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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 26. No. 29. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 30, 1901.

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.

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Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated Weather and Waterproof THE BEST EVER MADE.

School Blackboard Paint. Glass Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing. Graining Colours, all kinds. Graining Combs, Dry Colours, all shades. Gold Leaf, Gold Bronze, Gold Paint. Stains, Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Rosewood, Floor Paints Weather and Waterproof.

Ice Cream Freezers, Clothes Wringers, Daisy Churns, Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wave 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, Eows 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.

The COCCIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

FROM THE UNITED STATES PERSONAL AND POLITICAL NOTES ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighbourly Interest in His Beliefs—Matters of Moment and Merit Gathered From His Records.

A branch of the Y.M.C.A. specially for coloured men, has been organized in New York. The American Bible Society has appropriated \$5,000 for colporteur work among the negroes of the South.

Senator Foraker will spend the fall in Porto Rico, and make a thorough study of all its industries, classes of population and its various social, educational and religious institutions.

President James K. Patterson, of Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky., has announced that in his will he has set aside \$50,000 for a college library as a memorial to his deceased son.

"Purple Violets."

"Arrah, Masther Gerald, but it's a grate day for Ireland that sees ye home in the ould place again!"

Colonel Desmond smiled at his old gardener's fervency. "Thank you, Casey. By Jove!"—glancing round the quaint, straggling garden—"it is good to be home in old Ireland again. Seven years' roasting in India makes a man appreciate his own country with a vengeance."

"But look at that, now!" cried Casey admiringly. "And to think it's seven long years since ye put yer foot in this ould garden! And is it three, Masther Gerald, ye've been fighting the blacks iver since? Mickie Milligan, who reads the paper rag, sez the Queen sent you a gold cross, she was that plazed at the way you knocked the devil out of the hay-thens?"

"Not a gold one," laughed his master. "It's one made of gunmetal, but not all the coin in the realm could buy it, Casey. And now tell me all the news. I see"—glancing around—"you've looked after the old place thoroughly during my absence."

"Thank ye, Masther Gerald," said Casey, beaming with pleasure. "Me an' the ould woman's done our best be Coolager since the day ye shut up and went abroad to fight. As for the news, there's hereabouts, save and except the killing of the one-eyed fox in Kelly's wood the season after you left, and the death of Owen Molloy, the schoolmaster, six months ago."

"And the rectory people—how are they?" queried Colonel Desmond, with the faintest flush of colour on his forehead.

"Musha, they're all thriving," replied Casey, with a covert glance at his master. "Of course, the rector himself gets an odd twinge of gout, but that's natural enough in a man of his age. As for Miss Cynthia, she's the sweetest lady in all Ireland! You'll be after seein' her yerself, Masther Gerald, in a few minits. She comes over to me ivery mornin' for a posy of—"

"Miss Cynthia!" interrupted the colonel, with a start. "Why—why, I thought she was to have married Mr. Harvey?"

"Lord bless you, no, sir! Miss Cynthia will never marry—leastways," he added confidentially, "not unless she gets the man she's been a'tin' her heart out about this many a year."

"And who may that lucky individual be, Casey?" asked Colonel Desmond, with the faintest touch of bitterness in his voice.

"Casey shuffled uncomfortably. "Arrah, sure it's not for the likes of me to be discussin' the gentry," he began hesitatingly; "but they do say in the village that he wint off to the wars sivil—Bogorra, Masther Gerald, he wint somewhere about the same time as you wint yerself."

"They talk awful rot in the village," was Colonel Desmond's emphatic comment, as he turned away impatiently, and walked down a side alley.

From the farther end of the alley he could see a wide sweep of meadowland with a house or two peeping from out some distance.

"So she never married Harvey, after all?" he muttered. "I wonder—I wonder why? Confound it!"—he broke off abruptly, as he saw the girl and get rid of that confounded episode! Seven years, and I haven't forgotten. Seven years since she—since she sent me about my business before. He concluded bitterly, "and I haven't had the decency to forget!"

fully; but he had never forgotten the wit of the girl, Cynthia.

Presently the colonel retraced his footsteps. "Casey," he said, "is the bed of violets by the south wall still in existence?"

"The gardener scratched his head. "Lord, no, Masther Gerald!" he said. "A blight seemed to come over them soon after ye left, and the devil a stem in the bed but died!"

"Ah! Like dreams, Casey," said the colonel, "violets die quickly." "Shure, sir, agreed Casey vaguely; "but the ould wans—you remember the bed of double purple wans be the ould greenhouse—"

"Well, though it's meself that says it," continued Casey proudly, "they're as bright and bloomin' as the day you could me to pull a bunch and take them across with the letter to Miss Cynthia! Will ye come and have a look at them, Masther Gerald?"

"I will, if ye'll let me," said the colonel, smiling, as he followed the old gardener, "your memory is playing you a trick. They were white through the winter, and I remember ye called me up to the verandy, Casey."

"Not a gold one," laughed his master. "It's one made of gunmetal, but not all the coin in the realm could buy it, Casey. And now tell me all the news. I see"—glancing around—"you've looked after the old place thoroughly during my absence."

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For some moments he stared straight across the soft sweep of meadowland.

The Home

NEW AND Piquant SALADS.

An authority on cookery tells us that "a salad should be pleasing to the eye, delicious to the taste, a mixture in combination of color, beautiful, and above all daintily served."

Certainly, then, if all these be considered, not more attractive dish can be imagined with which to tempt the appetite on the warm days of spring and early summer.

And Celery Salad—This is excellent and very dainty, served in green peppers, which have been scooped out. To 1 lb. walnuts, hickory nut or even peanut meats, allow 3 parts finely cut celery and 1-2 pts mayonnaise.

Russian Salad—This is a mixture of vegetables, which may be prepared of "left-overs." All or any of the following vegetables can be used. One-third cup each of cold boiled carrots, cauliflower, beans, green peas, beets, turnips and potatoes, and 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley.

Separate the cauliflower, into small sprigs, cut the carrots into thin slices, and turnips and potatoes into dice. Beans and peas can, of course, be left whole. To brighten the colors, drop them into cold water, drain, dry and arrange them in order on a flat dish, alternating in rays of red, white and green from the centre formed of the heart of a small head of lettuce. Pour over all a French dressing and season, so as to be very cold when served.

French Fruit Salad—The ingredients are 2 oranges, 2 bananas, the meats of a dozen English walnuts, 1 head of lettuce, and 1 cup mayonnaise. Peel, seed and divide oranges into mouthfuls. Peel the bananas and cut in thin slices. Break the lettuce into small pieces. Arrange the lettuce leaves on the serving platter, and in each little green cup put alternate layers of the bananas and oranges. Dress with the mayonnaise and garnish with the nuts.

A BOY'S ROOM. "Roy takes such a pride in his room and keeps it so orderly we must put fresh paper on the walls and give the woodwork a coat of paint," said his mother when talking over her house-cleaning plans for the spring.

This mother may not have guessed it, but she held the secret of her son's interest in his room. Keeping it freshened up and inviting looking as she does, he naturally takes pleasure in having it always in nice order.

Boys enjoy pretty things and conveniences as well as girls, but too often their room is scantily furnished with their sisters' room may be inferior and prettier it is the more refined influence. Mothers who desire to make their boys happy and keep them in the safe shelter of the home will give special attention to their room when freshening and brightening up the rest of the house; will see, indeed, that it is made as pleasant and comfortable as possible.

TO VACCINATE FOR CANCER.

Dr. Harvey R. Gaylord, of Buffalo, N.Y., has announced to the medical profession and to the world at large that he has discovered that cancer is caused by a microscopical animal parasite a protozoan.

He has produced cancer by injecting a serum containing these parasites into the blood of animals—dogs and guinea pigs. He has discovered that a protozoan causes cancer, and that the protozoan is like the bodies found in the blood after vaccination and in smallpox.

Scientists have been vainly searching for vegetable, not animal, germs, as the cause of smallpox, scarlet fever, measles and hydrophobia. In the light of Gaylord's discovery that these diseases are caused by animal organisms, scientists will now direct their attention towards finding a remedy to combat the cancer microbe, and thus save many thousands of lives.

In layman's English, he seeks a "vaccine" against cancer, a serum that will give a man a mild case of cancer, so to say, and will prevent him ever having the real cancer. Experiments made with guinea pigs along this line tend to show that it will be possible to secure this cancer vaccine and prepare a positive remedy for the dread disease.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Many stories are told of good luck following old purchases made by the enterprising mercantile men known as "ship-breakers" who buy up wrecks and the hulks of stranded vessels, etc. But the latest received comes from Newport, England, where one lucky ship-breaker made a bid for one of the vessels stranded on the Welsh Hook, between the English and Welsh coasts, at the time when the steamship Brunswick grounded and was wrecked. Apparently so hopeless was the condition of the vessel that he had for it for £22.

He had for it for £22. However, he succeeded in raising her, and having towed her to Newport this became possessed of the vessel, a cargo of 900 tons of coal, and the whole of the ship's stores.

grain runs. Apply it evenly. After a day or two rub with a soft cloth. Then varnish the floor, adding half a pint of unboiled linseed oil to a quart of varnish.

A HANDY GARMENT.

If you have an old but good jersey jacket that you have outgrown, just cut off the collar, cut out the sleeves neatly and knit or crochet an edge for it, and you will have a handy garment for staying on in the house, or to put on under some other garment. We should have said round the fronts, make the jacket just a trifle longer, but don't get it too short in the back.

KEEP THE CAKE LIGHT.

To take a cake from a pan with ease when baked, lay a clean towel on the kitchen table, invert the cake pan over it and put a cloth folded two or three thicknesses, wet in cold water, over the bottom of the pan. In a minute or two the pan can be lifted from the cake with ease. Now take hold of the end of the towel the cake rests upon and turn the cake over sideways. It is apt to make a cake heavy to let it cool upside down.

LAND OF THE HUMMING BIRD.

The Surprising Phenomenon That Follows Digging in Trinidad's Asphalt Lake. Few people who travel over the asphalted streets of our large cities are aware of the origin of the black, sticky mass that goes to make up the basis of the smooth roadway under their feet.

Eighteen hundred miles almost due south from New York lies the little tropical island of Trinidad—a British possession off the coast of northern South America. At the south-western extremity of this colony the famous Pitch Lake is located on the summit of a small hill, less than two hundred feet above the level of the sea. In appearance there is nothing phenomenal about this wonder of the tropics but a visit to the lake as it is familiarly called, reveals one of the most unaccountable oddities of nature in the annals of geology.

The tourist may take passage to the "land of the humming-bird"—as Trinidad people like their country to be called—and after decent hotel accommodation at the only decent hotel in the colony, proceed to the lake by one of the small Government steamers plying coastwise between here and the mainland. The trip is a weekly, disembark at the Brighton pier, and proceed to the scene of "digging." Of all the crude, rough, and filthy-looking things that come from mother earth, the Trinidad Lake asphalt operations are the most striking. The visitor arrives on a sandy beach, and sees a mass of tubs and there with tiny pools of water, beneath which the soft shiny substance known as asphalt glitters in the sun. The tubs are arranged in rows, and there with the surface of the lake dozens of swartly negroes are plying pick and hoe, extracting the tar-like looking stuff from the earth.

One may sit in the shade of a nearby shrub, or under the protecting shelter of an umbrella, and watch the negroes ply their trade. The asphalt is dug out of the earth by means of a long-handled tool, and the tubs discharge the pitch at the rate of two or three hundred tons per day.

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Glasgow was the first British town to receive a license for municipal telephones.

Canada House.

Corner Water and St. John Sts., Chatham.

LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.

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AN ARTIST OF THE LIPS.

An English Exhibitor Who Has Been Almost Sixty Years in the Field. Fireworks and fancy Jewellery seem in the popular mind, to be more closely associated with the Crystal Palace than Art with a big A; yet just at present there is a little studio in the South Nave with a suspicion of Aubrey Beardsley and a decided atmosphere of William Morris, says the London Express.

Artistic wall paper designs, designs for dainty fans, wonderful little water-colours, and striking line drawings are on the walls, whilst the young and handsome artist busily paints by means of his mouth. Mr. Bartram Hiles was born in Bristol, and was deprived, at the age of eight years, of both his arms through an accident. Before this catastrophe he had developed a strong passion for drawing—so strong that the loss of his arms in no way diminished his ambition to become an artist. Working with courage and enthusiasm, he obtained a "first-class excellent" in the second grade for freehand drawing within two years of his accident.

At the age of 16 Mr. Hiles exhibited a study in water colours at the Bristol Fine Art Academy, and his career as an artist was fairly begun. But it took him upwards of six years to obtain complete mastery over the muscles of his mouth; yet time and practice made him more expert than ever in freedom and touch.

The young artist has exhibited at the Royal Society of Bristol Artists, the Dudley Gallery, etc., "very nearly," he said smilingly, "at the Royal Academy," and where Mr. Hiles' pictures were accepted it was entirely on their own merits, the hanging committee being quite ignorant of the "method" used.

Definitely a brush was picked up, colour mixed and applied with the exquisite touch, by means of the painter's mouth; and even as one representative looked on a rustic child grew suddenly out of black and white, watching the setting sun.

The artist's delight in his work, and his industry, are manifest. He has conquered, nobly and patiently, so many and terrible difficulties, asks for appreciation of his work from the common ground of Art rather than from pity for the misfortune which he has so wonderfully overcome.

LITERAL INSTRUCTIONS.

Mr. Younghusband, recovering from influenza—This beef-tie seems very weak, my dear. I—Yes, I'm sure it ought to be good; I made it according to the doctor's instructions. Mr. Y.—Inquiringly—The doctor said it didn't stave the beef enough to get all the goodness out of it. I'm sure I did for my success—pity back the man who has conquered, nobly and patiently, so many and terrible difficulties, asks for appreciation of his work from the common ground of Art rather than from pity for the misfortune which he has so wonderfully overcome.