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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.

# MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 26. No.6. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 20, 1900. 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, 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 AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

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

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ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
NOTARY PUBLIC.
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—AND—
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE CO.

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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.

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE,
Chatham, N.B., Sept. 24, 1898.

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CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

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Iron Pipe Valves and Fittings Of All Kinds.

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**Steel Wire Nails,**

THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

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

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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.

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Our Marine Slip has a Capacity for Vessels up to 100 Tons.
Repairs effected with quick dispatch.

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Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated

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THE BEST EVER MADE.

School Blackboard Paint.
Gloss Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing.
Graining Colors, all kinds.
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Kalsomine, all shades.
7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure.
1 " Turpentine.
100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
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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.
30 Boxes Window Glass.
20 Kegs Horse Shoes. 15 Boxes Horse Nails.
10 Tons Refined Iron.
Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones, Grindstone Fixtures.

**Ice Cream Freezers, Clothes Wringers, Daisy Churns,**

Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire, 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, 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 COGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.**

WE DO
**Job Printing**

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

**Printing For Saw Mills** A SPECIALTY

WE PRINT—
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Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.

**Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office**

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.

NO USE.

Catterson—Look here, old man! Let me tell you how I manage my wife. I always give her money when she doesn't want it, and when she does I refer to the time when I offered it to her.

Hatterson—That's a fine scheme, but it wouldn't work in my case.

Why not?

Well, I've never yet seen the time when my wife didn't want money.

MORE SERIOUS.

Askit—What ever became of that patient of yours you were telling me about last spring?

Dr. Sokum—Oh, he's got a complaint now that's giving me a great deal of trouble.

Askit—Indeed? What is it?

Dr. Sokum—It's a complaint about the amount of my bill.

## LI HUNG CHANG'S DIAMON.

IT IS IN THE SOUTH OF CHINA AND IS FAIR AND FERTILE.

**The Canton District Very Different From the Central and Northern Provinces—Speak a Different Language.**

What strikes an observer most about China and the Chinese is that suddenly a veil has been rent from a vast organism, which up to the present half-century had remained exclusive self-contained and repellent to all external influence and all modern knowledge. Not only is the type of civilization vastly different, but the mind is of another cast, the idea of a separate order. Inference is the key to Chinese character and Chinese intercourse, but a foreigner, however, long he may dwell in the country, never quite makes out what a native is driving at from anything he says or does. To save "face" even a coolie will forge and fabricate a dozen times. From this point of view "correctitude" is all in all, and it is far worse for him and his to lose "face" than to lie through thick and thin.

Up the French river the French priests allege that their work is practically fruitless. In fact, the two provinces, of which Canton is the capital are sunk deep in the curious compound of spiritualistic materialism. These southern people speak a language radically different from that of the middle and northern provinces, even though "within the four seas all men are brethren."

THE CANTONESE DIALECT.

Cantonese is a dialect of which hardly a word is understood in other parts and the officials always employ interpreters in their intercourse with the natives. When the magistrate takes his seat in the yamen a bell summons his interpreter, almost as in our East End police court. The land they live in is fair and fertile. Along the course of the west river and its myriad of creeks and tributaries the soil is bountifully fed with the alluvial mud the river brings down, for at Wuchau the rise at flood time is as much as fifty feet in an average year. Great fields of mulberry stretch out on all sides, looking exactly like a vast plantation of thin hop-poles and from them is taken the autumn harvest of silk cocoons, which go to fill the hundred and forty odd filatures of the Canton district and a multitude of home industries all through the province. Interspersed with the silk trees are thick patches of sugar-cane, and everywhere you walk by the "paddy-field," which supplies the food in which the heart of the Chinese rejoices. Ranges of green and tawny hills, the bamboo grass contrasting with the bare strips of red sandstone, come down in places almost to the water's edge, and are, at most, but five or six miles distant, never rising to the grandeur of a mountain range, but of sufficient height to give an impressive splendor to the pleasant scenery.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

Temples and Buddhist monasteries are planted about the clefts and fissures of the hills. In the south, as one might expect from the parallel of Europe, the buildings display brighter colors and more ornate decorations than in the sombre north. The lines of the arch are straight and stiff, but upon them is set every sort of grotesque animal and figure that occurs to the limited scope of Chinese imagination. Inside the courts of the "joss house" the figures of the Chinese theogony are more plentifully bedecked with tinsel and brass and colours than they are on the Yangtse. No temple is without its gilding, but in the south there are no signs of a more frequent application of gold leaf than in the dingy recesses of northern gloom. To re-gild a temple is accounted a work of holiness, which is set down on the credit side of the account when the dead man's spirit is seized by the infernal lictors and taken before Kuang-Ti to be submitted to the unpleasant interrogations of the court below. There are opportunities in plenty of fire insurance of this kind, because the Chinese find it very hard to keep their hands off fresh gilt when it can be turned to the purposes of personal profit.

At Canton there is a famous temple, the sides of which are lined with brass and gilded figures in a sitting posture, to the number of 408, representing the various incarnations of the great Buddha. The long rows are impressive and bewildering, even though they do not suggest more than a curious

GALLERY OF FAMILY STATUES.

—something like busts of a patrician family in old Rome—but a common peculiarity is that, while the bodies have worn their color to a rich bronze, the hands are nearly all as bright as new gold. The explanation is that the adventurous coolie is always appropriating the hands for the secular purposes of trade, and consequently the priests are continually replacing them. Such a sacrilege excites no surprise in a country where the priests themselves are ever ready to sell the holiest of holies, and where silver is replaced by pewter and bronze only reason that a bonze in a Yangtse temple gave for not disposing of an ancient incense burner was that if he did, the people would rise and kill him. Personally, he had no objections. by iron every day of the week. The He believed in the saying, "The image-maker does not worship Buddha; he knows too much about the idol." Just as these temples are cleaner and richer in the southern provinces than elsewhere, save in Szechuan, so the private houses are of a finer and more substantial build.

In Kwangtung many of them stand out by themselves.

LIKE AN ENGLISH FARM,

with strong walls surrounding well-kept, one-storied dwelling rooms, and the blue brick, made at the many brickfields, which line the banks, is far more durable and cohesive than the unbaked mud that does duty for it in so many other parts. The roofs, too, are neatly tiled, and fit to resist the full fury of tropical storms. It is not only the detached house which is thus superior. All along the lower reaches the villages, which thrive and batten upon the production of silk have an air of permanent prosperity, that, as contrasted with the pitiful poverty of so much that one sees elsewhere strikes a pleasant contrast. In their festivals and solemn sacraments they make a parade and effect which have something of Indian gorgeousness about them. Above Samshui, on the southern bank. I saw a municipal procession winding in and out of the waving clumps of feathery bamboo that in the distance. at any rate, was a pretty moving picture. A band of musicians in scarlet garments led the way before a whole army of tablet bearers. who proclaimed the virtues of the illustrious dead. Above them floated the standard of the mandarins. and in the centre was a huge, serpent made up in pantomimic fashion, of painted matting hung upon a framework supported by a number of unseen "supers" who waggled and twisted in the orthodox way. Behind came priests and coolies and in the place of honour were mounted officials. with their red umbrellas of office borne before them. At close quarters all this would have been tawdry enough, but, seen in the bright sunlight, with the background of red sandstone, fringed by the most graceful of tropical trees, it was not only curious—it was most beautiful.

## WILL HONOR ANNIE LAURIE.

**Monument is to be Erected Over the Grave of That Winsome Lassie.**

A movement is on foot to erect a tombstone over the grave of Annie Laurie. Many people are under the delusion that Annie Laurie was merely a figment of the poet's brain, but this was not so. She was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie and was born in Maxwelton house, which stands on the "braes" immortalized in the song. Her birth is thus set down in the Barjorg MS; "At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Anna Laurie, was born upon the 16th day of December, 1682 years, about 6 o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George, minister of Glencairn."

Maxwelton house is still full of memories of this winsome girl, and in the long drawing-room there still hangs her portrait. Her lover and author of the original song was young Douglas of Fingland, but in the sequel she gave her hand to a prosaic country laird, her cousin, Alexander Ferguson. They lived at Craigdarroch house, five miles from Maxwelton, and when she died Annie was buried in the beautiful glen of the Cairn.

HOW TO PAY RENT.

House Owner—You didn't pay the rent last month.

House Tenant—No? Well, I suppose you'll hold me to your agreement.

House Owner—Agreement — what agreement?

House Tenant—Why, when I rented you said I must pay in advance or not at all.

FEMININE DIPLOMACY.

"How do you get on with your new neighbors?"

"Very nicely," answered Mrs. Blykins. "We pursued our usual programme, and as soon as they moved in sent over and asked to borrow their wash tubs, flatirons, gas stove and baby grand piano."

"But you have all such things yourself."

"Of course. What I wanted to do was to head them off."

An EDUCATIONAL DIFFICULTY

"This is the great and glorious land where education is not denied to any youth."

"Yes," answered the cold-blooded cynic, "the only trouble is that they put in too much time translating Latin, when they ought to be learning not to say 'I seen it, and 'I done it."

A PRACTICAL MARRIED MAN.

"My husband has no sentiment. I told him I would have my photograph taken for his birthday present!"

"Didn't he like the idea?"

"He said he'd rather I'd give him a load of coal."

HE WAS NO EGOTIST.

"Will you marry me, Miss Tommey?" asked Mr. Collingwood.

"No, indeed" replied she. "I wouldn't marry the best man on earth."

"Of course, you won't. You'll never have an opportunity. But that is no reason why you shouldn't marry me."

BEFORE THE CHRISTENING.

Mr. Freeborn Jackson—Whad yoh gwine name im, Laurelia?

Mrs. Jackson—Anyfing yoh laiks. Anyfing, cept Alias. Ise noticed boys o' that name nevah comes to no good. They's allus in the police co't.

SOUNDED FUNNY TO HER.

Mrs. Snaggs. Old Closefist is dead I see.

Mr Snaggs. Yes.

"What did he die off?"

"He died of enlargement of the heart."

"That old miser! What a joker you are, Frank."

DESPERATION.

Would you marry an old man for his money?

Well, yes: if I couldn't get it any other way.

CURIOUS INFORMATION.

A racehorse galloping at full speed clears from 20 feet to 24 feet at every bound.

Champagne to the value of $3,307,000 was imported into this country last year.

There are 300,000 French-Canadians, of whom 25,000 are voters, in Massachusetts.

The children of different countries have different tastes, but tin swords are wanted all over the world.

In the last 60 years the speed of the ocean steamers has been increased from 8 1-2 to 23 knots an hour.

Mr. Whymper thus describes the commencement of an eruption of the volcano Cotopaxi; "A puff of steam was emitted and then a brief pause. Five minutes later a column of inky blackness began to issue, and rose up straight in the air with such prodigious velocity that in less than three minutes it was 20,000 feet above the rim of the crater. The top of the column was about 40,000 feet above the level of the sea."

ENGLISH FACTS AND FANCIES.

London consumes 11 tons of salt daily.

About 400,000,000 pounds of soap is used in Great Britain yearly.

The most common name for a place in England is Newton, which occurs no fewer than 72 times.

A mushroom gathered on Bisley Common measured 54 inches in circumference and stood 11 inches in height, its weight being nearly four pounds.

The Hebrew population of London has more than doubled during the last 20 years. It is now estimated at between 100,000 and 120,000.

The finest garden hedges in England are at Hall Barn, in Buckinghamshire. They are over 30 feet high, are immensely thick and are clipped so as to present the smooth, velvety appearance peculiar to the finest yew and box hedges.

KIPLING TO WRITE OF PUSSY'S PURR.

One of Kipling's new "Just-So" Stories, which he is now writing for The Ladies' Home Journal, will tell "How Pussy Got Her Purr." In the same humorous vein the famous author will tell of another feline peculiarity; "How the Tiger Got His Stripes." Kipling loves to write about animals, and to interest children in his stories; but fond as he is of children he will not write "down" to them. He despises the "twaddle" which fills so many books intended for their entertainment, and keeps far away from it in everything he does with his pen; consequently his stories interest men and women as well as delight children.

THE HEARER AT CHURCH.

3. Is not apathetic, but sympathetic.

The kind of hearer I like best is one who.

1. Is rain-proof, sun-proof, food-proof and visitor-proof.

2. Comes at the beginning and stays to the end.

4. Prefers edification to entertainment.

5. Is rich in prayer and poor in prejudice.

6. Keeps his ears busy and his tongue idle.

7. Brings his thinking cap to church, but leaves his night-cap at home.

A few such hearers make a poor sermon good, and a good one better, for the rest of the congregation.

NO HARM IN LOVING THE WORLD.

We cannot know or enjoy or love the world too much if God's will controls us. Has a mother anything but joy in watching her little daughter's devotion to her doll? Not until the child is so absorbed that she cannot hear her mother's voice. Did anyone ever love the world more than Jesus did, yet was anyone ever so loyal to the Father's will? Worldliness is not love of the world, but slavishness to it.

TERRIBLE FALL.

Solemn-faced Man, with newspaper, —Well, I see there was a singular accident at one of the slaughter houses out at the stock yards yesterday. A man who was leaning out of an upper story window let go and dropped 60 feet, and wasn't hurt a particle.

Eager Listener—How did that happen?

"They were pig's feet."

BEST WAY TO USE CAMPHOR.

The best method of employing camphor when storing away articles for the winter is in pieces the size of a hazelnut, wrapped each in tissue paper; thus covered the camphor will not injure the most delicate color. Spirit of turpentine sprinkled freely in a trunk before lining it with newspapers will destroy any moth's eggs that may have found lodgment therein, but the turpentine must not be allowed to touch anything which it can possibly injure.

LOST.

To be lost is to be out of one's place and right relationship. The sheep was lost when it was absent from the flock. The coin was lost when it was out of the possession of the owner. A soul is lost when it is out of right relationship with God and is not doing the work for which He gave it existence.

MIGHT HAVE WAITED.

The Tennessee woman who killed her son because he smoked cigarettes says the Detroit News, could have saved much trouble by allowing the habit to take its course.

## AN ARISTOCRATIC CLERK.

LORD FAIRFAX WORKS IN A NEW YORK BANK.

**Intends to Restore the Glories of His House—Such is the Ambition of the Young Nobleman Who Wishes to Become a Banker With This Object.**

Every work day morning at 9 o'clock a handsome young man, tall, erect and dressed in deep mourning, enters the counting room of Brown Bros. & Co., at 59 Wall St., New York, and takes his position behind a desk, with a score of other clerks. In a few minutes he is immersed in the business of the big firm.

If this young man was a resident of Scotland, where his ancestors lived, he would be addressed as "your Lordship." In New York he is simply Mr. Fairfax. In reality he is the only American citizen who can rightfully use the title of Lord. He is Albert Kirby Fairfax, otherwise Baron Fairfax, of Cameron, to which title he succeeded upon the death of his father a few weeks ago.

Young Lord Fairfax, who is the twelfth Baron, and is the oldest son of the late Baron John Coutell Fairfax, of Northampton, Prince George county, Md., was born in 1870. In appearance he is much younger. This may be in a measure due to his light silken hair, which, with an unusually pallid complexion and deep blue eyes, suggest the Saxon.

FAIRFAX UNMARRIED.

Lord Fairfax is unmarried. His brother, Charles Edmond, is the next in line of succession. Like his father, the present Lord is unaffected and modest to a degree. He is plain in dress and quiet in manner. He is much like other young men of his age and similar pursuit in life, save that his manner is unusually reserved, and in his quiet dignity the real gentleman is ever apparent. How some young men with far more money than Lord Fairfax would revel in his title and ancestry!

The Fairfax peerage dates from 1627. It was Thomas, the sixth Baron of that line, who left Scotland and settled in Virginia in 1739. He had inherited a tract of about 6,000,000 acres of land, called the Northern Neck, between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers. Upon this vast estate he erected two mansions, Bevoir and Greenway Court, where he lived for years in state in true baronial fashion.

Northampton, the present home of the Fairfax family, is a tract of land of about 700 acres, which the late Lord Fairfax purchased from the descendants of former Governor Spriggs, of Maryland. The property was at one time a part of a tract owned by Lord Baltimore.

AN OLD HOUSE.

The old house on the plantation is over 150 years old. In it the present Lord Fairfax and his sisters and brothers, Sister Mary Cecilia, of New York; Mrs. Tunstall Smith, of Baltimore; and two daughters who have never left their ancestral home—Carolina Snowden and Frances Mervin Fairfax—and his brother, Charles Edmond Fairfax, were born. It is a quaint old structure for a baronial home. It has a frontage of over 100 feet and is about 30 feet deep, with a great wide hallway running through the middle. Surrounding this house are numerous others, barns and servants' houses, while venerable trees and foliage shade the grounds for acres.

There are many quaint relics in the possession of the Fairfax family. Old heirlooms, family portraits of former lords and ladies of the house of Cameron, and some ancient plate. Most of the family's valuable possessions, however, are stored in New York in the care of the present head of the house. Young Lord Fairfax does not go into society to any extent. Many doors would be open to him, but he prefers the company of old acquaintances.

His ambition is not to go to England and take his seat in the House of Lords, to which he is entitled, but to become a banker and acquire wealth sufficient to restore the glories of old Fairfax in the South.

TREE CLOCK

A Glasgow man has in his garden what he calls a "tree clock." Fir trees are planted in such positions that one of them will shade a portion of the house at every hour of sunlight. For example, at nine o'clock in the morning the "nine o'clock tree" shades the dining-room, while as the sunlight changes the "ten o'clock tree" shades the room above or the room adjoining it, and so on through the day. On a Sunday this "tree clock" insures a succession of shady places around the house.

WASPS DRIVE BEES FROM HOME.

A singular battle was witnessed recently in an English apiary. A hive of bees was besieged by a large swarm of wasps. The bees made valiant sorties to try to drive away its besiegers, and the wasps made furious assault to drive out the bees, The battle raged for two days, at the end of which time the bees evacuated the hive and the wasps took possession.

WILL TELEPHONE AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT WIRES.

Wireless telephone and telegraph circuits will span the world in the next hundred years. A husband in the middle of the Atlantic will be able to converse with his wife sitting her boudoir in Chicago. We will be able to telephone to China, quite as readily as we now talk from New York to Brooklyn. By an automatic signal they will connect with any circuit in their locality without the intervention of a "hello girl."

**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 at
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

POINTERS ABOUT BACON.

**Ontario Agricultural Dept. Wants Farmers to Change Breeding Some Kinds of Hogs.**

A lengthy circular, giving pointers on the bacon trade to the farmers of the province, has been issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture.

Mr. F. W. Hodson, Dominion Live Stock Commissioner, after summing up the whole bacon situation at present says:—"The Canadian market demands a long, lean singer, therefore it is in the interest of Canadian farmers to supply the best pigs for that purpose. First class goods mean a growing market at home and abroad; anything else means a stationary or receding market. At the present time 25 per cent. of the pigs marketed in Canada are what is known as 'softs,' 25 per cent. are flats, and at least 10 per cent. unsizables. Or in other words 60 per cent. of Canadian pigs grade as No. 2 or lower, which is 40 per cent. more than might be expected if breeding were carefully done.

"Canadian farmers lose at least 20 cents per hundred on all pigs sold because of this condition; packers fixing their buying prices according to their average receipts from sales. The man who insists on breeding the wrong type not only loses 20 cents per hundred, but he causes his neighbour to do so as well; not only this, but he injures the home and foreign trade. Therefore, it is to the interest of every citizen that the right sort of pigs be bred on every Canadian farm, and that they be properly fed. Pigs of the wrong type cannot be made good by any kind of feeding, yet bad feeding will spoil a good pig."

FIGS AND THISTLES.

Our dominant duties determine our destiny.

Every sin becomes a tiger on our track.

What a little god some very big people worship.

God's place for a Christian is where he is needed the most.

God is not in the religion that is not using both hands to lift up men.

The raven who failed to return to the ark is a picture of many Christians who, being saved, never look back to say so.

TOO LARGE A BITE.

Manchuria being about 800 miles one way and 500 the other, it is no wonder the Russian bear denies having swallowed it at the first gulp. At least two bites at a cherry of that magnitude are to be looked for, says the New York Tribune, and perhaps several more. But there is little doubt that the robust animal will worry it all down sooner or later.

SHE KEPT DUCKS.

At a country fete a conjurer was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a hat, whep he remarked to a little boy:

Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?

Of course she can, replied the boy.

Why how is that? asked the conjurer.

She keeps ducks, replied the boy, amid roars of laughter.

SHE TOLD THE TRUTH.

Miss Singleton—I was surprised to hear of your marriage. You often said you wouldn't marry the best man on earth.

Mrs. Wederly—Well, I kept my word I married about the worst.