?
The gentle balm of restful calm.
To laugh and smile and care beguile.

What is your idea of beauty?
A maiden slight and fair—
Blue eyes and golden hair.
The dark-haired queen of night
With brown eyes beaming bright.

The alliteration was rather good, I thought.

What accomplishment do you most admire in a woman?
The art where none but you can vie—
To roast a joint and make the pie.
The art a none like you are knowing—
The ge e female art of sewing.

What are your favorite recreations?
Bicycling, driving, tennis and skating.
Golf, riding, croquet and fishing.

If not yourself, who would you be?
Who to Lucinda dear might be
Behold, my choice! I would be he!
Who to Lucasta were most dear—
In his blest shape I would appear.

What is your dearest wish?
May nothing ever come to hinder
Our friendship's course, most sweet Lucinda!
May friendship never cease to cast her
Entrancing spell on us, Lucasta!

There was a good deal more that I can't remember. I flatter myself that I have put down enough to show that I dealt with the subject—I mean subjects—in an elegant and ingenuous manner. When I had finished I was a little sleepy. I wrapped the books up in brown paper, however, ready for posting in the morning, and then I went smilingly to bed. I was glad all next day to think that I had been able to give so much pleasure to both the dear girls, and I started off half an hour earlier than usual in the evening to receive their thanks. As Lucinda's house was nearest, I went there first.

Lucinda was reclining on the garden bench. She received me with even more than her usual sedateness. Possibly, it occurred to me, she felt a little shy about her promised reward. Her coyness made me like her all the better.

"I have come——" I began, in my best manner.

"For the last time," she said firmly. My hair stood on end. I could feel it lifting my cap.

"Really," I protested, "Lucinda——"

"Miss Smith, if you please." I twirled my stick uncomfortably.

"Er—didn't you get the book?" I asked.

"I did." She seemed to put unnecessary emphasis into the simple statement.

"It was sincere," I assured her. "Every word I said."

"It bore the evident impression of sincerity," she replied with conviction.

"Then," I protested, "really I don't understand why—er—"

"I have no intention of enlightening you," she informed me. "Good-evening." Before I could collect myself she was tripping up the back steps. I whistled softly for a few seconds. Then I went down the path and out the gate. They have rather a nasty dog, and I thought I heard him barking.

"What a lucky escape!" I reflected. "To think that I should ever have compared her with Lucasta. Dear little Lucasta! She will receive me very differently!"

She did. She was in an armchair reading an novel, when I arrived. As soon as I entered she jumped up and stamped her foot. If she were a man, she said, she would "box my ears!" I dropped my hat and stick in astonishment. She looked so angry that I nearly dropped them again when I had picked them up.

"Upon my word," I said, "Lucasta—"

"Miss Brown is my name."

"Miss" is no part of anybody's name, you know, but I didn't contradict her.

"Iff you were annoyed at what I wrote——"

"Annoyed!" She tossed her head. "It is a matter of absolute indifference to me what you write or think." I could almost fancy that I saw sparks coming out of her eyes—sparks of indifference presumably.

"The words of mine," I said solemnly, "which are in your book——"

"Excuse me," she corrected, politely. "They are in the kitchen ash-pan, except a small portion of a leaf. That went up the chimney, I think."

"Really," I protested, more in sorrow than in anger, "if I knew how to please you——"

"Would you do it?"

"Most certainly!"

"Then," said she, "Go!" She pointed to the door.

I went.

It has occurred to me since that I may have written the confessions in the wrong books!"

STANDING THE TESTS.

Typewritten Matter Proved to Be More Durable Than Any Other.

Now the typewriter has almost superseded the pen in commercial life the question of the permanency of the writing done by the machine is one of considerable importance. Recent tests show that the impressions made by a typewriter are more lasting than the ordinary pen-and-ink writing.

The writing of a typewriter has been submitted for seven days to the action of the following reagents: Petroleum ether, alcohol, water, strong chlorine water, a mixture of ether and alcohol, 3 per cent oxalic acid, 10 per cent citric acid, 10 per cent hydrochloric acid, 10 per cent tartaric acid and 4 per cent sodium hydrate.

As to the result of this severe test, there was no visible action, except that in the case of the chlorine water and sodium hydrate, the writing was turned brown in consequences of the destruction of the methylene blue and a part of the Prussian blue. In spite of partial bleaching the writing was still very distinct and readily legible.

Another test was of the relative permanency of good fluid ink and of the ink used upon the typewriter upon plain white paper with the pen and the machine. Thirty-one hours after the one had been made on the typewriter, the sheet was immersed for five minutes in a strong solution of hydrogen dioxide.

Five times the volume of distilled water was added, and the sheet was completely covered with the solution, and allowed to remain in the sunlight 84 hours. On being removed, washed, and dried it was found that, while the inscription with the ordinary ink was scarcely discernible, that made by the typewriter was clear and distinct

TIMES HAD CHANGED.

Stories of midshipmen in the English navy are almost as numerous as the sands of the sea, yet new ones are continually being told, and many of them are quite as good as the old ones. Cornhill recently printed one of an amusing nature.

It was in the harbor of Malta one day that a midshipman, of about four feet eight inches, addressed himself to the six-feet-two captain of his first sea-going ship. The captain looked down upon the boy, smiling, and good-naturedly said:

"Well, youngster, so you have come to join, eh?

Yes, if you please, meekly responded the youthful officer.

Is it the same old story, sent the fool of the family to sea?

No, sir, quickly responded the lad. Oh no; things have changed since your time.

Go away, roared the captain, and the middy flew below as fast as his little legs could carry him.

A SUGGESTION.

Head of Firm. What do you mean, sir, by going to sleep at your desk in broad daylight.

Clerk. I beg a thousand pardons, sir; but my baby kept me awake all last night, and I'm dead tired.

Head of Firm. Oh well, you might bring the child to business to-morrow, so that you may keep awake during the day as well.

HOUSEHOLD.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Sweet Pickled Peaches.—Pare firm, white peaches, weigh, and to each pound of fruit, allow half a pound of sugar. To each six pounds of fruit allow a pint of vinegar. To this add a tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, mace and cloves, dividing into three portions and tying each in a bit of thin muslin. Lay the fruit and sugar in a preserving kettle in alternate layers, put in the vinegar and spices, and let come slowly to the boiling point. When the fruit is sufficiently tender skim it out into a platter, boil the syrup until it is thick, return the fruit, and let it heat again, then put into cans and seal. Pears may be pickled by this rule.

Sweet Pickled Peaches, Whole.—To eight pounds of fruit allow four pounds of sugar, a quart of vinegar and two ounces each of stick cinnamon, and whole cloves. Rub the fruit with a soft cloth to remove the fuzz and stick a clove in each. Or pare the fruit if you prefer. Heat the vinegar with the spices, put in what fruit you can cook conveniently, let boil until it can be pierced easily with a fork, skim out into a jar, and put in more until all have been cooked. Boil the syrup down till it is thick, and there is about half as much as at first, and pour over the fruit.

Ripe Cucumber Sweet Pickles.—Pare twelve large, ripe cucumbers, and take out the seeds and soft pulp. Cut in strips two inches wide and three or four inches long. Then take two pounds of sugar, a pint of vinegar, an ounce of cinnamon and half an ounce of cloves. Let boil up, skim, then put in the cucumbers. Cook till tender, then boil the syrup till it is thick, pour it over the cucumbers and seal up. These make a very acceptable sweet pickle, if one has not much fruit to put up.

WATERING FLOWERS.

One great cause of failure to secure blooms is injudicious watering—deluging at one time and withholding at another and paying no attention to the needs of different varieties. The appetites and needs of plants are as various as those of people and their temperaments differ, too; there are the sanguine, the sensitive, the phlegmatic—each requiring being dealt with accordingly. While one plant will thrive, notwithstanding the utmost neglect and subsist on almost nothing, another must have nourishing food and warm drink. It is a good plan to adapt the water to the temperature of the room, never using cold water and always being sure that the drainage is good. Once a plant will droop and look sickly without any apparent cause, when, if the matter is looked into, it will be found that water stands in the bottom of the jar. A bent wire is always useful in this case, for by penetrating the holes at the base of the pot and stirring the earth, passages will be made for the escape of the water and gas. Then water freely, being sure that the water runs through quickly; drain all off, loosen the soil at the top of the jar and withhold moisture until the plant is again healthy. The calla, as is well known, requires plenty of water and that which is quite warm; fuschias are thirsty plants, especially when in flower and moisture is necessary to the Chinese primrose. The majority of plants, requires a weekly bath; in fact, nothing invigorates them as a shower bath of tepid water. Those which cannot be removed readily for the showering, may have their leaves sponged. The ivies should be sponged frequently, while primroses and ornamental leaf begonias should not have their foliage wet, but is well watered at the roots.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Southerners dry tomatoes instead of canning them. They take fine ripe ones, scald them to remove the skins, cook them with no water and with only a little salt until quite thick; spread on plates and dry. Pack in paper bags and keep in a dry place.

The suggestion is oft repeated in our domestic exchanges, that in making fruit pies the sugar be put upon the lower crust and the fruit on top to prevent "spitting out." This almost always results in making a lower crust that is "paved" with partly dissolved sugar and which is totally indigestible. Make your pies rather, by mixing sugar with about one-third flour, and sprinkling it on top of the fruit. With good-sized apertures for the escape of steam—and a not too hot oven—there will be no trouble. Fruit pies should be baked slowly in a moderate oven.

Why not keep some clusters of grapes for the Thanksgiving dinner? Choose Catawbas, Isabellas or Vergennes. Take those that are perfectly ripe and sound. With a scissors carefully cut out every crushed or imperfect grape. Lay on trays, cover with paper, and keep where they will be both cold and dry. By taking the late grapes, and managing this way, the grape season can be prolonged. An eye should be kept on them, and if any begin to decay use them at once. Alternate warmth and cold will soon make them decay; so will moisture.

BUYING STRENGTH SAVERS.

It is usually poor business to do any work that a machine can do as well. The business man makes use of every improvement if he hopes to keep pace with the world. The wages, waste and annoyance of such girls as usually go out to service cost far more than the modern conveniences which make housekeeping a pleasure. If competent, trusty girls were plentiful, then indeed would the life of the wife be bright. If she keeps up with the world, if she makes her children proud of her, then she must economize her strength. When farmers and farmers' wives refuse to "trade" butter and eggs at the country grocery; when they sell for cash and buy what they need when they want it, and where they want to, then will we hear less of the cry "I cannot afford to have linoleum on my floor, or an oil stove, or a refrigerator."

HOW TO DRY WET SHOES.

When without overshoes, you have been caught in a heavy rain storm, perhaps you have known already what to do with your best kid boots, which have been thoroughly wet through, and which if left to dry in the ordinary way, will be stiff, brittle, and unsightly. If not, you will be glad to learn what I heard only recently, from one whose experience is of value.

First, wipe off gently with a soft cloth all surface water and mud; then, while still wet, rub well with kerosene oil, using for the purpose the furred side of Canton flannel. Set them aside till partially dry, when a second treatment of oil is advisable. They may then be deposited in a conveniently warm place, where they will dry gradually and thoroughly. Before applying French kid dressing give them a final rubbing with the flannel, still slightly dampened with kerosene, and your boots will be soft and flexible as new kid, and be very little affected by their bath in the rain.

A QUEEN'S HOUSEKEEPING.

Close to the aviary and the dairy in the grounds of Frogmore is the queen's teahouse, a simple little bungalow surmounted by a veranda and surrounded by a red tile roof, writes E. M. Jessop in the Pall Mall Magazine. It is connected by an open passage with a smaller building which contains the kitchen. The furniture of the teahouse is all of plain oak, and the walls are covered by an old-fashioned French chintz paper representing flowers climbing on trellis work. In fine weather the breakfast table is set out beneath the great oak trees which overshadow the teahouse, and here her majesty takes her breakfast, attended by Indian attendants and accompanied by her grandchildren and the three favorite dogs, who are, according to the kennel books, "in the house." During the meal music is furnished by the two pipers, who march to and fro beneath the trees.

The breakfast equipage is of silver and contains some favorite pieces, notably the salt-cellar presented by Lady Alice Stanley, and the "chicken-egg cup" one saw in Burton Barber's picture of "Marco," the queen's pet dog, hung in the Royal Academy in 1893. The queen's breakfast is, in common with all her living, of the very simplest. At her desire everything good that is in season is served at her table, but for herself eggs, dry toast or fancy bread are all that she ever takes.

I am sure very many of my readers will be glad to hear that notwithstanding the enormous amount of business with which she has to deal, the queen is, to a large extent, her own housekeeper. The first thing every morning a paper of suggestions from the clerk of the kitchen is placed before her, from which, in her own hand, she orders the menus of the day, both for herself and such of her grandchildren as may be with her. These menus are at once sent to the kitchen, gardens and other departments concerned to obtain the viands required; and their contents duly entered, together with the quantities of material used, in the books which are kept in the royal kitchen. The queen's chef receives a salary of $2,500 per annum, and has as satellites four master cooks, two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, six apprentices and six kitchen maids, besides pantrymen and other lesser lights. In addition to the great kitchen at Windsor, there are the green room for vegetables and the confectionery and pastry kitchen. This last is a most important department, controlled by a confectioner with six assistants and fitted in the most complete manner. All her majesty's favorite cakes, biscuits, pastry, etc., are made here and sent by special messenger several times a week to whichever of her residences the court may be staying at. All stores at Windsor are under proper supervision, no materials being served out without proper requisition signed by the head of the department concerned. Not a bag of dog biscuits can ever be ordered for the kennels unless on the printed form. In fact, the whole vast establishment is practically as methodically conducted as any great London business. This method, which was evolved by her majesty and the late Prince Consort, out of the chaos which descended from the days of George IV., entirely does away with the waste, extravagance and the abominable perquisite system, and, moreover, enables her majesty to exercise that wise control over her finances which enables her to keep the grandest establishment on relatively the smallest royal income in Europe.

She is generally a pious woman, and alludes to all the disagreeable things of life as "dispensations" of an all-wise and mysterious Providence." She takes comfort in the idea that everything that happens to her is sent as a "judgment." She poses as a martyr, and her family would be much more comfortable if some charitably disposed person would burn her at the stake.

She is a blight on her household, and a mildew on the lives on her family, if she has one. If you have such an acquaintance shun her. Let her mould and rust out if she likes, for she is a black blotch on this life which God has given us that we might be cheerful and hopeful and courageous overcoming evil with good, and carrying ever with us that sunshiny spirit which lifts up the fallen and leads men on to that better and purer life which by and by shall be merged in the life which is immortal.—Kate Thorn.

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

A son of Erin appeared at the money-order window of a post-office, and said that he wanted to sind some money to ould Oireland.

Fill out this blank, said the clerk, handing the applicant one of the blanks used on such occasions.

An' phwat is that? asked Jerry.

It's a blank that every applicant for a money-order must fill out—a kind of letter of advice regarding the money-order.

An' phwat has a letter of advice got to do wid me sindin' tin dollars to me ould mother?

A letter of advice to the postmaster where the money is to be paid must always go with a money-order.

Jerry went away from the window grumbling and mystified.

After half an hour of painful effort at a high desk provided for the public at one end of the room, Jerry returned to the window and handed in this letter of advice, to the postmaster at Ballycarney:

"Dear Moik: Oi'm tould Oi must give yez a bit av advice before you'll be able to pay me ould mother the two pounds Oi'm sindin' along with this. So, Moike, Oi would advise yez to come to Amerika an' get a job at kaping post-office, for it's illigant post-offices they has here, an' Oi've no doubt the pay is tin toimes what it is wid you. So now be sure an' pay me ould mother the two pounds, for Oi've done as the law says, and sint yez a letther of advice.

CONTAGION BY RATS.

In view of the existence of the bubonic plague in Portugal, the French Public Health Committee reports that great danger of contagion exists from rats and mice getting on board vessels.

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