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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,

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, N. B.

FOR HUSBANDS ONLY.

Some Hints on How They Should Treat Their Wives.

With most women affection lasts. It burns as strongly in old age as in golden youth. A caress means a world of joy to them.

Some men forget. They grow careless. Carelessness is often a species of selfishness. Once it was a privilege to press a lover's kiss on the lips of a wife at the door when leaving in the morning; again as a warm greeting that always marked the home-coming at night.

And one morning the man forgot the caress, and lost himself in business. And a shadow fell on the romance, and the woman wept. She tried to be brave and sensible. She tried to laugh at the silly fear that he did not care for her. She assured herself a hundred times that it was such a little thing, and that it was natural for him to forget, and that it was unreasonable for her to expect the joy of the honeymoon through life. She wiped away her tears, and resolved to hide her grief and be kind, loving and patient.

And the man never knew. Domestic neglect is not always confined to lack of food and clothing. Cruelty does not always take the form of physical abuse. When men learn to think, when they remember that the little attentions often mark the difference between joy and sorrow in a woman's life, there will be more real happiness in the world.

Our idea of a mean man is one who spends two-thirds of his time in getting money and the other third in keeping it.

About the ....House

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Ginger Cookies.—One cup, each, sugar, molasses and butter or lard (add a little salt if lard is used); one-half cup of boiling water, one teaspoonful soda, even full; one teaspoonful of ginger, and flour enough for a soft dough.

Olive Sandwiches.—Scald and cool one dozen large olives; take out the stones and chop the meat very fine. Add a teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing and the same quantity of cracker dust. Mix and spread on thin slices of buttered bread. Nice for luncheons, teas and for the children's lunch baskets.

Charlotte Russe.—A well-made charlotte russe is delicious, and not half as often served as it deserves to be. To be at its best estate it should be made of pure cream. Line a deep dish with lady fingers or sliced sponge cake. Fill the centre with whipped cream slightly sweetened and flavored to taste; spread lady fingers or the thinly sliced sponge cake. To make it a little more elaborate, spread the cake used to line the dish with jelly or jam.

Quick Gragam Bread.—One egg, one-quarter cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two cups of graham flour, sifted; one cup of wheat flour and three full teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix in the order given, and bake in moderate ovens for three-quarters of an hour.

Macaroon Custard.—Crush a dozen macaroons. Make a custard of six yolks of eggs and a pint and one-half of light cream, with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Cook this custard slowly till it thickens; stir in the macaroon crumbs, and serve, when cool, heaped on a dish frothy, seasoning first with salt and garnished with stripes of angelics.

Frothed Eggs.—Beat five eggs until pepper. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a bowl set over hot water, pour the butter over the eggs, put them in an enameled pan and set over very moderate heat until they are warmed through. Then pour them rapidly back and forth from the pan into the bowl that had held the butter, until eggs and butter are well blended. Place over the fire once more and stir rapidly until a smooth, creamy mass appears. Pour over slices of hot buttered toast.

English Bread Pudding.—One pint of soft breadcrumbs, one-half cup of dried currants or raisins, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1½ cups of milk. Grease small custard cups or ordinary baking-pan, and put in the bread-crumbs. The better way to make the crumbs is to take a whole slice and roll it between the hands. The fruit may be mixed with the crumbs, or it may be spread on top or on the bottom of the pan. If it is used to cover the top, it will form a bottom layer when the pudding is turned out. Beat eggs without separating, and sugar and then milk. When the sugar is dissolved, pour carefully over the breadcrumbs. Let stand ten minutes and place in a shallow baking-pan, partly filled with water. Cake in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes. The mixture must be "set in the centre." Serve with a liquid pudding sauce.

THE PROPER CARE OF LAMPS.

It is not an uncommon thing for women who are fastidious in other matters to pay little or no attention to lamps except to fill when necessary and trim the wicks when they become uneven.

Lamps should be kept perfectly clean on the inside as well as on the outside. They should be carefully examined and filled each morning, and when necessary cleaned out and trimmed. The burner of a lamp should be especially looked after, but this is the part most often neglected. The fine holes in it, or the "gauze" through which air is admitted to the flames, should be kept entirely free from oil and dust. The little machinery which moves the wick up and down must also be cleaned out when necessary. If the lamp is a large brass lamp with a tube for ventilation running clear through the fount to the burner, so that the air ascends to the wick from beneath, be careful to examine this space, for it is likely to become choked with dust and burned-off particles of the wick.

If the wick needs trimming, take a match or smooth bit of wood and gently rub it over the edge of the wick, after turning the metal tube holding it in on a line with the lower edge of the burned out, crusty rim of the wick. The metal tube acts as a guide for the hand, thus making the trimming even.

Whether or not lamps need cleaning and trimming, they should be filled with oil every day. They burn better when the fount is full of oil. When the inside of the fount is found to have a sediment, the residue of oil should be poured out and thrown away, or strained and used for other household purposes, such as cleaning mouldy or damp woodwork in the cellar or in combination with boiling water or soap, for cleaning the iron sink in the kitchen. Use only the best and clearest oil for lamps. Cheap kerosene often gives forth unpleasant odors and does not burn brightly.

Never leave a lamp turned low. It creates gas and uses up as much oil as when it burns brightly. If it is necessary to have a light during the night in a sick-room use a tiny lamp and burn it full force.

In a country house where a large number of lamps are used it is better to keep them in a little closet by themselves than to expose them on a shelf in the kitchen, where they are sure to collect dust.

TO MAKE DISHES DAINTY.

Any well-cooked dish, however plain, can be made truly epicurean by the garnish applied.

Often, too, exactly the right dressing will be found under the hand, if the housekeeper has sufficient judgment to recognize its possibilities.

For a dish of lobster salad there are lobster claws, lobster coral, cress and for all salads radishes and beets cut into flowers, curled celery and celery tips, spirals of olives and fancy shaped wafers. Aspic jelly molded in fancy forms or cut in squares is used on cold meats with mounds of jelly, wreaths of parsley and of cress, shredded lettuce, lemons cut as flowers or as pigs, cucumbers, hard-boiled eggs cut in fanciful shapes etc. Fish is set off with stripes of fried potatoes forming a nest, slices of lemon, cucumber, parsley, olives, green peppers or cress.

Tomatoes make a piquant addition in the case of salads and meats. For sweets there are many trimmings; for example, candied and maraschino cherries, candied fruits, currants, raisins, ginger and bonbons. White grapes or slices of orange or pineapple dipped in white of egg and powdered sugar are pretty for gelatine, rice or farina. Bits of jelly decorate rice croquettes. Angelica, which comes in long strips and is easy to cut into different shapes, is a popular decoration.

COSTLY THIMBLES.

Studded With Precious Gems, Diamonds and Rubies.

The costliest thimble in the world is undoubtedly one possessed by the Queen of Siam. It was presented to her by her husband, the King who had it made at a cost of rather more than £15,000. This is quite an exquisite work of art. It is made of pure gold, in the fashion or shape of a half opened lotas flower, the floral emblem of the royal house of Siam. It is thickly studded with the most beautiful diamonds and other precious stones, which are so arranged as to form the name of the queen, together with the date of her marriage. She regards this thimble as one of her most precious possessions.

Not long since a Paris jeweller made a most elaborate thimble to the order of a certain well known American millionaire. It was somewhat larger than the ordinary size of thimbles, and the agreed price was £5,000. The gold setting was scarcely visible, so completely was it set with diamonds, rubies and pearls in artistic designs, the rubies showing the initials of the intended recipient. This thimble was made as a birthday present to the millionaire's daughter, who can now boast the possession of the second most valuable thimble in the world. Her father was so much pleased with the fine workmanship it showed that he ordered another but much less expensive one to be made for presentation to the school companion and bosom friend of his fortunate child.

Five or six years ago a jeweller in the West End of London was paid a sum of nearly £3,000 for a thimble which the pampered wife of a South American Croesus insisted on having made for her. This was one mass of precious gems, diamonds and rubies, which as thimble ornaments seem to almost monopolize feminine taste.

THE ECCENTRIC PRINCE,

the late Maharajan Dhuleep Singh, never did things by halves, and one of the most beautiful and costly thimbles ever made was that which was supplied to his order as a present for a great lady in Russia. The price of this ran well into four figures, and the gems set in it were all pearls of great value and no less beauty.

So were those in the highly treasured thimble which, on the occasion of one of his visits to Europe, the late Shah of Persia presented to a lady whose guest he was for a few hours. In the words of the delighted recipient, it looked like a cluster of glittering gems, which in reality it was, save for the gold in which they were set. An expert in precious stones valued this thimble at £1,500.

There are thimbles of no intrinsic value, but on account of the famous women to whom they belonged, would command very high prices if submitted to public auction. In the possession of the wealthy, Mrs. Vanderbilt there is a thimble which was formerly used by Queen Alexandra. It is an extremely dainty article, made of gold and enamel.

But, apart from its associations, it is not much greater value than another thimble owned by the same American lady. This is a very serviceable looking article in solid silver, but very small. Its value lies in the fact that it was the property of the late Queen Victoria in the days when she was only a girl of fourteen. From its appearance our late sovereign knew how to ply her needle in her youthful days.

The first thimble ever made was the one presented in the year 1684 to Anna Van Wedy, the second wife of Killaen Van Rensselaer, and the thimble is, therefore, a Dutch invention. In making the presentation the giver, Van Benschoten, begged the lady, "to accept this new covering for the protection of her diligent fingers as a token of his great esteem and profound respect."

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.
JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR
Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES, CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Can Dies,
Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

TRUE AS ....STEEL

I.

As Curtis stopped to light a cigar the flame brought out the strong lines of his face. At the same moment he was struck sharply on the cheek by something soft and perfumed, which slipped to his shoulder and thence to the ground, leaving begind the fragrance of the spring woods.

Before he stooped to find the unusual missile, Curtis involuntarily looked up. In the open window of the dark house in front of which he stood he could just discern a blur of white. The blur resolved itself into the tender form of a girl; then she drew the curtain quickly.

He bent to pick up the thing that had struck him, and discovered that Pyx was holding it patiently in his mouth. Pyx was Curtis's dog, an Irish terrier. He was his master's inseparable companion when the big man took walks in the streets of St. Petersburg.

"Come under the lamp, Pyx," commanded Curtis. And the dog trotted obediently to the corner, where his master took from him a bunch of violets tied with ribbon of the same color, and enfolding a bit of crisp paper.

He read the hurried words:

"I don't know who you are, but you are an Englishman, and I believe you are a gentleman. Two nights you have passed the house—you and your dog—and I have heard your voice as you spoke to him; it gave me courage. In the morning, at six, I shall be alone. Will you come to me then? I need help at once."

That was all. On the surface it looked like the rambling of an insane person, but Curtis retained some of the illusions of his early youth.

"We will think it over while we have a bite, Pyx," he said and led the way to a little out-of-the-way place, where he ordered a simple meal.

Under the stronger light Curtis once more examined the violets, and discovered that the ribbon which tied them was stamped with a strange device topped with a crown.

As he looked up he met the gaze of a man seated at a table opposite, a small, fair, red-cheeked individual, with the ends of his moustache upturned.

"Beg pardon!" he said. "Beg pardon, but might I ask where you got those violets?"

Curtis looked at him.

"No," he said, "you might not!"

The little man fidgeted and reddened.

"But I must insist!" he said; "it is important that I should know."

"That you should know nothing! You can buy a bunch of violets at any street corner."

The little man leaned over and put an impressive hand on Curtis's arm.

"But not with that ribbon, my dear sir," he said.

"What do you know?" Curtis asked in turn.

The little man fairly squirmed.

"I cannot tell you. Come with me!" he pleaded.

Curtis followed the foreigner out into the stormy street. They walked some distance before they stopped at a dark stone house. The door was opened by a concierge, who showed them into a handsomely-appointed library.

Here sat two men. One was tall and dark; the other short and grey.

Curtis's guide did not stop for introduction or explanations.

"Look!" he cried excitedly, and dragged Curtis up to the table that the light might fall on the violets and on the ribbon which tied them.

"He refuses to say where he got them," he fumed.

The big, dark man looked at Curtis keenly.

"You do not trust is?" he said.

"Well," said Curtis, "until I have some explanation of your very unusual conduct, I must naturally stand in an attitude of defence."

"There can surely be no harm in that," said the short, grey man, "provided that we have your word that what we say shall go no further."

"All right," said Curtis.

"We look for the princess of a small kingdom which shall go unnamed. Whatever your surmises may be they cannot reach the facts and we desire secrecy in the matter," said the dark man. "It is enough that you should know that, by a series of tragic deaths, this princess has become next in succession to the crown, and that she has run away."

Curtis threw back his head and laughed gaily.

"So having allowed her to try her wings, you wish to shut her up in a cage."

"We offer her a kingdom!" said the dark man sternly.

"And she prefers freedom?"

"Ach!" The big man rose with a movement of impatience. "We lose time. You know where she is. Tell us!"

At his tone Pyx growled, but Curtis laughed again.

"If I knew I should not tell you."

The three men rose threateningly; and again Pyx growled. Curtis rose also, and stood with his back to a closed window. Then, reading mischief in the faces of the three, he reached quickly into an inner pocket and brought out a card, across which he scribbled a line.

"Be seated, gentlemen!" he said sternly. "I am not afraid."

Then all at once he thrust the card into Pyx's mouth.

"Take it home!" he cried. And, with one strong thrust of his elbow, he shattered the glass of the window and threw the dog into the street. Then he felt himself pulled back by strong hands.

For several minutes the four grappled, breathing heavily; then Curtis threw them off.

"If you hurt me you will be sorry," he hurled his defiance at them. "My dog is now gone with a note which tells of my danger. He will bring help."

"Let him go," said the fair man nervously.

"And, if I might suggest—soon," said Curtis placidly. "Help will undoubtedly arrive."

When Curtis reached the corner, he found Pyx sitting stolidly on the kerb.

"Good dog, Pyxie!" said Curtis, as the two plodded to the hotel; "we fooled them. They took you for a trick dog, and expected the whole of the secret police."

II.

At five o'clock in the morning they were out again in front of the dark house of mystery.

The lady of the violets opened the door before Curtis could ring.

"Come in!" she commanded, and led them to a back room.

Then Curtis saw her face. He had been prepared for beauty, but he had not thought to find such youthful loveliness.

"I can trust you," she said.

Then Curtis did a strange thing. He dropped on one knee and carried the appealing hands to his lips.

"Let me serve you," he cried, "my princess!"

She drew back from Curtis with terror.

"How did you know!" she stammered. "How did you know I was a princess?"

"I saw Heinz and the others," said Curtis, and told his story.

And when he had finished, she told her own.

"They tell you," she said, "that they intended to force me to marry the prince of another province—my cousin? To force me, who have breathed the breath of freedom in the forests—to shut me up in a dreary castle, loveless and unloved? I could not stand it, and I ran away."

"Alone?"

"No; I made Miss Powell, my English governess, come with me. She wants me to go back to my kingdom; that is why I appealed to you. I won't go back!"

"You shall not!" said Curtis earnestly.

He unfolded a plan that had matured in the quiet hours of the morning.

"Away in dear old England," he said, "I have a house—rude outside, but comfortable within. For neighbors there are an old farmer and his wife. In the winter I travel; but when the summer comes I live there alone, with the birds. I fish and hunt, and when I get tired of it all I roam again—never for long, however. I can't live what people call 'life.' If I could take you there, they could never find you."

"Let us go at once," she said.

Thus it came about that late that night a tall man and a slight boy—the latter clad in a long coat that reached to his heels—ran up the steps of the express.

"We will go this way," Curtis had explained; "then we will make a detour. They will not care to make inquiries, and so we can escape them."

It was Pyx who gave them away, however. He was being led down the platform, when the runaways, watching from the window, heard the excited whisper:

"It's the dog, Heinz!"

The princess, forgetting her disguise, cowered back in her seat.

"They have found me!"

"Light this cigarette!" Curtis commanded.

"But——" expostulated the astonished princess.

"Go on!" he repeated.

And when the three excited foreigners looked into the window they glanced only once at the slender lad, who, with his collar pulled up about his ears, was apparently smoking nonchalantly.

"They are not here," said Heinz, almost touching elbows with the boy.

Just then the whistle sounded, and through the train came the first quiver of movement.

"We must get out," said the dark man. And they bumped into Curtis, looming tall and unconcerned in the doorway.

"You!" said Heinz joyfully. Then he spoke quickly to his companions. "I will stay on and follow him. I can wire from the next station."

The two older men stepped from the train, and Heintz leaned out to wave to them. Then Curtis's arm shot out, and, with wonderful strength, he lifted the little man down and out, and swung himself on the footboard as the train got her speed and rushed out of the station.

Then he went to comfort a white-faced boy, who was looking unspeakable things at a frayed cigarette.

Four days later a dogcart drove Curtis and a weary-looking little princess up to the door of the former's rural retreat.

"And this is to be my home," she said, as her eyes took in the glories of the woodland—"my beautiful home!"

"Until you tire of it," said Curtis. "Mrs. Woollett will make you comfortable, and perhaps, when Miss Powell gets over her fear, she can come and visit you. You will have your books and your horse. It cannot be very lonely."

"And you," she said—"I shall have you?"

"It is your castle," said Curtis seriously, "for you to admit whom you will."

"Ah," said the princess softly, "then it is you who shall be admitted first."

She reached out her hand. But he did not take it.

"My princess," he said, "there is only one way in which I can come into your home, and I have not the right to ask that, for I am simply a humble British subject, and you are a princess."

She put out her hand to him, and this time he took it, for her gesture was one of appeal.

"In my country," said the little princess, "we who are royal ask——"

A great wave of crimson color dyed her face and then left it white.

"Ask——" she faltered.

He took her in his strong arms, and, holding her thus, bent his face to hers.

"Would you be willing," he said eagerly, "to marry me? To put aside royalty for ever, and be my wife—you, who are a princess?"

She nestled to him like a tired child.

"Ah," she said with a little happy laugh, "but you must remember that I am no longer a princess. I am only a woman—just a woman—who loves you."—London Answers.

Judge—"Was there any person with you in this? Did you commit the robbery quite alone?" Prisoner—"Quite alone, my lord. You see, the trouble about having a partner in an affair like this is that you can never tell whether he is honest or not."

TRAINMAN SETS HIS TIME

BY THE CLOCK OF McGILL OBSERVATORY, MONTREAL.

All Employees Must Have Nineteen Jewels in Their Watches.

The tick-tock of the big clock in clicking of telegraphic keys, and an electric message thrills the wires of an entire railway system, giving the standard time to each of its employes.

Not to human hands is entrusted the important work of sending out the standard time to all important railway points. The almost perfect mechanism of the McGill clock when connected with the electric current sends a message over the wires twice a day. At 10.58 every morning the Grand Trunk Railway Company is given the standard time, and about an hour later the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is supplied with the all-important information. The method of sending the message is interesting.

To illustrate, we will use the C. P. R. system. Before the hour of 11.-54 comes every key is left silent, and anyone in a C.P.R. telegraph office can then hear the message. Beginning sharp on the minute, there comes a single dash every alternate second until 50 seconds have passed. Then there is a pause of ten seconds. At 11.55 the dashes start again, this time a double dash to every alternate second, lasting for 50 seconds. Another pause of ten seconds, and sharp on the stroke of 11.56 comes a quick double dash and the circuit is closed. Then the ordinary work is resumed.

COMPARE WATCHES.

During these two minutes the listeners can easily compare their watches or clocks with the standard time, and there is absolutely no excuse for inaccuracy except in cases where the timepieces are defective.

There is no time lost on the wires in sending the message. Railway men say that it goes to Fort William without being repeated, and that if the telegraphic instruments were perfect enough the message might go around the world without any appreciable loss of time. Electricity is swift now, and ere long it may be swifter.

The Grand Trunk Railway take the precaution to repeat the message at the most important terminals and junctions on their lines.

In every station and in nearly every railway office of any importance there is a large clock, and the employes in charge of these clocks are expected to compare them daily with the standard time as received from McGill Observatory. If a clock varies more than ten seconds it is corrected, and if less than ten seconds there is a card hung on its front, stating the exact number of seconds that it is either fast or slow.

GREAT CARE TAKEN.

But this is not the case with watches. These tiny timekeepers must be kept in perfect unison with standard time. All employes who have anything to do with the running of trains, train-masters, locomotive foremen, road-masters, bridge and building masters, conductors, engineers, firemen, brakemen, train baggagemen, yardmasters, and yard firemen, must have their watches regularly examined and certified by the inspector employed by the company to be of the required standard of excellence. This certificate is supposed to be renewed every January and July. The watches of the trainmen are examined every first and third week of each month for record and comparison with standard time. The employees must not regulate their own watches or set them, unless in case they run down on account of failure to wind.

Conductors, engineers, and pilots are expected before going out on a trip to compare their watches with a "comparison clock" or one of standard time. Before starting out the crew must also compare their watches. All other railway employes are supposed to regularly consult a comparison clock.

All these matters are covered by the company's rule-books, and the employes must abide by the rules.

NINETEEN JEWELS.

Not only must trainmen carry watches that are in the habit of keeping good time, but their timepieces must be of a certain standard. They must have no less than 19 jewels. The requirement in this regard used to be 21. The difference does not make any difference, however, in the cost. A railway man cannot get a watch of the required excellence for less than about $25. Every watch is also supposed to be turned in for cleaning every fifteen months. The regulation and examination of his watch costs the railway man nothing. The company pays its watch experts for all that work.

One of the essentials of careful railway management is accuracy in time. Train schedules are now arranged so closely that absolute accuracy is entirely necessary. It is easily understood, therefore, why the railway companies are so particular on this point. Even a small difference of time in a trainman's watch might prove sufficient cause for a disastrous accident.

NEVER DID IT BEFORE.

A certain major bought a horse from a dealer, and shortly afterwards the following conversation was heard:

"You have swindled me with that horse you sold me last week."

"How so?" asked the dealer, very much surprised.

"Well, I only had him for three days when he died."

"That's very strange. I owned him twenty-three years, and worked him hard every day, and never knew him to do that."

SLEEPING IN A CANNON.

The interior of a cannon is, perhaps, the last place in the world one would associate with a siesta; and yet India possesses a gun which is capacious enough to form a chamber where officers retire for a siesta during the heat of the day. This cannon, which is beyond question the largest in the world, is probably also one of the oldest. It was cast nearly 400 years ago by a famous chief of Ahmednugger, and came into our possession when India was conquered.

ALL GOOD TO EAT.

Mistress—"Are these the apples I sent you to get?"

Bridget—"They are that same."

Mistress—"Why have you bitten them all?"

Bridget—"Sure, mum, ye tould me to get nathin' but good eatin' apples, so I tasted ivery wan iv them."

CULTIVATION OF SNAILS

THE INDUSTRY HAS GREATLY DEVELOPED.

The Large White Kind Are in the Favorite Variety With Connoisseurs.

There can be no doubt that the statement made the other day in "Health" that even snails are "adulterated" by pieces of the lungs of horses and cattle being filled into the empty shells, will occasion some disquietude in the minds of epicures. The taste for these is not, as is erroneously supposed, confined to France, Paris particularly, but is common in Sitzerland, Italy, Belgium, certain parts of Holland, and even in the United States, while in London itself the dish is procurable. In France and Switzerland, however, there is the greatest demand, and snail farming is an industry which has developed within recent years. No statistics of the trade are procurable, but an aggregate of more than 2,000,000 pounds is by no means an extravagant calculation of the annual consumption in France and Switerland alone.

PICKING THEM.

The snails of Burgundy have long been famous for their exceptionally delicate flavor, but nowadays that district produces but a comparatively small proportion of the total output, one cause for the falling-off being the treatment of the vines with phosphates. The department of Jura, however, followed closely by Basses Alepes, and Cote d'Or, and Provence, are the French districts where the snails thrive particularly well. The variety in favor with connoisseurs are the large white kind, those of a grey hue coming second best; and it is very interesting to watch the snail gatherers in the dew of the early morning pick up the slimy creatures off the ground, which is literally covered with them, and pack them into receptacles. When first brought in, they are placed inside specially constructed buckets, and there they remain without food for six days. Afterwards they are placed in a mixture of vinegar and water, or salt and water, for half a day, to be removed at intervals for cleansing purposes. They are now ready for the cook, who, with the aid of innumerable other good things, contrives to concoct the dish so highly prized in the Parisian restaurants.

The output of some of the larger snails farms in Jura is enormous. The cultivated snails are gathered principally during April, May and June, when they are consigned to the towns in perforated cases, while those which are artificially reared are gathered in usually during August, September, and October. Fields are given over to the creatures, who laugh and grow fat, as it were, on clover, cabbages and other nourishing greens. It may be remarked that, if properly prepared with a paste or sauce of garlic, fine butter, etc., they are succulent enough, but, of course, one must for the time being, at any rate, endeavor to forget the slime from which they cannot be dissociated.

ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

In Switzerland the people who originated the dish were the monks, and it is significant that snails were first tasted during famine times. Later on they bought large quantities from the inhabitants of the Rhine valley, and as the taste "grew on them," they came to consider the dish a delicacy. With the exception of one or two establishments, however, the industry has not assumed any importance in that country. The fields which are given up to the propagation of the snails in Switzerland usually lie at the edge of a wood, sheltered from the sun. The soil is well limed and sanded, and round the land is built a wall, perhaps two feet high, the inside and top of which are washed with vitriol to prevent the "stock" from escaping. When it is said that a plot about two square yards is sufficient to accommodate 1,000 snails, one can pretty well judge the capacity of a large farm. They are collected about the beginning of August, after they have laid their eggs, which, in some of the larger species, are as large as peas, and then placed in a special field where, in wet weather only, for they are torpid when it is dry, they fatten on nettles, bran, cabbages, and field hemp.

CANADIAN WOMEN WARNED.

Vile Wretches Trying to Induce Them to Go to St. Louis.

A caution to young Canadian women is as necessary as that which is finding place in many American religious papers, to the effect that an organized attempt is being made to entice young women to St. Louis for infamous purposes, under the guise of attractive and profitable employment, says the Canadian Baptist. The great Exposition to be held there will call for domestic help of every class, and many favorable positions will open for industrious and competent girls, but there is a fearful risk in any young woman going to such a city to find employment in answer to an ordinary advertisement, and without certainty as to the responsible and respectable character of the advertiser. A woman's society in the Western cities is sending out circulars and publishing papers showing that there are gangs of vile wretches scouring the country towns and places to lure girls to cities where it is promised they will be met and cared for by kind friends and provided with a home and employment. To their dismay they are taken to dens of infamy, and only escape as by a miracle, if they escape at all. And the scoundrel who sent them forward is paid a large commission for every one he thus sends to the snare of the fowler. This seems too diabolical to be true, but the facts are verified and the operators of the shameless game have been traced and convicted and imprisoned, though much oftener they escape. Knowing this, the young women of Canada should not only keep far away from all such treacherous schemes and schemers, but they should put all their young acquaintances in possession of the facts referred to, and unite with them in a crusade for purity and happiness within the range of their acquaintance.

Young Mr. Freshly (to his tutor)—"Will you tell me something of the Reign of Terror? You know all about it, I believe." Absent-minded Professor—"Reign of terror? Know all about it? I should say I did. Six children at my house—oldest nine, youngest three—and all down with the whooping-cough."

Fashion ....Talk

SUMMER SHIRT WAISTS.

The tailored shirt waist has a rival in the simple sheer blouse, but it has by no means been supplanted, and, for certain purposes, it is decidedly more desirable than any other separate waist.

For outdoor summer sports the shirt waist is the thing, and a host of women maintain stoutly that a trim tailored shirt waist is more chic in connection with a coat and skirt morning costume than the daiotiest of sheer embroidered blouses. The latter is, perhaps, more distinctly feminine, more exquisite in quality, and strongest argument of all, more Parisian; but it loses its freshness and daintiness readily, and when mussed has little charm.

The shirt waist, made of stouter stuff and severely tailored, stands rough wear better, resists the reckless assaults of the laundress, and is really an indispensable feature of the summer girl's wardrobe.

The shirt waist suit is of course smarter than the separate shirt waist and there is a marked tendency this season to make up simple skirts to match shirt waists of all kinds. If the prices asked at popular shirt waist makers' shops for the whole frock are out of proportion to a woman's income she in many cases has her waists made at the shop, buys enough material matching the waists for skirts, and makes the skirts herself at home.

Some very good shirt waist makers will use materials bought by the customer; but unless one goes to a good maker the safest course is to buy a good pattern, hire an inexpensive seamstress, and have the waists made at home under one's own direction.

To make a shirt waist may seem a simple proposition, but as a matter of fact a really satisfactory shirt waist is a rare thing. Very careful fitting is required; and in the large shops, where hundreds of the waists are turned out in a week, and many workpeople are employed, mistakes are of frequent occurrence. A careless workwoman may undo the work of a careful fitter, and often the home-made shirt waist, fitted early and often, and watched at every point in its progress, turns out much better than the expensive shirt waist ordered at the fashionable shop.

RUCHINGS A FEATURE.

Ruchings are a feature of wraps, and oftentimes the ruchings showing about the edges of a garment are a decided contrast to the body of the wrap or to its trimmings. One very handsome wrap is made of pale grey pongee. The shirred yoke is trimmed with choux of shaded crepe, and long crepe streamers ending in knotted fringe fall from the round neck to the hem of the long wrap. Huge medallions of grey lace are inserted so as to form a border to the wrap, and are also used at the bottom of the immense sleeves. These sleeves are gathered into the huge armholes and fall in straight folds to the wrists where they measure fully three-quarters of a yard across.

Heavy silk crepe is being made up into coats and loose wraps. It is a material that lends itself with especial grace to shirring, puffing, and ruching, and falls in soft and graceful folds. Open canvas, etamine, and voile are also made up over silk or chiffon in loose coats and wraps, but are not nearly so clinging and graceful as the crepes and soft silks. Pongees and Shantungs come in all shades of brown, and in soft faded reds, for coats and their trimmings; the red being effective in pipings and bindings. Many of these pongee coats are most elaborate, having puffings and shirrings galore, to which are added heavy lace insertion flounces. The coats, however, are usually quite plain and have pipings and buttons as their sole ornaments, the loose wraps being the much-trimmed garments. A smart touch is given by carrying with one's pongee coat or wrap a parasol matching the pipings of the overgarment.

LACE COATS ARE STYLISH.

Those reports we heard early in the year to the effect that lace coats would be seen in all well-dressed crowds this summer are being confirmed as the season goes forward. It was said that the lace affair would be seen in the skirted length which has "gone out" so completely for cloth coats. Here, too, the prophet has proved a true one.

Half at least—if not the majority—of the lace models seen are in lengths reaching to the knees or below. The "Lavallieres" cuts are especially fetching in heavy Irish crochet. Some women are combining lace and linen in coats for wear with linen skirts. Pale pink, champagne and light blue linen—in fact, any delicate tint of the fabric—are available for this use, as well as white.

HANDKERCHIEFS IN COLORS.

Colors will be more of a feature in women's handkerchiefs than they have been in many seasons. A certain number of colored novelties are sold each year to accompany the colored summer frocks, but owing to the reign of white in general fashions the number of these has greatly decreased during the two past summers. Now that the white corner is broken, colored handkerchiefs are rapidly returning to favor—for the summer, at least. So far the color portion consists of patterns formed by embroidered dots—the "jewel" effect of the embroiderer.

BIRDS DO THE CAKE WALK.

In the Leeward Islands there are large numbers of a particular branch of the albatross family; these birds habitually perform, with great solemnity and regularity, a kind of cake walk. Two birds step up to one another, and the first bows profoundly to the second; then the second takes up the bowing, and after that they bow alternately. They circle round each other, still bowing; this is kept up for a minute or so, and after that comes a little fencing with the bills, but all in perfect good temper. The second bird stands still at the conclusion of this sparring, while the first stands on tip-toe, puffs out its breast, raises its bill as high in the air as it can and utters a groan that sounds like the "moo" of a cow. While the sound lasts, the second bird snaps its bill rhythmically. Sometimes the first will pick up a twig and offer it to the other, but the second refuses the offering, and, in turn, does the same thing. After this the game begins again with the variation that the roles are reversed. The albatross is a most polite bird, and it has often been demonstrated that if a human being bows to it, the salutation is returned unfailingly by the bird.

"Yes," said Miss Passeigh, "I enjoy the society of Mr. Airylad. He keeps me interested. He is always saying something that one never hears from anybody else." "Really!" rejoined Miss Cayenne. "Has he been proposing to you too?"