BUSINESS NOTICE

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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.

Board Works Jan 1 01

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Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.
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CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.

A FAMOUS MINE MANAGER.

Australia has lost one of its best-known mining experts by the death of Mr. John Wesley Hall. He and his two brothers were members of the original syndicate which purchased the famous Mount Morgan Mine in Queensland, from its discoverer, Mr. Morgan. Mr. Hall was appointed the first manager, and from having control of a battery of five head of stampers he developed it until, on his retirement, over 2,000 men were employed. He was manager of the mine in the historic year when £1-160,000 was paid in dividends, and during the past few years, when about £350,000 was annually divided, he and his family held nearly half the shares among them.

The records show that the total of payments for police pensions is not far below 900,000 in New York, and is rapidly increasing.

Andrew Fytton's Delusion.

It was getting late. Outside the office the noisy street had grown silent and instead of the rush of 'bus and waggon there was now only the shuffling sound of footsteps on the pavement and laughter in the clear, cold air.

It filtered in, through the closed door of the dreary office to the man crouched over his desk.

He started up at last, shivering. As he rose he looked round. It was a large room—a lawyer's office. The carpet was thick underfoot, and a warm rug was stretched in front of the fire. A heavy bookshelf and a safe occupied one side of the room, and in every direction were chairs and tables strewn with papers, and, in a corner, Andrew Fytton's own desk.

He turned and slowly drew down the long American top. It shut out the hideous papers from his sight, but not from his memory. Only forty-two and his life was ruined and hopeless, and dishonour stared him in the face!

There are some men who become criminals through weakness, and Andrew Fytton was one. All who knew him knew him as a kind-hearted—almost foolishly kind-hearted—man. He was generous to a degree, lenient to a fault. His friends honoured him, his family worshipped him. Yet now he was on the verge of bankruptcy—and worse!

It had begun, as those things often begin, in a small way. A client had failed. Andrew Fytton, with his usual kind-heartedness, did not put in his claim, and waited for the man to pay. It was a big sum—something like £600—but he could afford to lose it just then, and probably would not have felt the loss of it, if he had hardened his heart and kept the rest of his money in his own pocket.

But he did not. An old friend came to borrow £1,000, in order to take a theatre and produce a play. Andrew Fytton could ill-afford to lend it, but he did so, and three months afterwards found that every penny of it had been hopelessly lost. His friend disappeared, and he tried to pull round, but he never did. For a couple of years he struggled, then came a chance, he thought, to make it back, and not having enough of his own, he appropriated a client's money.

After that the road downhill was easy. He took another client's to replace the first, and another to make good that, and so on and on down the ugly road that is so hard to climb. He reached the bottom at last. The time came when he could go no farther, and then brought face to face with the consequences, of his sin, he had done the only thing left to him to do. It required some courage, but he did it bravely. He wrote to his clients a confession of what he had done, giving them a statement of his affairs, and agreeing to hand over to them everything that could realize money. To-day those letters had reached their destination, and to-morrow he would have to face the men he had ruined! To-morrow there would be no respite for him. To-night was his last night of freedom.

Even amid this overwhelming conviction he could still think charitably of the one who had been indirectly responsible for his ruin. After all, John Gillan had not intended to rob him of his £1,000. He had believed in his play, and evidently he had felt the loss keenly, for Andrew Fytton had neither seen nor heard of him since. Poor old Gillan! He had been his best friend once. He turned out the gas and walked slowly through to the outer office. It was getting dusk.

A clock struck eight as he shut the door, and he started nervously. His wife would be anxious and the children would be gone to bed! The children! The thought of them made him stand, staring wildly at the lighted street and the moving figures under the lamps. His children! He had not only ruined his own life, but theirs too!

He reached home at last, and stared dazedly, as he pushed open the gate, at the well-kept garden, and the white steps.

His wife met him at the door, and looked up anxiously into his face.

"Why, dear, how late you are," she stopped at the sight of his haggard eyes and put her hand suddenly on his shoulder. "Andrew, Andrew; what is it?" she cried, quickly.

He turned away a little, and his usual weakness prevented him telling her now.

"Nothing—nothing, dear," he said. "I've been working late, and I'm tired—that's all, wife. I suppose the children are in bed?"

He sank into a chair. He was tired. He was so worn out that she put his soup and chicken in front of him in vain. He gulped down some brandy and then asked to see the children. There was nothing unusual in this—he always went to look at the two curly heads upon the pillows when they were in bed; but the strangeness of his face frightened his wife to-night. She followed him up and stood at the door while he went in. She saw him bend first over the girl, then over the boy; she saw his face as he turned, and she went in quickly towards him.

"Andrew, darling, tell me what is the matter!"

He bent and kissed her in silence.

"Not now, not now," he said hoarsely. "I want to go out—to walk. When I come back—yes, I'll tell you when I come back."

The cold air on his face steadied him a little at first. He walked along the broad gravel road into the open country with sudden confidence. There must be some way out, he told himself. It could not be true that the sins of the father were visited on the children—it could not be true that his children would have to suffer for him! He walked on quickly.

As far as he could see there was no way out of his difficulties. For an hour or more he walked and racked his brain, but just as it had failed before it failed now. If he could have borrowed £8,000 or so he might have struggled round in a year or two, for his practice was good; but who would lend him £8,000? The one or two rich friends he had he had tried, but not one of them would lend him so much. And was it likely, when it might be years before he could give it back?

His heart failed him as he thought. The hopeless horror of his life and the years before him rushed back upon him. Prison, dishonour, shame, humiliation, degradation! His wife would be an outcast—penniless! His children would bear the burden of their father's guilt! They would be known as the offspring of a criminal—branded and handicapped at the very outset of their young lives!

His Jim! His little May! He lifted his haggard face to the sky. It was cold and still with frost, and one or two stars gleamed out from the dark blue. They seemed pitiless. There was no help for him anywhere, and he deserved none. There is a weakness which is criminal, and his had been that weakness. He ought to have remembered that he could not suffer alone.

Ah, if he only could! If only he could save his children from the shame and horror. He lifted his head and looked round. He was in open country. The road ran high to that point and stretching before him were long fields and meadows, with the thick white frost upon them, and beyond, the bright lights of the railway.

He started as he looked. They shone clear through the frosty night—clearer and kindlier than the stars, he thought. They were nearer. The stars were far away, and Heaven—a hoarse cry broke from him as he bared his hot head—Heaven was very far away from him just then! He listened. In the night nothing seemed to move. He was alone with himself and with his own maddened thoughts. He took out his watch and peered at its white face in the darkness. It was nearly ten o'clock. In a few minutes the London express would go thundering along the rail and across the viaduct. It was nearly due, and if he ran——

He drew himself up abruptly. What was he thinking? What was he doing? He was mad. He must go back—go back to his wife. Once more there rushed to him the thought of what the morrow would bring for the children. He would be arrested, sent to prison, and all their lives through they would suffer.

But, supposing, instead, he was found face downward on the railway line yonder, would it not save them? The truth would leak out, of course. People would know why he had done it, but they would forget, and after all the great world outside would not know. His children would be saved the disgrace of prison.

He plunged forward. His brain was on fire. His head whirled and his unsteady feet slipped under him as he plunged down the dark lane leading to the viaduct. At the bottom of the hill the lane branched off, and to reach the railway he would have to cross a meadow. He mounted the stile quickly and jumped over. As he did so—as his feet touched the grass—he started and lifted his head to listen. His face grew gray. His breath seemed to stop. for through the frosty night air there came, clear and distinct, the quick rumble of the coming train. Before he could cross the meadow it would be on the bridge!

His hand clutching the stile behind him trembled. He leant back. The train came on with a rush over the line of rail, across the viaduct, and into the darkness again. It went past him with a flash, and as it vanished he tore off his hat. If he had been a minute earlier—

"Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!" he cried. "I was too late!"

He stood for a moment. The sound of the train died slowly—more slowly than usual, he thought—even as it died it seemed to grow louder again. It arrested his thoughts. It startled him—that second sound. It seemed to stop the beat of his heart, and trembling in every limb he leant heavily against the stile. Was he mad? Was he dreaming? What was the meaning of another train at that hour of the night?

He stood, and through the darkness he saw the same train pass again—over the viaduct and into the darkness—just as it had done half a minute ago! He stood bewildered. Could there be two trains—two expresses rushing up from London within thirty seconds of each other? Or would there be another, and another, and another, visible only to himself?

His brain was giving way—he must be going mad—and yet there was the shriek of the whistle, and then quickly and surely the rumble ceased. He looked round like a man in a dream. He was saved—saved from his own folly. This first train had prevented him from crossing the meadow. A hand from, Heaven had stretched out to help him—that was it. God had vouchsafed a sign—had sent him a vision. He had interfered and he was meant to live!

He clasped his trembling hands together and raised his eyes. Then suddenly blindness seemed to rush upon him. Something gave way with a snap in his brain and he fell forward in the darkness. As he fell a figure ran towards him and mounted the stile. A minute later he thought he was dreaming when his wife pillowed his head on her lap.

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It was a long time before she was able to move him. She had to fetch a policeman and a stretcher from the town, and she hesitated to leave him at first. But no one was about in the fields at that hour of the night, and there was nothing else to be done.

She got him home at last, and a couple of policemen carried him in and put him on the couch in the drawing-room. She sent them for a doctor, and then she suddenly became aware that a figure had risen from a corner and was watching her with curious interest. She looked up. At first she thought she was dreaming. Then suddenly the figure held out its hand, and she ran forward.

"Oh, John—John Gillan," she cried. "You?"

"I," he said slowly. "I've come back at last—at last. After all these years I thought I should never get here. It's hard work to be successful, but I've managed it now. But tell me, Nell, it isn't true? It—it—he's ill—wandering—imagining things. He didn't mean the letters he wrote." Nellie looked up a little wildly.

"What true? What do you mean? What not true?"

Gillan looked at her gravely. If she did not know he could not tell her. He looked at the unconscious man on the couch.

"Why, he's been writing letters—mad letters," he said. "By a curious chance I saw one of them this morning. I only reached London yesterday. I've come straight from New York, and to-day I went to see a banker I know. It seems the oddest thing that I should have gone just then. While I was there he received a curious letter from Andrew. He knew that he was a friend of mine years ago, and he handed it to me. He could not understand it. I couldn't either. I can only tell you that it was mad. He was evidently ill when he wrote it. Yes, poor old chap! He must have been ill—deluded. Look at him now. But don't worry about him, Nell. I came on as soon as I could to see what was up. I caught the London express and have been waiting here for you ever since. And if that doctor doesn't come in a minute, I'll go and hurry him up. I've got one thing to tell you, Nell—I've made my fortune at last. I've got a play in America that is a huge success, and I've come back to pay Andrew the £1,000 I owe him. So that if there is anything up——"

Nell started forward.

"Oh, there is—there is something," she cried. "I don't understand him. Something is the matter. He has been worried to death, but why—oh, I don't know why. He wouldn't tell me. To-night he came in looking—awful. He went up and kissed the children and then went out. He frightened me, and I followed him. I was afraid——"

She broke off with a sudden sob. Gillan put his hand on her shoulder.

"Well never mind," he said. "Never mind! It will be all right now, and I'll attend to his business to-morrow."

And he did. He went to the office with all the dignity of an old hand at the profession, although he had never looked inside a law-book in his life. And the startled creditors who came up expecting to find a fraudulent bankrupt found instead a big, square-shouldered man with a grey beard who met them with one reply to their questions.—Mr. Fytton was seriously ill and quite unable to attend to his business. As for his insolvency, it was a mistake, and if anyone doubted it, he, John Gillan, was prepared to give them his own personal security for anything from £10 to £10,000.

The result was that Andrew Fytton's letters of the day before were attributed to his illness. Brain fever was responsible for many delusions, and poor old Fytton must have been deluded when he wrote, they thought. And as far as they ever knew it was the brain fever. John Gillan saved his friend. While Andrew Fytton was raving of his bankruptcy and dishonour John Gillan had calmly paid £10,000 to his credit at the bank, and when Andrew came back to life it was to find, not the police awaiting him, but a new and honourable life. And he made it honourable too. When he rose from his sick bed there came to him a new strength—a new belief in the power of right. He took the money Gillan offered him, but he insisted on paying it back, pound by pound, and never rested until he had done so.

To-day if he has any weakness at all it is a certain foolishness with regard to the London express. He insists upon it that he saw a vision that night—that God meant it for a sign to him. Perhaps it was—who knows? For the first train he saw was unreal, and the second was bringing to him his best friend.—London Tit-Bits.

PECULIAR PRISONERS.

One Became So Attached to the Gaol That He Wished to Die There.

That a prisoner, after being immured in gaol for a term of several years, should be loth to leave his cell at the conclusion of his sentence would seem at first sight an almost farcical situation, yet such occurrences are by no means unknown both in British and foreign penitentiaries. Not so very long ago a negro confined in a trans-Atlantic gaol protested vigorously against being discharged from the establishment when his hour of release arrived, and had to be conveyed to the outer gates by four stalwart wardens. He averred that he had become so attached to the gaol that he desired to spend the remainder of his days there, and doubtless he would have done so had not the authorities decreed his removal by force.

The peculiarities of prisoners are, indeed, many and varied. What will be thought of a Bristol gaol-bird who insisted on writing religious stories during the hours allotted to him for instructive recreation—stories which in many respects were equal to the productions of professional authors? The convict in question had committed well-nigh every crime in the calendar, and the irony of the business is, therefore, all the more remarkable.

A French prisoner at Tulon vowed on entering the penal settlement that he would not speak a single word to any living soul during the ten years of his sentence, and he kept his word to the letter. All the blandishments of the good-natured officials could not win a syllable from the silent convict, who, however, retained his powers of speech by conversing with himself in the solitude of his cell.

Another Gallic prisoner simulated deafness in order to annoy his gaolers. The man was an excellent actor, and for many months he succeeded in imposing upon the complete staff of the prison, from the governor downwards. Eventually, however, he "gave himself away" in an unguarded moment, and from that time onwards he found it to his advantage to cultivate an excellent hearing when addressed by the officials.

A SHARP LOOK OUT ON THE CLERK.

The clerk in charge of a Yorkshire post-office was annoyed by the conduct of a certain farm-labourer who, by buying stamps on the very edge of closing time, frequently put him to the trouble of recasting his accounts.

Are you really obliged to come so late with your letters, my man? he asked one night, his stock of patience giving out.

No, answered the labourer, Both these were written and addressed afore noon to-day.

Then why didn't you bring them to the post straight away?

Not me, Mr. Clever, replied the labourer, thrusting his tongue into his cheek. Business is slack here in t'daytime, and there's nowt to stop yer from prisin' open and readin' every letter which comes in; but at a minute to nine, with a knowing wink at the clock, ye've nobbut a few seconds to glance at t'envelopes and drop 'em into a bag afore t'mail cart calls for 'em. I wants to keep temptation from yer all I can.

A MARVELOUS INVENTION.

The spectacular effect of modern warfare will be increased immensely by this unique innovation.

The illuminating section is based upon such novel lines that it is a marvel ranking with wireless telegraphy, the emission of the light being made in the shape of waves—a point which prevents the possibility of premature concussion. Experiments made at Toulon have resulted entirely satisfactorily.

The rockets at present in use by the Government now are serviceable at a distance of eight miles, and are made merely for signalling purposes; therefore the extraordinary value of the new combination will be understood.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

SMALL FARMING.

The profits of a farm are never—we think this word never is fully justified—in proportion to its size. Small farms are proverbially productive, and profitable, while the expenses of a big farm quite often outrun the income. "A little farm well tilled" has been thought by many of the most thoughtful writers of poetry and prose, the most essential condition for happiness and comfort in every way. In fact the concentration of labor for the purpose of economy of production is now made the fundamental principle of every one of the world's industries—except agriculture. But it is rapidly coming to be proved an economical principle, that small farming, or, as it is termed, intensive culture of the land, which is the direct opposite of extensive culture, is always economical and most productive, as compared with the working of large farms that is, of farms over fifty acres. It may appear very plainly to be so if we look at it in this way. A farmer has a hundred acres of land, on which he spends so much labor and uses so much seed and fertilizers. He confines his work to fifty acres, and uses as much fertilizer or manure on this land, and his products are fully equal to those he formerly got from twice as much land; at the same time his expenses arising out of the use of twice as much land are halved in several respects; as interest of capital, repairs of fences, cost of harvesting, seed, and culture, and other expenditures incident to the larger farm; while by better work the products may be easily fully equal to those of the doubled space. Thus the income may be the same as before, while the cost of making it will be nearly halved.

Labor is by no means a measure of profit. It is the way in which it is expended that makes the profit of it. One may work hard in digging holes and filling them up again, all to no purpose; but when a man digs to the same extent in making drains on his land the work has paid—to the recent knowledge of the writer—twenty-five dollars a day for every day spent in doing the work. And in this remarkable instance the value of good work on the farm, this income will ensure to the man every year by the continued greater productiveness of the land. In fact the man who did this work remarked that the total previous value of the land drained would be paid to him every year in the greater productiveness of it. So that its actual value is now equivalent to the capital sum which would be represented by the legal interest on it, which is now making every year over and above what it produced before the work was done.

Another example may be given in regard to the method of culture. A farmer—whose name is well known all over this continent as a writer and public speaker at farmers' meetings—a few years ago doubled the productive ability of his farm, by adopting what is known as the soiling method of keeping cows. He is a noted dairyman and now is keeping 180 cows on 150 acres of land, by means of this method of growing and feeding crops, whereas before by pasturing and feeding hay and grain he formerly fed only 30 cows. His profits are now fully double the former sum, not counting savings every year represented by the increase of capital, in the form of new and enlarged buildings paid for out of the income. It is this method of practical economy exercised in so many ways, and the saving expense in comparison with the increased work done, that is revolutionizing all kinds of industry, and which is so greatly increasing the wealth of the world.

It is a rule drawn from observation of thinking, studious people, that the industry of agriculture is the last to fall into line in the march of improvement. Very conspicuously it has not been advanced as rapidly as other industries, although it is moving ahead. But some of the results gained in this improved condition are due mostly to the cheapness of products resulting from the improvements in other lines of production by which farm expenses are lessened. We know however, that the tendency of the condition of agriculture is towards improvement in its own work, especially in regard to the dairy; but it grows slowly and not in equal ratio with other industries, and this very evidently is due to the slowness with which farmers adopt improved methods of culture of their land; sticking to the old ways instead of boldly striking out in new ones. This is most prominently shown for one instance in the absence of drained fields which every spring are overflowed or water-soaked, when the plow should be at work; for another, in the generally poor condition of pastures; and in another in the failure to grow crops for feeding in the summer by which one acre might feed a cow, or seven sheep or as many growing pigs, We might mention a few others as the absence of silos on dairy farms, or on other farms which by the use of them might add a dozen or a score of cows to the present stock, thus putting $200 or $300 more money to the credit of the year's work at the least, and twice as much at the most. Or a hundred sheep might be fed on the increased crops grown by culture of some neglected field now left to weeds or sprouts. There is leisure for thinking of these things just now. Some farmers do a good deal of this, however, in the winters and unfortunately stop there. The good thinker is the man who lays up his thoughts in his heart, as seed for fruit, when the working days come. We should all be good thinkers at this time, when thoughts sown will bring action by and by.

EXPORT BACON TRADE.

Just now a condition exists in our export bacon trade that should be well considered by farmers who supply the live stock to our markets. Prices have ruled higher during the winter months, and live hogs have been marketed as quickly as they were in condition. During the past few weeks, however, the tendency of the market has been downward, and in many cases those who have had stock to dispose of have used every possible means to fatten and market before the threatened drop in prices occurred. This may give the farmer a momentary advantage, but it will not pay him in the long run. For what will be the result? Fat hogs can be made only into fat and soft bacon, and the export demand calls, and calls imperatively, for bacon that is lean and firm.

The farmer is the guardian of his own interests in a matter of this kind. The English consumer is exacting in his demands for an article that satisfies his taste, and it is manifestly in his interests to supply him with what he wants. Fat or soft bacon is always in bad request, and we can send it forward with only one result, viz., great injury to our bacon trade. The favor with which Canadian bacon has been received in England is sufficient to encourage our farmers to raise stock that will meet the requirements of the market, even though those requirements appear to be exacting at first. We cannot afford to lose, by lack of judgment and foresight, the advantage that we have gained in the last few years. Any slight benefit, that might come to us through forcing stock for market, before a decline in prices would not in any measure compensate for the retribution that would follow were our bacon to meet with disfavor at the hands of English customers.

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STRANGE CASE OF IMPERSONATION.

The cases are not many where women have successfully impersonated men, but there are a few. One of the most extraordinary is that of an English woman named Catherine Coome, aged sixty-six. According to her own story she was married when she was fifteen, but for the last forty years she has represented herself as a man. Her occupations seem to have been various. But after two years at sea as captain's cook on a P. and O. liner she went so far as to marry a young woman whom she met at Hampton Court, and lived with her at Huddersfield for fourteen years. Her sex was only discovered when she was compelled to go to the workhouse.

THE DAY OF MOST DISASTERS.

The ill-repute of Friday as an unlucky day is shown by some current statistics to be undeserved. A careful investigation, largely through official channels, has been made of the matter in Germany, and as a result it is found that of 9,948 weekly accidents and disasters, such as are commonly attributed to bad luck, 1,674 occurred on Monday, 1,551 on Tuesday, 1,631 on Wednesday, 1,547 on Thursday, 1,638 on Friday, 1,638 on Saturday, and 269 on Sunday. The most noteworthy feature of these figures, apart from their vindication of Friday, is the uniformity, of distribution of mishaps among the six secular days of the week, the difference between the most and the least "unlucky" days being less than one-tenth. The day of most disasters is Monday.

LONG-DISTANCE SWIMMING FISHES.

For long-distance swimming the shark may be said to hold the record, as he can outstrip the swiftest ships apparently without effort, swimming and playing around them, and ever on the look-out for prey. Any human being falling overboard in shark-frequented waters has very little chance of escape, so rapid is the action of the shark, the monster of the deep. The dolphin, another fast-swimming fish—a near relative of the whale—is credited with a speed of considerably over twenty miles an hour. For short distances the salmon can outstrip every other fish, accomplishing its twenty-five miles an hour with ease. The Spanish mackerel is one of the fastest of food fishes, and cuts the water like a yacht. Predatory fish are generally the fastest swimmers.

Many of the prominent clergymen of New York were former subjects of Queen Victoria, as for instance, Rev. Dr. Donald Sage Mackay, Rev. Dr. Rainsford, Rev. Dr. D. Parker Morgan and Rev. Dr. MacArthur.