Board Works Jan 1 01

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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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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CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.

If the teeth are to get but one thorough cleansing during the day, just before retiring is the best time to give it to them, as there are six or eight hours during sleep that the salivary glands are inactive and fatty and starchy foods that may be lodged between and around the teeth, are bathed in saliva. a partial digestive fluid, undergo decomposition, forming acids, which act more or less readily on the tooth structure at the time of formation; the salivary glands not being active during sleep, acids are not diluted, as during the day a free flow of saliva, prevents, to a great degree, the deleterious effects of acids thus formed.

The teeth and gums should be carefully brushed after each meal with a medium soft brush, using as a wash, on a damp brush, alcohol, rosewater and listerine equal parts.

The Tragedy of St. Mark's Steeple.

Do you know, sir, I can never look at that steeple without turning cold all over, although it's nearly forty years since it happened—and the old man pointed towards the distant city, where the tall, slender spire of St. Mark's, rising higher than the rest was silhouetted against the glow of the setting sun, whose last rays made the gilded vane on the summit burn as with fire.

It's forty years since, he continued; but it might have been yesterday, so vivid is the horror of it; but come inside, and I'll tell you all about it.

She was young enough then, and as bonny a girl as there was in all Warwickshire, which I don't think there was a plainer, more awkward lad than myself in the whole county. But I loved her—as a dozen others did—only I don't think they could ever have loved her quite as I did; and, if I wasn't a beauty, I had muscles of iron and nerves of steel, and "Steeple-jack Jim," was known for fifty miles round.

She would never let on that she cared for me; she was too artful a puss for that, but I thought I had a chance, and I went for it for all I was worth. She used to drive me mad with jealousy, flirting with this man and smiling on that, until I could have killed the whole lot. But I never let her see it; I was much too deep for that.

Only let a girl know you're jealous and she'll make your life a—well a torment, just for the love of teasing and showing her power on you. I always came up smiling; and she couldn't understand it; but it conquered her in the end; and for nearly forty years, bless her, she's been the sweetest, most loyal wife a man ever had.

But this is an old story, you say; and so it is, but still it's always new—and I'll get on to the tragedy quite soon enough.

The only man I was really afraid of was my partner Jack—Jack Harding—as fine a young fellow as you ever saw in your life, tall and straight as a lath; and with a face like a young god; but he was a bit inclined to be wild, and that's a fatal thing in my line. Ruth was fonder of him than of all the others—what girl could help it?—and if he'd only played his cards well, he might have had her, without giving any of us a look in.

But jealousy! Why, my worst attacks were mildness itself compared with Jack's—and he couldn't conceal them as I did. He had some Spanish blood in his veins, I always thought—he looked like a Spaniard—and if she even smiled at another man his eyes flashed as if he would strike them both dead; and more than once he lost his temper, and said things to her that no girl would stand, least of all Ruth.

Well, to come to the point, I soon saw that the prize rested between him and me; and though I thought my chance was small enough, I wasn't going to lose her for want of asking.

If I live to be a hundred I shall always remember that evening when I asked her if I had a chance, and if she could marry a clumsy, ugly man like me. "Chance?" she said, as she looked up at me roguishly out of her blue eyes. "Why, Jim, you donkey, you've got every chance, and if you hadn't been blind you'd have seen it months ago," and then she laughed, a kind of hysterical laugh, and hid her blushes on my shoulder.

Well, sir, if she'd knocked me down I couldn't have been more surprised—it was all so sudden and unexpected; but I had the presence of mind to put my arm round her and to draw her face up to mine and kiss it; and then—why sir, there wasn't a man in England half as happy as me.

"But what about Jack?" I said, when I'd come to a bit. "About Jack!" she said, archly; "well, when you say you're tired of me, I'll begin to think about him—if I live long enough."

When Jack heard of it he went mad—clean mad—swore he would kill us both, and flung himself into a wild orgie of drink and dissipation. I saw next to nothing of him for weeks, and when we met he passed on the other side of the road, without looking at me. Of course I was sorry for him, but it was the luck of war, or rather of love, and I had played my cards honourably; while I was far too busily and happily occupied to have any fears for what he might do to me.

Then one day he seemed completely changed; came to me with an outstretched hand and asked my pardon saying that I'd won fairly, and wishing me luck. But somehow I didn't like the looks of him, and didn't trust him; and I had good ground for my distrust, as I was soon to prove. During his drinking bout I had to hire an assistant for any job that came my way; but when he offered to join me again I took him on just as if nothing had happened.

My little girl was very nervous about me now that I was so much to her, and begged me to give up steeple-climbing and work on solid ground; but there is more money in the air, for me, at any rate; and as I wanted to save for that little nest I had in view, I thought I would stick to my steeples a little longer.

Then came the job that cost Jack his life and nearly cost me mine—regilding the vane on the top of St. Mark's steeple. How well I remember that morning, a bright, fresh morning in May, when everything—my heart included—seemed to dance for joy of living and loving. I found time to run round to see my little girl before beginning work, and found her sad and tearful.

She had dreamt the previous night that she saw me fighting with a man in mid-air, and then all at once I fell down, and struck the earth with a sickening thud at her very feet. "Don't go to-day, Jim," she pleaded as the tears chased each other down her cheeks; "I know something will happen to you."

In vain I argued and chaffed, and when at last I tore myself away with a promise to run in in the evening, she covered her face with her hands and stood motionless at the door till I was out of sight, as if shutting some horrid spectacle from her eyes.

Jack was specially cheerful when I joined him—too gay, I thought, as I saw the reckless light in his eyes, and thought he had been drinking.

"You lucky dog," he said, as he slapped me on the shoulder. "You've been to see Ruth, I know; and her kiss is warm on your lips. Ah, well, I shall have my turn of luck some day—maybe sooner than you think!"

"I hope so, too, my lad," I said, sympathetically, as we set to work; "and the sooner the better."

A few hours later we were suspended, one on each side of the steeple, a couple of hundred feet above the pigmies that were crawling beneath us. We were both busy as we could be, gilding the ball from which the vane sprang—Jack on one side and me on the other.

Each of us was standing on a tiny platform, little larger than the seat of a chair, with a sheer, dizzy drop of nearly seventy yards beneath us; and each, for additional safety, was attached to the steeple by a life-line running under his arms.

Jack had not spoken a word for nearly an hour; but I thought nothing of that, as we were working against time, and the darkness was beginning already to creep over the sky. You know when you're working at that height, removed as it were from all the world, and with nothing but silence above and around you, the slightest noise sends a shock through a man, however strong his nerves may be.

You can imagine then, how startled I was when all at once I heard a loud shriek of laughter, almost as it seemed at my very ear. There was something uncanny about it, too, that set my heart thumping and my flesh creeping as they had never done before, or since.

When the laugh ceased and silence came again as an awful relief I said: "What's the joke, Jack? Don't keep it to yourself."

"Joke!" he said, "I should think it would be a joke. I was fancying you shooting down like a stone to the pavement down there, and what Ruth would think when she saw the pieces."

"What a rummy idea!" I answered, with affected coolness, though my heart was beating faster than ever, and seemed as if it would suffocate me. "But I'm going down a little slower than that as soon as I've finished this bit of work. But pull yourself together, Jack, and get your gold on, and then we'll soon be down there on our two legs."

"No, sir!" he shouted, "I'm going to have a race with you to the bottom, and who ever gets there first Ruth can have. Come on; now for a jump together."

As he said this he craned his head round the corner of the steeple to get a look at me, and a single glance at his wild eyes showed me that the man was raving mad, and that I was alone in mid-air with a maniac, who hated me and would certainly kill me if he could.

I was powerless. If I called for help I might be heard, but who could come to my assistance poised as I was at such a giddy height above the world? And in a single moment I might be in the throes of a life-and-death struggle with a man quite as strong as myself and made ten times stronger by madness.

He was slowly and surely working round towards me, and there was not a moment to waste. Something must be done quickly, and everything depended on keeping cool. In a moment I had eased the hitch of the line round my hand, and was swinging round to meet him. Before he had time to protect himself I had seized him by the throat and had forced him down on his saddle-board.

But it was only for a moment, for, strong as I was, my strength was as a child's compared with his. With a wrench he was free, and had flung his powerful arms around my chest and was squeezing the very life out of me.

In vain I struggled, as we swung backward and forward against the face of the steeple. I tried to call out, but my voice stuck in my throat, my eyes felt as if they were being forced out of my head, and my breath came in convulsive gasps. All the time, amid the horrible silence, broken only by the creaking of the ropes and the grating of the saddle against the steeple, his eyes were glaring into mine and his hot breath was on my face.

I felt my senses rapidly leaving me, when my hand, by accident struck my tool-box and instinctively as it were clutched a wrench. With a last effort I raised my hand, struck him with all my remaining strength full on the temple—and then I remembered no more.

When I came to myself I was lying in bed, and Ruth's eyes were looking down on me with just such a look in them as an angel's might have; but she said no word and I sank into unconsciousness again.

It was weeks before I was about again or heard what happened after all became dark about me on the top of the steeple. It seems the struggle had been seen by the people in the street below; an excited crowd had gathered, but they could do nothing but look and wonder and wait. They had seen me strike Jack and then fall back senseless in the saddle as his arms released me; and then, to their horror, they had seen him slip off his platform and drop like a stone, rebounding off the steeple, and fall a shattered heap on the stone pavement almost at their feet. He must have slipped his life-line in the struggle—but luckily mine saved me, and with great difficulty I was safely lowered down and carried home.

Well! there's little more to tell. They buried poor Jack; and three months later the wedding-bells were ringing for me and the sweetest bride that ever brought a man from the gates of death back to a life that has been all sunshine.

YARMOUTH'S HANDY MAN.

Yarmouth, England, guardians appointed a man at a salary of 25s. a week to discharge the folowing duties:—Superintendent pauper funerals, attend board and committee meetings, serve as general assistant to the staff, attend the guardians' office daily, act under the instructions of the clerk, temporarily do duty as deputy porter, take charge of the men's dining room at the workhouse, assist the relieving officers in removing the effects of paupers who became inmates, act as assistant in removing lunatics to the asylum, give the boys swimming lessons, and render help when necessary at the children's home.

THE FRIEND I HATE.

I bought a clock not long ago—
A friend to give due warning,
That I must rise in time to go
To business in the morning.

A rounded horror nickled bright;
I'd sooner take a licking,
Than waken in the dead of night
And hear the thing a-ticking.

I wrap it in a coverlet,
And in my closet stow it;
Then try my best to sleep—and yet
It's ticking—and I know it.

Worn out at length, my eyelids close;
Then, with a sudden clanging,
It proves itself my worst of foes.
A-whirring and a-banging.

FARM · FIELD AND GARDEN

BURNED MANURE.

Every farmer has had more experience than he desired with "firefanged" manure. The cause of it, how to prevent the heat action, and how much damage the manure heap actually suffers from it, are questions that most farmers have had occasion to discuss somewhere along the line of their farming experience.

The hay-like lightness of fire fanged manure and its mouldy appearance naturally give the impression that it has in it but little of value as food for plants; yet as an offset to the impression made by the appearance of the article we will at times find farmers who declare that they had just as good crops from it as from the best of barn manure.

Who is right on the question of value? To discuss it intelligently, let us begin by determining the cause of firefang. A development of heat always accompanies it, and in point of fact it is the heat which produces it, but what produces the heat? It is caused by the gas oxygen, which is one of the elements of the air we breathe, uniting with elements found in the manure pile, producing slow combustion, which develops the heat we find there, and the dark, charred appearance each of which are the natural products of combustion. It is this same oxygen that by the same slow process of combustion when taken into our own lungs combines with some of the food elements that digestion has given to the blood, those of a fatty nature, and so develops that temperature necessary to keep up the union between the soul and body which we call animal heat.

From manure piles where there can be no combustion there can be no heat, and where there is no air there can be no combustion. It follows, therefore, if we can keep the air from our manure we can prevent it heating, and consequently burning or "firefanging."

There are three ways of doing this by keeping it so moist as to extinguish combustion at its incipient stage, to pack it close either by keeping cattle or hogs tramping it or by having the piles so deep that the pressure will exclude the air; and still a fourth method is sometimes practised, that of having the pile so shallow or small that the temperature is kept below the combustion point.

Now, passing from the cause of firefang and the prevention of it, let us consider a moment the effect of it on the value of the manure heap. The action of the oxygen on the nitrogen which enters into the composition of the manure practically destroys it in the burning process. This is really all the essential loss our manure heap has undergone.

The absence of moisture, which has been dried out by the heat, is in reality no loss, as far as its plant food value goes. The only vital change, then in our manure is that it has lost much of its nitrogen, the phosphoric acid and potash contents being the same in quantity after it has been firefanged as they were before.

Now we are prepared, if our reasoning thus far is correct, to determine the value of this variety of manure to the farmer. We have not a table of analysis at hand, but it is safe to say that the nitrogen constituent of barn manure is about equal in value to the phosphoric acid and potash elements combined. On this basis of value badly firefanged manure is, cord for cord worth about half as much as that which is in its natural condition. If it be asked, how then, can any farmer find the same value in it as in that which has never been burnt the answer is the same in kind as that to be made to those who state that on their crop, leached wood ashes have as good an effect as do the unleached. It is in both cases that the crop did not need the absent element; in the one it was nitrogen and in the other potash. If the nitrogen burnt out could be returned, then the manure would of course, be as valuable as before; this can be done by adding fish waste, night soil or some chemical rich in nitrogen to the manure heap, such as nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia.

FEEDING TURNIPS.

At a recent meeting of one of the New Brunswick Agricultural Associations, the matter of feeding turnips to dairy cattle came up for discussion. During the discussion the question was asked as to what season is the worst for turnipy flavors, and the answer made was. "Undoubtedly the fall." Another of those present said the roots cannot be safely fed before they are sweated. Another speaker said turnips were fed largely in Scotland without hurting the sale of the milk, and he expressed a desire to see experiments tried for the purpose of showing at what stages in growth they are most liable to cause taint. Still another speaker, who dealt with the question, expressed the opinion that the long season in Old Country gives a better flavor to the turnips than is produced here. That turnips are ordinarily fed do produce an injurious effect seemed to be conceded. One man said that a shipment of butter had been sent from Prince Edward Island to Newfoundland with a turnipy flavor, and as a result no more orders came from that source. A second speaker stated he could not feed turnips and sell butter to his customers, and he added that turnips were not necessary as four quarts of buckwheat middlings would give better results than two bushels of turnips. It might be worth while for the Experimental Union to take this matter up, and see if there is any difference in the results from feeding turnips at different periods of storing.

BEST METHODS OF CULTIVATION.

I am very much interested in the idea that deep cultivation of trees is very injurious to them, writes Mr. John Chamberlain. All stirring of the soil is in itself a benefit to a crop, but it is easy to disturb the roots of a plant or tree if the plow or hoe goes down deep and so do it harm. I am sure that cultivators do not watch such things at all carefully as a rule, and so they may be destroying a great many small roots without knowing it. There is a great misapprehension among farmers as to the real thing accomplished by cultivation, so that in many cases there would be very little of it done if it were not necessary to kill the weeds.

Practically all of our commonest weeds are tap rooted and if allowed to get a good start must be torn out deep down to kill them. On the other hand, all of our garden vegetables and field crops are very shallow rooted, with the exception of root crops so that deep cultivation is injurious to them. The obvious way out of this dilemma is to cultivate very shallow and often. Any weed from seed is killed by merely breaking it in two, if done before it gets past its first stage of growth, so that shallow cultivation answers every purpose. Let us plow unplanted soils deep, but cultivate the surface only.

STORIES OF THE THRONE

ABOUT HER LATE MAJESTY AND HER SON KING EDWARD.

The Victorian Era in Figures—Interesting Relations About His Majesty King Edward—Personal Items.

The Victorian Era has taken its place in history. It dawned at twenty minutes past two on the morning of June 20, 1837, and closed at half-past six on the evening of January 22, 1901. It lasted 23,223 days, 557,386 full hours 33,443,170 minutes, and 2,006,590,200 seconds. All but 546 1-2 hours of it were in the nineteenth century. It helps us to realize the importance of the Victorian Era in history when we remember that only thirty reigns of the same length would take us back to Julius Caesar.

SAID SHE WAS DEAD.

Four years ago one of the best known papers in Paris came out with the startling story that Queen Victoria was dead, and that she had been dead for eighteen years! It was asserted that the Queen's death had been kept secret for reasons of State, and that only two or three persons in the Empire knew the secret. Her Majesty, it was said, was personated on certain occasions by a woman of humble origin who bore a striking resemblance to her.

The Duke of Norfolk must have been obliged to smile at himself in his capacity of dictator to the ladies of England on the matter of mourning. He has been a widower for some years, and his sisters who are his only feminine advisers, belong to a group of ladies who observe, on religious principles, an almost quaker-like plainness of dress.

WHAT THE KING OWNS.

It is understood that the King will vacate Malborough House, with which he has been so long associated, and that the building will be occupied by the Heir-Apparent. Built on the site of the ancient pheasantry of St. James' Palace, from designs by Wren, for the great Duke of Marlborough, it was first occupied in 1710.

The King is proprietor of the beds of all British tidal rivers, such as the Thames, the Mersey, the Tyne, and others. He also owns that part of the shore all around the coast line which lies between high and low water mark.

WHY NOT KINGDOMS?

Queen Elizabeth was commonly spoken of as Queen of Virginia. Virginia and Carolina were kingdoms under the Stuarts. Massachusetts was recognized as a "sister kingdom" by Cromwell's Parliament. Nova Scotia was also a kingdom. It is suggested in the London Times that Canada, Australia, and New Zealand should be raised to the dignity of Kingdoms.

King Edward VII. is the first British monarch since the days of James II. who has taken a personal interest in golf. His Majesty has held the captaincy of St. Andrews; he has several times taken part in a game at Cannes; and he has enjoyed a game on one or two private links, more particularly on that of the Grand Duke Michael, in the home counties. Hence it is that the proposal is already being made that at a suitable moment his Majesty should be asked to associate himself with the game in the most distinguished honorary capacity possible.

NEARLY LOST HIS LIFE.

A Paris correspondent relates a curious episode in the life of King Edward when Prince of Wales, which but for a providential circumstance, would have resulted in his death. The Prince had engaged a box for the evening at the Odeon Theatre, and ordered dinner for himself and a friend at the Restaurant Foyot, which is situated at the back of the theatre.

Two hours before the play, the Prince received a visit from the Prince de Poix, who was so full of praise of a play which was to be represented that evening at the Opera that the Prince of Wales renounced going to the Odeon, countermanded the dinner, and dined at his hotel.

At the time when the Prince would have been seated at the Restaurant Foyot a bomb exploded under the table which was reserved for him. The well-known author, Laurent Tailhade, who was seated at the next table was seriously wounded by a splinter, and lost the sight of one eye. The criminal was never discovered, and so far as the Prince was concerned the police judged it advisable to keep silence.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

At a certain function, presided over by a very short-sighted bishop, a young man arrived very late and explained that he had been detained in attendance on his mother.

Quite right, said the bishop, no need to apologize. A man's first duty is to his parents. I hope the dear old lady is very well? Remember me very kindly to her, and tell her I shall drop in to tea next Sunday if I can manage it.

When the young man had passed on the bishop turned to a bystander and said: That was young Jack Seymour was it not?

No, my lord, was the reply; that gentleman was the Duke of Connaught.

Canada's first railway, opened in 1840 was 16 miles long. She now has over 16,000 miles.

For every 194 German families who kept servants 10 years ago, only 173 do so now.

A man standing on the sea beach sees 3 1-2 miles out to sea, if on a cliff 100 feet high he can see 13 miles.

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AN HOUR WITH UNCLE SAM

PERSONAL AND BUSINESS NEWS ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighbourly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered From His Records.

Marble is said to exist in twenty-four States.

According to a bulletin issued by the census officer the population of Alaska is 63,592.

The abandoned farms in Rhode Island number 349, according to the State's official catalogue.

The output of coal in Washington State for 1900 was about two million two hundred thousand tons.

The retired list of the regular U. S. army includes 764 officers on half pay averaging about $3,000 each.

The number of saloons in Ohio last year was 10,348, an increase of 4776 over 1899. The license receipts were $1,864,642.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has in contemplation the foundation of an industrial school in the Philippines.

Reports from all over Northern Wisconsin indicate that this will be a phenomenal year in the white pine lumber industry.

American exports of bicycles were more than $77,000,000 in 1898, only $4,820,000 in 1899, and a trifle over $3,000,000 in 1900.

A large bronze statue of John Brown, with drawn sword, holding a negro child, is to be erected in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

The army and navy expenses of the United States since the beginning of the war with Spain have amounted to more than $400,000,000.

The population of Philadelphia is 1,293,697. The population in 1890 was 1,046,964, the increase in ten years being 246,733, or 23.57 per cent.

It was considered that cotton would not grow north of Texas. During the year past Oklahoma's cotton crop brought nearly $6,000,000 to her people.

Texas has now become the "Empire State of the South," having nearly a million more inhabitants than Georgia, which has heretofore had the proud title.

The Canadian French are said to comprise over 23 per cent. of the population of Rhode Island, and from 10 to 12 per cent. of the other New England States.

There are signs that the immigration of Northern families to the South, which has been notably large for the past five or six years, will be larger this year.

Plans have been adopted by the Temperance Committee of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church for a national campaign of education on the temperance question.

The largest amount paid for a single crop of cotton during the recent boom is said to have been paid to Joseph H. Smith, a well-known planter of Athens, Ga., who received $100,000 for 2,000 bales.

The Rev. William Kirk Guthrie has been made associate pastor of the First Presbyterian church of San Francisco. He has been a protege of the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, pastor of the church. The young preacher is a grandson of the famous Dr. Thomas Guthrie of Edinburgh.

IN THE DREAD EVENT.

The principle that Discretion is the better part of valour, is sometimes understood at an early age. A Gainsborough gentleman asked his son, aged six;

Which would you rather be—a walking policeman or a mounted policeman?

A mounted policeman, of course, said the boy.

Why? asked the other.

'Cause, if robbers came, I could get away quicker!