BUSINESS NOTICE

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

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefore 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

This 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 00

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 25. No. 10. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 18, 1900. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

Building Stone

The subscriber is prepared to furnish stone for building and other purposes.

Apply to

J. L. TWEEDIE,

or at the office of L. J. Tweedie.

G. B. FRASER

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC.

AGENT FOR THE NORTH BRITISH —AND— MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE CO.

CARD.

R. A. LAWLOR,

Barrister-At-Law

Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public, Etc

Chatham, N. B.

Homan & Puddington

SHIP BROKERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

pruce Lumber, Laths & Anthracite Coal.

129 BROAD STREET,

Cor. South Street, - NEW YORK

Correspondence and Consignments Solicited.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL

SURGEON DENTISTS.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anaesthetics.

Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber and Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.

Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.

Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 53.

In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. G. Kethro's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6

Furnaces! Furnaces!!

Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.

STOVES

COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES at low prices.

PUMPS! PUMPS!!

Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock, which I will sell low for cash.

A. C. McLean, Chatham.

IMPROVED PREMISES

Just arrived and on Sale at

Roger Flanagan's

Wall Papers, Window Shades, Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.

Also a choice lot of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

R. Flanagan

ST. JOHN STREET, CHATHAM

Spectacles

The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles.

1st—That from the peculiar construction of the Glasses they Assist and Preserve the sight, rendering frequent changes unnecessary.

2nd—That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of Ease and Comfort not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

3rd—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optical purposes, by DR. CHARLES BARDOU'S improved patent method, and is Pure, Hard and Brilliant and not liable to become scratched.

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.

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE,

Chatham, N.B., Sept. 24, 1898.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

A SERIOUS ILLNESS.

Jack—Hello, Ned, you look seedy. Not sick, are you?

Ned—I'm not, but my bank account is very low.

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.

ASK FOR

MONARCH Steel Wire Nails,

THEY NEVER LET GO,

AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

KERR & ROBERTSON,

SAINT JOHN N. B.

N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

Miller's Foundry & Machine Works

RITCHIE WHARF, - - CHATHAM, N.B.

(Successors to GILLESPIE FOUNDRY, Established 1852.)

Mill, Railway, and Machine Work, Marine Engines, Boiler repairing. Our Brass and Composition Castings are worthy a trial, being noted throughout the country. All work personally supervised. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for estimates before ordering elsewhere. Mill Supplies, Fittings, Pipe, etc., in stock and to order.

TUG BOATS, STEAM YACHTS and other Crafts built to Order Our Marine Slip has a Capacity for Vessels up to 100 Tons. Repairs effected with quick dispatch.

Jas. G. Miller.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Hardware

Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated

Weather and Waterproof

THE BEST EVER MADE.

School Blackboard Paint.
Gloss Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing.
Graining Colors, all kinds.
Graining Combs, Dry Colors, all shades.
Gold Leaf, Gold Bronze, Gold Paint.
Stains, Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Rosewood, Floor Paints Weather and Waterproof.
Kalsomine, all shades.
7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure.
1 " Turpentine.
100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil.
Ready-Mixed Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
10 Kegs 100 lbs. each, Dry Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
Paint and White Wash Brushes.
VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture Hard Oil Finish, Pure Shellac, Driers.
Jointers' and Machinists' Tools, a specialty.
Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges, etc
Sheet Lead and Zinc, Lead Pipe, Pumps.
75 Rolls Dry and Tarred Sheathing Paper.
75 Kegs Wire Nails, $2.45 per Keg.
30 Boxes Window Glass.
20 Kegs Horse Shoes, $3.90 per keg; 15 Boxes Horse Nails, $3.00 box.
10 Tons Refined Iron, $2.50 per 100 lbs.
Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones, Grindstone Fixtures.

White Mountain Ice Cream Freezers, $1.90 Clothes Wringers, $2.50 Daisy Churns, $3.75

Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire 14c. yd., Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breach Loading Guns.

Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordions, Violins, Bows and Fixings.

Farming Tools, All Kinds

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.

All persons requiring goods in my line will save money by calling on me, as they will find my prices away down below the lowest, prove this by calling.

J. R. GOGGIN.

WE DO Job Printing

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.

Printing For Saw Mills 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.

Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK

ETHER DRINKING SPREADS.

The vice of ether drinking has invaded Austria and Germany. In eastern Prussia the director of the asylum for the alienated recently called the attention of the Government to the fact that in his district ether drinking was fast supplanting the use of alcohol. In the city of Memel alone situated in the extreme northeastern part of Germany, the sale of ether destined as a drink for the past year is officially stated to have amounted to 8,580 quarts, to which must be added a large quantity that, through sumgling, escaped official counting. In the district of Heyderkrug, a still more considerable quantity is annually sold as a stimulant. The ether is sold by liquor dispensers and retailers over the counter to the consumers in drinks averaging from four to five grammes, this dose producing more exhilaration, as well as more immediate stimulation, than would ordinarily be produced by four times the same quantity of ordinary alcohol.

About the House.

HOME.

It is good to have a corner just to call
one's own,
Though it be a nest in branches by
the west winds blown;
Though it be a crooked window under
mossy eaves,
Known but to darting swallows and
to autumn's drifting leaves.

Though it only be a little room of
four bare walls,
Caught in 'mid smoky chimneys and
the city's noisy calls;
The heart may rest awhile, and the
soul may be alone,
If yet one has a corner just to call
one's own,

The busy world is beckoning and lures
us away,
And life seems all to-morrow, though
'tis leaving us to-day;
But there's nothing half so rare, in
the golden days to come,
As a little roof, a low roof, that we
call Home.

There is nothing half so precious in
the wide world and free
As the dear hearts, the near hearts
close to you and me—
Oh, when the dream is broken, and a-
wandering we roam,
We'll find no other shelter like the
one called Home.

Fame may be awaiting us, and glory
on the way,
But the humble things, the sweet
things, are ours every day;
And for loss or for gain, there is no-
thing can atone,
Like a heart and a corner just to call
one's own!

CARE OF LAMPS.

A great many people injure their eyes by reading or working with a poor light. Kerosene lamps should give a clear steady light and emit no odor. There are so many styles and sizes of lamps that it is not a difficult matter to find just what is wanted in that line. A medium sized lamp is preferable to a very large or very small one for general use, and a glass bowl is better than a metal one, for there is little danger or running it over when it is being filled. Some lamps have an opening near the center on top so the burner need not be removed for filling. Be sure the wick fits, and do not sew or pin the new wick to the old one. The wick acts as a sort of pump, and there should be nothing to disturb the flow of oil. The tall standard lamps in such common use at present are dangerous unless the base is bolted to the floor.

Having secured a lamp that is satisfactory, a little intelligent care will enable you to secure good results from them. Fill the bowl with oil every morning if it has been used the night before and clean the flues until they are bright and shining. Trim the wick daily, cutting the charred portion off with sharp scissors, even with the top of the tube. The burners are apt to become gummy and clogged, and cannot give a good light while in that condition. Put them in a strong soap suds once a week, and boil them ten or fifteen minutes. Polish with dry flannel, and it will be like a new burner. Keep the wick turned low when not lighted to prevent the oil from oozing out over the top. In putting out the light, do not blow down the chimney. Turn the light down and blow across the top.

E. J. C.

NEEDS OF A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

If you are a housekeeper, and if you desire to save yourself many steps and much vexation of spirit, you want to have certain tools always where you will know where to find them.

In the first place, you want a hammer always at your command. Not a family hammer, which everybody about the home uses and drops where nobody can find it. Your hammer, to be serviceable, must be your own especial property, and you want to guard it as carefully as you do your diamond ring, else it will not be anywhere in particular when it is wanted. And you cannot afford to search all over the house, or the farm, as the case may be, and spend a dollar's worth of valuable time and two dollars' worth of energy, and lose your temper into the bargain, hunting for a fifty-cent hammer. A hammer is invariably lost when you are in a hurry for it. Your husband has had it, or the boys have had it, or the girl wanted to drive a nail up somewhere, and each and all of them solemnly protest that they haven't seen it, and didn't know there was such a thing as a hammer in existence.

You want a screw-driver right where you can put your hand on it at a moment's notice. Screws are always getting loose, and a little turn with a fifteen-cent screwdriver will oftentimes save a five-dollar carpenter's job, if the turn is given at the proper time.

You want a good, strong awl that can be depended upon to make a hole in leather, or any other hard substance, and a pair of shears that will cut oil cloth and pasteboard, and a gimlet, and a pair of pincers, and a small handsaw, and a chisel, and several papers of assorted tacks and some large and small nails and screws.

A woman, if she will set herself about it, can do a great many needed jobs of repairing about a house just as well as a man, and it will be easier for her to do them than it will be for her to induce the average husband and father to attend to them.

It requires a great deal of time for a man to make up his mind to do a job about the house. He hates it, and he puts off the evil day as far as possible. He'll find a score of reasons why that door which has stuck at the bottom for a year, and tried the life almost out of you, should not be fixed to-day. It will be so much more convenient at some future time. And, in his way, he is honest. He fondly believes that at some other time which is coming, he shall have more courage and feel more like tackling the disagreeable job than he does today.

About a house, or a "place," more properly, there is always some little job to be done. All such jobs are "little," though oftentimes they evoke ill-temper.

If a woman has the proper tools, she can hammer down the tacks in the carpet which have started out and allowed that carpet to trip up everybody who attempts to cross the dangenerous spot, and she can drive in the fastening of that loose blind, and so secure the sleep of the household on windy nights, and she can bore a hole in a mop-handle and so give Bridget a chance to hang up that useful implement instead of tossing it out into the woodshed to mold and mildew. She can glue the broken chairback and put a needed screw into the kitchen table and stop its uneasy wabbling; and she has been known to put up a curtain fixture so that the shade rolled true, and did not go up like a rocket every time you looked at it—and she did it without breaking any commandment, either.

But, mind you, all these tools must be kept sacredly to yourself, or when the time to use them comes they will be among the things that were.

There is unlimited comfort to the good house-wife in having the thing she wants to use right where she can be sure of it the minute she wants it. No direful uncertainty, no doubtful questioning, no having to run all over the place and ask everybody, "Where did you put that screwdriver?" and of course receive the indignant answer, "Screwdriver? I haven't had your screwdriver."

You want a box to keep your tools in, and you want a lock on it, and you had better keep it locked and keep the key in your own possession.

You may pound your thumb, and knock the skin from your knuckles, and saw into the cuticle now and then, at first, but if you persevere you will soon learn to avoid accidents of this kind; and there will be an immense measure of satisfaction in being able to do these little necessary jobs, independently of that man of yours, who always has some awfully pressing business to attend to when you want a spring put on the window or a hook put up in the closet.—Kate Thorn.

LATEST SUBMARINE BOAT.

A Ship for Which the Inventor Claims Great Things.

The latest submarine boat is the invention of James F. Buckley, of Haverhill, Mass. It is a rotary concern, the entire boat whirling round and round on a central axis, like several others that have been described in the newspapers within the last two or three years. The inventor claims about everything for it that other inventors claim for their boats, and a little more. The following description shows it as its inventor sees it:—

It is in form a long cylinder tapering to a point at each end. Around the outside runs two fins spirally, much like a corkscrew, so that when the boat moves through the water it whirls, and this, it is said, increases the speed, on the principle of a rifled projectile.

To counteract the inconvience to the occupants of alternately standing on their feet and on their heads as it revolves, a square chamber hanging on pivotal bearings at each end occupies the interior. This will remain upright no matter how fast the outside shell is whirling. The chamber contains the crew, the electric battery, torpedoes and other equipments.

The steering is done by one of three distinct movements, which either end has when used as the stern. Another movement allows, the hull to rotate, and a third drives the small propeller when the boat moves on the surface of the water.

The inclination is changed by a movable ballast truck, so that the boat may run on the surface, dive or run under the surface at will. A powerful drill can be run out at either end and forced against the sides of wooden merchantmen.

The idea of having the entire boat one great propeller is to reduce the friction, and in this case the friction, it is said, rather assists than retards movement when under water. Reservoirs of compressed air and storage batteries make the interior comfortable, and the absence of a motor requiring fuel does away with high temperature.

WOMEN FENCERS IN BERLIN.

The latest society amusement for the ladies in Berlin, Germany, is fencing. The scene of their activity in this direction is the aristocratic Berliner Fechtklub, situated in a fine large hall on Prince Louis Ferdinand street. This club was founded only 5 years ago and at first saw many vicissitudes, but the Kaiser's marked interest in military sports and encouragement of such enterprises has done much to make the club a success.

Its membership is drawn almost entirely from court circles, offering, as it does, an interesting variation from staid court functions. The introduction of the ladies is the latest improvement in the club arrangements. Here they come frequently to practise with the foils, especially in the mornings, when the men are not around. Some of the members of the gentler sex have become experts at fencing, which is not nearly so easy as it appears, and find that their health is greatly improved by the good exercise which it affords. The teachers are highly pleased with the progress of their lady pupils, and say that many of them will soon be able to hold their own with some of the male members of the club.

The privileges are, of course, extended to none but the wives and daughters of members of this club, and as it is a most exclusive organization, none but the leaders of art and fashion are admitted. The walls of the fencing hall are hung with rapiers and swords of various kinds, with fencing masks and the other paraphernalia necessary for the sport.

Lockers are provided for the men and women, in which they keep their "fighitng clothes," the apartment and ladies' dressing rooms being, of course, separate from the men's. None but ladies are admitted during the morning hours when they are practising, but the number of ladies who have taken up this sport is growing rapidly from day to day. They retain their presence of mind and coolness to a surprising degree, even going so far as to make a few modest bets of pounds of candy or boxes of gloves on who will make the first "touch."

The best of the fencers are always surrounded by a ring of admiring spectators, watching their lithe and graceful movements, or trying to learn some of their tricks of fence. The rage for fencing, which has started among the higher circles of the Prussian capital, is already spreading among the middle class, and there is promise that many similar clubs will be started there, some of them exclusively by and for women, so that they need not condine their hours of exercise to those when the men do not care to use the hall.

AGREED.

Mr. Pepper—H'm! I've forgotten as much as you ever knew.

Mrs. P.—I know it, John. You always were the most forgetful man I ever saw.

MICROBES STRIKE BACK

INCIDENTS OF AN AMATEUR JOB OF WHITEWASHING A CELLAR.

A Determined Man Who Would Have His Own Way—The Battle With the Microbes and Their Victory Over Their Would-Be Destroyer—Wifely Consolation Rejected.

There was nothing in Mr. Bowser's demeanor during dinner to lead Mrs. Bowser to suspect he had any particular scheme on hand for the evening, but scarcely had they got seated in the family room when he cleared his throat and gravely observed:

"Mrs. Bowser, how many times do you suppose we have faced death within the last six months?"

"Why, what do you mean?" she exclaimed, in alarm.

"I mean that we have been preserved about forty times over, and that miracles have been wrought in our favor. We are alive when we ought to have been dead. Every day and hour, for the last half-year we have stood face to face with the grim monster."

"I—I can't believe it!" she gasped.

"Perhaps not—not even when your husband says it, but it is the truth, nevertheless. We have been in danger of typhoid fever, spinal meningitis, consumption, paralysis, and a dozen other fatal diseases, and all through our own carelessness, I can hardly conceive how we have escaped.

"But what is it—why don't you tell me?"

"When was our cellar whitewashed last?" he asked in a voice hardly above a whisper.

"Why, about a year ago, I guess."

"Our cellar was whitewashed for sanitary reasons. The idea was to kill germs and microbes. After six months whitewash loses its strength, and germs and microbes will frisk over it and actually feed upon it. For six months then, we have had no protection from the shafts of the fell destroyer. The maligaant germs and microbes—"

"I'll get a colored man to-morrow," she interrupted, "though I don't think there is any danger. There are thousands of cellars which are never whitewashed.'"

"There will be no need of the services of a colored man, Mrs. Bowser. I don't propose to pay a man $10 to come here and skim over the walls in an hour."

"But you—you don't mean that you will do it yourself?"

"That's exactly what I mean. I have a pail of whitewash and a brush at the back door. It will not only be healthful exercise, but inhaling the smell will do me good. I don't propose to leave a thousand microbes behind in some corner."

"Mr. Bowser, please leave this job to some one else," she pleaded in her tenderest tones. "If you go to daubing around with whitewash you'll get in trouble and lay it all to me. I'll hire a man to-morrow and see that it is well done."

"How'll I lay it to you?" sharply demanded Mr. Bowser.

"I—I don't know, but you will."

"That's all bosh!" I never lay anything to you. I shall get into a suit of old clothes and proceed to whitewash. Nothing will happen, except that our lives will be rendered more safe for the next six months."

Mrs. Bowser groaned and turned away. Mr. Bowser would have begun the job even with both legs broken, and she knew that argument would be thrown away. In a quarter of an hour he was at work, and she got down the camphor bottle, a box of ointment and a strip of adhesive plaster and made ready for what might happen. Mr. Bowser felt elated as he sniffed at the whitewash. He thought he detected traces of a herd of microbes on the walls, and there was a grim satisfaction in his soul at the thought of swiping them out of existence. His heart being in his work, he put on the dope with vigorous hand, and was just applying his third brushful when there was a sputter and a spatter and he dropped his brush with a whoop. He had got a dose of the mixture in his right eye, With that optic squinted up until it raised the end of his nose, and the other blinking like a blind horse, he groped his way into the laundry and applied cold water. He hoped to get through with it without a call from Mrs. Bowser, but the smart was still lifting his heels off the floor when she came down and observed:

"Did you call me, Mr. Bowser?"

"No, I didn't call you, and you know I didn't!" he shouted in reply. "It's mighty funny that you have to poke your nose everywhere! When I want you I'll let you know."

"But didn't you whoop?"

"If I did, that was my own business. I think I can whoop in my own cellar if I take a notion, A microbe flew into my eye and I'm getting it out."

She left him, and after a long ten minutes he got enough of the lime out of his eye to enable him to open it again. His bald crown and face had been thickly spattered, but he was not discouraged. He thought it would be a better plan to begin overhead, and work gently until he had got the hang of the thing. He carried two old chairs out of the laundry and placed them in position, and standing, on one and placing the pail on the other, he went to work again. Confidence came to his heart as five minutes slipped away and no tragedy occurred. He had a smooth brick wall to work at, and as he saw it begin to whiten under his brush, he felt something of the pride of a born artist. In five minutes more he might have made himself believe that he was touching up a landscape in the Adirondacks had he not made a long reach with his brush to overtake a bug which was headed for safety. The rickety chair on which he was standing made that an excuse for wabbling about and breaking down and when Mr. Bowser fell, it was, of course, eminently proper to take the other chair with him. It was more than a whoop this time. It was a yell which lifted Mrs. Bowser out of her chair and made the cook knock a nose off a pitcher, and the crash which followed made the sashes rattle. When Mrs. Bowser got down cellar she found a pail of whitewash, two broken chairs and a whitewash brush, and Mr. Bowser all mixed up on the cement floor, but Mr. Bowser was not dead. The contents of the pail had soaked him, from head to foot, and having struck the back of his head on the hard floor, he was dazed and flighty. With the assistance of the cook he was pulled to the wall and propped up, and a few sniffs of the camphor brought him out of the fog. Then Mrs. Bowser tenderly inquired:

"How did it happen, dear? Did the microbes suddenly attack you?"

A long minute went by before Mr. Bowser could get out a word. Then he slowly replied:

"Woman, I understand! You sneaked down here and kicked the chair from under me, but I am still alive!"

"Don't talk nonsense! Are you hurt?"

"You may go, woman! Go and plot and plan another attempt at murder!"

"But let me—"

"And to-morrow we will end this. Fifteen attempts to murder me in one year, and now the end has come!"

"Mr. Bowser, I——"

But he gestured with his right hand and with his left, and kicked out with his legs, and Mrs. Bowser and the cook withdrew and left him alone with the germs and microbes and fell diseases.

WHY DO WE DO IT?

It is surprising what a number of little things we do without knowing the reason.

Why, for instance, do widows wear caps? Perhaps you may say because they make them look pretty and interesting. But the real reason is that when the Romans were in England they shaved their heads as a sign of mourning. Of course, a woman couldn't let herself be seen with a bald head, so she made herself a pretty cap. And now, though the necessity of wearing it has passed away the cap remains.

Why do we have bows on the left side of our hats? In olden times when men were much in the open air and hats couldn't be bought for half a dollar, it was the habit to tie a cord around the crown and let the ends fall on the left side to be grasped on the arising of a squall. They fell on the left side, so they might be grasped by the left hand, the right usually being more usefully engaged. Later on the end got to be tied in a bow, and later still they became useless; yet the bow has remained, and will probably remain till the next deluge or something of that sort.

Why are bells tolled for the dead? This has become so familiar a practice that a funeral without it would appear unchristian. Yet the reason is quite barbarous. Bells were tolled long ago, when people were being buried, in order to frighten away the evil spirits who lived in the air.

Why do fair ladies break a bottle of wine on the ship they are christening? Merely another survival of barbaric custom. In the days of sacrifice to the gods it was customary to get some poor victim when a boat was being launched, and to cut his throat over the prow, so that his blood baptized it.

Why are dignitaries deafened by a salute when the visit a foreign port? It seems a curious sort of welcome this firing off of guns, but it seems the custom arose in a very reasonable way. Originally a town or a warship fired off their guns on the approach of important and friendly strangers to show that they had such faith in the visitors' peaceful intentions they didn't think it necessary to keep their guns loaded.

Why do we sometimes throw a shoe after a bride? The reason is not very complimentary. From of old it has been the habit of mothers to chastise their children with a shoe. Hence the custom arose of the father of the bride making a present to the bridegroom of a shoe, as a sign that it was to be his right to keep her in order.

COOKING A HUSBAND.

In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance as in buying mackerel, or by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure to select him yourself, as tastes differ. Don't go shopping for him, as the best are always brought to your door.

When bought tie him in the saucepan with a strong cord called Comfort, as the kind called Duty is apt to be weak. Husbands sometimes fly out of the saucepan and become burned and rusty on the edges, since, like lobsters and oysters, you have to cook them alive.

Make a clear, strong, steady fire out of Love, Neatness and Cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzles don't be anxious. Some husbands do this until they are quite done.

Add a little sugar in the form of Kisses, but no vinegar or pepper. A little spice improves husbands, but it must be used with judgment.

Don't stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watching the while lest he should lie too close to the saucepan and so become tasteless.

You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children.

BITS OF FEMININITY.

Fringes are the fad of the hour with English women.

Corsages are cut in front like stays with a Louis XV. yoke.

The newest skirts are entirely without lining and worn over silk skirts with frills.

The latest fad in neckties is the long band of silk gauze which passes twice round the throat and terminates in front in two bows and long ends.

The double turned-down linen collar prevails just now for men and women.

Fetching neck bands of white velvet with applications of heavy guipure lace are being worn.

Stitched bands are much used in trimming tailor frocks and should be lighter in color than the habit cloth.

The lace shawls that have passed through one or more generations are now being used in the beautiful lace frocks that fashion decrees.

SLOPING SHOULDERS.

Since sloping shoulders are once more the accepted standard of beauty there is a revival of fichus and scarfs Fichus of batiste, muslin, net, and some of flowered muslin are much worn. The scarfs are mostly white, and there is a return to the silk and embroidered gauze scarfs of our grandmothers. All the victorines and shoulder capes of fur show the 1830 style of drooping shoulders. the furs following the prevailing modes in cloth and wraps, which have the effect of falling off the shoulders. This is rather a smart departure when seen on young and slender figures, but upon a figure inclined to embonpoint it is quite impossible.

A VOICE IN THE DARK.

"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty."

"No; you're not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep."

A pause.

"Mamma, won't you please give me a drink? I'm so thirsty."

"If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and whip you!"

Another pause.

"Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to whip me?"

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.

INSURANCE

The Insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas F. Gillespie, deceased, is continued by the undersigned who represents the following companies:

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
ALBION,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON & LANCASHIRE,
LANCASHIRE,
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION
ALLIANCE,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON,
MANCHESTER

JAS. G. MILLER

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.

WOOD GOODS!

WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE For Sale

Laths
Paling
Box-Shooks
Barrel Heading
Matched Flooring
Matched Sheathing
Dimensioned Lumber
Sawn Spruce Shingles,

THOS. W. FLEET,

Nelson.

—THE—

Medical - Hall

BATH GLOVES And MITTS

SPONGES

A Beautiful Line of

Toilet Soaps

From Five Cents to One Dollar per Cake

Just Arrived

—AT—

Mackenzie's Medical Hall

CHATHAM, N.B.

Headquarters

The Headquarters for Drugs, Patent Medicines and Toilet articles is at the

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE

We have on and now, as usual, a

Large & Fresh Supply

of the different Mulsions, Liniments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma, and Catarrh Cures.

ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF

Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Combs, Tooth Powders and Pastes, Perfumes and Soaps.

Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices.

We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.

E. L. STREET - Proprietor.

MACKENZIE'S Quinine Wine - and Iron

THE BEST TONIC AND

—BLOOD MAKER—

50c Bottles

We Guarantee it at

Mackenzie's Medical Hall,

CHATHAM, N. B.