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.

Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 26. No. 39. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 8, 1901. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00.

BUSINESS NOTICE

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, N. B. every THURSDAY morning, in time for despatch by the earliest mail of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS a Year. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

Advertisements either time yearly or by the year, at the rates of Ten Cents per line nonpareil for first insertion and three cents per line for each continuation.

Transient advertisements, are taken at the rate of $1.00 an inch per year. The number of times is entered by the year, or order may be charged under arrangement with the publisher.

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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4th—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.
The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glasses, so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge.
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WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE For Sale
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THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.
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Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordions Violins, Bows and Fixings.
Farming Tools, All Kinds.
Mower Sections, Heads, Knife Heads, Mower Section Guards, Rivets, Oilers.
Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prove his by calling.
The GOGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

NERVE TELEGRAPHY.

Symptoms of the Breaking Down of the Nervous System.

"The dangers of nervous breakdown," said a London physician, "lie in the fact that people go on disregarding the warnings which they have flashed to them from the tired-out nervous system. These warnings are excessive nervousness and irritability, these being the first symptoms, and often continuing for years, before any breakdown occurs. Then there is a general condition of illness, loss of appetite and insomnia, depression, a tendency to worry over trifles, and to these more serious symptoms add themselves as the disease progresses.

"The heart frequently is affected; the head is heavy, hot and aching; then the speech becomes jerky, confused, and uncertain, and the movements of the body are spasmodic and not controlled by the brain. Eccentricity of speech and action is noted, and violence is the next stage of the complaint.

"Open-air exercise is a great preventive of nervous sickness.

"Above all, exercise—not with bells or pulleys, but in the open air, with deep breathing and plenty of walking and running, if possible. Well-ventilated bedrooms are a necessity. Business men complain that they have no leisure for exercise in the open air, but I now have a number of patients who walk to and from their offices each day."

Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown, we quoted sagely. Yes, indeed, said the fair maid. I suppose Royal etiquette is above looking in the mirror to see if it is on straight.

CURES FOR HEADACHES.

Some of the Simple and Harmless But Effective Remedies.

Too much blood in the brain is a frequent cause of headache. Pains are felt all over the head, the face becomes flushed, the temples throb and strong light or noise causes excruciating pain. In cases of this kind the sufferer should be careful in diet and should not eat meat oftener than once a day.

Too little blood in the brain is another cause of headache. It is recognized by dizziness, noises in the ears and pains on top of the head. The best stimulant is a cup of strong tea or coffee or a bowl of soup. People who suffer with these headaches should sleep with their heads low.

A neuralgic headache is often the result of cold caught in a bad tooth, which affects the nerves of the face and is accompanied by pains across the forehead or on the back of the head. A mustard leaf placed on the nape of the neck will relieve it. Another remedy which is sometimes effective is a piece of brown paper soaked in vinegar and applied to the painful spot.

COULDN'T STAND IT.

Coachman: "I am going to leave, sir. I can't stand the missus."

Employer: "Too strict, is she?"

Coachman: "Yes, sir. She keeps forgetting that I can leave any time, and bullies me just as if I was you."

Each inhabitant of London spends on an average $5.25 a year for gas, as against an average of $1.50 in other British towns.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

It was only when Elsie Blount had been a day and a night at sea that she realized she had made a hideous mistake. It was not far from midnight when she sprang to this momentous conclusion, and had it not been that the door of her cabin on the hired transport, Semiramis, was ajar she might have landed in Bombay without becoming aware that her errand might have been likened to that of a fool.

The cabin was in darkness, and beside the thud of the screw there was no disturbing element of sound save the soft breathing of Mrs. Dormer's four children in their berths below her, and the swish of the sea—quiet as the proverbial mill-pond—past her port.

"Jolly for you," said a man's gruff tones, with a ring in them of a desire for a shipboard flirtation, "and doubly jolly for the fellow you're going to marry. What did you say his name was? A soldier, of course. They always carry off the pick of the bunch."

There was a shrill, affected little laugh that Elsie recognized as belonging to the smartest woman on board, a Miss Lankester, whose dresses and complexion were always the talk of the ship, and whose father, the portly Colonel of the Pay Department, was discreetly blind to everything but dinner and whist.

"Oh, no, not a soldier at all, just a man with a large business of some sort or another in Madras, and a huge income. I thought money made a better foundation for happiness than a red or a blue coat, and Gerard Broadwood has the dollars without the gold lace. We met up at Simla, last hot weather, for his friends are the right sort and all that, and we fixed it up, and came home to get the trousseau, papa and I."

"Gerard Broadwood? H'm! No more shipboard flirtation for you, mademoiselle," and the conversation died away with a low murmur till Miss Lankester raised her voice again:

"Oh, just a stupid little entanglement. He got mixed up with some girl and declared that in a moment of mental aberration she got a promise of marriage out of him. But what matter. He can write and send her the announcement of our marriage, and even a little governess cannot expect a man to commit bigamy for the sake of her lovely eyes. Good-night, Mr. Harding; you must really go back to the smoking-room, or the people will be wondering where you are."

Then a faint scuffle and a protest, and the passage was silent again.

Elsie lifted herself on her elbow and stared out into the dark of her cabin with desperate eyes. She herself was going out to marry Gerard Broadwood. Three years ago she had met him, he had fallen in love with her, and she had promised to go out to marry him as soon as the death of her old, bedridden aunt should have set her free.

For three years she had drudged at her daily governess work, buoyed up by the thought of the luxurious home waiting for her in the future. Her aunt had died, leaving her just enough money to pay her passage out to India, and, writing to Broadwood by one mail, she had followed her letter by the next steamer.

She remembered now, when it was too late, that he had not written to her for months, save scrappy postcards, each one stating how busy he was. He had written only once from Simla that fatal last hot season, and when she had upbraided him he had replied that he had been ill with malaria, and—she had believed him.

What was she to do? She would land in India penniless and friendless with no means of paying her return passage to England, no means of supporting herself in a country to which she looked forward with dread, even regarded in the light of a future home. To throw herself on the mercy of Gerard Broadwood was not to be thought of; to represent herself in her true position to Miss Lankester was absolutely impossible, for pride sealed her tongue.

They would land in Bombay; Mrs. Dormer would take her to Madras where her husband was stationed. Such was the present arrangement, and after that—the deluge; for that good lady had made it clear that nothing would induce her to retain Miss Blount's services at any price.

The stuffy cabin seemed more unbearable than ever, and Elsie slipped to her feet with the feeling strong upon her that she could rest no longer within its four walls. She dressed herself hurriedly and slipped out into the passage way, for silence had fallen upon the whole ship, and she was in no mood to consider regulations or rules in that moment of wild despair. Every one was asleep save the sentry on his weary walk and the N. C. O. in charge of the troop deck who had just been his rounds.

The night was very still as the girl stole up the passage between the closed doors and out into the starlight. Her heart was beating as though it would burst, and Sergeant Lewis, as he turned and saw her from his coign of vantage behind the main hatch, held his breath for a moment at the thought that she was a spirit.

Her head was thrown back, crowned with its aureole of pale golden hair, and her face, white and serious, lighted by the young moon that caught the blue of her eyes and turned them into brilliant forget-me-nots seemed to him that of an angel. Her gown was no whiter than the hands that held the shawl about her figure, and Sergeant Lewis drew a sharp breath of admiration and wonder.

Elsie came on to his side of the ship, where she paused, with a quick look round her of something of fear and in that brief instant there flashed into the sergeant's mind the realization of what she was about to do. It seemed to Elsie, as she hung irresolutely over the side, that the sea beckoned to her, calling with a soft, resistless voice, to rest in the blue bosom of its almighty quiet, where the dead lie undisturbed till the judgment day.

"Come away, miss, you're a deal too near the water," said the sergeant's voice in her ear as he laid a kindly hand on her shoulder. "If there is anything that I can do to help you, you must say the word, but for goodness' sake come away from there."

And Elsie, looking round into his gaunt, weather-beaten face, flung her hands over her face and broke into wild sobbing.

* * * * * *

It was a few days later when Sergeant Lewis was climbing the ladder separating the troop deck from the upper portion of it, sacred to the N. C. O.'s and their wives, when he came face to face with Miss Blount, who was returning from visiting a sick child. He begged her to come aside a moment out of the reach of prying eyes.

"I've been thinking over this matter what you told me of that night, miss," he said respectfully, glancing away from her white face and tear-sodden eyes. "You honored me with your confidence, and, without meaning no disrespect to you, I'll give you the conclusions I've arrived at since thinking the matter over. Begging your pardon, miss, but we all know Mrs. Dormer on this ship, for she is well known on the station as being a terror to all about her, so we must put her aside from this question of assistance. Now, Miss, I'm a steady man, with eighteen years' service, and to be sergeant-major in a few months' time. I've saved a tidy sum, and am not one to drink or smoke."

He paused, and Elsie looked up at him with hopeless eyes lit with sudden wonder.

"Now, miss, begging your pardon, this is what I have to say to you. If you will marry me when we land at Bombay I will keep you like a lady and never come a-nigh you save when it is your pleasure. You shall have your own house and a servant to wait on you and be kept in comfort all your life. I'll never ask you for more than you can give, and maybe you'll be surprised, but I loved you since first I clapped eyes on you coming on board at Tilbury, so patient and sweet, with that scolding woman at your elbow. If I'd had my Lee-Metford ready to my shoulder it ha' been a mercy to her husband's regiment to ha' rolled her over."

He paused, and Elsie began to speak hurriedly.

"Thank you, Sergeant Lewis, thank you very much. I—I—oh, there is nothing else for me to do, your offer helps me out of everything. I have no friends at home, no one anywhere who cares. I will marry you."

It was a desperate thing to do, but her last chance of help, as it seemed to her then. Here was a good, honorable man offering her marriage and a home on one hand, while on the other, gaunt poverty stalked, with shame and misery in attendance.

"I thank you, miss," said the sergeant solemnly, "and I promise you shall never repent of it to your life's end."

He made no attempt to touch her, with innate chivalry for which Elsie was thankful, and when she returned to her cabin and the dreary, nagging voice of Mrs. Dormer, who seemed to regard her as something between a maid-of-all-work and a black slave, she took heart at the thought that there was help for her in the future, however humble that help might be.

* * * * * *

It was their last night at sea, and the screw of the Semiramis was throbbing through the water, doing her twelve knots in fine style, to pick up some of the time wasted in a storm in the Mediterranean. It was a brilliant night of stars and tropical heat, and everyone was on deck in their lounge chairs watching for the lights of land and the vast continent that was to be their home for many a weary month.

Sergeant Lewis had come forward with a message for the officer in command and he was puzzled to find him among the rows of deck chairs, arranged in couples, most of them very close together. He wandered awkwardly along in the dim light, for most of the electric jets had been switched off, save one over the door of the music saloon and one by the smoking-room, but when he caught the sound of Elsie's voice he stopped unconsciously.

Afterwards, he was aware dully that he had done a thing not strictly honorable by remaining in the shadow of the awning behind Elsie and Dr. Meadows, but since it had saved him from making a vast mistake, he did not blame himself, and a few words put him in possession of the truth, which was that the young army doctor loved Miss Blount, and that, alas, she had given him her heart during the few days of the voyage that they had spent together.

He learnt also between her broken sobs that she had too great a sense of honor ever to give him up. Loving the gentleman, she would marry the rough man who had asked her out of profound pity and generosity when she was friendless, and remain faithful to him all her life.

Sergeant Lewis delivered his message to Colonel Dwyer and went aft again.

"Good-night, Lewis," said the cheery Colonel; "you're not looking yourself at all tonight. I advise you to take a spell of rest, or you will be bothered with your old malaria again."

"Good-night, sir. Yes, I'm thinking rest will be the best thing for me," he answered, and stumbled towards the ladder with the step of an old man.

* * * * * *

When Elsie Blount went to her cabin late that night, with the full intention of crying herself to sleep over her hopeless love for Archie Meadows, which had come, like most things in her life, too late, she found in her berth a small parcel, directed to herself in a clerky, stiff handwriting. She opened it mechanically. It contained a large silver watch, a signet ring, a silver charm, and fifty pounds in bank notes.

Bewildered, she picked up a folded sheet of paper in which the watch had been wrapped. It had neither beginning nor end, but she knew instinctively from whom it came, and realized the tragedy that underlay the simple words before she comprehended the full nature of the sacrifice which a simple, honest heart had laid at her feet.

"I hope you will take these things and be happy with the officer you was talking to to-night. It would never have done for you and me to get married, and I knew it as soon as I had spoke to you the other night. The money will buy you your bits of things for the wedding, and my respects to you and Surgeon Captain Meadows, and I ask you not to take on at what I am doing, and to think no more of me, for I am only doing what seems to be my duty. And so, no more from your humble servant."

* * * * * *

The disappearance of Sergeant Lewis was a nine days' wonder on the ship and in the regiment, and as Elsie Blount kept her lips sealed, no one ever learnt the story of his connection with her. He must have slipped overboard in the darkness, seeing the only escape he deemed possible from a situation that had become impossible.

His dream of happy, wedded life had been a brief one, and if in the plunge into the Unknown he had time to remember what might have been, Elsie hoped that the white wings of the Death Angel had borne him swiftly to a world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

His regiment regretted him, until they forgot him in the absorbing interest of their new life in the gorgeous East. And Elsie was too happy with her husband, and too busy in convincing Gerard Broadwood that she never cared for him, to remember for more than a few months the man who had laid down his life for her. For such is the way of the world.—Pearson's Weekly.

YES, A VERY CLOSE SHAVE.

Teddy's Aunt Jane, from whom he had great expectations, came to visit him the other day. Now, Aunt Jane holds very decisive views on the temperance question, and when Teddy took the old lady for a walk, accompanied by his dog, and the dog walked up to the door of the Dun Cow hotel, and looked round as if expecting his master to follow, Aunt Jane looked inexpressibly shocked.

"Edward," she exclaimed icily, "what does the dog mean?"

Teddy is not easily knocked off his perch, however.

"Yes, aunty, isn't he a remarkably intelligent creature? He thinks it's a dairy, because of the cow on the sign, and, you know, he's wonderfully fond of milk." K

Explanation accepted, but it was a close shave.

The sun is travelling at 40 miles a second, about 4,000 times as fast as an express train.

A SWORD FOR "BOBS."

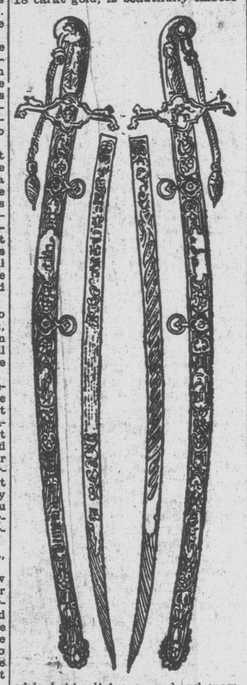
Magnificent Weapon for the Commander-in-Chief.

The sword of honor to be presented to Lord Roberts by the Borough of Portsmouth, England, is a splendid and striking weapon, jewelled, enamelled, and made of 18 carat gold. The grip is of gold and ivory, the latter finely carved with the figures of Justice and Fame.

There are many such emblems about the sword, and in general it may be said that the decorator has aimed at getting in every symbolic reference that could possibly apply to Lord Roberts and most prominently those connected with the campaign in South Africa. The guard is of solid 18 carat gold, with lions couchant at either point, and ornamented with the monogram of Lord Roberts in diamonds, rubies and sapphires, and the reverse with His Lordship's arms in gold and enamel.

The guard and also the gold scabbard is enriched with a series of decorative jewels; diamonds, rubies sapphires and emeralds.

The scabbard which is of beaten 18 carat gold, is beautifully embossed in bold relief, engraved and enamelled with the following symbolic ornaments.



1. The Star of the Order of the Garter.
2. The Star of the Order of St. Patrick.
3. The Victoria Cross.

View of Pretoria in enamel, grenades representing Lord Roberts' regiment, the Royal Artillery.

Figure of Right overcoming Wrong and Injustice, and floral emblems, rose, shamrock and thistle.

View of surrender of General Cronje in enamel.

And on the reverse side of scabbard:

The Arms of Portsmouth.

The Star of the Order of the Bath.

View of Portsmouth Town Hall, Star of the Order of the Indian Empire, and Order of Black Eagle.

View of Lord Roberts discovered teaching a little child to read at Kroonstad, emblematic of humanity, in embossed gold.

View of Portsmouth Harbor, in enamel.

All the above emblems surrounded and entwined with floral emblems, scrolls, etc.

The blade is of the finest English steel, hand forged and elaborately etched with scroll work, and inscribed with all the engagements in which Lord Roberts has taken part, his crest, monogram, etc., etc. The inscription, which is richly etched on the steel, is as follows:

Presented by the Inhabitants of Portsmouth to The Right Honorable Frederick Sleigh, Earl Roberts of Vandahar Pretoria and Waterford, Viscount St. Pierre, K.G., K.P., P.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. V.C., Knight of the Black Eagle and Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces, in recognition of his brilliant services in South Africa, 1901.

A. LEON EMANUEL,
Mayor.

Canada House,
Corner Water and St. John Sts.,
Chatham.
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.
Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first-rate.
Wm. Johnston,
Proprietor

The Factory
JOHN McDONALD & CO.
(Successors to George Cassady.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING
Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.
East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

Mark You!
We have the BEST Studio, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to please every time.
—IF YOU WANT—
Picture Frames
Photographs or
Tintypes
Come and See Us.
Mersereau's Photo Rooms
Water Street, Chatham.

MACKENZIE'S
Quinine Wine
and Iron
THE BEST TONIC AND
—BLOOD MAKER—
50c Bottles
We Guarantee it as
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
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Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
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A SPECIALTY
WE PRINT—
ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.
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CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

THE CARE OF MILK.

The sanitary production of milk commences with healthy cows. This would seem to be a natural inference, and still it is surprising how little attention is given by even the more intelligent of our people to their dairy cattle. This may be explained by the fact that an animal may be affected by several serious maladies, whose presence cannot readily be detected by mere external examination. It is doubtless true, however, that very little thought has ever been given to this subject, and it has rarely occurred to many people that the milk often of unhealthy animals could be vitiated by the forms of disease that might be present in the system. As a matter of fact, tuberculosis often conceals itself in an apparently healthy animal, and is credited with producing one death in every seven.

It should not be inferred from this that tuberculosis, as a disease has been transmitted to the human family with such deadly effect, but in a good many well authenticated cases, and especially in those where the udder is affected, the cow has been

DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE

for the destruction of many human beings. It is important that more attention should be paid to questions concerning the health of dairy cattle, especially as tuberculosis is readily transmitted to infants who are often fed on cow's milk of doubtful quality.

Food plays an important part in the production of milk. This would naturally be so, and still it is perfectly amazing to see the forms of moldy, musty hay, spoiled ensilage, and weevil-eaten meal fed to dairy cows by people who should have better judgment. Many persons seem to have the impression that the cow has a constitution of iron and so long as she will continue to eat such food, it is all right to feed it. This system is entirely wrong, and the thoughtful dairyman can no more afford to feed his cows poor food than he could to use it on his own table. Even granting he is too dishonorable to appreciate the rights of others, he cannot follow the method without incurring

HEAVY FINANCIAL LOSSES

in his own business, as the continued use of such food will produce ill-health, and the ultimate death of the cattle. For example, feeding decayed ensilage has been known to produce chronic intestinal catarrh, for which there is no remedy. Vicious foods of this character upset the whole organism of the animal, and often are responsible for the development of latent inherited diseases that otherwise would have remained inactive in the system. The cow, as well as any other animal, must receive pure, wholesome foods in abundance, and these must be properly adapted to her particular needs, if she is expected to produce good milk.

Stables are a serious menace to the production of healthy cows. These often remain uncleaned for days, and in many instances were never never known to be disinfected. Many are low, practically devoid of sunlight, and the home of molds and innumerable forms of bacteria which have been multiplying with incredible rapidity for years past. The filthy, slimy condition and

THE REEKING ODORS

emanating from such pest holes are almost enough to destroy confidence in humanity, and to make one seriously ponder on the marvellous vitality of a class of animals that can withstand exposure to such abnormal conditions.

There is no excuse for such a condition as this. Stables can be easily cleaned, and disinfectants are remarkably cheap. The use of lime alone would effect wonders under such circumstances, and at practically no cost. At least sufficient windows can be put in to let in sunshine, nature's most powerful disinfectant and destroyer of germ life. The decaying and germ infested mangers can easily be scoured out and sweetened and the stables supplied with fresh bedding. In this way the cows can be kept under wholesome conditions with a reasonable expenditure of muscular energy. If the dairyman whose herd inhabits such a place could realize the economy of better treatment of his animals, marvellous changes would doubtless be wrought in short order.

Another frequent source of contamination of milk is impure water. Many people have the idea that if the water comes from a spring it is of necessity pure, but do not stop to consider that this spring may have its source away back under the center of a town whose drainage finds its outlet through this channel. But this is no worse than allowing cows to drink from the

FILTHY LITTLE STREAMS

around towns and cities whose waters are polluted with sewage, dyes and waste products from numerous factories. Nor is the condition much better in the country, the slimy waters of some stagnant pool, within whose recesses the germs of diphtheria, typhoid and scarlet fever frequently find a lurking place.

Since milk contains 87 per cent. of water, one can readily understand the large quantity necessary to the cow to supply the vital needs of her organization. It is a fact many epidemics of scarlet and typhoid fever and diphtheria have been traced directly to the milk supply. This is a striking evidence of the criminal neglect of cattle owners who fail to furnish their animals with a pure and abundant water supply. It is quite brutal enough to expect the cattle to drink and thrive under such conditions, without endangering the lives of a community by such unwarranted neglect.

If greater care was exercised in the washing and proper cleansing of dairy utensils, a frequent source of bad milk would be destroyed. In the first place, many of these utensils are faulty,

IN CONSTRUCTION;

they have angles and corners which are almost impossible to clean and many of the seams in them are not smooth soldered, and in these the milk accumulates and undergoes fermentation, thus insuring a constant source of infection, so long as this particular utensil is used. All milk vessels should have the fewest possible seams, and should be so constructed as to be easily reached with a good strong brush.

In cleansing them they should first be rinsed with cold water, then with luke-warm water, and finally scrubbed vigorously with boiling water. Following this they should be thoroughly scalded and sterilized with steam and placed in the air and sun to dry. This method of treatment will prevent them from rusting and will not only insure clean utensils but will make it possible to avoid the greasy condition so often found owing to the fact that the utensils are first plunged into hot water, which has the effect of setting the milk on the outside.

Then, greater care should be exercised in the handling of milk in the stable.

HIGH CEILINGS

with ankle light should be the first characteristic sought in a stable. If possible, cement floors and iron stanchions should be used, but if wooden feeding troughs and racks are used, they should be occasionally whitewashed and, above everything else, good ventilation should be provided, so that a fresh draught of air will be constantly entering the room and the foul odors escaping.

The cows should be carefully brushed off before milking. This not only adds circulation and benefits the animal's health and increases the milk flow, but it removes all the dirt and loose hairs which are so often a source of contamination to the milk supply. The udder should be carefully wiped off and the milkers should be neat about their own person. If the feeding is to be done before milking, and dry food such as shredded fodder to be used, it should first be moistened to prevent clouds of dust arising to settle later in the milk pail. The milk should be drawn into covered pails through a fine meshed strainer.

A MILK ROOM

separated from the stable should be provided, and the milk immediately removed to that place, where it should run over a cooler to drive off the animal odors and to reduce the temperature.

Another reason why milk should receive careful handling is because it is such a general and ideal food for all forms of animal life, and especially so for the human being. In its pure form it is well adapted to the nourishment of young and old alike, and furnishes strength and nutrition to the healthy man and gives new life and vigor to the invalid. It is one of the few forms of food so concentrated and yet so easily digested that it can alone sustain human life for some length of time. It is an admirable brain food, and in many forms of disease is the only thing the afflicted one can partake of.

Microscopic examination, however, is necessary before another of the vital reasons for the sanitary production of milk can be fully realized. By placing a minute drop of milk under a powerful microscope and examining it, the presence of innumerable

LITTLE CLUMPS

of globe-like bodies will be seen, constituting the globules. Around and between these will be found little chains of single-celled organisms, having the power to move freely from place to place and multiplying with remarkable rapidity in this ideal medium. These are bacteria.

To three colleges—Vassar, Princeton and Columbia—gifts aggregating $631,000 were recently given.