

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N.B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

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Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for first insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

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 therefor 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 Gaspé, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address: Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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Quinine Wine
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THE BEST TONIC AND
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Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.

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CHATHAM, N. B.

The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it. If the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement.

MIRAMICHI

Vol. 2, No. 5 CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 10, 1903

The Unexpected Moose

A little band of hunters and their guide had reached the deserted lumber camp, which was to be their headquarters while deer hunting in Pontiac county. Supper was over, and the men were sitting around the fire smoking while the guide washed up. The ever restful guide was whistling softly to himself, as by means of long thorns he fastened in position a large square of birch bark he had carefully rolled into the similitude of a large-sized megaphone. "Maybe you did not take notice of it, but I was the track of a big moose leading right alongside this shanty," he said quietly in reply to some bantering remark from one of the younger sportsmen. "I guess he has been used to come and lick the salt off the old pork barrels you see thrown out back of where the wood pile used to be."

"How do you work the thing, anyway?" said one of the men.

"Well, my plan is to get the man with the gun and myself behind a big windfall on a little rise facing the swamp where you expect to find moose, and when I see called him with the horn the other man rests his rifle on top of the windfall and lets drive. Then if he is not killed there is the big tree trunk between you and the danger from the moose."

"Sounds easy enough, but isn't it something of a trick to call a moose so that he will come?"

By way of reply the man put the bark cone to his mouth, and produced a series of grunts and moans, and bellows, which might have been very good imitations of the invitations of a cow moose, but were very unlike anything the hunters present associate with the big deer. However, under the tutelage of their guide they experimented with the ruse and at least derived a good deal of fun from their attempts. Their instructor was standing near the water-proof coat hanging over the opening in the low wall from which the lumberers had removed their glazed goggles when they deserted the shanty the previous spring. On a sudden he gave a quick exclamation of surprise, and made an urgent sign for silence.

His hearing him to be at fault. From outside came a shrill roaring bellow, almost a scream.

"It's him. Sure as you live we've got him right here. Put out the lanterns, and get the guns," he whispered excitedly.

Two of the party stationed themselves at the door, the other two went to the window.

"I'll come in three, and then you open the door without making any noise and I will lift the blind," said the guide.

Quietly as both operations were watched the watchful animal took fright at the shrill noise, and from the window he was seen to check his course fifteen yards away and pause to see what had alarmed him. In the bright moonlight he was a fine spectacle as he turned his huge head and spreading horns, and ears upright showed himself to the hunters.

Each man held his breath as the creature turned his head around toward them, snorted, and then he roared and stamped angrily. Then the heads rang out, and all rushed out of the shanty to see the result.

One bullet had gone through the neck, others through the shoulders and chest. His fore quarters were prostrated, but the gallant brute still kept his hinder part erect, and he seemed to be amazed at the helpless inactivity of his front legs and determined to overcome their weakness. But as one of the sportsmen slipped another cartridge into place, he finally collapsed, and without a certain kind of dignity stretched himself in death.

"What did I tell you?" began the guide after the carcass had been laid away for the night in the old stable alongside the shanty.

"I told you that was what you might call a fight. They poked each other and pushed like two old rams, and they struck at each other with their clumsy big feet, and they jumped around one another, snorting and snorting, and in spite of their size, so quick were they about it that for the life of me I couldn't get in a good shot at them."

"At last one of them slipped and got onto his knees and the other was just broadside to me, rushing away at him with all his might. I fired a shot, and he fell on one side, and dropped him with a ball through both shoulders from the large military rifle I was using."

"The other one was off his knees in a minute, jumped right on top of his enemy and went off before I could slip in another cartridge. I found he had stuck his fore-foot right on the ribs of the wounded one, smashing them now and putting his foot on his chest, and he kept repeating that could have got the two of them just as easily as not."

DIDN'T EAT PORK.

It happened in a crowded railway carriage. A very fat and bumptious man was making a general nuisance of himself to the other occupants of the carriage, explaining in a loud voice his cuteness and success in most things. Some of the people in the carriage smiled pityingly, some merely looked into him, one solemn individual eyed the fat boaster with a stony and immovable stare. The latter at last became uneasy, and this uneasiness, and turning to the man said, blusteringly:—

"Well, what yer looking at me like that? I want to eat me?"

"No," was the crushing rejoinder. "I'm a Hebrew."

Bobby: "Oh, Mr. Bristles, I wish I had a mustard just like yours!"

Mr. B.: "Ah! Then you think it's becoming, Bobby?"

Bobby: "No, but if I had that thing on my face none of these old ladies 'd be always trying to kiss me!"

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.

JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, PROPRIETOR

Never throw combings, bits of string, threads, burnt matches or any such refuse into the sloop-pail or closed barrel. It is particularly dangerous. It catches in any irregularity of the inside of the pipe and serves to arrest the progress of other waste until by accretion it clogs the whole pipe.

A portable screen should be part of the furnishings of every bedroom occupied by two persons. Not a fancy affair, but a substantial frame extending to the floor and filled with a substantial but pretty material. If used to conceal a washstand, it may have hooks on the inside for towels, and such a screen is usually for privacy's sake where two use one room.

Almost every one gets tired of eggs, plain boiled or plain fried. Try eggs prepared in this fashion for a change. Beat the eggs, cut them in two, remove the yolks, mash them, season with salt, pepper, butter and mustard, adding lemon juice if you like it. Fill the cavities with the mixture, put the eggs together again. If a small slice is cut from the bottom the eggs will stand alone. These are very nice for tea, and, wrapped in waxed paper, are an addition to the picnic lunch or the children's lunch basket.

There is only one right way to cook an egg, and that is not the one usually pursued. Generally the eggs are dropped into boiling water and boiled for from three to four minutes. The whites are hard and practically indigestible in consequence. Egg albumen coagulates at a temperature considerably below the boiling point. The proper way is to put the eggs in cold water and gradually heat it. By the time the boiling point is reached the eggs will be done. Or, drop the eggs in boiling water and set them where you will keep hot but will not be boiled. In eight or ten minutes they will be done and the white will be a soft jelly instead of hard as a piece of rubber.

Every one who is as careful as they ought to be about what they eat through waste pipes and the kitchen sink. Plumbers grow rich on housekeepers' carelessness. Greasy and soiled water, stale bread, crumbs, etc., are allowed to run down the kitchen waste-pipe, which eventually becomes stopped and emits an offensive odor. It is a tedious and annoying and inconceivable nuisance. Let it cool and remove the fat before pouring into the sink. If you do not use the fat for soap-making, burn it; it is cheaper and less trouble in the long run than to run it through the sink. Burn tea leaves and coffee grounds; it is surprising how much one can dispose of by fire with a little trouble.

GENTLE SPEECH.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One early glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, so the words of kindness and beauty, so kind words, and gentle acts, and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiling the heart will turn longingly toward it from all the tumult of the world, and home, if it be ever so humble, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

A BLIND PREACHER.

Large Congregation Hears Him Daily at Chicago.

G. S. Willis is a preacher without a pulpit and not a syllable of a sermon but the word of God as found in the New Testament. Yet every four or five of these Great Britain autumn he preaches to a larger congregation than any other minister in Chicago.

A most pathetic figure is this blind man, who for five years has stood large Central Avenue from 4 to 6 o'clock and recited the scriptures to thousands of people homeward bound.

HEARD ABOVE CLAMOR.

But above the clamor of the crowd, the rattle of wagons, the rush and clang of the electric cars, rises the vibrant voice of the blind man reciting the solemn words of Jesus Christ and his apostles. It is strangely impressive and never a single moment of the crowd ceases to be hushed, tender memories are stirred, little children gather in groups to listen to the old, old story. The crowd, an eager, pushing, hurrying throng, tired, hungry, and anxious to get home.

The preacher and preacher are momentarily forgotten, but they hear the double cataract and since then, and the constant iteration must have its influence upon their lives.

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He knew hundreds of verses, he learned hundreds more—committed whole chapters to memory, and now he practically knows the entire New Testament. Unfortunately, he is extremely susceptible to a chill, a cold being the active cause of his blindness.

So in cold and stormy weather he is a prisoner at home, and even on the hottest days he wears heavy wooden pads strapped to his thick, cold shoes. He spent the winter months memorizing, and in summer the public gets the benefit of his hard study. An unfortunate feature of his disease is an uncontrollable sound of his voice, which he has learned to be humored, and in summer against it without avail, and has now succumbed to the inevitable and sleeps for hours before it is time to turn his self-appointed task.

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And He Is Recovering—Unique Operation at a Toronto Hospital.

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No plate or covering is put in the skull by the present day treatment. The wound is dressed with a fine gauze, and the patient is kept in a future well, but with his brain bare.

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Another critical operation was performed at Grace Hospital a short time ago, when a patient was treated for tumor of the bowels. The tumor was removed, and was a large one. Then the patient's intestines were taken out and washed in a pan, rinsed, and washed again. Now, to put them back in the spot they were taken from would mean that the patient would die, because of the irritation caused by his movement against the tender flesh where the tumor was removed from the same relative position, at the other side of his body. He was buttoned up. Buttoned? Yes, that is the word—buttoned up with what is known as a Murphy button, and when he is buttoned up, he has one button and poorer one tumor. He has practically recovered.

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The man wanted to sell the dog, but the prospective buyer was suspicious and finally decided not to buy. The man then told him why he was so anxious to sell.

"You see, he said, 'I bought the dog and trained him myself. I got him so he'd bark if a person stepped inside the gate, and thought, of course, I was safe from burglars. Then my wife wanted me to train him to bark seven points, and I did. I got up anything into his mouth it would stay there till someone took it away. Well, one night I woke up and heard a rat in a fine house, and I got up, grabbed my gun, and started to investigate. They were there, three of them—and I interrupted the rat.'

"Not a bark; he was too busy."

"Busy? What doing?"

"Carrying the lantern for the burglars. If you know anybody who wants a good dog send them around."

VERY DRUNK.

Magistrate—How do you know this gentleman was drunk when you arrested him?

Policeman—He was talking about his wife and said she didn't care who he was, and she was so comfortable, and she didn't get mad about the furniture when the neighbors had better, and she didn't care for a fine house, and she wouldn't do her own housework than bother with servants.

GROWING OF RAW COTTON
NATIONS SEEKING A NEW SOURCE OF SUPPLY.

England, France and Germany Want to Be Independent of America.

It is well known that England, Germany and France are now bending their energies toward developing new sources of raw cotton in the African possessions. The avowed purpose is to make themselves independent, as far as they can, of the American cotton supply.

The progress these nations are making toward the development of new cotton growing areas in Africa is thus far very encouraging. The district of Lagos on the Gulf of Guinea is expected to yield 4,000 bales this season. The first delivery of this crop is expected in England about Christmas.

Least year thirty tons of cotton were received at Liverpool and the fibre was pronounced to be of excellent quality. Though the experiment is in its early stages, the cultivated area is rapidly increasing.

The British Cotton Growing Association, which was formed at Manchester in 1902, instructed Prof. Hoffman, the expert whom it sent to Lagos a while ago, to visit the Yoruba country in the hinterland of Lagos and to report on the prospects of cotton cultivation there. He has just reported that he was taken by the natives in the cultivation of the soil.

THE YORUBA COUNTRY

is one of the most densely populated parts of Africa, and much of the land is under cultivation. He reports that the natives favorably received the idea of attempting the cultivation of cotton on a large scale. The industry, in fact, is new to them; they have grown cotton and woven it into cloth for many years.

The soil is rich, and the people seem only to await satisfactory assurances that cotton growing is set about it in good earnest. All the labor needed can be procured for 18 cents a day.

The question is whether cotton can be raised in the Yoruba country of such a quality that it can be substituted for the fibre sent to Great Britain by the United States. The present quality would not be included among the most desirable fibres required by British mills.

"If by assiduous cultivation," says Prof. Hoffman, "the West African natives could be induced to improve their cotton, and to use his country as to fit for the English market, he will not only confer incalculable benefit upon his native land, but will have done more for the welfare of the British Empire than any other minister in Africa."

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REMARKABLE OPERATION
PART OF MAN'S BRAIN WAS CUT AWAY.
And He Is Recovering—Unique Operation at a Toronto Hospital.

Two remarkable operations have been recently performed at Grace Hospital, Toronto. The first was a completely successful, and the latter, while more recently completed, gives every indication that the ravage of disease has been stopped by the hand of skill.

The premier operation was that of removing part of a man's brain. This operation, by the way, shatters the old belief that as soon as the brain is touched the person operated on becomes either unconscious or paralytic. For many years Mr. R. Blakely, of Toronto, has suffered from epileptic fits. In most cases of epilepsy the patient merely falls to the ground in a condition, is gathered up and carried away to some spot where he is properly dealt with. But Mr. Blakely was not one of those who fell when the spell seized him. His attacks were known as the Jacksonian epileptic fits. They were not when attacked he became dangerous, and would run amuck.

He is a man 57 years of age, and for many years had been troubled in this manner.

A few days ago Mr. Blakely entered Grace Hospital under the supervision of the superintendent, Miss Patton, and Drs. J. G. Caven and Brock. After diagnosing the case, Dr. Caven saw that an operation was all that was necessary to restore Mr. Blakely to the health of earlier years. It was a heroic operation. Mr. Blakely was put under the operating table, and a tiny saw brought out. With this a hole as big as a fifty-cent piece was cut in his skull. The brain was bared. It was the true diagnosis. Part of the brain was diseased. Then what is known as the left cortical center was removed. He formerly had three or four fits a day. Since the operation, over two weeks ago, he has been free from them, and is on the road to recovery.

No plate or covering is put in the skull by the present day treatment. The wound is dressed with a fine gauze, and the patient is kept in a future well, but with his brain bare.

CUT OUT A TUMOR.

Another critical operation was performed at Grace Hospital a short time ago, when a patient was treated for tumor of the bowels. The tumor was removed, and was a large one. Then the patient's intestines were taken out and washed in a pan, rinsed, and washed again. Now, to put them back in the spot they were taken from would mean that the patient would die, because of the irritation caused by his movement against the tender flesh where the tumor was removed from the same relative position, at the other side of his body. He was buttoned up. Buttoned? Yes, that is the word—buttoned up with what is known as a Murphy button, and when he is buttoned up, he has one button and poorer one tumor. He has practically recovered.

SAILING AROUND THE COW.

Many a sea captain has sailed around the world since the advent of our voyage of Captain Cook, but few navigators have tried what the captain of an East Indian used to relate as an experience of his own. When the patient was in bed, he sounded his foghorn, as every sea captain should. From the starboard side came the sound of a foghorn, and the patient was told very loudly, "Port your helm!" "Port your helm!" he shouted the captain, and the order was obeyed. Then he blew his horn again. Back from the starboard side came the sound of a foghorn, and the patient was told, "Starboard your helm!" "Starboard your helm!" he shouted, and the order was obeyed. Although the ship had altered her course three points, came the sound of that answering foghorn.

"Hard a port!" roared the captain. "I too was told, and the signal was tried again. Back from exactly the same position, although his vessel had now changed his course seven points, came the sound of that foghorn.

The captain, alarmed, was just going to give the order to reverse engines, when he saw the doctor, who had heard seven points, and who was only the cow that was carried on the forward deck to supply fresh milk for the passengers.

A GOOD DOG.

The man wanted to sell the dog, but the prospective buyer was suspicious and finally decided not to buy. The man then told him why he was so anxious to sell.

"You see, he said, 'I bought the dog and trained him myself. I got him so he'd bark if a person stepped inside the gate, and thought, of course, I was safe from burglars. Then my wife wanted me to train him to bark seven points, and I did. I got up anything into his mouth it would stay there till someone took it away. Well, one night I woke up and heard a rat in a fine house, and I got up, grabbed my gun, and started to investigate. They were there, three of them—and I interrupted the rat.'

"Not a bark; he was too busy."

"Busy? What doing?"

"Carrying the lantern for the burglars. If you know anybody who wants a good dog send them around."

VERY DRUNK.

Magistrate—How do you know this gentleman was drunk when you arrested him?

Policeman—He was talking about his wife and said she didn't care who he was, and she was so comfortable, and she didn't get mad about the furniture when the neighbors had better, and she didn't care for a fine house, and she wouldn't do her own housework than bother with servants.