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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE.

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Mr. Burton's Aunt.

"My dear Amelia, I wish you would try and be a little more genteel."

Mrs. John Burton glanced at her husband, and, sighing impatiently, ran her needle through the sock she was mending into her finger; but she said nothing. Indeed, there were times when she really had nothing to say.

Mrs. Burton, the youngest and fairest daughter of the local greengrocer, had lately married Mr. John Burton, former head footman and present butler to Lord Farrow.

Whether the honor conferred upon her husband had completely overpowered her already meek spirit, or whether his continual reminder that he had married beneath him depressed her, I do not know, but, whereas Amelia Burton had formerly been the life and soul of the little shop at home, she was now, although only a bride of six weeks' standing, a very meek little person indeed.

Mr. Burton, although in service, found time to pay not only periodical, but frequent visits to his home.

"You don't seem very busy," said his wife, trying to turn the conversation.

"Busy?" he repeated contemptuously; "I'm never busy. It ain't my place to be busy, Amelia, when there's three under me to do the work."

"Three? Lor', John!" ejaculated his wife.

"Don't say 'lor,' it's vulgar," corrected her husband, whose manners and voice were superior.

"Very well, John."

Mrs. Burton had lately got into the habit of saying, "very well, John," but she nevertheless deeply resented being snubbed.

"Fancy me busy," continued Mr. Burton loftily. "Why all the time I've bin a butler" (it was nearly three months since his promotion), "I've never once, not once, so much as put a bit of coal on the drawing-room fire."

Mrs. Burton, intent upon an unusually large hole in her husband's socks, apparently caught only the word coal. She laid the sock down for a moment. "That reminds me, John, just fill up that scuttle for me, will you?"

The butler rose. "Well, I must really go." He paused again a moment and looked down at his wife, whose pretty face was puckered into a frown over his socks, and whose plain, drab-colored blouse detracted as much as possible from her fresh good looks.

"I do wish you'd try and be more genteel, Amelia," he said severely. "It's such a pity you ain't mixed more in society. You've no idea of the good it would do you and the manners you'd get. Why, only yesterday Miss Brown, the Duchess of Altomis maid, who is staying at our place, told me what she thought of manners. 'Talk of superior manners, Mr. Burton,' she said, 'I never saw manners like yours; why they'd take you anywhere, they would carry you through a ducal 'all or a Royal palace. And the way you dress, well, I never saw anything more in good taste than your clothes' — those were her very words. Are you listening, Amelia?" he added sharply, as his wife took a garment out of a basket by her side, and examined it with an air of distraction and her head very much on one side.

"To tell the truth, John, I was wondering if this vest of yours would stand another patch," she answered sweetly, and a moment later she was looking round with a dazed expression at her husband's empty chair.

Presently there came a rap at the door, a rap that was immediately followed by the ample form of a stout, red-faced old lady with a cheery face.

Mrs. Burton sprang to her feet with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. "Oh! Aunt Jane," she cried gladly, "I am glad to see you. Whatever has brought you over again?"

Mrs. Lamb was Mr. Burton's aunt, and Mr. Burton's foster-mother. She greeted his wife affectionately, then sat down.

"Well, my dear," she said kindly and half hesitatingly. "To tell the truth there was a sort o' something, not exactly discontent, but a sort 'o something I didn't like about you last time I came over, and so I've come again to see what it is. Are you sure you're quite 'appy? You needn't mind me," she added gently, the old face softening as she spoke, "you needn't mind tellin' me if you ain't, 'Melia, for I brought 'im up and I know his faults, and 'is goodness of 'eart, too."

Mrs. Burton looked half timidly at her husband's aunt. "Well, Aunt Jane," she said with a visible effort, "I'm afraid we ain't getting on quite as we ought; you see, I ain't good enough for 'im. 'E's mixed in such 'igh places and among such 'igh people, and he says I ain't genteel enough; and he says, too, I'm vulgar for 'im." The young wife's eyes slowly filled with tears as she spoke. "And sometimes I think 'e feels that in marryin' me 'e's demeaned 'isself, and—and I don't like it."

"Lor' bless the child," cried Mrs. Lamb. "Cheer up, I'll soon tell you how to bring 'im to 'is rightful senses. Next time 'e puts on any of 'is airs and graces you just mention my name, not o' purpose, but just casual like. You say, 'I wonder now when Aunt Jane 'll be over again!' and you'll see it'll act like magic, and bring 'im round in no time."

Mrs. Burton looked astonished and incredulous, but she determined to take Aunt Jane's advice.

"Very well, aunt, I'll try it," she said doubtfully. "Shall I go out, Aunt Jane?"

"Yes, my dear," answered the old lady cheerfully. "You go out, and leave 'im to me, and 'e'll be that pleasant you won't 'ardly know 'im when you see 'im again. 'Sh, 'ere 'e comes. You go out and do a bit of shopping, and leave 'im to me."

A moment later Mr. Burton entered the room, and greeted his aunt with cordiality, not unmixed with condescension.

Mrs. Lamb regarded him on her part with some disfavor. She was very fond of him, and had been both aunt and mother to him; but she had no patience with this newly-acquired pride or the hussies (all ladies' maids were hussies to her) with whom he consorted. She determined sternly to what she called "take it out of 'im."

After his wife had left the room, Mr. Burton said:

"Aunt Jane."

"Yes, John."

"Do you know, I'm not sure that rather 'asty marriage of mine 'asn't been a mistake?"

"Are you afraid she's too good for you, John?" asked his aunt. "Never mind, lad, a man often ain't good enough for the girl 'e marries. You must try and improve yourself, that's all."

Mr. Burton's face flushed. "I was thinkin' rather the other way on," he said stiffly. "Amelia's 'ardly—"

"'Ardly what?"

"Well, 'ardly genteel enough. You see, 'er father is rather a rougher sort than I'm used to, and, well — Amelia's ways ain't got the polish on 'em that I'm used to now, and I think p'raps——" He hesitated, and added modestly, "P'raps I'd a done better to choose someone more in my own station in life. Don't you think so, aunt?"

"My dear lad," said his foster-mother kindly, "you take my advice and drop these silly ways—and don't you talk about 'Melia not bein' good enough for you, and genteel enough for you, because, as far as that goes, she's a sight more genteel. I shouldn't 'ave told you what I never 'ave told you, only I don't like to see the child lookin' miserable, and cryin' because she ain't good enough for you, and so I'm going to tell you."

"What do you mean?" cried John, angrily; "and what are you 'intin' at?"

"I ain't goin' to 'int at anythink, I'm going to tell you straight out, John, and I'll make it clear in a minute, I will."

"There was once upon a time——"

John Burton made an impatient movement with his chair.

"There was once upon a time," repeated the old lady slowly and emphatically, "a widder woman, what, bein' very lonely and 'avin' a bit o' money of 'er own, thought she'd be more cheery and more 'appy like if she 'ad a child in the 'ouse — a child she could bring up and eddicate and leave 'er money to, if so be as 'e be'aved 'isself; but the difficulty was to find 'im, becos this widder she didn't know of 'im and she 'adn't got no relations, leastways none that would part with any of their childer to please a widder woman," she added, correcting herself.

John Burton turned round, and stared very hard at his aunt's wrinkled and good-tempered face. "What's the good of you tellin' me this? What's it got to do with me?" he asked, rather hoarsely.

"Well, John, my lad, you see, she went and got a child for 'erself, did this widder woman, and 'e wasn't 'er nephew at all really, but she just gave 'im the name of Burton, John Burton she called 'im, and ——"

John Burton sprang to his feet. "Where did she get 'im from?" he cried trembling with anxiety. "Who was 'is parents, and who was 'e, and where did 'e come from? Where did she get 'im from, Aunt Jane? Tell me, can't you?"

"She—she went and fetched 'im out—of—the—workhouse — John," answered the old lady slowly.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. John Burton was aware of a gradual and exceedingly pleasant change in her husband's manner towards her. He no longer snubbed his wife, and his manners, if not actually apologetic, were always civil and often pleasant. She on her side made no allusion to his past treatment of her, but fussed over him and spoilt him whenever he came home, only too glad of the change, and too anxious to love him and be loved in return.

But even the best of medicines have their moments of non-efficacy, and one day Mr. Burton, having been to a large servants' ball, where he had received even more adulation than usual, forgot himself, and made some slighting allusion to the want of gentility about his home surroundings.

Mrs. Burton was busy sewing, as usual, at the time, but she laid her socks down on the table. "What say, dear?" she asked gently.

"I was only wishing you had a bit more style about you, Amelia," said her husband, who was in high humor with himself over the success he had attained at the ball.

"More style," repeated Mrs. Burton, still more gently. "Yes, I s'pose there must be times when you wish that, John, mustn't there?"

She rose as she spoke, and, crossing the room, went over to the window and stood looking out into the night.

"I wonder — when — Aunt Jane—will be over again?" she said slowly, and added deprecatingly, "I wish I was a bit more up to your level, John."

There was a moment's tense silence as her husband recalled with a sudden qualm his aunt's words: "'Is wife don't know John, but if 'e don't improve in 'is manner to 'er, there's no saying but what she won't get to know some'ow."

"Oh! you're right enough, Amelia," said John Burton, making a visible effort not to look desperately uncomfortable. "You're quite good enough for me, Amelia; more than good enough in fact, and, as to style, well, style ain't everything when all's said and done."

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BIG SURGEON'S FEE.

$30,000 For Treatment of Lolita Armour, of Chicago.

Speculation as to how large a fee Professor Lorenz, of the University of Vienna, received for operating on Lolita Armour, daughter of the Chicago millionaire, may be set at rest, says the Chicago Tribune. He received $30,000. This announcement comes from Dr. John Ridlon, one of the surgeons who assisted at the operation. The enormous fee includes the services of Professor Lorenz's two assistants and also the after treatment in Chicago and in Vienna when the plaster splint is removed. The Armours will visit Professor Lorenz in Vienna in May, 1903, it is expected. Until the visit is made and the splint removed the ultimate result of the operation cannot be told, and no accurate forecast can be made until the child has used the hip joint for at least six months.

"We may reasonably expect," says Dr. Ridlon, in an article in the current number of the New York Medical Journal, "that the result will be good. By good result is meant either a real replacement or an anterior transposition of the femoral head which corrects the shortening, flexion deformity and lordosis and gives a secure resting place for a false joint."

Describing the actual operation, Dr. Ridlon says :—

"When the patient had been fully anaesthetized, Dr. Lorenz seized the right thigh near the knee, flexed the thigh strongly on the abdomen, and pressed firmly downward, stretching the soft parts at the back and below the joint. He then, with the leg flexed to a right angle, strongly abducted it, sawing against the upper part of the abductor muscles of the thigh with the ulnar border of the hand until the fossae which appear above and below the upper insertion of the abductor muscles when they are put on the stretch had disappeared and the thigh could be abducted to the plane of the table upon which the patient lay. During this stretching process the pelvis was firmly held by the assistants.

"A sheet was then passed between the child's legs and its ends were fastened to the head of the table to make a fixed point against which to pull. Both assistants now seized the limb and pulled downward with a heave-ho motion, while Professor Lorenz pushed downward against the greater trochanter. When the head had been pulled down to, or below, the acetabulum, the thigh was again flexed, a wedge shaped block placed beneath the greater trochanteric region for a fulcrum to play over, and the thigh again strongly abducted, even beyond the transverse plane of the body.

"In this way all the soft parts binding the femur to the pelvis were stretched and torn subcutaneously until the head could be freely moved about in all directions. Then Professor Lorenz seized the thigh just above the knee and, abducting, flexing, rotating and adducting, lifted the femoral head into the acetabulum The click of replacement could be readily heard, and the jump seen and felt as the head passed over the cotyloid ring. Then, with the head in place, the thigh was carried into extreme lateral abduction, and in this position the hamstring muscles were stretched by straightening the knee many times.

"The child was then clothed in smoothly fitting stocking from the ankle to the ribs, raised above the table on a pelvic rest with a low stool under the head and shoulders, and the fixation dressing applied. The leg was flexed on the knee, and the thigh on the body to a right angle and abducted to the transverse plane of the body. From below the knee to above the waist the patient was wrapped in many layers of sheet wadding to the thickness of an inch, and this bound smoothly down by an ordinary unbleached muslin bandage; over this the plaster of paris was applied."

CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY.

According to a gentleman who has spent many years in the goldfields, the average digger would bear comparison with some of our best debaters.

Some years ago the "boys" of Nugget Creek were in council assembled. It was generally admitted that the size of the colony—consisting as it did of something just over a dozen shanties—entitled it to be considered a city, and Mecca City sprang into existence.

Then one "Roaring Dick" arose and wanted to know what the "citizens" intended to do in the matter of lighting the "streets" by night.

"You know me, boys," he said, twirling a formidable-looking six-shooter. "I ain't afraid o' nothing, naythur in daylight nor dark. But it's this way—other cities 'as got gas, and Mecca's got ter 'ave it."

"It can't be did!" said one.

"It's got ter be did!" roared the speaker. "Wot other cities does, we does! 'Sides, gas lamps is a ornament an' lamp posts a absolute necessity. Why, ther ain't a decent spot ter lynch a man within twenty miles. We're goin' ter 'ave lamp posts."

The argument was conclusive, and it was decided unanimously to have gas.

The railway bridge which connects Venice with the mainland is 12,000 feet long, and has 222 arches

About the ....House

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

White Cookies—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, one and a half cups of shortening, one cup of sour milk, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful soda. Mix very soft.

Cabbage Salad—One head of cabbage chopped fine, one cup of sweet milk boiled. Add butter the size of a walnut, two eggs well beaten, half a cup of sugar, half teaspoonful of pepper, one heaping teaspoonful mustard. Pour over cabbage, then add a cup of boiling vinegar. Use one-half the amount for a small family.

Chocolate Cake—Dissolve 2 ounces of chocolate in 5 tablespoonfuls of boiling water, adding gradually one and a half cups of sugar; add the yolks of four eggs, beat thoroughly; then add the chocolate, half a cup of cream or milk, a cup and three-quarters of flour, two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir them into a mixture, and it is ready to bake, either in a loaf or in three layers. The layers may be put together with boiled icing, flavored with chocolate.

Boston Brown Bread—No hot bread is more tempting or more wholesome than the Boston brown bread at its best. To make it as it is made at home, it is necessary to obtain rye meal in place of the flour which is ordinarily used, but the result amply repays the trouble, which need not be excessive as the meal can usually be found at feed stores of the larger and better sort. Mix together one and one half pints of the rye meal and of southern corn meal. Stir into them one teaspoonful of salt and one cup af molasses. Mix all together with one and one-quarter pints of hot milk, and then add one heaping teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a little boiling water. Pour into a well buttered mold, cover tightly and steam for four hours. Serve hot with butter or cream.

Salt Raising Bread—Few housewives probably still make salt rising bread, but these who do will be interested in an experiment made at Chautauqua last summer by a cooking teacher. She heard it said that, since the yeast germ which raises salt rising bread must be derived from the air, the bread cannot be made in a perfectly clean room, and hence is a product of dirt. To prove the fallacy of the theory a small room was stripped of its furnishing, including the carpet, and was thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Then the windows and door were closed, and the bread was set to rise. But it did not rise. Another teacher, also a doubter of the theory, put in a claim that the bread had had not been made right, and she mixed the ingredients herself. But the dough remained as lifeless as the proverbial doornail. Then the windows were opened, a strip of clean carpet was dragged in, furniture was replaced, and more dough was made. This time the bread raised, as usual.

HOW TO TREAT YOUR WIFE.

Every man is supposed to love his wife, but many husbands love themselves more than they do their wives, and this is the fertile cause of matrimonial infelicities, writes the Rev. John L. Scudder. Selfishness is the rock upon which domestic bliss generally goes to pieces. True marriage is not a tandem, with husband perpetually in front and wife running behind him.

A model husband never plays the tyrant. He treats his wife as an equal, not as a subordinate. After winning her he does not commence to crush her spirit or teach her to know her place. Some women are married to bears, some are caged birds, too sad to sing; others have that word "obey" eternally thrown at them.

Some men are so mean and small that when they can not find any one else to tyrannize over they go home and maltreat their wives. I often wish such a bully had married a woman twice his size and capable of giving him occasional chastisement.

If I were a wife, and my husband systematically abused me, he would live in one side of the house and I would live in the other, and my side would be the outside. I would break away and run a boarding house, if I could do nothing else. And to every woman contemplating matrimony I say, if you have any money of your own, keep it in your own name.

Again, a model husband will give his wife a reasonable share of his time and attention. He does not spend all his evenings at the club. I believe the club house has its place, but it should never overshadow the home, which ought to be the dearest spot on earth.

A good husband will give his wife a certain sum for spending money, a regular allowance she can call her own. If she is a good housekeeper she is entitled to it, for she earns it.

A good husband will cultivate cheerfulness and always carry sunshine into the home. He will cause the domestic machinery to run smoothly by a plentiful application of that valuable oil known as "good nature." He will be handy about the house. When his wife asks him to mend the sewing machine or put a new wire on the screen door he will not pout and say, "That was not down in the marriage contract."

He never ceases to show those delicate little attentions and courtesies which mean so much to a woman's heart. He kisses her just as he used to do before marriage. He never outgrows the civilities of life. He plans little surprises as he used to when he was courting.

He takes an interest in her new dress and bonnet, and speak words of praise while she is yet living and does not wait for the funeral and then deliver his praise wholesale when she cannot hear it.

(And the above is just about so.—Editor.)

CHEAP CUTS OF BEEF.

Take a shank of beef with considerable meat on it. Have the bone broken, and wash well to remove all bits of bones. Cover with cold water and boil until tender. Skim; keep the kettle about half full of water all the time. When tender, remove the meat and chop it fine. Remove all bones and part of the fat. Add the chopped meat to the boiling liquid, season with salt, then add corn meal till it is thick as mush. Stir often. When done, pour into a greased pan. Let it get cold and hard, then slice and fry.

Rolled Beefsteak with Browned Potatoes—Take a large, thick slice of round steak, salt and pepper, spread on dressing of dry bread crumbs, salt, pepper and a pinch of sage, moistened with a little hot water and butter and a well beaten egg; then roll up and tie to hold it together. Put in a dripping pan with 1 pt. hot water and 1 tablespoon lard. Bake in a moderate oven. Baste often. Brown the potatoes in the same pan. Make a gravy of the drippings. Put meat and potatoes on the same platter and pour the gravy over them.

Beafsteak Pie—Cut 1 lb beefsteak in pieces about an inch square. Fry a slice of pork, take out the pork and put in the steak and fry until just brown on the outside. Cook 2 potatoes and when half done cut into eighths. Make a crust as you would for biscuits, only a little richer. Line the sides of baking dish with the crust. Put meat and potatoes in, season with salt and pepper and a few slices of onions if desired, add a few small dumplings cut from the crust, over the whole pour the gravy in which the meat was fried; it may be necessary to add a little water. Cover with a medium thick crust and bake 20 minutes.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

To dip the broom into a pail of boiling hot water not only cleans it, but makes the brush tough and pliable.

If you want something new and real nice for dessert, try a fresh baked green apple pie with whipped cream piled thickly upon it.

In putting up a picture molding the best effect is produced by placing it on a line with the tops of the doors and windows.

Highly polished tables sometimes show spots of white where hot dishes have been set or hot water spilled on them. Equal parts of linseed oil and alcohol will usually make such a spot vanish. Camphor will also, it is said, restore varnish, and if rubbed over blistered or whitened spots will bring back some of the original luster.

Do you know that common salt, dampened, will remove the discoloration on cups and saucers which is the result of tea and coffee and careless washing? That it will take the egg stain from silver? That it will restore in great measure colors faded in washing or keep them from fading if used in the rinsing water? That nothing cleans China matting or willow furniture so well as a salt and water scrubbing with a scrubbing brush? That it is an excellent dentifrice? That if the chimney gets on fire salt put upon the fire will deaden the flame? And how many even old cooks know that when the blaze from dripping fat on the coals is charring the steak they are broiling, the trouble can be stopped by throwing a little salt on the fire?

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

RABBI RUINED THE RAILWAY.

The town of Grojetzk, Russia, is connected with the outer world by a railway, which derives the major part of its revenue from Jews traveling to seek preternatural aid from the Rabbi of Grojetzk, a reputed miracle-worker and divine healer, who, by the way, as principal shareholder of the railway, had recommended his followers to use it. At the last shareholders' meeting, however, a conflict of opinion arose between those present, which resulted in the sale by the rabbi of his stock. At the same time he strictly prohibited his followers from using the road, owing to which the trains are now running entirely empty.

MAN WITH A WOMAN'S VOICE.

"Madame Stuart," who is appearing at the Ambassadeurs, Paris, with great success as a chanteuse, is in reality a young man. His voice is a falsetto, and of such pure quality that the illusion as to his sex is quite complete. Stuart wears corsets when he sings, and his pretty hands are covered with rings. He receives two or three bouquets every evening, and a few days since an amorous Frenchman made his way into the dressing room and laid his fortune at his feet.

THEY REJOICE IN POVERTY

PECULIAR CONDUCT OF THE DOUKHOBORS.

Against All Forms of Government And Will Never Submit to Law.

Mr. H. Hellyer, a Russian student at the Bible Training School, in Tororto, is perhaps better acquainted with the curious customs and beliefs of the Doukhobors, than any other person in Canada. He spent five months among them this summer, living in their homes, partaking of their food and making himself thoroughly acquainted with their everyday life. Being himself a convert to Christianity from Judaism, and a native of Odessa on the Black Sea, and consequently speaking their language, he was better understood by the Doukhonors than was any other person who went among them.

Mr. Hellyer's account of their strange manners is an interesting one, "which would fill a book," as he says, if he were to go into the whole question. In an interview he gave the following story of this strange people :—

They are a sect of recent birth, which broke off from the Greek Church, and for this reason they have suffered the most bitter persecution, as is the case with all proselytes in Russia. Many of their religious meetings were broken up by the Cossacks, who would cut right and left with their latchets, inflicting terrible injuries. Many were sent to Siberia because they refused to serve in the army. The English Quakers first took an interest in them because upon one occasion when a few Cossacks were coming to attack them, instead of attemptirg to repel them, they simply cooked a good meal and left it for the Cossacks, going away themselves. On another occasion force was tried upon them in order to compel them to abide by the conditions of the country, and they replied by putting up their hands and saying, "Kill if you desire."

In the Northwest they are settled in four different districts, at Good Spirit Lake, Swan River, White Sun River, and on the Assiniboia River near Indian Head.

A VILLAGE DESCRIBED.

A Doukhobor village or community contains from 100 to 300 people. Their houses are situated on a street about twenty yards from one another. The occupied territory of the community is fenced in, but there are no partitions between the land of each family, which consists of a garden of about ten acres, situated at the rear of the dwelling place.

Their homes are plain wooden buildings, with a thick clay roof. They have simply one room, which serves as kitchen, parlor, dining-room and bedroom. Screens are placed around the bed if any stranger is a guest at their house. A regular Russian oven made of bricks is built in the interior of the house, and is used for heating and cooking. They do not use chairs, but have long seats attached to the walls, which they make themselves. Their meals are very simple, only one cooking a day taking place. Their food consists of a kind of soup and vegetables, which are kept warm in the oven for the different meals. Only one dish is used by the family, and each person has a spoon, no other utensil being employed to eat with. All meals are alike, there being no special meal on Sundays or feast days. They are very generous to strangers, supplying them with their best food, which consists of half cooked black bread, onions and radishes and a hard board is provided to sleep upon at night.

The younger men for the most part work for English-speaking settlers during the summer time, returning to their villages during the winter months. The women and children do the cooking and sewing. All their sewing is done by hand, and they weave their own goods for the most part. The women are very fond of bright colors, particularly red, and this color is used even in their towels and aprons, samples of which they presented to Mr. Hellyer. The older men go into the fields and do the ploughing and general farming. The women yoke themselves as oxen on their own account, and Mr. Hellyer states that he has seen women shoving a waggon which was being pulled by a horse, in order to help the beast of burden. The most of them cannot conceive of using animals for work, and they assert that the wild arimals have been rendered ferocious by reason of the sins of the world.

NOT CHRIST'S TEACHING.

They consider that our modern Christianity is contrary to Christ's teachings. They believe in simplicity of dress, and would not use factory made clothes, because they consider that people must slave to produce them. They believe that churches are unnecessary, and that the people should simply gather together in their own houses for religious worship. Music is considered an invention of the devil, and an organ would not be tolerated. The minister or missionary, in their opinion, should go about like St. Paul; he should not receive a salary, and food and clothes should be provided for him.

The literal ordinance of baptism and the sacrament are not observed by the Doukhobors, they are simply practiced in the spirit. The atonement of Christ is generally held among them, and the resurrection believed in.

In a general sense they do not believe in the Bible, as they abhor all books. Certain passages of Scripture which support their belief are considered inspired, and others are considered to be merely the products of man. Some say that Christ is the Son of God, and others that he was a perfect man, and that they only follow him spiritually. Some of the people hold that he was imperfect in eating fish and meat, and others that as the Creator he had a right to do so. Some go further and claim that they are better than Christ, and members of the sect will claim that the Bible writers who speak of the eating of meat lie, stating that if God made the little lambs to be eaten then he must have been a devil. Many contend that unless a man is a Doukhobor, that he is a devil. Christ's second coming is eagerly waited for, their belief being that he will come bodily. Then there are some who believe that Christ has already come, and that we cannot see him by reason of our sins.

Poverty is rejoiced in, and wealth is not considered desirable, many rejoicing that they possess no money. Fasting as long as 40 days has been indulged in by some members of the sect. For their worship they gather together in private houses every day. The people in the house commence to sing, and as the others come in they greet one another with salutations. A psalm of a hymn is then sung and a set prayer for the day is recited. The men and women who are on opposite sides of the house then shake hands twice, and the men kiss one another, the women doing the same. After one person has kissed another he makes a deep courtesy and takes his position. They leave the house sirging another psalm, and go to their own homes singing.

DOWN ON GOVERNMENT.

The Doukhobors assert that they do not believe in any form of Government, and will never submit to it. They regard Jesus as their only King, and do not consider King Edward VII. their ruler. Concerning the statement of "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," many say that if nothing is rendered that Caesar will not exist. They claim that they are Anarchists in the true sense of the word, and that Anarchists should not kill.

Regarding municipal government, they hold it to be a ridiculous thing that a community should be ruled by one man or any set of men, and that a man should rule himself according to the spirit of God. They would not go into court for any consideration, if exasperated they would use their fists, which is considered a heathen custom, a hundred times sooner than go into court. They would not arrest a murderer, they would leave his punishment to God.

While not totally disbelieving in education, they will not send their children to the public schools, lest they should become contaminated with others, and fall away from their religion. They would not be unwilling to have schools of their own, taught by Doukhobors. At present the parents educate their own children.

Mr. Hellyer said in conclusion that he could not conceive what the future of such a people would be. They are possessed with such determination that no law could coerce them, and still they were a most inoffensive people. It seemed a pity that they had come to Canada, as a country which was rich in fruits, and whose climate was warmer would have suited them better. He believed that the best thing to do at present was to send missionaries among them who spoke their own language, and to impress upon them the truths of the Bible which would enlighten their minds; he, however, recognized that this would be a very difficult task. He thought that they might exist on vegetables themselves, but that in that climate it was impossible to bring up children upon them. The present outlook was a gloomy one, indeed.

WHAT LIGHTS?

Some time ago an unquestionably suspicious fire occurred in a ready-made clothes store that was carried on in a certain locality of New York. The fire was immediately reported to the office of the company with which the building and its contents were insured, and an inspector was dispatched to make the necessary investigations.

The senior partner of the clothing firm was first waited upon and questioned, and he, Mr. Abrahams, by name, informed the insurance man that it was his opinion that the fire was due to the electric light. He considered, in fact, that in some way the glow-lamp wires had fused. Mr. Abrahams' partner, who happened to be a Mr. Moses, was separately interviewed on the subject, and he also attributed the disaster to electricity, but incautiously particularized sparks from the arc lights as the direct cause of the mischief.

Whilst returning to the office the inspector happened to encounter Patrick Murphy, who held the position of porter to the conflagrated establishment, and thought he might now get an inkling of the true state of things.

"Now, look here, Pat," said he, "what is really your own view of this awkward fire at Abrahams' shop? Your two governors seem to look at it in different ways; Mr. Abrahams says it was the glow-lights and Mr. Moses says it was the arc lights. What do you think, about it?"

"Faith," replied the son of Erin, reflectively, "Oi'm inclined to fancy it must have been the Israelites!"

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