Board Works
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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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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.

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HIS LEST GIRL.

He hurried up to the office as soon as he entered the hotel, and inquired eagerly :

"Any letters for me ?"

The clerk sorted out a package with a negligent attention that comes with practice, then flipped one—a very small one—on the counter. The travelling man took it with a curious smile. He smiled more as he read it. Then, oblivious of the other travellers who jostled him, he laid it gently against his lips and actually kissed it. A loud laugh startled him.

"Now, look here, old fellow," said a loud voice, "that won't do, you know. Too spooney for anything."

Said the travelling man :

"The letter is from my best girl."

The admission was so unexpected that everyone stared.

"It's no use, you've got to read it to us," said one of them. "We want to know all about your best girl."

"So you shall," said the one addressed, with great coolness. "I'll give you the letter, and you can read it for yourselves."

"No, you don't," said one who had been the loudest in demanding it ; "we like to chaff a little, but we hope we are gentlemen."

"But I insist upon it," was the answer ; "there is nothing to be ashamed of, except the spelling ; that's a little shaky, I'll admit ; but she won't care in the least. Read it man, and judge for yourself."

Thus urged, the other took the letter shamefacedly enough and read it. First he laughed, then coughed suspiciously, and as he finished threw it upon the table, and again rubbed the back of his hand against his eyes, as if troubled with dimness of vision.

"Pshaw ! if I had a love-letter like that——" and then was silent.

"Fair play !" cried one of the others, with an uneasy laugh.

"I'll read it to you, boys," said their friend, "and I think that you'll agree with me that it's a model love-letter :—

" 'My Oween Dear Papa,—I sa mi Prairs every nite, and wen I kiss your Picshure I ask God to bless you. Good bi, Papa, youre best gurl.' "

THE COLONIAL COINAGE.

It is stated that the new coins for the colonies differ in several particulars from those that are being issued by the British Mint for home circulation. They have been executed by Mr. de Saulles, the designer to the Royal Mint, who was also commissioned to do the English coinage. He has, however, treated the King's head for the Colonial money in quite a different manner. As in some of the issues of the Victorian money, the Sovereign is shown wearing the crown. The head, too, is smaller, with more of the bust showing, and King Edward is portrayed in uniform, with the ribbon of the Garter.

Farmer Hodge—"Those confounded boys tied a tin pail to that dog's tail, and ran him eleven miles. I'll sue 'em !" Mr. Cityman—"Was it your dog ?" Farmer Hodge—"No. It was my pail."

The Strike At Little's.

There was a bad strike up at Little's, and the locked-out iron workers were desperately resolute. Just as determined were the masters, Messrs. Little & Son. Black as the faces of the men were wont to be with the grime of toil, now they were blacker still with the passion of hatred for the two rich men who were as obstinate as themselves and stronger.

The strike fund was gone; credit there was none. Every man's family were hungry, hollow-cheeked and hoarse. Every day fresh families were thrust from their homes into the streets, snow-clad or frost-bound, or sodden with rain—thrust out bodily, scant goods and all. Little & Son were behind the landlords; Little & Son were wealthy, and knew the power of gold. Every day the men gathered together, five hundred of them, and vowed that day should end the strike, for Little & Son should give in; but noon came, dragged on to evening, evening to night, and still the strike went on, and the men slouched to their homes, whatever kind of places they were, growling threats against Little & Son such as might have turned white the full red wine Little & Son drank at their dinner.

Of all the desperate strikers perhaps the most desperate was James Cassell. There was more than his own hunger to think about—there was his wife and child. Other of Little's men had wives and children—in fact, most of them had—but to none of them was their family's hunger the same as in Cassell's case, for no man in the town of Grimly loved his wife and child as he loved his.

Cassell was big and brawny, with a heart full of tenderness. He wore a beard which grew up almost to his blue eyes, but which was not so thick that one could not see his firm-set mouth when he smiled.

Morning after morning Cassell left his home, his wife, and boy, to see how the strike was going; night after night he went back with no news to tell, no food to give, no money to spend, with his waist-strap pulled a hole tighter and a darker look than ever on his face.

One night he did not return until very much later than usual, and Mary Cassell was growing very anxious for him, for in such grim times no one knew what might happen next, when he pushed the door open and entered. He kissed her as he had not done since the early days of the strike, with almost boyish excitement, and glanced joyfully in the corner of the dingy room, where little Jimmy, sleeping, lay. Than he began to empty his pockets of things that filled his Mary with speechless wonderment. There were butter and cheese, tea and a knuckle of bacon, and sugar and rice.

"I've sold meself," he said, solemnly regarding the provisions. "an' I don't know who's got the best of the business—them or me."

Mary sprang up and seized his big arm.

"Sold yerself for them!" she exclaimed. "An' what are yer goin' to do?"

"There's no tellin'," he muttered. "I'm goin' out again."

"Jim, what d'yer mean? If the lock-outs 'ave bought yer, I know we'll rue the day; and if Littles 'ave bought yer, I'm almost a widdy woman now. Take 'em back. Jim; take 'em back where they come. I'd rather starve to death than die of sorrow on your grave, or 'ave a prison wall between my man and me!"

" 'Ow yer talk, Mary!" he replied, with an effort to command a reassuring manner, "there's no prison nor grave in this job, so far as I know, but there's food."

"I couldn't touch a morsel," she she said, looking at the bacon with hungry eyes, "if I thought it was paid for you, my man."

"You eat the food my wages bought, an' the wages was paid for me," he argued. "Danger there ain't none, that I can see."

"Tell me who gave yer the money?" she asked, looking him straight in the eyes.

"No."

"Tell me!"

"No, Mary no. See what it's bought, an' take my word for it nothin's wrong."

He had not been gone again full twenty minutes when a knock fell on the door. Before Mary could get to it the door opened and a man looked in.

"The man 'ere?" he inquired, looking round the room, and his pale face darkening as his eyes fell on the provisions on the table.

"No," said Mary shortly. She was not pleased to see Sam Stains, for at one time he was a suitor for her hand, and he and Cassell were bitter rivals.

"Back soon?" he asked, as if it really did not matter.

"I expect 'e will."

Stains withdrew and closed the door, and she heard him muttering outside. This made her uneasy because of the look that had sprung into the man's face when he had seen the food upon the table, and because of what her husband had said regarding the way he had obtained it. Had he sold himself to Littles as a spy on the men's designs, and did the men suspect it? It seemed possible.

Mary understood that her husband would not consider such conduct traitorous; he would argue in his simple-minded way that his first duty was to provide for his wife and child, and if he could do so by warning the Littles of any illegal plots and plans that the strikers were hatching, there was nothing on earth, no duty to his fellow-strikers, no loyalty worthy of the name to make him hesitate. But he would be running through the direst peril. If the men only half believed he was Little's spy his life would not be worth a fair day's wages, for the men were in a desperate mood, as men must be to scheme the plots the men were scheming in hope of bringing Little's to their knees. And it seemed to Mary Cassell that there was something ominously significant in the fact that Stains had been the one out of five hundred odd who had called to know if her husband was in. Had Stains been following her husband?

Had he waited outside, lurking in some shadow, on the chance of discovering something more than whatever he had learnt; and had he watched Cassell leave the house again, and thought it a fair chance to see what evidence of Cassell's perfidy might be visible there? The idea fitted in with her knowledge of the man, whereas the notion that he had actually called to speak with her husband did not. The two were rivals still; starvation's bond had bound them in no sympathy, and Stain's steely eyes still gleamed when they fell upon the face of the woman he would have wed.

"There-s ill a-growin'," was Mary's final conclusion, "an' Sam is at the 'andle end of it. What'll I do?"

She glanced hungrily at the knuckle of bacon again, and winced.

"Is that the price of my man?" she muttered. "Is that, and them"—nodding at the other packages—"to tempt my man to lay 'imself out? Not if my name is Mary, an' my wits is as good as they was."

She snatched up her shawl and pinned it over her head and shoulders. She blew out the candle and went away, locking the door behind her.

It was a rather hopeless mission, hers; she wanted to know the truth, and was going to Little's great house to learn it. Would the rich employers ever consent to see the poor striker's rag-clad wife? She thought they would, for she intended sending in a message to say the matter was most urgent and concerned James Cassell, and she calculated that, if her husband were the Littles' spy, they would be too interested by her message not to receive her.

Her natural logic stood her in good stead. The only difficulty she encountered was in getting the footman who opened the door to take her message in.

She was too much wrapped up in her mission to feel embarrassed at standing amid such light and warmth and color before the two grave gentlemen. She plunged straight into what she had to say, and as she spoke the grave expression faded from the faces of her hearers.

"It's true your husband has been here, Mrs. Cassell," said the white-haired Mr. Little, glancing at the son "but he did not come to report to us the plots of the strikers, that is done by the police, and that, I may say, alone has been the reason for our holding out against the men's terms; but we could not concede a point while the men threatened, and if any of the more serious threats had been carried out—the West-mill blown up, for instance—we should have shut down, never to open again. Cassell knows this. The police reported a week ago that the men had ceased to use threats against us. We were anxious to learn if this report were reliable, and sent for the striker whom we thought could and would tell us the truth, for we were only waiting for the threats to cease to take the men back on the old terms, or for some threat to be carried out for us to shut down. We sent for your husband and explained the matter to him."

"Rather unwisely," interposed the younger gentleman.

"I do not think so. Your husband fully corroborated the police report, and in consequence the foundry will be re-opened to-morrow. Your husband was anxious to convey the news to the men—extraordinarily anxious, and, as I did not wish that, I gave him money to keep silent. That is all, my good woman. You have no reason to think he has betrayed his fellow-strikers, or to fear that even if he had he would be in danger of violence from them. Violence has gone no farther than it could go in words, and even that has ceased.

"I have explained all this to you," the old gentleman concluded, "as I want it to become generally known after tomorrow while we have held out against the men's demands while admitting they were reasonable when trade was brisk, as it has since become—I want it known that we could not give way simply because the men threatened us with divers perils unless we did. But until tomorrow you and your husband will keep the matter secret."

"We will, sir," said Mary breathlessly. "I am only the wife of one of the strikers, but I say Heaven bless you, gentlemen, for giving in."

"You can call it that, if you like" said Mr. Little, smiling.

Mary's heart was batled for by happiness and fear as she left the ironfounders' house and made her way to the town. The prospect was delightful, but the situation full of perils menacing that prospect. If the night passed as the other nights had done, without any violent acts on the part of the strikers, and Little & Son remained in their belief that the strikers had ceased to threaten them, the lock-out would be raised at noon. But for the last few days the men had been threatening less in words but more in looks and gestures, which was significant; and there was, Mary felt assured some desperate plot afoot. If that plot were fixed for execution that night, and carried out, the very worst would come of it. And what had the men to deter them? If the men knew what she and her husband knew the situation would be safe. But they did not! Was it not her duty to tell them, bind them not to betray that she had done so, and so arrest them in any evil designs they had conceived? She felt it was. But how was she to hunt up five hundred loafing men, or pick up just those who might happen to have been appointed to execute some threat that night?

She quickened her steps and made in the direction of the foundry, whose gaunt smokestacks stretched up like appealing arms into the starry sky. She thought it probable, she would find some of the strikers loitering around the foundry walls; the hour was late, but many of the strikers, having no homes, might still be loiling outside the foundry's bolted gates.

She reached the gates but found no one there; the square before the gates was deserted. Wondering what she could do, she looked up at the factory, and as she looked something like a small cloud passed across the sky. It was followed by another and a train of others, they seemed to rise from behind the West-mill stack, drifting away.

"Oh," she gasped. She could hardly contain the pleasure the sight gave her. The West-mill fires were being kindled. It was many weeks since she saw the smoke that had meant bread and meat to her and hers.

But who could be kindling the fires? She could only think of one man, and he was her husband. To him Little & Son had confided their secret intention to re-open the works next day, and he would naturally be the man they would appoint to light the fires.

Mary tried the gates but they were locked, barred and bolted, as they had been for &eeks past.

Supposing——! A terrible thought sprang into her mind. Supposing the oft-repeated threat to blow up the West-mill were to be carried out that night? Her husband, the man who ruled her life, the father of her bonnie brown-haired boy——

Stains had called that evening. What had he called to learn?

Supposing Stains had been appointed, or had resolved of his own choice, to carry out the awful threat that night—had by some strange chance heard that her husband would be in the mill!

She turned a sharp corner, and started back to avoid a man who was springing to the ground from a low part of the wall. As he set off at a hard, noiseless run she recognized him, and she felt full sure her awful fear was shadowed by the truth, for the man was none other than Sam Stains.

"Stop!" she cried, when she had thrown off her amazement to some extent. But the man was already lost to her sight.

It was useless to run after him, she could never catch him; and even if she could his capture would not save the situation if it were what she feared.

Without allowing herself longer to wonder, she began to attempt to scale the wall. On her third attempt she got her hands on the ledge, her foot in a chink, and was able to draw herself up. It was an ugly drop on the other side, for the ladder which Stains had apparently used had been dropped back to the ground; but she did not hesitate. As her feet touched the ground her right ankle gave way, and with a moan of pain she fell in a heap.

For a moment or two the pain of the sprain blinded her and made her forget what she might have to do. Then she raised herself and looked across the yard towards the West-mill. What she saw chilled the marrow in her bones. It was a small light, the size of a pea, perhaps, but in the deep shadow of the West-mill it was clearly visible to her. And it sputtered.

She tried to rise on her feet, but sank on her knees and began to crawl towards the burning fuse. It was a race between the fuse and herself. Would she win? Yard by yard she drew nearer to it. She grew faint and sick with pain, fear, and excitement.

"I can't do it," she groaned. "It's going."

As she said it she saw a figure suddenly dart out of a back doorway. The next instant the fuse spluttered vividly, as if it had been dashed to the ground and stamped upon.

"Jim!" she cried, "Jim!"

"Mary!" said the voice of her husband, in great surprise, "what are you doin' 'ere?"

"I was after that," she panted, as she fainted.

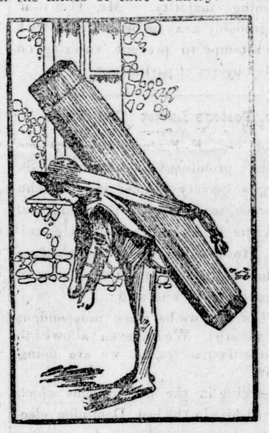
* * * *

Little's opened at noon next day, and all the strikers returned to work except one. Sam Stains was absent. To this day Little & Son do not know why.—London Tit-Bits.

HOW A PEON CARRIES.

Very heavy is the beam of timber which the man shown in the accompanying picture is carrying, and yet the burden is not really so onerous as it seems to be, since it is so poised that its weight rests as lightly as possible on the man's back and shoulders.

The man who is carrying it is a Mexican, who for years has worked in the mines of that country. Like



other workmen similarly employed, it is often his duty to carry ponderous logs of timber from one part of the mine to another, and long experience has taught him how to place the timber on his back so that it will not prove an excessive burden.

At the best, however, it is not an agreeable task, and many of those who have seen Mexican workmen with these loads on their backs have wondered why mules or donkeys were not employed in their stead.

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About the ....House

ORANGES AND RHUBARB.

Rhubard or "pieplant," the stems of the leaves of which are cooked and eaten as sauce, is an excellent vegetable. The flavor is very tart and the fiber stringy ; but when thoroughly cooked it is rendered soft and digestible. It is a mild laxative, and is therefore useful in cases of chronic constipation. It should not be indulged in to excess by persons suffering from gout and rheumatism, owing to the fact that it produces calcium oxalate in the urine. This wholesome vegetable has not received the attention it justly deserves. For instance, in Germany it is still cultivated as merely an ornamental garden plant on account of its large showery leaves. Below are given three choice recipes for using both oranges and rhubarb separate or in combination :

Oranges—The two principal species of orange from which all others have issued are the bitter or sour orange, or bigarade, and the sweet or China orange. The orange best suited for use in the following recipes is the sour Seville, named for the city in Spain where it grows abundantly : The rind of this orange is used for medical purposes, and when candied it is a favorite with the confectioner as well as with the chef, and the delicious liqueur "Curacoa" derives its distinctive and subtle flavor from this bitter fruit. Oranges are an exceedingly useful article of diet, and should be eaten freely when in season ; they are then "at their best." The juice of ripe oranges allays thirst, and may be retained by a patient where exists considerable gastric irritation and a tendency to vomiting. It is only in extreme cases of gastric disorder that orange juice disagrees, and there is no fruit so generally available in sickness, for it is agreeable to almost everyone and is soothing and refreshing in its effects. It is especially useful in diseases where it is desirable to induce a patient to drink large quantities of liquids. By the addition of orange juice to some beverages they are made appetizing and it often encourages their consumption

Orange Marmalade—Select smooth skinned oranges, heavy in weight (this means a juicy orange); weigh the fruit, allowing three-fourths pound of crushed loaf sugar for each pound of fruit; peel in quarters, scoring the skin in four directions from stem to blossom end; put peel into granite saucepan, cover with boiling water, cook gently until it is tender when pierced with a small wooden skewer; drain and remove all the white pith, leaving but the thin yellow rind; cut rind into narrow strips with shears; by putting the pieces together this may be accomplished more quickly. Remove all the white part from the orange, divide the orange in sections, remove the pithy center and all seeds. Put pulp into preserving kettle, bring to a boiling point, add sugar and simmer gently for one hour. Do not boil hard; moisture evaporates too rapidly; add rind; also thin grating of lemon rind, allowing one lemon to every five oranges; continue simmering for one hour longer; pour into jelly glasses; cover with a thin layer of paraffin; cover and put away.

Orange and Rhubarb Marmalade.—Prepare sixteen sour skinned oranges as for orange marmalade. Divide the oranges into eighths, remove the seeds and pith, put into preserving kettle, add ten pounds of rhubarb cut into one-half inch pieces (do not skin it). Bring to a boiling point and cook gently thirty minutes; add eight pounds of crushed loaf sugar and shredded rind. Green ginger root may be added to taste if you desire it. Simmer gently two hours, covered. Put into jelly glasses, cover with a thin layer of paraffin, place covers on and put away.

Rhubarb Sauce—Cut one pound of rhubarb into three-fourths inch pieces without peeling. Wash, drain and put into baking dish with one cup of granulated sugar, one and one-half inch piece Canton ginger and three shavings of lemon peel three-fourths inch long. Cover and place in oven, bake until rhubarb is tender, remove from oven, cool and serve. This is the correct way to cook rhubarb. Both ginger and lemon may be omitted.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

A New Orleans chef inveighs against the usual method of cooking turkey with the back to the bottom of the pan. Ninety-nine out of a hundred place the turkey in that position. The right way is to place the breast down. Then the meat, instead of being dry and tasteless, is sweet and juicy and richly flavored. All the fine flavoring of the turkey, and the juices of the dressing flow down into the breast, and when the white meat is served you get all the richness and flavor of the fowl and its adjuncts. Try it and be convinced, for it certainly "stands to reason" that the chef is right. And if a turkey's flesh is thus improved, why not that of a chicken also ?

Many a housewife who thinks she knows the best way to eradicate grease spots, the most common of all stains, finds that within a few weeks after treatment the garment has an unsightly ring where the spot was. This was due to the fact that when the stain was rubbed and the grease loosened, it, lacking an absorbent, spread itself into the surrounding fabric. This is the right way to remove a grease spot : Take benzine, gasoline, turpentine, or best of all, ether, and moisten a large ring around the grease spot, gradually working toward the center; when this is reached, immediately saturate two pieces of blotting paper with the spirit, place one beneath the other on top and press with a weight. By this means the grease will be absorbed as soon as dissolved.

When you make light biscuit, roll out the dough, and cut out the biscuit with the cutter, just as you do your short biscuit. They will rise quicker, bake fresher, and be perfectly uniform in size.

Of all the dried bean family, none is better than the lima. To cook, wash them thoroughly, soak over night in cold water enough to cover them, then simmer very slowly for two or three hours, until perfectly tender. Do not cook till they are broken. Season with salt, white pepper and butter, with a little cream. What is left may be made into a delicious soup by putting them through a sieve, and adding milk enough to give the desired quantity; thicken slightly with a little butter stirred into flour.

EBONY BRUSHES.

The backs and handles of ebony brushes should be rubbed over with a very little boiled linseed oil after washing, and then rubbed with a soft duster till every vestige of oil is removed. Special care is needed in cleaning initials on these, and only very slightly moistened whiting should be used, or it is apt to leave a nasty white mark on the wood, which is extremely difficult to remove. In brushing the whiting off after cleaning be careful not to scratch the ebony, for once scratched it is spoiled.

TOWERS AS CEMETERIES.

The "towers of silence" are two tall towers used by the Parsees as cemeteries. They never bury their dead, but leave the body exposed on the top of one of these towers until the sun and the rain and the fowls of the air have cleaned the bones of all flesh. Then the bones are collected and placed in the other tower.

"If I thought that any girl would accept me," casually remarked the bashful young man, "I'd propose tomorrow." "Why not this evening?" asked Miss Cissie coyly.

Fell Exhausted and Unconscious

A Frightful Case of Exhausted Nerves and Debilitated System—From a Mere Skeleton, Pale, Weak, Trembling and Almost Wild With Pain, Mrs. Edwards Was Made Strong and Well by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. R. W. Edwards, 33 McMurray st., Brantford, Ont., describes her case as follows:

"For five years I have suffered more than words can tell from nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia, and exhaustion. The pains in my head would at times almost drive me crazy. I could not sleep nights, but would walk the floor in agony until I fell exhausted and unconscious and my husband would have to carry me back to bed.

"Sometimes I could take no food for four days at a time, and experienced terrible gnawing sensations in the stomach, had bad taste in the mouth and coated tongue. I was pale, nervous, irritable, easily exhausted, was reduced to a mere skeleton of skin and bone, and my heart would palpitate as though it was about to stop beating. My greatest suffering was caused by the dreadful pains in my head, neck and back, and all this was in spite of the best efforts of three leading doctors of this city.

"For the past nine months I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and for a considerable time I have not experienced a headache, or any of the symptoms mentioned above. From a mere skeleton this medicine has built me up in flesh, and weight, until now I am strong and well, do my own housework, walk out for two hours without feeling tired, and am thoroughly restored to health. Is it any wonder that words fail to express my gratitude for this remarkable cure? You can use this testimonial for the benefit of other sufferers."

It would be impossible, we believe, to produce stronger evidence to prove the wonderful power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as a system builder. It contains the very essence of the most potent restoratives of nature, and is certain to be of benefit to you. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.
is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.