

BUSINESS NOTICE

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, N.B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the express...

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 25. No. 2. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 23, 1899. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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FLOUR AND FEED DEPOT. At the Old Stand Cunard Street, Shorts Bran Cornmeal Cracked Feed

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Mr. Templeton's Choice.

Mr. Theophilus Templeton leaned back very comfortably in his crimson leather, brass nail-studded library chair, rested his elbows on the arms, brought the finger-tips together, and looked very benign and important.

"A rich man, eh? Well, yes I am a rich man—that some people would call a very rich man; and the beauty of it is, I made my fortune myself.

"And yet, with all your wealth, your beautiful home, your kindly, affectionate nature, you have used all your life in accumulating riches. You have never married—never had a real, true home," he observed.

"That's the rankest kind of nonsense my boy, I never married because I never yet saw the woman I wanted. But it's a good thing for a young fellow to settle down—I believe that, if I didn't practice it, I hope you'll marry early, Fred."

"All right, my dear boy! Marry early, and marry to please me, and I'll remember you handsomely. I'll give you a country house to live in in summer time and the town residence for winter. I'll give you ten thousand a year income, and your wife shall have the handsomest diamonds Streets can collect."

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"I'm astonished, and dumbfounded, and delighted, my dear. However did you do it, Fred? But let's not let the explanation be deemed incumbent, a servant announced a lady, who came sweeping in in garments of deep purple velvet, with a rose, her hair and hair as golden as sunshine.

"Miss Beatrice Lovett!" said the servant. "Then—well, the scene is indescribable, but with two lovely women beseeching him to forgive, and the pearly-purple eyes making him feel that he had never seen a more beautiful girl, somehow—he never knew how—Theophilus Templeton shimmered quietly down, and accepted the situation with the best grace at his command until six months afterward, when he triumphantly announced to his nephew that the luckiest day of his life had been when he mistook Beatrice for Miss Lovett."

"For since you wouldn't have her for your wife, you shall have her for your aunt, and help yourself if you can!" But as no one was at all anxious to help it, Mr. Templeton married his beautiful young wife, and it is a question who of the quartet is the happiest.

AN AUTOGRAPH COOK BOOK. Combining daintiness with utility, bearing on every page the tracery of loved and loving fingers, a more acceptable, inexpensive offering to the bride or experienced housewife is seldom devised.

"Certainly, I'll go and be presented to her, and I darsay there will be no reason why I should not be received, merrily. But as for falling in love with Miss Lovett—"

"I say, you shall marry her, and I want you to put on your hat and go with me at once, and be introduced to her! She's staying at Mrs. Saxony's. Come along, then, raise her in my estimation," Fred avowed, serenely.

"What!" Mr. Templeton said sternly. "Fred, you're—"

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gesticulated emphatically toward the open window, where a girl sat, beautiful indeed—magnificently beautiful, fair and faintly—with dark, lustrous hair, braided on a proud little head, and straight, heavy dark brows, that made the purity of her complexion still more dazzling. A roselined of a mouth, a round, handsomely-chisled chin, a white dress, with creamy lace and a pink rose at her throat, made a picture fair enough to indeed have turned any man's senses "topsy-turvy."

"She did not raise her eyes from her book, and she was unconscious of her espionage, or of Fred Warrington's transfixed gaze.

"I had all my worldly goods in a red handkerchief, slung on a stick over my shoulders. To-day—I say it with-out boasting—there's not a finer line of steamships afloat than the 'Clydes,' and I own 'em all—every blessed baker's dozen of 'em."

"Fred Warrington listened respectfully—a handsome young fellow, with a wide-awake, frank look in his blue eyes, and generally manly bearing about him that recommended him wherever he went, very especially to ladies.

"And yet, with all your wealth, your beautiful home, your kindly, affectionate nature, you have used all your life in accumulating riches. You have never married—never had a real, true home," he observed.

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SCIENCE AND LABOR.

New Callings Claim the work of the Men Displaced by Modern Machinery. It certainly seems at first sight to be an economic danger this educating of the laboring man and woman to be far too good for laborer's work, says the Nineteenth Century.

"We are not to be surprised, however, at a wider horizon, and see how the demands that bring the peril are also bringing the remedy. Science is steadily sweeping away all those unwholesome classes of employment. Hardly any man has now to toil up ladders with the hod of bricks upon his shoulder. The donkey engine does the heavy animal part of the work. The reaper is replaced by the machine and the ploughman is fast receding as the steam plough makes its appearance.

"It is true that science has by no means conquered the whole domain. There is still much scrubbing of floors to be done by men and women on bent knees, running up planks as with pick and axe and the use of muscle, with but little use of brains. And yet, even in these old-fashioned occupations, science never works by revolution but only by progress. One domain after another has gone. Where are now the hand-carriers, and the chair porters, and night watchmen, and our grandfathers used to require? Imagine, if ships had still to be built of drift-wood, that millions would be doomed to starvation.

A BEAST-LIKE TOIL. Some parts of the big domains of unreflected labor will long be left untouched, but the progress is going forward, and while the masses are being educated in rendering the lower classes unfit for the humblest sorts of occupations, science is steadily sweeping away the old-fashioned occupations, it is too much to hope that these processes should be at all times strictly proportioned to one another. But in the great drift of things, the lower classes will be doomed to starvation.

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WOMEN IN MEDICINE. Twenty-five years ago there were 500 lady doctors in practice in the States; to-day there are 4,500—one in 15,000 of the population. Among these are a few distinguished homeopaths, physicians, and surgeons, professors in medical schools, oculists, and electro-therapists, the great majority being ordinary doctors.

ORIGIN OF FASHIONS. Not a few famous fashions owe their origin to the endeavor to conceal deformity of some leader of society. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady, who covered a wen on her neck. Full bottomed wigs were invented by a barber to conceal an unnatural protrusion of the forehead.

AN IRRESISTIBLE POWER. No receptacle has ever been made with sufficient strength to resist the bursting power of frozen water.

Winter Evening Amusement.

There are games and games. There is the romping game and the game which can be played with more decorum at a table. Of course, there is no doubt which sort the youngsters prefer; but some allowance must occasionally be made for the dignity and tendency to get breathless on the part of the stout elders. Some games need special appliances, others require nothing at all.

"How, When and Where is a good game, not too noisy, in which all can take part. One of the players leaves the room to guess, all the others remain to decide on a word to be guessed. A word must be selected with several meanings. 'Bow' is a good word—the same sound stands for a bow, a bow to shoot with, a bow of ribbon. Only substitutes are permitted, and no proper names. The guesser returns to the room, and goes three times round the circle of players, asking: 1, 'How do you like it?' 2, 'When do you like it?' 3, 'Where do you like it?' Of course, the players give him most contradictory replies, as people like a bow and arrows; they like him also of a far different quality. The player whose two significant replies leads to the words being guessed has to become a guesser in turn.

Word games are really interesting, but some are beyond the younger children. For some of the games only pencil and paper are required; for others a collection of alphabetical letters, each on a square of pasteboard, must be made or bought, they can be got from all large toy merchants. For word games, as a rule, the players divide in two parts.

In the Three Letter Game each side gives the other a word to guess. Three letters taken out of the selected word are given to the guessers, and care must be taken to give such a combination of letters as will not suggest the word. 'Geranium' is a good word—'in' being given to the guesser. Now very few English words, no proper names nor Latin scientific words being permitted, have the letters 'in' in succession. If the guesser find another word, however, they count as a success. The successful word—that is, the successful combination—is marked with a star. Guessers can purchase a letter to help them, the opposite side counting one for each letter drawn. Hyphenated words are permitted—like mouse-trap, oil-can, in fact letters on the verge of hyphenation, as a rule, the best selection of abbreviations, etc.

Word Making and Word Taking requires pasted letters. Each player commences with three, and spreads them before him, face upwards. If his letters make a word he must quickly pronounce it, or the opposite side will do it and take his word for him. Then each player in turn draws a letter and lays it by his others. The added letter generally makes another word. For instance, he who had 'cat', if he draws an 'e' can make 'craft' of it. Plurals do not count. If an 's' is drawn it cannot be allowed to turn craft into crafts, though it is the opposite of a game which never fails to give enjoyment. The players divide into two parties. Half remain in the room to choose a word, the other half go to another room. Say the word chosen is 'rain.' One of the choosers opens the door and calls to guessers. "It rhymes with 'pain.'" Then the guessers out arrange a pantomime. They come in and act out a speechless comedy, beating one of their number for 'cane.' This being done, the pantomime is dismissed and they have to retire to think out another. When they act the right word they are clapped, and the other side must say nothing, but must give no sign, but quietly sit down, those who fail to see it after a good search pay a forfeit. Any small articles can be used if a thimble is not forthcoming.

Proverbs.—One player leaves the room to set as guesser, while the others remain to choose a proverb and divide the words between them. The guesser returns and asks each player in turn some trivial question. In his introduction of the proverb introduced the word of the proverb entrusted to him or her. Some words are very difficult to introduce, owing to the antiquated style of many proverbs. Another way to play proverbs is to shout them out simultaneously, and the choice of proverbs is restricted by requiring as many players as there are words.

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