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.

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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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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 this by calling.

The COGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

STEVENSON'S PRAYERS.

Beautiful words That Show No Sign of Bodily Infirmity.

Stevenson's books and essays are so redolent of health, and so purified by fresh air, that one cannot think of them as being written by a confirmed invalid; yet while the great author was projecting his bold, undaunted spirit into the stout frames of his heroes, he himself was daily struggling with physical ills and bodily weakness, and even fighting death itself.

But it was not his own strength alone on which he relied. He felt—and acknowledged—his daily dependence on God, and expressed that dependence most beautifully in the "Prayers Written for Family Use at Vailima."

Here the true nature of his healthy soul is revealed. In these wonderful prayers broods no melancholy. Like so many thousands of consumptives, Stevenson was far from home in search of health, yet his prayers contain no reference to his pathetic quest, or to his necessary expatriation. Nor did he speak much of death, although he was daily walking in its shadow.

On the contrary, he preached always the gospel of cheerfulness and of life. "Prolong our days in peace and honor," he prays, and then continues with naive charm, "Give us health, food, bright weather and light hearts."

"Let us lie down," was his prayer at night, "without fear, and awake and arise with exultation. As the sun lightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation."

Stevenson's prayer, "At Morning," is one of the most perfect and beautiful prayers of modern days. It cheerfulness abounds with industry. sufferer, and deserves to be framed in every heart. It is this:

"The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep."

How many of us who are strong and well pray as simply and rationally and unselfishly as that?

EASY TO IDENTIFY.

An amorous young man sent a letter to a German lady, and this postscript was added:

"That my darling may make no mistake, remember that I will wear a light pair of trousers and a dark cutaway coat. In my right hand I will carry a small cane, and in my left a cigar. Yours ever, Adolphe."

The father replied courteously, stating that his daughter had given him authority to represent her at the appointed place at the time agreed on. His postscript was as follows:

"Dot mine son may make no mistake, I vill be dreshed in mine shirtsleeves, I vill vear in mine right hand a glub; in mine left hand I vill vear a six-shooter. You vill recognize me by de vay I bats you on de head a goople times twice mit de club. Vait for me at de corner, as I have somedings important to inform you mit. Your frient, Heinrich Muller."

A HERO.

The book slipped to the floor and Honoria Keller sat back in her chair with a gentle yawn.

"That woman was a hero," she said aloud. "The kind I'd like to be. I never wanted to be anything quite as much as to be a hero. Dear, dear, that's what I used to lie under the trees and dream about, while other girls dreamed about lovers. To do something splendid and brave—think of that! Heigho!"

She crossed the room and surveyed her small, trim figure in the mirror, with a queer defiance in her face. "Oh, it's you again, is it?" she cried. "It's always you, always! Never somebody tall and fine and hero-ish. You'd make a pretty hero, wouldn't you? Did you think heroes were cut out five feet tall in their shoes? And had round baby faces and dimples? Dimples!"

She turned away and paced restlessly up and down the bright little room. The gentle purring of the sleeping children stole out to her faintly through the half-open door. Once, when she failed to hear it, she stopped in her walk to listen anxiously. Heavy feet tramped by, now and then, in the corridors, but the step she was waiting for did not come.

"He's late again," she said aloud, in the fashion of lonely women. "He was late yesterday and day before, and day before that—world without end." A sudden bitterness distorted her sweet face. Home! What kind of parody on the word was this pair of little rooms in a great noisy hotel? Was there the slightest resemblance to a home about them? They were bright with gaslight and pretty with the bits of womanly touches her wistful fingers had given them. She had wrested the horror of hotel rooms from them against heavy odds. And how the children had helped! Jed's horse, over there in the corner, Nell's sorry doll on the couch, the Tiny One's rubber dogs and cats everywhere,—bless them, how they helped!

Honoria Keller had been married eight years and she had never had a home. From one hotel or boarding-house to another they had drifted restlessly. The children had been born in hotels—that was Honoria's greatest grief. It seemed like doing the children a great wrong. When Harry laughed at her the hurt deepened and widened. It was all Harry's doings, anyway. When they had money enough, he said, in his easy way, they would have a home. Time enough.

Suddenly the woman pacing the bright little room uttered a sharp sound of pain. The old wound would not bear opening. She hurried to her usual refuge, the children in their beds. Their little flushed, peaceful faces always calmed her. "You don't lay it up, do you?" the mother sobbed softly. "You know mother wanted to give you a home to be born in,—Jed, Nell, Tiny One! You don't lay it up?"

For a little while she sat beside them, in the darkened room, touching their little cheeks in turn, with the soft mother kisses that never waken. Then, comforted, she went back again to the light. But the evening wore on, dragged on, without the sound of familiar steps outside the door. Somewhere a clock chimed 10, then 11, then 12. "It was 12 last night," she said, and waited. Then 1 o'clock rang out in clear note. "It was 1 the day before yesterday," Honoria said.

They had parted in bitter anger in the morning, but that was too familiar a thing to count. Lately the partings had all been angry or coolly indifferent. When had they kissed each other good-bye in the morning? Honoria caught her breath in sharp distress. "At home we would—it would be different if we had a home!" she cried out a little wildly. "How can we love each other this way, without a home?"

The great house settled into quiet. Somewhere, a great way off, doors shut with a final clang, and loud keys creaked in their locks. "He will not come to-night," Honoria said. But she waited until morning. She had waited that way before, and in the morning Harry had come. This time it was different. In the morning a messenger boy brought her a note from him. "Have gone away. You will not be sorry. It has been in the wind some time. I should liked to have kissed the children good-by. Harry."

How long it was she sat there with the brief little note in her hands, before frightened imperative little fingers tugged and pulled her back to semi-consciousness, Honoria Keller never knew. The weight on her heart did not lift or ease. It seemed to crush and choke her. The queer, metallic voice that answered the children's wondering questions was not her voice. She did not wonder it terrified the Tiny One. "You isn't like mamma—I 'ants papa!" he wailed.

"He has gone away—you will not be sorry," repeated Honoria stiltedly. "It has been in the wind sometime. He was sorry not to kiss the chil—" She caught her breath as the row of scared little faces imprinted itself on her staring retinas. A sudden wave of keen, pitiless consciousness swept over like a flood. It was all so plain now! The kindly mist had lifted from her mind.

That day somehow lived itself out, and then the next. Somehow, for the children, Honoria lived. The throb and smart of her hurt were all she realized at first. Small things made no impression on her mind. Years afterward she wondered whether on those first days the sun had shone, or it had rained. It was a chance remark she overheard that aroused her from her lethargy. Someone outside in the corridor made the remark to someone else. "The woman in that room there—No. 21—'s been deserted," the strange voice said in what was meant for an undertone. "Yes, sir, deserted! Sounds like a novel, don't it? An' the children's there too, all right. Just lit out an' left 'em, as I'm a sinner"

"As he's a sinner!" growled the other voice indignantly. "It's brutes do things like that. They ain't men."

There was sympathy in both rough voices, but Honoria did not heed. The words, not the tones, burnt into her brain. Was that it? Was Harry a brute? Dear Lord in Heaven, was she deserted?"

"No! Harry would not do that!" she cried in anguish. "He went away—we were angry with each other. He thought I would not be sorry. Not sorry!" She sprang to the floor and paced to and fro, till the frightened children crept away by themselves.

But the days that went by grew into weeks, and he did not come. And at last the kind-hearted proprietor was driven to take the step he had been dreading. He went up to No. 21 one evening and knocked gently.

"Come in," a weary voice said.

"Ah—good evening, Mrs. Keller, good evening," he said nervously. "I—that is, I've—er—called on a terribly embarrassing errand. I've put it off and put it off, hoping he—that is, Mr. Keller—would show up again. I want you to believe it was an awful jolt for me to come up here to-night and say it, but, Mrs. Keller,—that is—" He caught out his handkerchief and mopped his face. "There's a bill against your husband for three months' board," he blurted out desperately.

Honoria sat looking at him steadily, letting this new disgrace filter into her brain. She did not flinch before it.

"You mean," she said quietly, after a minute or two, "that Har—that my husband owes you a good deal of money for our board, his and mine and the children?"

"Yes, that is—er—a modicum, a modicum."

"And that we must go away at once? Of course I see that. But—but—" for the first time her sweet voice broke, "but I have no money to pay the bill. Wait! please don't say a word. Please go away and let me think. I must think. You will give me time to think."

But how to think? Honoria wrestled all night with her problem. One thing was definitely clear. She must pay the bill before she went away. A way,—a way,—oh, to find a way! What was to come afterward did not matter yet. This mountain must be climbed first.

The next morning she noticed a sign posted below over the laundry windows. "Wanted: a first-class woman to do fine ironing. Fancy pay for fancy work. Apply within."

"Grandmother used to tell me I ironed her caps beautifully," Honoria said, a sudden resolve in her mind. "But perhaps—now—I'm not a first-class woman," she added with a pitiful little smile. But she applied for the work and got it. She and the children took a cheaper room in one of the attics and she went resolutely to work to earn the money to pay the bill. That the work was terribly taxing to her slender strength did not deter her. And little by little she saved the money. Afterward she wondered: now she only worked. The night the sum she was saving had grown to the needful dimensions, her poor sore heart was almost light. On the way up to her attic she overheard someone calling her a hero. It sent her straight to her blurry little mirror. "You don't look it!" she said to the worn, shabby little figure before her, but she smiled a little and nodded to it, friendly-wise. "You were always wanting to be one, and I suppose this was the best you could do."

That was the night Harry came back. He was terribly thin and wan. "Dear," he said, after the long explanation was over, "how could you think I would desert you like that?"

"I didn't," she answered simply. "And I didn't," he said, as if he had not said it already a dozen times. "There was no time to write a longer note that night, when the Head made up his mind at last to send me about his business in such a hurry. And then,"—he shuddered—"then the smash on the train and the nothingness—nothingness—nothingness."

"Oh, hush!" she shuddered.

"And when I came out of it," he persisted, "I couldn't remember. I only remembered to-day, Honoria."

"Only to-day, dear," she cried joyfully. "But, Harry, to-day is now! And to-morrow—do you know what we are going to do to-morrow?"

"Yes,—wait, let me say it! To-morrow we're going somewhere—home, Honoria."

"COPPERS, SIR."

A schoolmaster in a village school was giving the children a Bible lesson, the subject being the healing of the lame man, as recorded in Acts, Chapter III. After reading the verse containing Peter's assertion, "Silver and gold have I none, etc.," the master asked, with the idea of finding out if the children were grasping the reason of the healing:

"Now, what had Peter got, then?"

A number of hands went up, and on being pointed to a bright-eyed girl of seven answered quickly:

"Coppers, sir."

About the ....House

BE CAREFUL.

Almost daily we read newspaper accounts of accidental poisoning. Most of the cases are due to the carelessness on the part of those who handle deadly drugs.

Poisons should be plainly labelled and placed beyond the reach of children or careless persons, and medicines should have their particular place apart from all other articles of household use. It is best, always, to keep them under lock and key, and one reliable member of the family should be made responsible for their safe keeping, and he alone should hand them out when needed, and personally superintend the uses to which they are put. This plan may seem a little troublesome, but it is the only safe way, and by its practice many calamities might be averted.

In some families medicines, which are sometimes poisons, and articles of household use are placed side by side in the cupboard. Bottles from which the labels of former contents have not been removed are used for holding dangerous drugs, and to this careless custom are due many cases of accidental poisoning.

Two cases which came under my immediate notice, though they happily proved harmless, illustrate the danger of careless handling of drugs. A farmer's wife, having occasion to bake biscuits for breakfast, used what she supposed to be baking powder, taking it from a baking powder can in her cupboard. Being hurried, she did not notice, in the dim light of the early winter morning, that the contents of the can were magnesia and cayenne pepper, which had been mixed and placed in the can by the invalid of the family, who used it as medicine. Nothing more disastrous than a general fit of sneezing by the whole family, caused by the pungent odor of the pepper, and a mess of heavy biscuits resulted from the mistake, but it was from no forethought of the cook that the entire family was not poisoned, as the material was right at hand, and it was only by a happy chance that she selected the medicine.

Another case was that of a lady, who in making a cake, flavored it with liniment instead of vanilla, the liniment bottle being similar in size and shape to that of a common vanilla bottle, and the contents the same in color, so the mistake was very easily made.

In both these cases medicines and poisonous drugs, together with articles used every day in cooking were placed indiscriminately on one shelf. When one realizes that this careless, almost criminal custom prevails in many households we are led to wonder that the resulting casualties are not more numerous.

SOUPS.

Pork Soup.—Slice as much salt pork as would be needed for a meal if fried (say 6 slices), wash and then fry in the kettle in which the soup is to be cooked. When done, pour over it enough water to make as much soup as required. Add 1 qt pared and sliced Irish potatoes and 3 good sized onions. If turnips are liked, put 1 pt sliced ones into the water before the potatoes are added, and let them cook awhile before putting in the other things, as they take longer to cook. Carrot may also be put in with the turnips, if desired. After all the vegetables have cooked a short time, add 1 cup rice. Season with pepper and salt. This is a very good soup for those who cannot procure fresh soup meat.

Vegetable Soup.—three onions, 3 carrots, 3 turnips, 1 small cabbage, 1 pt tomatoes. Chop all the vegetables fine, except the cabbage and tomatoes. Have ready in a porcelain kettle 3 qts boiling water, put in the chopped vegetables, and simmer for half an hour; then add the cabbage, chopped, and the tomatoes, stewed, also herbs to season, if desired. Let the soup boil 20 minutes, then strain through a sieve, rubbing all the vegetables through. Take 2 tablespoons butter and 1 of flour, and rub to a cream. Pepper and salt the soup to taste, add ½ cup sweet cream, if you have it, and stir in the butter and flour. Let boil up, and serve with fried bread chips.

Beef Soup.—Boil a good beef soup bone slowly, until the meat will almost fall from the bones. Remove the meat from the kettle, replacing the bones, and let boil half an hour longer. Take out the bones and add 1 cup rice to 4 qts soup. Return a portion of the meat to the soup before taking it up for the table. Beef soup should be carefully skimmed just before it comes to a boil, as the dark colored scum will boil into the soup if not taken off at that time. It should be seasoned with salt and pepper half an hour before taking out the meat. The meat saved from the soup may be made into a meat pie for the next meal, or served cold. Irish potatoes and other vegetables may be added instead of the rice, if preferred. An onion improves the flavor.

FOR THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

No family purse is so small that a wife is not entitled to an unquestioned share of it. An allowance for household expenses is prudent and commendable; when the income is limited and must be adjusted to fit the needs of a growing household, it is almost obligatory, but over and above this allowance there should be a sum set aside, if it is only $2 or $3 a week, which shall be wife's unmolested and uninspected pin money. If her discretion in the matter of outlay be questionable, the husband is justified, in case his finances demand it, in refusing further personal spending money to her. She must make up extravagance one month by economy the next, a process that in itself teaches wisdom rapidly. That she should, without trial or cause, be deprived of the dignity of a private purse and the independence of disbursing it as she pleases is an insult to her character and an outrage to her wifely rights.

SOME HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The yolks of eggs dry almost as soon as they come in contact with the air, but if dropped at once into a cup of cold water will keep in good condition in the refrigerator for three or four days.

Whites of eggs, saved one or two at a time, kept in a cool place, may be used for angels' food, cornstarch cake, white layer cake, apple snow, or added to the various fruit sponges.

The saucer of preserves left over from yesterday's luncheon may be added to a little whipped cream, slightly thickened with gelatine, and used for to-day's dessert.

Cold boiled, baked or broiled fish may be made into devilled fish, fish croquettes, a la creme, or may be served on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing for a luncheon salad.

SARDINE TINS.

Frenchman Made a Fortune Out of Them.

At the end of the siege of Paris by the Prussians, the keeper of a Parisian wine-shop found himself completely ruined. He did not know where to turn for bread for his family. In a yard at the back of his shop there was a large accumulation of old sardine tins.

Sardines, in his better days, courted his especial patronage, and a box of them was found on his table every day. At the same time that he came across this pile of old tins, he happened to learn that the solder with which they were hermetically sealed was a valuable commodity, and it occurred to him that it might be possible to recover it from the broken tins and sell it at a good profit—which he did.

Being a man of some ingenuity, he improvised a small furnace, and immediately began making experiments in this direction. They turned out satisfactorily, and the price that the solder thus realized enabled him to keep going.

He saw that there was every likelihood of a good business to be done—the germ of it had declared itself—and so he contracted with a number of master ragpickers to supply him with all the old sardine tins they could lay hands upon. He soon found himself at the head of a growing concern, and looking over matters one day he conceived the idea that there was a deal of waste in the metal that was thrown away after the solder had been extracted.

At all times material means money, only we don't always know how to convert it into pounds, shillings, and pence.

The thought struck him—Why not make tin soldiers and other toys out of the metal which up to that moment was considered as only waste? The result of that inspiration was the—in after years—establishment of several factories in many parts of France.

Millions of metal pieces in the shape of children's toys are turned out annually from these workshops, and Monsieur Drog has built up a huge fortune on old sardine tins.

RUSSIA TRAINS FARMERS.

Experiment Stations and Model Farms Established.

The Russian Government has adopted a novel method of educating farmers in Siberia. Experimental stations and sample farms have been established at convenient locations at which the peasants have been taught how to handle machinery and how to use their strength to the best advantage. They have been furnished with seed and with good breeding stock, and it is now possible for an exile or an emigrant to obtain a good agricultural education in a few months at or near the capital of every Siberian province. To those who live at a distance the school has been carried. Wherever there is a navigable river the agricultural department has provided immense floating gardens which are moved from place to place as object lessons and schools of instruction for the peasant farmers. Upon the decks of large barges all forms of vegetable life are growing and all sorts of implements and machinery are displayed, including simple contrivances for the care of live stock and bees. When this barge reaches the village the church bell is rung and the starosta, or mayor, sends out messengers to summon the people from the fields. For several days the teachers are engaged in explaining the best methods of producing plants and cultivating the ground; the uses and advantages of the implements and machinery, the care of cows and sheep, hogs, poultry and bees, and illustrated lectures are given upon gardening and other agricultural industries. The questions of the peasants are answered intelligently. If the cattle or the sheep in that neighborhood are afflicted with diseases their owners are given the best remedies and taught how to use them. There are several hundred of these floating agricultural colleges in the Russian Empire, and it is impossible to overestimate the good they have already accomplished.

SAVED BY HIS GALLANTRY.

Good manners have always been recognized as a valuable help to comfortable living, but a story told by Andrew Lang, who declares that he had it from a descendant of the gentleman in the case, shows that they may also afford, on occasion, the only way of living at all.

Roderick Macculloch, a Highland giant, no less than six feet four inches in height, had been arrested for treason and was on his way to the Tower, when the procession was temporarily blockaded. A lady, looking out of a window, called to the victim:

"You tall rebel! You will soon be shorter by a head."

Roderick took off his hat and made a profound obeisance.

"Does that give you pleasure, madam?" he asked.

"It certainly does," replied the lady.

"Then, madam," retorted Roderick, with another flourish, "I do not die in vain."

This answer so captivated the sensibilities of the lady that she made an immediate appeal for clemency to the reigning monarch, George II.; and Mr. Lang declares that he saw the rebel's pardon, beautifully engrossed with a decorative border, on the wall of his descendant's study

A novelist would have married the lady to the gallant Roderick, but there seem to have been some objections to this romantic conclusion.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil, or temperate who considers pleasure the highest good.

It is hard to believe that others cannot see what seems plain to us; but we cannot see the sun at night; and for all that it is quite plain to those on the other side of the world. Everything is in the position one happens to occupy.

The habit of concentrating all the powers for a certain time upon a definite object is not gained without discipline and practice. Many persons meaning conscientiously to perform the work that falls to their lot have, for want of that habit never learned how to do it with thoroughness and dispatch.

The safeguard against temptation is not seclusion, but self-culture. As it is not disinfectants which will most certainly secure one against infection, but a sound constitution, so it is not rules of life which will strengthen one against temptations, but a soul. One must build up one's moral deed and high thinking, by fellowship with pure women and honorable men. The chief aids in this regimen are literature and friendship.

FORTY MILES AN HOUR.

Few of us have an accurate idea of the rate at which fish swim. When we say that a person is "as fat as a porpoise," we hardly associate a quick rate of swimming with that individual, yet he, and everybody else, would like to be able to get through the water as rapidly. Porpoises have been seen to dart round and round a steamer travelling seventeen miles an hour, thus proving their capacity to swim at a greater rate than that. The dolphin may be placed on a level with the porpoise, but the bonito has occasionally been known to approach forty miles for short distances. Herrings, in shoals, move steadily at a rate between ten and twelve miles; mackerel swim much faster, and both trout and salmon go at a rapid pace when migrating up a stream for spawning. Whales are not fish in the scientific sense, but it is interesting to note that these monsters swim at a rate of sixteen miles an hour when excited, although their ordinary speed is estimated at between four and five miles.

The record sturgeon has lately been caught in the Volga. It weighed 1,700 pounds. It yielded 220 pounds of caviare, and was valued altogether at $400.

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Deep-seated Kidney Disease Often the Result of a Neglected Cold—Then Come Great Sufferings From Lumbago and Backache.

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