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Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, N. B.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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THE SUBJUGATION OF JOE GOUGH

The red-faced individual in the long overcoat, who had been peering at the numbers on the doors all the way down the short route, stopped dead at No. 9, and taking off his greasy hat proceeded to abstract a blue paper from its interior. Then, thrusting open the front gate, he strode on to the vestibule mat and gave the knocker an emphatic rattle-tat.
Penelope, the maid-of-all-work, threw down the dish-cloth disgustedly as she heard the summons and, clutching the towel, hastily dried her steaming arms.
"Not to-day," she snapped, opening the door, "neither three inches and without ceremony she proceeded to bang it to again. An unexpected obstacle in the shape of an interposed boot prevented its closure. Perceiving it she desisted from her violent efforts, and, jerking it wide open, made a verbal onslaught on the smiling intruder.
"That's alright, Gertrude," said the unabashed individual, stepping inside the hall "Guv'nor in?"
"Not in the least," snorted the indignant abigail, at length. "An' who might you be, mister, with yer Gertrudes?"
"Sorry I haven't a card," he said, "but my name's Mackenzie. I'm a private business with the boss, my dear, if you'll have the courtesy to let 'im know I'm here."
"Very likely," returned the girl, derisively. "I guess I know your sorter private business, but allow me to inform you my boss ain't in the 'dis' dispensin' his time. You'll see, so you can cut as quick as you like."
"Ain't in, ain't he?" muttered the man. "Well, no matter. I'll wait."
"Wait!" cried the girl. "Not much yer won't, seein' as 'e won't be 'ome till five o'clock, with me."
"Time's of the essence, with me," returned the man. "It's all in the day's work. See here, now, I'm a sheriff's officer, an' I'll 'ave you to know I'm in possession of this 'ouse until the boss comes down with the ready."
"What!" shrieked the girl. "You—a bum-bully? O—ah!"
She felt the wall and glared at him wildly. He coolly lifted the hanging and peered into the dining-room. Recovering herself with a gasp, she confronted him again, arms akimbo.
"Er, now, mister; stow yer gammon!" she said. "My boss owes you a dollar. E could buy you a 'undred shares up. You're on the wrong lay, I tell yer, so sling yer 'ook."
"Nary a bit," said the man, importantly. "That's all right, Smith. Well, jest pilot me to the kitchen an' try to ease the tedium of waitin' by makin' yourself agreeable. I'm a bit of a phisician myself, I'm know, in once, you can be very pleasant if yer like."
"Headless of the trenchant retort, she strode past into the kitchen, and, dropping into a Windsor armchair, produced his pipe and proceeded to make himself comfortable.
"Don't object," he said, "I'll do my best. That's right, Smith. See, I got a good missis one of these fine d'ys. It's now five o'clock. Boss be 'ome at five, you said. Well, don't let me hinder yer in yer work." He wiped his lips with the back of his hand suggestively and favored her with a meaningful smile.
"No, yer don't!" she said. "Yer won't guzzle 'ere, mister. 'Ome-snatcher, so don't you kid yerself." He took a sovereign from his pocket and sidled to the back door. "I'll show the beauty," she muttered, running quickly up the garden.
"Nice little gel," observed Mr. Gough, a little behind her. "I sorter relieves the monotony." Wondering at her intent he leisurely rose from the chair and moved towards the door. He caught the rattle of a chain, a subdued growl and the girl's adoration. "Watch 'im, Bill!" and the next instant he was racing for the kitchen fender.
"Even as he grasped it the bulldog was upon him. There was an ominous tearing sound, and Joe Gough backed for the chair, leaving a red and angry face. The bulldog, in the ugly jaws of his bloodthirsty canine aggressor. His hat, containing the official document, had fallen off the dog's head, and a trice the dog had pounced upon it.
"Er, wot!" he spluttered, as the girl reappeared. "At yer varmint. 'Sh! 'sh! Wot's yer mean, yer baggage? Call that dog or fer there'll be murder."
"Watch 'im, Bill," screamed the girl, and the dog glared up out of the corners of his wicked eyes and continued the worrying process.
"Now, then, mister broker," she said, "excite me, you're coming in 'ere uninvited, an' in that chair you stop till the marster comes. Bill's a 'oly terror, an' so I warn yer."

ABOUT THE ...HOUSE

TESTED COOKERY.
Stewed Lima Beans.—Soak dried Lima beans over night in cold water. Drain and parboil in water to which a pinch of soda has been added. Drain again and cook slowly in water to more than cover until almost soft but yet unbroken. Take out the cover and let the water evaporate, then season with butter, or cream, and salt and pepper.
Braised Fowl.—Singe, draw and wipe a fowl with a cloth wrung from cold water. Make a small quantity of stuffing with a little sugar, gash the fowl, then skewer and truss the fowl so that it is in compact shape. Heat some butter in a frying pan, allow the fowl to take three level tablespoons, or use part olive oil, and put in the fowl. Turn it over and over until it is browned slightly on all sides. Add a small onion, a small carrot cut in slices in two cups of water and salt. Pour about four cups of water over a cover on the pan and cook slowly one and one-half to two hours, according to the size of the fowl. Make a small quantity of sauce from the liquid in the pan.
Boiled and Crumbed Ham.—Select a small ham weighing about seven pounds and soak in cold water over night. Take out the water in the morning and put on to cook in cold water. Let the ham cook slowly; the water should just simmer. When the ham is tender remove the skin, sprinkle with a little sugar, gash the surface slightly and sprinkle with fine bread or cracker crumbs. A little pepper also may be dredged on. Set the ham in the oven to brown. It is good served hot, but is excellent sliced thin after it is cold and is convenient to have on hand.
Excellent Buns.—Dissolve a yeast cake in two cups of milk which have been scalded, cool. Add one-half level teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of sugar and four eggs to make a soft batter. Let rise until very light. Cream butter and one cup of sugar and one-half cup of flour to rise again. When well risen add to small buns, place in a buttered pan; let rise light, then bake about one hour. Rub over with sugar and water. —London Tit-Bits.

STORIES ABOUT RAVENS.

One Formed a Close Friendship With a Dog.
The raven always pairs for life, says R. Bosworth Smith, writing in the "Illustrated Country" and of strength of affection, the fidelity, the dignity, which this implies seem to me to raise him indefinitely, as it does the owls, above birds which are regarded as inferior. They are family ties and duties through a great part of the year.
A raven kept at the "Old Bear" Inn, in the town of Emsay, struck up a close friendship with a Newfoundland dog. When the dog barked his leg the raven waited on him constantly, catered for him, forgetting his own needs. It is a saving of labor rarely, if ever, left his side. One night when the dog was by accident shut through the stable alone, the raven came in, and, as a hole through the door, all but large enough to admit his body.
Another, kept in a yard in which a big basket-sparrow trap was sometimes set, was the friend of the process from his favorite corner, and managed, when the trap fell, to lift it up, hoping to get at the sparrow. He was so successful, and escaped before he could drop the trap. But, taught by experience, he did not repeat the feat, and the raven in an adjoining yard, and the raven in the trap fell, while one of them lifted it up, the other pounced upon the quarry.
A female raven, known at that time to be sixty years of age, who had passed much of her early and middle life with a strange companion, a blind porcupine, was given, in the year 1854, by Mr. J. H. Gurney, the well known ornithologist, to the rector of Bluntham in Huntingdonshire. She seemed so disconsolate at the loss of her surroundings that her new owner, failing to get another raven, managed to secure a seagull as her companion. A warm friendship soon sprang up between the birds. They followed one another about everywhere, and the raven used often to treat her companion to pieces of pullet meat which she had buried for her own consumption. The seagull, in these ways, became more assiduous than ever in her attentions, never leaving him and plying him with her most nutritious titbits. The gull grew worse, and was, perhaps, natural under the treatment, and less companionable; and one day, when he positively refused to take any more unsavory morsels than usual which the raven had denied to herself, and doubtless thought to be a panacea, the raven, in a fit of fury at the ingratitude of her patient, fell upon her friend, killed it, tore it to pieces, and, burying half of it for future consumption, devoured the rest.

DIZZY SPELLS AND BODY WEAKNESS

Tell of a Run-down System and Exhausted Nerves—Strength Comes With the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.
To many people peculiar spells of dizziness and weakness are a source of almost daily annoyance and distress. Some are flashes of light before them, and become blind and dazzled; others experience severe attacks of headache. The cause is exhaustion of the nervous system, and deficiency in the quality and quantity of blood. In all such cases Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most certain as well as the most thorough cure obtainable.
Mrs. Symon, 42 St. Clair Street, Belleville, Ont., states: "Some weeks ago I began a course of treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and found it a very satisfactory medicine. I was formerly troubled with nervous exhaustion and a weak, fluttering heart. Whenever my heart jolted me I would have spells of weakness and dizziness, which were very distressing. By means of this treatment my nerves have become strong, and the action of my heart seems to be regular. I can recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as an excellent medicine."
Mrs. James Clancy, 714 Water Street, Peterborough, Ont., states:

MARRIED GIRL HE SAVED

WM. OGILVIE RESCUED HER FROM DROWNING.
The Celebrated Canadian Explorer Marries an American Bride.
When William Ogilvie, who had at that time just resigned his office as Governor of the Province of Ontario, Canada, was on an Alaskan steamer, two years ago, he met Miss O. P. Richardson, a young American woman, who was going to meet her brother, who had been the steamer or stopped off that port and Mr. Ogilvie and Miss Richardson took seats in a small boat to be taken to the land.

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A wave upset the boat and Miss Richardson, struggling in the water, would perhaps have been drowned if Ogilvie had not swam to her side and held her head above water until a help came to them. This was the beginning of a life-long romance, which another chapter may now be written, for the couple were married a short time ago at Paris, Tex.
All Canadians and all geographers know of Mr. Ogilvie. Sixteen years ago he began the explorations in the northern part of Canada that made him famous. He was a surveyor in the service of the Canadian Land Survey when he took his journey through the northern and little known wilds, covering a distance of 2,700 miles. This journey ranks among the notable feats to the credit of the explorers.
Ogilvie was away from civilization nearly two years, and when he returned with many sheets of new maps and modestly told of his achievements, the Government sprang into notice in all geographical centres. He was specially honored by the Royal Geographical Society of England and later represented the Government of Canada before the King of Denmark. During the early years of gold mining there, with a small force of police at his command, he was the sole representative of executive authority.
He began his explorations in May, 1887, pushed for hundreds of miles down the Lewis and Yukon Rivers, then up the Taton-due, Porcupine, Bell, Trout and Red rivers, and Mackenzie and then southward along the great system of lakes and tributaries in the Mackenzie basin until he reached Ottawa in 1890.
A TRIBUTE OF THE YUKON.
On his journey to the Mackenzie he discovered a hitherto unknown river over 200 miles long, which has since been named the Ogilvie River. He determined the place where the river crossed the Yukon, a national boundary. On one side of the river he blazed the letter "A" on trees, and on the trees of the other side the letter "O" to denote that they were respectively the territories of Alaska and Canada.
Most of Ogilvie's explorations were carried on in two basswood canoes built extra strong and heavy, and weighing 125 pounds each, so that two men could carry them without difficulty. Each canoe carried two men and 1,400 pounds of goods. They transported Ogilvie and his heavy outfit over 2,000 miles along the rivers. He met a considerable number of Indians who had never seen a white man before.
Since that journey a large area of Canada's north-western coast has been explored by members of the Canadian Geographical Survey; but nothing has been added to the maps of the region between the lower Mackenzie and the Yukon which Ogilvie supplied in his journey of 1887-89. The working out of his observations showed that they had been made with a large amount of accurate information to the mapping of that part of Canada.

LIFETIME WORK OF THE HEART

The human heart is practically a force pump about six inches in length and four inches in diameter. It beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day and 36,720,000 times per year, and 2,575,440,000 times, two thousand five hundred and seventy-five million four hundred and forty thousand times in seventy years, which is "man's appointed three-score years and ten." At each of these beats it forces 2 1/2 ounces of blood through the system, 175 ounces per minute, or 10,500 ounces per hour, or 7 1/2 tons per day. All the blood of the body which is about thirty pounds, passes through the heart every three minutes. This little organ pumps every day what is equal to lifting 122 tons one foot high or one ton 122 feet high—that is, one ton to the top of a forty-yard mill chimney, or six hundred persons weighing 125 lbs. each, to the same height. During the seventy years of a man's life this marvelous little pump, without a single moment's rest, night or day, discharges the enormous quantity of 178,856 tons of blood.
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SWIMMING DONT'S.

Some Bathing Hints Which You Should Know.
1. Don't go in the water soon after a meal, nor for at least two hours after a hearty one. The main efforts of the body must be in the line of digestion then, and the action of the water, as well as the violent exercise, prevents or retards the digestive process.
2. Don't go in when too tired to make a real splash. Swimming is a delightful pastime under the right circumstances.
3. Don't swim too far. Keep within the limits of your own strength, even if you are in a case of emergency. Better swallow the darts than enough water to sink you.
4. Don't presume on your good health by going in too often, nor when you are too warm or the water too cold.
5. Don't come out of the water so chilled that your lips are blue and your teeth chatter. It should be sit or stand around. Stir, and stir lively, until your blood, which has stagnated a little, begins to react, and you get warmed by its normal circulation.
6. Don't make any false motion or noises as if needing help when you do not, for your companions will soon learn not to believe your signals, which may afterwards be neglected when you are in actual distress. Remember the boy who fooled the shepherds by crying "Wolf! Wolf!" when there was no wolf, and who was left to be torn by that dire wolf when it actually came, because the shepherds did not believe his signal.
7. Finally, don't go near the water when it sets some one's "worry" teeth on edge to have you do so, no matter how much pleasure you might get out of it. Better do with less pleasure yourself than be the cause of anxiety to your family.

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The Best Remedy for Catarrh of the Bladder, Uterus, Prostate, etc.
It cures all cases of Catarrh of the Bladder, Uterus, Prostate, etc., and is the only medicine that cures the disease without the use of surgery or other dangerous means.
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Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
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Can Dies,
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