Board Works
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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE

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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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A GREAT FUTURE.

Northwest in a Splendid Financial Condition.

F. W. Thompson, general manager of the W. W. Ogilvie Milling Company, says the result of the crop, which will average about 23 bushels to the acre for Manitoba and the Northwest, will leave that country in a splendid condition financially, and he added that the eastern provinces will of course benefit accordingly. He estimates that the farmers this year will realize a total of from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 cash as a result of their labors this season.

Mr. Thompson looks for a large increase in the population for the next ten years, and in greater proportions than has occurred in the past. Winnipeg, he adds, was bound to prosper, and would become in the near future one of the most important cities of the Dominion.

He believed that the total wheat yield would be 50,000,000 bushels, while all the other grains were most satisfactory. There will be, the general manager declares, a steady increase in the business of cattle raising, and the shipments promise this fall to largely exceed those of last year. Speaking further, Mr. Thompson says: "When we realize that only ten per cent. of the fertile land in the small province of Manitoba is under cultivation we can easily gauge the future. The total area of land in the province of Manitoba is over 40,000,000 acres, so if we deduct one-half there are 20,000 acres left, and this is the finest land in existence on the globe to-day, and capable of producing as much wheat or in fact more than the entire spring wheat crop of the United States. To-day in Manitoba there are 3,500,000 acres under cultivation, and all grains, so you will easily see that we are still in need of farmers in the west. There are some 35,000 farmers in Manitoba, and there is plenty of room for 100,000 more, and if these were there that little province alone could raise sufficient wheat to supply the United Kingdom, making Great Britain completely independent of the foreign powers as regards her consumption of breadstuffs."

THE JUDGE WAS INTERESTED TOO.

The late Sir Frank Lockwood was wont to relate with great relish an incident that happened while he was yet young as a lawyer. A barrister was conducting the prosecution of a man for stealing a teacup, and in the middle of his address to the jury a telegram was placed in his hand. Instantly the impetuous recipient, who had taken a dollar chance in a horse race, exclaimed, joyously:—

Galopin's won—and I've won!

His lordship, taken aback by this extraordinary proceeding, demanded to know the meaning of it. The barrister apologized for his conduct and craved forgiveness.

It is most improper, said his lordship, and I trust it may never occur again!

The case was then about to be resumed, when the judge drily intervened with:—

Oh, by-the-bye, Mr. X, did the telegram say what was third?

Pair of Tight Boots.

I.

"How is it you have never married, Major Henderson?" asked my wife.

"Oh, I was born a bachelor," replied the major, "and——"

"Don't be so foolish! I want to know the real reason."

"The real reason," said Major Henderson slowly, "is that my feet are so small."

"What do you mean?"

The major leaned back in his chair, and smiled round the table. Jane—if that girl had been born a man, she would have been butler to an archbishop—filled his glass with port and after a sip at it he began his story:

It was a good many years ago that it all happened (he said slowly)—a good many more years, in fact, than I care to count. I was a young subaltern, and over head-and-ears in love with Kittie Marshmount. I was a timid youth in those days; and although I thought Kittie rather liked me than otherwise, I had never dared to tell her of my own feelings. I had often tried; but, whenever I began, something was sure to happen to make Kittie laugh, and then all my courage oozed out of my finger-tips.

One evening in June there was a dinner-party at the Marshmounts, and I was there. I was off to Gibraltar to join my battery next morning early, and I had made up my mind to speak to Kittie that same evening after dinner. You can imagine how I enjoyed the meal. I felt like a nervous man must feel who is going to be hanged as soon as day breaks; and, to add to my misery, I had on a pair of new patent-leather boots, which were too tight, and gave me awful beans!

As dinner went on, my feelings and my boots combined became too much for me, and I dropped my fork, on purpose, stooped down, unbuttoned the right boot, which hurt me most, and kicked it off. The relief was wonderful, and for a little while I actually contrived to talk to Kittie.

She was charming that evening. There was something about her that showed me she was sorry that I was leaving England, and she wore some tea-roses I had sent her in the bosom of her dress.

"Miss Marshmount," I said, while dessert was being handed round, "I want to talk to you very particularly after dinner."

"Come up and sing duets instead of smoking those horrid cigars you are so fond of, then!" was Kittie's reply. And I felt as though I had suddenly been translated into a seventh heaven.

A few minutes later I bent down under the table, and felt about for my boot. I couldn't find it. I dropped another fork, stooped down, and looked for my property under the table. It wasn't there—at least, I couldn't find it anywhere. I came up again, purple in the face; and when the ladies left the room I couldn't open the door for them.

Kittie was very naturally annoyed at this, and I was the youngest man at the table, too; but how could I hop round that room, in front of everybody, with one boot on?

"I shall expect you upstairs in five minutes," whispered Kittie. And I think, although, of course, I can't be certain, that she returned the squeeze of the hand which I gave her.

Directly the women were out of the room, I went down on all fours under the table, and searched everywhere for that confounded boot of mine. It had vanished as completely as last month's moon!

"What the dickens are you doing Henderson?" asked Tom Marshmount. It might have been better if I had told him at once; but he was one of those incorrigible jokers, who would have bothered me about my tight boots all the evening if he had known, so I told him it was nothing.

Then Kittie came back into the room, to speak to her brother for a few moments. She sat there, darting daggers' thrusts at me out of those gentian-blue eyes of hers. I forgot to say that I had lit a big cigar, to give myself countenance, and think up a plan for finding my boot again.

"Well," said Kittie presently, "I am going up to the drawing-room again; but I can't make my entry among all the dowagers without the support of a manly arm." And she looked straight at me.

I felt the perspiration pour down my cheeks and forehead, and I know that I blushed scarlet, but I didn't move. How could I? I couldn't lead Kittie Marshmount into her mother's drawing-room, with "one boot off, and the other boot on," like the boy in the nursery rhyme.

Then George Heseltine came up, smiling fatuously, as he always did, and offered his arm to Kittie.

She took it, of course; and afterwards, as you know, she took George Heseltine as well, the brute!

Directly she had gone, I crawled down under the table again, and, right over in the far corner, near the head of the table, I saw the point of the boot which had played me such a nasty trick. It's extraordinary, I thought, how these inanimate objects travel. I reached out for it; but it had stuck somehow. I gave it a good pull. There was a crash, a yell, and when I came out from underneath the table, I found old Marshmount on his back in the fireplace, with all the other men standing round him, trying not to laugh.

II.

Old Marshmount was a choleric old chap, and the language he used was frightful. He thought I had been playing off a practical joke on him, and he was furious. I tried to explain; but every word I said was drowned, either by old Marshmount's language, or by the laughter of the other fellows, and I couldn't get a word of explanation in.

Luckily, the old man wasn't really hurt, but only shaken and presently he got up, and led the way to the drawing-room.

I followed last, hobbling along as best I could, and trying to hide my bootless foot behind the other one.

"Young chap must be going mad!" were the words I heard in old Marshmount's growl, as I made my way into the room. Just as my luck would have it, Kittie was sitting on the far side of the room, and I didn't dare cross over under the fire of the dowager's eyes, with only one boot on, and the other foot in a blue silk sock. It was horribly tantalising, for Kittie was on a little sofa near the piano, and there was lots of room for two.

I remained standing by the door, hidden—at least, my right foot hidden—behind a large standard lamp, and spent a miserable ten minutes watching Kittie, whom Heseltine had joined upon the sofa.

Presently tea came in, and behind the footman with the biscuits trotted Fido. Fido was Kittie's spaniel. A nasty King Charles I. beast, with more ears than sense. The little brute had my boot in his silly mouth, and was pretending that it was a rat, and worrying it. If it had been a rat, he would have squealed, and hidden away underneath a chair. I was furious. I made a bolt forward, to catch hold of Fido. My foot slipped, I caught at the nearest thing I could reach, and down came the footman, with tea, on top of me.

I have never seen anybody so absolutely furious as old Marshmount was.

"This sort of thing may be very funny in a sergeant's messroom," he thundered; "but I'm—I'm—I'm hanged"—it was a terrible exertion for the old man to change the word he meant to say—"I'm hanged if I'll have it in my drawing-room!"

"And he's taken one of his boots off, too," said Tom. "Whatever is the matter with you this evening, old man—a touch of sunstroke, or what?"

"Sunstroke! Sunstroke be—be stroked!" shouted his father. "It's port—that's what it is. He's drunk, sir! Yes, you're drunk, and if your father wasn't one of my oldest friends, I'd——"

I don't know what old Marshmount would have done if the governor had not been one of his oldest friends, for just at that minute Fido, with my boot in his mouth, came within kicking range, and I let fly with the foot that had a boot in.

Fido dropped the boot, and flew across the room like a punted football, dropping with a yap, just at Kittie's feet.

I snatched up my boot, but didn't stop to put it on, and left the house hurriedly, without saying good-bye to anybody.

I spent most of the night composing a note to Kittie, with a full explanation; but it read so absurdly that, after writing eighteen or twenty different versions, I gave it up, and sent my man round at seven next morning, with a few lines to her, begging her to see me for two minutes before I left at ten for Gibraltar, so that I might explain.

My own messenger brought the answer back to me.

"Dear Mr. Henderson," she wrote—we had been brought up together, and she had never in her life called me anything but Jack,—"A man who can so far forget himself as you did last night, and who can ill-treat a poor dumb beast who had done nothing to incur your anger, can have no explanation to make to which it would be worth my while to listen.

"I am leaving town early this morning myself, for a fortnight's stay with my friend Gladys Heseltine, so anyhow it would be difficult to find time to see you. Besides, father says he will never have you in the house again! You have offended him dreadfully."

So, you see (said the major), if I hadn't been so vain of my small feet, and had worn my boots just one size larger, I might have been a Benedict by this time.

And the major looked down at his well-varnished boots, smiled into his moustache, and didn't look altogether miserable, I thought.

WORLD'S BIGGEST FLOWER.

Now in Blossom in the Kew Gardenss in London.

The biggest flower in the world has just opened in the Kew gardens, London. It is a species of lily found in Sumatra, and the flower is sometimes a yard in diameter. It has the rather cumbersome name of Amorphophalius. This giant of its race was discovered in 1878 by Dr. Beccari, who sent seeds to Florence, and one of the seedlings raised from them was sent, in 1879, to Kew.

The flower which opened this year on the plant remained open for 12 hours only, and then closed up again. The vase-like cup of the flower was supported by a stalk three inches thick. The cup was 18 inches deep and nearly three feet across. It was beautifully frilled and toothed on the margin. Outside it was smooth, of light green color, spotted with white, the upper part being deeply fluted with white ribs over half an inch thick and purple interspaces. Inside the cup of the lily was yellow at the bottom and purple at the top, with a velvety sheen over it. From the bottom of the cup arose a columnar "spadix" three and a half feet high and seven inches thick.

SHE SCORED.

They occupied two one dollar seats at the opera—those two women did. They wore high and costly hats on their heads and an aspect of grim determination on their faces.

For the young woman in a seat behind them had said:—

I beg your pardon, but will you please remove your hats?

And each had answered:

No, I will not.

When the first scene was over she asked them again, and again they answered "No."

Then she went to an official and made complaint.

Yes, he said, it is a hardship, madam, but I hesitate to ask them to take off their hats, for I know them and I know they would refuse, and if I should undertake to compel them there would be a scene. But I can do better for you than that. There is a vacant seat directly in front of them. Go and take that, and I will see that you are not disturbed.

She took it.

With her face wreathed in smiles she turned to them and said:

Keep your hats on ladies, if you choose. You will not incommode me in the least.

Then she put on her own hat, a close imitation of a Gainsborough in its design, make-up, and general scope, and sat serenely, with it on her head, through all the rest of the performance.

For she was only human, and the provocation was great.

The relative expenditure per inhabitant of the British Isles has risen 25 per cent since 1840, that of Australia 324 per cent.

Greece holds the earthquake record with 3,187 shocks in five years.

About the ....House

SUGGESTIONS FOR BREAD.

In mixing bread use a short-handled wooden spoon, as long as you can. Use enough flour always to keep your loaf from sticking to the board, or your hands, but take care not to get in too much flour. Expert handling can only come by experience, and you must not be discouraged if at first the dough sticks to everything it touches. Try and get your loaves into the pans for the last rising rather soft. If you can get pans with high sides, you will find them nicer, as it keeps the bread from spreading apart or running over the sides.

To insure good baking powder biscuit, care must be taken to keep the dough very soft, so soft in fact that you are only just able to get them up and into the pan; and they must be baked quickly in a very hot oven. Never roll out your dough thinner than an inch.

When bread or biscuit becomes stale, you can freshen it by pouring a little hot water over the loaf and draining it off quickly; then set it in the oven to heat through, and it will be good as new. When crackers become soft from long standing, put them in a pan, and bake them over. They will be as crisp as new ones.

Yeast without hops: Twelve large potatoes boiled, mashed and pressed through a sieve; add 3 qts lukewarm water, 1 cup yeast, 1 cup salt and 1 cup sugar. Mix thoroughly and set in a warm place four or five hours. When bubbles rise, it is ready for use. One teacup of this yeast will make three quart-loaves, and no sponge is necessary. Keep in ½-gal. jars, corked tight, and in a cool place. It will be good for weeks.

Bread: Pare and boil 6 good-sized potatoes, drain off the water, mash fine, pour over them about 3 pts lukewarm water, and run through a collander. Add flour until this is a thin batter, then put in 1 cup coffee yeast. Let stand until it rises, then stir in flour, as much as you can, with a spoon, and let rise again. Work in enough more flour to knead rather stiff and let rise the third time. When light, this time work out into loaves and let rise.

Baking Powder Biscuit: One qt flour, 1 lump butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt and 2 heaping teaspoons baking powder. Milk enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in a quick oven.

Crackers: One egg, white only, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teacup sweet milk, ½ teaspoon soda, and 1 teaspoon cream tartar. Mix very stiff, beat well, roll thin and bake.

Rusks: Take a piece of bread dough when ready to bake and add 1 egg, ½ cup butter or lard and ½ cup sugar. Mix them well, roll out and cut with a biscuit cutter. Let them rise before baking. If not quite stiff enough, add flour. Bake in a quick oven.

MEN IN THE KITCHEN.

There are multitudes of women who do their own housework and whose mothers and grandmothers did before them, who, though tired almost to the point of nervous collapse, or even when half sick, never think of asking their "men folks" to get a meal or do kitchen work. Many women of the old school seem to think it out of place for a man to wash dishes or make bread.

Of course the average man, uninstructed innocent as he is, does look awkward in his wife's kitchen. He is apt to disturb its apple pie order. Naturally he would prefer to be doing something else, and as a general thing he ought to be doing something else. But there are times when his place is in the kitchen. Men are not always busy at their respective occupations; there are slack times when they are laid off, or if they employ themselves, when their own work does not press so, but that they could just as well lend a hand in the kitchen as not.

A woman is making a needless sacrifice of herself who refrains from asking her husband or sons to do more in the kitchen than to bring in the wood and coal and fetch a pail of water

The relief that more assistance would give to the woman of the house is not the only consideration. Since no farmer feeds his horses or cows, his hens or hogs without endeavoring to utilize the teachings of the widest available experience and the closest study in regard to the best kinds of diet adapted to secure the best conditions of health and strength for his animals, so he will naturally ask why should not an equal care and intelligence determine the selection of fare for his own table.

He will find a new interest in legislation bearing on the protection of the people's food in purity and wholesomeness and he will be ready to co-operate intelligently with the public schools and the progressive press with regard to popularizing more rational ideas of diet as bearing on economy, health and morals.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Sweet Pickles—One rule will answer for pear, peach, plum and apple sweet pickle. To seven pounds of fruit allow five pounds of sugar, a pint of cider vinegar, half an ounce of stick cinnamon and half an ounce of cloves. Some like more cinnamon and less cloves. Tie the spice in muslin and cook in the vinegar.

Cucumber Pickles—To each hundred of the smallest cucumbers you can procure, allow an ounce each of mustard seed and cloves, a large tablespoonful of salt, a cup of sugar and two small red peppers. Put the cucumbers in a kettle with enough vinegar to cover them. Heat very slowly to the scalding point. Take out, put in cans and fill up with boiling vinegar.

Tomato Pickle—Chop a gallon of green tomatoes, sprinkle salt on them, hang them in a coarse cotton bag and let drain twelve hours. Chop a dozen onions, four green peppers and a pint of horseradish, add four ounces of mixed spices; mix well, pack in jars and cover with vinegar. Tie up closely.

CLEANING WALL PAPER.

A correspondent tells of an experiment she made in cleaning her wall paper. She says: "I used pulverized pumice stone and flour, four ounces of the pumice powder to one quart of flour, making a thick paste or dough. Roll out as wide as the wall paper in length and two inches thick, then inclose the dough in a piece of muslin and sew it on and boil them about three-quarters of an hour, when the rolls will be hard and firm and ready for use. You will have to use the wash boiler, as nothing else in the kettle line will be large enough to accommodate the broken lengths of the strips. These rolls are then used for rubbing over the soiled portions of the paper. Not only will they take out ordinary dirt spots, but grease as well. After the rubbing the paper should be dusted off carefully with a clean cloth, and if any dirt remains go over the surface again. This removes the dirt much better than the bread process, which I have tried also. It cleans like a charm."

CLOTH MITTENS.

Take any soft, strong cloth, of all wool, and the same amount of Canton flannel; let the hand be laid flat on a piece of paper marked round with a pencil, then cut out a pattern, allowing for seams; cut the lining bias so as to have a spring to it; stitch the flannel and lining separate, turn the seams together inside, bind the wrist, leaving the mitten open two inches on the under part of the hand, work a buttonhole on one side, sew a strong button on the other, and you will have a durable mitten.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

METHODS ADOPTED BY SOME MEN TO GET AT THE FACTS.

Food of the British Jack Tar—Lord Kitchener's Experience in the East.

"Hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together." That is the opinion of Mr. Yerburgh, an English M.P., upon the food the Admiralty allows the men. No one who is not actually an able seaman is better qualified to give an opinion on the subject than this gentleman, and another member of Parliament—Mr. Arnold White. The two have lately been serving as bluejackets on board H.M.S. "Ramillies," of the Channel Fleet, and for a time living on the food served out by Government, without even the slender additions which Jack, as a rule, buys out of his own pocket. The worst point of this diet was that, after dinner had been served at 12:30, the only food for the next eighteen hours was

HOT TEA WITHOUT MILK,

and a piece of dry bread. This meal was at 4:30 in the afternoon, and after that nothing till breakfast, at 6:30 next morning.

This experiment, if trying, was short. General Broadwood is the hero of one which lasted longer and was far more severe. The general has always been one of the greatest authorities of horsemanship in the army. He gained his experience in a very novel fashion. When subaltern in the 12th Lancers, he felt that, as an amateur, it was impossible to acquire that inner knowledge of the Turf which professional riders have.

So he joined a racing stable, in the humble capacity of stable-boy. He got up at dawn, groomed and fed racers, exercised them, lived like all the rest of the helpers, and very rapidly acquired all the tricks of the trade. That they stood him in good stead is proved by the fact that he holds the Indian riding record of 108 miles in forty-eight and a half hours.

No one but himself knows how many characters Lord Kitchener has played during his long Eastern experience. But one or two

INCIDENTS HAVE COME

to light which give some idea of the methods by which he gained his amazing knowledge both of his own men and his enemies. For instance, on the head of our second general is a scar made by a stone thrown at what he imagined to be "that dirty nigger" by one of his own men.

Later on Lord Wolseley was spectator of an unexpected sequel to another of Kitchener's experiments. A big, handsome Arab was being examined by the Commander-in-Chief, and Kitchener, standing by the latter, now and then then spoke to him in a low voice. Suddenly the Arab recognized the tones. He sprang across the table, and, gripping Kitchener by the throat, endeavored to strangle him. He had only just realized that this English officer was the seeming Arab emir to whom he had unwittingly betrayed all the secrets of the great plot which once so nearly lost us Egypt.

Quite the pluckiest experiment of recent years had as hero Mr. Henry Fleuss, of cycle-tyre fame. When the Great Western Railway of England were constructing the biggest tunnel in the world under the Severn, the water broke in from

A GIGANTIC SPRING,

and so completely flooded the borings that it seemed they would have to be abandoned.

There was a chance of pumping them clear if only a water-tight door in the tunnel could be closed. But no diver was strong enough to pull a thousand feet of air line behind him through the borings. Then Mr. Fleuss came upon the scene, with a new invention of his own—a diving apparatus, with an air-bag, which needed no tube.

But the Great Western diver said he would not put it on for a thousand pounds, so the inventor, who had never had a diving-dress on in his life, was forced turn diver, and drop through eighty feet of shaft, and crawl through the black silence of this flooded tube, jammed with floating timber and debris. He tried it time after time, creeping on his knees along the tramway metals; but his air supply was insufficient to last and he failed to reach the door. He succeeded however, in persuading Lambert, the company's diver, to try the dress, and the latter eventually closed the door.

Considering that he employed five keepers, a well-known Yorkshire baronet was of opinion that his stock of pheasants was not what it should be. He had more than a suspicion that his coverts were not watched at night; and, by way of making certain resolved to turn poacher himself. Pretending to leave home, he kept quiet during the day, and at night sallied forth in velveteens, armed with a regular poacher's short-barrelled gun. For three nights in succession he worked havoc among his own birds, and at the end of that time his whole staff of keepers received

SHARP AND SUDDEN NOTICE

to leave.

Heads of big establishments have sometimes to make sure that they are getting their money's worth of work from their men. Mr. Flood, the millionaire timber and mining king, would often dress as a lumberman, and, axe in hand, tramp off into the mountains, where he spent days, unknown, among his men. He did it once too often, was recognized, and the camp determined to pay him out.

The logs were at that time sent down to the plains on a water chute, a wide trough of timber, which ran on trestles, like a mountain railway. Now and then a flat-bottomed boat was sent down this chute when repairs were needed. But the work was risky, as the speed was naturally terrific. The men decoyed Mr. Flood on to this boat, and let it loose. The millionaire spent the most terrific half hour of his existence; but, more by good luck than good management, arrived safely at the bottom, twelve miles away.

Another experiment, which its author is not likely to repeat, was that of an English novelist, well-known for his realistic descriptions. He was writing on the French Revolution, and

PAID A VISIT

to a London waxworks exhibition, to have a look at the guillotine. As he studied it, he began to fancy that the yoke made to fit down upon the shoulders of the criminal would not hold a person who struggled.

He waited till there was no one about, and then tried the experiment of putting his head in the machine, and lowering the yoke. To his dismay, he found himself quite unable to lift it again. Then the awful thought occurred that if he struggled the axe which was suspended overhead might fall. In that case his head would ornament the basket of sawdust below.

At last he heard a visitor approaching; but, to his disgust, the man, evidently of the opinion that the author was the person placed there to show how the thing acted, refused to listen to his appeals. It was a full twenty minutes before an attendant came and released him from his perilous position.

CURIOUS MEDICAL FACT.

It has been left to a Frecch physician to enunciate as a curious medical fact that cancer rarely attacks persons who lead a dissolute life or those who have given way to drink. The majority of the women attacked by the disease are active and energetic workers, and in a vast number of cases it has been shown without question that not one single person who has succumbed to it has been of dissolute habits.

SHADE TREES IN PARIS.

Half a million shade trees are reported to have been planted in Paris within the past decade, and $100,000 a year is spent to keep them in order and to plant new ones. Every street of a certain width is entitled to a row of trees on either side, while every street of a certain greater width gets a double row.

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